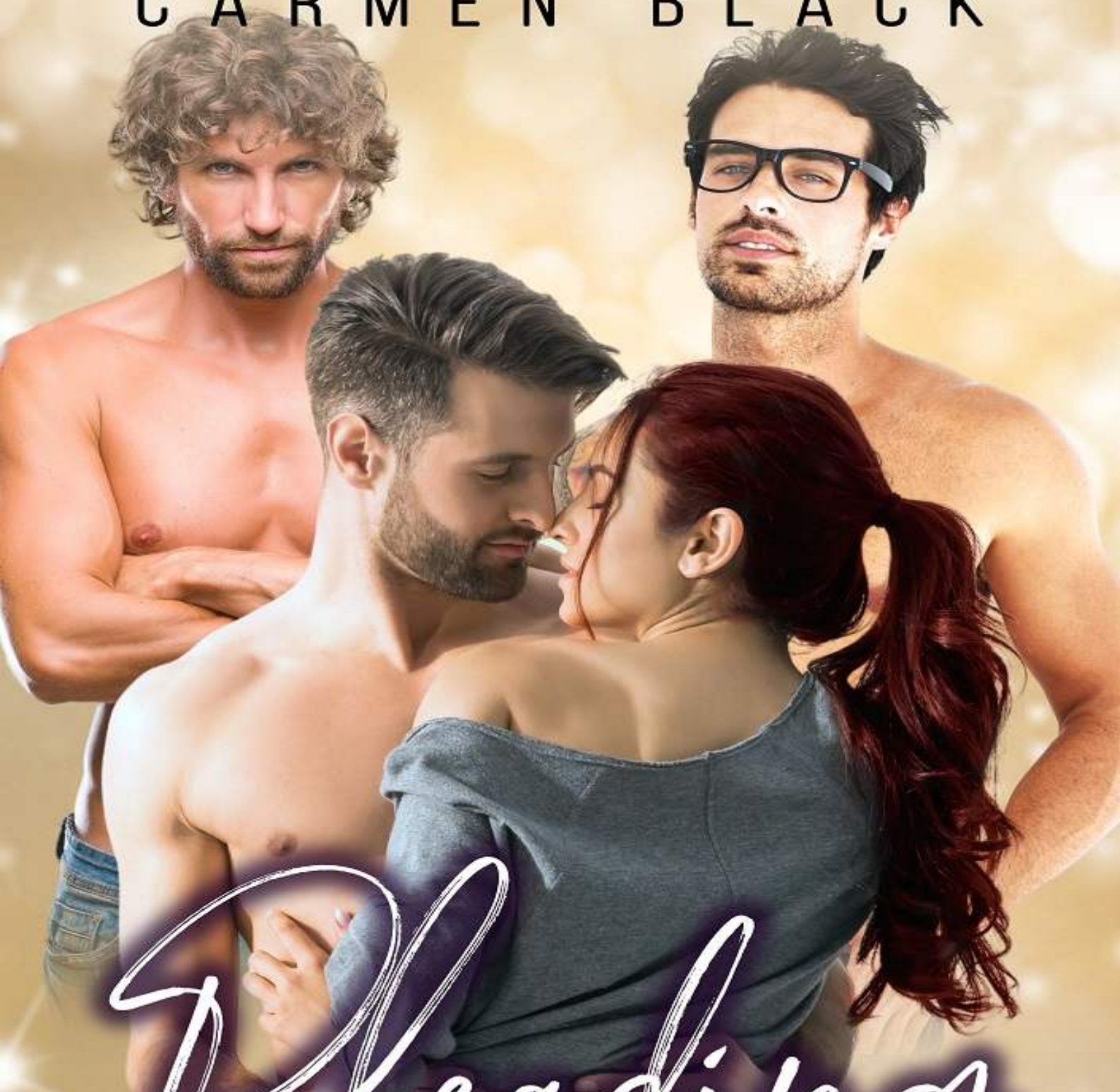


C A R M E N B L A C K



Pleading
INNOCENCE

LAWS OF ATTRACTION | BOOK TWO

Pleading Innocence

Laws of Attraction | Book 2

Carmen Black



SCARLET LANTERN
Publishing

Scarlet Lantern Publishing

Copyright © 2023 by Carmen Black & Scarlet Lantern Publishing

All rights reserved.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

This book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language.

Contents

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

Chapter 22

Chapter 23

Chapter 24

Chapter 25

Chapter 26

Chapter 27

Chapter 28

Chapter 29

Chapter 30

Chapter 31

Chapter 32

Chapter 33

Chapter 34

Chapter 35

Chapter 36

Chapter 37

Chapter 38

Chapter 39

Chapter 40

Other Titles by Carmen Black

About Carmen Black

Chapter 1

Tiffany

Our eyes met. Shocks of light flew off our bodies like spark plugs. It was already like the tenth time today. About the hundredth time of us being held captive by each other's gazes this month. It was agonizing.

Jared Crawford had asked his assistant Melissa to call me, two weeks after he fired me, with an offer to get my job back because I'd managed to save his ass that was on the line due to a grave misunderstanding. And ever since my return, we'd fought our bodies to reject each other until it made me sick. Regardless of how much I resisted making eye contact with him, no matter where he was in a room, my body knew before my mind did and my eyes would find him.

The way my body reacted to his mostly gray hair with darker strands peeking through was unjustified. Not to mention the way my pulse reacted to his deep brown eyes or his salt-and-pepper beard. I didn't want to swoon over his more youthful face with slight wrinkles more evident in his three years off from forty. I shouldn't have cared about how

handsome he was because he was a pig. A handsome, mean, pig of a man.

He wasn't forgiven for the way he'd tossed me out of here like trash a mere few hours after he pleased my walls with his long, hard rod. It shouldn't matter how well his gray suit fit those swim-enhanced shoulders that I remembered gripping beneath my fingertips. Whether or not his outfit was brand spanking new, making him look like he just walked out of a magazine, should not have even been on the horizon of my thoughts.

His glance moved past me as if I was interrupting his wandering eyes. They didn't linger on me like mine had on him, and I cursed myself for staring, dropping my head back to the document I couldn't focus on, pretending that I wasn't aware of the steps he took as he left the associates floor.

At first I'd rejected his offer to resume working with him, but after a couple days, I'd called Melissa back to accept because other job offers weren't coming in like I'd hoped. Regardless of my exceptional merits and leaving law school with honors at only twenty-one, recruitment week had been over and the other job offers required the one thing I couldn't give them: experience in practicing law. I had asked Chris not to say anything to our parents because I knew they'd have been disappointed, so I couldn't go to them asking them for a job at their law firm.

Besides, they wouldn't let me work there until I proved to the world that I was an exceptional lawyer in my own right,

worthy to wear the Levine surname and walk down the Levine LLP hallways. That's why they worked me so hard—so that I could never fail. And I never had. Not until I was fired because I'd experienced such sweet pleasure that I lost my head. I'd never known any other thrill but beating my own best in tests throughout law school, achieving the academic goals I'd set for myself and that my parents emphasized. But at twenty-one, I'd gotten to sample a few thrills. I'd experienced sex for the first time and I couldn't get enough of it, which eventually led to what happened between us.

Jared first met me when I was dazed from newly found pleasure with Mario, and I couldn't shake the fact that perhaps he would've preferred meeting the girl I used to be. In fact, sometimes I missed that girl. Not that I was interested in trading in my newfound pleasures, I simply wished I could find a way to balance that part of me with this new me, because I took pride in my work.

Jared could not be convinced of that though. He disrespected my passion every chance he got. I told him he had stop if it was the last thing he did. And he did stop. At least to my face. Since he'd kicked me to the curb and I'd stormed out of his office without any intention to look back, he'd never uttered another syllable to me. It wasn't what I'd been expecting when I came back here.

After working here for less than a week before he let me go, I couldn't mention Crawford & Beam on my resume, and I had no other work experience to talk about. That's why, as much as I'd told myself I never wanted to see his slimy,

pompous face again, I'd accepted his offer to rehire me. Thinking it would give me a chance to rectify that lack of experience on my resume, I prepared myself to see him again. If he tried to offer reconciliation, I was prepared to reject him. I'd never soften myself to him again. At least that was what I wanted to believe. I was just there to work...and maybe partly to 'work' near Mario Sharpe and Anthony Whitlocke again. But mostly just there to work and avoid Jared Crawford.

I'd stepped back into the office on the first day, the second, the third, with my shoulders straight and my head held high, ready to refuse any of his attempts to discuss anything other than work with me. To my disappointment, none of that came from him. Weeks passed and Jared didn't address me at all.

He never offered an apology. Never tried to pull me aside. In fact, he avoided me like the plague. Just like I avoided him. And I began to realize that he didn't rehire me because he was sorry or even that he figured I was an asset to the company after all. He didn't rehire me because he wanted to see me or have an excuse to be around me. He only rehired me because I saved his ass from losing his job even after he fired me. Perhaps he thought it was only fair that I got my job back too.

That opened my eyes to a huge realization—that one of the reasons why I chose to come back was because I hoped he'd apologize. I found myself wishing he'd say something whenever we ran into each other in the hallway and elevator. When we stood next to each other in that metal box, I'd get a flashback to our moment in the file room where he'd taught me about a different type of passion—where anger and hate

found a compromise in chemical release. When it felt like, combined with Mario and Anthony, he was the final puzzle piece. He fit. He brought our whole dynamic together and it made sense. My breasts would buzz for him when we'd find ourselves in the same space. I'd have to clench my fists together to fight off the hormones and remain stoic because he wouldn't even acknowledge me as I stood next to him. It was like I didn't exist. When our eyes eventually met, he looked at me like I was a stranger.

It hurt and it pissed me off that I cared at all. In some ways, it felt like another power play. I could feel myself softening to him again, breaking my promise to myself, and I couldn't help it. And perhaps it wasn't a power play on his part, but it didn't matter to me. That's what it felt like. Like, as he said, a fuck was just a fuck, and it didn't mean anything. My feelings were a mess and I found myself sitting at my desk wondering how I'd ended up here. When I first met Jared Crawford, I couldn't stand him, so how did he end up inside of me? Why did I let him in? And why was I craving him even now when I still couldn't stand him?

It was becoming hard to focus on work because his rejection made him more desirable to me. It was a sick cycle that I needed to break. And though sneaking away with Mario and Anthony in the middle of the day in hidden areas of the building provided exhilarating distractions, I had enough distractions already with my thoughts of Jared. My work was suffering and I was missing deadlines. I was tired of waiting around for Jared to offer an explanation. It was clear he wasn't

going to, even if his eyes told me he had something to say. It was becoming so toxic that I couldn't keep working here, so I made up my mind.

I had to leave Crawford & Beam. There had to be a boundary between business and pleasure. Most importantly, there had to be a wall between myself and Jared Crawford.

First, though, I needed some expert advice. Since I couldn't focus on my work anyway, I went to Mario's office and knocked on his glass door. His gelled, blond hair didn't flop in his face even though his head was lowered while he read through some documents. He looked up at me as the sun shining through his office's glass windows magnified the piercing, icy blue of his eyes, sending wonderful shivers down my spine.

"Hey, do you have a minute?" I asked, as he smiled at me and leaned back in his chair. His eyes roamed over my black shirt with a plunging-but-modest neckline tucked into my black A-line skirt and dark blue heels.

"For you, I have more than just a minute." He smirked. "Change your mind?"

He had tried to pull me away from my desk earlier today, but I'd kind of flipped out at him. My mind was too fragile from the decision I was wrestling with. I couldn't entertain the thought of sex with Mario at work anymore with the weight on my mind.

Though we'd managed to fool around since I came back, it wasn't the same because I couldn't get the words Jared said

out of my head. He'd claimed that I was disrespecting his building and turning our place of work into a brothel, never mind the fact that he'd also been in me mere hours before. I'd succumbed to my unquenchable thirst for Mario a couple times since, but I was also afraid that we hadn't learned our lesson.

Today, though, I'd lost my temper with him when he suggested we step away. I was stressed because I was missing deadlines. My work wasn't what I knew I was capable of because I just couldn't focus. And even though it wasn't Mario or Anthony's fault, I was just high-strung. They'd been nice about it, but if I wanted to maintain the fun dynamic I had with them as well as improve my work and bridge the gap between the old and new me again, I was going to need to separate business and pleasure.

I smiled at Mario. "No. I am sorry about how I reacted earlier though."

He smiled and gestured toward the seat before his desk. "What's on your mind?"

"I think I just forgot when you smiled at me," I said with a grin. It wasn't a lie. For a second there, I was blinded by the shimmering whiteness of his teeth, his breathtaking eyes, and how sexy he looked in his white button-up. His jacket was casually draped over the back of his chair. As always, at least before a hot hookup, there was not a single wrinkle in sight.

He smiled even wider in response to my admission.

"Are you blushing?" I teased.

“I thought you said you didn’t change your mind?” he asked, ignoring the question, but he was for sure blushing. I grinned. It was nice that I had that effect on him.

“No, I haven’t. I need some actual mentorship advice this time—and no, it’s not an innuendo, although I’d be more open to what you’re offering later at my place.” I leaned in and could tell he also wanted to lean in, but, well, the glass walls and door were an obstacle. So I leaned back in my chair to respect the boundaries.

“I’ll look forward to it later then if I’m free,” he whispered with a wink. “So what can I help you with?”

Our playfulness was providing me with an escape from the serious conversation that weighed on my mind, but now as he studied me, I crumbled. “Could we get Anthony in here? I’d like to talk to you both about this.”

“Is everything okay?” he asked, lowering his brows.

“Yeah, yeah, everything’s fine,” I said, waiting as he called Anthony’s extension. Seconds later Anthony came strolling in with a devilish grin until he saw the look on my face.

“What’s up?” he asked, taking a seat next to me, and I tried not to lose my mind from the scent of his cologne. I wasn’t sure where to look and my hormones didn’t know who to react to, but my mind needed some relief. So with both men before me, I told them my decision. I was ready to leave the firm.

“Listen, you’ve got to do what’s best for you. Besides, it’s not like the only place we can ever see you is in this office,

right?” Anthony grinned.

“Yeah. If you’re ready to go, let us know how best we can help you.” Mario smiled.

I was glad for their support and wasn’t sure why I’d been nervous about having the talk with them. A huge weight was lifted from my shoulders before another was tossed on my back. I had to face the beast. The next step was to pass the news on to Jared Crawford and get him to say nice things about me.

To up my chances of being hired at another law firm, I needed a stellar recommendation, and, well, he still owed me one. With my mind made up, it felt urgent, especially after leaving the conversation with Mario and Anthony with a load of confidence. I let that outweigh the load of confronting Jared.

I needed to know if I’d be able to get that recommendation as soon as possible. I didn’t want to send the request in an email and risk not getting a response until the end of the day or another couple of days. My mind couldn’t handle the wait of not knowing my fate. So I called Melissa’s line. It went unanswered several times. An hour passed and I tried once more, only for the call to go unanswered yet again.

Dang it. I knew she could see my extension pop up on her phone, so why wasn’t she answering? Maybe she was busy. It could wait.

I tried to busy myself with work, but that didn’t help since I found my mind wandering, thinking about Jared and that darn

recommendation. There was no waiting to be done. I was going to have to go up to her desk and ask her directly. Maybe leave a note.

When I got to her desk, however, a note was the only thing there to greet me.

'Out for the day' it read.

Well, that explained why my calls went unanswered—they were being directed to Jared. I saw him sitting by his desk and I hesitated, wanting to spin around on my heels and wait until Melissa got back. But I also wanted to put an end to this emotional disarray. So I took a deep breath, pretending not to be flustered, as I marched my way over to his door and knocked on it.

He looked up at me and I almost froze under his gaze. I shook it off.

“A word, please?” I asked.

Chapter 2

Jared

The hair on the back of my neck blew like palm trees in the breeze, tickling my spine, at the sight of Tiffany in my office. The memories of her skin beneath my fingertips and the smell of her perfume above the top of my lips when I'd last kissed her neck irritated me. That was a mistake I shouldn't have made, and I'd learned my lesson.

I cleared my throat and turned my body in my chair so that only the side of me faced her.

"I'm a bit busy. If you don't mind leaving a note on Melissa's desk, I'll take a look at it when I'm through," I said, focusing on the computer's monitor before me, though she was still pretty visible from the side of my eyes.

"This can't wait," she said, and her chunky dark blue heels clamored across the tiles before being silenced by the gray rug in my office.

I took a deep breath against my beating heart and steadied myself to look into her face. I didn't understand why my body was freaking out. She wasn't a stranger, and I'd seen her every day for the past month since I'd given her job back. Even if I

didn't want her here. But fair's fair. She helped me keep my job, so I figured I'd give her this win.

After our mistake in the file room, I proved to myself that the only reason that orgasm I had with her felt so mind-blowing was because I'd been backed up for months. It wasn't because her body was anything special. In fact, I went out for a few nights with Anthony to get me back up to speed, and I haven't had a need to think about that moment with her in the file room since.

Tiffany Levine was no one special, so the only reasonable explanation for why my body was freaking out had to be because of the reason I almost lost my job. People thought I must have made a move toward her that she did not appreciate, though whatever moves were made were certainly consensual and pleasurable for the both of us.

Ugh. I still remembered the moment I'd almost lost myself again in this very office as she unbuttoned her blouse before me. My pants tightened and I grew frustrated with myself.

Of course my body was freaking out. Her in my office was dangerous territory. It was sure to have people speculating once again. We'd managed to keep those speculations away from her brother's ears, but if he were to ever hear of it, I'd risk losing more than just the job I created and built up with my own hands. I'd stand the risk of losing a few of my teeth.

My hands rested against my stomach as I tried to keep them far away from my lap and my crotch. I didn't need anything making contact with the growing tightness behind my boxers.

“What is it that you want, Tiffany?” I asked with a bit of a growl. My face hardened as I tried to remain neutral in my expression.

“A recommendation letter,” she said.

My brain jerked a little bit, and I unclasped my hands to stroke my tie. “For what?” I asked.

“A new job,” she answered, crossing her arm across her chest and looking away from me in impatience.

My heart crashed to my stomach. “You’re leaving?” I asked. My voice had a bit of a squeak to it that came out of nowhere, and I hated it.

She turned around to look at me then, studying me for a moment, and I thought I saw hope there for a minute. She was silent for a bit before her eyes flickered away from mine again. “Yes,” she said.

No! That’s what I wanted my response to be in return, but that was far too possessive. She’d be furious at me for that. It took me a while to think about what it would mean if she left. If she left, then I’d never see her again.

Oh, that was far too dramatic. I was best friends with her brother, for fuck’s sake.

But what would that mean? Only seeing her if there was a family event? Things wouldn’t be the same again. If she left, she’d forget about me. She’d move on. And I wouldn’t forget about her. Because I lied. Tiffany Levine wasn’t nobody to me. She wasn’t ‘not special.’

I still wanted her. Having her around made it certain that the passion would still sizzle between us, even if it was too hot for me to touch. It was nice having her around, and not just for eye candy. My reasoning was selfish, I knew it was, but I couldn't let her leave. Even if she could never know how I felt.

“And why would you need to do that?” I asked, pulling my eyes from hers so she couldn't see my truth.

She grimaced when she looked at me as if she was perturbed by my questioning. “I just do, okay?” she said.

“Do you have another job offer?” I asked.

She looked away from me and laughed hollowly in disbelief. “I don't think it's any of your business whether or not I do, Mr. Crawford,” she said.

A heavy sigh escaped me. I wanted to yell and tell her to stay, but I couldn't bring myself to do it.

I didn't have the balls.

And I certainly could not yell it in my office where others were bound to hear. Plus, admitting my feelings to her would mean betraying my best friend. There was more than just hope in her eyes. I knew from the way we looked at each other, the way both our eyes lingered, that the desire to revisit each other's bodies was not one-sided. If I admitted that I wanted her, that would be it. The unspoken promise to my best friend would be broken. The promise to not go behind his back and

get involved with his younger sister who had the rest of her adult life ahead of her.

“Well, I’m sorry, Ms. Levine,” I returned. “I’m afraid I can’t let you go on such short notice. Besides, what good would a recommendation do if you’ve only been working here for one month? No law firm is going to take you seriously,” I said.

She narrowed her brows at me. “Why don’t you let me deal with that?” she challenged me.

“Tiffany,” I hissed, and at the sound of me calling her by her first name, she froze. We had only been addressing each other by our surnames for the past month and that was via different sources. After refusing her advances in my office and firing her only a few hours after we fucked, this was the first time we were speaking. Professionally, anything I needed her to get done would go through the channels of Melissa, Anthony, or Mario. I hadn’t had direct conversation with her for an entire month.

Our eyes focused on each other, and I could hear the beat of my pulse pounding in my eardrums. My desire for her was deafening. I saw the slight movement of her chest beneath her blouse and her cheeks flushed with blood. Her lips parted as if she were waiting on something. Damn it. I wanted to taste those lips again. Fuck.

I cleared my throat once more because my voice felt like it had run away from me. “Why don’t you come back to me in six months and I’ll write you a recommendation? You’ll stand

a better chance then,” I said, as I watched the color leave her face and disappointment swirl around in her eyes.

“Mr. Crawford, with all due respect, I don’t think I can grow into the lawyer I’m meant to be here. The environment...” She paused, looking at me for a minute before pulling her eyes away from mine. “Causes me great distress,” she continued. “It would be in my best interest to leave. And I’d like to remind you that you owe me a favor,” she said. “This is what I’m asking for in return.”

“Owe you?” I asked.

“Yes.” She glared at me.

“I already repaid that favor, I think,” I responded, narrowing my own brows at her.

“With a job that causes me distress?” she said with irritation, before closing her eyes and sighing, collecting herself. “What I meant to say, Mr. Crawford, is while I appreciate the gesture, I do not want this job and I’d like to leave. In return for how I helped you, I’m asking you to write me a glowing letter of recommendation. And please don’t hold back on singing my praises. I’m sure you can find something good to write about me.” She tapped her feet upon the carpet.

Okay, she was mad at me, and I got it. I knew what was causing her ‘distress’ and I wished I could relieve it, but I couldn’t. This was ridiculous. The way we were addressing each other was frustrating. I wanted to grovel at her feet, but I was a man of dignity, so I wouldn’t do that.

“Have you thought about this?” I asked her.

“It’s the only thing I’ve been thinking about these past few weeks,” she said.

I wasn’t ready to let her go, but she couldn’t stay just so that I could have the pleasure of looking at her. By the look in her eyes, I could see she wasn’t playing games. She wasn’t really a game player. I understood now that when she knew she wanted something, she went for it. And I was sorry I hadn’t understood that earlier. One of the hardest things in the world is letting go of someone when you’re not ready to, but there probably wasn’t a better time to do it than now. All there was between us was lust and temptation. It was just the desire to have what I was not allowed to that was intriguing.

If she wanted to leave, I couldn’t stop her. And there was nothing to fight for. Maybe this was what was best for the both of us and I could stop running away into my office to avoid her. Perhaps, as time faded and I no longer had to see her face every day, I’d forget about this maddening desire for her. I’d be able to focus on work without thinking about the way she crossed her legs at her desk, wishing they were wrapped around me. Yes, this was probably what was best, and it took her to take the initiative for me to see that.

My chest ached when I raised my head to look at her again. I hesitated as my heart constricted. If I said something, how I honestly felt about her, we could find our way around Chris and my role as her employer. We could figure it out. At my pause, she turned to look at me, then tried to look away. I saw

that she was fighting it. Fighting the hope she'd had moments before.

“Tiff,” I fixed my mouth to say, catching myself. Stress assaulted my lungs as I stood up to make my way toward her.

I couldn't do it.

Instead I was left awkwardly standing. I walked toward my door, pretending I had somewhere else to be. “Well, I suppose if your mind's made up, there's nothing I can do to change it. The recommendation letter will be on your desk by the end of the day.”

Her back was still facing me when I heard her release a heavy breath before turning around and avoiding my eyes. With her arms crossed over her chest, she stomped past me. “Thank you,” she said.

I watched the hottest, most incomparable woman I'd ever been lucky enough to have sex with walk out the door and knew I'd never experience someone like her again. I had to be okay with that. So I turned around with the words I wanted to say stuck on my tongue as I made my way back to my desk.

Chapter 3

Tiffany

For some strange reason, tears stung my eyes as I packed up my desk. It was so stupid. I was crying over someone I didn't even like. But it was the disappointment that hit me. For a moment there, I'd thought he'd ask me to stay. The intensity between me and Jared was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. Everything felt far more challenging than it had to be. It felt like a battle in his presence, always.

My heart could never just relax, not like it did with Mario. Or Anthony, even though I'd only been with him twice and so seeing him still gave me a thrill of wonder. But at least with them, the racing pulse had more to do with excitement than anxiety and uncertainty. Jared Crawford was bad for me, and I was doing the best thing I could for myself by leaving.

I shoved the little awards I'd received throughout law school for my accomplishments into my box. They were on my desk for motivation. They'd have a nice home somewhere else, I hoped. The last time two whole weeks passed without anyone calling me for a job. I was grateful for my family's support and wealth because some of my less-wealthy friends were still struggling to find jobs.

Some were even working in professions other than law just to keep up with rent, bills, and food while they waited for one of the many places they applied for to call them back. Maybe Jared was right and it was just my name that had gotten me in. While yes, I was younger than all my friends from law school, it was only by four years, and it hadn't made them less smart

just because they happened to enroll later than I had. Yet they were finding it hard.

So, what of me? I wondered how long I'd be sitting on my couch doing nothing. Not that I had anything to worry about except for possible boredom and going crazy without doing the one thing I was good at. Since I was a kid, I'd never lived longer than the two weeks without law in my life, and those two weeks weren't easy. I'd jumped to take the job when it was reoffered to me.

Yes, there were the benefits of working alongside my lovers, but I was also driving myself mad when I wasn't working—sitting at home, thinking about what to do with myself when Mario didn't come over. All my friends were busy, and I couldn't hang with my parents or Chris because I didn't want them to know then that I'd lost my job. I wasn't even sure I wanted them to know now.

I was zoned out in my thoughts as I threw my plant and picture frames into the box when I heard Melissa's shoes coming down the tiled walkway. "Tiffany Levine, you're leaving again?" she said, and I looked up to see her stretching her hand out, extending an envelope to me. "Mr. Crawford asked me to give you this." She smiled. "Is everything okay?" she whispered, lowering her head over my cubicle wall.

I didn't think she bought the whole sexual harassment claim brought against Jared. She'd worked for him for years and he'd never made a move toward her. And she had curves that would make a man's mouth water for sure. Yet Jared hadn't

looked her way, not even once. And she hadn't looked at him either, it seemed.

However, she was the type of person who knew better than to believe people were free of faults. So when she'd heard of the claim, she checked in with me when she called me to re-offer me the job. She'd assured me that I didn't have to take it if I felt uncomfortable. I'd assured her right on back that I'd love to work for Jared Crawford again. I'd oversold it too, to drive home the fact that Jared was not what the gossips made him out to be. At least not as far as I was concerned. I mean, she didn't have to know that everything that had happened between us was consensual and that I still craved him. She didn't have to know anything had happened at all.

"Yes." I patted her on the hand with a smile and she smiled in return. "I just need a change," I told her.

"Well, I'll be sad to see you go," she said.

"Oh, you'll manage." I laughed.

She was the only person other than Mario and Anthony that I'd worked in close relations with over this past month, so I supposed her routine would change up a little bit.

"Well, all the best at your new job. I wrote some pretty amazing things about you." She winked and walked away.

Right. Of course she did. Why did I think that Jared would have anything to do with the writing of the letter? That wasn't his job. He just signed off on it. And that was that. The last chance I'd had of hearing what he felt for me was in the office,

and he hadn't said what I wanted to hear because he didn't care. So, why should I?

It just proved to me that I'd made the right choice. I didn't need to waste my time pining over someone that made me feel like I was losing my mind. A fresh start was exactly what I needed. And it was what I was hoping to get.

"Thank you," I shouted to her departing frame before scooping up my stuff and heading toward the door. I didn't want to waste another second sitting at my desk and hoping he'd rush after me to tell me that he'd made a mistake.

I was the one who'd made a mistake because I should've known from the first day I stepped into his office to avoid him at all costs. It was chaotic from the moment I'd met him, and I should've taken that as my cue to walk right out of the doors of Crawford & Beame from day one. But it was never too late to right your wrongs, and as the doors swung shut behind me, I sighed in relief. Goodbye, Jared Crawford, and hello to the new and scary unknown.

* * *

I felt better already, showered and changed into baggy satin pajama pants and a matching satin camisole as I sat down to stream some mind-numbing shows. It would get pretty boring and restless after a few days if this was what I was meant to do, day in and day out. But tonight, I was enjoying the fact that I could breathe a little better in a space where Jared Crawford wasn't sucking out the oxygen.

I was laughing out loud in my own apartment with no one to silence me and it felt therapeutic. However, as I pressed pause on the show to go and fix myself something to eat, the quietness of the apartment made the realization of no longer having a job hit harder. It didn't quite knock me over, but it made me pause as I steamed some veggies and popped some chicken breast in the oven.

As I waited for the food to be done, I reached for my tablet that was sitting on the countertop and started to search through the job listings to see if any law firms were hiring. My finger scrolled through the list of job offerings in the classifieds but there were no companies looking to hire lawyers. I was trying to convince myself that everything was going to be okay when I heard my phone ringing in the living room.

I wasn't sure why I thought it could've been a job, but I ran toward it only to find that it was my mother on the line.

“What is this I hear about you quitting your job?!” my mother almost shrieked, though she was far too put together to raise her voice in what she would consider an undignified way.

“Hi, honey.” I heard my father in the background. “Did something happen for you to quit your job?”

“Did you hear your father? He's asking—” my mother started.

“Yes, Mom. I heard,” I said calmly, though behind my chest my organs clunked about like the noise of objects knocking against each other on a construction site. Had they heard something about Jared and me?

“Honey, what happened? Tell us what happened. I’m sure that no matter what happened, we will be able to make sure that whoever is responsible for you quitting will regret it,” Mother said.

I felt the urgent need to run to the bathroom as nerves twisted up the organs in my belly. “Happened? Happened? Why would you think something happened?” I asked. I tried to sound as calm as possible, but I was sure I was not succeeding.

“Well, because, dear. You don’t quit. You’ve never quit anything in your life. I’m pretty sure you wouldn’t just give up, so something terrible must have happened,” she said.

“No, no. Nothing terrible happened at all.” I hoped my voice sounded reassuring. I didn’t want them to go investigating and find out about the sexual harassment misunderstanding, because if that got back to Chris, he’d kill Jared. He wouldn’t believe that the potential case got dropped because nothing happened. He’d kill his best friend, or the news would kill Chris. I couldn’t let that happen.

I rushed to give them a reason that would keep them from snooping.

“I just could not stand that Jared Crawford. Our personalities clashed so much, and we couldn’t get along. He drives me up a wall and he’s not the most sensible man in the world. I couldn’t continue to work for that man,” I told her.

There was a pause before my mother responded. “Well, I find that hard to believe. I’ve met the man and he’s made quite

a name for himself. In fact, I wish Chris were more like him. He's the furthest thing from 'not sensible,'" she said.

"Well, geez, Mom," I said in response to her defense of Jared. I might have almost even been jealous. She sounded like she had a crush on the man and that would be gross and uncomfortable. "Don't let Dad hear you." I grimaced.

"Oh, don't be silly, dear. He's my son's best friend. I just meant that he's an impressive young man. Oh, get your head out of the gutter." My mother sounded offended.

Okay, I felt a bit more relieved. "Well, I'm sorry for saying it, Mom, but I could not bear working for him for another second. I would've probably torn his head off with how much we clashed on repeat, every single day. He'd have driven me crazy. Trust me, Mom, I'm better off for leaving. Plus, it shouldn't be hard to find a job elsewhere," I said.

"But, honey, surely we raised you to have thicker skin than that and tougher—" My mother was cut off by a knock on my front door.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mom. I've got to go. There's someone at the door," I said, cutting her off.

"Well, then go answer it and come back, I want to—" she attempted.

"Again, I'm sorry, Mom, but I was actually waiting for someone to show up. We're going out and I'm running late. I'll talk to you when I get back," I said.

"Well, all right then. Be safe. Love you," she said.

“Love you too, Mom,” I said before hanging up as fast as possible.

I breathed a sigh of desperate relief when the phone cut off. I was not in the mood for one of Mom’s lectures. The scent of burning chicken drew my attention to the oven.

“Just a second,” I yelled to whoever was at the door, since I was not actually expecting company.

I switched the oven off and opened it to find that the chicken was smoking and charred. “Aw, man,” I muttered to myself, grabbing the oven mitts to remove the hot tray, dropping it on the counter.

I’d only attempted cooking once in the dorms at law school and it was such a disaster that I’d just resorted to buying food on campus. I looked at it in disappointment and tossed the gloves off before running toward the door.

When I opened it, a smile immediately crept up on my face at the sight of Mario standing in the doorway with wine and takeout. I was so glad that he’d found some of that free time he talked about earlier.

“You made it,” I said, grinning up at him, tugging on his shirt to pull him inside.

He bent to take my lips with his before grinning back at me. “And by the smell and looks of it, I’m guessing that I’m saving you from a night of starvation,” he said.

“In more than one way,” I responded, undoing his shirt buttons as he backed me up toward the counter to put down

the food and wine.

“Don’t you want to eat first?” he asked with a laugh, watching me as I pulled his shirt out of his pants.

“Depends on what you want to eat first,” I responded.

He paused as if he had to think about it, staring between me and the food before scooping me up and cupping my ass. “I guess I could break the rules and have dessert first.” He smiled against my lips, groaning when they connected with his again as he walked me into the bedroom.

I took my pajama bottoms and underwear off in one fell swoop and kneeled on the bed to undo his belt buckle for him as I kissed his chest. He pressed his lower body against my hand, cupping the back of my head, massaging my scalp with his fingers as he kissed me hard.

I moved to push his pants and underwear over his ass, and they fell to the floor. He walked out of them and onto the bed where he toppled me over, spread my legs, and burrowed his tongue inside of me. I moaned as he sucked on my clit and reached under my camisole to massage my breasts.

I was cumming from his mouth when he raised himself up over me and kissed the side of my cheek, my ear, and my neck right as he lowered himself in me.

I went wild, digging my nails in his back and swallowing his hardness in my hole. I don’t think I stopped shaking between the first orgasm and the moment his dick pulled me into my second and third.

By the third time, I thought I'd black out from how hard my heart pounded and how tired my body grew from pleasure. It was over in less than ten minutes, but it felt like the longest, most ecstasy-filled orgasm of my whole life. My hips moved on their own, riding his dick from below him. I didn't even feel it when he exploded within me. My mind had left the room, the planet, the fucking galaxy.

Chapter 4

Chris

I was awoken in the morning by a screaming newborn and my phone going crazy, vibrating on the bedside table. Needing to stop it from vibrating so damn loud, I grabbed it and shoved it into my pocket. I didn't want it to wake my wife up. She'd just fallen asleep again after waking up to feed our newborn over an hour ago. I wanted her to be able to grab even an hour or two more of sleep before I had to get ready to leave for work.

After checking, the absence of pee or poop in my son's diaper told me that he didn't need to be changed, so I guessed he just needed to be held. I took him out of the bassinet to rock him to sleep in the hallway. Meanwhile, my dang phone wouldn't stop going off in my pocket.

"Shh shh, go to sleep, my sweet boy," I said, giving him a kiss on the forehead which turned his wails into little sobs instead. I grabbed my phone with sleep in my eyes and my fussy baby in hand without looking at the caller ID.

"What?!" I whisper-barked at the phone in frustration.

“Christopher Levine, who are you talking to like that?” my mother responded.

I groaned. “Sorry, Mom, I didn’t know it was—”

She cut me off. “What have you been saying to your sister? I don’t know what’s gotten into her, but she’s not behaving like herself.”

“Mom, what are you talking about?” I asked, holding my son close to me, wanting to make sure that he was as safe as could be, tucked close to my body. He seemed to be drifting off to sleep.

“Tiffany! She’s walked off her first job for some unsound reason. How can she leave her job because she doesn’t like her boss? Or her boss doesn’t like her? She said something of the sort. Listen, she’s a lawyer. She’s got to get used to working with people she doesn’t like!” Mom sounded furious, and I was shocked.

“Tiffany walked off the job?” I asked.

I understood why my mother was freaking out now because that didn’t sound like Tiffany. It made me wonder if she was okay—because I also knew Jared. He was not for the faint of heart, and law school was nothing like working in a law firm.

“Don’t act like you don’t know. You said something to her to lead her down the same path as you,” she said.

I groaned. I couldn’t bother with this conversation right now. My son must have felt the shift in my energy because I

could see his mouth trembling as he looked if he just tasted something sour, and sure enough, the wailing started again.

“Oh! Is that my grandson? How is he? Hi, baby! Grandma wishes she could see you but, well, your daddy has been keeping you from me, hasn’t he?” She spoke so loudly through the phone that I had to pull it away from my ears. “Wait, where are you? Why aren’t you at work yet?” she asked.

“What do you mean?” I asked, glancing at the screen. “Oh crap!” I said. It was eleven in the morning. I should’ve been at work hours ago. “Mom, I’ve gotta go.”

“Wait!” she said. “Listen, I tried reasoning with Tiffany, but I don’t think she’s thinking straight. This could really affect her future potential of being hired. Can you please speak to Jared for me? Convince him to give her the job back?”

“Mom, if Tiffany quit then I don’t think Jared offering her the job back is going to help,” I said, rocking my son back to sleep and eager to hang up the phone before he woke up again.

“Oh, you never know. Maybe he could sweeten the deal. You’ve gotta do something, Chris. He’s your friend. I’m sure you can convince him,” she pleaded.

“Okay, okay. I’ll see what I can do,” I said, hanging up and making faces at the phone. Our parents could be so meddling and controlling, and if it was anything else, I probably wouldn’t do as she asked. But I knew how hard Tiffany had fought to keep her job at Crawford & Beam. She really wanted to work there even though she couldn’t see eye to eye with Jared and she didn’t quit easily. So I figured she must have

been pushed to breaking point. For that reason, I wanted to speak to Jared about maybe taking it easier on her and offering her that job back.

I tossed my phone in my pocket and told myself to make sure to check the caller ID before answering next time. My movements were so slow I was holding my breath as I carried the sleeping baby back into the room and placed him in the bassinet before giving my wife the softest kiss on her forehead as I tried not to wake her.

I snuck out of the room. I'd moved my clothes to another room so that I wouldn't disturb them in the morning as I got ready for work. So after my shower, I got dressed in the other room and was about to step out when I decided to check my daughter's room just in case. She wasn't there, of course. The nanny had taken her to school.

Hurrying down the stairs, I folded my shirt and jacket collar and straightened my tie before grabbing my keys and heading out the door. I stopped by the office first to make it to a meeting I almost missed, then decided to take the rest of the day off to visit with Jared and perhaps meet up with Tiffany if she was up for it.

Man, it had been a while since I stepped through the doors of Crawford & Beam during the daytime, and not drunk while people worked away. I saw a bunch of people I used to work with when I was here briefly attempting to pursue the path of law myself after law school. But, yeah, it wasn't for me. I

stopped and chatted with a few people before hopping onto the elevator and going up to the top floor to Jared's office.

"Well, hello stranger!" I heard Melissa's familiar voice boom through. "What's the occasion? What brought you here?"

"Hello, Melissa! You're looking as beautiful as usual," I said.

"Oh, don't flirt with me or I'll tell Mrs. Levine," she said, and I grinned. "So how is she? I heard you just had a new addition to the family."

I smiled and nodded. "She's hanging in there as best as a new mom can," I said.

"Oh, I know about that! I hope you've been rubbing her feet!" she said.

"I think she needs more than just a foot rub at the moment." I let out a huge breath.

"I think you're right!" She grinned. "Well, congratulations! Do you have pictures?" she asked.

"Of my wife?" I asked.

She laughed and waved me off. "Silly. No, of that new son of yours," she clarified.

"I think I might, on my phone. Hold on," I said as I searched for one of the pictures we'd taken when we first brought him home.

She gasped and held her chest with the happiest look on her face. “He’s the spitting image of his mother, with your red hair. Oh, he’s gorgeous!” she gushed.

“Thanks,” I said, all proud.

“Give your wife all the hugs and kisses for me. In fact, I’m going to send her some spa tickets,” she said, turning to face her monitor and tapping away as if she was making the purchase at that very moment.

“I’m sure she’d love that,” I said.

“And how’s that daughter of yours?” she asked.

“Bright and bubbly as ever,” I grinned.

She grinned in return. “I’m sure she is. What grade is she in now?” she asked. Our conversation continued for a while about my daughter and what she was doing in school before Jared spotted us on his way to his office.

“Christopher! My man! Congratulations on the new baby! What are you doing here? You know if you stand here, Melissa will talk your ears off,” he said.

“Mr. Crawford, that’s not very nice, is it?” Melissa said, though she knew he was just messing about.

“You here to see me?” Jared asked.

“And why couldn’t he be here to see me?” Melissa asked.

Jared and I grinned. “I’m afraid he’s right, though it was lovely to see you too, Melissa,” I said.

She waved me away with a smile.

“So what’s up, man?” Jared asked as we sat down and closed the door. “You know, I was going to ask Melissa to send this to you,” he said, pulling out a package and opening it. “It’s matching shirts, except there’s you knocking back alcohol.” He held up one shirt. “And then there’s him, knocking back milk from his bottle.” He grinned.

I laughed out loud at the image of the baby at a bar, sitting at the counter drinking milk from his bottle while a lineup of other bottles awaited him, and the image of the dad, dressed exactly the same, knocking back beers. “You know, Jared, you just get me,” I said. “I’m wearing this shirt as soon as I get home.”

“You better,” he said, leaning back in his chair.

I draped the shirts over the handle of the couch in his office and turned to look at him. “I hear Tiffany walked off the job,” I said.

“Ohhh, so that’s why you’re here,” he said, looking a bit uncomfortable as he got up from the couch next to me and went to sit around his desk.

“Dude, you could’ve taken it a little easier on her when you saw she couldn’t take it anymore,” I said.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“Well, she walked off the job because you guys couldn’t get along, right?” I stated.

He cleared his throat. “Yeah, right.”

“Is there any way you could apologize and give her the job back?” I asked, knowing that I’d just fired a cannon ball straight at him at the mention of an apology.

He looked at me for a while but surprisingly he didn’t look taken aback by what I said. He just shrugged. “Listen, it’s true. We didn’t really see eye to eye for a while, but after a few weeks, I didn’t mind her being here. She could’ve stayed. It wouldn’t have mattered either way, but she was the one who chose to go. She was adamant she wanted to leave. But if you speak to her and she decides she wants to come back, I’d be open to it. The choice is hers,” he said.

I was more than a little surprised by his response, and now I was confused about why Tiffany claimed they couldn’t get along. He didn’t seem that bothered by her presence anymore.

“I’ll try to talk to her,” I said.

He nodded. We continued to chat for a little while longer before I scooped up the shirts and pulled him in for a hug. “Congrats on that son again, my man,” he said in the hug. “And if you ever need a guys night, I got you.”

“Since when do you do guys nights?” I asked.

“Since Anthony helped me realize that I needed to loosen up a bit,” he said.

“Well, it’s about fucking time.” I laughed, giving him a pat on the back. “But I don’t think I’m ready for a night out again because you know I get drunk as fuck and I need to be alert as hell right now.”

“Whenever you’re ready, brother,” he said before I left his office and made my way downstairs. My next stop would be Tiffany’s.

Chapter 5

Jared

I took a moment to deeply exhale when Chris left the office. That had been awkward as hell when he'd brought up Tiffany. I tried not to give anything away and hoped that I didn't. But that was nerve-racking as fuck. My palms were still sweaty as I dried them on my pants. I had some emails to answer but I couldn't feel my fingers or make out anything on the screen.

Yet I still found myself hoping that, after their talk, he could convince her to come back. Then I reprimanded myself for how sick that was.

I almost broke out into a full-on sweat as I wondered what Chris would've done if I said something or showed something in my reaction that made him think twice. Even as he left my office, I found myself terrified of someone stopping him on his way out to let him know about the misunderstood claim involving his sister that almost got me fired.

Somehow, my silly desire for her still attempted to outweigh my fears as I found myself wondering if Chris could talk her

into coming back for my benefit. Damn it to hell, I must have been out of my mind. I needed a swim.

My head was a mess and I needed to find a way to bring some sort of serenity to my mind and thoughts because I shouldn't want Tiffany to come back here. It was a good thing she left. She was far away from me, and I was far away from her. That was the way it should be. Fuck.

I'd learned to bring extra speedos ever since the last time thoughts of her had me freaking out and I ended up swimming in the pool in my boxers. It was an uncomfortable rest of the day walking around commando under work pants.

Reaching for a pair, I made my way down to the gym, got changed, and dove off the diving board into the water. As the water enveloped me, it felt like a comforting hug. The water made everything make sense—most of the time, anyway. I hoped this was one of those times, because why should I have cared what Tiffany Levine did with her life? It didn't affect me.

I held my breath for a bit and just let myself sit at the bottom of the pool deafening everything around me before I floated up to the top again to catch my breath. I wasn't alone in the gym today and it helped to ground me.

Sure, I'd miss her, but I was taking my earlier hopes back. I hoped Chris didn't manage to convince her to come back after all and I wished her the best wherever she went. And as I looked toward the edge of the pool and remembered how I got to this point, I found myself sighing in relief that I didn't have

to worry about her waltzing in here and making it hard for me to think.

I remembered her standing there in that yellow dress and her smooth legs above my head, dizzying me, and how I couldn't get her out of my head afterward in the shower. I remembered that her presence bred a desire in me that led me to that day in the file room—the very same day I'd fired her. In that one day, everything between us had changed, and just like that, I'd almost ruined a friendship and lost everything that I'd built.

It was too dangerous to have her around because no amount of self-control had made resisting the temptation of her any easier since that day. Coming into the office every day was torture. I'd had to prepare myself in the morning before I got here to ignore her. It had been hard as hell to pretend she wasn't there and she wasn't driving me nuts.

At least with her now gone, I didn't have to worry about that distraction anymore. The office could go back to the way it had been, without heightened constant arousal and stifling sexual tension. All it took was one day and one taste of her to keep her stuck into my head for weeks after. Having her around wasn't helping my addiction to the high I could never get with her again. Maybe with her gone, it wouldn't take me that long to get over a single moment in time, passed and never to be revisited again.

I made peace with her absence in that pool. After fifteen laps, laying on my back on the poolside, panting from

exhaustion, I came to the conclusion that it would probably be in both our best interests to never see each other again. It would certainly be in the best interest of my friendship with Chris to never cross paths with her again. And I had been able to get through many obstacles in my life, I was sure I could get over the one day of lust I'd shared with Tiffany Levine.

Chapter 6

Chris

Brother. I reflected on Jared's words as I left his office and made my way over to the elevator, holding up the shirts he gave me, and I grinned. This was definitely a brother type of gift. As I stared at the shirts fondly, I had a realization about Jared's reaction to Tiffany. This whole brother thing could've been why Jared was so hard on Tiffany, because he'd be the same with his own siblings. In his mind, I guessed, he was trying to toughen her up for the real world. In his mind, he was looking out for her best interests, just as he would for me, his own brothers, and his father. Jared was that type of family member and best friend. The type that loved you but would do what they felt was necessary to prepare you for a world that might not treat you too kindly.

Everyone needed a Jared in their life, although just one Jared was enough. He was an acquired taste—one that me and the guys appreciated, but one that Tiffany seemed to abhor. I just needed to help her see that his methods came from a place of sincerity and genuine care, not from malice. At least, I hoped not. Surely, if he saw me as a brother, he'd see my little sister as his little sister as well, right? I wouldn't like to think

that he hated her when she was nothing but so damn loveable. And he hadn't said in so many words that he cared for her wellbeing or anything, but he'd said he no longer had a problem with her—which in Jared's way, in the beginning, was how he showed affection, or at the very least tolerance.

I, on the other hand, was not that type of harsh brother, not unless I had to be. And with Tiffany, who was damn near perfect, there was no need for that type of harshness with her. As I said, in every group and family, it was enough to have one person like Jared. There was a need for the level-headed one, the one who made smart decisions and could see your mistakes from a mile away, yet still loved you enough to grab you into a hug when you're least expecting it and had that playful side to them that they allowed you to see.

But Tiffany didn't need me to be Jared. She didn't need me to point out everything that she could've done differently. She already had our parents for that. Tiffany needed affection and understanding. She needed to know that in a family that could sometimes get consumed by what they wanted, how people viewed them, how much money they made and how outstanding they were in society, that there was someone who understood her—someone she could relate to and who shared a similar experience. That was the type of big brother I strived to be for her.

I just wanted to know how I could help, and maybe I could help her feel less attacked by Jared by showing her these goofy t-shirts he gave me to break the ice. But if she didn't want to work alongside him ever again in her life, she didn't have to. I

was not stingy with my connections, and I was willing to share them to help her find another job. My greatest concern at the moment, however, was her mental health, since walking away from something she wanted and was trying so hard to have must have been difficult.

I was just making up for lost time between us, honestly. I didn't get the chance to be her big brother for most of her life and I wanted every opportunity to do so now.

The phone went to voicemail yet again and I removed it from my ear to press the call button once more. I wanted to let her know that I was on my way over to see how she was doing. Even though I'd bought the apartment for her, I didn't want to just pop up at her place. The whole reason I got the apartment for her was so that she could have her privacy and not be constantly hovered over by our parents. So it wouldn't make me comfortable to do the same thing to her, showing up unannounced and walking in like I owned the place—even if technically, I did. That's why I didn't get an extra key. I wanted to give her the chance to experience the freedom of adulthood while she built up her own income.

As I was walking through the lobby at Crawford & Beam and made my way across the large gray tiles, leading toward the exit, I wasn't paying attention to the black walls with hanging art and pictures of Jared's late father or the people hanging out chatting. I was focused on the lack of ringing in my ear as I waited to speak to Tiffany. I wondered why she wasn't picking up. I kinda wanted to gauge where she was before showing up, just in case I needed to bring anything with

me, like that Sauternes she liked or a dessert of some kind. Something to lift her mood.

Then again, there was the possibility that she wasn't even home, but the fact that the phone kept going to voicemail started to worry me. It wouldn't ring at all, which at first I thought was probably because she was being flooded with calls all day, which would cause the phone to just give up on ringing. But maybe she wanted to avoid talking with anyone today, especially if Mom and Dad had already been calling her phone like crazy. And that wasn't a problem. However, since I couldn't speak to her, I just wanted to make sure she was okay and that she didn't take it harder than I thought by seeing her in person.

I braced my shoulder against the glass of the exit door and placed my hand on the handle to push against it when a familiar voice came up behind me, followed by two hands landing on my shoulder, shaking me and frightening me out of my wits. "No way, man! Did you come here to drop off your resume? Don't tell me you're thinking of becoming a lawyer again?"

I turned around with my heart going off like a sputtering engine as I gasped. It was just Anthony, grinning.

"Dude!" I said, shoving him on the shoulder before I put my phone in my pocket and smiled in return. "Hey, buddy, if I EVER decide to 'return to law' one day, hit me over the head with something, will you?" I responded.

He laughed. "So what are you doing here?"

“Oh, I just thought I’d swing by to see Jared,” I said. I didn’t want to start talking with him about Tiffany. I didn’t want to give his brain a chance to go there—not after catching him when he was ogling her and pretending he wasn’t. Anthony would definitely not consider my little sister his little sister, and he didn’t have to. He just had to make sure he stayed the hell away from her and our friendship wouldn’t suffer.

“Just at random? And you didn’t come to see me? What, you mad at me or something?” he asked.

“Do I have a reason to be mad?” I asked him.

“What do you mean?” he asked as I walked outside with him following me.

I studied him without speaking.

“Come on, Chris, don’t tell me you’re talking about Tiffany,” he said.

My eyes widened at him.

“Bro, I told you I wouldn’t do that to you, and I won’t,” he said.

“Again,” I reminded him.

“That wasn’t your sister,” he said.

I wasn’t amused, and I was defensive since I came here about Tiffany and couldn’t reach her on the phone. Around Anthony, however, I didn’t want to mention her, and it was

putting me on edge with him bringing her up. But I was going to try to take his word for it—for now.

“I apologize for the attitude. I’m just a bit stressed,” I said, patting him on the shoulder.

“You know, I was just about to go grab some drinks. I could use the company of my best friend—that is, if we’re still best friends. Judging by the way you’re giving me the cold shoulder, I’m starting to wonder,” he said.

My stomach rumbled with guilt. I was giving him a bit of a hard time, and I wanted to believe that he wouldn’t betray me a second time. He was forgiven for the time he hooked up with my ex, and I wanted to give him the benefit of the doubt this time around. Perhaps there was a moral code he wouldn’t break after all.

I grabbed him by the neck and scuffled his curls. “And judging by the way you forgot to congratulate me on becoming a dad again for the second time, and the fact that you forgot to give me a gift, I might agree with you. And you wonder why I came to see Jared.” I grinned and held up the shirts I just got.

“Dude, I don’t know what to get a dad,” he said as he grabbed one of the shirts and looked at it while I held up the other one. He burst out laughing. “Okay, that’s pretty clever and uncanny, which is why I know you’re not going to say no to having a drink or two with me for lunch,” he said.

I hesitated. It was the middle of the day, and I was a new dad now. I needed to be sharp. However, there were still a few

hours left until I had to be back at home. “Well...,” I said, scrunching my face in consideration. “Since I don’t have work for the rest of the day, I guess no harm, no foul,” I said.

“That’s the spirit!” Anthony grinned, patting me on the back as we headed through the door.

“Hold on, don’t you have to get back here for work?” I asked.

“Yeah, but it’s never too early for a drink. And there’s never a wrong time.” He pulled me in by the shoulders with a chuckle.

“I think some people would disagree with you on that one,” I said. “But I gotta make one stop first, so I’ll meet you at the bar, okay?” I gave him a slight playful elbow in the stomach for him to release me before hurrying away, remembering that I wanted to stop in to see how Tiffany was first and I didn’t want him to invite himself along for the ride.

“Hey, I’m not in any rush, I’ll come with you,” he said with a shrug.

Ah, shit. Well, that backfired quickly. My heart raced with indecision. We were just talking about our friendship and Tiffany, and I was thinking about giving him the benefit of the doubt, but that didn’t mean I wanted him to accompany me on my way to see her. I wasn’t that comfortable yet. Maybe I should be though. Besides, I was going to be there, so it wasn’t like I was sending him over to her address on his own, right?

He'd be mad to try anything with me standing there because he wouldn't be able to walk out of there on two legs if he did. But that wasn't the only problem. I didn't want him to know where she lived. *Maybe he could stay in the car?*

I was standing outside the doors on the tile-like concrete, frozen in place, while he was staring at me in confusion. I already felt like I was being too hard on him before, and now if I made up some excuse for him not to come, he'd see through my bullshit. He was a frickin' lawyer, for heaven's sake. Fine. I would figure out how to handle it on the drive over there.

I wasn't planning on staying long, and if it happened to take longer than I expected, I'd have to tell him to go on over to the bar without me. I couldn't expect him to spend the rest of his lunch time in the car, and I wasn't feeling confident about him accompanying me upstairs.

"Yeah, okay, sure. But take your car too, just in case it takes a little longer than I think it will," I said to him, hoping desperately that I wasn't making a huge mistake.

Chapter 7

Anthony

I wasn't sure why Chris was acting so secretive about coming to the apartment complex that Mario owned. There wasn't any need to hide this from me, so I was unsure why he was so hesitant when we showed up here. I still came because I'd wanted something to distract me from work today and seeing Chris was perfect. Any moment I could steal to hang out with my ever-busy best friend was a moment I was willing to seize. And also, I was nosy. Once he'd started acting weird, my antennae were positioned on my head to detect what he was being so secretive about.

However, arriving at the apartment complex was anticlimactic. Okay, so he wanted to head over here. For what? It couldn't be to meet Mario when Chris was just at Crawford & Beam. Yeah, Mario left early...to come here, though? That didn't make sense. If Chris was stopping by Crawford & Beame, why would Mario choose to leave the office to meet him here? Unless he wasn't meeting Mario.

Unless...

No. It couldn't be. Not Chris—Mr. Responsible, 'I've got a wife and kids, a house and stability.' But, I mean, if I were to put myself in his shoes...?

There was no way.

I recognized this building for one other reason. It wasn't just Mario's apartment complex to me. When Mario first bought the place, we used to come here a lot together, and let's just

say, I got pretty familiar with the residents. I spent many a night here, in quite the mix of beds. So, if Chris wasn't here to meet Mario, could it be possible that he was here to meet a... lover?

No judgments but even I was beginning to feel sorry for his wife even, though I thought marriage in general had a higher probability of failing than it had of lasting. Oh shit. I should've backed out and opted not to come. I was beginning to understand the phrase 'curiosity killed the cat.' For the first time in this friend group, I was the one lagging behind, tipping on my toes, trying to convince the villainous character to turn around and forget about committing the crime. It was like a weird mystery crime show that would end with us in cuffs and I wasn't sure how I felt being some kind of accomplice in this.

As we stepped into the elevator, I kept looking at him and looking away, in shock and because I wasn't quite sure what to say or how to handle these thoughts in my head.

Chris caught a glance at me before I turned my head away again. "What the hell's the matter with you?" he asked, cocking his eyebrow at me.

I was shifty and jittery. I looked at him for a bit before I came right out and said it, lowering my voice even though we were the only ones in the elevator. "What are you doing here, man?" I asked him.

"I'm just here to visit somebody. I told you to wait in the car," he said as his eyes narrowed on me in irritation.

“Now, how much fun would that be for me just sitting in a car? I’d have a much more fun time at work if that was to be my fate. Besides, while you’re on your ‘visit,’ I might make a few ‘visits’ myself, check up on a few people I haven’t seen in a while,” I said, throwing hints, hoping he’d just come out and say it.

“Oh, I know all about those ‘people.’” He snickered, then paused. “Wait, why’d you say it like that?”

I raised my brows, closed my eyes, and pulled my head away with a scoff. “You know why I said it like that,” I whispered a little louder.

“No. I don’t. Why’d you say it in all ‘quotations’ like that?” he asked, making air quotes with his fingers.

“Chris, come on. We’re both men here. We’re best friends. I’m in the frickin’ elevator with you. I’m going to see who you’re visiting eventually, so let’s cut the shit. Are you cheating on your wife, man?” I asked him.

His face slackened and his mouth fell open before he began to grimace as if one of us had farted in the enclosed space. Redness flushed his skin making his beard appear a lot more ginger. He looked like he was about to throw up. “What? No! Fuck, no! Dude, geez. Why does your mind always have to go there, man? Drop it.”

“Fine,” I said. “But you could’ve told me before you took me on your little adventure. Unless you wanted me to join in on the fun. Although I’d usually be down, I have to say, I don’t think I’m comfortable helping you cheat...”

He interrupted me by yelling at me. “I’m here to see my sister, man! Damn it,” he said.

Tiffany? Oh. OH. Ew!

“Oh, shit. Sorry, man,” I said.

“Damn it, man, you’re so disgusting,” he said, still looking like he was about to throw up, tapping his foot and staring at the elevator light, waiting for it to come to a stop so that he could walk out of this uncomfortable conversation.

“I didn’t know it was her!” I said with a grin. “I’m sorry.”

Okay, it made sense now why he didn’t want me to come. He would’ve been right too, because my heart shouldn’t have jumped the way that it did—like a giddy, inexperienced fool—at the thought of seeing her at home, all dressed down in her lounging clothes. And I was glad for the darkness of my frickin’ full beard to hide the flush in my skin now that I knew we were almost at her door.

Well, thank goodness he fucking told me before we fuckin’ *got* to the door! Fuck, damn it! That could’ve been bad, because if we’d just showed up there, I wasn’t sure how well I’d do at pulling myself together at the last minute. My reaction would’ve been a dead giveaway. Man, okay. Whew. All right. We were heading to Tiffany’s place? This was where she lived? Again, Mario. That sly dog. How the pieces kept coming together stunned me. Dude was a lot slicker than I’d thought. Wait a minute...

Was that why Mario left earlier today? I wanted to burst out laughing at the possibility that he was probably in there right now and had no idea that we were on our way. The devious part of me was excited for the potential of drama as I felt as if we were sneaking up on them. I thought it would be hilarious to see the look on Mario's face, if this wasn't a situation that could end dangerously wrong.

Yeah, so the other part of me was concerned for my best friend and Tiffany. The devious side of me that was hoping Mario was there and that he'd get caught had to be shut down and pushed aside. I found myself worrying instead, wishing I could text him in advance to let him know to run, hide, something! But, oh, it looked like we were too late, as Chris had come to a stop in front of an apartment door.

Whoa. Okay. My chest tightened a bit; it was hurting a little. My pulse was deafening! I held my breath as he knocked, trying to appear as normal as possible even though I was freaking out for two reasons. One, Mario had left the office earlier and I knew the two of them couldn't keep their frickin' hands off each other. So I was almost one-hundred-percent certain that Mario was with her right now.

Two, I was trying to stick to my promise to Chris. That night at the office where he nearly pummeled my face in was pretty scary, not gonna lie. Even though I'd still been ready to risk it all that night, and I had given in to that temptation the next day. I had managed to take hold of my self-control since then though and was trying to fight the temptation by busying myself with other work, other people, and other activities.

Now that I thought about it, it probably wasn't such a great idea after all for me to find out where Tiffany lived. Chris was right, I should've stayed in the car, because this was going to make it even harder to resist the temptation of her. Knowing where she lived was going to make it harder for me to think about her, lying in my bed late at night wondering where she was and if she was thinking of me too, wishing she was in my bed.

Now that I knew where she lived, I could just find out how she felt. It was a lot safer when I could only see her at work, and when she'd left Crawford & Beam for good, I'd thought it would make it a lot easier to keep my promise to Chris. But that's fucked now. Damn it, man, I'd been doing so well too.

Chris looked up at me suspiciously after two knocks were unsuccessful, as if he thought I knew something. Why would he think that? Even if I did, he had no reason to suspect me... of KNOWING anything. I tried not to gulp even though my throat had gone dry all of a sudden. I tried to keep my face neutral. It wasn't like I had the answer to what was happening behind that door. I understood why he'd be suspicious though, given our history, but well, there was no point in going back down that road again.

Still, he'd always been suspicious of me. As he should've been. I nodded at him and rocked on my heels, fighting the urge to start whistling to overplay this act of 'normalcy' because I was so damn uncomfortable.

He knocked again. Nothing. Oh-ho-ho, okay, I was certain now that they were definitely getting it on in there, and my skin grew hot. The thought of Mario and Tiffany being together at this moment was exciting me a little bit. Damn, this was not the place or the time. I couldn't help but clear my throat and swallow to prevent myself from passing out. I shifted on my feet to lean against the wall in an effort to play it off as restlessness born from boredom.

“Maybe she's not home?” I suggested.

He looked at me and pulled out his phone. “Yeah, maybe. I've been trying to call her but somehow it keeps going to voicemail,” he said.

I responded with a shrug. This could have been the point where we turned around and Mario would've owed me for possibly saving his ass, especially since I was even more convinced now by the fact that if he couldn't reach her by phone. Mario was in there for sure. I thought he was about to give up and walk away and I was on the verge of gratitude. But if one thing about Chris—he was one persistent motherfucker.

Chapter 8

Chris

Maybe Anthony was right and she wasn't home. I didn't want to just leave though, just in case she was and was just having a pissy day. I pressed my ear to the door and I could pick up on the sound of voices. I wasn't sure what I was listening to until I heard some suspenseful music and deduced that maybe she had the TV on or something, but it was turned down super low. I'd never visited her before, but it was nice to know that she was getting comfortable.

At least, I hoped so. Going by the sound of the TV, I thought maybe she was using her personal space for her own cozy moments. It put a smile on my face and filled me with a sense of pride. I was excited to see what she'd done with the place. I hadn't seen it since I'd asked Mario to get the furniture and other stuff in to decorate it and make it as 'homey' as possible for her. But I mean, it was up to her whether she let me in or not. I wasn't sure if I should take the TV as a sign that she was home or a sign that she forgot to turn the TV off before she left the house.

Ah, heck. I had this thing about me where once I got the thought to do something in my head, I got a bit obsessive about it. Plus, in this case, I wasn't sure when I'd have this free time again to come see her, so I didn't want to leave without trying my best. I think it also had something to do with my anxiety about our mother calling again and trying to figure out what happened when I spoke to Tiffany, even if I had no intention in sharing our conversation with her.

As a nearly forty-year-old man, I still got stressed when my mother went full-throttle with her demands, although I could ignore her calls like I did quite often. Grimacing, I decided to try again, knocking on the door a little louder. Because this wasn't just about the pressure I felt from my mother. Maybe Tiffany fell asleep or something and that's why she couldn't hear the knocking.

Anthony, on the other hand, seemed to be uncomfortable—or maybe he was just impatient. I couldn't tell by looking at him. I did notice that, although he was shifting on his feet, he was looking down the halls as well, with some form of impatience or boredom, perhaps.

“You know, if you gotta leave, it's cool, you know?” I said, just in case he was looking forward to seeing Tiffany and that's what was making him shifty. I was trying to take his word for it, but he'd betrayed his word to me before. It was only smart of me to second-guess any promises he gave me, even if we were best friends and I had forgiven him so that we could mend our friendship. There was still that extra level of carefulness when it came to him. He'd shown me that he was

willing to disregard our friendship before for a night of fun, so why would I put it past him to do the same again?

“Nah, it’s cool, man. It’s no rush. I mean, it’s kind of a rush since we’re on my lunch break and I was really looking forward to relaxing and de-stressing with a drink or two before getting back to my clients and their cases, but you know, hanging out with my best friend while he panics at his sister’s door is just as fun too,” he said.

I rolled my eyes at him. Okay. Well, it didn’t sound like he was having fun or wanted to be here, so that was a good sign, right? Unless he was really good at pretending. I was going to continue to keep my eyes on him.

I knocked on the door again, and this time I yelled, “Tiffany?! It’s me, Chris! I just wanted to check in to make sure you’re okay. I promise, I’m not here to badger you.” I was loud enough for the whole apartment floor to hear me.

Well, if she didn’t come to the door after that, I’d leave, because she was either not home or really didn’t want to be disturbed. If I still couldn’t reach her by phone later and was still worried then, I could just stop by again to see what was up with her.

Chapter 9

Mario

The fountain between her legs tasted like fresh spring water with a splash of lime. Sweet, crisp, and a little tangy. I was in heaven down there, taking my sweet time with her clit. I loved watching her reach up to massage her breasts and play with her nipples as she moaned, trying to trap my head between her legs with her thighs. I made out with her hole as if it were her soft mouth, fluttering my tongue against the soft walls inside her as if teasing her tongue with mine. We didn't have long before I had to get back to work, but I liked to ensure that she was sufficiently pleased before I inserted myself in her. I wanted to make sure she was dripping wet, and watching her cum multiple times made me as hard as a rock.

I moaned as her slick pussy caressed my cock, suctioning me in. "Fuck," I groaned against her lips, closing my eyes as waves rocked my spine. Her moans harmonized with mine and I moved against her slowly because I wanted her malleable pussy to hit every single nerve on the way in and out.

I shuddered from pure ecstasy as I added to the intensity of the sensations with a soft kiss against her parted lips, sliding

my tongue against hers as she whimpered. She gripped my lips with her own and pulled me closer to her. She wrapped her legs around my hips so that she could pull me deeper and I sank my head into her neck to keep from cumming on the spot.

“Oh fuck.” Her breath came out in several tremors as her eyes rolled over in her head. “You’re making me feel so fucking high,” she wheezed as she moved her hips beneath me, trying to milk me.

I pulled myself out of her quickly and she cried after my cock. I hovered my body over her, panting. “You’re going to make me cum if you don’t stop,” I said, grinning at her as she licked her lips and raised her hips to meet my cock. I grabbed her hips and pushed them back down against the mattress.

“Please, I need you,” she said, and I felt like I was about to lose all control. Although we didn’t have a lot of time, I didn’t want it to be over in a second. That’d be embarrassing for me even though it wasn’t my fault that she felt so damn good. I lay down next to her, resting my dick, still wet from her juices, against her leg.

“You need to cum, huh?” I said, whispering in her ear as I kissed her cheek and neck. “How bad do you need to cum?” I breathed, feeling filthy as fuck as my hand settled between her legs.

“So...,” she started, but before she could answer, I’d already sucked her nipple into my mouth as I pressed my fingers against her clit. She shook against my fingers and cried out in pleasure. “YES,” she said, and it was deep and desperate. She

sounded as if she was about to pass out, and as my fingers picked up the rhythm, splashing about in the wetness that filled my fingers just from rubbing her clit alone, her moans grew higher in pitch as she whined. “Yes, oh, yes.”

Oh, damn. I needed to feel inside her, but I didn’t think I was ready to go back in just yet. I wouldn’t last. So I stuck one finger inside the warmth of her, followed up by two fingers, releasing her nipple and kissing her lips.

“Do you think you can take three of them?” I moaned, because I felt like my cock was about to burst as she nodded. I slipped the third finger in, and her eyes widened.

“Slow,” she said, and her face reminded me of our first time together. That look of shock, desire, and slight confusion at what she was feeling.

I had to be sure. “Do you want me to stop?” I asked.

She shook her head, biting her lips. “No. Please don’t,” she said.

“Mmm, you like that,” I said with a grin.

“Yeah,” she said, and it was a sound filled with pleasure and need, throaty and high-pitched. It sounded so sexy that I groaned before biting down lightly on her bottom lip as she wrapped her arms around my neck.

I pressed the pads of my fingers against her vagina walls, and she gasped, moaned, and licked my lips. “More, please,” she breathed.

“Yes, ma’am,” I said, lowering my tone, wrapping my other hand underneath her back and around her waist so that I could work her clit with one hand while I sped up the rhythm of my fingers with the other hand inside her hole. “More?” I asked, licking my lips.

She nodded. “Please, please, please, please,” she said, so quickly the words ran together, and I matched my fingers with her words, fucking her with them as she spread her legs even wider, as if she wanted even more of me inside her. My shoulder was hurting in this contorted position though, so after kissing her on the shoulder, I shifted over her. Her pink pussy had me drooling and my vision fogged up at the sight of it over my strong, hard, thick fingers. I eased myself up and spat on her clit to intensify the friction and she began to cry, reaching up to grab me by the neck and pull me back down to her where she held my face and stared into my eyes while she came all over my hand.

Oh, fuck, my cock wanted what my fingers had. “Ready for me?” I asked, voice all fucked up and hoarse.

“Fuck, yes,” she gasped, grabbing my face when I leaned over her to kiss me hungrily just as I was inserting myself into her. “Fuck.” She trembled and I could not hold myself back.

I held her hips as I drove myself into her, working hard as I fucked her, trying to get my cock so far up inside her, I couldn’t stand it. She seemed to want the same thing, gripping my ass and holding me against her spread legs. The sound of

my cock slapping her hole had me rocking on my elbows as I felt like I was about to come undone.

“Uh, uh, UH, UH!” Her moans grew louder and louder. Both our pleasures grew together.

“Fuck,” I said, grabbing her breasts and looking down at her sexy, sweaty body before I kissed the fuck out of her mouth.

“Tiffany?! It’s me Chris!” I heard his voice like a muffle beneath her moans and I’d never felt an orgasm fly right back inside of my body and out my asshole the way that this one did.

I froze and rushed to put my hand over her mouth, which seemed to only drive her even more crazy as she started to do that thing with her hips again that could send me over the edge. She shook against me, and her moans deepened.

“Stop!” I whispered. “It’s Chris!” I said. “He-he’s outside!”

I saw her pupils go from pennies to dots in a split second as her eyes widened at me. In a blink she had pushed me against my chest so hard, I flew out of her to the edge of the bed, tumbling over on the floor. I landed so hard on my ass, I thought I broke a bone.

“Ah! Fuck!” I whispered in pain.

She covered her mouth with her hands, suppressing a grin. “Oh my goodness, are you okay?” she asked.

“Yeah,” I said. “I’m just glad I didn’t land on my balls.”

She snickered through her nose before she heard Chris's knocks and remembered that this wasn't the moment for jokes. "Hide!" she said, jumping up in a panic.

She couldn't be serious. I looked down at my blood-filled cock still standing hard as fuck, as if it wasn't aware that my fucking life was at stake here.

"What do you mean? I asked, jumping up from her carpet with my eyes wide open. I imagined they were bloodshot and red since I could feel the fucking blood pounding my eyeballs as if my entire head was about to explode.

"Hide!" she said, looking around frantically. "One minute!" she yelled at her closed bedroom door.

"What the fuck?" I ran forward to try to shield her mouth. "You can't be thinking about letting him in!" I yelled.

"What else am I supposed to do?" she said, pushing me away and spanking me on the ass to hurry me up.

"Hey, hey!" I said, and she giggled.

"Please, Tiffany. Think about it. He can't come in here now. He'll kill me!" I said, feeling as if my heart was going to punch my chest so hard it would burst open, creating an exit for it to just walk on out. I eyed the glass windows, considering whether or not it would be a good idea to jump out. But nope, we were on the fucking fifth floor. I knew for certain I'd die if I jumped, and I was really trying not to die today.

“That’s why I’m telling you to HIDE!” she whispered loudly.

“Just wait until he leaves,” I said.

“I already said something. He knows I’m here. Come on, Mario, hurry up. Bathroom!” she said.

“Really? And what if Chris comes in here?” I asked.

“Why would he come into my personal bathroom?” she asked.

“To see what you’ve done with the place?” I suggested.

She looked at me as if I’d knocked my head onto something. “I won’t let him into my bedroom. Will you just go and hide? You’re stressing me out.” She started pushing me toward the bathroom.

“All right, all right! I’m going!” I said, hurrying in there completely naked as she locked the door behind me. Fuck! I hoped he didn’t check the door because if he found that it was locked from the inside, he’d know for sure that someone was in here. Shit! All my clothes were still on the floor—my wallet, my phone, my car keys! Damn it! One walk into the bedroom and he’d know that I was the one locked in the bathroom. Fucking shit. I heard her shuffling in the bedroom before her door closed.

A fucking tornado was passing through my insides as I tried to figure out if I should stay locked in the bathroom or chance running out to grab my stuff. But with my luck so far, I saw myself running out only to run into Chris as he was coming in

to find me naked as fuck in his twenty-one-year-old sister's bedroom. Shit, I'd rather take my chances locked away in this fucking bathroom.

I leaned against the basin and looked at myself in the mirror, hair all messed up, and I busied myself with fixing it just to keep my fucking hands from shaking. I was considering all my life choices and thinking about how this could all have been easily avoided if I'd stayed away from Tiffany.

But I hadn't stood a chance the moment I'd seen her at that party. I could've avoided her, but it would not have been easy. And I would've missed out on every moment we'd shared together. It was worth it. Right? To chance losing my best friend and my life, though? Damn it. I splashed some cold water on my face and tried to calm myself with some deep breaths.

If I managed to not get caught today, it would be smart of me to rush out of here, grab my clothes, and never look back at Tiffany again. But I was already thinking about Chris leaving so that I could get back to finishing up where Tiff and I just left off.

Fucking damn it.

I was so fucked. I was in too deep. I found myself apologizing to Chris inside my head. I was realizing that one day he'd have to find out, because it hit me now that this thing between Tiffany and I, at least for me, was no longer just casual. But I couldn't allow myself to think about the future because I couldn't fathom the thought of Chris ever finding

out. Although, if he was to find out, this would be the worst way possible for him to do so.

I could hear their voices now, though I couldn't hear what they were saying, and it sounded like Chris was not alone. My heart pounded as I followed the voices to every area of the fucking apartment that they were in, farting from the nerves bubbling in my stomach. Whoo! Okay.

If I kept my ears primed for every single sound, I was going to either need to take a shit or pass out...or both. And I wasn't looking forward to doing either, so I perched my ass on the side of the cold-ass bathtub and tried to relax. I probably should've perched my ass on the toilet seat, but so far, I was just farting. I reached for the air freshener and put its ass right back down when I remembered I was trying not to make a single sound and even the subtle air being released from the can was far too loud for me to risk it.

I tapped my feet against her bathmat to give my body something else to focus on and could feel myself calming down a little, enough to settle the gas in my stomach even as I kept my eyes focused on the doorknob. At one point, I heard Chris's voice so loud, I thought he was IN the room, but his voice began to fade away again which allowed me to let out the breath I was holding.

I was in a constant state of heightened panic and slight relief. By the time I got out of this bathroom, I was sure I was going to have aged a few more years just from the stress of this moment.

Chapter 10

Tiffany

*L*eaving the bedroom...

I wasn't expecting Chris to just pop up on me like that. We'd have to have a conversation about that. Unless he had tried to get me before he showed up?

I turned on my phone and saw several missed calls. I groaned and rubbed my eyes vigorously.

I had to figure out an excuse for not picking up his calls. Okay, okay. Taking a deep breath in and out, I tried to prepare my mind so that I wouldn't let anything slip since my man was in my fucking bathroom. His fucking life was in my hands at the moment, and I could not fuck up.

I grabbed my robe and started to put it on before ripping it from my body and tossing it aside. Picking up my pajamas and throwing them on, I checked for any love bites on my skin that could be visible to Chris. Oh thank goodness, there weren't any on my neck and chest.

I threw on my robe over my pajamas just in case there were any on my arms and back that I did not catch. Standing in

front of my mirror, I waved my fingers around in confusion as I thought about what to do with myself next. Hair! Right. This could be from sleep, but it would've had to be a wild-ass sleep to get it this messy.

I ran a brush through the length of the tangled ginger mess until it didn't look like my head had been moving up and down a pillow as my body jerked from Mario's... Hm. Focus, Tiffany. I sniffed my armpits and slapped the waistband of my pajama bottoms against my belly to get a whiff just to ensure that I didn't smell like sex.

I didn't smell anything, but I grabbed my coochie perfume just in case and sprayed it on the outside of my underwear from the front, all the way under, and to the back because I'd forgotten to wash up before locking Mario inside my bathroom. And I wasn't taking any chances.

I put on some deodorant and sprayed some perfume on my clothes and in my hair, trying to make sure that the only thing Chris smelled was vanilla, flowers, and berries. There was no need to make him suspicious. Although after I was done doing all of that, I wondered why I went through all that trouble. If I told him I had company, he wouldn't automatically assume that it was Mario.

I was in my twenties; it wouldn't be that crazy for me to have someone over. Unless he'd have a problem with it because he'd bought me the apartment. But I mean, he bought ME the apartment. It didn't mean that he got to control what I

did with it. Ugh. I was probably thinking far too much about everything because I was panicking.

I was about to run out the bedroom when I noticed Mario's clothes across the floor; some hanging off my nightstand and the blue loveseat by the window in my room. I quickly gathered them all up and tossed them in the closet. He'd have to iron them over anyway before he left so it was no big deal that they were crumpled up on the floor of my closet. That was the least of any of our concerns at the moment. I'd do my best to keep Chris out of my room, but if he happened to come in, I didn't want there to be anything that would raise his suspicions about Mario.

After another quick glance around the room, I rushed out my bedroom door and hurried toward the front door where I spotted Mario's shoes by the doorway. Fuck. I groaned. "Just a minute," I said, grabbing the shoes and looking around the room in panic for a place to hide them. My living room was far too spacious and open—damn it.

I ran into the kitchen and tossed them into the empty trash can before grabbing an empty garbage bag and throwing it on top, exhaling in a rush and dabbing the sweat from my forehead as I did a quick sweep of my apartment to make sure there was nothing left of Mario's out for Chris to see.

Hoping I'd caught everything, I braced myself, standing in front of the door. Taking a deep breath in, I swung it open and yawned.

“Chris, I...” My words were cut short and I swallowed my fake yawn at the sight of Anthony. His curly hair fell neatly around his face, caressing his neck as usual, and his dark gray eyes locked me into him. My cheeks warmed and he smiled at me, but just as soon as Chris spun around to look at him, his smile fell away and I cleared my throat.

“I was sleeping. I didn’t hear you knocking. Have you been out here long?” I asked, stepping aside to let him in.

“You smell good,” Chris said as he leaned forward and gave me a kiss on the cheek. “Yeah, I’m sorry for waking you. You must have been out cold, huh?” he asked with a grin. “Or are you hiding some male company in here that you didn’t want me to see?” he said with a quirk of his eyebrows. He was teasing, but he was far too close to the truth.

I froze and didn’t know what to say, although it would’ve been the perfect time to let him know that actually I had company and he couldn’t stay long. All that came out however was air being released from my throat as my mouth held open in an “O” for just a second too long. I grinned an uncomfortable grin at him in return.

“Yeah, you know me, I just hid him in the closet,” I said, avoiding eye contact and brushing a loose lock of hair behind my ears before thinking to myself, ‘What?’ I wasn’t even sure that made any sense at all, and again, skated dangerously close to the truth. Hell, my cheeks were on fire now. I needed to divert attention away from my copulation habits because this was not a conversation I wanted to be having with my brother

for more than one reason. And if I kept talking now under pressure, I wasn't sure I was mentally prepared enough to not spill all the beans.

“What brought you by?” I asked as he walked further into the living room and sank down onto my sofa, getting comfortable. I hoped that didn't mean he was planning to stay long as I tried not to sweat profusely.

Anthony walked in as well, and as he moved past me, the smell of his cologne had me licking my lips. I watched him, in all-black, loose-fitting, casual clothing, saunter over to my sofa to join Chris. He had that knowing look on his face and he smirked a little, though his gaze didn't linger too long on me. I was finding it hard to keep my eyes off him though, and that could make for a reckless situation because I was hoping that Chris would leave without him. Although I knew he couldn't stay because Chris was watching us both like hawks.

Shit, I had one man in the bathroom and one man out here that I needed to keep hidden from Chris. I had to be good and not think about the fact that it had been a while since I'd been with more than one man at once because Chris was sure to start asking me soon why I looked like a ripe-ass tomato.

With Anthony in the room, it was becoming harder to focus. I was dripping again at the thought of bringing him into the bedroom with Mario and me. There had to be a way to hurry this up so I could get Chris to leave, but I wasn't sure how I'd get Anthony to stay. There should be a manual on how not to

focus on Anthony and how good he smelled or delicious he looked because I was struggling over here.

“I wanted to see how you were—you know, after everything with Jared,” Chris said.

Oh dear. Not to mention Jared. I didn’t want to hear his name ever again, even if his sex helped me transcend all earthly pleasures to experience something not of this world. Thankfully, I could fuck him out of my system with Mario, who was probably passed out in the bathroom at this point, and hopefully Anthony, if he dared to stay.

“Oh, Mom sent you?” I asked Chris, forcing my eyes away from Anthony’s hands and his hairy fingers clasped in his lap. I gulped at the memory of the coarseness of his fingertips against my skin and where else his luscious hair grew like a landscape on his chest. It had been a while since I’d felt his touch and my body was aching for the brush of his beard upon my neck. Mmm. Just a kiss from his lips would carry me off to another fucking galaxy.

Chris grinned. “Partly, but I also wanted to make sure you were doing okay. You know, see you in person. So, how are you doing?” he asked.

“I’m doing okay,” I said, trying not to react to Anthony’s eyes on me, though my nipples were hardening at that very moment. “It was a loss, but I’ll get over it.” My voice was shaky, and I drew my robe around myself to hide my body’s reaction.

I still hadn't sat down because I didn't want Chris to get any more comfortable than he already was. I wasn't sure how long I could keep holding myself together.

"I love what you've done with the place," Chris said, and I internally rolled my eyes.

I looked at the blanket I was using earlier as I watched TV before Mario showed up. It was hanging off the couch and some cushions were tossed aside as a half-eaten bowl of chicken and veggies sat on the coffee table.

"If I knew you were coming, I would've tidied up a bit," I said, bending over to pick up some of the cushions off the floor. I heard Anthony clear his throat, but luckily Chris didn't seem to catch it.

"Are you kidding me?" Chris said. "You don't have to do all that. I got this place for YOU. I want you to be as comfortable in it as you can be. It's your home, your space to do with it as you'd like. You do not have to clean up for little old me." He grinned. "I'm just glad you like it and are at home in it. You do like it, don't you?" he asked, looking a little worried.

I grinned. "I love it," I said, going in between him and Anthony to give him a hug because it meant a lot for me to hear that. "Thanks, big bro."

As I was getting up, my ass brushed up against Anthony's arm. I shuddered from the rush of the needed release that was building up through my attempts to resist him. He took in a swift breath before he got up from the couch and made his

way across the room. He hadn't really spoken at all since he'd gotten here, which was not like Anthony at all.

I reached for the bowl of leftovers because I needed an exit from the living room before Chris started to read too much into both of our actions and I rushed over to the kitchen. Except the kitchen was next to my bedroom and I didn't want to give Chris a reason to go inside there.

I grabbed some cold water from my fridge and offered some to them before gulping down the water so fast it burned my throat, because I was overheating and needed something to take away the redness from my skin. Something had to keep me from passing out as I waited for Chris to walk away from the kitchen and back into the living room where it was closer to the exit.

Chapter 11

Anthony

From the very second she opened the door, I was fighting an erection. Her skin was fresh from makeup highlighting her delicate freckles. Her reddish-orange hair flowed straight down the length of her back and over her shoulders, slightly messy. She smelled good enough to eat and her striking green eyes looked at me with a hunger matching my own. Funny enough, though she stretched and played the part of a woman just rousing, I noticed that her skin wasn't puffy as if she'd just woken up, except for her lips that looked more plump than usual. And her eyes weren't glossed over as if they'd just opened not too long ago.

Not that I doubted that she'd look just as ravishing with puffed up skin from sleeping. I was feeling myself overcome with the desire to see what she'd look like in the morning. That was new for me since I didn't make a habit of spending the night with a woman and waking up to her the next morning. I just didn't want to risk the clinginess. But seeing her like this in pajamas, the top clinging to her hardening nipples, I felt the urge to bed her and never leave her sheets

ever again. I found myself envying Mario for having seen her that way, being with her any time of day.

She was glowing and her skin was plump with the blood of a woman well-sexed. Yet she didn't look tired. She was revving to go again. I could see it, I could taste it, and it was driving me insane. It was so frustrating that I couldn't tell her how I was feeling about her since I was not one for mincing words. But Chris's gaze was digging into my very soul, watching my every move. Even if he wasn't outrightly staring at me, I could feel his eyes and it made for the biggest tug of war ever inside my body. It was hard trying my best not to speak to her, not to acknowledge her, to pretend she didn't exist for Chris's benefit. It was impossible.

Though I was teetering on the edge of losing my fucking life and my best friend by even glancing in her direction, I couldn't stop myself from trying to figure out how I'd manage to get her alone. With the way Chris was like a hawk, waiting to pick up on the slightest cues, the fact that he even let her sit between us was shocking. Because when her body touched me after holding myself back with difficulty, I was sure something was about to pop right on up and give me away on the spot. I had to jump up to get my body moving and redirect the blood somewhere else.

There was no fooling me that she was alone in this apartment before we showed up, though she did a pretty good job of hiding him. There wasn't a trace of him anywhere except for the telltale signs of her body. I fucked her before and knew what she looked like after. Either that or she was

fucking herself in her own bed. Or on that couch with the blanket spilling over onto the floor. The thought of either was priming me, getting me ready to go, ready to pound the fuck out of her pussy while she clung to me and cried out my name. It had been far too long since I'd tasted her, touched her, felt her moving over me.

Fuck, just the thought of her touching herself and fucking herself was tightening my balls. I had to start pacing up and down the apartment in a show of 'boredom' to get my body to focus on something else. Something other than her fucking herself or watching her get fucked by Mario while she sucked my dick. I was taken back to that day in the file room where we'd all taken turns drilling her—me, Mario, and Jared.

Jared. She seemed to be handling leaving Crawford & Beam quite well, though I doubted he would be spending any of his nights over here. He didn't know what he was missing out on, but I sure did.

Did I feel like an asshole with my best friend standing right here while I was thinking about how all of his trusted best friends fucked his twenty-one-year-old younger sister? While I was thinking of kicking him out of the door so I could fuck her, right this moment? Yes. The guilt settled somewhere deep inside me. But overriding that guilt was the thought of her over me, riding this dick. I couldn't let myself think about how wrong it was to be sneaking around behind his back, not when I watched the way her body reacted to me. When her ass brushed up against me, I wasn't the only one the contact

affected. She shuddered and her breath shook. She was trying as hard as I was to hold herself together.

I tried not to lick my lips as I pulled my eyes swiftly away from Tiffany's hot body. I made a show of pulling the soft sleeve of my black shirt up to check my expensive-as-hell silver watch for the time. The face of it looked like the inner workings of a car, like an engine, and I wasn't sure why, but it made me feel like I was on a spacecraft or some shit. It made me feel pretty badass.

I cleared my throat.

"Uh, it's getting late, huh? We should probably get going," I said to Chris. "The drink was impulsive and, uh, I've gotta head back to work soon."

I had no intention of going back to work, but I had to separate myself from him to make it possible for me to be alone with her. My heart beat along with the ticking of the hand on my watch as I waited for his response.

He pulled out his phone and checked the time, kicking up an orange brow. "Hell, I think you might be right," he said.

Okay, that was a good start. My pulse raced. Man, I was really hoping he didn't send me along on my merry way and suggest that he stay back himself. Chris turned to Tiffany, who pulled her eyes away from me. Not understanding my motive, I noticed a sense of disappointment in her questioning eyes. She didn't want me to leave, and I didn't want to leave, but I couldn't tell her that. That would be easily remedied though if this played out according to plan.

“You sure you’re all right?” Chris asked Tiffany.

She nodded far too excitedly, her eyes bulging a little with anxiety, and I remembered that Mario was locked up in her bedroom or her bathroom. I was assuming it was one out of the two doors in the small hallway next to the kitchen. Both doors were facing each other. Both pale yellow. I wondered which one Mario was in and whether he’d fallen asleep or something. Was my guy even still alive? I fought against the need to laugh.

I had to give him props. He was doing a hell of a job remaining quiet and I tried not to picture what the hell he was doing to pull off such a task. Plus, I knew his ass also had to be getting back to work pretty soon. But if I let my mind conjure up images of Mario in there with his ears plastered to the door trying his best not to make a sound, sweating balls, hoping Chris left sooner rather than later, I’d erupt in laughter. And Chris would certainly be suspicious of what the hell I found so funny at random while we were standing in Tiffany’s living room with her goldish couch and bright blue accents against white walls when she’d just lost her job.

I would have to figure out a lie to tell him and was already pissing myself with lies right now without adding another one to the mix, so I turned my face away from them both, busying myself with looking at the hanging lights, waiting for the suppressed giggles to pass.

Mario and I were both going to be late for work but if Jared asked what the heck we were doing, we could lie and say we

both were out meeting with a client, or we could tell him the truth and watch him squirm. Because what kind of a diddly head did someone have to be to not fight for a woman like Tiffany? Although he was being the only sensible one out of the three of us, since Mario had gone ahead and joined me over on the dark side, probably pissing himself in fear at the moment.

We were all on edge. Tiffany was strained, I was nervous, and poor Mario was locked up like a prisoner. All three of us were hanging on the edge of hope. The hope that Chris would get the fuck out of our way. On one hand, it was thrill-inducing, and on the other hand, it was pretty fucked up and sad. Because I really did miss my best friend and wanted to spend the day getting drinks with him, catching up.

“Okay, if you’re sure,” he said to Tiffany. Like he could hear my thoughts, he checked his phone again and said to me, “If we can make it quick, we can still grab those drinks.”

Ooh, that was spooky, and I didn’t like it.

I didn’t want to imagine Chris being able to read my thoughts. But going by the fact that I was still standing here without my face pummeled in, I was able to come to the relieving conclusion that that was only a coincidence. Whew. Shit.

I couldn’t believe I was freaking myself out so bad that ‘mind-reading Chris’ became a legitimate fear of mine for a second.

“Yeah, I don’t know about that,” I said with a sharp intake of breath. “It’s getting pretty late.” My sigh was too dramatic as I rubbed my chest.

Chris looked at me, raising his brows in suspicion. “Since when do you care about being punctual?”

I chuckled awkwardly because he was right. I didn’t care, and I didn’t know what to say to that. My throat went dry until he chuckled as well.

“Oh, I know what this is all about,” he said, wagging a finger at me.

Again, going by the fact that he was laughing and wagging his finger at me in jest, I was going to guess that he didn’t know what was really going on. Either that or he was going to do a complete 180 and that chuckle would fall away with an unsuspecting blow to my head.

“Yeah, and what’s that?” I asked him, sounding confident enough about the fact that he had no idea.

He looked between Tiffany and I, waning my confidence a little bit.

He leaned in with a grin toward Tiffany. “Let’s just say, Anthony has a lot of friends here,” he said, shielding his mouth away from me with an open palm as if I couldn’t hear what he was saying. He started laughing before turning toward me. “I know the reason you’ve lost interest in having the drinks is because you want to revisit one of the women you’ve

slept with here,” he said out loud, making the whole act of covering his mouth pointless.

I let out a breath and an uncomfortable giggle—because he wasn’t wrong, that was my intention. I gulped, and when I turned to look at Tiffany, she gulped. Despite her cold expression, her body was the biggest chatterbox of all. Her skin had gone completely red and Chris’s laughing face soon morphed into complete horror as his own skin grew red to match hers.

There was a thud at the door of my ass as panic began to settle in. I knew with complete certainty that he’d guessed it now. He’d figured it out and he looked like he was about to be sick. I eyed the pale blue door behind him, marking the exit, and thought about how I could still make a run for it. I still had the option of being decent enough to face the music of my actions. Damn it, I only wished to have another taste of her before having to face the fact that I might not live to see another day. But it looked like my time was up.

I braced myself for his wrath because I’d done what I knew I shouldn’t and now I was sure as hell I was going to be punished for it. I held my breath and steeled myself in anticipation of a whopper of a knockout.

Chapter 12

Chris

A flutter that felt like thunder in my chest slowed to a stop so abruptly, my body jerked. The room was being deprived of oxygen somehow as the lump in my throat grew larger and larger, making my face feel like it was going to explode. My eyes bulged and I found grace as my pulse tried to stabilize itself, making me grateful I hadn't dropped dead.

Why had I said those words?

I knew why I'd said them. I'd said them because I knew Tiffany had a thing for Anthony. And though I was trusting Anthony not to make a move to seal the deal, I opened my big mouth to hopefully deter my sister from wanting to get with someone who had already fucked through her entire apartment complex.

Instead, all I had done was inject the thought of sex into the conversation again, into their minds, and I wished with all my might that I could withdraw my stupid words. Anthony was looking at me with shifty eyeballs and Tiffany had grown as red as me. Now I was the one responsible for the awkwardness in the room, for the conjuring up of Anthony's sexual

conquests. And as the words left my mouth, I realized that she too lived in this apartment complex. By the look on her face, it seemed she didn't mind being one of those conquests.

There was no way I was going to allow that to happen. I was not leaving this apartment building without Anthony in tow. All I had was his word, and unfortunately, I'd decided just now that his word was not good enough for me, not after the pounding in my chest triggered the fight-or-flight response. I had no problem fleeing the discomfort I'd caused, just as long as Anthony was fleeing with me.

"Sure you don't want to grab those drinks?" I asked him.

He was looking at me with eyes full of skepticism or confusion. Something had him standoffish, but I was guessing that it was all because of the awkwardness I'd caused. Either that or he had something to hide.

"Uh, no. I really should be getting back. Maybe another time, eh? When you're not too busy with whatever this is," he said, flapping his hand about in disinterest.

I sighed, wanting to be relieved, but still on edge. "Okay, I guess *we'd* better get going. If you ever need to talk, I'm just a phone call away, okay? I'll text you some contacts to some law firms and put in a good word for you," I said to Tiffany, with a hug and a kiss on her cheek.

"Um, thanks. Sure," she said, her mood seemingly soured. The tension in the room was so thick it was like a dense cake.

I started to feel self-conscious as I made my way over to the door. Her mood didn't seem soured a while ago when I'd just made the comment. Maybe it had just sunk in? I wasn't sure what to think. All I knew was that I was ready to put some distance in between her and him.

I held the door open and waited for him to walk through. He didn't waste any time, stalking past her without even as much of a glance, stepping out in the hallway.

I wasn't sure if I should've been upset with how rude he was being toward her or grateful. Gratitude seemed like the better option, as bad as it sounded. I'd rather her feelings be trampled on by him in this way instead of him showing the only type of interest in her he was capable of showing to women and trampling on her feelings afterward.

As her door closed, I was able to breathe just a little bit better as Anthony stood before the elevator, checking his phone while he waited on me.

"I'm sorry, man. I should've told you that I was stopping by here first. Probably shouldn't have agreed to the drinks. I know you were probably looking forward to unwinding," I said, coming to stand beside him.

He glanced over at me. "Yeah, I wish you would've told me so that I wouldn't waste my time coming here. No offense," he said, cocking his head to the side. "I kinda wanted to be in a better mood when I got back to the office, but I guess it's all part of the whole best-friend package, huh? Doing family house calls, being all supportive and shit." He patted me on the

arm with a grin. “You know I’m not the mushy type, but I guess in a way, it was pretty nice to hang out with you, even if it was boring as hell.”

He put the phone in his pocket as the elevator door opened in front of us and we stepped inside. “Tell me, why are we friends again?” I asked with a grin.

“Because I know how to have a good time,” he said, punching me on the shoulder. “And when you’re down you can count on me to pick you up. Something like that. Speaking of good times,” he looked at the digital clock in the elevator, “I’ve still got like fifteen minutes to spare, and since I’m already here, I think I’ve just thought of a way more fun way to spend my time.” He curled his brow and smiled.

I wrinkled mine. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, you can head on out without me. I think I’m going to pay one of my friends a visit,” he said.

Panic settled within me again, until the elevator came to a stop and I saw that he got off on a whole other floor. I closed my eyes and tried to remain still, attempting to convince myself that he wasn’t trying to pull a smart one on me. He wouldn’t think I was that naive. But relaxation wouldn’t be possible until I was able to see for myself that he wasn’t just pretending to stop off on another floor to trick me.

I stuck my hand out between the closing elevator doors and pushed my head out to see Anthony walking down the hallway and knocking up a random apartment. Out came a leggy blonde, older but still attractive, who smiled upon seeing him.

He leaned forward on the door frame and gave her that look I recognized all too well. I'd seen it many times before on our nights out when he was on the prowl. He looked her up and down, smiling on one side of his face, saying something to her that had her laughing and running her hand through her hair. He turned around and saw me looking so he winked and waved me away before reaching out and touching her leg as she touched his chest.

Okay, breathing just got a whole lot easier. He seemed to be well on his way into her bed. Maybe I was overreacting after all. Yeah, I definitely was. Besides, I needed to unwind myself before heading back home to my wife and kids. I didn't need to be overthinking and making something out of nothing if there was nothing to worry about. The additional stress was not welcome. So I was going to take my relief and choose to trust Anthony. Maybe go on a drive or something to relax for an hour or two before clocking into dad and husband mode.

Chapter 13

Anthony

Whew! Ah, shit. I was so relieved that I'd made it out of the apartment in one piece. I'd thought I was a goner there for a while. As soon as I'd realized that it was just my guilt making me jumpy, I'd had to think of something fast to get out of there before things revealed themselves. But once I was out and safe in the elevator, my dumb ass couldn't resist the element of danger. Let me not pretend it wasn't my plan from the get-go though, because it was.

The plan was to get out of there and calm Chris's suspicions so that I could find a way back to Tiffany's place. But now that I was standing in front of Suzie—or Sandra, whatever the hell her name was—I was thinking about the way my life flashed before my eyes just minutes ago. Maybe it would be best to stay here with Sasha and keep up my good streak of avoiding Tiffany. Sasha was down for it, for sure.

I wasn't even going to pretend that this blonde wasn't a good lay because she was. She was older and had a lot of experience. The way her voluptuous ass bounced on my dick, slapping my hips like a fucking water balloon, was seared in

my memory. And dang, I wouldn't even mention the way it suffocated my face, much to my contentment. I reached out now to grab a handful of it, squeezing and jiggling it as I bit my lip, grinning.

She moaned and threw her body against my chest. "Why don't you come in? The kids are at school, and I don't have anywhere to be for the next few hours," she breathed against my neck. I was tempted, for sure, don't get me wrong. She didn't even ask me what I was doing there or why I'd just popped up after so long. She just grinned when she saw me and was ready to fuck because she knew that was all this was.

Sure, she had a husband and shit, but it wasn't my business whether she did or not. As long as he didn't catch us. It wasn't likely that he would since he traveled for work and was gone for weeks at a time. She didn't expect anything from me. I didn't have to think about ruining a marriage because I didn't have a fucking commitment to her husband. That was on her. I had no jealousy when it came to her because it wasn't like that between us. She was just a freak and a good fuck.

Her hands gripped my shirt and started tugging me forward, pulling a groan out of me. Out of my two options, this was the safest, as long as her husband didn't decide to pop up early to surprise her. I was pretty sure he was off fucking some other woman wherever the hell he was, but some men had a bit of a double standard when it came to their relationship. Not me, I liked my women to be on the same page with me. Then again, I didn't get into relationships.

Sophia—damn it, *what was her name again?*—whipped her long blonde hair over her shoulders and started to unbutton the baggy shirt she had on. It wasn't the sexiest thing I'd ever seen her in, but I'd popped in on her unannounced. She'd probably just been cleaning or lounging or something in that. But when those buttons came undone, it turned a drab-looking shirt into one of the sexiest things I'd ever seen. Yet I wasn't bucking over myself to smother my face into her ample breasts, because as much as I could have a quick fuck here to satiate the urges Tiffany had revved up inside of me, get back to work, and avoid breaking my promise to Chris... I couldn't stop thinking about the fact that Tiffany was just several floors up and I was thirsty for her.

"I'm sorry, I should get back to work," I said, staring into her bosoms.

Blondie grinned. "And when has that ever stopped you?"

She was right. It had never stopped me before. In fact, my work thrived with these breaks. For some people, a power nap here and there helped them to work more efficiently. For Jared, a quick swim got his brain juices flowing. Everybody had their thing, and I had mine. I had a power fuck—I guess that's what it could be called. A quick fuck to increase my productivity. Really, I would be doing a disservice to my job if I didn't orgasm at least once today.

"You're right, it hasn't." I grinned as she reached for my hand and checked the hallways to make sure no one was out before she put it in her shirt and underneath her bra. Ah, fuck.

Her hard, fat nipple grazed my palm, and I couldn't help rubbing my hand against her, squeezing her breast, hoping the fuck it would take my mind off Tiffany. But I knew it wouldn't.

I was beginning to notice a problem here, because when it came to Tiffany, there was some sense of jealousy. Like, I didn't care that she was fucking my other two best friends. The fucking thought of them going at it now was hard not to think about. It was making me so hard, and Blondie was taking that to mean that she was the one turning me on. She was hot and maybe I could come back and fuck her another time, but damn it, man, I wanted Tiffany's freckled, orange-tinted skin. I wanted to run my hand through her reddish-orange hair and taste her pink lips. I wanted to gaze into her sparkling green eyes while fucking her. And I wanted to watch her get fucked by Mario.

Fuck it, I wanted her, and the more the merrier. But the fact that Mario was able to see her whenever he wanted, whenever she wanted... He could fuck her to sleep and wake up to her in the morning. That was what had me hesitating. Because the more of her I wanted, the more I'd be betraying my promise to Chris, and the more chances I'd have of getting caught by him. Because I was the only one he had his eyes on. He was just waiting for one little sign, for me to give one thing away, to pounce on me. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he pretended to leave only to return to Tiffany's flat to make sure that I hadn't gone back there. A chill ran through my

body, especially when I recalled the way he was breaking his neck leaning out of that elevator to see where I was going.

Fear made me lean forward to kiss Blondie. If I could lose myself in her then I could forget about Tiffany. Shit, even with Chris supposedly gone, I could still feel his eyes on me. As soon as my lips touched Blondie's, she shivered in desperation and delight, moaning. She was thicker than me and she wrapped her arms around my more slender frame. The softness of her pressed into my body and I walked forward, feeling something, enough for me to keep trying.

Kicking the door shut behind me, I moved my beard against her neck, kissing the tender spot there as she worked her hands to quickly unzip and undo my pants. I held her hands back because I wasn't quite there yet. My thoughts of Tiffany and the fear of Chris staying back to see what I got up to, all while trying to focus on Blondie in front of me, was overwhelming.

In an attempt to turn off the noise in my head, I lowered my head into the cleavage of her breasts. It had her natural smell, which wasn't a turn off to me. Unhooking her bra, my lips moved to kiss the space between her mountains, right in the center of her chest. She sighed, running her hand through my hair before tugging on it to bring my face back up to her. She kissed the hell out of me, sucking on my tongue, but all I kept thinking about was the fact that Tiffany could be fucking right now and I could be fucking her.

Tiffany's face flushed with pleasure was all that I could see. Her moans were all I could think about. It wasn't the first time

I'd fucked somebody else while thinking only of Tiffany, but somehow the fact that her fucking apartment was just an elevator ride away made my thoughts of her so vivid that I could almost taste her on my tongue. I moaned and rested my head against the wall behind Blondie as I panted. She was busy getting herself undressed and I was busy arguing with myself in my head.

Here was this hot blonde in front of me, ready to get fucked, who I knew would fuck the socks off me. Yet she didn't hold a torch to Tiffany, and I was considering once again risking everything just to be with her.

Groaning in frustration, I pulled Blondie against my body aggressively. "Ooh," she said. "Somebody has a lot of steam to blow off today. Be my guest. Use me," she moaned.

She was like a cheerleader in my ear and I was pumped up to take her advice because her suggestion was exactly what I wanted to do. I walked her toward her gray, L-shaped sofa and threw her down against it, hopping on top of her to hump the shit out of her. But my dick was only semi-hard because I was so fucking stressed.

I didn't want to be here, damn it. I knew where I wanted to be. She held me against her and ran her hand up the back of my sweater, caressing my skin, moaning. "Yes, please, fuck me," she said.

And I wanted to try. Fuck, I did. But damn it, I couldn't.

"I'm sorry," I said, sighing in disappointment, unable to make eye contact with her.

“What? Why?” Her voice shook in disbelief as she eased out from underneath me and began to do up her buttons, shielding herself from my gaze in what looked like shame. As if she thought she wasn’t attractive anymore. And it was unfair, because she was hot as fuck. That wasn’t the problem and she deserved to know that.

“I’m sorry, I just have a lot on my brain,” I said, settling back into the couch and re-buckling my belt.

“That’s a first,” she said. “Why did you stop by then?” she asked, and I heard the bite in her voice she was trying to hide.

“I was hoping to blow off some steam with you,” I said, making my eyes slit, pleading with her not to be upset with me. “But I’m just stressed. It’s not you. Look at you.” I let my eyes roam over her body and heat flushed her skin as her blue eyes darkened and became filled with lust.

“Sure there’s nothing I can do to help you relax?” she said, moving to her knees and grinning up at me wickedly.

I laughed. “Maybe another time, eh?” I said, cradling her chin and standing up.

She rolled her eyes and flopped her back against the couch as she sat on her cream-colored carpet. “Fine,” she said. “Got me all hot and wet only to leave me to my toys,” she muttered, but there was a twinkle in her eyes that implied she was playing.

“Mm, think of me.” I grinned and walked away toward the door.

“Only to disappoint myself again? You wish.” She laughed.

I laughed in return. Our banter in the past would’ve gotten me to turn around and taunt her back before we were falling over each other on the floor, moaning together, laughing afterward from the fun we’d had proving that being fucked by me was never a disappointment. But that was before I knew Tiffany lived here. I was unsure if I’d ever be able to fuck another person in this apartment complex if it wasn’t Tiffany Levine.

With the click of Blondie’s door behind me, I stood out in the hallway for a moment, considering my next steps. I checked my watch. There were only five minutes left until my lunch break was over. I hadn’t eaten yet, hadn’t drunk anything, and hadn’t fucked anyone.

I was going back to work more wound up than I was before leaving, all because I wanted to have some morals for once. Damn it. Swearing under my breath, I walked to the elevator. My clients were going to get the short end of the stick today just because I wanted what I couldn’t have. My chest sank, releasing a heavy sigh as I stepped into the shiny silver box, almost walking into a stranger that was exiting it at the same time.

I ran my hand through my hair. Couldn’t have, or wouldn’t have? Neither her nor I wanted this restriction on ourselves. I stared at the elevator buttons and kept looking away from the ground floor to the fourteenth floor—Tiffany’s floor. Just one click of a button and I would be standing outside her door. I

could be just moments away from a fucking hot threesome with the sexiest woman I'd come across in all my nearly forty years on this earth. Fuck.

I made a quick decision. I wasn't made for the saint's life.

This was always going to be the ultimate decision in the end. I didn't even know why I'd considered anything else. Floor fourteen. The button lit up in red and relief washed over me. My only hope was that Chris didn't pull a fast one on me because my dick was aching for Tiffany. The closer I got to her floor, it felt like a fucking buildup to the most astounding climax. My heart was pounding and my palms were sweating. If Chris wasn't lying in wait for me, she'd better be prepared, because I was ready to dive head first in her warm suction and I could cum from the thought of it alone.

Chapter 14

Tiffany

Maybe I should have run to the door to let Mario out right away, but I was a nervous and confused wreck. Chris's sudden appearance left me so shaken that I was almost waiting to see if he'd knock on the door again. Anthony's rudeness also put me on edge as I wondered why he'd waved me off like I was beneath him when I could see from the look in his eyes that he was feeling the same things that I was. Unless I'd imagined it, and like Chris said, he was a disloyal prick and one lay was all he needed before he discarded someone.

Or maybe his friendship with Chris was more important and he was just trying to protect that. It wouldn't be wrong of him to do that. He'd crushed my hopes since I'd wanted him to find an excuse to stay, but maybe there was no way he could've done that without looking suspicious. It was disappointing to say the least. I'd been looking forward to having both him and Mario, but Mario was certainly more than enough, and if I was lucky, he was waiting to finish up where we left off. Although I was guessing that my brother's appearance wasn't exactly an aphrodisiac.

While I was hurrying away toward my bedroom to get Mario, there was a knock on my door that had my heart leaping out of my chest again. I froze and swore. Damn it. How many times was Chris going to interrupt us? I hoped he'd just realized he left something and would leave right away, because Mario couldn't stay locked up in my bathroom forever. Taking a deep breath, I marched toward the door. I was trying not to appear irritated as I swung it open.

I was almost knocked backward by the impact of the flip in my stomach as I stood face to face with Anthony's gray eyes. Right as I was about to open my mouth to speak, his lips came crashing down on mine, kissing the words from me. His arms scooped me up from the floor and wrapped my legs around his waist.

He kicked the door shut while kneading my bottom. I was frozen at first, wanting to scold him for being so cold and abrupt with me earlier, but I couldn't think straight. My eyes rolled back into my head as he tugged on my lips with his and dipped his hand into my pajama bottoms to grab my bare ass. My center got so warm and the pressure against my clit turned my thoughts into mush as I grabbed his slender, bearded face between my palms and kissed him. Each brush of our parted lips was like the strike of a match, igniting flames throughout my entire body.

"Fuck, I couldn't wait to taste you again," he said, burying his face into my neck and against my burgundy satin top, sucking on my nipple through the fabric, moving as though he

was ravenous and I was the most delicious thing he'd ever taken into his mouth.

My breath came out as pants as I grabbed him by the neck. I wasn't sure where that came from. Maybe it was from the fact that he had not apologized. It wasn't a tight grip, but it was tight enough for him to groan. "Fuck," he said.

"Is that why you were so rude to me earlier?" I asked, looking down into his eyes as he started to unbuckle his belt. I bit my lip in anticipation, my face tensing as the demand for pleasure shocked my body.

His hand stilled on his belt. "Aw, did you think that was for real?" he asked, grinning. "Mm," he said, biting his lip, "you're so sexy when you're mad."

I shivered from the pure sensuality of his smile, and I licked my lips, releasing my hold on his neck to wrap both arms around his back, pulling myself into him as we kissed until the room spun.

I came up for air to smile at him teasingly. "Mario's here," I said.

"I know." He grinned.

I gasped in shock. "How?" I asked.

He brought his lips to my ear. "Because I know what you look like when you've been fucked so well you start glowing," he whispered. "Your lips get more plump." He breathed against my neck as his hand dipped under my blouse. "Your nipples get harder from being sucked." He groaned. "Your

skin gets flushed and your eyes sparkle.” He grinned before pulling my nipple in between his fingers until I moaned. “And your cheeks become more full,” he said, raising his head from my neck to give me a tender, slow kiss on the cheek before taking my mouth again and sucking on my tongue.

I pressed my lower body against him, needing him to touch me there. Hearing the slight growl in his throat, I bit his bottom lip. “To be fair, my skin is always flushed,” I said.

He laughed unexpectedly. “Almost got us into trouble there earlier. I had to think fast on my feet. I’m sorry if it hurt your feelings,” he said.

“I suspected, but I was wondering why you turned into such a brat all of a sudden,” I said, trying to give him my most ‘upset’ face.

“I think I can help you to forgive me,” he said, lowering his lids and smiling as he looked at my lips.

“Yeah?” I smiled in return.

He nodded and dipped his hand into my pants. I gasped and moaned before holding his hand still. “I should let Mario out,” I said.

He laughed. “Yeah, you probably should. I gotta say, y’all did a great job making it seem like no one else was here. I was dying laughing at the thought that Mario was here, hiding under a bed or something. I can just imagine him standing still the entire time, trying to contain his breath so he wouldn’t

make a sound. I almost wanted him to get caught to see his reaction.”

I frowned.

He put his forefinger and thumb together. “Not actually, but just a tiny bit,” he said.

I shook my head and grinned. “You really are an asshole,” I said, still cradling his neck with both my arms.

“Mm, but you like it,” he said, licking his lips before kissing me.

I moaned. “Dang it, I do. We were mid-intercourse too. Like his cock was literally inside me, full-on thrusting, bringing us both close to the edge...”

Anthony pressed my back into the wall, and I could feel his hardness against my center. “Get his ass out of there so we can get to fucking or I might be tempted to start without him.”

I grinned and moved my hips against him. “So you don’t want to hear how I was on the verge of cumming all over him as his hard cock dipped in and out of my wet hole?”

He groaned and slipped his hand under my top, lifting it to suck my nipple into his mouth, nibbling on it a little bit. I threw my head back, gasping and swallowing with the pure weight of desire pressing into my labia, loosening my hole. “Okay, okay,” I said, gripping his head so that he would stop tormenting me. “Let me call him out,” I said.

He let me slide down his body to the floor before coming up behind me and holding me around the waist as I yelled,

“Mario! The coast is clear. Bring your sexy self back out here.”

Anthony started kissing me on my neck, removing my opened sweater from my body, kissing my revealed shoulder and neck as he did. Fuck, I could feel the inside of my vagina walls undulating as if rivers flooded inside me. My hole tensed and released so many times it had me starving for something to fill me up. And I needed it now. I needed him to bend me over and fuck me.

I wanted them both inside me. “Up for a threesome?” I moaned.

He grabbed my clothed breasts and squeezed so hard I felt myself start to drip and I lost my balance. “Why do you think I came back? Although you and I alone together is just as perfect,” he said.

Fuuuuuck. My legs trembled as his cologne sexed my senses, his voice thrilled my nerves, and his beard sent shockwaves down my spine. I was panting and we hadn’t even gotten to the good part yet.

My bedroom door swung open. “Man, I thought he would never lea...” Mario paused his speech as he looked at me with my back up against Anthony’s chest and my head thrown back against his shoulders.

“Surprise,” I moaned to him with a smile and shaky gasp, just as Anthony’s hand dipped into my pajamas and found my clit. The faintest touch of his fingers had me shaking and falling forward as I grabbed his hand in fear that the pleasure

would be far too intense for me to handle. I was afraid I wasn't ready to be rocked so fucking hard because I was already teetering on the edge.

“Mm, you're already wet,” he whispered, sniffing my hair.

I released his hand when I didn't feel like I was about to have a fucking heart attack anymore and his fingers started moving. It was glorious. I lost all control. I reached up behind me and threw my arms around his neck as he worked me into a dither. I moaned and gasped, biting my lip as my body writhed against him.

I could feel his hardness pressed up against my lower back and I licked my lips, rubbing my ass against him, and watched as Mario's manhood inflated before me. The thought of them both filling my hole at once had me twitching and shaking against him until I was wailing from pleasure. Anthony swore behind me.

“Uh...fuck,” I said, shaking as Mario started to walk toward us, stroking himself. “So fucking sexy,” I groaned. “Please tell me you don't have to go back to work right this minute?” I asked, in breathy intervals.

Mario stopped in front of me so that I had to tilt my head to look into those glacier blues, darkening by the second. He stroked my lip, and I kissed his finger, sucking it into my mouth.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” he said, smiling and leaning down to kiss me so hard, I came again against Anthony's finger.

“Fuck,” Anthony swore and pulled his hand from within my pajamas to push them over my hips with fervency. I stepped out of those constraints so fast, needing more of their touch, as Mario peeled my top over my head. I could hear Anthony messing with his zipper and Mario was already naked, so I threw my hand around his neck and jumped into his arms so that I could straddle him.

However, Anthony was not having it, and I could feel his breath on my neck as he came up behind me. “Ready for me?” he asked as Mario held me up. I looked at Mario, confused, but nodded at Anthony anyway.

“Good,” Anthony groaned, slipping inside me so fast as Mario kissed my lips that my eyes flew open, sending me into a euphoric state so delicious that I became a mad woman, gripping Mario’s rippling back muscles. I tried to press my already-sweating body into his chest—pressing my clit into his belly, my nipples against him, needing him to hold me tightly and not let me go as Anthony’s warmth enclosed around me.

Anthony was panting against my neck while he screwed the hell out of my hot center. Damn, it felt so good being sandwiched between them. Mario’s face tensed with an aching need as he stared at me, whispering, “You’re so fucking hot.”

I moaned in his face, breathing short breaths against his lips, dropping my forehead onto his shoulder as Anthony hit *that* spot at the perfect angle, creating mini explosions inside of me, preparing me for the big one.

“Uhhhhhhh, Anthony.” A guttural moan escaped me, and I kissed Mario’s clavicle bone. I felt Mario’s tongue lick the sweat from my neck as he breathed against it and I shook with complete abandon, about to cum all over Anthony’s dick, when I heard him groan and pull himself from me. I didn’t have time to mourn the loss of his length because Mario slipped right on in, to my delight, sensing my need to be filled continuously.

He grabbed my bottom, groaning, his face flushed with fiery, sensual passion as he slammed my hips against his hips, repeating the movement until time stood still, until my eyes and mouth flew open. With a soundless moan suspended in the air, I burst all over him with so much glee and indulgent satisfaction that it took a while for air to re-enter my body, for sound to become a part of me once again. When I found my voice, the only thing I could say was “Yes!” before I started sobbing his name.

“Fuck,” I heard both Anthony and Mario say at once.

“I’m far from done,” Anthony said. “What about you guys? Wanna take it to the bedroom?” he asked.

Mario looked at me with a questioning brow, and when I nodded with desperation, he smiled, nodding along with me. He walked me into my bedroom and tossed me onto my queen-sized bed with soft, satin, pastel blue-and-white sheets—that were already a mess, but who cared? The only thing I could think about was them. They had my entire attention.

Chapter 15

Mario

“**Y**ou’re such a bad influence, you know that?” I whispered against her neck as Anthony pulled slow and sensuous moans from her body. I should be at work and here I was in a threesome I didn’t expect but wouldn’t complain about. I’d have to be fucking kidding if I did—I mean, look at her. Her red locks loose around her bright blue pillow, her lids lowered in complete ecstasy, her skin dampened by beads of sweat, her long sighs and shorter breaths escaping her parted lips. Her erect red nipples were sucked to stiff peaks by me.

Full breasts that fit perfectly in the cups of my hands. Freckles dancing across her nose, cheeks, shoulders, and breasts that disappeared beneath the blood that rushed her skin, reddening her. She gripped the mattress exposed by the shifted bottom sheet with one hand and started running her other hand over my abs in seeming desperation. When she located my cock, she sighed, and I throbbed within her palm. She stroked me with the fervency of the desire she felt rippling through her body as Anthony sped up his hips and slammed himself within her.

“Fuck, you’re so good at taking cock,” I breathed as she jerked the fuck out of mine, bringing me so close to the edge I had to pull her hand off me to steady my breathing, biting my lip and moaning as I pushed against the need to cum because I couldn’t get enough of her—I wanted to fuck her again.

Anthony lay flat against her, kissing her lips, leaving no room for me to touch her anymore. It didn’t make me mad because I got to enjoy the show. I removed myself to her blue armchair to get a good view. The sunlight through the window highlighted their porcelain bodies, though his skin glowed a shade darker than the tone of her orange-tinged skin.

She threw her arms around his neck and wrapped her legs around his hips, trapping him as the sounds of sex bounced off their bodies. The resonance of his dick moving in and out of her wet pussy, the heavy breathing, her crying his name, moaning as he moaned along with her, was maddening. Their shuddered breaths created some sort of melody as they gasped for air, tiring themselves with the pleasure bulldozing their bodies.

I was trying so hard not to touch myself because the skin around my shaft was so fucking sensitive that just the graze of my palm caused me to jump and shiver. I rubbed my hands across my dampened chest instead as it felt like I was being electrocuted over and over again without my body getting any chance to breathe, and I needed to be touched.

I caught myself moaning at the sight of him bringing her to a climax. She shook and her eyes looked like she was being

exorcised while she held onto him as if she was afraid of falling, digging her nails into his back, unable to find any words at all.

Anthony pulled himself out of her and kissed the ever-living hell out of her mouth, and I knew exactly what he was feeling because he still hadn't cum yet. Feeling her and hearing her orgasm was driving him crazy as antagonizing flutters sped through his cock, needing him to explode as he fought against it. I knew that's how he was feeling because that's how I was feeling just watching them.

He humped her ass cheeks because he couldn't control his lower body and the need to keep fucking, but at least on the outside, he could give his dick some time to calm the fuck down. When he fell off her to lie next to her and catch his breath, I returned to the bed to lay on my side, watching her swallow from the impact of the aerobic exercise.

She breathed to calm her racing heart. I trailed a light finger over her nipples and down the center of her chest, moving down her belly as she sighed and sucked her stomach in while my hand lingered around her navel. Her breath hitched when I moved my hand back upward.

“How are you feeling?” I asked, knowing she needed a break.

“So loose and free.” She grinned at me before looking over at Anthony. He winked at her and kissed the back of her hand. She tilted her head back to me and looked into my eyes. We held eye contact for a bit as I watched the sun illuminate the

gold flecks in the forest green. She reached up and stroked my hair; I closed my eyes and sighed.

The gentleness of her fingertips against my scalp sent tingles throughout my entire body and I lowered my lips to kiss the inside of her wrist. Holding her hand against my cheek, I began to trail kisses along the inside of her arm until I was basically kissing her armpit. She erupted in laughter, and I laughed as well, brushing my white-blond beard against the side of her breast next to her armpit, leaving a kiss there. Her laughter was replaced with a sensual sigh, and when I looked over at her, she was biting her lip, smiling at me.

Keeping eye contact with her, I licked the curves of her breasts and watched desire play out across her face. I kissed the fullness and rubbed my nose against the nipple of the other one.

“Did you ever think you’d be the one to turn around and have such a terrible influence on someone?” I groaned with a slight drag to my words, playing with her. “I know I didn’t expect it when we first met, but now here I am, unwilling to leave your bed when I should get going.”

“Are you complaining?” she asked, pushing me backward so that she could climb on top of me and straddle my hips.

I laughed. “Hell no,” I said, massaging her ass cheeks as they brushed up against my throbbing cock.

She leaned over me, bracing her hands against the spot behind my head, so that her breasts were hovering over my face. “And I think it’s you guys who are the bad influence. I

was such a lady before we met,” she said, slowly rubbing her crotch against my pelvic bone. “But I’m not complaining either,” she said, flipping her hair over her shoulder before lowering herself to kiss me. As she stretched forward again, I pulled her breast into my mouth, giving into the temptation she was waving in front of me.

“Yes,” she moaned, cupping my face with her hands to give me a long, hard kiss. She shifted so that her ass was for sure resting on my cock now and she gasped.

“Besides, you can’t leave here with all of this,” she said, reaching behind her and rubbing my shaft against the crease of her ass cheeks. “But I guess if I’m such a bad influence, I should be sending you off to work.” She began to move off me and my eyes flew open as if she was about to take my life with her. I grabbed her hips.

“Oh, no you don’t,” I said, pulling her back down against me.

She laughed and started to grind her hips against my pelvic bone. “You want it bad, huh?” she asked with a wicked smile.

“Fuck,” I breathed, and I heard Anthony let out a shuddering sigh. When we both looked over at him, his gray eyes appeared black with lust.

“Are you enjoying yourself over there?” She grinned, leaning forward to press her breasts against my chest, making eye contact with him as she kissed me.

“Fuck,” he whispered. She grinned and turned her focus back to me.

“Well, I guess if you want it that bad, I should give it to you then, huh?” she said, easing up and lowering her wet center over my cock so that just the tip was inside of her. She bit her lip and started massaging her breast as I stretched the hole Anthony had just left open for me.

The pull of her tender skin against my tip had my heart racing so fast from the sensitivity. It moved against the warmth and softness of her walls, kissing my head with such tenderness I felt the blood rush through every single part of my body, including my fucking nipples, the pads of my fingers and the tips of my toes. She moaned, moving the slight edge of her hole against it, going crazy for more but denying herself as she hopped off.

She shivered before leaning forward and kissing me, pulling on my tongue and sucking on my lips. She massaged my scalp and caressed my face as if she wanted to devour me. I held the back of her head to keep her lips on mine as I spanked her ass. Her suppressed moan was a delight to my ears. “What’s the matter? Can’t handle all of me?” I said.

“You know I can, I just like driving you insane,” she said with her forehead against mine, our lips a hair away from each other.

“Looks like you’re driving yourself crazy in the process,” I said, reaching between us to find her clit. She bit her lip and rested her face against mine, shivering as I touched her. “I

want you to take all of me inside you,” I whispered against her ear as her hips started to jerk against me. “Think you can do that for me?” I asked.

She nodded, keeping her eyes shut as she kept biting her lip so hard, I thought she was about to draw blood.

“Give me a kiss,” I said, and as she held my face and kissed me, I reached behind her ass for my cock and pressed it up against the entrance of her pussy.

She let go of my lips and moaned. “Oh, fuck.” She sat up straight and started whimpering from pleasure, working her pussy over my cock until I was halfway in. She paused as her eyes rolled over and she ground her hips against it. “Yes. Fuck. You feel so good,” she sobbed.

I gritted my teeth as that taunting build harassed my shaft. “I think I might fucking pass out,” I said as she worked even more of me inside her, gasping as she closed around me. I took a mouthful of air that whizzed through my teeth. I couldn’t stand it anymore. I raised myself up so that I could kiss on her neck and play with her breasts while I was so deep within her.

I was tempted to start moving, jackhammering the fuck out of her pussy, but I knew even though we’d just fucked moments before, even though she’d just fucked Anthony, her muscles had contracted and needed time to release.

Mm, the warmth of her felt like such a sweet caress against my shaft, I was almost moved to tears. She felt so good that I wanted to feel more of her. I raked my nails across her spine, pulling long, slow kisses from her lips, kissing her chin and

moving those kisses against her neck, tempted to mark her there but knowing that I couldn't. So I marked her right breast instead. I sucked and pulled on her soft flesh until she stroked my hair, gripping me and throwing her head back.

She began to move her hips against my cock deep inside her and I trembled. "Oh shit," I said, groaning. Her eyes flew open at the sound within my throat, and she licked her lips, moving a little faster. "Uh, fuck," I said, gathering her hair off her shoulders, holding it behind her like a ponytail.

She gasped as I tugged her head back. Unsure, I checked in. "You like that?"

"Mmhm," she said, and I moved forward to place kisses against her exposed neck. I felt the vibration against her larynx as she moaned with delight. I licked that spot, kissing it before releasing her hair and gripping the back of her neck so that I could hold her still as I started to thrust myself inside of her. Our pelvic bones battered each other as high-pitched whines erupted from her.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she screamed. "Mario, fuck, you feel so fucking good. I lo...ve the way you feel inside me," she said.

Ah shit. I wasn't sure what she meant but just hearing her come close to saying 'I love you' in whatever context ignited something within me that made me hungry. An actual fucking growl escaped me, and I surprised myself. I wasn't sure I was in love with her, and I wasn't sure she was in love with me, but the thought of it filled me with a palpable need.

“Please, please...” She started to sob, and I slowed my pacing down.

“Please what?” I asked, pausing to kiss her cheeks.

“No, don’t stop,” she said, picking up the rhythm from where I left off, bouncing herself on top of me.

I laughed and groaned at the same time, swearing. “What is it?” I asked, looking down and watching her pretty pussy with a tuft of reddish-orange hair suck my cock in and out of her.

“Damn,” I whispered to myself, licking my lips.

“I want Anthony,” she said.

I groaned as my eyes flew up to meet hers. “You want me to stop?” I asked. My voice shook in dismay.

“No fucking way,” she said, pausing to rub herself against me. Anthony was staring at us, I was looking at her, and she was looking at the both of us. “I’m not sure how to ask this,” she said, leaning down to kiss me, still rocking her hips ever so gently against me.

“What is it?” I asked, kissing her jaw.

“I want you both inside me,” she said.

Anthony and I looked at each other in shock before turning to look back at her. “At the same time?” we asked in unison.

“Oh, fuck, yes,” she said with a whimper.

I looked back at Anthony, raising my brows at him in question. He looked eager, and as my cock pulsed within her, I couldn’t get past the image she’d just created for me.

“That’s so fucking hot,” I groaned.

“So hot,” Anthony echoed, and I felt the bed jerk. My heart started pounding as he came up behind her. Was this really happening?

He swept her hair aside to press a kiss against the back of her neck, trailing kisses along the length of her spine. Pure bliss settled on her face as she moved against me, sighing. I watched Anthony’s arms wrap around her, gripping her breasts in front of me, pinching her nipples. Her pussy tightened around my cock, and I swore as I began to move beneath her again.

“Fuck, yes,” she said in excitement before turning her lips to Anthony’s. “Please, Anthony,” she said.

I licked my lips and groaned. “Are you sure?” I asked her.

“It’s possible, right?” she asked, wrinkling her forehead in concern.

“So fucking possible, you have no idea,” I said. Anthony grinned.

Her face lit up with a bright-ass, sexy-as-fuck smile. “Then yes, I’m so fucking sure,” she responded.

Chapter 16

Anthony

“**H**ow does his dick feel inside you?” I whispered to Tiffany as she rode Mario before pressing my lips to the crook of her neck.

She gasped and trembled as she spoke. “So good. So big, so hard, and so strong,” she said. I held on to my own dick, stroking it as she spoke, resting my head against the back of her shoulders. I heard Mario swear.

“I can’t wait for you to fill me up too,” she said to me, and hell, I shook as well.

I wanted nothing more in this moment than to plunge myself into her ripe, taut ass, clenching with shocks of pleasure. Hooking her by the jaw, I twisted her mouth to mine, kissing with all the restrained pleasure pulling against my cock and lower abdomen. “What are you hoping to feel with two dicks inside you?” I asked her.

Hearing her talk about what she liked made me see starry, colorful lights that bounced off her white bedroom walls. I needed to hear what she wanted so that I could picture it. It made my dick hot to the touch as I held it.

“I want to be completely yours, claimed by the both of you, at your complete mercy,” she said, panting. “I want...,” she breathed. “I want...”

Fuck. I started to stroke my cock with caution, not wanting it to erupt before I got the chance to dip into her pink anus... see it stretch to the width of my girth. “What do you want?” I asked, releasing my dick like it just caught fire. I wrapped my hand around her stomach so that I could be closer to her clit. My finger had barely touched it before she was slamming herself down on Mario so hard, his length disappeared within her. She moaned and cried as Mario held on to her hips to still her, drilling her. “What do you want?” I asked her again.

“I want to be too filled up to move. I want to feel both of my men inside me at once, fucking me, exactly how it’s meant to be,” she said.

“Ah, fuck,” I said, just as Mario said the same thing. My men. At this moment, her claim didn’t repel me. Nothing about her did. Mario raised himself up to kiss her lips before I could get to them. I busied myself instead with kissing her on her neck, nibbling and sucking on her earlobe, sticking my tongue in her ear. She moaned even louder.

“Please, Anthony,” she said.

“Fuck,” I said. “I can’t wait to fill your ass up with my dick,” I said.

“My ass?” she asked, shock evident in her voice.

“Yes, your ass,” I whispered against her cheek. “Trust me, I’ll be gentle.” I kissed her cheek as I started to massage her ass cheeks. “Do you trust me?” I asked her.

She bit her lip and nodded.

I sank my face into her ass cheeks and her anus brushed up against the tip of my nose. I stuck my tongue out and licked her stretched hole just once as she squirmed, and I turned my mouth on the red hand print that was left on her right butt cheek from spanking her. I licked the spot and kissed it, making out with the softness of her round bottom before spreading her cheeks

She pulled in a swift breath and her voice was trembling when she spoke again. “Please, guys, now. I want you both now,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am,” I said.

Mario murmured his agreement against her lips, taking delight in her tongue.

“Just show me where the lube is and I’m all yours, sweetheart,” I whispered in her ear, positioning myself.

She moaned. “Lube?” she asked.

“Uh, huh,” I said on a breath, teasing her anus with the tip of my dick.

She licked her lips and swallowed, letting out a breathy sigh as she rocked herself against me. “I don’t have any lube,” she said, her eyes still closed and her head tossed backward as

Mario kissed her neck. His movements stilled and so did mine. Her eyes flew open at the sudden pause.

“What’s the matter?” she asked.

I groaned. Mario groaned. And then he and I both laughed. He ran his hand through his hair, exhaling playfully, and I shook my head, flopping back against the headboard dramatically.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, confused. I pinched her chin between my thumb and forefinger. “Looks like we’re gonna have to take a rain check on that one, sweetheart,” I said.

Chapter 17

Tiffany

“**B**ut that doesn’t mean we can’t experiment,” Mario said with a low, sexy drag of his voice as he gripped my ass and kneaded it while he smiled at me with the type of smile that told me just how horny he was for me.

My breath caught in excitement as his words burrowed through my disappointment. My body was so loose and buzzed, my vagina was drenched, and the nerve endings raced with tingles. I needed them both and hearing that I’d have to wait was torture for me.

“What do you mean?” I asked him. He leaned forward and kissed me, scooping me up off Anthony’s hips to wrap my legs around his.

“Let me show what I mean in the shower,” he said, and my heart pounded into his chest. Mario and Anthony looked at each other, grinning devilishly, and I almost burst into flames.

“Okay,” I said. He eased me off the bed, rubbing my ass and kissing me as he wore me to the bathroom. Anthony got into the shower behind us and turned on the water. He didn’t know how to maneuver the temperatures and blasted us with cold

water, which caused us all to jump, collapsing into each other. Anthony shrieked and bounced into my back as I held Mario closer, trying to get as far away from the water as I possibly could. Both Anthony and my movements caused my crotch to collide with Mario's arousal, and when his tip edged my crotch, it felt so good that any of the laughter we had in the moment fell away as I moaned so loud both men started kissing me like they were starving. The shockingly cold water did nothing to dim our arousal.

“Damn it, how do I turn the fucking warm water on?” Anthony said, pressing his body close to mine, pushing my hips so close to Mario's hardness that I began to sweat despite the cold as heat racked my groin and spread throughout my body. I moaned and pressed my hand in Mario's hair. He swore and laughed as he moved around Anthony to turn the warm water on as I impaled myself with him.

“Fuck,” he said as I pressed my mouth against his so hard that a slight pain sparked my lips sending a wave of electricity to my nipples, clit, and hole with such an impact that as he thrust himself inside of me, I was already on the verge of orgasming even though it had only been a couple minutes.

The warm water engulfed us, and I heard Anthony sigh before his firm lips joined with the warm, soft, glide of the water over my skin. He licked the water from my spine, and I could feel his dick rest just within the crack of my ass as he massaged my cheeks, kissing my neck as Mario fucked me.

“I’m cumming,” I started to scream, and Mario’s face tensed in desperation. The look on his face made him look like he was going to cry if I didn’t cum soon enough. And then I did, shaking so hard against him, I lost all control of my body. Anthony had to hold me up so that I didn’t fall.

Mario pulled himself out of me so fast, he almost collapsed against my breasts as he breathed heavily, panting as the water poured over his blond hair making it appear golden.

“Shit. I was so fucking close. That was so unexpected. Warn me next time, huh?” he said, kissing the dip between my breasts and lowering me to the shower floor. “No more penetration for me until I’m ready to finish, please. I don’t think I can take it,” he said, spinning me around to face Anthony as he reached for the shower gel.

I gasped at the sight of Anthony’s slender but toned body drenched in water that dripped off his head to his strong dick. He smiled as he saw me looking at him with my lips parted. His curly hair was slicked back with water and his thick dark brows were more prominent, only enhancing his sexiness. His gray eyes were framed by thick, dark long lashes that had water droplets hanging from them, reflecting off his eyes, making the gray sparkle. His dark beard with a few gray strands looked smooth to the touch and his lips were rosy and pink against sparkling white teeth.

“Like what you see?” he asked, stroking the wet hair across his chest that laid flat against his pink, pert nipples on a hard but slender chest.

Reaching out, I stroked his lips, running my hand across his chest and stroking his wet dick that stood proudly, drizzling water.

“Yes,” I breathed, feeling my cheeks grow warm and tight as I blushed. He was breathtaking. I shuddered as Mario’s slippery hand reached around to soap my breasts. Gasping, I let my head fall back against him, and when I opened my eyes again, Anthony was no longer standing in front of me. He was crouching. I felt him lift my legs over his shoulders, bringing his head up to the center of my crotch, licking my clit as Mario’s hand moved ever so lightly across my stomach while he managed to brace me up somehow.

My eyes rolled over into my head and I could no longer focus on anything in the bathroom. It felt like I was suspended in the air. The lightbulb began to blur as my vision became fuzzy. Mario’s hand moved to rub my ass before I felt his cool soapy finger get between my ass crack, stroking gently back and forth over my hole. I shivered and bit my lip.

“Mmm,” I said, writhing my hips, unsure if I wanted to push myself into the sensation that Mario was giving me or further into Anthony’s mouth.

“Do you like feeling my finger against your asshole?” Mario asked. I threw my arms behind me, hanging on his neck as I nodded.

“Do you want to feel it inside you?” he breathed against my cheek. The tremor of his breath tickled my skin, and I gripped Anthony’s head, pressing it further onto my clit, pulling on his

hair as he groaned. The wetness of Anthony's tongue against me was so loud. I was pretty sure that if I passed away in this exact moment, I wouldn't even realize it. It was pure euphoria.

"Yes," I said to both Mario and Anthony.

With his tongue in my ear, I felt Mario's finger begin to tease my asshole, stretching it a little, and my eyes widened. He didn't even get to put his finger in before I was squeezing my leg around Anthony's head, shaking against his face, screaming in pleasure and sobbing. "Please," I cried.

Mario cursed and something about it felt dirtier than ever in this moment as he kissed my neck and pushed the tip of his finger further in my ass. I started to thrust my ass against his finger and my crotch against Anthony's face.

"Hold on, sexy. Slow," Mario groaned against my ear as his other hand wrapped around my waist to hold me still. Anthony's tongue was relentless, bringing me close to another orgasm, and I felt more of Mario's finger insert itself into my body. One of them had fingered my ass once before, but I didn't remember it feeling this fucking good. My entire body felt like it was being sprinkled with gifts, setting off so many sparks in front of me. I felt like the center of their world.

And just when I thought it couldn't get any better, I felt Anthony stick one finger inside me, sighing as he kissed my clit. I jumped and full-on tears of pleasure started streaming down my face. Another finger followed all while I could still feel Mario's finger in my ass. I started wailing as if I'd just received the worst news ever when it was the complete

opposite. This was the highest level of happiness I'd ever experienced in my entire life.

“Yes, yes, please, don't stop, please don't stop,” I cried. “Fuck me forever like this, please,” I said, and before I knew what was happening, Anthony's fingers were being replaced with his dick, filling me up so good it felt like a bomb went off inside my body.

I started wheezing, gripping Mario's neck tighter, raising my breasts higher as Mario's finger moved within my asshole with the perfect amount of pressure at the same time Anthony fucked me harder than he'd ever fucked me before.

As I tightened my legs around Anthony's waist, I felt his finger press against my clit. “Oh my goodness, I'm going to die in this bathroom, my heart's going to stop,” I said.

“Shit. Do you want me to stop?” I heard Anthony say, as he stopped thrusting and Mario's finger stopped moving.

“Don't you fucking dare!” I yelled, and it probably didn't sound very sexy at all. In fact, it came out sounding very demanding. I almost wanted to apologize until Mario and Anthony started grinning. As Anthony pressed against my clit, Mario squeezed my breast and pinched my nipples. As Anthony thrust his hardness within me, Mario applied steady pressure to my asshole. I wasn't sure how Mario was managing to hold me up with one hand as the other worked me. He was my fucking superman. It wasn't long until I was back at my peak and exploding around Anthony, clenching my asshole against Mario's finger.

“Fuck,” I heard Mario swear. “I can’t wait to feel you do that around my cock,” he said. And his words only intensified my orgasm, extending it.

When I opened my eyes to look at Anthony, he was biting his lip, stroking my sweaty body lasciviously. He pulled himself out of me and I shook. Mario’s finger left me next and I closed my eyes, moaning. By the time Anthony lowered me to the floor, my legs were noodles. It made me grateful Mario was there to hold me around the waist while I lay back against his chest.

“That was so intense,” I said. “Is that what double penetration feels like?” I asked, with my eyes closed as I tried to catch my breath.

“Mm, sweetheart that was just a taste,” Anthony said with a wink as he started to soap his body. The act of him washing himself before me made me breathless, even as I was already struggling to breathe.

“Yeah, my cock is a lot bigger than that,” Mario joked, and I laughed. Feeling his laughter reverberate against my back filled my chest with such warmth, I spun around to take in the sight of him. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I felt his erection pressed against my belly, harder than I’d ever felt it before.

“Mm,” I moaned. “I know that, silly. But I think you were right. If I had two of your dicks inside me at once...” I reached down to stroke Mario’s and turned to stroke Anthony’s at the same time. They both bit their lips and groaned.

Mario's hand moved quickly to grab mine and I thought he was about to stop me, but he just whispered, "Slow."

"...I don't think I'd have been able to survive that intensity," I finished. Watching them both react to my touch was making me already horny for round two or twenty-two. It felt powerful having them both at my mercy. The veins of Mario's dick pressed into the palm of my hand, and I could feel Anthony's heartbeat through his rod. He stopped soaping himself and shut the water off, surrendering to the palm of my hand. Mario shivered as I took my time with him. They both looked so delicious, there was only one thing left to do. I got on my knees and started sucking Anthony's dick.

"Ah, fuck. Suck that dick," I heard Mario say. So I turned around and sucked him as well. "Shit," he said, throwing his head back, spreading his legs and clenching his hard, solid abs. They were not quite as drenched as Anthony's yet since Anthony was kind of hogging the shower, but they were damp enough to cause speckles of water to drip down into the blond of his pubic hair. I reached up to kiss his Adonis belt and drink from his navel, causing his piercing blue eyes to darken, burning through me with a wanton stare, making me moan as the length of him pushed against my throat.

"Oh, shit," he said, and he looked like he would start crying soon. Like he was too close, and I wanted him to burn with passion for a little while longer. I pulled my mouth off him and turned to Anthony again, who was all too ready to take my mouth. I was all too eager to let him, sucking him in until he

shook and grabbed my hair, tugging on my scalp until it hurt a little, but it felt so fucking good.

He started to thrust himself inside of my mouth, hammering it as I laid my tongue flat just like Mario taught me. I opened my mouth as wide as I could get it without it being uncomfortable. I could taste myself on him, and as he tugged my hair, it made me dizzy. In a swift movement, he pulled himself out of my mouth and backed away from me like I had the fucking plague.

“Fuck, you’re too good at that,” he said, pushing me forward and pressing my front up against the wall of the shower, falling in behind me, rubbing his hardness up against my ass before telling me to bend over and show him my pretty asshole.

Hell yes, I did as I was told.

“Wait, turn her to face me. I want to see her face as you eat her ass,” Mario groaned, and I was spun around with delicious aggression as Anthony pressed into my lower back to get me to bend over.

Before me, Mario had moved under the shower, and he was watching me with shampoo in his hair that appeared golden blond now instead of white blond. The water beat down on his head and he appeared to glisten as the suds trailed over his scarce chest hair and solid, full pecs. It slipped over his hard biceps that I loved to lick, across his stomach, and down his strong legs. His blond body hair appeared darker against his wet skin. I was filled with awe looking at him.

But as soon as Anthony started massaging my cheeks before spreading them wide, I heard myself queef as my vagina became liquid. Yet his tongue didn't go there. It went on my asshole while he played with my tender clit. Everything disappeared around me and I closed my eyes, wanting nothing more than to sit on his face. My legs fell into each other until my knees were knocking and his soft firm tongue pushed its way into my anus as my vagina wept for more. I squeezed my breasts, panting. When I managed to open my eyes, Mario was staring at me over his damp blond lashes, slowly stroking himself, and I fucking orgasmed, begging him to come closer so he could fuck my mouth.

“Oh, Tiff, I'm saving myself to fuck you one more time,” Mario said, stroking my lips and shoving his finger into my mouth before swearing and crouching before me to kiss me. “Do you have any fucking idea how sexy you are?” he asked.

“Fuck, I can't wait to press my dick into your tight ass,” Anthony said from behind me. “You taste so fucking sweet.” He gripped my butt and jiggled it before standing up and rubbing the tip of his dick against my anus again.

Mario groaned, lifting me away from him. “We'll get there, bro.” He looked at Anthony, who was shaking with desire, nodding.

“Next time, we'll bring the lube, right?” Mario said, looking at me with a smile that made me want him so deep inside me, he'd feel like one of my organs. I nodded and he nodded along with me, licking his lips.

“Did you like feeling his tongue in your ass?” Mario asked me, wrapping my legs around his hips, kissing me on my neck.

“Yes,” I breathed as I felt my hole expanding to take him, needing him to fill me.

“Did you like my finger in your ass?” he asked, rubbing himself along my swollen labia.

I bit my lip and nodded. “Mmhm”

“Think you’ll be ready for something bigger next time?” he asked, rubbing the tip of his dick against my hole, reminding me how big he was. I shivered and gasped.

“Yes,” I whispered. He kissed me so hard that I felt my clit vibrate.

“The next time you fuck yourself—you still fuck yourself, right?” he asked.

“Damn.” I heard Anthony swear before he spanked me on my ass, coming up behind me to bite my shoulder. “That’s fucking hot,” he said as I nodded to Mario’s question.

“Next time you fuck your pussy, I want you to get some lube and put it right here,” he said, rubbing his finger along my anus. “Then I want you to get yourself a butt plug that won’t get sucked in your ass, or a second dildo.”

“Mmmm,” Anthony groaned, pressing his thumbs into my lower back and massaging it so well, I moaned in complete surrender. “And fuck yourself with it,” Anthony said. “Call me when you’re doing it, I’d like to watch,” he said, slapping his dick against my ass.

“Fuck,” Mario said, inserting himself into me, making me see stars. I licked my lips as he stayed motionless.

“Please,” I breathed against his lips. He pecked me.

“You’ll start slow.” His breath was a tremor as he started moving himself slowly inside of me. “Ease the object past your lubed-up asshole until it’s sucked in,” he said, shoving one solid thrust up against my hips, making me pant for more.

“Fuck,” Anthony said from behind me, fondling my asshole again before slipping his finger inside, causing my entire body to tingle. He pulled it out causing me to look back at him in need and kiss him.

“Once it’s sucked in like this,” Mario said, shoving another solid thrust against me, causing me to hang on tighter to him, pull my lips from Anthony, and thrust my head into his shoulder as pleasure raced up my spine, penetrating my scalp and shocking my frickin’ brain.

Mario pulled a long, drawn-out moan from me that had me kissing his jaw frantically, sucking on his neck, pressing my breasts closer to him, working my hips against him until he gripped them and held me still. “You can leave it in while you fuck your pussy, just to feel both your holes completely full at the same time. Or you can start fucking your asshole, slowly,” he said, his voice shaking.

It felt like I’d been stranded without hope until he rescued me, giving me everything I needed and more as he moved within me. “Yes, please, more,” I breathed.

“And if that feels good,” he said. His face was red now and I could see the veins in his forehead bulging as he tried to control himself, but that control was soon to be dissolved as he started to thrust harder. “Then you can pick up the pace and fuck your asshole until you’re loose and whimpering from pleasure,” he said as his hips sped up, hammering into me. He had no more words as he drove himself inside me, squeezing my ass and slamming my back up against the shower wall so that he could bend his knees and drive himself further up inside of me, exactly as I needed him to.

“Yes, fuck, Mario, please, yes, yes, yes!” I cried as he hit that magical spot that had my body spasming. His breathing became heavy and his hips more manic as he lost all control. I screamed in pleasure as I came hard as fuck around him once more and his moans grew higher, shakier. He crashed his lips against mine, fucking my orgasm until his own followed.

“Fuck, fuck!” he yelled, unable to control himself as he shook.

Soon after, I was being lifted off Mario’s body and bent over for Anthony to drive himself into me, doggy style, while pressing his finger into my asshole. I reached out to grab onto anything, only finding one side of the shower wall. My hand kept slipping as I murmured my consent over and over to him. By the time he exploded inside me, filling his condom, all of us needed a minute before we could stand, much less shower and leave the bathroom in one piece.

Chapter 18

Tiffany

The song of birds outside my window alerted me to the coming of the morning. A yawn rushed from me as I stretched, shivering from the thrill of my bones waking up. My barely messy bed was empty which reminded me that it was, yet again, another day without Anthony and Mario. It had been a whole week since I'd seen them last and I was growing restless—not just because I was horny, although that was certainly a part of it. They promised to stop by with the lube a lot sooner so that we could get started on my fantasies. The anticipation grew like flora around my dewy garden and each day I had to wait made the tension even stronger.

Exhaling, I turned my head toward the soft morning light coming through my window and thought about how great it would be to just stay in bed. Without Mario and Anthony here to fill my physical hole, I was left to face the mental and emotional hole left in the place of my other passion—my passion for law.

It was another day without a job and another day without a distraction from the fact that I had nothing to look forward to.

I checked my phone to see if I had any missed calls from prospective jobs. There were none, but there were sweet good morning texts from Mario and Anthony. At least that put a smile on my face. But it also made me horny and sexually frustrated. They were telling me how much they couldn't wait to see me, and how all this pent-up desire was going to be unleashed on me once they were done wrapping up this new case that had them unable to leave the office for more than a couple hours or so to get back home and sleep.

I dragged myself out of bed and made my way over to the window to look out at the day. The sky was clear. It looked like it was going to be a nice day to take a walk—if I had anyone to walk with, meet for lunch or brunch, or something, anything. I leaned my side up against the window to text my best friends, Laura, Annie, and Simone, who I hadn't seen or spoken to since I started working at Crawford & Beam or since I left. So almost two months. It was a long shot, but I sent the request to meet up at lunchtime anyway. It didn't take long for my phone to chime in with messages from all three of them telling me how much they'd love to, but they were swamped with their new jobs.

I was happy for them, but somehow, it made me feel like even more of a failure now that my lovers were all busy at work and my best friends were doing the job that I'd worked my whole life to have. That they'd worked their whole lives to have. The difference between them and me was that they didn't let a little bit of emotion and tension send them running for their hills. At least, that was what I was assuming, since I

hadn't spoken to my best friends about their new jobs either. I didn't know what they were dealing with. My experience was the only thing I had to pull from. And my experience included me sleeping with my three superiors, not being able to handle the heat, and having to get out of there—which was so unlike me to up, quit, and run.

It was strange having always been so driven and working toward law, knowing I had something to look forward to, and now being in a place where I felt stagnant and afraid with each passing day of no prospects. After sending out applications to all the contacts I'd received from Mario, Chris, and Anthony, not one person saw my resume and thought I was a good candidate. I was growing more antsy and less hopeful.

At least when I was having sex with Mario and Anthony, I could forget about the fact that my life seemed to be falling apart around me for a couple of hours and a few hits of dopamine. Without them, there was only so much food, ice cream, and TV shows to binge-watch before it started to feel like I was stuck in a capsule unable to get out.

It wasn't like I didn't want to work or that I wasn't desperate to sink my teeth into some law assignments. There was just no opportunity to do so. It felt like the walls were closing in on me and I was out of chances to pursue my passion and purpose. It felt like I was losing a part of myself, because that's what law became for me. Without it, I wasn't sure who I was or where I was meant to be.

Desperation was eating me up so bad that I was considering returning to Crawford & Beam. I scrolled through the contacts, stopping at Melissa's extension, and stood with my finger hovering over the green call button.

I thought about sending the call off.

But memories of Jared that I'd been suppressing came flooding through my mind and my muscles. I was brought back to the days leading up to me deciding to quit, and my body hadn't forgotten how hot and bothered I was around him. Fuck it, I wasn't over him, and I wasn't over the fact that he didn't care enough to ask me to stay. If I went back now with just a little over a week passed between us, I'd be right back at square one. And I wasn't THAT desperate. Hissing beneath my breath, I clicked the button on the side of my phone to make my screen go dark before storming out of my bedroom.

Rummaging through my pantry and fridge, I decided it was another day of sweets. My healthy eating habits were gone to shit. It was day eight of more sugar because I needed some form of pleasure, and after logging into my account on an ethical porn site to watch those double-penetration masturbation videos, I decided that it was far too much work for me to contort myself that way just to pleasure myself. With all that work, I was convinced I'd be feeling more frustration than pleasure.

Whenever I was feeling like this, nothing beat one of the guys taking full control of my body so that I could just let go and forget, getting inspired by their moans and groans to fuel

my action and desire to participate. All I wanted to do was just get on top of an erect penis and ride it while one of them grabbed my hips. I wanted to look down into the eyes of someone I was sharing mutual pleasure with.

All I wanted to see was the tension on their faces and the pure hunger that had them gritting their teeth and biting their lips. I wanted to be spanked and I wanted my lips to be kissed, my clit to be sucked. I wanted to be on my knees with my ass up in the air while being drilled until my limbs felt like noodles.

The desire to be held and stroked screamed within me. What I wanted was to feel safe, to feel connected to someone in my pleasure. To feel desired. I didn't feel like lying in my bed alone, doing all the work, feeling even more pitiful about my current circumstance.

Taking out the coffee from the cupboard made me hesitate as I wondered if I wanted to be kept awake throughout the day. Since I wasn't sure, I set that aside to mix up some pancake batter, which was going to be paired with a whopping serving of whipped cream, syrup, and some berries for some antioxidants. A last-ditch attempt at being healthy.

The thought of eating dessert for breakfast had my heart racing with excitement, thank goodness. It was like a defibrillator to my somber mood, and I did a little dance, grateful for any amount of pleasure I could have at the moment. From the kitchen, I turned on my TV and selected the series I was currently watching on my streaming service for

yet another repeat of my routine. Then my phone started vibrating.

My heart raced with excitement and I grabbed it, hoping that Mario and Anthony couldn't help themselves and decided to sneak away for a quickie. But when I picked up the call, what I got was even better.

My heart burst with excitement as the person on the other end of the line asked if I was able to come into an interview this morning at ten o' clock, which was three hours from now.

Hell yes, I was!

As soon as I got off the call, I stopped whipping up those pancakes, made my coffee, boiled some eggs, grabbed a banana and an apple, shut my TV off, ate, and danced my way into my bathroom to shower and get ready. This felt like a sign that my life was about to start coming back together. In the morning that I felt the shittiest, a call came out of nowhere to offer me an interview at Bronkers & Associates!

It wasn't a familiar name. They weren't one of the top law firms my family was connected to, but that didn't matter to me. As long as they were legit, I was in. I wanted to be at my best because I was not going to let the opportunity for a new job and a chance to work at what I loved pass me by this time. Because one more day doing the same routine in this apartment and I was going to go absolutely crazy.

* * *

I showed up at the office of Bronkers & Associates in a new black pants suit I'd never worn before. But with a new job and new opportunity, it only made sense for me to start the new chapter with a new suit. And a complete reinvention of my appearance.

At Crawford & Beam, I'd worn a lot of skirts and dresses in bright and vibrant colors that complimented my hair and skin, and went well with the baby blue Lamborghini which was the graduation gift my parents thought screamed 'me' for some reason.

But at Crawford & Beam, I'd wanted the attention of Mario, Anthony, and later Jared. Skirts and dresses gave me easier access to my file-room romps with Mario. It helped me to tempt them with the subtle flash of cleavage or the tease of my legs. It made sure they didn't miss me when I walked by them. And I was consumed with thoughts of them—wanting them, wanting them to want me. Caring how I looked around them so much I was unable to focus on anything else. Which was why I'd had to leave because I was overindulging in one part of my life and neglecting the other.

That was not the energy I wanted to carry into this new job. If Bronkers & Associates was the right fit for me, I didn't want anyone looking at me in any way that was not professional. I had my hands full with two hot and beautiful men which made me feel like a lucky woman, and I was not looking forward to adding any more men to my list.

At my new place of work, I didn't want to bring attention to my legs, my modest bottom, or cleavage, so my pants were made to fit but they weren't hugging anything. My white inside shirt was high up to my neck and I had on a fitted blazer that sat well on my shoulders. It was loose enough around my arms for me to be comfortable raising them and was long enough to rest on top of my hips. My red hair was pulled back into a sleek bun and the only things I wore on my face were a tinted moisturizer, sunscreen, chapstick, and a dab of concealer in places I didn't want to distract from the reason I was there. I went for a classic, professional, clean look paired with closed-toe, chunky, three-inch heels.

The sight of the humble office made me sigh. It was nothing like Crawford and Beam towering over the city, almost skyscraper high, with glass windows and doors in every main office. And nothing like my parents' firm, which was similar to Jared's, just a bit larger and different in ways—like they didn't splurge on a massive pool.

This office had a glass window and door that looked into the lobby and that was the extent of the glass structuring. *Bronkers & Associates* was written in a solid font at the top of the entrance door and was large enough for people to see if they were looking for it, but easy to miss and walk past if they were not. It had the feel of a jewelry store on a busy boulevard. Just one office among many.

However, it was clean and welcoming when I stepped inside. Brown leather seats and hanging tranquil art with hues of blue and green lined the waiting area.

“Welcome to Bronkers & Associates, how may I assist?” the young receptionist, who looked not much older than I was, said with a brilliant smile. Her makeup was flawless and she batted delicate faux lashes at me.

“Hi,” I said, beaming, mirroring her smile. “I’m Tiffany Levine and I am here to interview as an associate lawyer?” I said on a question, still hoping that it wasn’t a fluke somehow or that I’d been called by accident.

“Right,” the beautiful brunette with her half-up and half-down, shoulder-length hair said to me. “Please take a seat and she’ll be right with you.”

She. I hadn’t been paying much attention to the conversation when I received the call. I just heard “Are you available for an interview...” and the word yes was on the tip of my tongue before the person stopped talking. As I waited, I tapped my French-manicured nails in excitement. She. So far, I hadn’t stepped in and grabbed the attention of anyone. The receptionist treated me with nothing but respect and I was being interviewed by a woman. The chances of me being attracted to a woman were slim. I found women attractive, but in all my twenty-one years, I’d never thought of wanting to be with the same gender. Then again, before I’d met Mario and Anthony, I didn’t think much about the opposite gender either.

In walked a woman wearing closed-toe, four-inch pumps over sheer black pantyhose, a fitted knee-length business suit, and a jacket that had a flair at the hips. Her jacket was buttoned up to the neck and the suit did well to amplify her

small waist and wide hips. Yet she was nothing but professional in the way she looked at me, with her pretty makeup and pixie-cut hair with bangs. She was stunning but there was no doubt about her professionalism. No one would be mistaken into not taking her seriously with the way she held herself and the expression she wore on her face. And alas, there was no buzz in my body at the sight of her.

“I’m Ms. Saunders and I will be interviewing you. Come with me,” she said, and we walked into a conference room, which was not sectioned off by a wall or door. It was basically in the same space where a line of associates worked on their computers on the other side of the room. Again, it was clean and adequately spaced, but small. The conference room had a compact bookshelf to the left of the oval, white oak conference table that could seat seven people, eight with a squeeze. But today it was just her and me.

From where I was sitting, I could see that there was one empty associate’s desk, and I was already looking forward to it being mine. None of the busy associates looked my way and I sighed in relief. Added to the lack of attraction I had to the woman interviewing me, I felt at ease and at peace. It already felt tons better than the first day I’d stepped into Crawford & Beam for an interview.

The memory came to me in a flash. I was a mess and I was late after losing my virginity to Mario the night before, waking up the next morning unable to stop myself from losing myself to him again. When I showed up, my clothes were wrinkled and my hair had loose strands falling around my face. Then I

met Jared who had me marked from the first day I stepped in and wasn't open to giving me a chance to prove myself to him. After fighting for my place there, I ended up losing it to a lapse of judgment and insatiable lust for a cold and heartless moron. I shook off the memory.

Sitting here in Bronkers & Associates, I could already sense that this would be a work-focused environment. I could only hope that my boss was also female because that would make for the perfect topping to the relaxed atmosphere that I was craving. Here, I would have nothing else to concern myself with but work.

There was no space for anything else. That was the vibe that I was getting. I *had* to focus on work here and I could have my fun with Mario and Anthony outside of the office.

I hoped Bronkers & Associates saw me as the perfect fit.

“Hmm, so you worked at Crawford & Beam?” Ms. Saunders said, looking particularly pleased. I wondered if she noticed that I hadn't worked there for longer than a month and whether it would sour her mood when she realized it.

Reaching for the letter of recommendation from Jared, I pulled it out of my faux-leather-bound folder. “Yes, I did. And I received quite the recommendation from Mr. Crawford himself,” I said, cringing at referring to him as Mr. Crawford. But that was all he was to me now. A former boss. Nothing more and nothing less.

Ms. Saunders reached for the letter and read it in silence as my heart pounded. I shifted in my seat, rotating my shoulders

uncomfortably, hoping that Jared wasn't right about the recommendation letter not being enough.

“Very well,” she said. “So, if you were such an asset to the company, why did you leave?”

I cleared my throat as she looked at me with eyes that didn't tell me what she was thinking. “I just didn't think it was the right environment for me,” I said, feeling hot around the collar.

She looked around the office and turned back to me. “Well, this is no Crawford & Beam, as you can see. What could we offer you that they couldn't? Why would you want to work for us?” she asked.

It wasn't with a tone of insecurity. It was a genuine question. Many candidates would die for the opportunity to work at Crawford & Beam. They would not be as keen about settling for a job at a law firm that was not as well known with a paycheck that would probably be less, going by the fact that they didn't seem to be as established. But I didn't care about that because I didn't need the money. What I needed was to practice law.

“This environment would be perfect for me. It's quiet and everyone seems so focused. It's filled with professionalism and drive. It's right up my alley. My commitment is to the law, not to flashy reputations,” I said, feeling dissatisfied with my response as soon as I finished speaking.

She studied me for a moment, looking at my resume and recommendation letter again. “So you're committed to the law. That's where your loyalty lies?” she asked me.

I nodded. “Oh, yes. Completely,” I responded.

“And you believe you have what it takes to be a lawyer?” she asked me.

“I’ve been working toward it my whole life,” I said. “That’s all I know.”

“And you’re willing to separate emotion from the law?” she asked.

Why was she asking me this? Did she know that I had an emotional connection to Crawford & Beam? Did she hear something? Bronkers & Associates was one of Mario’s contacts—had he said something to her? I tried to separate my confusion from her question because I didn’t want my body to react, flushing my cheeks and exposing me. I became stoic in my response.

“The law is not based on emotion. It is based on fact—maybe a bit of fiction, but not fantasy or emotion. If you’re asking me if I’m able to emotionally detach from cases to consider the facts and focus on presenting that to a judge and jury in a way that will benefit our clients, I am telling you that I’m the woman for the job,” I said.

With another pause, she nodded. “Okay then. When can you start?” she asked.

My heart swelled in excitement, but I tried not to bounce up and down in my seat like a giddy little kid because I wanted to be treated with the same seriousness and professionalism as everyone else, even if I was fresh out of law school at just

twenty-one. I thought about leaving here and going back to my apartment. Ugh. I didn't want to see my apartment again until I was in need of sleep.

“I'm available right away, if you'll have me,” I said.

She grinned. The first show of emotion I'd seen in her throughout our interaction. She stuck her hand out. “Perfect, because I've got your first assignment. Welcome to Bronkers & Associates,” she said.

Oh, I could hug the life out of this woman with no sexual tension and just pure gratitude. I couldn't wait to get started. She led me to the empty associate's desk that I'd been eyeing.

“So, I'll sign you in for now. We'll work on getting you your own password and username, and your own phone code, in the coming days. Is that okay?” she asked.

“That's perfect. I'm just excited to start working on something, anything. Give me your most meaty task,” I said.

She tilted her head at me. “Oh, I have the perfect assignment for you, but I'm not sure you'll be saying that when I give it to you. You said your loyalty lies with the law, so I guess this will be your first test,” she said.

I lowered my brows in confusion as she walked away, wondering what she could mean by that as I looked through the files on the desktop to familiarize myself with the operations of the company. She returned in a couple minutes with a bunch of beige files and placed them on my desk. My eyes widened in enthusiasm. After a week in my apartment

with nothing to work on, this small tower of files seemed like a dream come true.

“When you’re done reading through the files, let me know if you still think you have what it takes to work here,” she said. “I’ll be in my office.” She motioned toward one of the two doors visible from where I was sitting in the hallway.

N. Saunders, Managing Partner was written on her door. Oh, she was my boss? Perfect. This was already a piece of cake.

“I’m sure my mind won’t be changed by a difficult case,” I said, smiling at her, and she walked away.

At first glance when I flipped open the folder, I was confused about her cryptic buildup. It was a simple civil case between a landlord and tenant. Nothing about it seemed too difficult to handle. Nothing about it would challenge my loyalty to the law. I thought there was a catch and I might have been missing something. So I skimmed the files a few times until I found it. The possible wrench in my new beginning. Not only was the opposing counsel Crawford & Beam—the leading attorney was none other than Jared Crawford.

I dropped the file like it had caught fire, and behind me Ms. Saunders’s voice had me almost jumping out of my skin. “Change your mind yet, Ms. Levine?” she asked.

I turned to look up at her. She was standing next to another associate, skimming through something they both seemed to be working on. She looked at me. Damn it. For Ms. Saunders, she was probably thinking about the glowing recommendation

I received from Jared Crawford himself, only to have me on the team that was working against his case. In my mind, I was thinking about how he would view this, and I was suddenly overwhelmed with the stress I was trying to avoid in the first place. Damn it, Jared Crawford. He was like a parasite beneath my skin.

I wasn't going to walk away from yet another job because of him. Besides, it wouldn't look great on my resume. Not that I felt like an hour here would count on my resume. I groaned internally. This was law. This wasn't personal. And I didn't care what Jared thought because this wasn't about him. He'd just have to get over it.

“No,” I responded to Ms. Saunders. “I’ll get to work on it.”

Chapter 19

Tiffany

“**W**hat in the world is ‘Bonkers and Associates?’” my mother asked.

“Bronkers, Mom,” I said, nursing a glass of red.

“Well, it sounds bonkers,” Dad chimed in.

“It sure does,” my mother responded.

When neither of them were looking at me, I rolled my eyes and gulped back some wine. Coming up behind me was the voice of the passion I craved. My eyes fluttered up to look at him and I quickly pulled them away as soon as I caught myself.

“It’s a start-up company,” Mario said, and next to me I felt his arms brush against mine as he extended his hand toward my parents. “Nice to see you as always, Mr. & Mrs. Levine.”

A shiver passed through me that I tried to suppress and I felt my skin warm. If I wanted to protect our secret, I needed to move away quickly. But as I shuffled out of his touch against my skin, causing my nether regions to quiver, I bumped into Chris, who seemed to have accompanied him over here. Some

of the wine spilled on my white top and I muttered a curse under my breath.

“Shit!” I said, gasping and groaning at the stain I knew I wouldn’t be able to remove.

I didn’t think as I spoke, and like a gust of wind slapping me in the face, I heard my mother’s voice. “Young lady!”

My father just sipped on his drink with his brows raised.

“You’ve been spending far too much time with Chris. Look at what he’s turned you into. You’re such a mess...,” Mother started, and I looked over at Chris, who was trying as always to drown her voice out with the bottled beer in his hand.

My heart ached at that moment for him, and I reached up to wrap my arm around his shoulders, my chunky, unattractive heels helping me to get closer to his height. He’d been the designated ‘bad apple’ because he dared to disappoint them once—not by being a failure, just by choosing a different path.

“Aw, Mom. Come on, give Chris a break,” I said, pulling him in for a squeeze. “Chris isn’t responsible for everything.”

Turning to Chris, I placed a kiss on his cheek. “Thanks for the party, big bro,” I said, walking off and leaving my mother’s mouth hanging open for all of five seconds before she turned her attention to Mario.

Before I could even move two feet away, I heard her say, “Excuse me, Mario, and what do you have to do with this conversation? Where are your manners?”

My cheeks reddened and I spun on my heels to look at her agape, stopping myself from jumping to his rescue when I realized that this was not the place or time.

“I appointed Mario her mentor, Mom. And Bronkers & Associates was one of his contacts who just so happened to call her before anyone else,” Chris said. “I thought that’s what you wanted—for her to get back out there, right?”

“Of course! But not at a start-up. Surely her résumé makes her more suitable for a position at a more established firm. Just because you’re desperate and thirsty doesn’t mean you should drink out of a sewer,” she said, tilting her chin up.

Ugh, this was so embarrassing. Her lack of awareness was disheartening.

“Her résumé is exceptional, Mrs. Levine...,” Mario started.

Groaning, I continued my walk to the bathroom of Chris’s guesthouse. I loved that Mario was defending me and I hated the fact that I was hiding a secret from him. The secret that the company he’d put me on to had assigned me to a case that would not only affect Jared, their best friend, but Crawford & Beam, the company they worked for, the company on which their income relied.

Damn it. Why did my conscience have to be so loud, especially since my body was still tingling from Mario’s touch? I’d waited all this time to see them again and what should’ve been an exhilarating moment of surprise when both him and Anthony arrived at the party became an uncomfortable mix of desire and guilt.

To make matters worse, as I was heading to the bathroom, I glanced over by the set-up bar to see a girl flirting with Anthony. She had her hand on his leg, laughing at everything she was saying, because he didn't seem to be saying anything. In fact, his eyes burned into me, following my every move, and it was so hot. All I wanted to do was jump both him and Mario's bones but there were so many secrets between us. I was a ball of nerves.

I was hiding this whole work situation from them, and we were all hiding our connection from Chris and my family, which made me feel so bad because Chris didn't have to throw me this party. He'd called me and told me to come over for a drink to celebrate my new job. I refused because I was bogged down with too much guilt, but he convinced me and I figured I could have one drink with my brother. It sounded like he needed it more than me.

It was supposed to be a surprise party with dance-type music, and at first it was just me and Chris, grabbing a drink and dancing around. It was fun and it took my mind off stuff—until Mom and Dad showed up. They thought the music was 'god-awful' and asked Chris to turn it down to a reasonable volume, which wasn't good enough in the end, and the music was turned off all together.

And here I was back at square one with all the anxieties around being deceitful slapping me in the face. In the bathroom, I checked the wisps of hair floating around my sleek bun. It wasn't so sleek anymore and it was hurting the heck out of my head. Coupled with my tired eyes and clothes

I'd worn not expecting to see the men I wanted to desire me, I felt so unattractive. One thing was for sure, I was feeling far too tight all around to have this hair pulling on my temples for one second longer. I was in my brother's guesthouse; I didn't need to be all put together anyway.

Not that I was anymore with this noticeable stain on my shirt. Luckily, there hadn't been a lot of wine left in the glass after that large gulp I took to cope with my mother's disapproval of this new job, and most of it spilled onto my dark blue pants anyway. Unraveling the bun made me sigh at the explosive freedom that danced within my scalp, tingling the tendons in my neck and rippling through my back as soon as my hair fell free from its constraints. The holding product I'd used to keep my straight hair slick and in place held the waves in the length of the hair that had remained coiled into a bun for hours, so now it bounced in a sort of wavy curl around my shoulders. It wasn't terrible. It was maybe even sexy. I looked in the mirror for a bit, running my fingers through my scalp, massaging and fixing my hair until I was satisfied with it.

Feeling myself, I turned my attention to the stain, dampened a piece of paper towel, and applied some soap to try wiping it from my blouse. On one hand, I knew it was futile, but on the other hand, it gave me something to do, something to distract myself as I thought about what I should do next.

The last thing I wanted to do was avoid the guys tonight. They'd managed to get some free time and showed up for me. I was hoping this night would end in me satisfying the pent-up

urges that had been driving me nuts for over a week. But if the night ended the way I wanted it to, I was going to have to say something to them. Otherwise I'd never be able to relax and enjoy our time together.

Ugh, I was probably just overthinking everything anyway. They were lawyers. They understood that these types of things weren't personal. But the fact that I was the one they were sleeping with made me feel like I was doing something wrong by working on this case. I was already pushing through my guilt to work on it because I was determined to prove myself as a capable lawyer. And I couldn't keep running when the going got tough.

However, that just meant my self-esteem was a little battered at the moment. I didn't need Anthony and Mario saying something about me coming off the case, because I was afraid that in this moment, I would just listen to them and sabotage myself once again.

But would they do that? They wouldn't want to sabotage me for a simple case, would they? They wouldn't hold it against me if I decided to keep the business out of our bedroom, and if I decided not to walk away from the case. That wouldn't affect our sex lives, would it?

My phone started vibrating as my eyes came into focus on the shredded paper towel that was on the still-very-prominent stain on my now-soapy blouse. I gathered up the pieces of napkin and sighed, tossing it into the step-on rubbish bin and reaching for my phone.

It was Mario. Just the sight of his initial ‘M’ got my heart racing with excitement. But there was that uncomfortable niggling guilt again. He’d sent me a text, and I bit my bottom lip in anticipation as I opened it.

‘Do you need help with that top in there?’ the message read before a request for me to join a group chat chimed in. I accepted it.

‘Maybe,’ I responded with a smiling face.

‘I can’t wait to taste that wine on your lips, lick it from your waist,’ he typed.

I gasped and my lips quivered. My nipples hardened and a gush of lubrication flooded my panties. Maybe the secret could wait a little while longer because I didn’t want anything to get in the way of our sex lives. Especially not tonight. I brushed my hand over the curves of my chest without thinking before I responded to his message.

‘Well, what are you waiting for?’ I said in response. *‘Come and get it.’*

‘Don’t tempt me,’ his follow-up message chimed in. I groaned. He was right. We were at Chris’s place, and as much as I wanted him to come and take me in the bathroom, it was far too risky. Moments later, I saw that Anthony had joined the group chat. Within seconds, he’d sent me a message as well.

‘There’s just something about you in that suit that makes me want to be dominated by you—and you know I’m not the

submissive type. But you look so damn hot. I'm hard just thinking about you,' Anthony said.

My scalp tingled and I shivered in delight. My already lubricated folds slipped against each other as I started heading out of the bathroom, causing my clit to throb. I wanted to be in view of them, have them in view of me while we sexted.

'And what would you want me to do to you?' I responded.

'Why don't we save that for later?' Anthony said.

My body was loosening for him already. As I started typing my response, a message chimed in from Mario.

'Surprise,' it read, along with the picture of lube. *'Look what I got. I've booked us a hotel if you're up to celebrating a little differently tonight.'*

Pure delight caused me to gasp out loud as I walked out of the bathroom, my face tensed with need.

"Well, fuck, what the hell's got you looking so damn horny? Shit, girls. I think Ms. Tiffany well and truly lost her virginity." I heard Simone's voice clear as day. It was pretty hard to miss, and my eyes shot up with glee.

"You made it!" I grinned, throwing myself into the arms of Simone, Laura, and Annie. Simone's blonde hair was swooped back into a low ponytail with a side part. Her makeup was stunning and her body was as fluffy as usual, her voluptuous breasts brimming the top of her navy-blue square bustline, peeking through the matching jacket she'd thrown on top of

her A-Line sleeveless dress. She knew her best asset and she amplified it.

“Damn, I bet you’re turning all types of heads at your firm,” I said, standing back to look at her in awe.

“Don’t try to distract us from you and the fact that you were just caught,” she said with a smile, lowering her chin to look into my eyes with a knowing smirk.

My cheeks reddened.

“Aw, leave her be, Simone. Knowing Tiffany, she was probably reading a steamy scene in a novel or something,” Laura said. Her round face looked so freakin’ soft. The only signs of her piercings was the hole in her nose and the one in her eyelid which she’d tried to cover up with makeup. But if you didn’t know to look for the holes, it wasn’t as noticeable.

She’d trimmed some of the bleach blonde off the ends of her hair and had it swept back into a clean ponytail that swung against her lower back with extensions as she walked. To me, she looked so different. She was pretty either way, but this softness caught me off guard. She wore a white corset top that cinched in her already-cinched waist, and it was tucked into a black pencil skirt which hugged her hips and bottom like a glove. She wore her jacket over her shoulders like an accessory rather than an article of clothing.

Annie pulled me in for another hug. Her tall, slender frame was dressed in a classic sleeveless collared shirt speckled with black dots which was loose around her modest chest. It was tucked into a black pencil skirt which kissed her subtle hips

and hugged her tiny waist. The skirt helped show off her long, silky-smooth legs in black, closed-toe, faux-suede pumps. Her pixie cut was smooth around her forehead, trimmed low around the sides and back, and she also wore a side part. I didn't think she could get any prettier, but the smoothed hair did something to her slender features that the more fluffed-up look didn't. The fluffed-up look gave her a bit of an edge, a pretty edge; the smoothed hair made her look like a classic and timeless beauty.

“Man, I wish someone would throw me parties for every milestone.” Annie grinned.

I squeezed her. My family really overdid it with everything, and I was aware of that. They had money and they liked to spend it. And I wouldn't complain because I liked gifts and celebrations every now and then. It was my normal, but I wasn't dumb enough to think it was everyone's normal. As my friends, they should feel included. “This is as much your celebration as it is mine. Besides, I don't even think I deserve this particular party. Or maybe I'm overthinking it,” I said.

“What do you mean?” Annie asked.

“Oh, enough about me,” I said, not wanting to bring up the whole secret about my job again.

“Congratulations on your new jobs, everyone! Should we get drinks?” I asked.

“Yes, please!” Annie hurried off ahead of me.

“You don’t have to ask me twice,” Laura said, quickening her steps as well.

“So is everyone just going to act like Tiffany’s tongue wasn’t practically hanging from her mouth when we came up to her?” Simone asked.

I grinned and it caused us all to grin. Just then a message chimed into my phone again. It was from Mario.

‘Anthony and I are about to head out. I’ve booked all three of us a room. If you’re still up for celebrating in our own way, wait an hour after we’ve left and meet us here,’ he said, including an address to an upscale hotel. An excited squeal erupted from me before I could stop it and I felt Simone’s head moving to pop over my screen.

“Who’s the lucky bastard?” she said, just as I pulled my phone away and clicked the side button to turn the screen dark.

She looked up at me in shock. “Shit, that was fast. You’re not sleeping with a married man, are you?” she asked.

I laughed. “No, no! None of them are—” Oops.

All three of the girls stopped, turned, and looked at me. “What do you mean by ‘none of them’?” Simone gasped.

“Shit, how many men are you sleeping with?” Laura asked, her mouth dropping open. She looked like she’d need some help picking her chin up off the ground.

I tried to backtrack. “It was a slip of the tongue,” I said.

“Bullshit,” Annie said with a shocked, impressed, and playful smile. “That ain’t no slip of the tongue. Girl! Here you are going from 0-100 in the blink of an eye! Now, you know I want all the details,” she said.

I bit my bottom lip, but I couldn’t stop myself from smiling at the thought of Mario and Anthony, of our plans tonight, of the possibility of being penetrated by them both at once. I was giddy. “Why didn’t you tell me sex was so good?” I whispered.

“Girl, we tried!” Simone yelled with a grin.

“Woman, will you keep your voice down?” Annie said.

Simone rolled her eyes. “When did it happen?” she asked.

I didn’t want to tell them that it happened on the night of my grad party when we went to the club, when I found all three of them having sex with some random guys in the back, when my body learned what arousal was, when I left with Mario that same night... They’d put two and two together.

“Ah, it’s not important,” I said, waving them off. “The thing is, I really want them both to penetrate me at once,” I said, watching all three of their eyes widen even more than was before. “But I’ve obviously never done double penetration.”

Laura clutched her chest dramatically. “Whoa, child! I think I’m about to pass out. I’m going to need a drink. A long, strong drink to hit the back of my throat.” She winked at me before we all burst out laughing. “Then we can talk about all this,” she said with a wave of her hand.

“But have you guys done double penetration before?” I asked as we started walking to the bar again.

For a while none of them answered, until Simone said, “Yeah, I’ve been fucked by two guys at once—consensually, of course.” She said it so loud that all of us, except Simone, were red as tomatoes by the time we got up to the bar.

“Simone!” We all turned to look at her, gritting our teeth and lowering our voices.

“Oh, right.” She grinned. “I can agree that’s not something you talk about out loud,” she said.

After we got our drinks, we took them back to my car, where we could talk about double penetration in private and she could give me all her tips and tricks. We all just had one drink because we were trying to be responsible adults.

Chapter 20

Mario

“**F**uck, dude. I’m so nervous, I’m shaking. But I’m more excited than anything. I mean, I’ve never done anything like this before,” I said to Anthony.

“Of course you haven’t,” Anthony responded, attempting to be smug about it in his trousers with black socks covering his feet that were resting on the brown hotel rug. He took a sip of whiskey. He was sitting in the brown armchair by the grand window overlooking the city.

“And you have?” I asked, throwing back my whiskey.

He was silent for a while. Well, of course he had. He was Anthony. Mr. Loverboy, spreading his seed far and wide. He turned to look at me, taking another gulp of his whiskey.

“No,” he said.

I let out a shocked breath. “You’re joking!” I said. I hadn’t expected that answer. Either way, I was relieved that I wasn’t the only one that felt like I was out of my league here. Although I was kind of hoping he’d give me some pointers.

“Well, I’ve obviously penetrated both holes, just not while someone else was already occupying one of them,” he said.

I started laughing. “Yeah, same here, man.”

“You’ve done anal?” he asked, looking at me like I came from Mars or something.

“Yeah,” I said, to the point, looking at him like he came from a whole other galaxy.

“With who?!” he said.

“Dude, with my ex. What’s so shocking about that?” I responded in defense.

He let out a breath, tilting his glass to his lips with a chuckle. “Whew, she never struck me as that type of girl.”

“Yeah, well, I’m glad she never struck you as any type of girl or I would’ve been in Chris’ shoes. Wait, you didn’t hook up with her after we broke up, did you?” I asked, spinning to look at him.

“Would you care?” he responded.

“Yeah, even though I have no interest in revisiting that relationship again, I’d care if my friend thought that every girl in his friends’ lives were his to pursue as well,” I said, scrutinizing him.

“Yeah, relax. I didn’t go there. Chris’s ex was a one off. But is that how you feel now? Technically, you were with Tiffany first,” Anthony said, looking ahead of him, not making eye contact.

I was able to answer without thinking about it. “This is different,” I said.

“Why? Because it’s just sex and you don’t care about her that much?” he asked.

“It’s not just sex,” I said. Something in my voice must have caused him to look up at me, because there was passion in my words.

“It’s because I care about her. I cared about my ex too, but it was a different dynamic. When Tiffany gave herself to me, we’d only just met that night. I wasn’t delusional enough to think that sleeping with her and being the one to take her virginity would make her mine. I knew what it was, and she seemed to know what it was, but I decided that whatever happened, whether it was a one night stand or not, she was offering up something to me that was about trust and I didn’t want to betray that trust.

“I committed to making her experience pleasurable, and if she chose to be with me again, to make every moment with her pleasurable because I cared about her—first as my best friend’s sister and then as more,” I said, cutting off my words there before I said something about my feelings that I didn’t quite understand myself.

“Is that what it is for you, though?” I asked him. “Just sex?”

He paused.

“It started off that way. Dude, you know me. You’re upstanding and all that. But well, with me, what you see is

what you get. No promises, just a good time. But she's hard to shake, man. It's definitely more than just sex. I just don't know what it is yet," he said, tapping his foot on the carpet. This conversation about feelings and potential 'commitment' in whatever sense was making him uncomfortable.

"I will admit that when I found out she liked you too, it bruised my ego for a bit. Was ready to go caveman and compete. I had to reel myself in," I said with a chuckle.

"Oh, I saw it." He laughed. "I won't lie, I had a little bit of jealousy too which was strange. Maybe I even still do in some ways," he admitted.

"Well, look at you being vulnerable," I teased.

"It's the alcohol." He grinned. "So...uh, what do you think? Think she's going to go for the double penetration?" he asked. There was something in his voice that sounded a little bit like a tremor.

"You scared, dude?" I asked, laughing. "You know you don't have to do it if you don't want to, right?"

"I'm not scared. I'm excited and I'm nervous. Are you kidding me? This has been a fucking fantasy that no girl I've fucked has ever been brave enough to attempt. But of course I'm a little bit nervous, aren't you?" he asked, filling up his whiskey glass once more. There was wine on the table before him for Tiffany if she wanted something to help her loosen up.

"Yeah, I'm nervous! Honestly though, I just can't wait to see her. Whether we do the double penetration or not, it's up to

her. I know it'll be fun regardless. It's been a whole week—" I started, but the pushing of the door had my heart almost leaping out my chest, first in fright, then excitement as she stepped into the room. I'd asked the front desk to give her an extra key when she arrived.

My heart fell to my toes at the sight of her. I wasn't sure what to expect tonight but I was prepared for whatever. All I knew for sure was that I was aching for her.

"Hi," she said, smiling.

Anthony's response reminded me that he was in the room. I'd forgotten that there was anyone else for a few seconds.

"Hey," I said, watching as she walked toward us.

"Are you guys okay?" she asked.

Anthony and I looked at each other then back at her. "Yeah, yeah, why do you ask?" I said with a rattle in my throat.

"You both look like you've just seen a ghost. You guys look about as nervous as I do," she said with a sheepish smile, tucking her hair behind her ear as she sat down on the king-sized bed I was lying on.

Anthony breathed out a laugh and so did I.

"We were just talking about how nervous we were before you walked in here. I don't know if it's a good or bad thing that we're all nervous," he said, walking toward the bed to sit next to her.

“Yeah, we don’t have to rush anything.” I scooted closer toward her. She shivered as my breath touched her neck. Stroked my ego a little bit, but I backed off to give her breathing space. I wanted us all to be comfortable. “Nothing even has to happen tonight.”

She spun around to look at me with a stare that asked me if I was serious. “We can just talk, if that’s all you want,” I said, running my finger along the frame of her heart shaped face.

“You know that’s not all I want. But if that’s all you want...” She turned to look at Anthony with questioning eyes.

“Oh, that’s not all I want,” he said, running a finger up her thigh. She trembled.

“I’m just saying that if something happens tonight,” I brushed her hair off her shoulder to place a kiss on the bone there, “we don’t have to rush into double penetration if you’ve changed your mind. We can tap out at any time.” I ran my hand over her arm, peeling off the cardigan she’d unbuttoned.

She nodded. “What about you guys?” she asked, leaning into our touch. “Do you both want to penetrate me at once?”

My breath escaped against her neck, and I groaned.

“Fuck yes,” Anthony said, going in for the first kiss, and I leaned into her neck.

We all soon lost our self-control as our kisses became frantic, heated, desperate. I pulled my lips away from her soft, sweet skin.

“Wait, before we go any further,” I said, feeling my cock tighten to the point of no return. I stroked it from the outside of my pants to get it to relax long enough for me to speak. “We’ll need a safe word.”

She turned to look at me, lids lowered in ecstasy. “Hm?” she asked.

“A safe word. If things do progress to that point where we’re both penetrating you, you’ll need a safe word to let us know when to stop if it ever starts feeling uncomfortable or unbearable,” I said. “We’ll all need one. One that will snap us out of the moment.”

“I know what mine is,” Anthony said, quite amused with himself.

“What’s that?” Tiff and I asked, in unison.

“Commitment,” he said.

We laughed. “Clever.” I pointed at him.

“Eh?” he laughed, wiggling his brows at Tiffany, who gave him a soft tap against the shoulder.

After deciding on our safe words, I had one more thing to say. “There is a disclaimer before we jump into this. Neither Anthony nor I have done this before,” I started, and she turned to look at Anthony in shock, her mouth falling open.

“I know, right?” I said in agreement with her expression, grinning at her and Anthony.

“All right, all right,” he said with a roll of his eyes. “But does that change anything for you?” Anthony asked. “Knowing we know just about as much as you do.”

She smiled and began to pull her top from her pants and over her head. I sighed at the sight of her peachy-nude sheer bra. Her red nipples were staring back at us, and I swore. That made her smile grow even wider as she looked at the both of us. “No, it excites me. We’re all discovering this together. I think that’s hot,” she said, stroking both our backs and moving to unhook her own bra. I stilled her hand.

“Wait. Let me. I wanted to lick the wine from your skin, remember?” I said, pulling one strap down and letting one breast fall free before placing my hand on her stomach and pulling her closer to me. I dipped my head to taste her supple nipples, nipples that I’d been craving all week, and boy did I indulge.

Her moans made her taste even sweeter, and as her breast popped out of my mouth, I rushed to grab it, squeeze it, and hold it against my tongue. “Your breasts, your taste, your face,” I said, looking up into her eyes before taking her lips with mine. “They’ve been haunting my dreams all week,” I groaned, unhooking her bra and moving off the bed to stand before her.

Anthony’s presence became blurry. It was almost as if he wasn’t in the room. She was my only focus. As soon as my lips touched her skin, as soon as she confirmed that this was what she wanted, the rest of my brain shut off. Only the part

responsible for pleasure, for satisfying her, took over, sending my heartbeat racing as fast as it did when I was pushing past my limits in the gym. Leaning over her, I kissed her chest. She panted in my ear while I unbuttoned her pants.

As I pulled them over her hips along with her underwear, I dragged my lips over the curves of her breasts, placing kisses further down her body. Her naturally toned stomach quivered as my lips brushed up against her navel, moving toward her pelvis. I groaned as she thrust her hands in my hair, trying to hold me in place when I got to her warm folds. I didn't need further encouragement as I pulled the pants from her ankles, tossing them behind me, sinking my face right where she wanted me. Right where I wanted to be.

I licked her. Once, twice, before kissing her pussy lips and licking my way up to her waist for a hint of the wine from earlier. I groaned louder, grabbing her hips and moving her further up on the bed before jumping off to start pulling at my clothes. She wasn't alone for long. As soon as I eased up to start pulling my shirt off, taking care not to wrinkle it, Anthony moved in. He was already naked, and she was ready, taking his face into her hands as he moved toward her from her left, sliding in for a kiss before rounding her side and mounting her.

Closing my eyes, I listened to her moans as he kissed her, as he touched her. And I was going out of my mind with hunger. Stripped down to nothing but my gray boxers, my erection was hard as a rock, poking out of the pouch in the front. The bag of goodies I bought was on the second armchair in the room. In it

was an anal plug with a wide bottom so that it wouldn't get sucked into her ass, water-based lubed so that we could wear condoms without worrying about them ripping, and two dark towels. Anthony was already fucking her pussy by the time I got to the bed.

According to the woman at the sex store I bought the lube and plug from, it was good to make sure that her vagina was well and truly pleased before entering her backdoor, much less entering her pussy at the same time. So I wasn't mad at all that he got in there before me. The tip of my cock was aching from the sound of his dick slapping against her pussy and her murmurs and pleas for him to continue. Her panting and near screams of pleasure had me salivating.

She was shaking against him, her legs spread out before him, when I came up to the bed. Her eyes were closed, and she licked her lips as the tremors passed through her body. When she opened her eyes and turned to look at me, they were glazed over with passion and satisfaction.

"What's that?" she asked, and her voice dragged with such sensuality, her words almost sounded like moans.

"Wanna find out?" I asked, smiling at her.

A smile quickly kicked up on the side of her lips as she got to her knees and crawled her way toward me. I held her around the waist and pulled her forward, kissing her in the midst of pulling my boxers down.

She kissed my cheek and my ear, lowering her hand to stroke me as I let go of her briefly to spread the towel out on

the bed.

“Mmm,” I groaned, picking up the anal plug and waving it in her face. “This should get your ass warmed up while we fuck your pussy,” I said between pants as she pulled on my throbbing cock.

Her eyes were like glass as she asked, “Are you going to put that in my ass?”

“I don’t know, do you want me to?” I gritted out, pulling her hand off my length and wrapping her arms around my neck.

She nodded, smiling, and I bit her bottom lip.

“Get on your knees and arch your back,” I bit out as my cock rubbed between her thighs.

“Yes, sir,” she said with a wicked tease of a smile, before turning so that her ass could face me. Her round mounds and swollen pink lips were splayed before me like dessert on a platter. Anthony was sitting on the bed before her, and as he started to kiss her other lips, I partook in the most delicious dessert before me. I feasted on her pussy from behind, stroking her clit at the same time. The pitch of her moans told me when she was close to cumming, and right when I felt like she was on the verge, I took my mouth off her. She groaned, whimpering, begging me to keep going.

“Oh, I will, don’t you worry,” I said, kissing her ass. “But first...” I picked up the lube. “This is going to feel a little cold at first.”

I squirted some on her tight pink anus and her ass jiggled a little bit. “Fuck,” I muttered, biting down softly on her ass cheek. “Do you still want me to continue?”

Her response was a begging sob and a frantic nod. I grinned, applying lube to the butt plug before I started rubbing her clit again. “Yes, yes.” She rocked on my finger and moaned out loud as I began to penetrate her ass with the plug.

“Oh...my...goodness,” she moaned, long and slow.

“How are you feeling?” I asked.

“Amazing,” she said, pushing her ass back and using one hand to squeeze her own breast, pinching her nipple in desperation. Anthony understood what she was asking for, reaching underneath her chest to trace his hand up her abdomen before gripping and squeezing her breasts until she started to shake. I didn’t waste time because I didn’t want her to come down off her high before slipping the rest of it in.

Her hole audibly sucked on it with finality as it stayed firm on her asshole. It wasn’t going anywhere, and as the width of it pushed into her, she shook even harder, gripping the bed sheets so hard I thought she was going to rip them. She collapsed into Anthony’s arms gasping against his chest as her hips started to hump the air.

“Oh, fuck,” Anthony groaned, and I watched her ass vibrate to my delight.

“Please, please, please, please, Mario,” she murmured, and my eyes widened in shock.

“You want more?” I asked, in confusion. I was waiting for her orgasm to wade before asking her if she was ready for me. But she wanted me now, as she was cumming.

“Yes, please!” Her tone was demanding, pleading. “Put it in,” she said.

My heart and cock swelled up making me feel like I was about to burst with an indescribable sense of joy as I got onto the bed, on my knees, and inserted myself into her warm, slick folds. My eyes rolled over in my head and my entire body felt far too sensitive to the touch as I sank deeper into her as she accepted me.

“Oh my goodness,” I said, bent over her, holding her tight around the waist as I licked her spine like icing off the top of a cake. Groaning, I kissed her back and began thrusting.

“Yes!” she said, sobbing. “You feel so good.”

The agony of the pleasure I was holding back so that I wouldn't explode had me hissing, had my face tensing as I felt the thin layer of flesh around her hole move along the ridges of my cock. I threw my head back. “Oh, shit.”

She made that loud gasping sound that was reminiscent of wailing before she went completely silent. When I looked down at her, her face was red and her eyes were rolling over as if she was possessed by something. Anthony whispered, “Are you okay?”

“Yes,” she said, so quickly I almost missed it. She held her body still as if she was afraid to move, afraid to break the

intensity that was about to hit. Then her mouth widened along with her eyes before she spoke again. “Oh, yessssssssss!” she cried—with literal tears—before grabbing Anthony and kissing the fuck out of his lips.

Fuck, I was grateful she came before I did, and I pulled myself from her like her pussy just caught on fire. Falling back into the bed with my cock pointing up at the ceiling, I was breathing like I just ran several miles, sweating from the heat of our passion. She also fell on her back not too long after, catching her breath, moving her fingers along my hips.

“That ...was...incredible!” she said.

“It was amazing to watch,” Anthony said.

She turned to smile at him. “I can see that.” He was dripping precum, and somehow, I didn’t turn away in disgust looking at my best friend’s dick, like really looking at it. I mean, of course I’d seen it when he fucked her, but I’d never really looked at it until now, and that fucker was dripping, for sure. But my body was far too high off that near release to think about anything else other than trying to calm my racing heart. Seeing him like that filled me with nothing but understanding because, fuck, that felt so fucking good. The way her pussy tightened around my cock was delicious. I couldn’t wait to dip into her again. And it seemed she couldn’t wait either.

She leaned over and sucked him off. I could hear the suction as his dick plopped from her rounded mouth. “Shit,” Anthony

said, reaching forward for her mouth and kissing the fuck out of it.

She licked her lips, biting on the bottom one before looking at the both of us. "I'm ready," she said.

Ah, shit. I tried to stop myself from jumping up in excitement. "Don't you want to rest first?" I asked.

"Do you need to rest first?" she asked, looking at Anthony and me.

Anthony grinned. "No, I'm ready to go."

"Good," she smiled.

All of tonight felt like I was just one second away from a massive explosion. I knew I'd just fucked her, but damn, that pussy was so sweet, I wanted to feel it around me again.

"Come here," I said, pulling her toward me. "Get on top." I grinned.

"How's this going to work?" she asked, straddling my hips.

"Oh, I've stared at that asshole while you've ridden Mario. I know exactly what to do next." Anthony smiled at her. "See, you're going to swallow him with your pussy," he started, before grabbing her by the back of her neck. I watched as she bit her lip and as her already hardened nipples became redder before me.

"Yeah?" she asked, so sexy I had to touch her clit. "Mm, yes." She nodded.

He thrust her forward so that her breasts slammed into my chest—not too hard but hard, the way she definitely liked it. I could feel her slickness against my lower abdomen, right on top of my pelvis.

“Then your pretty ass is going to be spread right in front of me,” he said, and by the way she gasped against my neck, I knew he was doing something.

I wasn't sure what he was doing until I saw that he was holding the butt plug in his hand. He'd just pulled it out and she started kissing my neck in response. Raising her head, I cupped her face in my hands so that I could kiss her long and hard.

Anthony whistled. “You should see how stretched your asshole is right now. Ready for me, whenever you are,” he said, and then he dipped his head. She shuddered against me, riding my pelvis, moaning into my mouth as he ate her ass.

“Ready for the both of us inside you?” I asked.

She nodded, moaning as he continued to work her ass with his tongue. “Please, I'm ready,” she said out loud, looking behind her for Anthony, reaching up to cup her breasts.

“Yes, ma'am,” Anthony said, swiping at his mouth as he backed up so that she could bring her pussy to my cock. She shuddered and so did I as she lowered herself over me. The tip of my cock pushed against her entrance, stretching her before her body slammed down on top of mine, accepting me with ease.

“Mm, fuck,” Tiffany and I said together before we smiled at each other in humor. Both our faces soon twisted in pleasure as she started to work her lower hips against me.

“Hold on now, don’t get too carried away. You still want me in you, don’t you?” Anthony teased her.

“Yes, yes, oh fuck yes,” she said, lowering her breasts over me, stretching her arms out past my head so she could press her mouth against mine. She sucked on my tongue while rocking against me gently and my cock warmed.

I ran my hands up and down her back, rubbing her, gripping her, relaxing her as I fought against the urge to start thrusting. Then I felt it, just as her fingers gripped my hair so tight it felt like she was about to pull my hair out of my scalp. She became so tight, it felt like my cock expanded within her, and the pleasure was so intense I became fine with the idea of losing a few hairs.

“You okay?” I whispered against her lips. “Does it hurt?”

She shook her head. “It doesn’t hurt. It feels different,” she said.

“Good different?” I asked.

I saw the green of her eyeballs disappear before she nodded. “It’s getting there. Oh!” she said as if surprised. “Mm, yeah, it’s getting there.”

“You okay?” Anthony asked a little louder, since he couldn’t hear our conversation.

“Mmhm,” she said.

“Do you want more of me?” he asked, leaning over her to kiss the back of her neck before he scraped his teeth against her skin.

“Oh!” she said, with another tone of surprise. “Mm, yes, please. Slow,” she said.

Her breath shook as she licked her lips. Meanwhile, I had never experienced this much tightness around my cock before. She was right, it was different—good different. I didn’t even have to move to feel every single nerve in my penis start setting off tiny explosions. I couldn’t imagine what it would feel like if I moved.

“Damn, you’re so tight, so fucking hot. You are fucking out of this world,” I said, kissing her forehead, damp with sweat.

Anthony’s eyes were squeezed shut and he was biting down so hard on his lips he looked like he was going to draw blood. Then she asked for the unexpected. “Will you two please ride me?”

Chapter 21

Anthony

Whoa! Whoa, what is that? Is that Mario's...dick?! I thought upon first penetrating her with all of my length. THAT was definitely something new during anal sex. It had me speechless for a moment as I watched them whisper something to each other. It was not something I was expecting. It was strange as fuck to have my dick pressing up against another man's dick, especially my best fucking friend!

It was one thing to be in the room with your best friend while he had his dick out and you had your dick out. It was a whole other thing to feel it against yours. Through the condom, I could feel the thickness and hardness of him. I was fucking frozen until her sphincter muscles clenched around me.

Oh my word, when she clenched around me, the only thing I could focus on was how good the tightness of her felt wrapped around my shaft. All my worries disappeared and I crumbled underneath the desire for more of her. Her moans had me on the edge. It was hard not to be conscious of the fact that I could still feel Mario's dick, but I was lost in my arousal from

her grip, her ass, and how soft she felt beneath my fingertips. Her back, her moans, her hair, her freckles, and her flushed skin made it even harder to think about anything else.

Man, she was so fucking hot, and I just about came when she asked us to move within her. When I looked at how her pink hole stretched to accommodate me and how satisfied she seemed with having us both in her body, opening herself to us in a far more surrendered way, I became overwhelmed with emotions. The blood in my chest separated and floated within me like a paintbrush dipped in fresh water. My heart bloomed like a rose, fluttering and spreading apart until it was too big for my chest.

A breath escaped me in a rush as the feeling that my chest was about to burst sent blood rushing toward my dick, causing it to pound within her. I reached down to run my hand through her hair and massage her scalp with such tenderness that now I understood how Mario was able to do it that day when he was on the verge of bursting. This was paradise, too pleasurable to put into words. And somehow, the soft, tender strokes amplified my response. The flutter of her hair over my hand sent fireworks shooting off inside my body.

“Fuck,” I said as I began to move slowly within her ass, realizing now that I was in some sense of the word taking her ass virginity, and for once the thought of being someone’s first didn’t scare me. It was so fucking hot as the lube had me sliding in and out of her tightness with just the slightest bit of tension. That tiniest bit made it so that I had to check in.

“How does that feel?” I asked, stroking her spine as my eyes started to sweat from the buildup of intensity in a moment that felt magnified somehow by her trust and my desire to be so attuned with her body, I couldn’t think about myself.

“So good,” she bit out.

“Are you sure?” I asked.

She nodded. “So sure,” she said, and as I pulled myself out, not completely of course, her back humped and she took in such a huge breath it sounded like the air was being sucked out of her lungs. “So good,” she whimpered—and damn it, I needed more of her.

I leaned over to run my hand beneath her belly and up to her breasts as I pressed into her again. “Yes,” she said. “Please. More. Mario,” she begged.

He groaned and his hands gripped her hips. Soon, it was not only her that could feel him moving within her walls. I could feel him slam against her through the thin line between her anus and vagina. “Yes!” she yelled.

“You like that?” he asked her.

She nodded and searched for the sheet next to her to grip onto, but it made her unstable. She held onto his chest, and I could see her short nails digging into his pecs as he growled. He actually growled, pushing his hips up to keep thrusting. There was nothing I could do but match his pace. The grip of her ass and his dick put constant pressure on my shaft because her body was full of us. My eyes felt like they were spinning.

My eyeballs felt like they turned into fucking tornadoes and I began to whine, started fucking crying from how good she felt.

Oh fuck, we needed to switch positions because I had to stop. I was about to cum, and she hadn't cum yet. Shit. I pulled out, shaking, and from how red my hands were, I could tell that my whole body looked like I'd just come fresh out the oven.

She cried. "No, please."

Leaning forward to kiss her ass, I was trying hard to not let even my own fucking legs brush up against my dick because it was too fucking sensitive. "I was about to cum. You feel too fucking good. Mario, let me get in on that pussy," I said with an exhausted laugh.

His hips slowed and they both shook. "Want me in your ass?" Mario asked quickly, and she nodded. He gave her a quick kiss. I could admit that Mario was thicker and longer than I was. I wasn't insecure about it. I'd never had any complaints about my dick before. But I understood when he asked, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, please," she said, hopping off him.

My movements were fast as I slid the condom off my dick from the bottom, upward, tossing it on the black towel on the floor. My relief in switching places allowed my dick to just chill the fuck out for a moment. I lay on my back and watched her climb over me, her long red hair falling over her shoulders to create a cloak around the both of us.

“I just wanted to look at your beautiful face,” I said, grinning up at her as I hooked my fingers in her hair and brought her lips down to mine. She flashed me a smile that made my heart go wild, kissing me fast before I felt her wet pussy accept me with ease, enveloping me with warmth, and I sighed, closing my eyes.

“Oh, you look so good when you do that,” she moaned, rubbing her hips over me as Mario searched his goodies bag for his extra-large condoms.

I smiled. “When I do what?” I asked her, moving up to suck her breast in my mouth.

She threw her head back and laughed, then whined. “Oh, you look so fucking good when you do that too,” she said, and as I looked up at her, she gasped, pushing me backward to suck on my lips as she rode the fuck out of me.

I held her hips still so I could drill her and watch as she bounced on top of me while I listened to her ass slapping against my pelvis.

She shook around me as Mario’s large frame came up behind her out of nowhere, lowering over the both of us to whisper in her ear. “Mind if I join in?” he asked.

“Oh, shit,” she said, and I felt her vagina muscles tense, clutching my dick as her eyes squeezed shut. She stopped moving before her hand came up to grip my neck, and I could feel her cum all around me.

“Fuck,” I said, holding her by the jaw, kissing her and sticking my tongue in her mouth, moving it against hers—warm, wet, and soft.

“Mmm,” she moaned, before looking over her shoulder at Mario, who was fingering her ass. I knew because I could feel it through that thin wall stroking my dick. I was still straight as an arrow, but man, that felt good, and the dirtiness of it made Tiffany that much hotter to me.

His lips caught hers just as she turned her head toward him, and I could hear her moan next to my ear as their mouths slapped against each other. “Take me, Mario, please,” she said, breaking the kiss and moving her ass, simultaneously riding my dick as she bared her asshole to him.

“Fuck,” I groaned, licking her neck. “You’re so fucking hot.”

The sound of lube squirting from the bottle preceded the shaking of her body as the cold of it touched her ass. She moaned as she gripped me within her. My hands were in her hair again, pushing it out of her face as I kissed her, because her body was overheating. She rocked a little against me until she gasped. It wasn’t the gasp that told me she was being penetrated—and I didn’t feel Mario in there, so I was guessing she wasn’t—yet Mario was moving against her.

“Please.” Her pussy quivered against me. “Put it in,” she said.

He laughed, pulling her up by her shoulders. “Mmm, but I like teasing you so much,” he whispered in her ear, and the

way her body vibrated against mine was so hot. I could see the tremors bubbling across her skin.

He stuck his tongue in her ear, and through my condom I felt heat as a hot flood pooled around me from inside her walls. He kissed her neck and her grip pulled at my dick. He kissed her cheek and she sighed, releasing her hold on me until he reached for her breasts and started to move against her again while his hands roamed over her body.

“Besides, you should see my cock between your ass cheeks. You’d lose your mind,” he said against her neck, kissing her shoulders. She tightened again around me. The constant tightening and releasing of her center had me weak as hell and I began to move within her. My hips took on a life of their own and I spat on my fingers to play with her clit.

Mm, fuck yes. She began to bounce on top of me, taking away my need to move, and I could hear Mario sloshing about behind her between those cheeks until she paused, wheezing.

“Yes, yes, Mario, please!” she screamed.

His breath shook so loud I could hear it rattle.

“Damn, you’re so fucking tight. Although Anthony did a great job stretching you out for me,” he said, shaking her ass. “Lie on your belly, sexy,” he said. “And breathe.”

She bit her lip and did exactly that, her warm breath heating up the nerves in my neck, and I tightened my arms around her waist, trying to keep still as Mario continued his entrance. I knew he got more than just the tip in when I felt his giant

hardness press against me. She shook in my arms, panting and tightening around me.

The hole of her pussy became tighter and tighter with each push of his length within her, and her moans sounded so sexy, I couldn't help my hips from moving beneath her. "Is that okay?" I asked her, gritting my teeth.

She nodded.

"Damn, you're fucking amazing, you know that?" I asked her.

"Mmmmmmm, fuck," she said as he began to move within her. "You both make me so fucking horny. I can't get enough of you." She started to sob. "Fuck, I love the way you both feel within me. Mmmmm, you feel so good." A gasp escaped her, and she began to whine. "You feel so good, you feel so good, you feel so—so—so, mmmm," she groaned, and it was guttural. "I'm gonna cum again. Fuck. I'm cumming."

"Cum, sexy, cum," Mario said from above her as I murmured the same thing against her cheeks.

"Oh, fuck!" she screamed. "Yessss!"

I hammered her pussy with my dick, rendering her silent as she shook against me.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," she said, whispering her gratitude almost inaudibly.

Chapter 22

Tiffany

“U hhhh.” A high-pitched whine escaped me. I was so tender. So loose.

Coming off the throes of one orgasm, Mario pulled himself out of my anus and inserted himself within me again before I could blink an eye. My body warmed and tingled, buzzing, lighting up sensitive areas in my body I didn't even know existed. Below me Anthony was angled to hit the perfect spot within my walls, making it hard for me to breathe. The hold was so tight, but it was incredible. Their movements synchronized and soon as I was no longer in the room. Their arms were on my back, my ass, in my hair, and on my breast. The room blurred and it felt like I had been dropped in a pleasure chamber and that was the only emotion I was allowed to experience.

Even the bottoms of my feet felt naked and exposed. The brush of the air in the room against them pulled on something within my vagina, turning me into boiled, wet noodles. The initial feeling I got whenever I needed to pee was turned on inside of me and it was amplified, constant and relentless.

At first, the sensation of a dick in my anus was strange. Instead of something leaving my ass, something hard and long was entering it, and my brain wasn't sure how to process that information. It freaked out. But my body soon adapted.

The girls were right. They'd said that as long as I was relaxed, completely and utterly relaxed, it wouldn't hurt, and it didn't. It just felt like my hole was stretching at first and it confused me, but my body knew what to do with the length within me as soon as it hit something. I wasn't sure what, but something that had the fullness feeling hot. It made my vagina so wet my pleasure went from one hundred to one thousand. And more than anything, it was the thought of them both so deep inside me that I was unable to move that had me cumming at the speed of light.

They had full control over my body, and I licked my lips as I felt every inch of them within me. It was like one massive cock moving inside me, hitting erogenous zones that they seemed to invent on the spot. I loved the way Anthony held me against his body so that my nipples squeezed into his chest and the nerves in my breasts pinched against him. I wanted to feel Mario's body flush against my back, even though we were hot as fuck in this room. I wanted to feel both of their breaths on my body, feel both of their lips on me at once.

"Sandwich me," I breathed.

"What?" Anthony whispered, and I reached my arm behind me, feeling for Mario.

“What is it, baby?” Mario asked in such a low, sexy tone, my heart hopped and a sudden orgasm rocked through me, gripping my stomach, and surrendering moans filled with gasps and cries came from deep in my throat and chest.

My body began to move as the intensity caused my hips to rock, and as I rocked, I felt every inch of both their hard, massive dicks slip against each nerve ending converting my ass and pussy into one hole. The thin layer between both orifices may have well not existed, but the fact that it did made my pleasure all the more delicious. It was like a magic slider buttered on both sides, milking the pleasure of each of their dicks moving against its succulent layer on the way further up inside of me to bang against previously unlocked packets of pleasure.

Liquid pooled in the bottom of my belly and a sweet ache held me captive. It felt like the head of my clit was being squeezed and stroked, building pressure all the way down to my labia and my sweet, sweet vaginal hole as it tugged on that thin flesh that acted like a tongue against Mario’s cock in my anus, sucking and pulling until I felt like I was being squeezed so hard, I would burst. As I bounced back on both of their lengths inside me, there was still a need for the sweet ache to keep climbing.

Mario’s swift intake of breath jolted through me as he hissed and gripped my ass, massaging it, massaging my lower back. The contact felt like the gates of paradise were being opened to me. Both men groaned and my clit jumped, causing me to shudder as heat bolted through my nerves like warm

water throughout my body, pooling at my fingertips, my toes, the sides of my face—even the fucking tip of my nose.

I was suspended in time and space for a while. When I opened my eyes again, it took a while for me to become aware of the coolness bouncing off my skin as the air hit the sweat droplets streaming down my face, back, and breasts.

“Damn.” That’s all I could say as I rested my head against Anthony’s chest, the allure of my reality kicking in. They were both still inside me, still holding back. As Anthony caressed my damp hair, all I wanted to do was be held by them both while I caught my breath, preparing for the moment they would inevitably have their release after bringing me to mine several times.

I reached behind me for Mario’s hand, too lost in bliss, too heavy from pleasure to get up and lean into him. Catching hold of his fingers, I tugged him forward.

“Just hold me,” I said as he lowered himself against my back, kissing the top of my head. Peace settled through me when I felt the heartbeat of both men pounding through me, mixing with mine. It was the perfect noise as blood coursed through our veins, molding us into one. This was exactly what I wanted, and I was happy with the fact that I chose not to say anything about my role in the case against Crawford & Beam with them. I wasn’t sure what would have happened and if it would’ve cost us this moment. Right now, right here with them was all that was important to me. It felt safe.

Safety soon morphed into hunger as I felt both men kiss me. Mario was moving to kiss my head as he rubbed my ass and used his lips to make a continuous trail downward. Anthony reached for my chin, tilting my head upward to kiss me on my eyelids and then my lips while stroking my breast. Mario used his tongue lick the inside of my neck just as Anthony pinched my nipple, and just like that, I was ready to go again, moaning. Mario bit my ear, and the warmth of his breath kissed my face as he spoke to me.

“I need to fuck you, may I fuck you?” he murmured, and I gasped, panting, breaking my lips away from Anthony’s to turn my lips to Mario’s for a kiss.

“I’m about to explode,” I heard Anthony groan against my other ear.

Pulling my lips away from Mario, I came up for air, breathing. “Fuck me.”

Mario’s fingers bunched in my hair, tugging ever so lightly. “That’s all I needed to hear,” he said before the coolness of the lube struck my skin and I felt him pull out long enough to coat his pleasure stick and my anus before slipping back in, oh so slowly. My whole body vibrated.

“Mm, I love the way your pussy grabs me when you’re aroused,” Anthony said, his face tense as he began to thrust himself up inside of me. Their rhythms were off, and it was kind of confusing for a bit, but the slow strokes of Mario caressing my ass and taking care with it coupled with

Anthony's quick pounding soon had me screaming again as another orgasm started to build.

"Fuck, I'm about to cum," I announced, giving them the signal to do the same. Both men swore and something like a sob escaped them as Mario pulled on my hair again. It felt so good, I wasn't afraid he was going to scalp me or anything. It just felt like a little massage with an oomph that made sure I felt it. His strokes became less controlled and so did Anthony's. Soon, the movement of both their hips driving within me became synchronized and I lost bits of my consciousness as I came first.

A storm erupted in my body, deafening me to their movements, and it felt like I'd never stop shaking. And just as I felt like my mind was being cleared again and my ears were being opened, I heard both of them grunt.

"Fuck, I'm cumming," Anthony said.

"Shit," Mario said.

And within seconds I could feel them lunge against my ass and vagina, once hard, twice as more of my own pleasure seeped around them, before Mario was pulling himself out of me and collapsing on the side of the bed. I soon eased off Anthony to give him some breathing space as I flopped on my back, laughing. My laughter inspired their own before we fell into the most blissful sleep.

Chapter 23

Tiffany

After last night, there was only one thing that could've made today tip-top perfect. That was walking into this office knowing I'd successfully managed to separate pleasure and work; entering this space with clear sinuses and a clear head to focus on something that had nothing to do with my personal life. Except as I sat down at my desk and flipped open the file, I was reminded of the virus that was Jared Crawford.

Yet, staring at his name on the document, my eyes began to water out of nowhere as I caught myself wishing that things were different. My chest sank when I found myself picturing Jared there with the guys last night, remembering just how primal and raw he was in that file room and wondering if he would've brought that into the bedroom. Maybe I wouldn't have been able to handle it, but that didn't stop me from wanting him. My nether regions clenched and my nipples buzzed, frightening me back into the reality of my environment. I blinked back the tears in irritation.

Yeah, I wished things were different, but well, it wasn't my fault things were the way they were. That was his decision—and it was his damn loss, not mine. I didn't need to think of how he seemed like the final piece to a complete puzzle when it was all four of us. There was no need to wonder if he'd be just as primal if it were just him and me alone together or if he would be more tender, yet just as passionate.

Those thoughts were no longer a possibility and that was all because of the choice he made. I wasn't going to be the one to dwell on it. What I shared with Mario and Anthony was more than enough. They were two men who appreciated me and... Oh, shit, they were two men I was betraying by not being truthful to them.

Screw the guilt I felt toward Jared after thinking about how we could've been. Jared chose this for himself, and I was just doing my job, damn it. But it was becoming harder to do away with the guilt I was feeling toward Mario and Anthony, even though the truth remained the same—I was just doing my job. And when I came to work, it was meant to be free of all things personal. The two were never supposed to mix again. My mind didn't need to be consumed with thoughts of them when I needed to focus on work. Been there, done that. I'd turned over a new leaf. Working on this case was not personal.

I gulped against the dissipating boulder in my chest.

Yes, this case was against Crawford & Beam, a place I used to work. But it was also a place where the lines were blurred. This had to be different. I had to be able to do my job without

bringing it into the bedroom. That's what I'd wanted when I left Crawford & Beam. And that was what I was striving for.

I would hope Mario and Anthony would be understanding about it. Besides, it wasn't as if Crawford & Beam wasn't working in opposition to the company I currently worked for as well. The company Mario recommended me to. There was no doubt in my mind that if Jared found out that I just got a job here, he would not drop the case, so why was I supposed to? It would benefit Crawford & Beam just as much as it would benefit Bronkers & Associates if either of us were to win. In fact, it would benefit Bronkers & Associates even more so since we were a start-up company that needed the clientele.

Maybe I was overthinking this. It wasn't like they had to know that I was selected to work on this case. As a new hire, I could be working on any number of cases, and as an associate, I was more than likely not going to represent the company in court, especially since I was fresh here and I was sure many other associates would jump at the opportunity. I hadn't proven myself here yet, so I didn't need to be worried they'd even find out. How would they? I could be anyone working on any case and Mario, Anthony, and especially Jared would be none the wiser.

So the secret was safe. I owed Jared Crawford nothing. And well, Mario and Anthony didn't have to know, especially since I wasn't doing this out of spite or malice. I was just a fresh college grad trying to follow my passion as a lawyer and this case was just a job.

That's what I was telling myself to get through the day, anyway. My heels clicked along the white tiled floor as I sashayed down the narrow hallway from the simple law firm library making my way back to my desk, holding the copied documents of my research.

"Ms. Levine, a moment please." I heard Ms. Saunders's voice as I walked past her office.

I spun around on my heels and made my way into the white walls, made even brighter by the normal-sized sliding window to my left. The opened blinds looked out into the commercial lot and cars parked on gravel pavement. There were three vases of succulents on the window, one in the center and two in the opposite corners, which added a delicate touch to the decor.

Next to the window was a small bookshelf with red, blue, green, and black leather-bound law books with gold writing on the spines. Two feet next to the small bookshelf was her five-foot-wide brown rectangular desk and her black faux-leather, plush-back chair which she was seated in. Behind her head was an ocean-blue decorative art frame. Further in the corner of the wall were two framed certificates, one about the company and one about her. They were both written on white paper in black and gold in delicate brown-and-gold frames.

She made a few clicks on her computer mouse before rolling herself away from the screen and focusing her eyes on me.

“Have a seat.” She waved to the dark-blue, mesh-backed visitors’ chairs in front of her desk.

Next to me was a large, potted, green, leafy plant which should’ve provided a calming ambience, but my heartbeat quickened. *Was there something wrong already? Why did she call me in here?* I sat down in silence, keeping my face as neutral as hers while I waited. She leaned back in her seat and studied me. “So, how have you been coming along?” she asked.

There was phlegm in my throat as I attempted to speak, and I cleared it away. There was no need to feel intimidated. “Good. I’ve just gathered some copies of landlord-tenant case studies to give me comparisons to draw on when writing our brief and formulating some advice for our client,” I said. ‘Our client’ being the tenant. “Would you like to see it?” I asked, scrambling for the papers and extending them to her in a rush.

She put her hand out to stop me, making me aware of how embarrassingly flustered I was. “So, you’ve got no problems so far working on the case then?” she asked.

I shook my head vehemently. “Not at all,” I said.

She nodded and leaned forward, placing her elbows on the desk, keeping her eyes fixed on me. “Good,” she said. “And you’ll have the brief written and proofed by the end of the day tomorrow?” she asked.

My pulse was slowing now since this started to feel more like a routine check-in with her new hire. Nothing seemed to be wrong. I smiled and nodded at her. “Yes, I will.”

She tapped her short, manicured nails on her desk and nodded. “Okay, because as you know, we’ll be in court by the following day, so I want to be able to look over it before we get to the courtroom. Hopefully there will be no need for last-minute changes.” She looked at me as if she would scold me if there were.

“You can rest assured that I will write, rewrite, read, and proofread several times before I submit the final document to you. I am a pretty skilled researcher,” I said.

She tilted her head, both dismissing me it seemed and saying, ‘I guess we’ll see, won’t we?’ without having to actually say the words. I moved to stand.

“Will that be all, Ms. Saunders?” I asked, to ensure that I read her body language correctly and wasn’t walking out on an unfinished conversation.

“There is one more thing,” she said, and I sat back down. “I don’t doubt that you’re quite the skilled researcher. You wouldn’t have the successes you had in law school if you weren’t. But as you know, being a lawyer is about much more than sitting behind a desk and studying. So, prepare yourself for court as well because you’ll be coming with us to observe on the job what it’s like to argue a case before a judge. You’ll meet the client...”

Her voice started to fade into the background, and except for the high-pitched buzz piercing my eardrums trying to disorient me, the room had fallen numbingly silent. Shit, the cat was about to be out of the bag. I should’ve known that

secrets didn't stay hidden for long, and it was only a matter of time before it busted out the doors, exposing me.

My belly ached, twisted and turned as I tried to tune back into our conversation, but the only thing I could think of was the fact that I'd be seeing Jared Crawford face to face again and I doubted he had an understanding bone in his body. I wasn't sure what to expect but I knew that I had to be prepared so that the court appearance didn't become about Jared Crawford, because once again, the world did not revolve around him. This was about the case and the client.

Oh dear, I felt sick.

Chapter 24

Jared

Walking into the courtroom with the rest of the legal team, I was confident as hell and full of smiles. The courtroom was where I thrived. It was where I dominated. There wasn't a single sweat droplet on my skin, especially for a civil case that I already knew I would win, even with my eyes closed. I had no doubt about it.

I had every expectation that this case would be resolved today. It was a simple landlord-tenant case and our client, the landlord, was clearly in the right. The scent of wood cleaner used on all the benches, desks, and podiums in the room was like fresh air to my lungs. In the courtroom, whatever was happening in my personal life fizzled out like a distant sound and the case took centerstage.

In the office, I thought of Tiffany even though weeks had passed since she'd left. But her presence was still very much alive there, especially in Mario's and Anthony's grins. They didn't talk to me about her and I didn't inquire, but I had a feeling that they were still hooking up with her. I'd see them

chatting together about their nights or their mornings, but they'd quieten when I got within earshot.

Not even swimming could stop me from thinking about her long legs and heels by the pool anymore. So the courtroom was my safe place. It was the place I felt self-assured and confident. The place I knew I'd never falter. Even better, when it came to my job, it was the place Tiffany never colored with her steps and her memories.

I swung open the small wooden gate separating the gallery from the counsel tables and the bench. There was no one sitting in the gallery. The courtroom was mostly empty except for the counsels and bailiffs.

As I was about to settle down in my seat, my eyes drifted around the room in boredom. I froze in place when I spotted familiar red hair on orange-toned skin sitting across the room from me. Her hair was swooped up in a tight ponytail with a neat round bun at the top.

I'd never seen her wear her hair so tight. There was not a hair out of place.

Her side profile was focused as her arched reddish-orange brows kicked up at something she seemed to be reading. She had on a dark suit. She looked like a completely different person in the way that she dressed, but her pretty nose, soft pink parted lips, and freckles were hard to miss, even when she wore makeup. But today she didn't seem to be wearing any. Yet still she glowed stunningly in the room as if the light coming through the windows only shone on her.

My heart fell into the bottom of my stomach and my chest felt like it had been rammed into. It ached and my heart flopped about within me like a fish on land. I was overwhelmed with the need to close the distance between us and find out how she was. The chatter in the room silenced and my body cried for her. My mind was foggy, and I couldn't figure out if I was hallucinating or she was really there. I hadn't lost my mind though, so I knew that she was. What was she doing here?

Realization dawned on me once I picked up my drooling lips from off the floor, reminding myself of the environment. I was in the courtroom. We were both lawyers, positioned on either side of the room. She was here as part of the opposing counsel?!

My pulse started bouncing out a doomsday tune within my eardrums as the cogs turned in my head. A bitter taste settled on my tongue at the embarrassing need that clutched my pants before. Here I was, standing and drooling over a woman who felt nothing for me other than spite.

It was impossible to believe that my eyes weren't playing tricks on me. Anger built inside me at the fact that I was still fawning over her like a complete fool. How else could I explain the fact that she was here, with the opposing counsel? I knew she was angry with me when she left Crawford & Beam, but I didn't expect that she would be angry enough to get a job at a law firm working in opposition to Crawford & Beam in an attempt to screw me over.

Look, I knew she could be petty. We both could be—but that petty? And it wasn't even that big of a case. I couldn't believe I'd wasted over two weeks missing this vindictive woman. More than anything, damn it, I was even more angry at the fact that every time I stepped inside a courtroom now, I'd think of this frickin' moment.

Before I knew what I was doing, I was storming over toward their table, trying my best to keep myself contained. Probably should have kept my ass plastered on my seat, but well, if she was doing this to get a reaction out of me, she was successful. To get closer to her, I walked around the table since she was sitting in the corner toward the end. I cleared my throat.

“Tiffany,” I said in an effort to get her attention. Her eyes shifted from her document to my black, polished, and shined derby shoes. They flew up in an instant and she looked up at me with green rings around large pupils.

“Jared,” she gasped.

She swallowed and her cheeks reddened. My dick throbbed but I shook off the flush of desire that ran through me, reminding myself that she was probably just embarrassed that I walked right over here. Maybe she thought that I would have just stayed on my side of the courtroom, fuming. She certainly hadn't missed me and thought of me fondly since she was obviously here to try to distract me.

“Can I speak to you outside?” I asked, pulling my eyes away from hers before I melted within them.

“Um...,” she started, looking around and up at the clock. I tried not to pay attention to the length of her neck or that sexy bone that stuck out when she turned her head.

I cleared my throat. “We’ve got like five minutes. It won’t take long.”

She turned to a woman who was staring at me, studying me. Tiffany whispered something to her, and the woman nodded.

Tiffany turned back to me. “Okay, make it quick,” she said, hurrying to her feet.

There was an urge to growl that I was doing exactly that, but I fought it. I swallowed against the tightness of my tie, shifting it and moving out of her way so that she could walk ahead of me. That was a bad idea. I should’ve led the way because I was now stuck with the view of her backside. And sure, her legs were covered by long, dark, loose trousers, but they fit her well and the memory of her bare legs never left me. I watched as she crossed them over each other while she walked, and my breath hitched. Swearing under my breath, I cursed myself, pulling my head upward to look at the top of her head.

Damn it.

In the moments I couldn’t help but think about her, I’d imagined that if we saw each other again, it would be rife with sexual tension. I was half right since I was the only one affected and I was hot with embarrassment. Out the door and into the court hallway, I ran my hand through my graying hair. My hand stilled halfway as she watched me, her skin flushing

again. When my eyes caught hers, she dropped them, giving me a once-over. It was the fact that my heart kicked up at the thought that she was drinking me in that irritated me. She couldn't have been affected by me if she was here trying to get back at me.

“What is it, Jared?” she asked, looking at the delicate watch on her wrist and glancing back at the courtroom door.

Losing it, I raised my voice in a loud whisper. “What are you doing here?!” I asked.

“Working,” she said pointedly.

“Okay, let me be more specific. WHY are you here, working alongside the opposing counsel? You must have known I would be here. What are you trying to do here, Tiffany? Is this your way of trying to get back at me?” I asked.

She rolled her eyes. “I knew you'd think that.” She looked away toward the door as if she wanted to walk off, then she dropped her eyes to the navy-blue-and-red carpet in consideration. “Look, I'm sure it looks strange, but I had no idea until I got the job, and by then it was too late.”

“Too late? You just left Crawford & Beam. Couldn't you pass the assignment off to someone else? Or are you just that vindictive?” The words shot out of my mouth.

She narrowed her eyes on me. “Excuse me?” she asked. “I needed a job, and when I got one, I didn't think I should...” She paused and pointed a finger at me. “You know what, I was

trying to be kind, but I don't owe you an explanation, Jared Crawford! Who the hell do you think that you are?"

My mouth twitched with the need to say something else when I heard "All rise!" coming from inside the courtroom. Shit. I should have been in there with my client at that moment. It wasn't a good look for counsel, especially leading counsel, to be late. I clenched my mouth shut, and she groaned, staring daggers at me. Storming away from her, I went to stand at the door. I couldn't go in until everyone was seated again. Damn it, Tiffany was already getting under my skin in the damn courtroom.

She came up next to me, but I was already off, walking away from her as soon as the doors swung open.

Chapter 25

Tiffany

That twat! That delicious, aromatic twat. I'd been trying my damndest to avoid him today in that courtroom. My only defense was to keep repeating 'don't make eye contact' to myself like it was a mantra. Though I tried not to be aware of the moment he entered the courtroom, his familiar warm citrus scent wafted through the air. He didn't speak loudly so his voice blended with the rumble of other bass-toned voices in the room, which worked out fine for me because I could imagine it was anyone.

My eyes had been plastered on a document I already knew like the back of my hand, since I'd read it over several times. But at least it gave me something to do instead of resorting to staring at my phone looking like I didn't want to be there, because I did. It was exciting to be in a courtroom, up front and center, sitting with my colleagues and hearing the discussion firsthand. Learning directly. My heart pounded with excitement at the opportunity, and it pounded with dread that Jared would trample on it like the fee-fi-fo giant that he was, always finding a way to stampede all over my mood.

When he asked to speak with me, I shouldn't have agreed when I knew he didn't have a kind word to express. But his stupid brown eyes sucked me in, and my stupid pulse picked up in excitement when I saw him. He looked good, he smelled good, and he could've asked me to walk anywhere with him at that moment and I would have.

And silly me, in a moment of surrender, hope still rose inside me at the thought that he would surprise me with some understanding. I shook my head. Of course he didn't. He did exactly as I thought that he would, and I wanted to wring his thick-ass neck for it. But as much as I wanted to wrap my arm around his broad, muscled shoulders and pull him into a chokehold for practically ordering me out of the courtroom to give me a scolding like he was still my boss or something, I needed my eyes not to glaze over in anger so that I could focus on the road. My head was swirling with thoughts of his stupid face once more, but I was driving back to the firm.

The haunting of Jared Crawford continued. It already tired me out before and now I was growing fatigued. I slammed my palm against the steering wheel as I rounded the street corner to pull into the parking lot we shared with the other businesses on the plaza. Before getting out of the car, I gave myself a minute to breathe, leaning my head against the steering wheel. If Jared Crawford was meant to haunt my life forever, well, I was going to have to just ignore his ghostly ass.

On an exhale, I reminded myself that at least I didn't have to work with him anymore. And he wasn't going to be allowed to use his immature, nearly forty-year-old ass to browbeat me

anymore. I didn't let him do it when I was working within his company and I sure as hell wasn't going to let his inability to see past his nose thwart me now that there was reasonable distance between us.

The pang of crushed hopes roared within me. It was the fact that I kept hoping he'd do something kind only for him to keep proving to me that he was only capable of being a jackass that hurt the most. It made me feel stupid and incapable of understanding that the man he was showing me was who he truly was and I needed to take him at face value. He would never be the man I wanted him to be, yet my body and my heart ached for him unreasonably. I didn't want to be with the man that he was. And I'd made peace with that when I left.

For the life of me, I just couldn't understand why the fuck this man seemed to be embedded in my life. I left him behind and it was like the powers that be were playing a cruel joke on me, injecting him in my life again. For what purpose? I wasn't sure. Perhaps it was meant to strengthen me, to test me and throw seemingly insurmountable obstacles in my path that I was meant to overcome. Maybe this was teaching me resilience as a lawyer. It was difficult to conclude what other reason for his permanency in my life could be. It was like he could not be erased. He was like a stubborn pencil sketch that wouldn't go away no matter how hard I rubbed with the damn eraser.

So I was going to put my resilience to the test and use his unwanted voice in my mind to fuel me to work even harder, even if I was working that hard just to drown his voice out. I

swung my doors up and stepped out of the car, chunky heels tapping on conjoined gravel waiting for the ridiculous wing of my car to match my energy, but it didn't.

What I wanted to do was to make a beeline straight for the library to drown myself in law books and research so that I could find something to counteract his team's arguments in court today—because they'd made some pretty damn good points. The outcome for our client was not looking so great. Somehow, however, our points were strong enough for the judge to decide to give us an extra day before issuing a ruling.

Meanwhile, the stupid Lambo door was taking its sweet little time gliding back into place as if, unlike me, it'd had a peaceful, relaxing day today and was trying to prolong that relaxation with a good, long stretch. I grimaced at it, and when it finally closed, I stomped away from it like my door and I had just been in an argument.

Huffing, I pushed into the firm, giving the receptionist a fake-ass smile because she didn't need to be exposed to my sour-ass mood and made my way through the door leading to the office. If my boss hadn't stopped me, I would've kept walking down the hallway to the library.

"Ms. Levine, join us," she said, and I spun around to see that I'd walked past the client and the rest of the lawyers that were in court with us today. My boss had a look of irritation on her face, and I tried not to shrink into myself as I hurried back toward the conference table.

“My apologies,” I said under my breath, sliding into my seat.

Ms. Saunders turned her eyes away from me and focused on the client, almost as if she were embarrassed. I kicked myself under the table. I was tired of letting Jared Crawford interfere with my job. From now on, it was about the client in this case for me, and whatever Jared Crawford had to say about it didn't matter. He could bite me.

Tuning my thoughts out, I listened in on the conversations happening around me. This small space with just the quietened voices within the group made it easy for me to really home in on the client. Before, I'd noticed something about the client, but my head was of course crowded with other thoughts so I didn't read much into it. But for a small woman who wasn't overweight, she seemed to have problems with breathing and her little cough breaks reminded me of someone in law school.

A light bulb turned on in my head and I interrupted the conversation between the rest of my colleagues and the client to ask, “Do you smoke?”

Everyone stopped talking and looked at me as if I'd just passed my place, asking an inappropriate question at a time like this. It became pertinent for me to clarify my question.

“I'm sorry for interrupting, but I notice you have trouble breathing and you take quite a few coughing breaks. It reminds me of a case I once got to sit in on. I hope you don't mind me asking, but it really is for the benefit of the case why I asked the question,” I said.

Skeptical eyes were turned upon me, and the way my boss's eyes burned into me, it felt like actual fire on my skin. It was as if she was trying to warn me not to further embarrass her—first I'd come into the court 'late' after my talk with Jared led to me missing the arrival of the judge, then I'd walked in here and completely dismissing the client and rest of the counsel sitting in the conference area.

The client looked at me in confusion but decided to answer the question. "I've never touched a cancer stick in my life," she said. She was an older woman, in her fifties, and I was guessing by 'cancer stick' she meant weed as well, which probably meant she had never smoked, period.

I nodded. "When did you start experiencing these symptoms?" I asked, aware that I sounded like I was her healthcare professional rather than her lawyer.

"Um, I'm not sure," she stuttered.

"What is the point of your questions, Ms. Levine?" Ms. Saunders asked, impatience evident in her tone.

Clearing my throat, I straightened up and addressed the room. "Back in law school, there was a schoolmate, I didn't know them personally, but all their life they'd lived in this house their parents were renting. Around their midtwenties, this schoolmate of mine started having similar symptoms to our client here. For someone as young as they were and not the slightest bit overweight, they shouldn't have been winded after a five-minute walk, needing to catch their breath as often as they did. And they had a horrible cough that just wouldn't go

away. After running some tests, it was found that they had asbestos poisoning, and after some inspection of the older house, it was confirmed that asbestos was being released from the things that were used to build the house. My schoolmate was able to sue her landlord and we all had the opportunity to attend the hearing as part of our lessons.”

The client’s eyes widened, and I could see my boss’s lips tilt up ever so slightly—it was almost unnoticeable.

“It may be a long shot, but it’s something,” Ms. Saunders said before turning to address the client. “We’re going to need your medical records before and after you moved into your apartment,” she said.

A relieved breath rushed from my lungs. I felt like I’d managed to salvage a bit of my self-esteem after running into Jared. Happiness bloomed in my chest as I silently celebrated the fact that my idea wasn’t discarded and ridiculed. Looked like Jared didn’t succeed in stamping all over my mood today after all.

Chapter 26

Mario

My glass office door swung open, banging against the glass wall it was attached to, and my head shot up from my computer in shock. My heart could've outrun a cheetah. However, when I looked up to see Jared scowling, I relaxed as he threw himself down on my brown leather sofa.

“Dude, you almost gave me a frickin’ heart attack!” I said. “Why the hell are you trying to tear my door off its hinges?! I know technically it’s yours or whatever, but jeez, I appreciate a door in my office, I’m just saying,” I breathed as my widened eyes began to soften.

He looked like hell. Jared could be an asshole, but he was a controlled asshole most of the time. Whenever he got mad, he got silent and disappeared for a swim. He didn’t fucking break people’s doors down. His tie was all loose and twisted to the side and he had his head sunk into the middle of his hands rubbing the shit out of his eyes.

“Are you gonna tell me what’s wrong?” I asked him when he didn’t speak.

“Your girlfriend, that’s what,” he said.

My brows dropped. Tiffany? A protective urge came over me because I didn't like his tone and the fact that he looked like he wanted to break something. "Tread carefully, man," I said.

His head shot up at the warning in my voice. "What's that supposed to mean? I don't like what you're implying. I'd never hurt her or anything. I'd never hurt a woman." He looked at me in disgust.

"I never said that," I responded, though his aggression did startle me and I wasn't averse to tackling him and knocking some sense into him if I needed to. But he was right, he wasn't a violent person.

"What's your problem with Tiffany?" I asked, still defensive.

He looked up at me, agony in his eyes. "You know what, you're probably not the best person to vent to. I probably shouldn't have come in here," he said, moving to stand.

A pang of guilt racked my chest. He'd never physically harm her, so I didn't know why I'd jumped to that conclusion. It was just his tone that brought out my animal. But he was my best friend too and he was clearly upset. He came to me for a reason.

"Hey, come on. Sit down," I said to him. "Let's try to not be disrespectful toward Tiffany and you can tell me why she's got your veins bulging from the back of your hands."

He sank back down and slouched against the back of the chair, trying to straighten his tie. “I showed up to court today to win a simple landlord-tenant case and you’d never guess who I saw sitting with the opposing counsel,” he said. “Tiffany Levine,” he growled.

Lowering my brows, I asked, “What do you mean?”

“I mean, she’s clearly upset that I...I don’t know...That I...,” he stuttered.

“That you what? Turned her down? Dude, get over yourself,” I said.

“Why else would she have left and gone to work for the opposing counsel’s team?” he said.

Okay, somebody needed to fill me in here, because I was confused. I knew she was working at Bronkers & Associates since I was the one who recommended the firm to her. The fact that she got hired was completely by chance, so I wasn’t sure what he was talking about.

“Bronkers & Associates is the opposing counsel for a landlord-tenant case you’re working on?” I asked.

“So you knew too?” he said, his eyes shooting up at the fact that I knew the firm she was working at. According to him, she was my girlfriend, so why was that surprising?

“Knew what?” I asked for clarification.

“That she was working against Crawford & Beam?” He raised his voice.

“Calm down,” I said. “Don’t be so dramatic. She’s not working AGAINST Crawford & Beam. I’m sure she’s just doing her job. And no, she didn’t tell me about it,” I said.

I didn’t know which case he was working on. It wasn’t like I knew every single case that came into Crawford & Beam. I focused on my billable clients and the cases that I got put on. So the fact that Bronkers & Associates was the opposing counsel on one of our cases led by Jared wouldn’t stand out to me, but what should that matter? Of course, if she was leaving our firm, she was bound to work at another law firm who would inevitably represent a client that was opposing at least one of our clients if not many. Why was he losing his shit over this?

“So she didn’t tell you? Why would she hide it if there was nothing to hide?” he asked.

“Bro, you’re starting to sound paranoid as fuck. I think the bigger question is, why does it bother you so much that she left, that she’s moving on in another job, and that she just happened to be sitting with the opposing counsel?” I stared at him, and he looked away.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he said.

“You know exactly what I’m talking about. Wait, you didn’t go barking at her in front of her new colleagues like an overgrown child, did you?” I asked.

He flashed me a look. “If you’re asking me if I *confronted* her, yes, I did—outside of the room.”

“Why?!” I looked at him like he was a dumbass because, well, he was being a dumbass.

“What do you mean, why?” He glared at me.

I groaned. “Okay, let me get this straight. You think that after one moment with you in the file room, Tiffany was just so heads over heels in love with you that when you rejected her she turned into this backstabbing, petty creep who thought the best way to get back at you was to get a job at a start-up law firm so that she could work on a simple landlord-tenant case in hopes of beating you and ruining you?”

“Really? With a simple landlord-tenant case that doesn’t bring much income to the company anyway but only gives you bragging rights? Don’t you think that if she was the villain you think she is, with her brains, she’d have gone after clients that could actually ruin Crawford & Beam and bring us crashing down? Dude, get over yourself, man. You’re acting like a spoiled, narcissistic brat and you’re trying to find any reason to hate Tiffany because you’re not man enough to deal with your true feelings for her,” I said.

He started sputtering, looking at me in shock.

“Look, I love you, man. And it’s because I love you and because we’re best friends that I’m telling you the truth. I saw you in that file room when we were all in there together. You liked it. You fucking loved it—and you wanted more. But out of all of us, you have the greatest self-control and willpower to fight it. It’s admirable. I wish I had that self-control because we know what we could be risking if Chris found out. But just

because you're having a hard time dealing with the fact that you still crave her, it doesn't mean you need to treat her like shit. You need to deal with it up here, man," I said, tapping at my temple.

He growled low in his throat and got to his feet. He didn't deny what I was saying. He didn't say anything at all, he just swiped his hand over his face and left my office looking even angrier than before. I knew he'd been looking for someone to vent to, but well, he needed to hear the truth.

Resisting the urge to shout at him to close the door on the way out, I just got up and did it myself while fishing my phone out of my pocket to call Tiffany to check in with how she was doing.

"Hi, Mario." Her low voice seduced me without trying.

"Hey, you." I smiled into the phone. "So, I heard you had quite the encounter with Jared today."

She groaned. "I'm sorry," she said.

Unconsciously, I stuck my bottom lip out in confusion. "For what?" I asked.

"Well, I'm guessing he must have told you everything. I'm sorry I didn't tell you that I was working on a case in opposition to Crawford & Beam. I was afraid you'd judge me or something," she said.

My stomach dropped and I almost choked on my words. "Judge you? For what? Taking a job that you needed? That I recommended for you? Come on, Tiff. First of all, you have

nothing to apologize for, and second of all, the fact that you thought you had anything to apologize for hurts my feelings.”

“You’re not mad?” she asked as if in disbelief.

“I’m not mad,” I reassured her with a soothing tone. “Never mind Jared, he’s having a hard time shedding his douchebag skin.”

She giggled. “Thanks for being so understanding. Makes me want to kiss your whole face off,” she said.

“My whole face? And what would I be left with?” I said in jest. “Hey, I might be understanding but I’m still team Crawford & Beam. I wish Bronkers & Associates all the luck in this case though. They’re gonna need it.”

“I don’t know,” she drawled. “We might have a few surprises coming,” she teased.

“Oh, do you?” I asked, my voice kicking up a bit.

“Uh oh, I’ve said too much. You’re not getting any more out of me,” she said.

“That’s okay. Crawford & Beam doesn’t need a cheat sheet. Pretty sure you’re not the only one with something up your sleeve,” I teased back, although I knew nothing of the case. We were just bantering back and forth.

Her smile was almost audible through the phone as she said, “Hey, I better go before you have me swooning over the husk in your voice, making it hard for me to concentrate. I’ll see you later?”

“If you’re lucky.” I grinned. “In all seriousness though, good luck, and I’m proud of you.”

I heard her gasp and her tone sounded like melted chocolate when she responded. “Thank you.”

Chapter 27

Tiffany

“So I was thinking that while we wait for the results of our client’s medical records and the building sample, we could use the potential of asbestos exposure to determine whether or not the opposition would be willing to settle. I think it’s best to meet with the opposition before we get the results so that we can’t be held liable for using false information to get them to sway our way. We can present it as a potential, something to hang over their heads,” I said to Miss Saunders while sitting in her office.

“And how exactly would you present that argument to the opposition?” she asked.

“Well, it is the landlord’s responsibility to provide proper living conditions to a tenant. Ensuring that their building is free of asbestos and warning the tenant before renting or leasing to them is a part of that responsibility. In this case, if the landlord failed to inform the tenant before they moved in that asbestos was present on the property and the tenant got sick, they can be found liable for negligence. This is still true, even if the landlord tries to convince the judge that they didn’t

even know that asbestos was present. Well, then they should've got it checked and they are also legally bound to do that.

“Say the opposition goes even further to argue, saying, ‘So what? There’s asbestos present. I’m not breaking any laws.’ They might be right since asbestos is likely to be present in building materials. But while they might not be breaking any laws when providing a home that may have asbestos, they are breaking a law if they do not warn the tenant beforehand. The presence of asbestos itself isn’t a threat but if the client goes ahead and fixes something in the house—like maybe a socket or a broken lightbulb fixture—without being aware of the presence of asbestos, fibers can be released into the air. And it’s these fibers that can become poisonous, even leading to mesothelioma. If the tenant falls ill because they weren’t informed by the landlord that asbestos was present in the building, the landlord can be held responsible. The client should be forewarned so that they can make the decision about whether or not they want to live with the threat of asbestos poisoning hanging over their heads and at least know not to attempt fixing anything without first taking the necessary precautions,” I responded.

She leaned back in her chair and studied me. “And what if the landlord had informed our client of those risks?” she asked.

Oh. That thought hadn’t crossed my mind, and my eyes darted from side to side as I sat back in my chair, thinking. The research I’d conducted had me fired up, but I was going

down a one-way street. I repeated her question several times in my head before finding the answer.

“Unless it’s in writing, well, it’s their word against our client’s. I’m sure there is a way we could still spin this in our favor. And if it was in writing, then we’d have to find another angle, of course. So I guess our next step is to find out what was put in writing and what wasn’t.”

Ms. Saunders leaned back in her chair and a small smile crept up on her face. Her smiles were so few and far between that whenever she flashed one my way, I felt like a kid in a candy store.

“If we find that the landlord was in fact negligent and did not provide our client with all of that information, what happens if our client’s results show that she does not have asbestos poisoning?” she asked.

“We’ll cross that bridge once we get there. But for now, the opposition just has to be led to believe that it is possible that she might. They might be convinced to drop the claim they have against our client or to find a way to settle. They might find that outstanding rent isn’t their worst nightmare since in some cases the tenant may well be in their right to withhold rent due to landlord negligence,” I said with a pep of confidence in my tone.

“I like your angle,” Ms. Saunders said, leaning forward and tapping her nails on her desk. “But I wouldn’t go as far as to make an asbestos claim right now. We can see if the opposition is willing to meet to settle or drop the suit. But just in case this

goes back to court before we're able to obtain our client's test results, I would suggest using our client's medical records and bringing in a medical expert to speak 'hypothetically' on the situation. They could confirm that our client's symptoms *may* be *consistent* with the symptoms of asbestos poisoning, presenting that argument to the judge without necessarily claiming asbestos poisoning as a fact. And I think you should be the one to do it," she said.

Wait, did I hear right?

My mouth dropped open and I squished my brows together. "I should be the one to do what?" I asked, almost breathless as blood pounded in my ears.

"You should be the one to present this case to the judge," she said with another smile.

Two smiles in one day?! I couldn't believe it. My eyes lit up and I almost jumped out of my seat. "Me?" I asked, still unsure if I was understanding her correctly since I was too dazed from excitement to be sure of anything at the moment.

She straightened up in her seat. "I don't usually do this with new hires, especially first-year associates, but I don't know. I like the way your mind works, and well, since this is a civil suit, so far, I figured it would be the perfect opportunity to give you the stage and see how you handle yourself in court. That's if you think you're ready, and if you think you can handle it?" She cocked her head at me, emphasizing her question.

Handle it? I was born for this. This was not expected since I hadn't been working here long, but to get the chance to argue a case this soon? I thought I'd have to work at least a year proving myself first before I was given the opportunity to stand in front of a judge in defense of a client! Ready? I couldn't be more ready!

Or could I? The memory of Jared's accusations and the way his eyes judged me floated through my mind like a ghost trying to rob me of my joy again. But it also fueled me, damn it. He could either trample on my opportunities and stunt my growth because I had to walk on eggshells with him, afraid to piss him off, or he could respect me as a lawyer once and for all.

In fact, screw that. It didn't matter if he respected me or not. I wasn't at Crawford & Beam anymore. My job didn't rely on what he thought about me. I was at Bronkers & Associates with a boss who thought I was capable and was offering me my dream because my work spoke for itself. That opportunity was not going to miss me. If Jared couldn't respect that, well, damn it, I could. I could respect myself and that was more important to me than what Jared Grumpy Crawford thought about me.

For a man who sang day and night about how entitled I was, he sure thought the world revolved around him, and maybe he needed a reminder that it did not. And if that intimidated him, threatened his ego or whatever the hell it did to him that caused him to treat me the way he treated me, well, he would have to be the one to carry that burden, not me.

“Oh, I can handle it,” I said to my boss. “I’d love to! I can’t believe it, thank you so much. I won’t let you down.” I was smiling and far too giddy. So giddy, I wanted to jump across the table to grab my boss into a hug. Maybe she could sense it because she was looking at me all terrified by my show of emotion. After composing myself, I cleared my throat while my feet danced beneath her desk.

“Okay, great. I want you to prepare for a mock trial tomorrow. Until then, brush up on your research, rework your angle, and strengthen your arguments,” she said, looking away from me, essentially dismissing me.

“Will do, Ms. Saunders. Thank you so much,” I said, trying to keep my voice as unemotional as possible as I walked out of her office feeling like my insides were just jamming out in excitement to their own rhythm.

Chapter 28

Jared

“**Y**our honor, this is a clear-cut case. The defendant clearly has no legs to stand on. In respect of the court’s time and your time, your honor, I think it is in everyone’s best interest if the matter is brought to a close today. The defendant clearly has no valid reason for them to be withholding rent from my client. Your honor, with all due respect, I think the verdict is clear, despite what the defendant might lead you to believe,” I said, glaring at Tiffany, who didn’t even have the balls to look at me.

“With all due respect, Mr. Crawford, I think I’m quite capable of determining when the case should be resolved,” the judge said as I walked back to my seat. “Does the defendant have anything to add?”

Sitting down, I straightened my tie, not in the least bit bothered by the judge’s response because I knew that they knew that I was right.

“Yes, your honor.” Her voice.

My head spun around so fast I thought I might have gotten whiplash. Tiffany Levine was leaving her seat and

approaching the podium. Was this a fever dream or a circus? What the hell? There was no way she was going to be representing a client with only two months' experience as an associate lawyer. Oh, man. I almost felt bad for her. But at the same time, this should be quite entertaining. What in the world would they find to argue about now? They didn't even have a case. It was quite embarrassing that Bronkers & Associates wouldn't just forfeit, to be honest. Such a pity that Tiffany had to leave Crawford & Beam for a firm that clearly didn't know what they were doing.

My stomach rumbled. While on one hand, I wanted to enjoy this, on the other hand, I was terrified for her. But at the same time, maybe I could see where her boss was coming from. It was like throwing in the weakest player toward the end of the game when there was no chance they could make the score worse than it was; so they could get the experience.

Not that I thought she was weak. Sure, I had my biases toward her, but she wasn't weak. However, in comparison to the other players on her team, I was assuming the others had more experience. Unless they were all just winging, it in which case the person I felt the most sorry for was the client.

"Your honor, I would like to submit new evidence into the case. It is my client's medical records," Tiffany said.

My jaw slackened. Medical records? They weren't going to play the 'too sick to work to earn money to pay rent' defense, were they?

“Your honor, we have reason to believe that due to the landlord’s negligence, my client’s health has been compromised,” she said.

What was she talking about? I spun around and looked at my client, lowering my voice as I spoke. “What is she talking about?”

My client’s eyebrows raised in a panic as she shrugged. We should’ve really taken the chance to meet with the opposition when they’d presented it to us, but I’d really thought it was a waste of time, there was no point—and it wasn’t like I was looking forward to spending an afternoon feeling uncomfortable because Tiffany was in the room. So I’d turned down the opportunity to meet after asking my client if there was any other information that she thought that I should know. She reassured me that there wasn’t, and I reassured her that if there wasn’t then there was nothing the defendant’s team could say to us that couldn’t wait until court.

I was wrong. Damn it.

Tiffany approached the bench, her gait smooth and her slick ponytail swinging as she walked with purpose. I sent one of my other colleagues to approach the bench with her, not wanting her to see that she had me squirming. But it was okay. Her team was probably just pulling something out of their ass.

“We’d like to call an expert witness to the stand,” she said, and it was like a dramatic thud preceded her words.

Expert witness? For WHAT? I didn’t realize it until I looked down that my feet had started to shake, and I pressed them into

the ground to stop them. Nervousness wasn't familiar to me—but neither was not knowing everything before coming to court. The fact that something might have slipped past me, something a novice was able to pick up, was pricking my skin. Okay, maybe they actually had a strategy and weren't pulling a rabbit out of a hat out of thin air after all.

I felt myself leaning forward and the skin in my forehead tightening. Who was this expert witness?

“Your honor, we'd like to call Dr. Stanford to the stand,” Tiffany said.

“For what purpose?” the judge inquired—rightfully so, since up until this point, there were no witnesses called. What were they going to testify about? That they knew the defendant was not withholding rent when all the evidence pointed to the fact that she was? There was no need for a witness before now, before it became about the client's health and shit. I clutched to the hope that the judge would dismiss her attempt to call a witness without prior notice.

“Right, your honor,” Tiffany said, looking down at her papers. Her hands were shaking slightly as she shuffled them but she rounded her shoulders and regained her composure so fast, no one would have caught it if they weren't studying her every move like a creep. It was impressive. The nerves were there and gone in a millisecond. For a moment, I found myself wanting to reach out and soothe those shoulders for her.

But I had to remember where we were and what was happening. We weren't playing for the same team—we were

opponents. And I wasn't a fucking creep, damn it. I pulled my eyes away from her though my back ached and stomach burned with how hard my heart was racing. Clearing my throat, I straightened my tie and shuffled in my chair to sit straight up, hoping it would help to settle the nerves.

“Dr. Stanford is a medical professional whose opinion is worth hearing. He can provide insight on our client's medical records,” she said.

I narrowed my brows, focusing my eyes straight ahead. What wasn't she saying?

“Has Dr. Stanford ever evaluated the defendant?” the judge asked.

“No, your honor,” she started, and I let out an audible gasp, jerking forward and throwing my hand up in the air as relief washed through me. It was an involuntary reaction, I couldn't help it. My head spun around before I could stop it and I saw Tiffany clench her jaw in reaction, and I was loving it because I was right. They had nothing.

Sighing, I sat back in my chair, smirking at my client and holding my head in my hand to prevent myself from looking at her embarrassing attempt to go up against me and try to win with absolutely nothing.

“But they will help us analyze the client's records, which is a key piece of evidence, your honor, and help to bring clarity to documents that we might not understand since we are not professionals. Your honor, this expert's unbiased opinions will just be a clear and harmless analysis of the facts and they will

act as someone who can explain the findings to us in terms that we can understand,” Tiffany continued.

The fact that I could see that what she was saying could make sense logically had me flying up out of my seat so fast, my chair jerked on its back legs, almost tumbling over. Lawfully, I felt the urgent need to remind the judge to play by the rules.

“Objection, your honor. This whole witness calls for speculation,” I said with an agitated shrug toward Tiffany. Tiffany took a deep breath over the tiny microphone in front of her.

“Overruled,” the judge said, returning a shrug my way. “It can’t hurt, can it?” he said.

My mouth fell open. I could not believe the absurdity of allowing a witness with no connection whatsoever to the case to testify. I was right about a lot of things today, including the fact that this was a fucking circus! Unbelievable.

“Thank you, your honor.” Tiffany smiled. Sitting back down in complete bewilderment, I watched as a bailiff left the room and returned with an older gentleman with graying hair who looked like he was trying hard not to faint with each step he took. Well, at least I wasn’t the only one about to pass the fuck out over here. At least his discomfort gave me something else to focus on other than my own. Thank goodness there wasn’t a gallery; I couldn’t imagine how the man would react if he had a larger audience. His heart would probably give out. It was hard to watch.

Yet as Tiffany smiled at him with such softness and encouragement, my stupid lips tried to mimick hers. As soon as the corner of my mouth began to tilt upward though, I caught myself, dragging it back into a straight line. Nothing about her was going to be allowed to penetrate my defenses.

“Good morning, Mr. Stanford, would you please introduce yourself to the court?” she said.

Her voice was gentle with him as if she recognized his nerves and cared enough about him to make him comfortable. I tried to convince myself that it was just for show and because he was a witness that would benefit her case. I tried to pull on my resentment toward her to keep myself from feeling the warmth that emanated from her exchange with this witness. But the more she nodded and listened to him, asking questions that were spot on, getting through the objections with ease, the less resistance I could manage to hold within myself toward her. It was easier just to acknowledge the irritating fact that she was good.

After I objected again, due to speculation, she reworded her question. “Mr. Stanford, without saying that it is or isn’t, would you agree that these symptoms are consistent with the symptoms of asbestos poisoning?” she asked.

“Yes.” The client nodded.

“And would you also agree that these symptoms could get in the way of my client’s livelihood?” she asked.

“Yes, asbestos poisoning can be debilitating, and in some cases even fatal if left untreated...” The witness started talking

too much.

“Objection, your honor. Non-responsive,” I said in desperation. “It’s a yes or no question.” I didn’t want the doctor to spill all the beans over there. It wouldn’t help my attempt when cross-examining the witness since I hadn’t had enough time to research in advance to determine how to counteract his claims.

“Your honor, the witness was answering the question,” Tiffany stated, giving me the side-eye.

“Overruled,” the judge responded with a smirk that made me feel like he was enjoying this back and forth between us. I was not. I’d never been so uncomfortable in a courtroom in my entire life. The chair, though padded, felt too hard on my ass all of a sudden, too small for my body.

Shit, I was being beaten from all angles, and bile attacked my tongue. My heart plummeted and it felt like I would just end up regurgitating my slushed-up heart through my mouth. Whether or not her team pulled this out of their ass, she was doing a pretty damn convincing job that could end up fucking our client over, and the judge was eating it up.

This was pissing me off. It was shocking. And damn it, it was impressive. Maybe even a little scary. A strange combination of emotions.

It was possible that Tiffany Levine might just be able to beat me after all and it made me feel really stupid about the fact that I’d underestimated her. Because if I hadn’t, I would’ve made sure to dot all my ‘I’s and cross all my ‘T’s.

And I damn sure wouldn't have let her leave Crawford & Beam in the first place. Not that I would have been able to stop her. I'd tried, but it would've made me try harder to let her know how much she was appreciated and valued professionally. I would have tried to sweeten the deal somehow. **Professionally ONLY, of course.**

But that was done now, there was no turning back. And as much as I admired her, I wasn't sure how I felt about being beaten by a first-year associate only two months out of college, handling their first ever case.

Chapter 29

Tiffany

“I have no further questions, your honor,” I said, relieved and proud of myself yet still shaking, trying to avoid Jared’s piercing eyes—that I felt the WHOLE time I was on the stand, by the way. What the hell was wrong with that man? Ugh. He was infuriating. Maybe I could become okay with keeping my distance from him after all, the damn creep. I drowned out thoughts of his judgmental words, not giving a damn what he had to say.

I did that. I ate that up on the stand and I was proud of myself for getting back to my seat without tripping over my own feet. Our client was smiling at me, my colleagues were smiling at me, and my boss squeezed my hand in congratulations while a collective pat on the back surrounded me.

As I waited to hear the judge call Jared to the stand to cross-examine my witness, the queasiness came back. Dissipated for no longer than a few seconds. The problem was that even though I was feeling proud of myself because I’d set up a strong foundation, something that could live in the judge’s

head while he came to a conclusion, I worried about whether or not it could stand up to Jared's questioning. He had more experience than I did, and he was fuming with resentment for me. I was afraid that he would tear apart what I'd just laid out for the judge. I didn't care too much about what he had to say, except for the fact that it might affect my client and it was her best interests that concerned me.

Stealing a glance in his direction I could see that he was holding himself back on that seat, wanting to bounce right up out of it and make his way to the podium. Weirdo. But to my relief, the judge announced that we were out of time for the day. Thank goodness!

It would give me some more time to prepare myself for his cross and my redirect. Only after I exhaled did I allow myself to celebrate what happened today. My smile was helped by the fact that I was imagining Jared sitting there with whatever he had to say stuck on his tongue and hot angry lava bubbling inside his stomach with no way to release it.

Good for him, damn it. It was about time he sat in his little seat over there and stewed. I was tired of being the one to feel the heat for something I didn't do on purpose, to feel him breathing his dragon breath down my neck despite our distance.

It felt good letting him be the one to simmer while I got the chance to breathe and celebrate my small wins. We were going for the big win, although the outcome for this case wasn't certain. But today, I felt like this small win was massive, and I

was going to be happy about it. Jared could sulk all he wanted—he wasn't going to take this away from me. I felt like I won in different ways: when it came to proving myself to me, my team, and Jared, and when it came to efficiently representing my client.

As the rest of my team went ahead of me, I took a moment to just sit around our counsel table and really take in the fact that I made it. I got my chance in court, I got to use my voice, I got to stand up and not run away from whatever pressure I felt from Jared. I saved my career. For a minute there at Crawford & Beam, it felt like I'd lost this part of myself. My career and my fate became something I wasn't sure of for the first time.

And now I was sitting around this brown table, in an actual courtroom, before an actual judge who valued what I had to say and gave me the floor to say it in a fair manner. Practicing law. I'd done it. I'd left law school and... Okay, I'd give it to Jared, he was right about things being different in the real world.

But the real world didn't scare me. I didn't dwell on my desires for Jared or let them get in the way of my future and career. I took a step for myself that had my family doubting me, with the support of Anthony and Mario. I changed my focus, set my boundaries, and got to represent my first client after only two months. It was a dream come true and fireworks danced inside my body. A smile formed at the thought of calling Mario and Anthony to tell them all about it so that we could celebrate later. Or better yet, maybe it would be nice

sitting in the silence of my apartment, drinking wine and soaking in the moment.

The courtroom was empty by the time I got up. There was no rush, so I took my time gathering up my briefcase of files and documents, smiling to myself before taking small, slow steps through the empty gallery area, basking in every second as I made my way to the door. As I swung it open and stepped out into the hall, walking toward the exit, Jared appeared like a shadow out of nowhere, interrupting my glee with his tall, top-heavy, bulky frame. I jumped, but upon seeing that it was just him, I cut my eyes at him and walked up faster.

However, he'd already moved to stand in front of me. The fact I could smell his aftershave irritated me. My heart jumped not just in fright but in excitement that he was so close to me,

“What the hell is wrong with you? Get out of my way!” I exploded as we played ‘to the left, to the right’ like we were doing the damn cupid shuffle.

“May I have a word—” he started.

“I don’t care about what you have to say, Jared,” I said while he stepped out of my way. Man I wished the exit wasn’t so damn far. I did not want to hear him utter a single syllable if he was going to rain on my parade. I was in a pretty good mood and he was not allowed to spoil it.

“Damn it! I was just trying to congratulate you for doing a good job, but if you’re going to be a stubborn ass about it,” he said.

A sensation ran through my body that made my mind rush with adrenaline, making me feel like I was still walking even though my feet had come to a halt all on their own. Did I even hear correctly? I spun around to look at him, studying him.

“What did you just say?” I asked, my jaw slackening in disbelief that he’d managed to put his pride away for a single second.

He ran one hand over the back of his hair and stuffed the other hand in his left pants pocket. He looked resigned and uncomfortable. “I said congrats.” He spoke through gritted teeth.

I looked him up and down. “Do you have to look like you’re about to burst into little fragments just to congratulate me? It’s not like someone’s forcing you to say it.” I folded my arm across my chest. “What’s the catch?” I asked. “Why would you congratulate me? What’s in it for you?”

He let out a breathy laugh. “So I can’t congratulate you? I mean, I might not like the fact that you bested me in court today, but I’m not too hard-headed to admit that you did a pretty good job today.”

Lowering my brows at him, I twisted my lips. “You could’ve fooled me,” I said but his smile was reminding me about the stupid things he did to my hormones.

“I know I can be a hard-ass...” He started walking toward me, and I didn’t run away.

“Yes?” I said, my breath trembling with each step he took closer to me.

“But I know I’ve been a fool,” he said, dipping his head low to look at the ground and back up at me. My heart rate sped up and my breathing grew more rapid. I swallowed against the tingling in my body, not wanting him to see what he was doing to me as I raised my brow at his admission.

“What are you saying, Jared? You think I could beat you?” I asked as shock brought a small smile to my lips.

If he thought I could beat him, it was possible that he was seeing me as his equal and that was mind blowing. With an ego like his, it was surprising to me that he hadn’t broken apart and shattered into dust after giving me what I now saw was a genuine compliment.

He cleared his throat. “Well, I haven’t lost yet,” he said, putting his other hand in pocket, shrugging. And though he was resisting it, I saw a playful smile trying to emerge. My body warmed. I swore to myself, because I was sure my damn skin flushed, exposing me as always. I ran a hand over the back of my neck.

He stood in front of me, looking at me as if he wanted to touch me, and I could feel the sensation of his finger caressing my face though he hadn’t given in to the action. “Here’s another kicker that will knock your panties off you.” He grinned. “I think Crawford & Beam made a mistake letting you go.”

The way he said panties had warm liquid flooding my center. Were we still talking about my job, or by ‘Crawford & Beam’ did he mean that he made a mistake letting me go? My breath shook and I was pulled into his brown eyes, salt-and-pepper beard, and mostly gray hair over young, barely wrinkled features. Except for a couple lines in his forehead and at the corner of his eyes—which made me confused because he didn’t laugh too often, at least not around me, and those wrinkles were called ‘laugh lines.’ He was intense and that intensity was so strong in the way he looked at me right now, my fingers and toes went numb, my heart shook, and my voice trembled with desire.

“Well, thanks. I appreciate the compliment.” I smiled at him, feeling my lips shake as I did.

Damn, if I was misinterpreting his words and his actions, if he didn’t want me as much as I wanted him right now, I was going to really kick myself for allowing my defenses to sway by the time I made it back to my car.

Chapter 30

Jared

It felt so fucking awkward hanging back after court. But when we were all leaving the courtroom, I noticed that Tiffany had remained seated. The concerned voice inside me that I tried to silence when it came to her managed to seep through making me pause at the door, watching her and contemplating whether or not I should approach her. It became clear by the way she was running her hands over the smooth, varnished wood that she was taking a moment to herself to celebrate. It reminded me of my first case. I knew that feeling.

Even though she pissed me off when she managed to get one over on me, I found myself wondering if Mario had been right. I hadn't seen the value of her role as an attorney when she was working at Crawford & Beam. My biases toward her and my need to not feel anything at all for her blocked my ability to see her for who she was and what she was capable of.

Maybe she had to leave. If I was being honest with myself, she probably wouldn't have gotten this opportunity had she

stayed at Crawford & Beam. Maybe he was right and it was just a coincidence that she'd been assigned this case.

The truth wasn't clear to me, but watching her, I remembered feeling that sense of success, even before the money started hitting my bank account. Being able to represent and satisfy my first client fairly felt like I'd hit the jackpot. With that memory and the possibility that I had let my feelings get in the way of seeing her value, it felt like I owed it to her to congratulate her, even though my insides were being incinerated at the thought. So to soothe the burn, I saw this as an opportunity to get what I wanted out of it.

In order to avoid lying, I dodged her question. When I congratulated her, there *was* something in it for me. It wasn't a lie when I said she did a great job, that part was true, but just because my words were genuine, it didn't mean that I was okay with losing. Losing wasn't a part of me. And it wasn't going to become a part of me now. So, yeah, the congratulations were more about me than they were about her. It gave me an opening because she clearly wasn't going to give me the time of day otherwise. The congrats got her to stop and listen.

By being friendly, I could find a way to get some information out of her as long as I could get her talking. Slyness and wit was my strategy. But when her skin flushed and she pulled her eyes from mine, trying to hide the heat that somehow invaded her body out of nowhere, it dawned on me that perhaps her desire for me hadn't died. Either that or she

was having a really hot memory about someone else. In order to test it, I stepped even closer.

Her lips parted as she raised her head to look at me and my throat went dry. There was a tightness in my throat forcing me to gulp as it became harder to breathe. Desire slammed into my body, but I tried my best to gather myself. This wasn't something I could act on. Everything with Tiffany was complicated, and I couldn't want her.

With the blood thumping against my brain, my thoughts went out the window and the reason I approached her grew more distant. The memory of my plan to outwit her came back in patches as our eyes made contact. Her green eyes were looking up at me with pure flames shooting off them. I licked my lips and looked at hers. It was becoming even harder to focus. This wasn't the best time for me to lose my focus. My reputation was on the line.

Overwhelming joy crept up inside me with the knowledge that I wasn't the only one still inflamed by the thought of our hot, sweaty bodies rubbing up against each other. Ah fuck. The imagery made me groan as it took over my mind. Conjuring up that imagery was a bad idea...

Shit. I needed to think about something that turned me off about her. As great as it felt to know that she might still want me, the only thing I could allow her to stroke was my ego because this couldn't go anywhere. But at the moment, nothing was turning me off about her, and it was irritating.

Deciding to steel myself, I pulled away and heard her breath fall. She was so flushed, it did nothing to dim my arousal.

“Um, thanks for congratulating me. May the best man or woman win.” She smiled and stuck out her hand. “Truce?” she asked.

May the best man or woman win? Damn.

Right. That’s why I came over here. The need to win came back roaring. The whole reason I stood out here waiting for the chance to outwit her was alive within me again, and maybe there was a chance that I still could. As I looked at her hand an idea flashed white, blinking lights in my mind. It was possible that this sexual tension didn’t have to go to waste. Maybe I could seduce her into walking away from the case. It was a low level to stoop to and it was horrible to even consider asking her to walk away from something that she was just basking in, but fuck. I couldn’t lose.

Attempting this could backfire and make her hate me even more. I should’ve probably accepted the truce—but for what? To be tortured by an insatiable desire that couldn’t be fulfilled forever in her presence? It was easier when we hated each other than it was when we liked and wanted each other because at least I could let my resentment toward her overwhelm my desire for her. But a truce? Friendship? With how bad I wanted her? Forget about it. If this failed and she hated me afterward, oh well. I could cope with the hate not the need or the hope.

Taking her soft hand in mine, I looked in her eyes, giving her my best smolder. I ignored the heat that electrocuted my palms and focused on strategy, thinking only with the lawyer side of my brain. Win. Leaning into her, I watched as her breath caught and she licked her lips.

“Truce,” I said, all low, stroking my thumb over the back of her hand before looking from side to side to make sure that we were alone. Then I stepped in even closer until I could feel her heartbeat through her wrist going wild. Fuck. Something flipped over in my stomach, pulling on my abdomen and tugging on my shaft.

Over her shoulder, I could see one of the courthouse bathrooms and I shook my head against the thought that just entered my mind. This was a game and I needed to stay in it. I let her hand fall from mine and watched as her pupils dilated. Her lips were trembling, and I knew she wasn’t cold. It was the heat between us, the need to connect our lips, and the restraint in her body that had them shaking. It made me want to stroke my thumb against them. So I did.

“I missed you,” I said softly as I walked into her, prompting her to walk backward against the bathroom door.

There was a catch in her breath, and as I moved my hand to the side of her neck, her pulse hammered the palm of my hand. I saw the moment she surrendered to her desire. Her eyes flickered from resistance to need.

“I missed you too,” she said, reaching for my tie and tugging me lower to bring my lips to hers. Fuck.

Shit. Hearing her say those words shouldn't have been so fucking powerful. I hovered over her face, her lips just inches away as my chest burned and my pulse raced so fast, my knees buckled. This was too close to be a game anymore. I needed to forfeit.

Forfeit! my mind screamed, but before I knew what was happening, she was tipping up on her toes and placing a kiss on my chin because she still couldn't reach my lips.

Fuck yes.

Damn it. The warmth of her breath against my neck had me crumbling and I moved my lips into hers. Instant electric shock. It had been so long since I'd held her firm, soft, cool lips in mine. We groaned and moaned in unison, and I slammed my hands on the closed bathroom door behind her head, needing to pull myself off her but unable to. *Control yourself*, I screamed internally as my member started to grow. *This is good. She wants you. Use it to your advantage and get the fuck out of here. This is not for real—this is a game.*

The voice in my head tore at me and I grunted, moving to crash my lips against hers without regard for her. But she pulled her lips away before I could get to them, pressing them against my neck, licking her way along my beard, tugging me even lower to whisper in my ear.

"I've missed the way you grabbed me, the way you pound into me so hard I can barely breathe. Please. It's been too long. Please, take me," she said, kissing my ear and my jaw, licking my neck. "Please," she breathed.

“Fuck,” I groaned against her lips. I knew she had thrown all her resolve out the window now that she was begging me. Reason didn’t make sense. Nothing else mattered for her at this moment but her desire for me. My heart felt like it was going to rip my chest open if I didn’t give in to what I felt for her already. Crunching my fingers, I dragged my nails across the wood of the door. I couldn’t give in. This was going too far.

This was just supposed to be a game of seduction that would leave me walking away with something to use against her in court. This wasn’t about fucking her again.

I couldn’t.

Before I could even think about what I was doing, one hand was opening the bathroom door and my other hand was grabbing her ass and scooping her up over my hips as we dipped inside and locked the door behind us, using the safety lock. She gripped me with her limbs, climbing me like a tree, shoving her hand in my hair and holding on to my head as she kissed me desperately.

My throbbing dick pushed at the zip of my pants and my legs felt like they were going to fail in holding me up. I placed her on the bathroom counter, and she looked at me with such hunger, I couldn’t think straight. I wasn’t sure what I was doing, all I knew was that I wanted her.

It had been so long without her, I was starving.

She reached for my pants buckle and I let her dip her hand down my pants to grab me. Fuck. It was fucking on now.

Pulling her closer to me by the waist of her pants, I moved too fast to allow logic a space in my brain. “Fuck,” I groaned as her zipper came undone. I dragged her pants over her hips and let them hang at her thighs because the wait to pull them off her was unbearable. Grabbing both her legs with one arm, I flung them close to her face so that she was bent up like a pretzel, exposing her juicy folds to me.

I should’ve stopped. There were a number of other ways in which I could’ve won, but the truth was that while staring at her plumped-up labia and watching her surrender to me, it became clear to me that I didn’t care about winning anymore—not as much as I’d thought that I did—with her like this, so vulnerable before me.

When it came to Tiffany, the only thing I fucking cared about was the fact that she didn’t seem to want me, that she left and didn’t look back. The thought of her hating me made me desperate to hate her too because it was easier than wanting what I couldn’t have. But I knew now that I was wrong about her wanting me by the way she was swearing and begging me to fuck her. The voice in my head became a screaming, fading whisper. *You’re such an idiot. I bet she saw this coming, that this was all a part of her game to screw you over.*

The only type of ‘coming’ I was interested in was hers and I was more than happy to be screwed by her. *You don’t have to protect me anymore,* I thought to myself, bidding the voice of doubt farewell before dipping my head and growling as the salty, metallic slickness of her coated my tongue. Damn, I

wanted so much more than would be possible to have of her in this courtroom bathroom, in this position.

It would bring me great bliss to drown in her and have a fucking tombstone put up saying that I died in heaven. Fuck, in order to quench this hunger, this thirst, I needed to fuck her for several days and several nights without pause. Her taste was intoxicating and it dizzied me, making the room spin as I grabbed on to her hips to keep me centered in her reality.

“Yes, yes! Please,” she said, pressing her palm into the mirror behind her head, as her neck crooked uncomfortably against her shoulder.

As uncomfortable as she looked, she moaned and sobbed her consent until I couldn't stand it anymore. My dick had been in many women since the first time we'd hooked up. When I'd tried to walk in Anthony's shoes, because he'd been trying to get over her too, those women did nothing to satiate the hunger I had for Tiffany. Nothing could. My hand was pathetic and useless as I used it many nights trying to trick myself into believing that she was wrapped around me, failing to reach climax because she was simply incomparable. And here she was before me again, promising me nirvana.

A thrill ran through my arms and fingertips as I pulled her off the counter and bent her forward, shoving my underpants just low enough for my full length to fuck her raw. She reached behind me, grabbing my hips and slamming me against her, mirroring my desperation as she sobbed.

My tight, hard dick was resting between her legs. My hips bucked as I thrust slightly. “Fuck, I don’t have protection,” I grunted, letting my body dissolve into a puddle from the way it felt to have my cock slide between her smooth thighs.

“Please, just fuck me,” she said.

Groaning, I asked, “You sure?”

She grabbed my face and looked me straight in the eyes. “Fuck me, Jared.”

My body shook. I shouldn’t.

But I did, clasping my hand around my dick, shaking as I pressed it against her thin hole that parted for me and gripped me upon entry.

“Oh, shit.” My heart was defibrillated, and it made me dizzy from the impact. “Fuck, I missed you,” I said, meaning it as I railed her, grabbing her by the neck and fucking her like I hadn’t fucked in years. I fucked that pussy until I could hear it slapping and sucking me, farting and grabbing me.

Her strong orgasm stormed out of her, and I felt her walls squeeze the shit out of me as she froze against my body, gripping my hand on her hip and cutting off my circulation while she screamed in pleasure. Fuck, I wasn’t far behind, grabbing her around the belly and holding her against my body, squeezing her breast beneath that shirt and swearing in her ear before pulling out at the last minute, blasting bullets against her ass.

Oxygen became scarce and my body felt like I needed bed rest.

“Mmm,” I moaned against the back of her neck as she threw her arm back and gripped me around mine. My hips were still thrusting against her, saddened by the fact it was over already.

“I need more,” she demanded.

“Does that mean I can see you again?” I asked against her cheeks, running my beard against her skin as the tremors passed through my body. My voice was so deep and husky, I shocked myself.

“You better,” she said, rubbing her ass against me in desperation.

“Let’s get out of here,” I groaned, biting down on her earlobe. She yelped in response, biting her bottom lip, looking in the mirror at the two of us. We were both bare from the waist down, wrapped around each other, having no desire to let each other go.

Chapter 31

Tiffany

At work, my eyes were plastered to my computer screen. Pen in hand, I jotted down some research cases. My phone had been vibrating for the past five minutes, but I hadn't checked it. Grabbing it, I figured someone must be trying to reach me for something that couldn't wait. I opened the message without immediately looking at the screen. The message was lit up on my phone while I finished writing down the last few words and I heard my boss clear her throat aggressively as her heels clacked past me. When I looked back at my screen, I turned so red it looked like I was having an allergic reaction.

'I'm so fucking hard for you, it's ridiculous. It's torture being away from you for so long.'

It was Jared. I gasped out loud, tucking the phone away beneath my desk to respond to him. It was possible my boss just happened to have something stuck in her throat and needed to clear it at that exact moment, but I was pretty sure that she read it.

Yet as mortified as I was, it wasn't enough to stop my clit from jumping in response to his words. It had only been a few days since our hot courthouse hookup. Our second round had been postponed as I was called back to the office to work on the case. And I hadn't taken a break since, even after the trial was over.

Whatever got into Jared had me confused because he didn't seem to care that my team won. He just kept singing my praises about how good I felt and needing more. He even congratulated me—again. He was on a roll and whatever had changed him and made him so open with his compliments made me want him even more.

'Jared! I think my boss just read your message.' I typed, including a horrified, blushing emoji.

'Lol, oops! I wasn't lying though. Since I've met you, you've tortured me in many ways, but I think the worst torture is being away from you for so long. I need to see you. Aren't you wet for me, or am I the only horny bastard?' he responded.

My clit hadn't stopped throbbing since reading the first message and hearing how desperate he was for me wasn't making it slow down anytime soon. My nipples hardened and my heart started to beat fast as he triggered the need I'd been suppressing since the courthouse. *'I don't think I've stopped being wet for you since the first time we hooked up.'*

"Ms. Levine, I don't want you to become complacent just because you helped us win the first case you were assigned to.

You're still at work," my boss said, and I looked up in shock to see her standing at the head of my desk.

Oh, man. I wanted to curl up into a ball! The tips of my ears were burning.

"Right, Ms. Saunders," I said. "I was looking at some research for that client you asked me about." I handed her the page from my notepad that I was writing on earlier. She studied it and looked at me, seemingly pleased for now, although I couldn't be sure. But at least she walked away. Whew!

'Jared, you're going to get me in trouble with the boss. I'll see you later.' I sent that message with a wink and kissy face.

'You could see me now. I'm in the parking lot.'

My hole clenched with the realization that he was so temptingly close. Tingles ran through my body, focusing on my breasts and my labia, causing me to almost groan out loud—but I was at work. Work and my personal life shouldn't interact. But shit, I'd been craving Jared Crawford for so long, I wanted to suck him dry just in case our time ran out. In case we turned on each other again.

While we could, I wanted to milk him.

As I wrestled with myself, I licked my lips. Did I allow him to collide with my work life again, just this once? Or did I continue to keep him from affecting my work life? My mind was telling me to protect myself, but my body was telling me

that I needed to be kissed by him, touched by him, fucked by him.

My knees wobbled as I worked my way out from behind my desk and marched downstairs. There he was, sitting in his silver BMW, rolling down his window and greeting me with a smolder so hot it could disintegrate my panties. My heels clicked on the pavement as I hurried over there. The wind was blowing against my cheeks as I tried to make sure that I wouldn't be caught sneaking out of the office for a secret rendezvous.

“Jared, you shouldn't be here!” I whispered out loud, staring at him, caught between the fact that I needed to set some boundaries and the magnets in my body begging for me to be let into his car.

“I could leave,” he said, “but I doubt you really walked all the way out here to tell me that when you could've just texted me. Get in.” He cocked his head toward the passenger seat.

Though I tried, it was hard to keep my face stern for long because the more he undressed me with his eyes, the more I began to salivate, softening as a wicked smile tilted up at my lips. I rushed toward the passenger door and climbed in.

“You're so annoying,” I said, staring at him.

“So are you,” he said, staring back at me.

We held each other's gaze for a bit, and I could see his pulse beating by his neck. We were both tense and our resolve crumbled as we launched ourselves into each other's arms.

“I can’t stand you,” I moaned against his lips as he broke the kiss to recline his car seat.

“Yeah, right,” he said. “Climb over.” He began to unbuckle his pants and set his manhood free. My whole body needed to hold him, taste him, and touch him as soon as possible.

“Fuck,” I groaned, removing my top and cardigan, needing for him to grip my breasts. I stripped all the way down, grateful for his tinted windows and the sun protector he’d put across the windshield to conceal us. But before I climbed over, I lowered my mouth over him, sucking him in so hard, he swore and gripped my hair, pulling me off him.

“You’re evil,” he said with such hunger in his eyes that my body opened itself up for him. I grinned, licking my lips. Jared made me feel like a different person—wild and reckless. I loved it. “Get your ass over here,” he growled at me.

My legs were splayed as I tried to climb over the armrest and he swore. “So fucking hot. I fucking wish you could ride my face.”

We both eyed the top of the roof crashing down on the top of my neck and shook our heads, laughing.

“But for now, let me feel you,” he said,

As I sat down on his fingers, he worked my hole and clit simultaneously, and I made out with him as if we’d been separated for decades.

His fingers felt glorious against me. Gasping and moaning, I began thrusting my breasts toward his mouth. I came hard only

a few seconds after he'd sucked my nipple against his tongue, tugging on it as if he was sucking the sweetness from hard candy.

“Mmmm!” I pressed my lips together as my eyes rolled over. “Fuck me,” I said, reaching for his penis with hurried hands.

“Don't worry, I got you,” he said, finding my hole with his stick. I thrust my hips against him, taking him in, in one swoop, and we both groaned out loud. He became different when he was fucking me, and it was delicious. He dropped the professional jargon and picked up a sort of swagger that I didn't know he held within him. It made me plaster my ear against his lips as he whispered swear words against it, calling me dirty, sexy names.

Gripping his face, I worked my hips against him, bouncing on top of him, hearing him grunt before his hips started to jackhammer me from below. His heavy breath against my cheek, the sweat against my palms, my head tapping against the roof of his car—all of it was turning me into absolute mush. I pushed him back against the reclined seat, holding on to the back of it to meet his strokes with my own until we were both dripping with sweat, panting and crying from the release. Yet as hot as we were, we held each other, and I could feel his dick beating against my insides.

“You're an animal,” I said, gasping for air against his shoulder as he stroked my hair, running his hand over my sweaty back while we waited for the AC to cool us down.

He grinned. “That makes two of us.”

Moaning, I writhed against him, kissing his neck, loving the feel of him still inside me. My body pulse with need for more of him.

“I’m not ready to go inside yet,” I said, undulating my hips against him.

“Oh, I’m gonna need some time before I’m ready for round two,” he breathed, kissing my forehead.

I groaned.

It would be awesome if they could orgasm multiple times like I could, but maybe that’s why I loved having sex with more than one men at once. They could all take turns fucking me over and over again. Although for right now, I was making up for lost time with Jared. It was like I couldn’t get enough of him.

I wanted to keep him locked in me for longer, but I had to get back to work and this was just a quickie, so unfortunately the moment had to come when he pulled himself from inside me even as my insides still pulsed from the memory of him.

“I guess I should get going then,” I said, pulling myself up off him.

He laughed.

“What?” I asked, adjusting my hair, wondering if something was out of place to make him laugh.

He reached for my hand and kissed my palm. “It’s just the disappointment in your face. If I didn’t hear you screaming in pleasure, feel you tighten around me, sucking me dry with your grip, my ego might be hurt,” he grinned.

I bit my lip at the way he described my release, groaning. “I just can’t get enough of you,” I confessed.

His brown eyes darkened and he lowered his lids, parting his lips as he reached for mine. “Me either,” he said, kissing me, this time slower and softer, teasing me with his tongue and grinning at the way he was driving me crazy. I sighed, collapsing into his arms as he wrapped them around my back, enveloping me. He kissed me with more desire for my pleasure than his and his lips were purposely agonizing me as they crept against my neck, brushing ever so lightly against the hair on my skin.

“Oh,” I said, as flutters danced in my body, pirouetting in my chest.

“Wanna cum again?” he whispered and smiled as I nodded.

He inhaled me into his lungs as he kissed me and I willingly synced my breathing with his. He groaned and I shuddered as his finger skimmed my clit before pressing harder, rubbing into it. I bit his bottom lip and he pulled me by the back of my head with his strong hand, kissing me harder as his other hand worked me into a frenzy.

I was whining and dragging out moans as the hardness of his thighs pressed into the softness of my bottom.

As I threw my head back, he speared through me with his kisses on my neck, moving his fingers to my plump labia, rubbing against hidden pleasure zones there. He rubbed both clit and labia with the heel of his hand and all five fingers until I was shaking around him. He finished me off with two strong fingers before pushing me off him.

“Mmm.” I smiled.

“You should go in now before they start looking for you,” he said with a chuckle as I leaned forward for more kisses, not even close to being ready to leave his warm, toned, sexy swimmers’ body.

Chapter 32

Jared

She'd put a spell on me, and it had me smiling like a Cheshire cat as I completed a backstroke in the pool. The morning had never felt so crisp or smelled so fresh even though it was just minutes after five and the sun hadn't come up yet. Work didn't start until eight which was just as well because I was cruising in the warmth of this water, stretching my limbs languidly and making soft splashes. It felt like I was dancing, and I grinned at how graceful I was.

Mmm, being with Tiffany was like a treat that I couldn't help but overindulge in, and she left me feeling like I could do anything after. In fact, after this swim, the only thing that could make this morning better would be a dip in her ocean. After completing one final breaststroke to the other end, I used my arms to launch my body out of the pool. My biceps and triceps felt kissed by the action as my bones and muscles relaxed with ease. My mostly gray hair was plastered on my forehead, and I smoothed it out of my face, walking to the locker to grab my towel and dry off. While I was there, I thought it best to grab my phone as well so that I could send

Tiffany a message. It was only fair since I couldn't get her off my mind.

'Good morning beautiful, can't stop thinking about you,' I typed on my way to the showers.

I didn't expect to get a response right away and my pulse raced ridiculously when I did. *'I know. I'm pretty unforgettable,'* she said.

I grinned. *'You're up?'* I asked, getting an idea. *'Are you in a rush this morning or do you have some time?'*

'Time for what?' she responded.

'Guess,' I said.

She sent a voice message back, laughing. *'Come over.'* Followed by a text message with her entire address.

I almost jumped and kicked my heels. I was a fool for her and I was done fighting it. I didn't know what I was thinking before.

Lies.

I knew what I was thinking.

Chris. And how much it would make me a bad friend to go behind his back and sleep with his twenty-one-year-old sister who was sixteen years younger than all of us. How I needed to resist her and in trying to resist her I forced myself to continue resenting her even though my resentment pretty much faded that day she stormed in here and stood by the pool with those smooth legs over my head, taunting me.

But I couldn't keep lying to myself anymore and I couldn't keep lying to her. It would be nice if I didn't have to lie to Chris either, but it would be better if he didn't know. He wouldn't take kindly to it.

And although I knew, I didn't want to have to think about what kind of friend that made me anymore. I didn't want to keep sneaking around behind his back, but I had to because I didn't want to lose him and I didn't want to lose her.

It didn't make me a great person either, treating Tiffany like shit when I felt the opposite for her. People gave me this reputation for being an asshole and maybe I was sometimes because I was afraid of feeling and letting my guard down. With Tiffany, I didn't want to be afraid anymore. Too much time had been spent restraining myself and driving myself absolutely insane with the thought of her. So I was being selfish and disloyal, but I was also being true to myself and my real feelings for her. She filled me with a craving that almost felt addictive, and I wasn't going to keep holding myself back from what I wanted—from what she and I both wanted.

'Be there in ten,' I said, dropping my phone in my pouch that held my sleek, travel-size bottles of aftershave, deodorant, cologne, lotion, and body wash along with my electric beard trimmer. A clean-shaven face was not a fan favorite since I couldn't work out if it made me look younger or older. So I liked going in for a trim—a shorter, cleaner look. Plus the beard helped to accentuate my jaw line and I had a pretty good jawline. Leaving that shower, I smelled great, and I was hoping I smelled good enough to consume.

In the morning after a swim and after a shower, I usually changed into sweatpants and a sweater that I wore upstairs to grab my suit out of my office and used the upstairs bathroom to don my work attire. So I had an extra pair of sweatpants and sweater that were clean and hadn't been worn yet. Grabbing those, I wished they were gray, but I didn't keep gray sweatpants at work. They were black. Couldn't go wrong with black or navy blue at work. A silver watch and sneakers were my accessories. I blow-dried my short hair until it was mostly dry and checked myself out a few times before I was out the door. I wanted to look and smell good for her. It felt like going over to her place was a next step for us. It made me feel honored to be let into her space.

It was after six in the morning when I showed up at her door which meant I had a good solid hour with her, but when she opened the door wearing nothing but an open silk robe, I didn't want to waste any time.

"Hey," she started, but before she could even complete her words, I was scooping her up and wrapping her legs around my waist. Mostly because I couldn't wait to grab hold of her naked body but partly because I was worried someone was going to step through their door and see her standing there, all boobs, smooth skin, and glorious red pubic hair. Which was why I glanced around quickly before I picked her up. That made her giggle. But as soon as the door was closed, her laugh quietened and was replaced with soft moans as she kissed me.

Lowering her to the carpet, I raised myself up to get just as naked as her, which was easy since I didn't wear any

underwear. She gasped as soon as I sprung free, and I hardened instantly at the look of desire in her eyes.

We'd never been completely naked together—at least one of us had always been clothed. And even when she got naked, I didn't get a good look at her. So I feasted my eyes upon her now, taking the time to drink her in as she laid on her back with her knees facing the ceiling. Her legs were splayed and her labia beneath her tuft was blushing. In the bright light of her living room I could see everything.

Her reddish-orange nipples were erect and her skin was silky smooth. Groaning, I couldn't help but reach out and rub my callous palms over her soft thighs and her trembling belly before cupping her modest breasts.

“You're beautiful,” I breathed, lowering myself over her to press my body against her, feeling her naked body against all of me for the first time. She wrapped her arms around my back and pulled me even closer into the warmth of her skin, sighing and moaning as she ran her hands up and down my body. She stroked my hair and gazed up into my eyes while she wrapped her legs around my hips.

“You smell delicious,” she said, and I didn't know why I blushed when I'd made the decision to smell delicious, but it felt nice to know that I'd accomplished just that.

“So do you,” I said. “You smell divine,” I whispered against her lips before kissing her. She smelled like her natural scent and vanilla. She panted with each separation of our lips and moaned the deeper our kisses grew, moving her hips below

me, trying to find my tip. I grinned. “You don’t even want to wait, do you?” I asked.

“I’ve been waiting too long,” she gasped.

My dick jumped at the sound of that, the desperation for my hardness in her voice. She was already soaking wet when I reached down to stroke her. She moaned and I groaned.

“So you have,” I said, crashing my lips against hers and moving my hips against hers as she dug her nails into my back from the sensation of us simply moving against each other. Then I bridged her gap, edging into her, feeling electricity tickle my tip as I dipped out and edged her again.

She moaned even louder, writhing beneath me. As I moved to take her breasts into my mouth, she grabbed me by the face and looked me in my eyes. “I want you inside me, NOW,” she emphasized with a raise of her brows.

“Well, okay then. Pushy.” I smiled before pressing into her with all of me.

“Yes, yes, yes.” She squirmed before I even started moving. Her eyes rolled over, and as much as every single nerve in my body was being attacked with pleasure, I amused myself with her reaction, fighting against my own desire to just watch her without thrusting. Her eyes flew open as she stared at me at first in frustration until she saw that I was grinning. She whined, “Please, do something.”

“Anything?” I asked as I started to pull myself out of her.

She locked her legs around my hips, pulling me forward. “Anything but that,” she said, moving her hips below me, and I groaned at the pull of her pussy on my length. Game time was over. I plunged myself deeper in her and shuddered as she screamed out in pleasure, biting her lips and nodding as I lost control of myself, pressing my head into her neck and fucking her until we were both spent, staring up at the ceiling together.

Chapter 33

Tiffany

Yawning and stretching did a body good. It felt almost as great as an orgasm. It was after seven at night and I was just getting ready to leave work. But I was not in the mood to go home.

No, I was in the mood for something much hotter.

Tingles danced on my neck, rushing through my body to the bottom of my feet. I swung my leg from side to side because I liked the way it smushed and released the folds between my legs. My nipples were so sensitive, I could feel the material of my button-down shirt rub against them above the thin fabric of my bra. My hole kept puckering and I was damp with need. The memory of Jared this morning made me desperate to touch myself. And so many days had passed since I last saw Mario and Anthony that my body was overwhelmed with desire for them too.

As I ground my ass against my chair, I wanted to slip my hand beneath the waist of my trousers. But I wasn't the only one in the office and it was far too small for me to get away with much. Besides, touching myself would only alleviate the

pressure a little bit before I needed to be filled—and I needed to be filled so badly. My breathing increased and my blood pounded with the thought of all three men filling all three of my holes. It was ridiculous how horny I was, and I wondered if they were still at work.

The thought of texting them to ask did cross my mind but well, if I did, they'd know what I wanted. And if they knew what I wanted, I couldn't pull a Jared and surprise them at work.

My body was roaring with need and I could barely wait much longer. As soon as my computer shut down, I grabbed my cardigan and ran out the door without saying bye to anyone.

If I had a vibrating dick in my car, that would've been great. It could've filled me up until I got there. But then again, safety first. If I had that thing inside me on the drive over, I probably wouldn't get there. Well, that turned dark quickly. I threw my bag and jacket in, pulling out of the parking lot and stopping at a pharmacy nearby for some lube and condoms.

My pulse raced between my legs and I was growing damper as my car jerked over a pothole, nearly sending my arousal through the roof. I hoped they were there, and I hoped they were available, otherwise I would need to stop by a sex store and pick up a few rubber penises for tonight.

Damn, I felt like I was going out of my mind. I'd never been this horny before, but once the thought of all three of them inside me had entered my mind, there was no stopping my

body from going mad, cheering on my idea. Fuck, I needed some damn music or something to distract me a little bit so that I could focus on the road.

* * *

The office wasn't packed when I got in—thankfully because I passed a few people on my way to Mario's office who were surprised to see me here this late. I had to make up an excuse about coming here to see Mario after work, the man *my brother* assigned to be my *mentor* because I needed some advice. I stressed the brother and mentorship part to them so they wouldn't start drawing the right conclusions.

That only caused a few of them to volunteer to be my listening ear and I had to tell them that it was a personal decision that I only entrusted with Mario. Dang, I thought I'd never stop talking to people on what seemed like every floor as people got on the elevator to leave the building. By the time I got to Mario's floor, my arousal had simmered a bit. Maybe I should've thanked them for that because I'd thought desire was going to drive me through the roof and it would've made it impossible for me to contain myself when entering the building.

Mario's back was turned as he stood by the bookshelf in his office, and I snuck in, closing the door loud enough to alert him. He jumped only slightly, but it was funny nonetheless. When he spun around and spotted me, I was grinning. His face lit up. I hadn't seen him in a whole week. His feet quickened toward me, and I had to stop him.

“Be careful. I just told a bunch of people that I was here to see my *mentor*,” I whispered before he launched his lips toward mine and got us caught.

He let out a breath of frustration, looking beyond me to the glass walls where two people in conversation with each other walked by. He waved me to the couch, and I smiled.

“Where have you been? I’ve been trying to get in touch with you for days,” he asked, groaning with his words.

“I was busy. Why? Did you miss me?” I asked, sitting down and placing my purse made from cactus leather beside me.

“Exceedingly,” he groaned. “Work kept you busy?” he asked.

“That.” I nodded. “And reconciling with Jared.” I raised one brow up at him, blushing.

“Really?” he asked, his voice going low and sultry. “Well, then. Tired of him already?” he teased.

Rolling my eyes at him, I smiled before getting up and moving closer to him to sit at the chair in front of his desk. “Actually,” I whispered, leaning in, “I want to surprise him. I’m kind of hoping we can recreate that moment with all four of us in the file room.”

His skin reddened and his eyes darkened as he gulped, leaning in. “Yes, ma’am,” he said, running his eyes across my lips and along my skin so that I burned.

His eagerness made me smile. It was as if he wanted to reach across the table and pull me in his lap. There was that

throb again from earlier.

“Is Anthony here?” I asked, taking my shoes off.

“Let me check,” he said, reaching for the phone. I moved my foot under the table and underneath the leg of his pants, caressing his ankle. He kept his eyes on me as he spoke to Anthony. “Guess who’s here,” he said. “And she’s requesting an orgy in the file room.”

Smiling at him, I removed my foot from his ankle and stroked the inside of his leg. His eyes registered delight and shock as he narrowed his eyes playfully at me, almost winking while he smiled.

“Is Jared there?” he asked. “Yeah, she wants to see him too. Meet us in his office. She wants to surprise him.” He bit his lip and groaned when my foot stroked his member through his pants, hanging the phone up. “Damn, where did you learn that?” he asked, reaching to grab my foot before I could pull it away.

I giggled. “Movies,” I said.

He grinned, pressing into the sole of my feet with his thumb, massaging the ball of my feet and the instep. “You’re a good student,” he murmured.

“Aren’t I?” I groaned, tempted to throw my head back and moan out loud but reminding myself at the last minute that my foot was under the table for a reason.

He grinned, releasing me. The need to throw myself in his arms and have him ravage me made me put my shoe back on

and head out the door to Jared's office as soon as possible.

I was approaching Jared's office when I saw him staring at the screen, working. Instantly, I was hit with memories of this morning on my living room floor, and a smile climbed up my face. Just then Jared saw me looking at him through his glass wall and it felt like time froze for a bit until I bumped into Anthony, who had come from the other direction and was opening Jared's door for me.

"Hey there, stranger." Anthony smiled down at me and his gray eyes had my pulse going crazy.

"Hey, you." I smiled. He let his eyes move over my body and I could tell that he was undressing me in his head. I blushed red as he stepped aside to let me in the office, coming in after me.

Chapter 34

Jared

Think of the devil... Well, she wasn't the devil for me anymore, although she did wicked things to my body. Our eyes connected and blood rushed toward my dick instantly. Yet, somehow, my stomach started feeling queasy when I realized she was coming to me with Mario and Anthony. I wasn't sure what to think and that paranoid voice visited me again. *Told you she was trouble. You fell into her trap. Now, she's here to really take you down. Using your best friends too.*

Nausea competed with desire as I watched her approach my desk, smiling at me. "You're not the only one who can pop up at my place of work for a quickie, Mr. Crawford," she said, almost whispering.

A breath rushed from me in relief. Maybe it was going to take me some more time to fully let go and trust that she wasn't out to get me, but for now, I loved what I was hearing. I looked toward my door and saw that it was locked. Smiling up at her and leaning back in my chair, I studied her body in that sleeveless cotton button-up shirt tucked into loose-legged

black trousers. Her hair was free around her shoulders now and she'd put on some lipstick, which I hadn't seen her wear in all the time she was at court.

"Is that what this is?" I asked.

"What else would it be?" she asked.

I looked from her to Mario and Anthony, who were looking at her as if they wanted to eat her up on the spot, and the memory of the first time I'd fucked her was bright in my mind. "Looks like this is gonna be more than just a quickie," I said.

"You have great observational skills, Jared." She leaned against my desk. "Don't you want some more of me?" she asked with a wicked smile.

"What's the matter? Still can't get enough of me?" I asked, flashing back to this morning.

"Not yet," her voice rasped. "Why don't you meet us in the file room?"

Damn. I was at work and still had quite a bit to get done. But there was a privilege that came with being your own boss. The idea of watching her get fucked, get warmed for me to fuck her, to see her overcome with too much pleasure to handle, was hardening me as I sat here.

"Okay." I smiled. "But!"

She'd started heading toward the door. She spun around with questioning brows. "But?" she asked.

“Let me go in there first. Give me ten minutes before you come. I’ll pretend you’ve just come in and asked me for something and I’m going to retrieve a file. Mario will come with you to look for me. And Anthony can give us ten minutes before he comes,” I said.

“What the heck, why am I last?” Anthony asked.

“Because I said so,” I said, walking toward the door.

“Well, excuse me. Who made you boss?” he asked.

I pointed at my name and title on the door, grinning before turning to Tiffany. “See you soon,” I whispered, wanting to touch her face and kiss her lips but having to restrain myself. My balls hardened and I groaned, making the walk to the file room uncomfortable. Thank goodness there was no one on the associates’ floor. It was appreciated when the associates stayed back late on any other night because it showed their dedication to the role they signed up for, that they chose for life, which wasn’t an easy role. But tonight, I would’ve paid them to leave myself. I was glad that they weren’t here to witness this ridiculous walk I had as I tried to keep my balls from rubbing up against the inside of my leg.

As soon as I approached the file room, I ducked inside, leaving the door open behind me while looking at the shelf where I had her the last time. The memory of the moment I slipped inside her and knew that there would be no turning back after that roared within me. I remembered the exciting rush that ran through my body as I watched Anthony fuck her, as Mario kissed her and we all took turns dipping in and out of

her. She was so fucking happy being drilled by all of us, her red face was full of pure bliss.

My dick grew, tightening as I grabbed hold of myself outside of my pants. It was so fucking hard at this point that I wanted to slip inside her as soon as she stepped through the door. Ten minutes had never felt so long as I searched the file room to make sure that no one was working in here. *Fuck*. I grinned to myself. She was dangerous and I liked it.

As I took a seat at the desk in the back, tapping my finger against the wood and running my hand through my hair, I tried to remember why in the world I suggested ten minutes. Ten minutes was a long fucking time. I groaned, removing my jacket and tie that felt too hot and constricting all of a sudden. I wondered if she was enjoying the fact that I was in here growing more and more desperate by the second or if she was burning with as much desire as I was.

Fucking hell. The hand on my watch seemed to be taking forever to move. At one point, I wondered if it had just stopped moving all together, but looking closer I could see that it was in fact moving, it was just irritatingly slow.

Damn. I started tapping my feet, trapped with nothing but the company of my own thoughts. No one in their right mind could have convinced me that the day would come where I shared one woman with my best friends. We were all so different and wanted different things from a partner. Mario wanted love and a family, Anthony wanted short-term flings and was only there for the pleasure, and I...well I hadn't really

thought about what I wanted because I'd always been too busy to commit to anything else but this firm.

I knew I wanted to be with someone, but I didn't know if I could. I wasn't sure if I was ready. But I knew that for the first time in a long time I was living on the wild side and it felt good. Tiffany felt good.

Damn it. She felt really good. Where the hell were they? *Now* they decided to listen to what I had to say, actually honoring those ten minutes? I groaned, flopping my head on the desk while my body roared with need.

Chapter 35

Mario

Tiffany's ass bewitched me as we walked toward the file room. It had been a whole week since I'd seen her last. Since we met, I'd found what used to be easy far more difficult when it came to sex. She made me hungry for her all the time and it was hard being away from her for a week. Before her, I'd been able to go months without sex, even years, but somehow I couldn't get away from her need for pleasure. She had an insatiable need to be fucked and it just made sex so much more maddening.

Whatever I'd been doing in my life before I met her felt fuzzy and I found that I was grateful each time we got together. There wasn't just one specific thing about her, which made it hard for me to put my finger on the reason I found her so irresistible. I knew I admired her drive and she impressed me with her work ethic, but she also knew how to turn it off. She knew when to submit and surrender to the moment.

She also knew when to take charge and demand what she wanted. It could be her duality or the element of surprise that was constant with her. Maybe it was the ease with which she

let go and trusted us or the fact that she didn't want or need just one person to please her or build a life with, although I'd certainly be open to that if things were different and she wasn't my best friend's little sister. For now, she was just having fun and that was infectious.

It was different being with someone I really liked, that I wanted to be around all the time, and not being able to envision a future with them. Because as fun as this was, I liked commitment, and that was something I wasn't sure I could have with her. So I tried to turn off my desire for more and tune into the time I got to spend with her. Make the most of it. Indulge in her and savor every part of her body, every sigh, every grip, and every moan.

We didn't go more than a week without seeing each other and usually it was agony for us both. Whenever we'd meet up again, I'd release all my pent-up passions on her. She'd let me and she'd do the same. This time, it wasn't just work that kept us apart and she wasn't as agonized as I was. It was firing something up inside of me. She'd ignored my messages because she'd reconciled with Jared, which I was happy about—thank goodness because he would have driven me nuts—but I couldn't say I wasn't jealous of the fact that whatever he gave her satisfied her so much that she didn't need me or want me for a whole week by choice. So tonight I wanted to strip her down and show her what she'd missed out on.

“Pretty sure it doesn't take that long to find a file,” I said out loud as a colleague walked by. “I hope you don't mind if I stop by the file room to see what's taking him so long. I just

really need that file,” I said to Tiffany, walking ahead of her now.

“No, that’s fine,” she said, playing along. “I was just hoping to talk to someone about this new job and some concerns that I had.”

“Right. So, tell me about it,” I said, approaching the file room and stepping aside to allow her to walk ahead of me.

“I don’t know, I’m not sure if I want anyone to overhear what I’m saying, that’s why I wanted to talk to you in the privacy of your office,” she said, looking pointedly at an associate who was just coming out of the bathroom.

“Good night, Mr. Sharpe,” the associate muttered before hurrying toward their bag to drive home the fact that they were not eavesdropping and didn’t deserve the look Tiffany gave them.

“Good evening, have a good night now,” I said in response, hiding a chuckle as I turned toward Tiffany. “That’s why there’s a door. For privacy. And I promise you, you’ll have all my attention.”

After I closed the door behind us I grinned at Tiffany before picking her up and throwing her over my shoulder. She squealed and I bit her ass through her pants, spanking her as I carried her to the back. Jared hopped up from his desk as if he had giant springs in the bottom of his shoes.

“About damn time,” he said, groaning as I put her down. He pulled her into his arms, kissing her lips like a starving

caveman. I swore, tugging on her arm to pull her back to me.

“Wait your turn, Crawford, I’ve been craving her all week,” I said, speaking into her lips before pressing my body and my mouth into hers, grabbing her ass and squeezing it like it was something I’d been deprived of for years. She moaned and gasped as I broke the kiss to lick and kiss her neck, moving my finger down to unbutton her blouse.

She moaned, tugging on my hair with the same type of need I felt when I gripped her ass. It was urgent. I felt her shake against me, and I looked up to see Jared’s tongue in her ear. He had his hand down her pants, rubbing her ass. I moved my fingers faster to rid her of her shirt and turn her attention back toward me.

Shoving her bra up over her breasts, I licked her nipple while I unbuttoned her pants. If Jared’s hands came around to cup her before I could, I was going to slap his hand away. I tugged her pants over her hips and dipped my finger in her underwear, finding her already soaking wet as I circled her clit, slowly at first. She turned her head away from Jared’s mouth, rotating her hips against my finger, gasping, moaning, and whispering my name.

Fuck, that’s what I wanted. As soon as she came, I flung off my jacket and my shirt, tripping over my pants as I set myself free to bend before her and take her soft, plump pussy into my mouth. The feel of her red pubic hair grazing my nose and filling me with her scent drugged me. As I began sucking her

clit and tonguing her hole, I went for it hard until she was losing her balance, toppling over.

When I gripped her hips, Jared let her lay against his chest. Tension reddened her face and erected her veins as she stared at me eating the absolute fuck out of her pussy. Her hips jerked and bobbed against my face as she sobbed my name. Still, I didn't stop. I threw her legs over my shoulder and prolonged her orgasm while Jared dipped his head to kiss her neck and caress her breasts. She orgasmed again in less than a minute, panting from exhaustion as tears filled her eyes.

"Damn." She started laughing. "That was so good, you got me emotional," she said, reaching for me as I stood up, pulling me into her for a kiss. She began to stroke me, and I thrust against her hand.

"Mm, you feel so good," she whispered, licking her way down my chest and my abs, kissing my pelvis and running her hand over my ass. My cheeks tensed beneath her palm, and I waited. She licked me like I was ice cream, teasing me with fleeting flutters against my shaft. I gritted my teeth.

"Fuck," I said, holding her face and sticking my thumb into her mouth, opening it up while I envisioned my cock submerged in the dark, warm, wet hole. When she sucked on my thumb, enclosing that warmth around me, making me feel just how soft it was, I shook. "Please," I said.

And she smiled. I wasn't sure if I'd ever begged before, but I was going out of my mind. She turned to Jared. "Come

here,” she said, wrapping her hand around his cock just as she wrapped her mouth around mine.

Chapter 36

Anthony

Impatience was suffocating me and it threatened to be the death of me as I paced up and down Jared's office. The clock on the wall took its sweet, aggravating time ticking by. My legs trembled as I waited because I needed to cum before those ten minutes came. Mario and Tiffany had left the office seven minutes ago. That was basically ten minutes, right? I was not going to wait three more minutes. What difference would it make?

Not a single fuck was given about whether or not anyone was looking at me as I raced toward the elevator. They didn't need to know what I was in a rush for. Maybe I got an urgent call. It wasn't their business. I was so happy no one else got on the elevator, which allowed me to be on the associates floor in less than a minute. I hurried toward the file room. Again, no one had to know why I was walking so fast. Maybe I had to pass on a message to someone in there or I needed to collect a file urgently.

Pushing open the door, I was immediately hit by sounds of grunts, groans, wet noises, and moans. Oh shit, I'd already

been semi-hard before opening the door and I was bulging by the time I closed it, putting the lock on it. Clothes started flying off my body on my way toward them as I tossed my loose-fitted beige corduroy jacket to one side and tugged my white t-shirt over my head before crumpling it and tossing to the other side. I unbuckled my black slacks as I walked, stepping out of them and kicking them aside to enter into a scene that left my dick dripping with precum.

Mario and Jared's heads were tossed back as Tiffany crouched before them, the curve of her bottom hovered over the floor, the smoothness of her back arched as she sucked Jared off and jerked off Mario.

"Fuck," I whispered, but they couldn't hear me over Tiffany's gobbling and their groans. I started to stroke my own dick and run my hand across the hairs on my chest. Jerking myself off felt good but I wanted some of what they were having.

"Shit," Jared grunted, gripping her hair and bouncing her head on top of him until she gagged and popped her mouth off him. He dipped to kiss her before she moved her mouth over to Mario. Both Jared and Mario spotted me and jumped a little.

"Fuck, man. You scared the shit out of me," Jared said.

"I know, right? He's like a fucking ghost, silent as hell, just watching us," Mario said, gasping as Tiffany pulled her mouth away to turn and look at me.

"Mmm," she moaned, smiling before she got up and walked over to me. "I can't wait to taste you," she said, kissing me on

the neck, stroking my low but scraggly beard, tugging on my chest hair before bending over to take me in her mouth.

I sighed, running my hand over her back as I humped her mouth. Mario and Jared exchanged looks with each other before moving forward to her exposed ass. I wasn't sure but I was sensing a bit of competition between them. That was hilarious, but I could relate.

Mario got to her first, massaging her ass and rubbing his dick against her. She moaned, pausing to look over her shoulder as she stroked me with her hand.

“Do you want me?” Mario asked.

“Mmhm, yes, please.” She nodded, biting her lip. I wanted to see her face as he entered her, so I tilted her head toward me, watching as her mouth parted, feeling her breath on my finger when she gasped and moaned, witnessing the fluttering of her lashes as her eyes rolled over.

“Mm, yes,” she whined, before enclosing me in her mouth again.

The sound of Mario's dick slapping her pussy and her echoing moans had me close. I had to pull myself from her mouth for a few seconds as I wrapped my hand around my dick, squeezing it as if begging it not to give out—not yet. Mario swore and reached for the back of her neck before he pulled her back against him. Her soft ass was pressed up against his hips and her arched back made her ass appear bigger as he had one hand around her stomach and another

around her neck, holding her taut while he pounded the shit out of her.

“Yes, yes,” she cried, and her eyes were squeezed so tightly, I was sure she forgot that we were in the room as her body clenched and she started vibrating against him. He kept on going, bending his knees and pounding her even harder, prompting her to scream out in pleasure, crying actual tears. What the fuck got into Mr. Tender today? He was a fucking animal, and I was inspired.

As I watched sweat drip from her neck, between her breasts and down her stomach, my eyes were brought to her tuft of hair and my mind to her pearl. Walkinig over to her, I tugged Mario’s hand away from her neck as I pressed my finger against her clit and sucked on her lips, loving the way she breathed and moaned in my mouth. He pounded her hole and I jerked her off, sucking the fuck out of her tongue. She threw her hand in my curls and tugged my head backward as she came, flopping over me, biting into my neck and clutching my shoulders.

“Fuck, sweetheart,” I said as her nails dug into my shoulder and she started breathing as if she was about to pass out. “You all right there?” I asked, and her laugh was breathy as she nodded. I reached for her legs and pulled her off Mario. He shook as her body left his. “Need a break?” I asked her, wrapping her legs around me.

“No,” she said, dipping to kiss me.

“You sure?” I asked.

“I’m sure,” she said, looking into my eyes and running her hand through my hair so that I could feel her fingers graze my scalp, sending electricity straight to my dick.

“Good,” I groaned, lifting her over my erection, bouncing her against it before holding her body flush against me and pounding her pussy without much breathing room between my shaft and her hole.

“Oh my goodness,” she gasped, flopping her head against mine before resting it on my shoulder, tugging on my hair, moaning. She felt so good pressed up so close against my dick. It made her feel tighter than ever and allowed me to go deeper.

Our bodies were soaked with sweat and she was slipping from me, but she felt too good for me to stop. I wrapped my arms around her back, holding her tight as I fucked her, but eventually her slipping legs started to flail.

“Fuck,” I grunted, and she started laughing as I walked her over to the desk to lay her down on her back.

“Age catching up on those arms, Mr. Whitlocke?” she teased, running her hands along them as I climbed over her.

“Today was arm day at the gym,” I quipped.

“Oh, is that so?” She grinned.

I nodded, slipping right into her and watching as her grin left her face and her mouth fell open. Her sighs made me warm and eager to press my body against her, watching her face as I pleased her. She licked her lips, swallowing from the way her head was tilted back against the desk. I kissed her

neck and felt her walls clench around my dick, gripping me and providing friction as I thrust in her. Shit, that felt so good. I hovered over her, trying to get as much of that clench and release as I could.

“Anthony,” she breathed first, and as a wave of pleasure ran through her, I felt her tighten around me as she screamed my name even louder. “Anthony!”

“Fuck.” I staggered against her as she came, holding my breath as I tried not to cum, pulling myself out at the last second, hopping off the table and walking away to let my blood settle.

Chapter 37

Tiffany

Glee. Pure bliss ran through me as I lay on my back, stretching my limbs and feeling my muscles breathe and sigh. Blood ebbed and flowed over my bones and kissed every nerve. Closing my eyes, I threw my head back, smiling. Two hands clasped mine and pulled me up from the desk. I opened my eyes to gaze in Jared's, all dark, intense, and hungry. I smiled at him, wrapping my arms around his neck, sighing as he moved his lips over my throat. "You look like you've had enough," he said, running his calloused hands over my spine.

"On the contrary," I said, dipping my hand to stroke him. "I'm perfectly warm."

He gasped and jerked in my palm, and I bit his bottom lip. "I want to show you what I've learned," I whispered against his ear, jerking him off as Mario and Anthony watched me. I arched my back for them as I brought Jared close to the edge and pulled my hand away.

"I have a surprise for you all," I said, spinning in the direction of my purse to pull out the pack of condoms and lube

I bought earlier.

Walking over to Anthony and Mario, I smiled at them. “Do you know what these are for?” I asked.

Mario grinned, pulling me into his arms. Anthony groaned, coming behind me to sandwich me.

“Oh yeah, we know,” Mario said, kissing my lips and pressing his rod between my legs as Anthony’s hardness pushed up against my ass while he kissed my neck.

“Want to show Jared what we’ve learned?” I asked, excited and so turned on.

“Anything you want, sweetheart,” Anthony whispered in my ear.

“Yes, please,” Mario groaned.

“I wasn’t speaking to you,” Anthony quipped.

“I didn’t think you were smartass,” Mario said, tapping the side of Anthony’s head.

I grinned, pushing lightly against Mario’s chest. “You, go and lie down. I want you to fill my pussy,” I said.

“Mm, I love it when you say pussy.” He grinned, hurrying over to the desk. Feeling Anthony’s breath on the back of my neck, I turned my head toward him for a kiss, reaching back to caress his hair.

“You. I want you to take my ass,” I moaned, rubbing my ass cheeks against his erection. He bit his lip, and I ran my nails

through his mostly dark beard because he was just so damn sexy.

He walked me over to Mario, who was laying on his back with his arms behind his head, watching me with a smile while his member stood erect, promising to stroke my walls. I sucked in a breath before climbing over his muscled body, kissing my way up to his neck and throwing my leg over him. Unable to wait much longer, I handed him and Anthony a condom and placed the lube on the desk.

Lowering my lips to Mario's, I stroked his pecs and abs, feeling them tense beneath my fingers. I thrust my other hand in his hair, gazing down into his blue eyes while he reached up to frame my face with his hands.

"I've been yearning for all three of my holes to be filled all evening," I said against his lips.

He moaned. "Three?"

I nodded. "My mouth, my ass, and my pussy," I said the last one slowly because he liked the way it sounded when it left my tongue. He pulled me into a long, slow kiss that made my toes curl and held my face against his so that I couldn't move—even when his beard scratched up against my cheek and neck, when he kissed my jaw, and when I could feel his mustache tickle me. I moaned as he nibbled my ear and stuck his tongue inside.

He was driving me insane. I pushed off him so that I could sit up straight and lower my crotch over him, smiling as his thick manhood stretched me. Biting my lip, I moaned as my

nipples tingled. I balanced myself with one hand on his belly and the other on his leg behind me, bouncing on top of him and riding him until I orgasmed again.

Ecstasy left me feeling unstable and I couldn't hold up my own body weight as I fell over him and rolled my hips against his, sucking him deeper, shuddering as he squeezed and spread my ass cheeks. Anthony groaned and I felt him spit at my anus before licking and tonguing it. *Ooh!* I shuddered.

My whole body turned into water and my clit swelled as I ground it into Mario's pelvis. Anthony held my ass still, pressing into my lower back with both hands. He pressured my asshole with his mouth, spitting and licking until I could feel it pucker. He didn't say much as he filled my anus with lube and slathered himself in it. He slipped inside me easier than before because I felt like my ass remembered the feel of him and was desperate to feel him again, opening up for him.

"Mmm." I bit my lip and my whole body started shaking from the downpour of pleasure raining on every single nerve and muscle. I became pleasure in human form. That was my whole being. I couldn't feel my body. All I could feel was sensation.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," I heard Jared swear. "That's so fucking hot."

I could barely speak as I moaned, bouncing back against the fullness in both my holes. My words came out as gasps. "Come here. I want to watch you watch me."

It took a while for my eyes to focus on him through the blur, but when I did all I could see was washboard abs, a narrow waist, and a belly so smooth, flat, and hard it looked like an ironing board. His broad, muscled shoulders that bulged from his neck, toned legs, and dick—lots of it. I licked my lips.

“I want to feel you in my mouth,” I screamed as pleasure exploded in my body from Mario and Anthony stretching and sliding against my walls.

Jared grunted as his hand hovered over his dick. He walked toward me, and my lips swelled up in response. My nipples took on a heartbeat of their own. I had my tongue out before he was even in my mouth, pushing himself so deep I could feel him at the back of my throat. My eyes rolled back in my head. I felt suffocated, in a good way. I could still breathe but the restriction I felt as they moved against me forced me to stay still. That and the taste of Jared’s metallic saltiness in the back of my throat, coating my tongue as Anthony and Mario swore, picking up the pace in their thrusts, made me feel like I had died and gone to heaven.

The loudest sounds in the room were the grunts and groans of my men washing my body in another orgasm. As I came, I felt Jared pull himself from my mouth and swear. I bit my lip and was about to beg him to fill my mouth with him again until I heard him say, “Someone just ran out of the room.”

Anthony and Mario stopped moving. Mario was trying to look over my shoulder. It was an inopportune time to stop right in the middle of my orgasm. I didn’t care that someone

saw us. For the love of all that was good, I just didn't want them to stop. I tried to hold still but I couldn't. My body still bounced against Mario and Anthony, who swore and seemed to be unable to hold themselves back either.

“Did you lock the door?” Jared's panicked voice boomed through my ears.

“Yes,” Anthony panted.

“Are you sure?” Jared asked.

Frustration built in the bottom of my stomach since both men were still inside me. I could still feel them thrusting against me as I bounced my ass against them. If they were going to argue, they were going to have to pull themselves out. Either that or they needed to shut the fuck up and keep fucking me, because I was so confused, I didn't know what to focus on. Desperation wrapped its hand around my throat as they thrust and paused, several times. I decided to take matters into my own hands, speeding my hips up, trying my best to slam my holes against them because they were driving me fucking nuts.

Chapter 38

Jared

My heart thumped out a crazy tune and one month ago flashed into my mind—the sexual harassment claim brought against me. Whoever just ran out of here had gotten quite the sight. I couldn't imagine what they could be thinking, and I was in a position of power. This was inappropriate. I looked down at Tiffany's glossy green eyes staring up at me, her mouth parted, and I listened to her pants. Even with that scare, I hadn't managed to lose my erection. She kept going. It reminded me of when I caught her with Mario and Anthony. She gave zero fucks but to be fucked. I knew then that I couldn't walk away from her. That was the moment we'd fucked. The memory left me yearning to thrust myself against her mouth again as I watched her sexy ass get fucked by my two best friends. But I couldn't because...

I forgot why. Why couldn't I again? It dawned on me then that I was freaking out for no reason. This was the first time I genuinely felt happy over the fact that she was no longer my employee. My penis leaped for joy at the realization and the knowing that I could have her mouth wrapped around me again. That I didn't have to miss out on any of this because

now she was just a woman I was seeing, and we were in my building after hours. We weren't canoodling during work hours and what I got up to with my friends and my woman after work hours in my building was no one's fucking business.

I hurried off to go and lock the door properly this time and I heard Tiffany cry out, "No, please. Don't go."

The panic in her voice made me spin around. Her whole body stopped moving against the guys. They started to pull out of her as she stared at me, knowing that she didn't want to keep going, not if I was going to leave. I smiled at her, moving back over to reassure her that I wanted her just as much as she wanted me, and nothing was going to get in the way of us being with each other again.

Lowering my mouth over hers, I stroked my thumb across her lips, smiling as she moved forward to bridge the tiny gap between us. "I'm not going anywhere." I kissed her. "I'm just going to actually lock the door this time," I said, giving Anthony a look. But Anthony was too mesmerized by the sight of Tiffany's asshole as he stroked his dick, groaning.

While I walked away, I heard them whisper to her, and within seconds they'd picked up where they left off. The sight of it had me rushing forward to close the door so that I could take my position in her mouth as soon as possible.

"Fuck, yes!" I heard her scream as I walked back toward them, and I could see her body moving like she was being exorcised, thrashing about as they held her in place, continuing

to pound into her. Damn, I was sure I was forgetting something, but I couldn't think straight as she smiled up at me before I plunged myself into her mouth. She grabbed hold of me with passion, jerking me off as she sucked me, pulling my balls into her mouth. My knees buckled and I threw my head back, holding on to her hair as she bobbed her head up and down my shaft.

The sound of Anthony and Mario's release caused me to open my eyes to witness them slamming their hips into her on their final thrusts. As soon as Anthony pulled himself out of her, she pulled herself off me and my heart fell. But when she climbed off Mario and wobbled around the desk toward me, still hungry for more, I couldn't breathe.

"Pick me up and fuck me," she demanded, pressing her body into mine.

I had no problem following her instructions. "Come here," I grunted, grabbing her ass as she climbed me, desperate to take me inside her. She didn't have to wait long as I slammed into her, walking her into the shelf behind her to rest her back against it. "Remember the first time we fucked?" I said, using one hand to hold on to the sturdy shelf.

"I couldn't forget if I tried," she tried. "Fuck me hard, Jared. Fuck me like you can't stand me."

I grabbed her by the neck, sucking her tongue into my mouth. "Yes." She nodded, and I drove myself into her with reckless abandon, slamming her back into the shelf until she sobbed happily, orgasming around me. I couldn't hold myself

back either, following her one second after until her sweaty body flopped against me like a noodle. She snuggled into my neck and sighed. Within a few more seconds, she started to snore. I started laughing out loud.

“She’s fast asleep,” I said to Mario and Anthony.

“Fuck, that was quick,” Mario said.

Anthony yawned and stretched, rubbing his chest. “I could use some sleep too,” he said.

“Not here,” I said to him, before caressing Tiffany’s sweet face. “Wake up, hon.” I kissed her cheek and she roused.

“Let’s get you home, okay?” I grinned, stroking her back, feeling peace settle over me as the warmth of our bodies melted into each other, which helped now that we were cooling off and the AC was blasting the heck out our naked backs. She kissed my neck and wrapped around me tighter.

“I could hold you like this forever, but we’ve gotta go.” I spanked her ass and she groaned, releasing her legs from around my hips as I lowered her to the ground so that we could all get dressed.

It was looking like we were all going to need a taxi because it seemed as if we were all pretty satiated and I felt my own yawn pull through my body, soothing me. Watching her get dressed, I thought about how lucky I was and how happy it made me to get past my own fears and ego.

Tonight was absolute perfection. There was no greater high than this. And there was nothing anyone could do or say that

wouldn't make me feel as if I was walking on cloud nine from this moment out.

Chapter 39

Tiffany

It was the weekend, which meant I had the joy of sleeping in and waking up to the bright beam of sunlight being blasted through my window, bathing my bed. I smiled, cuddling my pillow as I turned my face into its warmth. My body was wonderfully sore from last night and I curled my feet up underneath me in pure excitement, reaching for my cell phone off the nightstand.

What I hoped to see were good morning texts from any of my three men and I wanted to send them one of my own, but what I saw when I opened my phone made me squirm.

One hundred missed calls—and I wasn't even exaggerating. Thinking something horrible had happened to someone, I tapped one of them open before pressing my phone to my ear in panic. My mother's voice came screaming through the speaker as if she'd finally had a mental breakdown.

“You have DISGRACED this family! Who would've thought that Chris would be the least problematic child?! How could you do this? What is wrong with you? I did not raise a slut—a WHORE!” she yelled.

Tears sprung to my eyes. She'd said a lot of things to me, things that could easily hurt my feelings, but this...this one was the worst. My father took the phone from her, cutting her off. "Baby, tell me this is a misunderstanding. Did those guys do something to hurt you? Tell me and I'll make sure they never see the light of day again. Did they hurt you?"

I tossed the phone on my mattress as if it was a bomb about to go off and jumped up from my bed, standing far away from it, staring at it. Noise swarmed my head, and I shuffled through the chaos, digging up the memory of last night. My hands started to shake. I hadn't thought about the consequences because I didn't think it would backfire like this.

My mother had never spoken to me like that before. I could always find reason in all the other times she spoke to us questionably by convincing myself that she only wanted what was best for Chris and me, but she just didn't know how to go about it. But this sounded like absolute hate. It sounded as if she didn't even want to be associated with me, and I felt rejected. Abandoned.

And my men! My poor men! Dad's assumptions were not true, and I had to clear that up, but I was finding it hard to breathe as my chest tightened. The thunder in my chest knocked me forward, pushing me on the bed, and I grabbed my phone when the realization hit me that if my parents knew then Chris surely knew. And if Chris knew, the guys were in trouble.

My fingers moved hurriedly as I scrolled through my contacts, pushing my feelings about my parents aside so that I could see through my tears to distinguish the guys' numbers from the other blur of numbers in my phone. One by one, I tried calling them and none of them would answer the phone. My head started to feel too big for the room, the ceiling appeared too small. I felt suffocated, and unlike last night, this was the bad kind of suffocation. Panic enveloped me and I wasn't sure what to do next.

When my phone vibrated in my hand, I almost jumped from my body. I pressed my thumbprint against the screen, unlocking it to find the message as fast as I could. When I saw Mario's name, I could breathe again.

'Sorry. Can't talk right now. Chris said he was having a crisis. He invited me, Jared, and Anthony out for a drink at Lion's bar. Can't get last night off my mind though. See you later?' it read.

Oh no. My internal organs collapsed. Chris was with them. I tried to delude myself about the fact that perhaps he had not found out yet and I scrolled through my phone to see if any of the other missed calls were from him. Of course, there were missed calls from him. Several of them too. I didn't have to listen to any of the voicemail messages for confirmation that he knew. My fingers shook as I hurried to text Mario back. At least if Mario responded just now and he was fine, Chris hadn't confronted them yet. They still had time.

'Chris knows! You and the guys need to leave, NOW,' I responded, and waited.

A minute passed. Nothing. Two minutes. Three minutes. I was going out of my mind. I had a terrible feeling about this. Chris being angry and drunk was not a good combination. I couldn't sit here not knowing what was happening, so I grabbed the first items of clothing I could find—jeans shorts and a tank top. I threw them on with a jacket and some sandals, grabbed my keys, and rushed out the door. Hopefully I got there in time, before Chris hurt them or himself.

Chapter 40

Chris

My stomach burned. My back ached. There was a heavy pressure against the back of my throat. Even my own spit in my mouth disgusted me. Three of them. When I'd first heard about it this morning, I'd thrown up in the toilet because I couldn't get the image of these three grown-ass old fucking men taking advantage of my sister's body. I thought I knew them, but they were these nasty fuckers this whole time. I'd suspected Anthony but Mario? Jared? And I'd pushed for her to strengthen her relationship with them too. Ughhhh. They probably saw me as the biggest fool to ever live and laughed at me as soon as I turned my back.

When my wife heard me throwing up in the bathroom, she had run in to check on me and find out what was wrong, but I couldn't even tell her what I'd just found out. The words felt too corrupt for my mouth. I didn't want to leave her with the images I had stuck in my brain against my free will. That alone made me want to kill them.

I felt stupid and useless.

When I thought about the fact that I'd pushed her relationships with Jared and Mario, it made me wonder if I'd caused this because I'd blindly trusted people I should have been able to trust. They were my best friends, for fuck's sake! Not anymore though. Now they were dead to me. But first, I wanted to confront them face to face. I wanted to look into their eyes and watch them lie to me. Then I wanted to do something my wife would not approve of.

How long had this been going on? My stomach clenched and I bent over in pain as I tried to keep my mind from going there.

That was it. I grimaced at my phone and typed a message, telling them that I needed to meet with them urgently because I had a crisis. They would show up, and not because they cared about me. They couldn't if they'd gone behind my back and done this. If they all went after my younger sister like depraved animals. They'd show up because they had a big secret to hide, and they'd do anything to hide it. And since we were all about secrets, I thought it apt to lie to them about the reason I wanted to see them so I could catch them off guard.

I took a cab to the bar because I couldn't trust myself to drive. Not when I couldn't stop my body from shaking. There was no way I would even have been able to grab the wheel much less start the car. Storming out of the cab, I almost forgot to pay the driver, headed toward the bar only to hear the cab driver arguing about the fact that I was trying to rip him off. I came close to ripping his head off before reminding myself that he was not the problem. The problems were many and

they were sitting inside Lion's Bar, waiting for me. I paid the driver and tipped him before pushing the entrance door open to the mostly empty bar except for a few morning drinkers like myself.

As soon as I saw them sitting there, my instinct was to purchase a few bottles just so I could walk over to them and bash them over their heads. But instead, I tried not to look at them even though I wanted to hear the truth from their own mouths. I wanted to see if they would lie about it. Because the person who told me what they saw had no reason to lie. They wouldn't get anything out of it. It was one of the maintenance workers who I used to chill with at lunch time during my one year working at Jared's law firm. They respected me and I respected them. When they saw what was happening, they weren't sure what to think and they were horrified. I was horrified enough at just the thought, and I wished I could set fire to my brain to erase it.

When Anthony, Jared, and Mario saw me coming toward them, their faces lit up with smiles and I hated them even more because of it. I used to see those smiles and think they were genuine. Those smiles used to make me feel safe around men I saw as my brothers. I ordered a couple glasses of whiskey and knocked back one. I didn't know how to start talking and figured that after the second drink, I'd figure out what the fuck to say, since I was in the mood to do less talking and more fighting.

The second drink wasn't enough, so I ordered another, and as the bartender slid it toward me, my body started to shake

with anger. With how much I was holding back, I could taste expletives on the tip of my tongue.

I felt a hand land on my shoulder as it squeezed me in a show of comfort. I twisted my neck so fast I thought I pulled a muscle. It was Anthony's grimy, nasty, hairy fingers. I looked at his rings and burned with hate.

"You all right there, man?" he asked, and I saw red, tossing my drink back and slamming the glass on the counter. Spinning around, I socked the shit out of his face. He staggered backward and fell to the ground. Everyone in the bar froze.

Anthony held his face in shock, staring up at me in utter rage, and the rage in my own eyes challenged him.

"What the fuck man?" he said, and I felt my top lip start to sweat from the heat blowing from my nose. I stood staring at him like a mad man, my hand still balled up in a fist at my side as I shook uncontrollably. He grew pale in an instant and the rage in his eyes was replaced with sorrow. "You know," he said.

"Yes, I fucking know," I yelled, turning to look at Mario and Jared, who were looking at me like they were deer in headlights. As if they weren't sure how to react and they were convinced that if they froze, I wouldn't see them. "I know Anthony wasn't the only one fucking my little sister!" I said out loud.

From behind me I could hear Anthony yell, "She's twenty-one!"

It felt like the whole earth spasmed at his audacity to talk back to me in a moment like this, when he'd fucked my little sister and betrayed our friendship. I spun around on my heels and was about to launch my entire body on top of him when I felt myself being held back. "I don't care if she's twenty-fucking-one years old!" I screamed.

"I know. I was just saying it because people were staring," he said, trying to get to his feet. I broke free from Mario and Jared's hold, still not registering that they were the ones restraining me.

"You need to stop worrying about what other people think and start worrying whether or not you're going to leave here in one piece," I said, jumping on top of him and pummeling his face until I could see blood.

Again, I felt my body leave the ground as I was pulled up into the air. I swung out of the hold once I realized that it was Mario and Jared and grabbed the first thing I could find, which was a bar stool, flinging it in their direction. Jared ducked and it connected with Mario's forehead, knocking him unconscious. It didn't matter to me that he wasn't moving. I was so angry that it felt satisfying to watch him fall and I was furious that Jared had managed to dodge it. I reached for another stool.

"No, Chris! Stop!" Tiffany's voice rang through me, and I almost thought I'd imagined it. My body froze and spasmed simultaneously as if I touched the light switch with wet hands. I turned to see her running toward Anthony, running her hand

through his hair, touching his face gingerly. She was furious, glaring at me, before she spotted Mario. The life left her eyes as she sped over to him. She grabbed one of their glasses and flung the contents in his face, sighing with teary relief as he jumped awake. She clutched him close to her chest and I almost threw up.

By the look in her eyes, I knew that they hadn't taken advantage of her. She'd chosen to be with them. And she'd chosen to lie to me about it. She'd chosen to treat me like a fool just as much as they had, and my heart shattered.

I saw her in a new light. She was no longer perfect and pure. She was dirty and disgusting. Just like them, she was dead to me. I dropped the stool, feeling a scary sense of peace engulf me, before walking toward her and sticking my hand out.

“Give me your apartment keys,” I said.

“What?” She lowered her brows. “Why?”

“Because I didn't buy this apartment for you and them. If this is what you want, fine. But I won't be enabling it. Give me your apartment keys,” I said, raising my voice. “Let one of your man-whores find somewhere to put you up.”

I didn't move until she placed her keys in the palm of my hand. And I chose not to zoom in on the fact that her hand shook when she did. I simply snatched them and stormed out the bar, slamming the door behind me.

I was done with them all.

Continue reading with Laws of Attraction
Book 3 – Appealing Evidence

Other Titles by Carmen Black

Life in the Brohouse

- Bully, Enemies to Lovers, College, Reverse Harem -

RoomHates

Kindle - Paperback - Discreet Paperback

RoomMates

Kindle - Paperback - Discreet Paperback

FlatMates

Kindle – Paperback – Discreet Paperback

Another Roommate

Kindle – Paperback – Discreet Paperback

Seth

Kindle – Paperback – Discreet Paperback

Hunter

Kindle – Paperback – Discreet Paperback

Lucas

Kindle – Paperback – Discreet Paperback

Roommate on the Way

Kindle – Paperback – Discreet Paperback

Family

Kindle– Paperback – Discreet Paperback

The Wickedly Grim Series

- Dark Fairytale Retellings -

Ashes to Glass

Kindle – Paperback

Darkest Depths

Coming soon!

Laws of Attraction

- College, Brother's Best Friends, Age Gap -

Joint Custody

Kindle – Paperback

Pleading Innocence

Kindle – Paperback

Appealing Evidence

Kindle – Paperback

All the Wrong Things

- Dark, Mafia/Crime, Reverse Harem -

Breaking Free

Kindle – Paperback

Fractured Chances

Kindle – Paperback

Broken Reign

Kindle – Paperback

The Princes of Powell

- Bully, Enemies to Lovers, College, Reverse Harem -

Catalyst

Get Your Free eBook Copy!

Revenge

Kindle – Paperback

Recover

Kindle – Paperback

About Carmen Black

Thanks for reading!

If you enjoy my work, you'll love being a part of my
newsletter or reader group!

Click here to sign up for my newsletter!

If you haven't already, you can sign up for my newsletter for more exclusive (and **FREE!**) books.

Click here join the Scarlet Harlots Facebook
reader group!

About Carmen Black

With a penchant for a nice glass of red and a good steamy story, Carmen Black can usually be found either writing at her computer or snuggled under a blanket as she binges one of her favorite TV series. Either way, her four-legged fur babies, Crash and Chloe, are always by her side as she crafts wicked tales of unconventional love.