

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



*Rough*  
**JUSTICE**

**KYANN WATERS**

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Rough Justice

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# *ROUGH JUSTICE*

**KyAnn Waters**

*Dedication*

*Thank you to sexy boys of summer and passionate men in uniforms.*

*Trademark Acknowledgements*

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## Chapter One

Damn, damn, damn!

Roxanne Savage slammed her palm against the steering wheel of her far-from-practical sports coupe. The engine responded with another sputter then died. She steered the drifting car to the side of the road, groaned, then leaned back against the headrest.

This was not her night. Five miles from home – at two in the morning – didn't leave her many options. However, there was always one person she could count on. With a sigh, she picked up her cell phone from the passenger seat to dial Jay Turpin's number then chuckled in spite of her situation. Jay wouldn't be thrilled to drag himself out of bed to help a stranded dumbass on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere...especially since she'd run out of gas.

Well, she'd been a pain in his ass before and he still loved her. She smiled.

Most days.

Technically, she and Jay hadn't been a couple—in the traditional sense of the word—for six months. But they'd been through breakups before and had always gotten back together. So this time, they didn't exactly call it splits—just decided to see other people. It worked for them. Now they didn't have to wonder about reconciliation.

Reality was, no matter how much they tried to remain strictly friends, they cared too much for each other.

On a positive note, they were *very good* friends—and she wasn't about to give up screwing him.

Some men just knew how to make a woman come, and Jay was one of them. Maybe it was because he handled balls for a living as a professional minor league baseball player. Whether a gentle caress or gripping her firmly by the hips, his strong hands set

her skin ablaze. Remembering his touch caused a twitch in her nipples and a tug on her clit.

Damn, she needed to get laid.

Roxie stared at the phone. She didn't know his schedule. *Please, don't be at an away game.* They still talked often, but not daily like they had while dating. Friends didn't check in every night. She laughed. Only when one or the other wanted a little lovin'.

A sigh escaped her lips. She missed the frequent sex...she missed *him*. Their relationship hadn't been perfect and they'd had their share of disagreements, but that wasn't why they'd decided to see other people. Jay had a dream to chase and she wasn't going to stand in his way. During baseball season he traveled with the team. She also suspected the guys gave him a rough time about dating a stripper.

Just because she danced, didn't mean she cheated. That was a moot point now...although some things never changed. Jay still worried about what—and *who*—she did. But just like when they had been dating, she wasn't fucking anyone else.

Roxie contemplated her predicament and a groan rolled from her chest. Maybe if she offered to make him breakfast in the morning he'd be more willing to give a favor. *The old I'll scratch your back, you scratch mine.* Jay had a strong, muscular back. She'd had the pleasure of raking her nails down his tanned torso for the last five years.

She punched in the number and stared out the windows into the pitch-black night. "God Jay, please be home." She didn't want to think about walking five feet out into the inky night, let alone five miles—she glanced down at her lap—wearing a tight black miniskirt and thigh-high go-go boots. With her luck, instead of getting a ride home, she'd get picked up for prostitution. She didn't fuck for money, she danced for a paycheck. A damned good paycheck.

Even though Jay loved a private dance, he wasn't so hip on the stripping. She knew he was concerned for her safety. It didn't matter that the club where she worked was considered the high end of exotic entertainment. One positive change since they'd split,

his attitude had loosened up. Boy *friends* apparently didn't give girl *friends* grief about their jobs.

His voicemail picked up. "Jay, it's Roxie. When you get this message, and I hope it's soon, pleeeeeease call me. I'm stuck on the side of the fucking road in the middle of nowhere and I'm out of gas. And please don't say it—I know it's my fault." She flipped the phone closed.

Great. Now what?

Moments like these made her wonder what she'd been thinking when she purchased her little house so far out of town. Actually, she knew why she chose to live in rural Utah. The older home was affordable. And it was a fun project of sorts—a do-it-yourself work in progress. She enjoyed the modernizing and the remodeling.

Roxie glanced at the dashboard clock of her two-seater convertible-hardtop man-magnet. The dream machine cornered on rails. Another benefit to living in the middle of nowhere—she could open up the engine and do zero to sixty in five seconds.

She had the tickets from Sheriff Soto to prove it.

Speaking of Sheriff Soto, peacekeeper of her community, he would be a welcomed sight about now.

But hell, Sheriff Soto was always a welcomed sight. Part of the reason she consistently broke the speed limit was the thrill of the chase with the sheriff—but she didn't know whether she was the cat or the mouse. Over six feet of powerful, tell-me-what-to-do muscle, he was somewhere in his mid-thirties, old enough to do his job and young enough to do it well and look incredible in his uniform in the process.

For weeks he'd plagued her nighttime fantasies. However, Sheriff Soto was a virile man who would remain a fantasy—because cops didn't date exotic dancers. But that didn't stop her musings.

On the occasions he'd written her citations, she'd imagined his long, thick fingers working her over. And when he handed her the ticket, he always did it with a smile. Full lips, straight white teeth and a sexy-as-hell dimple in his left cheek. He wore his

hair, the color of dark chocolate, cropped close to the sides of his head and a bit longer on top. She imagined the silky texture brushing against her inner thighs as he delved between her legs for a little oral action.

Damn, she was making herself horny. And alas, there was never a cop around when your pussy wanted to do eighty in a fifty-five-mile-per-hour zone.

Turning the ignition key so she could crack the power window, she turned the radio on low. She'd wait fifteen minutes before calling Jay again.

A symphony of crickets chirped and insects buzzed. A gentle breeze sifted through the grasses, the movement playing with Roxie's imagination. But no one would be lurking about in the middle of nowhere. She clutched the cell phone in her fingers and watched the digital numbers on the radio. The longest six minutes passed before she dialed Jay again and left another voicemail.

Sitting alone, listening for a maniac to jump from the darkness, had Roxie's heart racing. What would she do if Jay didn't call? Should she dial 9-1-1? Not really an emergency, but she couldn't spend the night in her car.

An owl hooted in the distance. She jumped. Well, hell, the cops could get over it. She dialed info.

Automated 4-1-1 asked for a name and city.

"Cob County sheriff's office." She fumbled in the dark, feeling around in the glove box for a pen. *Shit*. Ah, she found a pen and jotted the automated response. "Okay, Jay." The sound of her own voice in the car lessened the anxiety firing her blood. "You have ten minutes, then I'm calling the cavalry."

Jay didn't call.

Roxie hummed along to the radio. The dispatcher said she'd have someone out ASAP. Roxie could only hope that meant tonight was a slow night and her wait wouldn't be long. In the meantime, she could always hike up her skirt, think about the



sheriff and take the edge off her nerves with a quick orgasm. It wouldn't be the first time she'd masturbated while thinking of Ivan Soto.

Flipping down the sun visor, she ran her fingers through her long black hair. She widened her copper-brown eyes and wiped away mascara smudges from under her lower eyelashes. Grabbing her purse, she pulled out her makeup compact. "You are such a slut," she said to her reflection. "Sheriff Soto is probably home, asleep in his bed...naked. Oh god." Her pussy clenched with the thought of the hard-assed sheriff stretched out on his bed, cock in hand...

"Do not go there." She snapped the compact closed and dropped it in her purse. Headlights cut through the distant blackness behind her. *God, please let it be the sheriff.* And if it wasn't the sheriff, someone from the sheriff's office coming to her aid. She wanted to go home and end this night.

The closer the vehicle came, the more adrenaline surged through her system. Finally the marked sheriff's cruiser pulled alongside her coupe.

Sheriff Ivan Soto to the rescue.

She smiled and the brightest pair of green eyes stared back. Flutters swarmed her stomach. His eyes pierced her soul, made her toes curl and her cheeks flush with warmth. A wholly different sensation than what she experienced when the men at the club stared. Ivan consumed her with a glance.

Roxie pressed the power button and lowered the window the rest of the way. "Nice night, Sheriff Soto."

"It's late, Roxanne. Are you out here alone?"

"Had to work." She rested her arm along the window's edge, cocked her head coyly and tickled her earring with her fingertips. "I just got off." Not technically, not yet, but she *would* get off—and hard, now that she had a visual of Sheriff Soto to take to bed tonight. She'd imagine his vibrant green eyes while she used her vibrator.

His mouth tilted into a smile and his deep, seductive chuckle closed the space between them and caused a fluttering in her tummy. Heat from his stare tingled along

her exposed skin and her nipples stiffened beneath her tight black tank. The sensation traveled to her clit and she pressed her thighs together as a rush of cream dampened her panties.

“Sit tight.”

Sheriff Soto reversed his vehicle and pulled up behind her car. From atop the patrol car, blue, red and yellow lights abruptly cut through the night. Then a harsh, bright glare spotlighted her in the vehicle. She peered into the rearview mirror but could only blink at the blinding light.

“What the hell is he doing?” She pushed open the driver door and swiveled her legs out of the car.

“Step out of the vehicle with your hands in the air.” The mechanical tone of the sheriff’s amplified voice sent a shiver down her spine.

“What?”

“Hands in the air!”

Roxie stared. “Is this a joke?” she yelled.

“Walk to the rear of your vehicle, face away from me, put your hands on your hot little sports car and spread your legs.”

“Are you serious?”

“Do it!”

She was under arrest! “Asshole,” she muttered. To think she was about to masturbate to the man in order to pass the time and instead he had her assuming the position. She strode to the rear of the car, put her hands above the bumper and spread her legs.

She heard the release of the handle as he opened the cruiser door. Gravel crunched under Sheriff Soto’s boots. Her heart hammered against her ribs with each step of his approach. Her breathing became shallow.

He stopped behind her. “Normally I catch you hauling ass.”

"I swear your radar gun has it out for me."

"Yeah, could be something like that. Also might have something to do with your car. Apparently it idles at eighty."

She gave a snort and glanced over her shoulder. Sheriff Soto stood, his eyes locked on her ass. With the bright spotlight she imagined he could see right through her skirt. That was an arousing thought. A rush of liquid heat flowed through her veins and a flicker of awareness pulsed in her core. A familiar effect whenever the sheriff was around. "My car isn't even running." She hitched a hip and tapped the toe of her boot. "I called you for a ride." She glanced over her shoulder again. "Do you want to give me a ride, Sheriff Soto?"

He closed the distance between them, standing close behind her. Hot breath fanned against her flesh. "Are you soliciting a police officer? Prostitution is a felony."

Her pulse jumped. "No! I didn't say anything about *paying* for a ride."

"I can haul your ass in for that."

"And I could lodge a complaint for police harassment." She straightened and flipped her hair. Her knees might be weak from his authoritarian presence, but she didn't have to show it.

"Is that a threat?" His voice deepened.

"If you weren't on duty, I'd ask if you were drunk." She tried to turn but he leaned into her.

"Technically I'm off duty as soon as I deal with a woman stranded on the side of the road."

"Deal with? I've always been nice to you."

"Oh Roxanne...I can be nice too."

"Then why are you giving me a hard time?"

"I'm not — *yet*." He nudged the side of her boot with his. "Now spread your legs."

"Not the first time I've heard that one."

He chuckled and she melted a little more. "As long as it's the first time tonight."

Oh hell, there was definitely a double meaning in that. She shivered from the press of his utility belt in her back. Everything about him was hard, including what she knew to be his cock and *not* his gun. The rush of blood to her pussy had her clenching in want. "I need a ride home." Yeah, she needed a lot more than that. She shifted slightly, arched just enough to brush against him. He pressed closer and cradled his erection in the crack of her ass. "I ran out of gas."

Ivan Soto had pulled her over for a speeding violation for the first time six months prior. Since then, he'd given her four tickets for speeding and more warnings than she could count. On each occasion she'd flirted shamelessly. But Sheriff Soto had always remained professional. He'd played along a bit but had never once crossed the line of professionalism. Had he given her more of an indication he was interested, she would've made a move weeks ago. Her panties had been wet for the hot cop since their first encounter.

Sheriff Soto's hands trailed over the silky smooth material of her miniskirt. "I'll need to search you for weapons before I can allow you into my vehicle." His lips feathered against the shell of her ear. "How badly do you need a ride?"

"Why are you fucking with me?"

His hands moved up her sides, his fingers detailing each rib. "I'm not fucking with you." He inhaled, drawing in her scent. "But I want to."

Roxie stifled a moan and bit into her bottom lip. Jeezus! *Ivan Soto*, the man of her wet dreams, had her pressed against her car. Her blood heated, thickened like honey and surged hot through her veins. Warmth infused her pleasure points—nipples, clit, deep in the core of her pussy. She breathed, drinking in the masculine scent of his cologne.

"Do you know why I continue to pull you over?"

She laughed. "Because I have a lead foot and can't seem to drive the speed limit."

“That too. But no...” He slid his hands around her rib cage and cupped her breasts, pressing her stiff nipples into his palms. “Because you have perfect tits. Because I sit in my car after I write you a ticket and fuck my fist.” He pinched her nipples through her tank and she sucked in a sharp breath.

“Well, could you stop giving me tickets and get me off— I mean, *let* me off with a warning?”

“No, I’d find a reason to pull you over even if you obeyed the laws.” His voice lowered and he whispered closer. “But you don’t play by the rules.”

“Rules?” His hand continued to track over her figure. Then his fingers trailed between her legs, and his calloused touch on her bare inner thigh sent a shiver over her flesh. “Are you playing by the rules, Sheriff?” she asked, breathless.

A feral growl from Ivan vibrated through her. “Oh yeah— *my* rules. Are you going to do what you’re told?”

“Never.”

“I didn’t think so. If you don’t you could find yourself handcuffed and in the back of my vehicle.”

“Would I be under arrest?”

“No.” His soft dark whisper tickled her ear. “You’d be *under* me.”

Sinful warmth washed over her at the husky words and her pulse raced with the images of him, hovering above her, confining her movements while she writhed in erotic pleasure.

Somewhere in the stars above them she must have made a lucky wish. “I wasn’t speeding tonight, Sheriff. So should I assume I committed some other violation?”

“I’ve warned you more times than I’ve fined you for speeding, but we both know that has little to do with why I’m out here tonight.”

“And I’m grateful you came to my assistance. Sheriff, do you know why I won’t stop speeding?”

“Because you’re a reckless woman and you want to be bad.” His grip on her thighs tightened.

Breath hissed between her lips and she shook her head. “Because I want to give you a reason to pull me over.” She pressed her ass into his groin and angled her neck to feel more of his heated breath against her quivering flesh. “I don’t have a concealed weapon but I know *you* do. I can feel it.”

“My cock is hard for you twenty-four-seven.” His lips brushed her neck then nipped her lobe.

She widened her stance. “You obviously pulled over to rough me up. Do I need to give you a reason to brandish your weapon?”

He gripped her hips and ground hard against her. “Are you a prick tease?”

“Will you slap your cuffs on me if I am?”

“It doesn’t seem like you need restraints, Roxanne. You’re dressed to fuck.”

“I’m dressed for work.” She glanced over her shoulder. “If I was still working I couldn’t fuck you. You should know it’s illegal for strippers to engage in sexual activity while working.” She pursed her lips. “But then, I think you might be courting a few infractions yourself, Sheriff.”

“I’m willing to break a few rules. So Roxanne, do you want to get fucked, right here against the car?”

“If you want to fuck me you have to call me Roxie.”

“Mmm Roxie, I definitely want to fuck you.”

“Aren’t you worried you’ll draw attention with your spotlight?”

Sheriff Soto glanced right then left. “There isn’t anyone around.” Slowly he hiked up her skirt, exposing her bare ass to the night air. His large palm gripped her cheeks and kneaded the muscles. “I love your ass.” He slid a finger beneath the thong string and pulled it higher into her crack.

Roxie brushed against the rough texture of his uniform. Heat from his body blazed into hers. Hunger for the sheriff, fierce and carnal, rent a moan of need through the night. Pressure built in her clit. A few strokes and she'd be screaming through an orgasm. Muscles in her stomach tightening, she rocked her hips, inviting Ivan to ease the intense ache between her legs. She burned, desperate to have the thick length pressed against her filling her instead.

"Touch me," she said on a breath. "Please."

Ivan ran his hand over the flat plain of her tummy, down between her legs, and cupped her mound. "Here?"

"Yes."

He inched the front of her skirt up and slipped his fingers into her panties. "Fuck, you're wet." He traced the seam of her soaked folds with the blunt tip of his finger, probing deep inside. "And hot." Her walls gripped and trembled. He eased his finger out then plunged inside her slick channel again.

"More!" Oh god, she wanted to come.

"Do you have anything in your vehicle I need to know about?"

Roxie panted, her nerves strung tight and ready to shatter with the slightest touch to her clit. "Yes," she gasped. "A condom."

Ivan's head buzzed. What was he doing?

Fuck, he knew exactly what he was doing. This was taking advantage of an opportunity. For the first time in he couldn't remember how long, he was in the right place at the right time.

Ready to go off duty, he'd been about to pass the call for a motorist in need to a deputy just coming on to his shift. Then he heard the license plate number. He'd run the damn thing enough times, he had it memorized.

Roxanne Savage.

The woman had been driving him mad with lust for months. He made SR4, the state road running the length of his county that took him past Roxie's place, part of his nightly patrol. The house wasn't big, a country rambler, but the property had potential. A couple acres and the nearest neighbors were about a half mile away.

Often he caught her hauling ass down the road. The woman didn't know the meaning of speed limits. Apparently she didn't have any limits at all.

He was supposed to be a servant of the law...an *elected* servant. He had a reputation to maintain, but damn if he didn't want to break laws and drive fast with the feisty, reckless dancer. He knew in the end he'd have a broken heart. But Roxanne was worth the pain he'd feel in the future for pleasure he'd have with her in the present. Tonight he didn't want to think about anything...just Roxie.

A few times he'd slipped into the club to watch her dance, but he really wanted a private show. He glanced around at their isolated surroundings. Highlighted in his spotlight wasn't exactly clandestine, but he couldn't seem to stop himself from taking her.

When he'd approached her car he hadn't been sure of his intentions, but that delicate pink tongue had slipped out from between full, luscious lips and all he could think about was getting her to wrap her wet, wicked mouth around his impatient cock.

Technically his shift was over. Wearing his star, driving in his county-owned vehicle and positioning her against the rear of her car were all violations. He'd risked losing his job if she hadn't been willing.

But she was willing, enthusiastic even, as she ground her beautiful bare ass against his straining erection. His cock swelled another inch and he had to lower the zipper in his uniform pants.

"Oh god." She moaned and scooted back against him. Hot flesh to hot flesh. Pulling her closer, he claimed her from neck to thigh. One arm wrapped around her shoulders, his other hand sliding farther into her panties. His fingers danced over the dripping seam of her shaved pussy.



“You’re so wet,” he growled into her hair. “And smooth.” He loved a bald pussy, slick with cream and eager to be fucked. His finger parted her drenched folds and her knees buckled. “Hold on, baby.”

“I can’t. There’s nothing to hold onto.”

She didn’t have a trunk and he wanted her thighs spread with her pussy laid open for him to lick and suck. He pulled his hand from her panties. “Grab the condom.”

Ivan went to the driver-side door of his vehicle and turned off the flashers. He flipped off the spotlight, plunging them into blackness. He turned to see Roxie silhouetted in the dim dome light of her vehicle. She had her ass in the air, leaning into the passenger side of her car, obviously searching for the elusive condom. He stalked toward her.

He halted behind her and ran his hand over the curve of her ass. She froze. Her silken-smooth flesh felt like heaven. In her four-inch come-fuck-me boots, Roxie’s five-foot-four height positioned her cunt perfectly for him to drive his cock into her heated sheath.

Since the first time he’d pulled her over, he’d wanted to taste the sweet nectar of her arousal, feel the smooth glove of her pussy suck his shaft into her depths. Almost as much as he wanted to fuck her, he needed to fist his hands in her long black hair and piston his hips, driving his cock between those full, painted red lips.

Ivan crouched behind her, level with her ass, and breathed deeply. The scent of her arousal filled his nose. He hooked a finger in her thong panties and inched them down her hips, past her thighs, to the ground. She lifted one booted foot then the other. The edge of her panties caught on a four-inch heel. He carefully freed the snag then reached forward and placed her soaked panties on the passenger seat in front of her.

“Feel your panties.”

“I know how wet they are.”

“Tell me you want this as much as I do.”

“Oh *yes*. I’ve renamed my vibrator Ivan.”

On a few occasions when he’d pulled her over for speeding, she’d had a male companion. He didn’t think a beautiful woman like Roxie lacked for dates, but this wasn’t just about a nameless one-time fuck. He wanted to get to know her...*while* he fucked the shit of her.

Roxie pushed her ass against his face. Spreading her drenched folds with his thumbs, he licked her from clit to the puckered rosette of her totally fuckable ass. Cream tickled his taste buds.

“So sweet.” He’d never tasted anything as good as Roxie’s cream. But he wanted more. He wanted her breaking apart. Ivan sucked her pussy, stabbing his tongue into her hot hole. Slurping sounds blended with the sounds of the night. As she bumped and wriggled against him, her miniskirt bunched around her waist. A curtain of black hair draped down her back and over her shoulders. Her moans of pleasure filled the small, confined space of her vehicle.

Ivan eased one thick, blunt finger into her weeping cunt.

“I need more. Make me come.” Her hips rolled and gyrated against his mouth and finger.

Ivan inserted a second finger and scissored them back and forth. Tight walls gripped him, released and clenched again.

“Oh, oh, oh!”

“That’s it, baby, moan for me.” He darted his tongue into her drenched folds. Juices flowed hot, trickling onto his chin. He drank her deeply, filling his nostrils with her scent. Roxie was like a drug—he craved her, and now with one taste he was hooked.

Ivan reached between his legs and stroked the solid length of his cock. Starting at the base, he squeezed to the crown and milked pre-come from the slit. Exquisite pleasure coursed through his veins and into his shaft. Blood roared in his ears. His balls tightened and drew close to his body. If he wasn’t careful he’d rocket off. He wanted his shaft encased in her sheath when he came for the first time.

Roxie gripped the edge of the passenger seat. Her thighs trembled and her back arched. "Ohfuckohfuckohfuck!" She rose onto her tiptoes. "Oh yes. Right there!"

Ivan maneuvered her body and adjusted his position to give him better access to her pussy. He tunneled through her bare, heated folds and scraped his tongue along her swollen clit. Firm swipes followed gentle nibbles, lapping at her sweet juices.

Roxie moaned and reached between her legs. She spread herself wide, exposing the engorged pink tissues. Ivan thrust two fingers into her and with his other hand, released his cock to shove his middle finger deep into her rectum. Roxie's scream cut through the night and she convulsed. Cream flooded his hand. Removing his fingers from her channel, he licked and teased her pussy.

"Fuck me now, Ivan. I can't wait!" She lifted her hand and waved a small package.

Ivan stood, grabbed the condom, tore the package with his teeth and rolled the rubber over his shaft. He'd waited six months to fuck her and before he gave her a ride home, he intended to ride *her*...long, hard and in every possible way.

Roxie lifted one leg to the open edge of the door. Ivan moved in behind her, fit the head of his cock to her opening and, with a growl, slid eight inches deep.

Roxie's head fell back and a sated laugh flowed from her lips. "Oh my god, your cock feels so good."

Ivan slowly pulled out, enjoying the pleasure of her smooth walls resisting, trying to hold him in. When only the head remained inside, he impaled her on his prick again. And again. In and out in hard, rhythmic thrusts. Over and over. He slammed into her tight, drenched hole. Building speed and force, he drove them both to delirium in a frenzy of wild fucking. His fingers dug into her hips. The wet sounds of their bodies slapping together grew louder. With each thrust, Ivan's sac slapped against her, sending a flash of pleasure-pain into his sensitive balls.

Panting and gasping, Roxie reached release. "Fuck me, Ivan! Fuck me!" She screamed through her orgasm. He listened to her nails clawing the passenger seat.

Spasms rocked her hot inner core and she clamped tight around his shaft. Ivan didn't let her crest, but continued to bang deep, impacting the top of her channel.

He palmed her ass then slapped her.

"Ouch!" she cried, but didn't protest. Instead her voice quivered with excitement.

He slapped her again, leaving the stinging red imprint of his hand on her cheek.

"Just like a cop to want it rough."

Ivan bent his knees, gaining leverage, and penetrated her from a new angle. "Yeah, Roxie. Tell me you love it." His cock sank deep. Carnal hunger motivated him. He'd fantasized about an intimate encounter in the middle of the night. Now he dominated her body. He wanted to get into her head the way she'd been in his—fuck her until she screamed his name and he'd extracted every drop of cream from her pussy. His only thoughts were of Roxie and how much pleasure he could rain on her body.

"Talk to me, Roxie—tell me how you like to be fucked."

"I want your stiff, thick cock deep inside." Roxie reached between her legs, grabbed his sac, wet with her juices, and squeezed.

"You'll make me come," he said through clenched teeth.

She chuckled and gently gripped his balls, rolling them in her palm then squeezing them again, this time harder.

Ivan stretched his neck, teeth clenched, and grunted. With a jolt, he careened into orgasm. His cock pulsed, gloved in her channel. He buried his length to the hilt, fully seated in her pussy. Then he pulled back and slapped her ass again.

Roxie cried out as his orgasm brought her to another release. He pumped into her a few more times, until their frenzied fucking ebbed. Ivan gulped in air and slipped his cock from her warmth. He shimmied her skirt over her hips. "You okay?"

She stood and turned in his arms. "Yes." Her hands traveled up his chest and around his neck. "Would you give me a ride home?"

"I'll give you a ride anywhere."

She smiled. "I think you just proved that."

"Let's go." He'd take her home then ride her again...and again.

## **Chapter Two**

Jay Turpin rolled his stiff shoulders. They'd won their game in the ninth inning. Down two runs and he'd hit a baseline double that tied the game. Pete Strom hit a homer that scored the winning run, but the whole team took the victory. The celebration had continued at End Zone with a couple pitchers of beer.

But what he'd really wanted was to see Roxie. Playoff pressures had him strung too tight, making him grateful that he still had an awesome sexual relationship with his ex.

But whenever he thought of their time apart his stomach pitched and rolled. A permanent breakup had never been his intention, but Jay needed to be ready if opportunity knocked. A serious relationship could keep him from making the best decisions for his career. Since he'd first hit a ball, he'd dreamed of playing in the major league. And since high school he'd been on that track.

However, Roxie was important to him too.

Over the years they'd become comfortable. Then just after Christmas, they'd agreed to see other people. It was easy to go from serious relationship to just friends because they hadn't stopped having sex. Remaining close should have been simple. But lately Roxie had developed a fascination with the local fuzz. And to think, Jay had been the dipshit who'd suggested the open relationship.

So while he chased the dream of professional baseball, Roxie was hoping to round third base and slide into home plate with the sheriff.

There were times Jay wished they didn't share everything, including recent fantasies. Listening to her talk about the local sheriff had become a recurring conversation. Roxie wanted to fuck the county cop.

He rubbed his eyes. Damn, he was tired. Glancing at the clock on the wall, he noted the time. Thankfully he didn't have anywhere to be tomorrow and could sleep in.

His downtown condo was nice and affordable, but not permanent. He had hopes of getting picked up by a farm team for one of the major league franchises. Until then he lived light, and improved his game skills by catching in the minors. Some day, when the dream of the big league was finished—or dead—he'd put his degree to good use. He hoped that was still years away and that when he was ready, Roxie would be too. Who knew what the future held? Maybe they still had a chance. He loved her, always would.

He emptied his pockets onto the kitchen counter. Orange light flashed from the screen of his cell phone, indicating a missed call. He glanced at the number. Roxie. She'd called over an hour ago. He swore as he dialed in to retrieve his voicemail, hoping to hell she hadn't had a problem at the club, like some asshole with groping hands giving her a hard time.

*Shit*, he thought, listening to her message. By now she'd probably called someone else, but he punched in her cell number anyway, wanting to be sure.

No answer.

Driving out to her place was a pain in the ass. He'd preferred when she'd lived in town. But he'd never sleep if he didn't reassure himself she was safe. And he wanted to see her. Crashing at her pad held the most appeal. His heart and cock jumped with the possibility of a good fuck.

He rushed into his bedroom and quickly changed his dress clothes. After games, players were required to wear a tie and jacket. He tossed his tie on the bed and quickly stripped out of his suit. After pulling on a pair of faded denims, he stomped his feet into cowboy boots. He grabbed a black T-shirt out of a drawer, went to the kitchen, swiped his keys and cell off the counter and bolted out the door.

The headlights on his truck cut through the dark night. Damn it. Where was she? Typical Rox, she hadn't been precise in where she'd run out of gas, only that she was stranded on the side of the road. The farther he traveled out of town, the harder his dick grew and the more his balls ached. There were no headlights visible in the rearview

mirror so he stepped on the gas until the speedometer clicked past seventy. It would be his bad luck that Roxie's good buddy Sheriff Soto was on duty. The cop would take pleasure in issuing him a citation for speeding.

The truck raced down the two-lane road. Five miles from Roxie's house, he spotted her car on the side of the road. He hit the brakes, spraying gravel as he pulled up behind her. Jay scrambled from the truck. Shit. Shit. Shit.

He approached her car and peered into the driver's window. The doors were locked and her purse and keys weren't visible. Noticing a piece of paper lodged under the windshield wiper, he plucked the ticket and held it in the beams from his truck's headlights. It wasn't a speeding ticket, but a notice to any other cops who happened upon the abandoned vehicle.

A flash of jealousy, quick and consuming, fired through him. Sheriff Soto. A man had to be blind not to see the sheriff's interest in Roxie. Not that Jay blamed him. Most men, unless they were gay, had a thing for his girl.

He crumpled the paper and threw it on the ground. Then he stalked back to his truck, climbed behind the wheel and slammed the door closed. Tires squealed as he pulled back onto the road and sped toward Roxie's house.

The five miles passed in a blur. In his gut he knew he wouldn't find her alone. Neither he nor his stiff cock knew exactly what to do about that.

When he finally reached her house, his headlights bounced off the marked county sheriff's cruiser parked in the driveway. He turned off the ignition and held the keys in his hand while he sat in the darkened cab. The house was dark. Not a good sign. He doubted anyone was asleep. Flipping through the few keys, he fingered the one to Roxie's house. Shit, did he really want to go in if she was fucking Sheriff Soto?

Of *course* she was getting banged by the fuzz.

Jay shoved open the door and leapt out. "Fuck it." He slammed the truck door and strode up the walk. In the three years that she'd lived here, he'd never knocked and he wasn't about to start now. Adrenaline flowed hot, nerves fired and his chest tightened.



Sexual tension coiled in his gut and his cock swelled. His mouth watered and part of him, the part that didn't want to beat the shit out of the sheriff, wanted to catch her in bed with another man.

His hands always shook on the first pitch of a game. They trembled now as he fit the key into the lock. The handle turned easily and the door cracked open. He stepped into the house, the rapid drumming of his heart pounding in his ears. He tried to listen for sounds of sex over his own labored breathing as he closed then locked the door.

What was he doing?

Could he walk into her bedroom? How would she react? What if Sheriff Soto pulled his gun and shot his ass? *Great, professional baseball player dead at twenty-six. Walked in on local sheriff fucking hot exotic dancer. Baseball player died with his balls in his hand. Literally.*

Jay reached down and stroked his cock through the worn denim. He and Roxie had once talked about bringing a third person into the bedroom, but they'd spoken of another female, one of the strippers from the club where Roxie danced. Never had they considered another male. Jay wouldn't have thought the idea appealing. Tonight, however, he wanted in her bedroom, regardless of who else might be there.

Contents from Roxie's purse were scattered on the floor. He continued to walk toward her bedroom then paused when he noticed light spilling into the hall. Jay followed it like a beacon, both excited and apprehensive about what he'd see. As he neared, Roxie's distinctive sounds of orgasmic bliss floated from the room. His woman was a moaner.

He stood in the doorway.

Ah fuck. Roxie wasn't *his* woman anymore. She was Sheriff Soto's woman.

The heady scent of sex permeated the air. Roxie's eyes widened and locked on Jay but she couldn't speak. She sat at the foot of the bed with her thighs spread wide. Soto stood before her—his thick cock in her mouth as he crammed six inches of his baton in and out of her cunt.

Roxie moaned again and her eyes slid closed, whether from pleasure or frustration over not being able to speak, Jay didn't know. Her heavy lids parted and their gazes met again. With her arms cuffed behind her back, she had no choice but to continue sucking Soto's prick into her mouth.

Jay wanted her sucking on *his*.

"I let myself in."

"What the fuck?" Soto yanked his cock from her mouth, simultaneously pulling the baton from her pussy as he spun. "Get the fuck out of here!" He held the baton like a weapon.

Change headline. *Baseball player bludgeoned to death with bat.*

"I hope you washed your...stick...before shoving it into my girlfriend."

Now that Roxie could speak, she whispered, "Jay."

Soto glanced back to Roxie. "Do you live with him?"

"No, she doesn't," Jay said and entered the room. Sweat trickled down his spine. Shit! He'd wanted in this bedroom but the situation could become volatile. Soto glared, not that Jay blamed him. With Roxie handcuffed, thighs spread...hell, Jay would be pissed too if another man walked in. Too bad. "She left a message on my voicemail and I came to make sure she found a ride." Jay stopped beside Soto.

Their eyes locked and a satisfied grin stretched Soto's mouth. "She did."

"I can see that." Her flushed skin glowed from orgasm and her hair fell about her shoulders in sexy tangles. Roxie was aroused and waiting for more cock. Wetness glistened on her pussy and damn if Jay didn't want to lick her clean.

"You should've called first," she said.

"I did. Twice."

"I didn't hear my cell phone ring."

"With your hands cuffed behind your back and the way you were swallowing Soto's cock, you wouldn't have been able to answer anyway."

"I'm sorry, Jay."

He shrugged. "You don't owe me an apology. You can fuck whoever you want." He touched her cheek and drew his finger along her jaw. "Do you want to fuck *me*?"

"Look, Jay, I know you used to date her," Soto wrapped a fist around his engorged shaft, "but she's busy tonight."

Her gaze jerked to Ivan. "Don't treat me like a booty call. And I don't take appointments."

Soto turned to Roxie. "What are you saying? Do you want me to leave?"

"No, I don't." She glanced back at Jay. "This is way beyond awkward." She turned to Ivan again. "Can you uncuff me?"

"No, don't." Jay slowly lowered the zipper on his jeans. Having gone commando, his cock sprang free. "We can share."

"No fucking way," Soto said. "I don't fuck in front of other guys."

Jay couldn't say the same thing. Once he'd snuck Roxie into the locker room at the field. He couldn't say for a fact that anyone watched, but with Roxie's moans, the whole team knew what they were doing.

Lately he hadn't felt that rush of adrenaline with her. Roxie wasn't to blame. Maybe the stress of trying to make the championship series was getting to him. Regardless, this seemed like the perfect solution to working off the monotony that had become his life.

Jay didn't feel disconnected from her now. Blood surged into his shaft. His nerves tingled with awareness. Regardless of what she might say, any discord would be for show. She wanted this new foray into fornication. Taut nipples, wild, passion-clouded eyes, and Jay could smell her cream. She wasn't done with either one of them.

"Don't you think you should ask me?"

He smirked and arched an eyebrow. "I don't see how you're in any position to disagree."

Roxie's tongue slipped out and wet her lips. Her eyes widened as she stared at his cock. Jay pushed his jeans past his hips.

"Are you going to disagree?"

"Wait a minute..." Soto began.

Jay ignored him. The sheriff could get in the game or get out. Jay took a step closer to Roxie. "If you're thinking of saying no, I can always duct tape your mouth. Then you won't be able to say anything."

"I *said* wait a minute." Soto's voice was firm. "I won't force her." This was spoken more softly – and sounded like the sheriff consenting to Jay. If Roxie agreed.

And she would. Her cheeks were flushed and she twitched as she sat at the edge of the bed. Her body language spoke of her need.

"You won't have to force her." Jay stroked his cock and stared at Roxie. "She wants us both."

"Ivan...Jay's right." Roxie glanced from one man to the other. "Besides, Jay won't tape my mouth shut. Do you want to know why?" One brow arched. "Because I wouldn't be able to suck his cock." Roxie opened her mouth and Jay slipped his penis past her lips.

"Oh, that feels good!" Firm suction gloved his engorged crown in smooth, wet heat. Jay threaded his fingers through her silken hair. Her breath tingled along his sensitive flesh. Her tongue stroked the thick, throbbing vein along the underside then worked against the slit in the head, drawing forth pre-come.

"Fuck this." Sheriff Soto grabbed his uniform pants.

Roxie moaned and Jay pulled back.

"No, Ivan, don't go." Her lips tilted into a lascivious smile. "Stay."

Jay and Ivan stared at one another. Jay had already committed the minute he'd walked into the house. Hell, he knew before he stepped out of his truck. There was nothing homosexual in his intentions, but strangely he wasn't bothered at the idea of a

ménage with a man. He stood naked in the locker room with the guys on his team just about every day. He'd never once sported a boner for any of them.

This was different.

Jay didn't want to fuck Sheriff Soto. But he also didn't want him to leave. "Don't go."

Ivan's gaze snapped to Jay. "Why, do you plan to suck my cock while Roxie sucks yours?"

Jay chuckled and shook his head. Normally a comment like that would piss him off. Not tonight. He had no intention of sucking or fucking Soto, but he desperately wanted Roxie and Soto to continue what he'd interrupted. Seeing Roxie with the sheriff's cock in her mouth had turned him on more than any porno flick he'd ever seen.

"No, I think Roxie wants to continue to slurp your cock." He bent and placed a hard, aggressive kiss on her. Lips parted. His tongue snaked into her mouth and curled around hers.

A moan rumbled in her throat and her back arched. Jay palmed her breast and pinched her nipple, causing the stiff bud to tighten further. She whimpered.

Jay broke the kiss and growled. "Damn, Rox, I've missed you."

"I've missed you too."

"Baseball season...can't be helped." Half the games were on the road.

"Did you win your game?"

"Yep, now I want to celebrate." Jay kicked off his boots then his jeans, and yanked his shirt up and dropped it on the floor. He stood naked before her with his hand wrapped around his dick. Roxie's gaze wandered over the contours of his physique, a gleam of appreciation in her eye. She'd always liked what playing ball did for his arms and legs. He couldn't help making the quick comparison between himself and the sheriff. Both men kept physically fit. As for cock size, Jay had seen enough dicks in the locker room to know that neither he nor Soto would disappoint Roxie.

“Ivan, don’t leave.” While still sitting on the edge of the bed, Roxie spread her thighs wide. “I can handle it.”

Ivan glanced from her to Jay. “But I’m not sure I can.”

“You two talk about it.” Jay bent his head and plucked her nipple with his lips. “I’m staying.” He curled his tongue around the stiff peak. “Hmm, you taste so good.” He sucked more of her smooth, creamy flesh into his mouth while reaching between her spread legs and thrusting his finger deep into her drenched heat.

Ah, he loved her moans. She couldn’t help how loud she cried her pleasure. Roxie fucked with her body and mind and had no problem demanding what she needed. Back arched, bracing herself up with her cuffed wrists, she begged for more.

Movement from the left caught his eye. Sheriff Soto had obviously changed his mind. He stood next to Jay in front of Roxie. Jay pulled his fingers from her slick channel and shifted his position, squatting in a catcher’s stance. With one hand on each knee, he spread her legs wider then trailed his fingers up the soft skin of her lithe thighs. He felt the trembling of her muscles. The sensation mimicked the tremors rocketing through his body.

The hot and spicy scent of Roxie’s pussy wafted to his nose, the aroma as acute as the strong male musk of Soto. The combination aroused him, pumping blood into his rigid shaft. His cock ached and his balls tingled. The coarse, springy hair on Ivan’s leg rasped against Jay’s shoulder. Awareness of the man shot adrenaline through his system. He moved closer to Roxie, giving Soto more room.

Roxie stared into the sheriff’s green eyes then leaned forward and licked the length of his thick, bobbing cock. Ivan wrapped his fingers around the base and slapped her lips with a few rapid taps. She opened wide to surround his girth and slid her lips down the length, slowly drawing back to suck him deep again.

Jay couldn’t tear his gaze away. He stared while she sucked the cop deep, moaning and humming. His own cock throbbed, pulsed and became even harder. He groaned from the intensity.

Soto tunneled his fingers into her hair. "I love your lips wrapped around my dick."

"Roxie loves to eat cock, don't you, sweetheart?"

The sheriff chuckled with a note of incredulity. "Jay, you'll need to shut up so I can forget you're in the room." Roxie's cheeks hollowed as she sucked. Ivan ran his finger along her jaw. "I wouldn't be here if you hadn't said this is what you wanted."

Roxie moaned, pulled back and licked the crown of Ivan's shaft. "I do want you both." She sucked him deep again then pulled back, leaving the engorged purple head glistening. Then she glanced at Jay. "Tit for tat." A smile played across her swollen lips. "You look hungry, Jay."

Jay went to his knees, slid his palms under her ass and scooted her forward. Inhaling first, he then kissed the pearly plumpness of her pussy lips. Stroking his tongue over the smooth, heated folds, he lapped her intoxicating cream.

"I want you," she said to Ivan. "And I want your cock. Put it in my mouth."

"So she can suck you dry."

"Jay," Roxie scolded.

"Yeah, I'll shut up." Jay tuned out Ivan and relished her flavor. Damn, he loved the taste. He closed his eyes, wanting to focus on Roxie, her wanton moans as he rasped his tongue against her nub. He spread her folds with his thumbs and licked the length of her smooth, glistening cunt then stabbed his tongue into her velvety hole, fucking her with his mouth.

Ivan groaned and Jay opened his eyes. Sheriff Soto had his hands fisted in her hair, thrusting his hips with punishing force. Without the use of her arms, Roxie worked to suck his cock. Jay could see her struggling for breath.

"Ease up." He nudged Soto's hip. "You've got nothing to prove to her...or to me."

"Oh fuck!" Ivan jolted and his muscles bunched. He wrapped his fist around his cock and erupted with another shout. Spasms rocked his body and his teeth clenched. Roxie closed her eyes and took him all, deep into her throat. Finally the storm ebbed.

Ivan stilled and his touch turned soft as he caressed her face, brushed her hair from her temples.

Roxie smiled around his cock. Then she sucked the head clean, drinking down Ivan's seed.

"Uncuff her." Jay stood and walked around the bed to her nightstand where he knew she kept condoms.

Roxie swallowed, still savoring the tangy taste of Ivan lingering on her tongue. Her pulse raced and delicious sexual energy screamed through her. She was more turned on than she had ever been. Two virile, attractive men, both with hard cocks, were ready to lavish their attention on her.

That Jay was comfortable with his nudity in front of Ivan wasn't a surprise, but that Ivan seemed to follow Jay's lead *was*. She'd thought the tough sheriff would've taken control over the erotic encounter. Yet his obvious discomfort didn't lessen his appeal. She liked the fact that the intense hunger glinting in his eyes was for her alone. That he'd rather have her to himself, but tolerated Jay just to be with her.

Jay walked to the nightstand, his defined thigh muscles rippling with his stride. Tousled short brown hair still bore the faint marks of his baseball cap and a day's growth of whiskers shadowed his chiseled cheeks and jaw. Her breath caught as he grabbed a couple condoms and crossed to the light switch on the wall. With a flip, he plunged the room into darkness. Roxie smiled. Sometimes Jay had moments of brilliance.

Cloaked in shadows, Ivan could explore the sensations of their ménage. Revel in her kisses and body without worry of where Jay touched her or what he did to her. Jay already knew what made her thighs quiver, her body sing and her heart pound. For years he'd played her perfectly, had the confidence to know he could make her moan through her release.



However, on the side of the road, Ivan had left her dizzy, her body spiraling out of control.

But this was unusual for all of them. Well...at least she knew *she'd* never had two men ravishing her at the same time. Doing a lap dance in the Champagne Room at the club for a group of rowdy men wasn't the same. And she'd bet this was a first for Ivan. He needed the darkness because, unlike Jay, Ivan wasn't comfortable being naked in bed with another man, regardless that they were both focused on her.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you." Ivan's muscular arm grazed against the outer edge of her breast as he shifted her body. The clink of the cuffs echoed in the darkened room then her hands were free. Before he could pull away, she trailed her fingers up his rippled abs.

"Ivan..." He paused and she pulled him close. "I'm glad you stayed." He leaned into her and she found his mouth with hers. Dark and delicious hunger weaved between them. "Are you sure you're okay with this?"

The bed dipped with Jay's weight.

"Keep the sticks apart."

Roxie laughed and nipped his lips. "Jay doesn't want your cock." She wrapped her fingers around his erection. "But I do." He was still hard after his orgasm. She smoothed the taut skin over the solid strength of his arousal. "I have for months." She drew her fingertip over the slit in the large mushroom head, gathered a trickle of moisture and brought it to her tongue.

Ivan growled and plundered her mouth. She rose to her knees on the bed, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Get on the bed, Ivan." She lay back, dragging him with her then rolling to her side. "Touch me."

Ivan ran his hand over the curve of her hip, into the dip of her waist and up to her shoulder. His mouth slid languidly over hers. He pulled back and whispered, "You're so beautiful. I can't believe I'm here with you." He chuckled. "And your boyfriend."

"I need you," she said against his lips. "Don't think about Jay...just me. I want you here." She wanted the aggressive sheriff who'd handcuffed her, thrust his cock into her mouth and impaled her on his baton. She smiled. And she wanted him while Jay watched.

Jay moved in behind her. He slid a condom into her palm. "Can you take us both?" he asked her. "Or do you want to take turns?"

She turned her head and made out the silhouette of Jay hovering above her, but she knew he wouldn't kiss her after she'd swallowed Ivan's cum. "I don't know." She'd never had double entry. At least, not with two fully erect men. Having Jay fuck her in the ass while she worked two fingers into her crotch wasn't the same thing. She turned back to Ivan, who'd rolled onto his back. "One at a time." *Keep the sticks apart.*

Tonight was supposed to be about her and the sheriff, who had been her fantasy for months. In all the times she'd imagined his length and thickness stretching and filling her, the last person she expected to be in the bed with them was Jay.

In spite of that, to have him next to her felt right.

Jay rolled to his back. "Fuck me or suck me?"

She giggled. "God, you're crass." And she loved that about Jay. Just as much as she loved the quiet yet authoritarian strength of Ivan.

Roxie felt around in the dark until she grabbed Ivan's hand. "Will you use your weapon against me, Sheriff?" His silence spoke loudly. She pushed the condom into his hand and leaned over him. He quivered as she swept her hair across his chest, feathered delicate kisses across his pectorals. She touched her tongue to his salty flesh and buried her nose in his neck. Heat, musky male scent and perspiration dizzied her mind. "Fuck me, Ivan."

Jay scooted higher on the bed and Roxie crawled over his body until she was poised over his erection, her knees straddling his legs. She arched her back and braced her upper body with her arms. "I'm ready," she whispered. "Are you?" Jay sucked in a breath as she kissed the crown of his cock, circling her tongue along the stiff ridge.

The bed dipped as Ivan maneuvered behind her. He probed her pussy, honey flowing onto his fingers. He spread her juices higher, over her puckered hole. "Yes," she answered to his silent question. "There's lubricant on the nightstand."

The comforter rustled as Ivan moved across the bed. A moment later he was behind her again.

Roxie slowed her breaths and relaxed her muscles. Ivan's hot tongue played in her ass and she moaned. He kissed her lower back, ran his strong hands over her curving hips. Not the spanking he'd given her on the side of the road, but almost as if he worshipped her flesh with his touch and kiss. Emotion swelled in her chest. She tamped down the urge to find more than a sexual response to his caress.

Pressure against her anus caused her body to tighten. *Deep breath. Relax.* "Ohh." The engorged crown of Ivan's cock slipped in. Although he'd lubricated his shaft, the rim of her hole burned as he inched deeper. She panted through the sting until her muscles relaxed, accepting the intrusion. Deeper. Fuller. Ivan groaned, grinding his groin against her, his hips gyrating and finally, his thick cock filled her ass.

Jay grabbed his cock and nudged her. "I need your mouth on me, Rox. I'm so hard."

She almost wished the lights were on because she loved the way Jay's deep blue eyes sparkled as his gaze locked on her mouth while she sucked his cock. "Stroke it for me. I love to watch you pleasure yourself."

"It's dark. You can't see me. But I'm squeezing my cock—hard. I like it rough."

Ivan pulled back and slammed back into her. "Oh mama mia! Ivan likes it rough too. Fuck me, baby." She opened her mouth over Jay and slid her lips down his length.

Ivan grunted. His fingers dug into her hips. A synchronized flow of movement had Roxie sucking Jay's cock and rocking onto Ivan's. Her body tightened. She wanted to come, but she couldn't stay on her hands and knees, pleasure Jay and touch her clit so she could teeter over the edge into orgasm. Whimpers of frustration mixed with moans of pleasure. She had to come.

A scream built in her throat but she didn't want to release the suction she had on Jay's shaft. His cock stretched, thickened. The essence of Ivan lingered in her mouth. At the same time, she felt the tension in both men. Jay was on the brink of release and Ivan plunged deeper, harder. They could all come together if she could...oh god, now!

Jay understood her body perfectly, but Ivan had yet to learn what she needed. She groaned in frustration.

"Ivan, she needs more."

*Yes! Thank you, Jay.* Ivan reached between her legs. Ah, her clit throbbed. Hot and erect, twitching and raw. Ivan gently grazed a finger across the sensitive nub. *Oh yes.* She moaned long and low while still blowing Jay. Convulsions rocked her core. Millions of stars sparked behind her closed eyes.

"Fuck!" Jay jolted and his hips rose in a violent thrust. Roxie relaxed her throat. Warm and salty cream exploded from his rigid shaft. She swallowed, savoring the familiar flavor. At the same time, Ivan's growl ricocheted off the walls. She felt his cock, deep and pulsing. He held her tight around the waist, nearly lifting her off the bed.

Finally the only sounds in the room were their breaths returning to normal.

Ivan slipped from her body and released her. Her hands braced against Jay's chest, she could feel his heart pounding beneath her palms. She sat back, leaned against Ivan and released a contented sigh.

## Chapter Three

Roxie tried to swallow the lump in her throat, but the tightness remained. Jay had crashed out, naked and apparently intending to stay the night. However, as soon as Ivan slipped from her body, he immediately left the bed and flipped on the bedside lamp. He fumbled on the floor for his uniform pants and tugged them on.

“Do you have to go?”

A muscle twitched in his jaw as his stare rested on Jay then turned to her. “Yeah, I think I should.”

Roxie crossed the room and slipped her arms into a short satin robe. “Can you stay for a cup of coffee?” She didn’t want him to leave. Not like this...unsure of himself, of her, of what happened between the three of them.

Roxie slid her hand into his large one. Ivan dropped his shirt and followed her to the kitchen. He sat at the table and she went to the sink to fill the coffeepot with water.

“It’s been a crazy night,” she said.

“I’m still trying to wrap my mind around it.” Ivan closed his eyes, leaned his head back and combed his fingers through his hair. Muscles in his arms bunched.

Roxie paused with the pot in her hand. Her eyes raked the flexed contours of his chest. Masculine, strong and sexy as hell. Flutters filled her tummy. She wouldn’t have thought any moisture was left in her body, but her mouth watered and her pussy clenched. Her eyes slowly lifted until she stared into his piercing green depths. Puckered nipples poked against the silky material of the robe. With each ragged breath, the fabric scraped against the sensitive, taut tips.

She looked away first. “Do you like cream in your coffee?” After she poured the water into the coffeemaker and added grounds to the basket, she went back to the table and sat next to Ivan.

“So do you and Jay have little *parties* often?”

Reaching out, she grasped his hand on the table and shook her head. “Never! This is the first time for me.” She glanced toward the bedroom. “I don’t know about Jay.” Turning back to Ivan, she said, “What about you?”

He chuckled. “First and *only* time for me.”

Roxie’s tummy swooped. Evidently she’d enjoyed the encounter more than Ivan had. The way Jay knocked off, just like he always did after copulation, told her he’d found satisfaction in their sex play. “I don’t know what to say.”

“What’s the story with you and Jay?”

“We have a long history. Six months ago we decided to see other people. I say we broke up,” she shrugged. “But I guess we really haven’t. He’s still my best friend. I trust him.”

“Are you in love with him?”

She went to the cupboard and grabbed two mugs and poured the coffee. “Did you say you wanted cream?”

He shook his head. “Black.”

She brought the cups back to the table.

“Thanks.” He took a sip. “So?”

Did she love Jay? “Yes...and that doesn’t change anything.” For several years she and Jay had been good together. They still had passion for each other. They still had great sex. “Jay and I have different goals.”

They were on different life tracks. Jay dreamed of the big league and she knew working as a stripper, while fun, wasn’t exactly shooting for the moon. But she just wasn’t ready to give up dancing. Someday, she hoped she could open a small shoe shop. Specialty items, and not just for strippers, but edgy styles that department stores didn’t carry. But that was a long way off.

"I want to see you again." Ivan took another sip of coffee. "Without Jay. I'm not into sharing."

"I understand." And she did. She also wished he felt differently. "I've dreamt of you for months. Tonight was incredible." She lowered her eyes. "But I won't give up Jay." They had too much history to toss on one amazing night. Part of her realized she and Jay might not have a future as a couple, but an equally strong part hoped they did. But first Jay needed the opportunity to play baseball. He'd get his big break. And when he did, she'd be there to celebrate with him.

Pressure tightened her chest. Yet she didn't want Ivan to leave. She wanted to drag him back into the bedroom or at least have him stick around long enough to see if maybe he could...

She didn't know. Maybe he'd get used to the idea of Jay being with her too. That wasn't likely, judging by his haste to leave. So as far as tonight, the extraordinary time they'd shared would be an isolated event. Roxie wouldn't end her *special* friendship with Jay...not after one night with Ivan. No matter how much she liked him. A dejected sigh escaped her slightly parted lips. "This sucks."

Ivan pushed his cup away. "I should go." He went down the hall, presumably to the bedroom to collect his belongings. When he returned, he was dressed. Seeing the baton looped through his belt made her pulse jump.

"I'm not sure what to say," he said.

She stood and faced him. "Don't say anything." Ivan's gaze roamed over her figure with a feral glint. She glanced down. Her robe gaped open, revealing her breast and one taut nipple. She took a hesitant step forward. "Just kiss me." She dragged a finger down the button closure of his shirt. His rapid breaths caused his chest to rise and fall. Placing her hand over his heart, she felt the rampant beat matching her own. "Even if it has to be a kiss goodbye."

Ivan growled and pulled her close. Lips crushed lips. Hard. Demanding. Damn it. This wasn't how the night was supposed to play out. His hands fisted in her raven hair and pulled, stretching her long neck. His teeth scraped her flesh. Roxie moaned and clutched his shoulders.

Ivan breathed deep, the subtle scent of her fragrance blended with the muskiness of sex still clinging to her heated flesh. Skin he wanted for himself throughout the night. His cock jolted to life and his breath hitched. He didn't want to leave, didn't want to say goodbye, but he couldn't go back into the bedroom with Jay.

He groaned and plunged his hand into her robe, the silky fabric sliding against his rough knuckles. He cupped, lifted and kneaded her breast, her tender skin softer, smoother than the robe. A low moan rolled from her chest and he opened his mouth wider, took the kiss deeper, driving into her wet heat, curling his tongue around hers and sucking it into his mouth.

She wrapped one leg around his calf, arching her mound into his erection and grinding against him. Ivan tore his mouth from hers. "If you want to finish this..." He flicked his tongue against her sweet full lips then briefly sealed their mouths again. "When it's only you and me..." He rolled her pebbled nipple in his palm. His other hand cupped her buttocks and pulled her flush against him. "I'll be here." He released her and took a step back.

A slight smile titled her lips. "Thanks for coming to my rescue, bringing me home...and for staying."

Ivan took his keys from his utility belt and jingled them. "Get some sleep." He kissed her cheek, spun around and stalked to the front door.

Great. Jay had parked behind his vehicle. "Will you wake up Sleeping Beauty and have him move his truck?"

"I'll do it. Let me get his keys."

Part of Ivan wanted to ticket Jay for parking behind his car, but the real violation was the jerk parking his ass in Roxie's bed. But there wasn't anything he could do about



it, except maybe lock Jay's ass up in the county jail. Plenty of men there wouldn't mind sharing a bed with the baseball player.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sound of running water woke Roxie. Sunshine streamed through the bedroom window. She stretched her arms over her head and flinched at the delicious ache between her legs and in her limbs. Then memories of last night came crashing over her.

Jay, Ivan, the incredible sex and the disappointing end.

Jay broke into song while he showered and Roxie chuckled. She swiveled her legs over the side of the bed and went into the bathroom.

"Good morning."

He opened the glass shower door. "Do you want to join me?" He wagged his brows.

"Ha ha. No. I'll shower after you. Then will you take me to get my car?"

"Sure. So where's the fuzz?"

Roxie faced the mirror and ran a brush through her tangled hair. "He went home last night. Jay, we need to chat about what happened."

"I had a good time. It was fun."

Yeah, it was for her and Jay—but not for Ivan. Maybe because he was a little older or because he held a position of authority within the community, but last night wasn't his scene. Regardless how much she wished he'd enjoyed himself enough to get together again, that simply wasn't going to happen.

Jay turned off the shower and Roxie handed him a towel. "Okay, let's talk about what happened." Rivulets of water trickled down the chiseled contours of his incredible physique. His smooth, tanned chest muscles tapered to a trim waist and rippled abs. His cabled arms bunched as he moved the towel over his thick, heavy thighs and his flaccid penis hung from a thatch of dark hair glistening with water.

Roxie thought about dropping to her knees, putting his penis in her mouth and feeling him heat and harden between her lips. A little piece of her heart ached to turn back time, but another part of her—the sane, rational woman—knew going back would be pointless. What they had now was better for both of them. Jay had dreams of his own to follow.

They were better friends...friends with incredible benefits.

"I changed my mind," she said. "I don't want to talk about last night. It won't happen again anyway. *Parties* aren't Ivan's thing."

He wrapped the towel around his waist and stepped out of the tub. "I'm getting the vibe that bothers you more than you want me to know."

She dropped the lid on the toilet and sat down. "Don't you think it makes me a slut to want you both?"

He chuckled. "Rox, I know you well enough to know you don't sleep around."

"How can I convince *him* of that? I'm a dancer so he's going to think the worst of me."

"Then you are going to see him again?" Jay picked up the brush.

"Ivan said he'd be around if you weren't."

Jay turned and leaned against the counter. "What did you tell him?"

Roxie stood. As she walked past Jay, she trailed her fingers over the tight muscles of his abs. "I told him goodbye."

He caught her wrist before she could walk away. "We've had good times." He rubbed his thumb over her knuckles. "I'd hate it...but we can have good times without having sex."

She gave him a snort. "That's not what I want. I like Ivan—a lot—but I think he'd have a hard time trusting us together. Hell, if I were him, *I* wouldn't trust us together. We'd end up in bed. And by the way, *that is* what I want. I love you, Jay. You're my

best friend." She let go of his hand and jerked the towel. "Don't worry about me. Get dressed."

"Roxie?" She turned. "I love you too."

She smiled. "I know."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ivan was tired when he went on patrol, and he had a hard time keeping his mind on the road. Once on the clock, the first thing he'd done was go see if Roxie had retrieved her vehicle from the side of the road. She had, and emotion churned in his gut. He didn't want to be jealous of the man who must have remained at her house until morning so that he could bring her to her car. But damn it, he was.

Why couldn't Ivan push Roxie from his mind? Her husky laugh, the way she responded to his touch. He'd suspected sex would be good between them. And not because she was a stripper and supposedly exotic dancers knew how to fuck.

No, it was the easy bantering between them, her smile and the way her copper eyes took in details. He wrote out warnings and tickets slowly because he knew she watched, staring at his hands. After last night, he suspected her thoughts lingered with him. He'd imagined how he'd touch her, how she'd respond...and she'd responded. Again and again. The sex hadn't just been good. Burying his tool in her tight, sweet heat had felt incredible.

He shifted on the seat, cupped his crotch and adjusted. After he'd left her this morning, all he'd wanted to do was turn around and go back. But he hadn't and now that he was on duty, he couldn't resist driving by her place to see if she was home and if anyone – not anyone, *Jay* – happened to be there.

She wasn't, and he released a sigh of relief. But that didn't stop him from making her house part of his patrol. The hour grew late and he found himself not only driving the section of highway she traversed as if it were her personal drag strip, but continuing

on, passing her house. He wasn't sure what he'd do if he eventually discovered her car in the drive.

Hell, he knew. He'd stop – because the woman wouldn't stay out of his head.

Ivan still had a few hours on his shift, but he didn't want to work. He wanted Roxie...again. After flipping a u-turn, he headed back to the station. A few moments later, he parked his cruiser and jogged into the small county offices. "I need the night off," he said to Debbie, the dispatcher.

"It's slow and Frank's on call if we need him."

Normally Ivan hung around the station, exchanged a few pleasantries. He socialized with the people he worked with.

Not tonight.

After leaving the station, he went home, grabbed a shower, changed into civilian clothes and headed into town.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ivan pulled into the packed parking lot of the club. The vibration of his motorcycle matched the tension strumming his nerves. He wouldn't make a scene...wouldn't even let her know he was there. The plan was to hang in the back and get a fix on Roxie by watching her dance.

Music thumped from inside the building. His heart beat the same rhythm. The heavy door swung open and a couple of guys stepped out and lit cigarettes. They acknowledged him with a "Hey" and "How's it going?" as Ivan passed.

Inside, red and yellow lights sliced through the darkened club. Loud music blasted from the speakers. The heavy beat pulsed with the blood surging into his cock as his eyes adjusted to the darkened ambiance. The woman on the stage wasn't Roxie, but she certainly knew how to ride a pole. Grinding and humping, the stripper smiled and the men cheered. Lights flashed and a strobe blinked as she flipped her hair. Dollar bills were tossed at her feet.

Ivan scanned for an empty seat near the back. The dancers waited tables when it wasn't their turn to strip and he didn't want to inadvertently sit in Roxie's section. Staying along the back wall, he found a location where he could see the stage but remain concealed. A buxom blonde weaved between the tables.

"What can I get you?"

"Coffee. Black. Thanks."

When she returned a few minutes later, he handed her a Lincoln and sat back to wait for Roxie's set. The wait wasn't long and then she was there, on the stage. The performance started with a tease, a little bump and grind. Facing the crowd, hips gyrating to the music, she slowly trailed her fingers over the creamy swell of her breasts. Fingers splayed wide, she inched her hand over her stomach, slipping the buttons of her pirate-style blouse free. Her movements were slow, meant to tantalize. Roxie licked her lips, closed her eyes and appeared to enjoy touching herself.

Ivan swallowed but his mouth was dry. He took a sip of coffee. The bitter taste sweetened in his mouth as Roxie shimmied to the stage floor, trailed fingers over her widespread inner thigh, caught her bottom lip between her teeth and went to her hands and knees. Her short, pleated skirt hiked higher, giving a glimpse of her ass. Bills were tossed on the stage and she crawled with her back in a feline arch.

Ivan's cock ached and his balls tingled. He liked her position...a lot.

The music changed. Roxie jumped to her feet, bending at the waist. When she flipped up, her hair a wild mess, she tore off her shirt, revealing her pert breasts. She stomped to the front of the stage. Her nipples tightened and she pinched and rolled them between her fingers. Ivan groaned. He knew how sensitive those taut tips were, how they tasted against his tongue. Staring, unable to pull his gaze away from her erotic movements, he imagined she danced for his eyes only. She thrust her hips, stretched her neck, worked her body.

"Hey, Soto."

“Shit!” Ivan startled. The cup tipped, spilling the dark dregs of his coffee. He grabbed a napkin. “What do *you* want?”

Jay smiled and sat on the barstool next to him. “I’d think that would be obvious.” He turned to the stage. “I want the same thing you do.”

“Roxie.”

Jay lifted his beer in a salute then drank. “Have you watched her dance before?”

“None of your business.”

Jay shrugged a shoulder. They sat in silence for a moment, both watching Roxie play to the crowd. Stripped down to nothing but a thong, she leaned back—way back—until her hands reached the floor behind her and she did a backbend. Ivan hadn’t realized how limber or talented she was. Like a gymnast, she went into a handstand and split her legs in the air. Muscles, slick with sweat and oil, glistened under the stage lights.

She didn’t just dance, but worked as an artist—and her body was the medium, creating lines and form, all erotic.

Roxie flipped her legs around and landed in full Chinese splits on the ground. A round of cheers erupted from a group of guys in the corner. “Hey, Jay, that’s your girl!” one of them shouted.

“Your team?”

Jay lifted a hand to them. “We’re celebrating.”

Ivan raised an eyebrow. “And you bring them to see your girlfriend dance?”

Jay chuckled. “Yeah. Only I didn’t come in much while she was my girlfriend. It’s different now that Rox and I are just friends.”

Ivan rolled his shoulders. “Just friends?”

Jay stared hard at him. “Yes. But don’t jump to conclusions about Roxie. I’m the only *friend* she sleeps with.”

Ivan didn't want to have this conversation, didn't want to discuss what happened between the three of them for several reasons. The primary one being that Ivan didn't enjoy sex with another man even if they technically never touched. At least that was his position—the only position he'd ever have with Jay again. To admit that he'd enjoyed the sounds, the smells—the woman *and* the man—meant more than he was ready for...more than he could ever be ready for.

Ivan sipped his coffee. "What are you celebrating?"

"Seems a scout from the majors attended the last game. Three players are under consideration for the Sidewinders, farm team for the Diamondbacks." Jay took a long swallow of beer. "I had a good game." Jay's smile widened. "If all goes well, I'll be traded and playing in sunny Arizona."

A surge of adrenaline rushed through Ivan. Nerves heightened and he jolted with the notion that Jay would be out of Roxie's life, at least in the here and now. He swung his gaze to the stage. But another disturbing revelation hit him—Jay was Roxie's best friend and she held a special place for him. Even though she'd said the committed romance between them had ended, she'd fucked him last night.

"What about Roxanne?"

"The move wouldn't be permanent. I'd be back after the season and farm teams work like any other professional baseball team. I could be there catching tomorrow and back home the day after that." Jay set his empty beer bottle on the table. "Or I could get the lucky break of a lifetime and play a few games with the Diamondbacks." He leaned toward Ivan. "Look, Rox loves me, and I feel the same way. So while I might be leaving for Arizona, I'm not *going* anywhere." His eyes narrowed. "You know what I mean? I think you care about her, and if you do, if you want something permanent, you're going to have to accept me and figure out a way to deal with the relationship she and I have. We're a package."

"I'm not a fag."

Jay leaned back in his chair. "Fuck, Ivan, neither am I. This isn't about you and me. It's about her."

Ivan glanced at the stage. Roxie finished her set and collected the money off the stage. He shook his head. "I don't think *ménage a trois* is my thing."

"Say what you want, but we both know you enjoyed last night as much as Roxie and I did. Last night was your first time?"

"And Roxie's, but *you* didn't seem all that uncomfortable."

"I spend half my day in a team locker room. I see my share of dicks. I've never been turned on by one." He lowered his voice. "Last night, watching you with Rox, knowing she wanted us both, *did* turn me on."

"I don't think I want to hear this." He didn't—because he'd felt the same way.

"It's your choice, but you're tossing out a chance at something special with Roxie."

"And you. I can't get over the idea that there would be three of us in her bed."

"I'm not going to beg you to fuck her. Stay or go. Your choice. Besides, it's not like I'd be there all the time. Even if I don't get picked up by the Sidewinders, baseball season is long and I'm on the road for half the games." He held up a finger to a passing server then lifted his empty beer.

Ivan growled. He couldn't believe the thoughts running through his mind. He was actually considering Jay's words, agreeing with his position when five minutes ago he wouldn't consider the possibility of ever repeating the encounter from last night, let alone conceiving a *relationship* with both of them. Yet Jay made sense.

The blonde server with the big breasts arrived with the beer for Jay. "Hey, Amber."

"Hi, Jay. Your crew is whooping it up over there."

"We're celebrating. I was thinking I'd like to continue the celebration in the Champagne Room. A private party with Roxie."

She popped a hip and rested the drink tray. "No way. The last time you took Roxie for a private party Randall completely lost it."



"The boss man was pissed." Jay laughed.

"I swear I thought he'd have a heart attack. You paid for a fifteen-minute lap dance and were in there for an hour. She missed two sets and we all knew why. The girl moans like a freaking wild animal."

"Please?"

"Do you promise not to fuck her?" Amber rolled her eyes. "Never mind, don't say anything. You're too cute to lie to me."

"Set my friend and me up. And Amber, don't tell Roxie. We want to surprise her." Jay turned to Ivan. "Don't we?"

Without using better judgment, Ivan nodded. Did this mean he accepted Roxie and Jay as an all-or-nothing option? No. Yet he stood and followed Jay to the private rooms. His palms dampened and the beat of his heart echoed in his ears. Blood rushed from his head to his groin. That had to be the explanation. Excitement to be with Roxie again—but not Jay—had to be the reason his cock strained against the front of his jeans.

The decadent Champagne Room was worth the money. Two hundred bones for a fifteen-minute lap dance. The circular room had a pole in the center. Mirrored walls lined one side and a semicircle couch was on the other. Patrons could see every angle of the dancer by simply looking in the mirrors.

"It's like the oval office. Only instead of a crest in the center of the room, there's a pole."

Jay sat on the couch. "Have a seat, Ivan. Amber will bring us each a mug of champagne. Roxie won't come in until she changes outfits and cleans up from her set."

"A mug?"

Jay laughed. "Yeah, a big mug."

"You seem very familiar with the process." Ivan crossed the room and sat, leaving about a foot of space between them.

"Roxie and I dated for five years."

Ivan leaned back. "Five years is a long time. Are you sure the two of you are done?"

"Roxie and I will never be done. That's why you need to decide if you can deal with me."

Well, no shit. The decision seemed to have been made. He was here, in the private room, the lights dimmed and music heightening the anticipation...with Jay.

"Dating a stripper comes with its own set of complications." Ivan met Jay's stare in the mirror. "Don't buy into the bullshit, not with Roxie."

The door opened and Amber came in with two heavy mugs of champagne. The private show could get a little wild and the mug had a sturdy handle and wide base to keep it from tipping over easily. "Okay, guys, hang on to your drinks or set them on the shelf behind you. I told Roxie she had a party of two." Amber winked at Jay. "But I didn't tell her who." She turned to leave. "Have fun – and I'm sending Big Bill in here if you misbehave." She laughed and closed the door behind her.

"Big Bill?" Ivan leaned forward and rested his elbows on knees.

"The bouncer up front. I'm not worried. You carry a gun."

"I'm off duty."

"Yeah, you were last night too. I reconsidered going in the house because you were there. I wondered if you'd put a cap in my ass."

"Why did you come in if you knew I was there? Weren't you concerned we'd be in bed?"

Jay was quiet for a moment. "I knew. In my gut, I knew."

"I thought last night would be a one-time encounter," Ivan said. "Before I left, Roxie told me she wanted us both...that she didn't want a monogamous relationship."

Jay took a sip of champagne. "Are you sure that's what she said? Because she indicated something much different this morning in the shower."

Ivan stood up. "Fuck you, Jay." He didn't need this shit, didn't care to hear about their time in the shower.

“Hold on.” Jay stood and grabbed Ivan by the arm.

Ivan’s heartbeat kicked up a notch. After making every effort not to touch the man while they were in bed, sharing Roxanne, he was now acutely aware of the heat in Jay’s hand. He pulled his arm back. “Hey, no big deal. She made her choice clear. She’d rather be with you. I’m a big boy. I can handle rejection.”

“You may do your job as a sheriff well, but you sure haven’t figured out Roxie.”

“I know her driving habits. For six months she’s sped through my county. When I pull her over, she flirts.”

“Most women flirt to get out of a ticket.”

“Yep, but with Roxie it was different.”

“Well, if it makes a difference, we didn’t shower *together*, although she is fun in the shower.” Jay put up his hands. “I’m just teasing. Although you obviously don’t have a sense of humor.”

The music changed and a sultry rhythm piped into the room. “Sit down, let her dance and judge for yourself what Roxie wants.” The lights dimmed and recessed lighting highlighted the pole. One of the mirrored partitions popped open. A bare leg appeared and lifted, hugging the edge of the door. Ivan backed up until his thighs hit the stiff fabric of the couch and he sat next to Jay.

Maybe whatever happened between the three of them was inevitable. If he let the night play out, he’d be with Roxanne again. Ivan believed Jay when he said this wasn’t about them. Not at the core. They both wanted the same woman. Jay claimed he only wanted friendship and sex. Ivan wanted much more.

The music changed and Roxie danced into the room.

*Holy shit!* This wasn’t a striptease, but a private showing. Roxie wore five-inch heels, a black thong and nothing else. Long black hair draped in a flowing curtain over her body, a single lock clinging to her bare breast and curling around her erect nipple.

She grabbed the pole and swirled around it, sliding down the length. Her eyes locked on Ivan...

She stopped. He smiled and eased the tightness in his jaw.

Color flushed her cheeks. "Why are you here?"

"To watch you dance?" He rubbed his palms along the thighs of his jeans.

"Why are you here with *Jay*?"

Ivan turned to Jay, took a deep breath and plunged into whatever *this* was. "I guess we had the same idea."

She prowled closer. "So what are you telling me, Sheriff?" She bent forward, placed her hands on his legs and braced her arms. "Did you want to have a *little party* in the Champagne Room?" She shimmied to the floor then slithered her way back up until she stood again.

Ivan leaned forward and gripped her hips. Pulling her close, he buried his nose in the soft flesh of her tummy. All he had to do was lift his head. He could pull her breast to his mouth, suckle her perfect, rosy tips.

He sensed movement beside him. Jay set his mug of champagne on the shelf. Ivan pulled back and gazed into her sparkling copper eyes. "Dance for us." He pressed a fluttering kiss to her stomach and reached around to grasp her buttocks.

Roxie gently bit into her bottom lip and in a slow and exaggerated gyration, rocked her hips. Ivan caressed her, followed her movements. Rough hands on soft flesh.

Jay leaned forward and cupped her breast, grazing his thumb over her nipple. "Then *we'll* take you home."

## Chapter Four

Roxie followed Ivan on his motorcycle. A quick glance in the rearview mirror confirmed Jay followed her in his truck. Something must have happened between Jay and Ivan. At minimum they had a conversation that led them into the Champagne Room for a private dance.

A smile tilted her lips. Once they were at her place, she'd finish the dance. This time she wouldn't strip out of her own clothes, but somehow entice them to shed theirs. She pulled into the drive. Ivan parked his bike beside her car and Jay pulled up behind her.

Roxie popped a hip and crossed her arms over her chest. "Sheriff, did you happen to see the posted speed limit?" She snorted. "No, you probably couldn't because you were hauling ass."

Jay came up behind her and slapped her on the rear. "Want to play good cop, bad cop?"

"No, but we could play some games." Roxie winked.

"All you two do is play games."

"Uh-oh, the voice of dissention." Jay used his keys to unlock the front door.

Roxie followed him in and Ivan closed then locked the door.

"I'd call me the voice of reason, only I don't think either of you listen."

"I need to eat." Roxie bent over and unzipped her go-go boots. Her feet ached, and so did other parts of her anatomy. But once she went to bed, not even an earthquake would shake these men from her arms. "Are either of you hungry?"

"I could eat." Jay followed her into the kitchen. Roxie hoped that simply acting as if nothing sexual was about to happen, as if they were just three friends hanging out, would perhaps make Ivan drop his guard and enjoy himself. She'd seen glimpses of his

fun side, but mostly he was the strong, silent type. Self-assured and aggressive. She liked the steely ruggedness. But she needed more from him. Last night, after he'd left, she'd realized she'd already become emotionally involved, regardless that she'd tried to play it off to Jay.

For six months she'd built up an image and a fantasy. She didn't want the Ivan of her dreams, but the actual man—here, in her home. She was discovering the real man appealed far more than anything she'd mentally contrived.

Jay opened the fridge. "Didn't you have a bottle of cheap wine in here the other day?"

Roxie laughed. "You drank it." She bumped Jay out of the way and grabbed the carton of eggs from a shelf.

"We're celebrating and I need a drink so we can have a toast."

"The only toast I have is going to be made out of bread." She handed him the loaf. "What are we celebrating?" Roxie grabbed a beer from the door. "Here. Ivan, do you want one?" He nodded. Roxie handed him a beer then grabbed the tub of butter spread. "Eggs and toast?"

Ivan approached, set his beer on the counter and took the items from her. "Go change. We'll make food."

Roxie paused. "Really? Great! But Jay, what are we celebrating?"

"A scout for the Diamondbacks was in the stands at yesterday's game. There's talk, Rox. I could be in Arizona by the end of the week."

"Oh my god!" She launched into his arms. "This is your dream, baby! You have to chase it. Holy shit! This is *incredible*."

Jay's smile was pleased, yet humble. She knew the journey had been too long for him to show arrogance over his possible good fortune.

"I'm so proud of you."

Jay released Roxie and hopped up, sitting on the counter. “If it happens, it’ll happen fast.”

“Will you relocate to Arizona?” Ivan opened cupboards until he found a bowl, then started cracking eggs.

“I’ll be right back.” Roxie hurried to her room, stripping out of her clothing along the way. She heard Ivan and Jay chatting and warmth filled her chest. She didn’t understand the connection. She only knew these two men each met her needs as a woman. Jay was comfort and friendship. But Ivan, holy hell—the man made her cream her panties with one glance. He gazed at her with longing and had for months. When she was with Ivan, he made her feel like a desirable woman. His touch went beyond feeling good. He infused her with erotic power.

She glanced around her bedroom. This should be the next do-it-herself project. After the way Ivan had reacted to her dance, she wanted to give him a very private, very interactive performance. The bedroom had plenty of room for a pole and a mirrored wall.

She went into the en-suite bathroom and washed her makeup from her face. This was the first room she’d remodeled after she’d moved into the house. Her parents, now retired to Florida, had helped her with a down payment, though she’d saved enough to get started. Her first purchase had been the jetted tub and high-powered, massaging showerhead.

A robust laugh from the kitchen grabbed her attention. That was *Ivan*. Another laugh from Jay. She scrambled into a silky camisole and shorts.

Back in the kitchen, Ivan was at the stove and Jay had set the table. She paused. Not quite the typical family dinner, considering that when they retired to bed they’d all go together.

She approached Ivan. “Smells wonderful.” She put her hand on his back pocket and peered into the frying pan. Goopy cheese melted over a vegetable omelet, the combined

aroma of tomatoes, green peppers and onions wafting on the air. They'd all have lovely breath tonight. "So what were the two of you laughing about?"

Ivan slid the omelet onto a platter. "Time to eat." He handed a plate piled high with buttered toast to her.

"I've been telling him Roxie stories."

Great. She'd gotten into her share of mischief over the years. Some of her escapades shouldn't be retold to a cop. Jail had plenty of iron bars—she was happy with her brass poles.

"Maybe I should get the duct tape out for *your* mouth." She sat down and put a piece of toast on her plate.

Ivan sat next to her and Jay stared at her from across the table. "Remember the first time we went to dinner with Pete Strom?"

Roxie snorted, but inside she giggled.

Jay turned to Ivan. "Pete plays on my baseball team. It was the beginning of last season. He was new to the team, but we hit it off and became friends."

Roxie watched Ivan as Jay retold the story. He piled omelet on his toast and ate while his gaze shifted between her and Jay.

"I had to work at the club," she said. "But I met Jay and Pete at the Mongolian barbecue."

"Realize Roxie loves to eat there. It's a little hole in the wall downtown. Have you heard of the place?"

Ivan swallowed and took a sip of beer. "If it's the one I'm thinking of, an alley runs behind the building."

Jay pointed at Ivan with his fork. "Yep, that's the one." Jay shifted his fork to point at Roxie. "Do you want to tell the story?"

She took a big bite and shook her head.

"I thought the place was closed down by the health department."



Roxie couldn't stifle the laugh building in her chest. "It has been several times."

Jay nodded and cocked an eyebrow. "Yeah, for having cats in the freezer. I'm not sure where the owners are from but apparently neighborhood alley strays are on the family menu."

Ivan leaned back in his chair. "Most of the time, those types of claims are just rumors."

"Oh no," Roxie said. "It's true. I don't think they serve cats to customers. At least I hope they don't."

Jay laughed. "That isn't what you led Pete to believe."

Roxie started to giggle, which built to a full-blown laugh. She couldn't stop.

"Pete had a big mouthful of barbecue. Enjoyed the hell out of the food. He hummed his approval. 'Mmm. Delicious'." Jay exaggerated the movements of his mouth as if he was Pete that day in the restaurant. "Roxie, with a straight face, asks Pete—"

Roxie ceased laughing long enough to speak. "How does your pussy taste?"

Ivan laughed.

"Then Roxie tells Pete the story of the pussy cats in the freezer." Jay tipped his beer and swallowed.

Ivan pushed his plate away. "Roxie?" His voice was low and husky.

"Yes?"

"I'd like to know how your pussy tastes."

Silence descended. Breath froze in her lungs. "You already know," she whispered.

Ivan stood and grasped her fingers in his rough, calloused hand. "I'm still hungry." He pulled her up, drawing his fingertip along her collarbone. "Famished." He tucked his thumbs into the waistband of her shorts and inched them over her hips. "Can I feast on your cream, Roxie? Are you wet?" He slid his palm down her stomach, under the edge of her panties, and cupped her mound.

Roxie's knees weakened. She clutched Ivan's arms as he traced the seam of her bare pussy lips, gathering cream on his finger.

"Oh yes, please." Widening her stance, she urged his hand farther into her panties. "Oh god." Ivan plunged one finger deep.

Jay stacked the dishes on the table then moved them to the counter.

Ivan touched his lips to hers as he spoke. "Would you please lie on the table? Jay and I would like to finish our meal."

Rapid beats of her heart pumped blood into the hot regions of her body. Her taut nipples poked against her top and her pussy clenched around Ivan's finger. This was happening too fast. She'd wanted to dance for them, be the seductress of their fantasies and at the same time, a flesh-and-blood woman.

But Ivan lifted her onto the table, snapped the sides of her panties, tore them off and spread her thighs wide. Grasping the edge of her camisole, he slowly lifted, exposing her bare flesh. Naked, she lay back.

"Jay," she said. "We're going to need a condom."

"No, Roxie, we're going to need several." He momentarily left the room, returning to toss several condoms on the table.

Ivan pushed her knees toward her ears. Moisture glistened on her flesh. She was wet, dripping and sweet-smelling. He darted his tongue into her channel then licked to her clit, curling his tongue around the bud and sucking it into his mouth. The scent, the sounds, the three of them together, messed with his mind. At the moment he didn't care that Jay had lowered the zipper on his jeans and exposed his stiff dick. Ivan's cock throbbed too. They both wanted Roxie. Both cared about her and wanted to pleasure her.

Last night in the darkened room, he didn't have to think about what Jay did or Roxie's response to him. Under the bright dining room light, her flushed body displayed for them, he accepted that he had to share.

"Jay." Ivan glanced to the refrigerator. "It's time for dessert. I believe I saw the makings for a decadent sundae."

"I like the way you think."

Jay returned to the table with spoons, a half-gallon of mocha ice cream, a small jar of maraschino cherries, chocolate syrup and a can of whipped cream.

Roxie leaned up on her elbows. "Hey, if you're using my PMS supplies, I get to play too."

Ivan glanced from Jay to Roxie. There were complications to their little party. Yes, he'd had a good time swapping stories with Jay, but he wasn't about to get any more involved than taking turns pleasuring her. And if he was lucky, Jay would be on his way to Arizona and he and Roxie could explore a more traditional relationship. Group sex was temporary.

He glanced at the ice cream and fixings. If he dished up Roxie like a sundae, who sampled what and where?

Evidently Jay didn't have the same concerns. He took the bottle of syrup and drizzled chocolate sauce over her dusky nipples. Chocolate swirled and crisscrossed over her smooth flesh. Taking the can of whipped cream, he squirted fluffy mounds onto her breasts then filled his mouth with the sweet cream. He swallowed and grabbed a jar. "Do you want her cherry, Soto?" Jay laughed as he dropped a maraschino cherry in her bellybutton. Then he circled her navel with more whipped cream.

Roxie's back arched off the table and her stomach muscles quivered. "It's cold."

Bending over Roxie, Jay dragged his tongue through the syrup. "Want a taste?" He flicked the tip of his tongue against her lips. They parted and he sealed their mouths together.

During the passionate exchange, Ivan watched tongues touch, taste, curl around each other. Pressure built behind the fly of his jeans. He never would've thought watching a woman—a woman he wanted for himself—with another man could be such a powerful aphrodisiac. Desire burned in his chest and his gut clenched. He wanted her...more so because Jay wanted her too.

Ivan opened the carton of ice cream, scooped two fingers through the frozen confection and painted her pussy lips. Ice cream melted and dripped onto the table.

Roxie shrieked. Her thighs snapped together as Ivan dipped his fingers back into the ice cream. "Are you hot, Roxie? Should I cool you down?" He spread her thighs again and slid his cold fingers, dripping with melting ice cream, into her heated depths.

Putting her legs over his shoulders, Ivan sat in a chair and licked the sweet cream from her folds. The sensation of hot and cold had her writhing in pleasurable agony. He savored the tang of her musk with the mocha flavor. Putting his hands under her ass, he lifted her fully against his mouth, twisted his tongue into her weeping hole before ferociously sucking her clit.

Her moans escalated to cries. "Ivan!" Her fingers grasped his hair and held his face hard against her mound. Spasms rocked her body. He rode her orgasm, drinking her as her internal muscles gripped and released. Ivan lifted his gaze. Jay stroked his cock, watching Roxie—and watching him. Jay had taken off his shirt. Muscles bunched in his forearm, flexed with the powerful stroking of his cock.

Roxie gulped air until her breathing eased. She rested back against the table, her thighs opening wider as the tightness left her muscles.

Ivan stood, freed his cock then pushed his jeans down and off. He stood at Roxie's feet and Jay stood near her head. Melted whipped cream trickled over her breasts, dripping down her globes and pooling on her sternum. She reached into the carton, scooping a gooey glob of ice cream. She ate a big bite, licked her fingers then leaned up on her elbows and wrapped her lips around Jay's engorged crown.

"Oh god." Jay cupped her head in his palms. "Cold."

“Mmm-hmm. And delicious.” Wrapping her fist around the base, she squeezed his shaft and lowered her chilled lips. She pumped and sucked, her fist meeting her mouth in the middle.

Ivan matched the rhythm, pumping his own shaft with perfect pressure. Wanting to imagine her cold mouth on his sac, he grabbed a fistful of ice cream and smeared it over his scrotum. He threw his head back and howled. His balls drew up, lightning flashing through his body. Faster, harder. Heated skin slid smoothly over his steel rod.

He groaned. His cock jumped, lengthened, ready to spurt his seed over her sticky flesh.

“Ivan, no, I want you inside me.”

Christ, he wanted inside her too. But she was in the center of the table and he couldn't reach her. At the moment, his cock pulsed. He ached to come. Burying his shaft in her hot core was infinitely more appealing than stroking himself, but she'd have to let go of Jay and scoot closer to him. His gaze moved from her passion-clouded eyes to Jay's partially closed ones.

Fuck it.

Ivan grabbed a condom and stretched it over his shaft. Then he crawled onto the table, causing it to creak. The damn thing could collapse. But he had to be inside her—now. Hovering above her, with fierce hunger driving his motions, he spread her thighs wide, grasped her hips and plunged inside.

Roxie wrapped her legs around his hips, locking her ankles behind his back and matching his tempo with thrusts of her own. The table rocked, threatening to splinter. The hard wood bit into his knees, yet he dug deep, thrusting into her soaked sheath again and again.

Slick yet sticky cream, chocolate and cherry juice squished between them. Ivan leaned forward and gently bit her shoulder, tasting the flavors of dessert from her soft skin. Roxie moaned while still pleasuring Jay. Ivan didn't think about how close Jay's

dick was to his face. Rather, he reveled in the musky essence of man blending with the sweet scent of sex and sundaes.

Ivan roared. Every synapse fired. Sparks flashed behind his eyes and hot come jettied from his cock. A muted moan from Roxie rent the air. Her walls quivered then convulsed, gloving him in smooth, rhythmic contractions.

Ivan released a heavy breath and rested his head on her chest. Roxie continued to pump Jay's shaft with one hand, but her other threaded through Ivan's hair, her legs wrapped tight around his hips, keeping him close. She held him.

Jay woke to the chirping of his cell phone. Sunlight poured through the window. Roxie and Ivan still slept naked on the bed, sheets twisted around their legs. After they'd showered together, rinsing the sticky mess from their bodies, they'd gone to bed.

Fishing through the clothes on the floor, Jay found his watch. "Shit." He should have been at the ball field an hour ago. He almost hated to look at how many calls he'd missed. This wasn't the time to screw up with the team by showing irresponsibility.

He dressed quickly. After he tugged on his jeans, he sat on the bed. "Rox, I have to go."

She stretched and rolled toward him. "Okay, will you be back tonight?"

Jay glanced from Roxie's sleepy softness to Ivan. "Yeah, I'll bring home dinner."

"No Mongolian pussy." Ivan cracked an eye open and smiled.

Jay chuckled and stood. "I'll call you later and let you know when I'll be home," he said before taking a last glance at the pair. Then he quietly slipped from the room.

Roxie turned toward Ivan. "He left so he wouldn't have to clean that mess in the kitchen."

Ivan brushed her hair from her face. "I'll gladly clean the kitchen for a few hours alone with you." He cupped her cheek, traced his thumb along her lower lip. "I have mixed feelings about our involvement with Jay." He leaned forward. "But I'm

absolutely certain about you and me." He pulled her close, their bodies touching from chest to thigh. "Roxanne, I want to make love to you."

She reached over, grabbed a condom from the nightstand and slipped it into his palm. "I want that too."

Ivan ripped the package open then quickly sheathed his cock. He stole her breath with a deep, penetrating kiss. Lips merged, tongues parried. She wrapped her arms around his waist, clutching him.

Roxie rolled to her back and spread her thighs. With their mouths still entwined, tongues in a dance of taste and retreat, Ivan slid balls-deep into her silken glove.

\* \* \* \* \*

Evening encroached. Roxie brewed a pot of coffee. She'd never look at her kitchen table again without getting butterflies in her tummy.

Ivan had spent the day with her. Rather than feeling like she needed her alone time, she enjoyed his company. She poured two mugs and carried them to the table. "So when do you have to go back to work?"

Ivan sipped his coffee, wrapping his palms around the mug. "Tomorrow. I usually work the swing shift. At least I have," he paused meaningfully, "for about the last six months."

"So you can pull me over after work?"

"Guilty as charged."

She met his eyes. Passion always seemed to simmer just beneath the surface. Even when the only interaction they'd had was on the side of the road, there had been arcs of sexual awareness between them.

"Are you staying here tonight? Jay will be here."

Ivan chuckled. "I suspect Jay will be here whenever he wants."

"That's not fair. I'm not his booty call. He's here because I want him here." She paused, took a breath then said, "Just like I want you here."

He nodded. "Then I'm a booty call like Jay?"

She rested her chin in her palm with her elbow on the table. "This sure doesn't feel like a booty call to me." A small smile titled her lips. "Does it to you?" She didn't think it did. Earlier he'd asked to make love to her, and that's exactly what he'd done. Worshipped her with his lips, his body, mentally bonded with her as much as physically while he filled her with his cock. She didn't want him to go home tonight...perhaps not ever.

The phone rang. "That's probably Jay asking what we want for dinner." Roxie grabbed the cordless phone off the counter. "Hello."

"Oh my god, Rox, tonight we're celebrating! Not only am I going to Arizona—but I've been picked up by the Diamondbacks!"



## Chapter Five

*Whack...whack...whack.*

Roxie opened her eyes and glanced at the alarm clock.

*Whack.*

What in the hell was Ivan doing at three in the morning?

*Whack.*

He wouldn't...

Damn it. Yes, he would. She swiveled her legs out of bed, slipped on her robe and followed the sound of the hammer.

The house was *her* project. If repairs needed to be made, she was going to be the one to do them. That was part of the charm in the old country house. The remodeling and modernizing made it hers. She hadn't spent hours watching DIY Network and pestering the staff at The Home Depot to let Ivan horn in on her fun and do the work.

Glow from the porch light spilled into the kitchen. The back door was open. She crossed the room and stood at the threshold but didn't speak.

*Whack.* Muscles bunched in Ivan's shoulders and arms as he swung the hammer. Wood crackled and split and another porch step splintered into pieces. Sweat glistened on his back and trickled down his spine.

"Shouldn't you be in bed?"

Ivan's attention snapped to the door. Those piercing green eyes locked on her face and he smiled. "Good morning, beautiful."

Flutters swarmed her tummy. She pushed open the old wooden screen door and stepped into the balmy night air. "This is morning only in the technical sense of the word. It's the middle of the night. Come to bed."

Ivan set the hammer on the porch and sat. "I can't sleep."

Roxie sat next to him. "Is something wrong? Did you have a rough night at work?"

She didn't really need to ask. He'd be in bed with her—like he had been for weeks—unless something was bothering him.

Ivan clasped his hands between his knees. "I expected Jay to be here before I went off shift."

Concern for Jay was the last thing she'd expected to hear. "And you're waiting up for him?"

He sighed. "I wonder what's keeping him."

She wasn't sure where Ivan was coming from. The relationship between the three of them had come a long way in a short time. But she assumed he tolerated Jay because of his feelings for her. Strong emotions, though still new, had developed between her and the sheriff. That he was rebuilding her back porch in the middle of the night, waiting for their lover to come home, bore testament to how radically the dynamics of their relationship—and his relationship with Jay—had shifted. "Do you want me to call his cell phone?"

Ivan stood and held a hand out to help her stand. "Yeah, make sure he's okay. He called yesterday and sounded excited for the free weekend to spend at home." He gripped her fingers. "He meant home as in *here*. Something's kept him. The sheriff in me wants to be sure he's okay."

Roxie linked her fingers with his and they went back into the house. Ivan pulled her close and placed a soft kiss on her lips. "Call Jay." His voice thickened with emotion. "I'll make coffee."

Roxie grabbed the cordless off the wall mount and dialed.

"I'm getting his voicemail. I could try calling one of his teammates." Roxie glanced at clock. "Or should we wait until morning...rephrase, I mean *sunrise*?"

A month ago she wouldn't have worried if Jay didn't come over. But since he'd gone to play with the Arizona Diamondbacks, his time home had come to mean a lot to her—apparently to all three of them. Seeing Ivan's concern caused her pulse to spike. "You're right. He'd be home. Maybe you could call dispatch. See if there are traffic delays or something. Don't they have a network or something?"

Ivan took the phone from her hands and called the station. Roxie gave him some space, sitting at the table. Ivan spoke in hushed tones with his back to her.

Roxie took the moment to reflect on Ivan. She couldn't believe how important he'd become to her in such a short amount of time. Learning each other's schedules hadn't taken long. Now when she left the club, she knew she'd come home to Ivan.

"Anyone hurt?"

Roxie caught that clipped portion of the conversation. She stood and approached Ivan. She put her hands on his waist. "What is it?" she whispered.

Ivan turned and wrapped his arm around her shoulder. Roxie leaned her cheek against his bare chest. As he listened on the phone, he sifted his trembling fingers through her hair.

"Call me back with any information." He gave Roxie's phone number to the dispatcher. "We'll be standing by."

What information? Ivan's voice sounded serious. Had he received news about Jay or was there some other crisis happening at the station?

Ivan hung the phone on the cradle. "It might be nothing."

"What?" Breath froze in her lungs. Something awful had happened. Ivan's mouth was a tight line and a muscle jumped in his jaw. "Tell me. Is it Jay?" She didn't know what had happened but tears were already building behind her eyes.

"Heavy fog on the interstate caused a fifty-car pile-up."

"Oh my god! Why didn't they call you to help?"

“Because it happened near the Arizona border. Well out of my jurisdiction. They’ve had to life-flight some of the injured to hospitals throughout the state. Debbie’s checking the known injury list. They haven’t announced names.”

“Fatalities?”

Ivan nodded. “Several.”

A large, hard rock lodged in Ivan’s gut. Part of him wanted to get in his vehicle, turn on the emergency lights and race to the scene. But that wasn’t practical. Debbie would contact him when she received any information.

“What should we do?”

He didn’t know. Wait. Worry. “Maybe you should call some of his teammates and see if they’ve heard from him.”

Roxie nodded her head. “Good idea.”

Ivan poured coffee while Roxie looked up phone numbers in her address book. Perhaps the news would have an update. He went into the living room, turned on the television and switched the channel to a local station. No coverage was reported yet so he went back to the kitchen.

Roxie sat at the table, making phone calls. He couldn’t just stand there and do nothing. Nor did he want to start ripping up the porch again. Damn it. His gut instinct had been right. Jay would’ve called if he could. What if he was injured? Roxie needed to be with Jay if he was at the hospital.

Heat filled Ivan’s face and his eyes burned. Fuck. He’d want to be there too. He never would have thought he’d have strong emotions for the man, but he did. He cared about Jay.

Ivan went out to his vehicle to listen to the scanner. About an hour later, Roxie poked her head out the front door and waved her arms. It couldn’t be Debbie, since he’d just used his radio for an update.

Ivan scrambled from the car. "What is it?"

"Jay just called!" she cried and launched herself into Ivan's outstretched arms. "He's on his way home. Because they shut down the interstate, he'd taken a detour and couldn't get service to his cell."

Ivan swallowed the lump in his throat. Fear morphed into relief. "I guess you could say I overreacted on this one."

Roxie trailed her fingers over his abs, up his torso and wrapped her arms around his neck. "It isn't overreacting to care about someone."

"He's a good guy."

She furrowed her brow and smiled at the same time. "Sheriff Soto, you sound like you're beginning to like our good friend Jay."

"Shhh. You can't tell him. Jay already has a big enough ego."

"Everything about Jay is big enough."

Ivan laughed and swatted her ass. "You are so bad."

"Maybe, but when Jay gets home, I'll prove it."

"You can prove it now." Ivan pulled her close and captured her lips in a passionate kiss. He slipped his tongue into her mouth. Wet, hot, delicious. Simple sips shifted to deep, demanding exchanges. Ivan sucked her tongue into his mouth. Intense, consuming desire heated his blood. Warmth rushed into his cock.

Ivan trailed kisses along her neck, stimulating her pleasure points. Her nipples tightened and prodded against his chest. Ivan grasped her hips.

"I know we don't have neighbors," he said. "But let's continue this in the house."

\* \* \* \* \*

Damn, the night had been long. After a five-hour detour getting home, all Jay wanted was to go to bed. Muscles in his ass didn't get this sore during a double header.

What should have been an eight-hour drive was now closer to fourteen. He was hungry, tired and because he was almost home, he was hard as hell.

Pulling into the driveway, he wasn't surprised to see the sheriff's vehicle. Soto wouldn't put a cap in his ass or bludgeon him with a baton. Jay belonged here. So did Ivan.

Predawn glow basked the house in welcoming light. God, coming home felt good...as good as knowing the two people inside had worried about him, waited for him, wanted him.

Jay slid the key into the lock and entered the quiet house. He didn't expect anyone to be awake. Roxie wasn't a morning girl. After dropping his duffle bag in the hall, he made his way to the bedroom.

Jay stood in the doorway and smiled. Roxie wasn't moaning, but Ivan was snoring. When he'd spoken with her a few hours ago on the cell, she'd said Ivan would probably be able to sleep now that they knew he was safe. Roxie lay on her side, curled against Ivan, her black hair draped like a curtain over his bare chest. Her hand was pillowed under her cheek.

Jay tugged his shirt off and tossed it on the floor. He toed off his sneakers then stripped out of his jeans. Once he was naked, he slowly stroked his cock. The heated crown pulsed. The erect shaft hardened further. Moisture seeped from the tip and his balls tingled.

Lifting the covers, he slipped beneath the sheet. He moved close to Roxie. Her body heat and the soft fragrance of her perfume surrounded him, making his stomach tighten.

"Rox." He gently caressed her hip then palmed her buttocks.

She moaned, shifted and stretched. "Honey, you're home." She turned to him.

Jay threaded his fingers through her hair, cupped her head and pulled her face close to his. "I missed you." He sipped her lips. "And I missed the fuzz."

Roxie giggled. "Ivan's too masculine to be called 'the fuzz'."

"Rough Justice?"

"Mmm. I like that."

"You like it all."

"No—you and Ivan are all I need." She touched his cheek. Her fingers were soft against his stubbled jaw. "We missed you too. Both of us." She pulled his mouth back to hers.

Jay parted her lips, probed the hot cavern of her mouth. She tasted of sex and woman...of Ivan. Jay growled, pulling her close and reaching around to her ass. His knuckles brushed against Ivan, who jerked.

Jay broke the kiss and leaned up on his elbow. "Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you."

"'Rough justice', huh?" Ivan glanced down at Roxie sandwiched between them.

She laughed softly. "You heard."

"Yes and I'm definitely *up*." With the flick of a wrist, he tossed the warm, wrinkled sheet to the end of the bed.

Jay swallowed. His mouth watered at the vision of his own cock at Roxie's shaved pussy and Ivan's rod aligned with the cleft of her ass. She wriggled between them.

Ivan scooted forward. His eyes locked with Jay's—then he put his large hand on Jay's hip.

Spreading his fingers, Ivan gripped tighter. Jay's heart pounded. This was the first time Ivan had intentionally touched him.

Heated blood surged through his body, rushing into his cock. Keeping his eyes locked with Ivan's, he reached over Roxie's waist. His fingers stilled on Ivan's waist then with a feral intensity, he grasped his flesh and pulled him closer to Rox. Smooth, soft flesh against rough male. Roxie's breasts crushed into his chest and her quick, shallow breaths blew against his skin.

Perfectly positioned, Roxie's cunt warmed his shaft with its wet heat. Ivan kissed her shoulder and undulated his hips, working his engorged shaft between her lithe thighs.

The heady scent of arousal permeated the air. Roxie rested her arm along Ivan's side. Jay linked their fingers and together they stroked Ivan's hip and upper thigh. Hands touched. His. Hers. His.

Jay plundered her mouth, delving deep into her moist kiss. Sucking, tasting and sliding his tongue against hers.

Roxie moaned, broke the kiss and arched her back. "Yes."

Ivan grasped her hip. Jay reached between Roxie's legs. "Open for me, Rox," he said. She shifted her legs and he spread her smooth pussy lips, tracing her drenched folds with the tip of his finger.

Ivan's cock nudged his fingers. He spread her wider and Ivan's dick slid deep.

"Holy shit." Roxie closed her eyes and laughed. Jay grazed her clit with his thumb while Ivan pistoned his hips, cramming her full of his cock.

Roxie moaned. Gasping for breath, she clutched Jay's shoulder and hooked a leg over his hip.

"Are you going to come?" Jay's fingers moved faster. Cream coated his hand. In the frenzied movements, he also touched Ivan's shaft. But it didn't matter. They were pleasing themselves...pleasing each other. Weeks of being together, both in and out of bed, built to this moment. Inhibitions were shed. Preconceived ideals of what was and wasn't acceptable melted away. This was what worked for them. Man, woman, man.

"I need inside." Jay's balls throbbed but it was his mind, his emotions, his desire for both Rox and Ivan that needed to be pleased.

Jay rolled to his back and Ivan slipped from Roxie. She straddled Jay's hips, poised over his straining cock, then slid down his pole until he was completely gloved in her slick, hot sheath.



Jay held her hips as she rocked. Lifting, lowering, riding him hard...rough, just the way he liked. Her nails clawed his chest. Moans rolled from her throat on each down thrust as he stretched and filled her.

Ivan leaned forward, placing a soft kiss to her bare shoulder. Her rocking slowed and Ivan was able to lave her taut nipple. Then he sucked hard on the nipple and her vaginal walls clenched.

"Ah fuck." Jay slid his hand between them and massaged her clit with his fingertip. Ivan continued to suck her breast. One and then the other.

"Ivan," she gasped. "I need you both."

Jay stilled. She was right. Together they were complete.

She wrapped her fingers around the back of Ivan's neck and jerked him forward. Lips crushed lips. She ravished his mouth. "Fuck me, Ivan. Fuck both of us."

Ivan got off the bed and went to the nightstand for the lube. Roxie might be drenched in her own juices, but if she was going to take them both, he'd be sure his slide into her beautiful ass was smooth.

Ivan wasn't sure how well this would work. He only knew he had to be in her...with Jay. Ivan had already realized he was falling in love with Roxie. What he hadn't been able to admit to were his feelings for Jay. After fearing for Jay's safety and then finding out he was safe, Ivan couldn't fear...*this*. Regardless of why or how, a bond existed between the three of them. There was no going back.

Jay sat up, gripped her firmly by the buttocks and scooted off the bed. He stood and Roxie moaned as she sank fully onto his shaft, impaled to the base. Her legs wrapped around his hips and her arms circled his shoulders.

Jay chuckled and bounced her a few times.

"Oh god, don't make me come until Ivan is with us."

Jay leaned against the dresser. Gripping Roxie's firm globes, he spread her cheeks apart. Ivan maneuvered behind her. Looking into the mirror behind Jay, he could see her face. With the shift of his eyes, his gaze locked with Jay's.

Jay smiled. "She belongs to both of us."

Ivan met her eyes in the mirror. "I think we belong to her." He squirted lube into his palm and stroked his shaft. The large head glistened. Deep purple veins tracking through the shaft pulsed with surging blood. He was stiff and ready. He held his shaft, bent his knees and pressed the mushroom crown against her tight rosette.

"Oh fuck." She inhaled sharply.

"Tell me to stop." Ivan paused.

"Stop and I'll beat you bloody with your nightstick!"

Jay chuckled. "Our sweet-tempered, docile Rox."

Ivan eased in another inch. Her body was like a vise around his shaft. The part he expected, yet hadn't realized would be so erotic, was the pressure of Jay's shaft filling her pussy while he pushed into her rectum.

They stuffed her, stretched her, occupied her body until there was nothing left to do but move. Ivan gripped her by the thighs, rested his forehead against her spine and slowly retracted, reveling in the erotic torture of her rim squeezing along the hard length of his prick. Then he impaled her again. Faster, deeper, slamming into her until his balls crashed against Jay's.

Roxie cried out. Beyond a moan—a wail of pleasure pierced the air. Jay captured her mouth in a kiss while Ivan devoured the musky, sweet skin of her neck. Sucking and then licking while he and Jay lifted and lowered her onto their lengths. Jay pulled her ass cheeks apart and Ivan steadied her. Pumping into her, his cock slick with cream, Ivan savored the exquisite pressure and rhythmic movement of Jay's thrusts through the thin separation between her rectum and her pussy.

Speed increased. He glanced into the mirror. Roxie's cheeks were flushed. Her copper eyes sparkled. Breathless pants escaped her slightly parted lips. Her breasts jiggled and bounced. Jay's eyes were closed and his jaw clenched. Muscles in Jay's torso rippled and his cabled arms worked in tandem with Ivan's, bringing shared pleasure.

Roxie's knuckles whitened as she gripped Jay's shoulders. Her head fell back against Ivan's chest and her body broke into orgasmic convulsions. Moans built, growing louder. Spasms clenched her inner walls.

Oh fuck. Ivan couldn't hold on. "I'm going to come," he growled, pummeled into her, his cock stabbing into her ass.

"Then we'll all come together." Jay worked like a machine, a piston raising her up and slamming her down in a fierce frenzy.

Ivan roared. His shaft hardened, lengthened then ejaculated. Hot come spurt from his cock. Blood drained from his head and he felt dizzy.

Jay simultaneously erupted. Wet sounds of their bodies slapping together filled the room. Roxie trembled and collapsed against Jay's chest.

Ivan gasped for breath and slipped from her body. He didn't walk away but pressed closer and pivoted around so that he could claim her lips. Tongues tangled. Hot and wet and demanding.

"Hey, we're in this together." Jay cupped Roxie's cheek, turned her face away from Ivan and claimed her mouth.

Roxie reached out blindly, grabbed Ivan by the ear and tugged his face closer. "You've both fucked me, now you can both kiss me." She went from Jay to Ivan and back to Jay. Their mouths shifted, coming closer together. She barely had to move her mouth. They both kissed her. Hot tongues and soft lips.

Jay's stomach growled and Roxie laughed.

"I guess we worked up an appetite," she said. "I'm hungry too."

"Good." Jay carried her to the bed and dropped her. "You can make breakfast."

“Why me?”

“Because I drove fourteen hours to come home to you.”

“I agree with Jay.” Ivan crossed his arms over his chest. “Since it’s two to one, you should make breakfast.”

“That isn’t fair.”

Ivan cocked an eyebrow. “Nope, it’s what I call a little rough justice.”

## **About the Author**

KyAnn Waters lives in Utah with her husband, two children and two dogs. She spends her days writing and her evenings with her family. She enjoys sporting events on the television, thrillers on the big screen, and hot scenes between the pages of her books.

KyAnn welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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