

Chapter One

Rex Adkins stopped his Harley with a scuffed boot on the curb, eyeing the address on the mailbox, then the house. Then the mailbox. “Fuck, Jason. What did you get me into?” Just on the off chance he was wrong—seriously wrong—he tugged the business card out of his jeans pocket and read the address on the back.

He swore.

This was the place.

He felt underdressed just sitting outside her house. Looking up and down the street, he noticed all the houses were gorgeous mini-mansions with manicured lawns and deep driveways. Rex should’ve known something by the address, but he’d never been to The Hills. Now, he can say he had.

Stuffing the card back into his pocket, he eased away from the curb and coasted up her driveway. He eyeballed the two-seater sitting out front. *Bet that bitch can fly.* Then his gaze widened when he caught the BMW emblem. It might as well have stood up and slapped him back into reality.

He planted the kickstand to his V-Rod and let out a reluctant breath. He did not want to be here, but Jason had asked.

All he had to do was go to the house, ask for Dali, get Jason’s report and get the hell out of there. It was just that being around all that money made him nervous.

Running a hand through his hair, he tried to make himself look presentable, then stopped himself. Why the hell did it matter? He was doing a favor for a friend. “Get in, and get out,” he muttered.

Striding up the brick walk, he took the front steps two at a time and hit the doorbell with a stiff thumb.

A moment later, the door opened. Expecting a maid, or at the least someone older, he was taken by surprise by the goddess who opened it.

“Can I help you?” She held a tissue to her nose and sneezed.

“I’m looking for Dali. Jason sent me.”

“Rex?” Her bay brown eyes widened. “Crap. I didn’t expect you this early.”

He frowned. “Are you...Dali?”

“Last time I checked.” She sneezed again. “Come on in.”

“Are you okay?” He did as she asked. She closed the door and snapped the lock into place.

“No worse than I have been for the last four days.”

“Excuse me?” She seemed very comfortable with a complete stranger, even more so for a *male* stranger, in her home. Now he did feel bad for looking so scruffy. He hadn’t even shaved that morning.

“I’m getting over something. The something was questionable.”

“I’m sorry.”

She waved a hand then brushed her hair off her shoulders, heavy midnight corkscrew curls. “I’m sorry. I don’t have his spreadsheet done yet. I’m about forty-five minutes from being done though. Can you wait, or would you like to come back?”

He slipped his fingers into his rear pockets. Watching her, he suddenly wasn’t feeling so claustrophobic about the money. Dali was worth looking at.

Just then his cell phone rang. “Just a sec.” He held up a finger, and she nodded with an unconcerned expression. When she sneezed again, he felt a stab of pity.

“Rex.”

“Did you find her?”

“Here right now. Why?”

“Put her on the phone.”

“Aye aye, Capítan.”

“Be thankful you’re a friend and not an employee.”

“If I was an employee...” He left that unfinished, remembering he had someone less than two feet away who didn’t know him. “Hold on.” He handed her the phone. “Slave Driver would like to speak to you.”

She laughed, a low, husky sound that made him do a double-take.

“Yes, oh master of the lamp?”

He was really beginning to like her sense of humor. Her dark eyes lowered and a frown scrunched her eyebrows together. “But he’s already here. Are you sure?” She groaned. “I know I’ve been sick. I’m the sick person in this conversation.”

Rex rocked on his boot heels, letting Jason eat up his minutes. Not that one of his best friends wasn’t worth it, but he was beginning to get the feeling that this favor was about to get a whole lot more complicated.

“What? No, I don’t need to go, Jason. I’ve been to the doctor, twice.” Annoyance was beginning to add a red hue to her bronzed cheeks. She growled then groaned, whipping out her hand. “Here.” He caught the phone before it dropped to the floor.

She whirled and marched out of sight.

“Um, Jason? What the hell did you just do?”

“Get Stubborn back on the phone. I’ll tell her I’m sorry.”

“I can’t. I don’t know where she went.”

“Crap. Fine. Could you hang out until she’s done? I know she’s almost done with the quarterly.”

Rex shrugged. “I guess so.”

“Great. Thanks man. Oh, and Rex?”

“What?”

“Don’t make any plays for her. She’s not like that.”

“Fuck you,” he muttered. “*I’m* not like that.” Though his gaze still swung in the direction she’d stormed off in. He snapped the phone shut then slapped it into his hip case.

She’d disappeared down a hall to the right, so he went in search of her to find out what it was that Jason now wanted, and how it concerned him.

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Dali yanked out her chair and turned on her monitor. “Just who the hell does he think he is?” she complained under her breath. “I told him I’d have it done, and it’s gonna get done, damn this cold or not.” If it weren’t for the fact that she had to take antibiotics for another two days, she’d already be back *at* work. She wasn’t dead, just not right.

She knew Jason felt bad sending her the quarterly only to find out she’d fallen sick, but it was her job, and really, it was only numbers, a few hours of work. Unfortunately, a few hours’ worth she’d managed to stretch into several days because of her cold and medicines that

knocked her on her ass faster than an eight-second bull ride. She barked a laugh. “*Might cause drowsiness*’ my ass.”

Then her grumble tirade was broken by a sneeze.

“Oh for the love of God!” She balled up more tissues and held them to her nose.

“Jason asked me to wait.”

Her vision swung to the doorway. *Shit! How long has he been there?* She blinked to hold back the tears of frustration. It wasn’t like she could look any worse. Dali cleared her throat. “Okay. He told me to tell you to forget it.”

Rex shrugged. “I think he felt bad. He wanted to apologize.” He didn’t come through the door, his hands hidden in his rear pockets again. Dali knew it couldn’t be intentional, but his action really made the bulge beneath the stonewashed faded jeans pronounced. The man was packing. And it wasn’t like she wasn’t sitting at eye level with the devil. She forced her gaze to lift.

“It’s not a big deal. He’s been apologizing since he found out he dumped this on me when I was sick.” Jason had been out a lot the last few weeks, so it wasn’t all that surprising he’d missed her absence. She didn’t begrudge Jason, or his silent partner in the company, Victor, anything. They both worked hard to keep the health club going. Her only grain of envy was Leesa, the woman who had snagged their attention and from what she’d seen, was doing a hot job of keeping it.

The green eyed monster only seemed to show up when she let her own state of singleness get to her.

She sneezed.

“Shit!” She wiped her nose, looking toward her guest, feeling her lowest, giving up for the moment. “I’m sorry. Are you staying?”

“Sure. I don’t have anywhere to be for a few hours.” The pectoral muscles beneath Rex’s navy blue t-shirt moved. Could a man look any sexier while being disinterested in life?

“Okay. I’m going to make some tea to try to convince my nose it’s okay to stop torturing me.”

A dimple appeared in his cheek when a half smile cracked his face. “Sounds like you’ve been miserable.”

After standing from behind her desk, she walked back the way she’d come. “You don’t know the half of it.”

He let her pass and stayed by her side. “Are you here alone?”

“No, I have dead presidents to keep me company.”

“Oh.”

“Not like that!” Dali laughed, hearing his censured withdrawal immediately. “Not money. I don’t give a flip about the money. My mother has two portraits in the main living room. They are fun when they’re drunk.”

“When they’re drunk?” A sexy, coal black eyebrow arched over some very impressive bright blue eyes, almost topaz light.

Dali filled her teakettle and settled it on the stove to heat, determined to not stare at the hottest male she’d seen in months. Wiping her hands on a tea towel, she placed it on the counter beside them and said, “Okay, when I’m drunk, but don’t tell anyone.”

He leaned on a hip, chuckling. “You sound like you’re getting better, at least.”

"If it weren't for the antibiotics and my nose." She sniffled and dabbed at the offending part of her face with tissues. "I wouldn't be in this predicament."

"You work at the health club?"

"Yeah, I'm their dirty little secret."

"Excuse me?" He jerked straight.

Rex's absolutely appalled expression had her laughing hard. "Calm down. I mean I just work behind the scenes. Hardly anyone knows I'm there."

"I would," he muttered, reclaiming his position against the counter, only this time crossing his arms over his most decidedly scrumptious chest. The pose showed off his biceps, the flex of muscle under suntanned skin... She almost licked her lips, pinching them together instead.

Dali turned her attention back to her tea. She hated to admit it, but she was sure Rex would definitely be a hard to miss presence, too.

"How long have you known Jason?" she asked, her tea in the ball strainer, ready for water. *A watched pot never boils. No kidding.* But it was safer. She couldn't let herself look at him again. Her heart tripped when she did.

"Several years. Same interests brought us to the same club and friends of a feather and all that." He gave her a charming wink.

"Are you a regular?"

"I don't have a membership."

"Really?" she replied. She gave him a long once over, this time because she openly could. She was willing to bet that stomach was as hard as his thighs. She managed to not drool. Barely. "You look like you do."

He glanced down at his body. "Thanks," he said quietly. "I'm a motorcycle mechanic. That's a sweet ride you have out there."

"Thanks. That was my only real splurge. I live here, but the money is theirs."

"Your parents? Where are they?"

"Somewhere in California. They're visiting family out there." The kettle whistle blew and sliced the air. Dousing her tea ball, she settled against the counter, letting it steep. "Where are you going tonight? I don't want to keep you here if you have plans."

"I'm meeting a friend of mine, Gage. Beers. Maybe some pool." He dropped his chin to his chest. "Probably not anything you'd be caught doing."

"How do you know?" she sassed him quietly. *Oh, why are you baiting him?*

He made an obvious visual sweep of her home. "Correct me if I'm wrong," he said, a slow-drawled dare in the words. "Do you like honky-tonks and country music?"

She sipped her tea, breathing the steam deep into her lungs. "Promise me no line dancing."

Rex reached and twirled one of her curls over his fingers. "Dali, I'd shoot myself if I ever did that," he purred.

She swallowed before she managed to spew, slapping a hand over her mouth. Immediately, he reached behind her then held the tea towel to her chin.

"Do you have a drinking problem? You leak." Humor colored his words, though his hand was gentle as he dabbed at her chin.

Grasping for the towel, she buried her face in it, laughing. "I do not...leak!" she panted. Sucking air, she managed to stop laughing. "You're terrible." Though it was the most she'd laughed in weeks.

Leaning close, there was no mistaking the underlying message in his next words. "No, Dali. I'm exceptional."

It was all she could do to swallow because her tongue had suddenly become glued to the roof of her mouth.

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Shit, Jason is going to kill me. But she was so cute, he almost couldn't help himself. Even his wolf was paying attention, which hadn't happened in months with *any* woman.

Dali was a sweet stick of dynamite. The ruby red halter she wore was sexy as hell with lace over the shoulders and around the bust, hiding breasts that he was sure would fill his hand in perfect measures. She wasn't stick thin and she wasn't plump, but right in between. Even in her shoes, she only stood as tall as his chin, and that took into account the inch his boots gave him. Her deep, honey-bronzed skin was obviously of mixed blood, but her bottomless eyes and curls halfway down her back proved she was at least half black. He couldn't have cared if she was half Martian. She was beautiful.

"Are you up to a night out, though? Jason will kill me if I get you sick all over again." He didn't mention Jason was going to chew his ass out as it was just for trying to get a date, the warning he'd gotten not half an hour before already a forgotten buzz in his ear. What Jason didn't know...

"Not a long one. I have to finish the damn prescription. It's one of those where you have to take them all," she said on a sigh. "And I can't drive on them, and I can't drink."

"How about I pick you up, then? That will take care of one problem." And he'd make sure she didn't drink a drop. He knew what drugs mixed with alcohol could do, given by a doctor or not.

She held her teacup, letting the steam waft over her face. It seemed to be helping; she hadn't sneezed in several minutes.

"And you'll bring me home?" she asked, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Scout's honor," he said, holding up a hand.

"You were never a scout." But she smiled, and that was what he wanted. She had a knockout, catch-your-breath smile.

No, he hadn't ever been a scout, and that was a good thing, because the things he'd been thinking since he'd found her in her office were continuously growing more and more x-rated. He'd seen the way she'd eyeballed his crotch, and lingered there. He was still sporting the half boner she'd created. Meeting Gage tonight was a plus, because if Gage liked her... He couldn't even finish the thought, heat pooling in a rush. He dropped his chin again, hiding his expressions from her.

It had been years since a woman had appealed to him the way Dali did, and even longer since one had grabbed his *and* Gage's attention. What he and Gage did wasn't for everyone, but they'd been doing it since high school. It was still a major turn on for Rex to watch a woman going down on his best friend. Better than porn.

The immediate image was Dali doing that, and he shuddered as a whip of heat worked its way south to his balls. The problem had been finding a committed woman who could accept two

men. Neither man liked to play musical lovers. They both wanted a woman for *them*. Lately, he'd been spending more time with his hand than a woman, so stumbling across Dali's spitfire personality and luscious body were definite perks.

"If tonight's not a good night, I won't have my feelings hurt," she said, drawing his focus to the moment.

"No, tonight is fine. I was thinking about you." *Thinking about you naked. Thinking about you under me.* He cleared his throat, forcing his mind blank of the images. "If you're sure, it won't be a problem to bring you home early."

"Say around eleven? So I can eat something to be able to take my pill."

Rex nodded, that was reasonable. "Pick you up around eight?"

"Sure."

He felt a new surge of heat in his belly when she smiled again, those dark molasses eyes staring at him through heavy lashes.

"Should I wear something different?" She motioned, looking over herself.

He lingered on her top, caressing her breasts with his gaze to glide down her stomach to sturdy thighs and legs in black denim. He bet she had cute feet to go with those feminine ankles. Damn, she was hot. "Not at all. That's fine."

Touching her chin lightly, Rex stroked her cheek. "I'll see you tonight then," he murmured, savoring the sensation of her honeyed heat in his palm.

Wide eyes followed him, her pulse ticking in her throat. She nodded.

Rex was halfway home before he remembered he'd forgotten Jason's report.

Chapter Two

Gage tipped his beer, letting the liquid slide over his tongue. The cold eased the heat of the day out of his pores.

Holding his pool stick, he waited for Randy to make his shot. After glancing at his watch, he checked the door. *Fuck. He's got me hornier than a kid with his first mag.*

That damned phone call. Rex had been explicit with his detail. Even down to how much Rex's wolf had reacted, though he seemed perplexed by his animal's behavior. Wanting, but not in a full claiming hunger. Curious, but wary. What was up with that?

Now Gage wanted to see her for himself. If she was as hot, and as beautiful as Rex made her out to be... Saliva gathered in his mouth, and he swallowed. It had been years since they'd both been attracted to a woman. They'd had a few playthings, but no one that made them *want*. And if she could be, was the type who was open to two... A shiver of lust rolled down his spine. He drank another half of his beer trying to drown the quickly rising tide of need.

Country music played from the jukebox in the dim corner. It was one of the things he and Rex loved about this place. It was just a hang out, not a dance club, not a martini bar, just a shoot the shit, beer and pool table hole in the wall.

Randy hollered, dragging Gage back to the table. "Bout time," he muttered.

"Fuck off. That was a hard shot."

Gage shrugged. It didn't matter, but it was easy giving Randy shit. He bristled like a porcupine every time.

Just then, the door opened with Rex striding through with a cute little thing under his arm. Gage drew a breath, taking her in as they approached. Long, black hair glistened, even in the dim light, sweet full lips, gentle sloping features, and a slightly flared nose. Her skin tempted him to taste, the honey color almost a mocha chocolate—or mocha something. Knock-out breasts, and hips that curved just right. Damn, he loved a woman with a figure.

"Dali, this here is the original country boy, Gage Hall. This is Dali Bowman."

Gage wiped his hand on his jeans out of habit. "Nice to meet you."

"Pleasure," she purred, sending a current of lust straight to his groin. *Oh shit.* Gage stifled his groan, his gaze whipping from the beauty before him to Rex. Little showed in his buddy's blue eyes, but he knew that spark of heat. He was about to explode.

Gage was right behind him.

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Dali had touched up her face, adding mascara and lip gloss. There wasn't much she could do to the puffy circles until she got a solid night's rest without the clingy love of her cold.

She'd grabbed a quick bite, something to hold her over and was ready to go easily by seven forty-five. Five minutes later, the doorbell rang. Her breath caught, discovering Rex on her doorstep. She knew it was going to be him, but the knowing did little to prepare her for the sight of him. He'd changed into less faded jeans, the waist tucked tight over narrow hips, and a black t-shirt now covered his sculpted frame. With the t-shirt and his black hair, his eyes nearly glowed with their bright blue crystal color. *Men should always wear tight jeans*, she mused, unable to not snag on the shape beneath his zipper for a heartbeat.

"Hi," she finally managed. It was rude to stand there and stare then she realized, he'd been doing the exact same thing.

He tucked his fingers into his rear pockets. "Hi yourself." He chuckled with a grin. "Ready?"

"I am." She reached behind the door and pulled a small hand purse off the wall hooks. She slipped it over her shoulder. With keys in hand, she set the alarm and then locked the door. He was standing at her shoulder when she heard him.

"You look beautiful," he whispered, his breath racing over her ear. The low growl of his voice made her nipples pucker.

"Thank you."

"Have you ever ridden a motorcycle before?" He walked with her down the stairs, pausing at the bottom. His pensive look said he hadn't thought about it until now.

"No, but I'm willing."

A smile warmed his features. "I have a helmet you can use. It's mine, so it'll be a little big."

Standing with her beside the bike, she slid her hand down the seat. "Nice."

"Rides like a dream," he said with pride. He unhooked a black helmet and helped her slide it on then adjusted the tension ring. "It's not hard. Just follow my body. Lean when I do, but not a lot." She nodded. He swung a leg over then helped her hop on. Starting the bike, he said louder over his shoulder, "Put your arms around my waist. And just relax."

She whimpered. She was going to get to touch that stomach? Her body quivered.

The ride to the bar hadn't been long, but sitting pressed against his back along with the ebbing thrum of the motor between her thighs were giving her all kinds of naughty thoughts.

She hadn't had any idea what Gage looked like, but standing there with Rex at her side looking up at the tall blond, she almost melted to the floor. He was a little thicker than Rex, with more square features and green eyes that... She sighed. She loved green eyes.

"Can I get you a drink? Regular or diet?"

She blinked, remembering where she was. "Um, diet if you don't mind?"

"Nope. Be right back. Gage?"

The man let her hand go to shake his bottle. "Sure."

"Hey, are we going to finish this game or what, jackass?"

Gage whirled and she swore he snarled. "Take a hike, Randy."

"Prick. A piece of tail shows up and—"

Dali had *never* seen anyone move that fast in her life. Before the man could say the next word, Gage had him pinned to the wall with one hand around his throat. "Never speak about her like that again. Apologize."

Randy's eyes bugged in his head. His lips moved, but sound didn't come out because he couldn't breathe.

"Gage," she whispered.

"No, honey. He will not disrespect a friend of ours like that."

Dali backed down. He was right. No one had the right to disrespect her. She just hadn't expected him to be so...protective. Defensive for her. *Manly*. Lust wormed into her bloodstream, making her breasts ache all over again.

Gage let Randy's feet touch the floor. The murderous glare in Gage's green eyes warned the held man to apologize and fast.

"I'm so-sorry. I didn't know..."

Gage lowered to be heard. "Get out."

“Yes, sir.” He was gone before she could blink.

“Finished pounding your chest?” Rex asked, leaning with an insolent hip to the pool table. It had grown deathly quiet in the bar.

Gage rolled his head and she followed as the tension seeped out of him. “Yeah. Sorry, Dalton.”

The bartender nodded, his crossed arms lying over a thick chest. “Thanks for not breaking him,” he remarked sarcastically.

Gage shook his head like an animal finding its stride in its own skin then turned around. A tap on her shoulder brought her attention to Rex. He held a highball glass with ice and soda. “Ignore him. He’s got a hot spot when it comes to guys being jerks to girls.”

She swallowed, sipping at the soda to cool her throat. “I believe you.”

Music began to infiltrate the world again and the tension hanging heavy in the bar dissipated.

“Sorry, Dali.” Gage came forward, looking incredibly repentant. He drew a breath and his shoulders flexed, falling inward a fraction. “It’s... I...”

She curled a hand over his forearm and he froze, his gaze pinned on her, waiting for the shoe to fall.

“Thank you, Gage.”

A smile came to life, showing straight, white teeth.

“Who’s ready for an ass-whooping?” Rex said, sipping at his beer. She laughed, catching the twinkle in his blue eyes, the incident with Randy already forgotten.

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Rex propped his ass on the back of a chair, watching Dali line up a shot. She wasn’t terrible, but either of them could’ve wiped the floor with her, one handed. The real fun was watching her bend over to study the table.

“Love that ass,” Gage murmured.

Rex chuckled, holding his beer bottle by his lips to hide the grin. “She’s something, isn’t she?”

Gage groaned. *Yes! He was in.* Rex took a sip, his gaze flowing over her arms to caress her shoulders. Her breasts moved subtly as she worked the cue. He’d been fighting a hard-on since he’d picked her up. He wanted that lovely picture lining up her shot, naked and on her knees in front of him, or any way he could have her. “Gage, has your wolf made any noises about her?”

Gage paused in lifting his bottle. “No. Why?” He slanted a look at Rex. “You think...”

Rex shrugged. “I don’t know. He’s been acting funny, but not bat-shit crazy about her.” He wasn’t discounting it just because his wolf hadn’t busted his cage to get to know her, but there was definitely something about the woman.

“Race shouldn’t matter, right?” Gage asked, his brow flattening as he thought on it.

“No. I don’t care that’s she’s black, or half black, or half polka-dot. She’s beautiful.”

Gage grunted in agreement. “That she is.” He nudged Rex. “Did you see Bobby straighten his hair when she got her last drink from Dalton? She’s got half the men here wrapped around her finger.”

“What about the other half?”

“They’re drunk or gay,” he replied with nonchalance.

Rex snickered. He knew Toby was gay, but he worked there. "You're bad," he joked.

"Nope, I'm..."

"*Exceptional*," they chorused in unison.

"You two done patting your own backs? It's Rex's turn."

They both blinked. "Shit!" Three of her balls were gone. "You cheated." Rex set his bottle down on the table behind him.

She batted her lashes at them. "No. It's called compliant manipulation. You *think* I suck."

"I wish," Gage breathed very quietly.

"Behave," Rex warned him with a scowl. He gave Rex the 'not me' look.

"Okay," Rex said, palming his cue. "Next ball. A bet."

Dali curled her fingers around her stick, leaning on a hip, listening. "Oh?"

"I make it, we each get a kiss. I miss, you get a back and a foot rub."

"Wow. Not just one?"

"Nope, there's two of us." He gave her a heated stare and almost came in his jeans when her lips parted, her lashes sinking just a fraction. *She's getting turned on!* Whether she saw it as two men who she'd have to kiss, or what, he couldn't say, but she was definitely reacting. He shared a glance with Gage. He'd caught it, too. A single nod was his answer. The meaning, clear.

Sink the damn ball.

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"Is that a good bet?" Rex asked her. Music played in the background as the bar had filled with Thursday night customers and couples, the insides getting decidedly noisier. The other two tables were being played now too, so she had to stay kind of close to Gage and Rex. Not that she minded. And now, he'd made a bet.

Dali's heart raced. Two kisses. Or two men running their hands all over her. She tried to find moisture in her mouth. She'd gone bone dry. Her stomach fluttered, heat oozing to settle between her legs.

"I'll take it." It was a win-win for her. Rex flashed a smile that could only be deemed as predatory. "One condition," she cautioned. He stopped circling the table, waiting. She walked up to him and Gage followed her.

"No matter the winner, later or outside, but just not here. I'm not an exhibitionist."

Rex actually sighed his way through a tender laugh. "Dali, we're not animals." He cupped her cheek and held her for a moment, his thumb stroking her. It was just as well that he'd made the bet. It was getting late enough that she needed to get home. The last dose she'd taken to stop her sneezing wouldn't last for much longer, and she still had an antibiotic to take. She'd been proactive and made sure there was something she could take with the meds if she'd needed, glad now that she had. She wasn't about to sniffle and sneeze the whole evening. She couldn't wait until the antibiotics did their thing, and she could feel normal again.

Dali went to return to her spot when Rex let her go, and she flattened right into Gage's chest, unaware he'd been right behind her. His arm swept around her naturally. "Easy, darlin'," he said gently at her ear. His breath was warm, smelling faintly of the beer they'd been drinking. "There's something you should know."

She tried to swallow, but it was a wasted effort. "What?" she managed. Her lungs had ceased to work. His arm was strong and gentle at the same time, holding her upright, which was good. She was too close to melting to the floor again.

“Rex and me, we take good care of our woman.” His thumb lifted, stroking right beneath her breast, his nail dragging seductively across the bottom of her bra. Her body tightened and her pussy ached, throbbing for more, for touch.

Woman. One. She knew she hadn’t misheard him. Liquid heat spread, reaching to between her legs. She spasmed, aching.

Rex stood, frozen, watching them, his eyes glittering like blue flames in the bar lights. The world around them vanished with that spark of desire burning in his blue eyes and Gage’s hard body enveloping hers.

Dali’s heart thrummed, the entire process taking no more than a second to dissect. She hadn’t been misreading them! Both of these men wanted her. It sent her heart careening into her ribs for several seconds as lust and desire washed through her.

She knew Jason, her boss and the owner of the health club where she worked, and Victor, his oldest friend, shared the woman they both loved, Leesa. Those closest to them knew their idiosyncrasies, and Dali had been friends with Jason and Victor for a long time and had more than one opportunity to hear about Leesa’s happiness while at work. Dali also knew she’d never be more than friends with either Jason or Victor, but they’d opened her eyes to something. She wasn’t what most would call normal. She didn’t crave the same things most women did.

Well, maybe she did. She wanted a man to look at her like he couldn’t live without her. She wanted a man to respect her, protect her, cherish her. But what she wanted physically, couldn’t be done with just one man. She needed, desired, and hungered for two. Two men to love her body, to please her as she could pleasure them. What Jason and Victor had proven could be done, she wanted. And it looked like she wasn’t alone in the wanting.

Leaning relaxed into Gage’s chest, she dared, “Make your shot, Rex.”

His jaw twitched and he laughed. “Minx.”

Then she sneezed.

Gage folded around her, offering two bar napkins in his hand. “You okay, baby girl?”

“My antihistamine is wearing off.” She held them to her nose. Cinderella’s coach was about to turn back into a pumpkin. *Crap.*

Rex pulled out his phone. With a sigh, he put his cue on the table. “It’s curfew anyway.”

She shook her head. “Make the shot.”

He stared hard at her. “You’re sure?”

Her heart thudded when she realized he was giving her an out. She snagged his gaze. “Positive,” she replied, her voice husky. Gage tugged her lightly—she could refuse if she wanted—to lean completely into his chest. Blanketing his shape, the hard ridge of flesh behind her sent a gnawing hunger burning through her body. Leaving her own stick leaning against the table beside her, she cupped the hand resting over her middle with one of hers, bracing herself on a trunk-solid thigh with a flat palm. She was nearly holding her breath until he made his choice, cocked the cue....

And sank the ball.