

Chapter One

Travis slid over the side of his bed growling at the obnoxious tone of his alarm, curling thick carpet under his toes as his brain ground into gear. Killing the alarm, he stretched, pulling the muscles in his back then glancing at the glowing face on his nightstand, he covered a yawn. Daylight was still a dim tease at this hour.

“Move it, T. They don’t fuck around.” Facing those first few minutes in a state of zombie wakefulness, he motivated himself to get dressed, brush his teeth and tie his own sneakers just about thirty seconds before the doorbell rang. Autopilot was a wonderful thing.

He opened the door, spotting his running buddies. “Hey guys.”

“Hola,” Avery chirped, pulling her arms over her shoulders while Kaitlyn used his porch rail to warm her hamstrings. He tried hard to not notice Avery’s chest in her workout top, or the sleek shape of ass and thigh encased in flawless black spandex on Kaitlyn. After almost six months, he’d gotten pretty good at pretending ambivalence around the pair of luscious beauties. Slipping through the door, he did his own warm up stretches. Twenty minutes later, they took off down the sidewalk headed for the local park trails for their Saturday morning run.

“So, anything exciting happen this week?” Avery asked, having settled into a comfortable pace to tick off their usual five mile jog.

“Nope,” he replied. “The usual grind. You two?” He glanced in either direction from his regular place between them. Too bad it was a fantasy he’d never live, especially since he liked them equally and didn’t think he could pick just one. Like potato chips, it was both or none. How could he pick between best friends that were now his friends? Even he knew when to avoid disaster.

They were a pair of hot numbers he’d hooked up with one weekend jogging through the park. When they discovered he lived a block over from their apartment complex, they asked if they could run with him, feeling safer with a guy in the early morning hours. He’d found he actually enjoyed their company. They hardly, if ever, missed a weekend. It was good exercise that he couldn’t say he didn’t need.

Kaitlyn shrugged, her gaze forward. She seemed oddly quiet to him this morning. Avery was the consummate morning person. Nothing kept her down. For Travis, it was just another weekend. One spent alone, and likely to be boring—on the scale of one to ten, a negative in the range of Antarctica.

Shaking his head, he changed his mind right there.

“I was thinking I might go out clubbing tonight,” he tossed out. “Wanna go with me?” Neither were dating and hadn’t been, as far as he knew, for a while. Seemed a shame to not enjoy the weekend the right way.

“Bar hopping?” Avery asked, her big brown eyes glancing up at him then forward again, her arms pumping in a methodical fashion against her body. The length of her blonde hair whipped around with the motions, swinging like a wild rope of melted caramel and butter. He was willing to bet she tasted as sweet.

He blinked, focusing ahead to form words to answer her. “Probably not hop, but go out. It’s been a while. Work too much and you almost forget what it’s like to be young,” he joked, pushing his lusting musings far away. At least he’d gotten good at hiding it on his face.

Kaitlyn snickered, shaking her head. “Travis Travis Travis,” she replied. “You are not that old.”

He rolled his neck, watching his footing. The huskiness in her voice always seemed to shoot through his body like a current tugging at his libido when she spoke like that. “I know. I’d like to remember that fact every now and then.” He almost pouted. Now that he’d offered, he wanted them to say yes.

“What do you say, Kaitlyn?” Avery prodded a few minutes later. “We haven’t had a girl’s night out in a while.”

“Whoa now.” Travis skid to a stop on the loose pea gravel letting both Avery and Kaitlyn jog by him. They stopped within three paces, ponytails bobbing against their shoulders. “I’m not talking a girl’s night out here. Wrong club if you know what I mean.” They knew he was straight. That wasn’t even funny. He put his hands on his hips and almost managed a meaningful glare for the both of them.

Avery laughed, reaching for one of his arms and tugging him back even with them. “I know. You’re fine Travis. We’d love to.”

He studied Kaitlyn, unsure. She was usually at least as chatty as he was at oh-God-it’s-early. “You too? I’d love to treat both of you to a fun Saturday night. Please,” he added, trying to be ‘best friend next door’ charming.

“Actually,” Kaitlyn swept a palm over her forehead removing the sheen of sweat, “I think it sounds like a wonderful idea.” Looking up at him she finally offered him a smile, her gray hazel eyes sparkling up at him in the sunlight.

“Great!” He clapped his hands together, starting off down the trail again, glad they’d agreed, and maybe a little too giddy over that fact. “Come on you two.” He started running again, hardly able to believe he was going to have these two gorgeous knockouts on his arm tonight.

When they hit his front porch at the end of their run, they decided a time and a general idea of what clubs so the girls could dress for the evening. Then it was a matter of waiting.

Watching over them as they disappeared down the street to go home with their heads together, he let out a slow whistle. “Daaaamn,” he breathed, still amazed. “They said yes.”

And for the life of him, he couldn’t help the grin at all.

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“I’m telling you, he is definitely into us,” Kaitlyn said working her brush through her dark chestnut hair again. Avery had come over to her apartment to finish doing her makeup and they would be headed over to Travis’s house in less than an hour.

“He’s always so polite, though,” Avery mentioned, rolling on mascara.

“His mama raised him right,” Kaitlyn shot back with a grin. “Now we get to find out if Travis can be debauched.”

“Man, he is a hot bod, isn’t he?” Avery said licking her lips. “I can’t believe we’re both attracted to him. That hasn’t happened in like...ever. It’s always been one or the other, not that I’m complaining,” she added. “At least the sex has been good.” The next moment, she looked worriedly into the mirror back at Kaitlyn. “You don’t think he’s going to think were gay, do you? Some guys have a real hard time getting over the stereotypes.”

Kaitlyn lifted a hand in unconcern. “Nah, doubtful after six months of running with us, but even if he does, we know we’re not. We just have a very mutual understanding.”

“Like two decades of friendship,” Avery quipped back.

“Exactly. Eventually we’ll find the one guy that rocks our world and do the white lace crap, but hell, if Travis is willing and attracted to us, why not? I know I’m attracted to him. Running this morning was torture. Why did he have to wear that damn black A-shirt again? I die every time he does. Freaking hot.” She lifted a finger, licking it to touch a spot in midair making a sizzle sound. “I love his shoulders and chest. I could lick him like a cone for days.”

Avery giggled. “Have you seen his ass?” She made a slurping noise. Both women held their bellies they laughed so hard.

“Gawd, we’re awful,” Kaitlyn said a moment later after the laughter had died down.

“No, we’re inspired,” Avery shot back with a meaningful tip to her chin.

Kaitlyn slipped on her slinkiest sandals. “Come on, let’s go get our evening’s escort and get this ball rolling. You think we’re going to stun him?” she asked, taking a final appraisal of her figure and outfit in the mirror.

Avery puckered up and added a ruby gloss, saying, “I’m willing to bet if you’re right, he’s going to be living his favorite wet dream all night.”

“You know, I think I will be too,” Kaitlyn said, swatting Avery on the ass as the pair left her bedroom.

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Travis was sure he was in someone else’s body. He was sitting in the back of the limo between the two most gorgeous women he knew. Legs were visible for miles under the shortest excuses for skirts that were legal. Lord help him, he knew he left his tongue hanging for minutes too when they paraded into his house, squealing and laughing about the limo out front.

“You didn’t have to!” Avery had cried, practically jumping on her toes.

He shrugged. “I plan on getting drunk. I won’t hold you two responsible, and the ride seemed like a good idea.” He couldn’t have been more shocked he’d been able to speak, much less make sense after seeing them glide in through his front door like every man’s hottest fantasy come to life.

“It’s a great idea,” Kaitlyn agreed with a throaty chuckle, tossing a look over her shoulder to Avery. He sucked a breath, hearing that rough, sexy depth in her voice that made his body go rock hard. In jeans, it was

damned painful.

Now he sat with an arm around each girl, a light feminine hand on each of his thighs. The outfits they wore had to be labeled as hormonally dangerous. Kaitlyn's was midnight black with cutouts on the sides exposing huge chunks of sleek and slinky body, the whole thing held up by a thin halter strap that vanished under thick hair. The chocolaty strands reminded him of the dew covered trees he'd seen every Saturday running with them: rich and earthy, but so soft. Then there was the other half of her. He tried to keep from gawking at legs, but hell! There were two pair. He was in trouble.

Avery was just as hot in a strapless purple corset and matching purple and black skirt. He didn't even know they made shoes in that color but she rocked. She had cleavage to be proud of too. Imagining slipping his tongue between them, delving into that hot cleft of flesh, was killing him with wanting.

He shifted, fighting like hell to keep from getting stiff between them. He was a friend, they were really his best buds. It just didn't seem fair that he felt short of breath around them. Feeling the silk of their hair brushing against his arms only made it worse as they moved and chatted about the coming evening.

Gratefully, the limo slowed then stopped, the door popping open in front of the club doors.

"Awright!" He smiled at Avery's eagerness. "I love this kind of service."

"You love any kind of service," Kaitlyn shot back winding an arm through one of Travis's once all three stood on the walk. Avery did the same.

Avery looked up at Travis through thick lashes, her brown eyes glimmering in the neon. "I love being serviced," she purred, her lips moving with a sheen that made him want to reach down and devour. Then the meaning of her words hit him. *Shit!*

Travis managed to swallow the gulped exclamation. He focused ahead. "Ladies," he encouraged, getting them through the doors before he tossed them back in the limo and stripped them both.

Avery lifted a hand, pointing out a perfect table through the darkened interior. Multi-colored lights glinted off of walls and furniture, sparking like indoor fireworks. The club was busy but hadn't quite reached packed yet. It wouldn't take long on a Saturday night.

"What do you desire?" he asked, immediately shaking his head at his own choice of words. He usually wasn't the king of lost blatant opportunities. He followed Avery, sliding onto the leather and chrome shadowed booth, with the girls flanking him. Two hot and sizzling glances destroyed his efforts in the limo. He was hotter and harder than a steel rod laying in coals under his jeans zipper. Avery teased her lip with a flickering tongue and he did groan, glad the thumping music hid it. This was going to be a night of torture. He just didn't know if he was going to love it or hate it yet.

Travis waved over one of the drink waitresses through the growing throng, giving their order than wrapped his arms around the girls again, fighting like hell to relax, or at the least, fake being nonchalant. After the drinks arrived, he asked them, "Dancing later?"

Avery nodded and Kaitlyn smiled in agreement, pulling the straw from her drink to slide into her lush mouth, wrapping her tongue around it, letting it disappear back and forth with slow momentum. He blinked.

Okay, now that was pretty clear, he thought. He swore he'd been imagining the teasing looks, the way lingering fingertips had caressed him on the drive to the club, blaming it all to a much too active imagination and a lust for these two that went way off the charts. Then he jerked up straight. While he'd been enthralled watching Kaitlyn working the straw like a wet dream pro, Avery's hand had slid into dangerous territory, rolling over the bulge in his jeans.

He sucked in air, then fighting the shudders rocking his chest grabbed his beer and slammed half of it in three gulps.

Fuckin' A, he wanted these two. Glancing at one then the other, he caught the heat in their eyes watching him, trading sultry promising looks and wicked little grins back and forth between themselves and slowly the light bulb began to glow. Two women, into each other, who both wanted him. And shit, did he want them. He'd craved them practically since the minute they'd jogged up to him and started talking to him with their tight little shorts and sweat-drenched tops.

The shudder that rolled down his body telegraphed to both of his dates. "Ooh shit," he breathed. He closed his eyes swallowing hard, praying harder, praying like never before that he was right and if he was, ready to thank any god responsible. "Both of you?" They nodded, not even pretending to not understand.

"But let's have fun tonight," Avery drawled, lowering her lashes as her hand cradled his cock, her fingers

slipping south to form completely around his shape, massaging lightly. “The night is young.”

“God,” he groaned. “You’re both sexier than hell.” The words fell out in a growl because Kaitlyn’s hand had also disappeared under the table. It began a slow meander up his abdomen, fluttering as if unable to decide its destination.

“It’s called che-mis-try,” Kaitlyn teased throatily, sending more sparks down his spine. “You are one hot thing too.”

“You were quiet this morning,” he pointed out, giving in and letting his hand wrap up against her neck to feel the weight of her hair in his hands. Dark and rich, the blend of brown felt amazing against the back of his hand.

“You wore that damn A-shirt again.” Her eyes closed as a shiver rocked her frame from her shoulders down as if she were reliving the moments from that morning, his own palm feeling it plainly. “I have to concentrate on running because the only other option I have is to lick.”

His smile brightened. That was news. The attraction he felt for these two knockouts was mutual. He began to relax, sliding his hand down Avery’s toned shoulder as well, bringing her closer for the conversation. Her interest, now that he knew he could show his own, was a blatant invitation in her lovely brown eyes. “Well then, let’s enjoy the night, shall we, ladies?”

“With pleasure,” Kaitlyn replied.

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Strobing lights and a fog machine made the dance floor a hazy haven of sparkling mystery and sexual innuendo. After a few too many jokes about his dancing ability, he was determined to prove that he could, and make them pay for the teasing while he was at it. Guiding them with a hand on each spine just above their asses, they wove into the crowd to find someplace deep in the gyrating throng. It was too loud for conversation here, but what he planned wouldn’t require words at all.

Pulling Kaitlyn into his pelvis, he rocked against her tight ass in time to the throbbing music, feeling the slink of Avery against his back, pushing her breasts into his spine. He growled, tipping his head back giving Avery room to run her nails down his throat. With a hand on Avery’s hip, and a caging arm around Kaitlyn, he rocked between them, making a Travis sandwich and loving it.

Turning Kaitlyn around, he shifted, bringing Avery flush to his side as well, moving sensually between their lush bodies, rolling his hips against them supporting both with his hands splayed wide across their backs while they hung on for the ride. Hot skin slid beneath his fingers as the two all but melted down either side of his body, looking up at him with hungry gazes. Weaving his fingers through loose hair, he guided them back up from their crouches, uncaring of any looks, too enraptured with the blonde and the brunette hugging his sides to give a flying damn what anyone thought.

Leaning, he pressed a kiss to Avery’s lips, feeling the way her entire length quivered like a strung bow ready to launch. She purred and he thrust his tongue into her mouth tasting the sweet berry of her latest drink. Kaitlyn rubbed her crotch against his hip pulling his attention to her a moment or two later. Being an equal in wanting to share, he kissed Kaitlyn, thrilling at the seductive sound she made. Two women, the best of friends, yet uniquely different. Between the two of them, he was a walking inferno.

He didn’t know how long they danced or how long the two women seduced him while he seduced them back, rubbing their bodies together and touching just shy of indecent under the charade of dancing to the electronic beat vibrating the air and floor. All he remembered was feeling their bodies wrapped around his, pressing into him and touching him into the hardest, raging hard-on of his life.

He was definitely buzzed three hours later. Bottles and glasses covered the tables, both girls hugging on his shoulder, watching him with flushed faces. The little he’d eaten before they’d arrived had been worked off on the dance floor and the alcohol was catching up to him, just like he knew it would. He patted himself on the back for the foresight to not be driving.

“Who’s ready to move this party home?” he asked the two bombshells tucked beneath his arms on the bench. Each was sitting on a hip, facing him, a foot apiece slung indolently over each of one of his legs, rubbing up and down black denim in sheer deviltry.

Avery purred beneath his ear, licking the side of his neck just before Kaitlyn swung him around with the light touch of her finger under his chin. Her lips were hot covering his, her tongue being perfectly uninhibited in getting to know the contours of his mouth. Avery ran a hand over his shoulders then beneath his arm to massage

his thigh and hip.

“I’ll take that for a yes,” he groaned when she finally released him. Kaitlyn’s eyes burned with the surging need he felt coursing through her body. Running a strong hand straight up Avery’s back, he clutched the back of her head, bringing her closer. “Luscious,” he told her, just before he kissed her, stroking her tongue imagining all the wonderful things he could do to these two lovely vixens.

Releasing her, she gasped, saying, “Let’s go. Now.” Brown eyes flashed in the constant glimmer of neon club lights hinting at all the pleasure they were still going to experience, exciting him even more.

Leading them all back out through the sound-proofed doors, the limo appeared with a smooth stop and he helped each in. Letting them slide across the plush leather interior he made a request of the driver before joining them. Hell, what did he care. It wasn’t like he used the damn credit card for anything worth while. Keeping his car running. The occasional trip to see his parents.

This was what credit lines were meant for.

As soon as the door closed, he leaned back into the darkened corner planting a foot on the floor. The partition was up and music flowed through the cabin. There were even little track-lights bordering the faux wood edges providing more than enough illumination with the interior lights dimmed.

“Come here,” he purred to Avery. She prowled up the seat on her hands and knees until she lay molded to his body, her gaze hooded and hot, stoking his own lust higher. Reaching out a hand, he tugged Kaitlyn closer on her knees on the floor. “We can’t get too crazy. He’s going to make one stop for us, but I have to touch you.” He slid his hands down their sleek bodies, kneading firm twin asses. There wasn’t any hesitation as he slid his hand under Kaitlyn’s skirt, skimming her inner thigh. It felt like heated silk.

Avery shimmied up his frame, fitting against his hips giving him an eyeful of perfect cleavage. That was when he got the first shock.

There wasn’t a pair of underwear to be found between the two women.

His eyes slowly dropped to a half-lidded stare, watching Avery’s expression as he maneuvered his hand to the front of her skirt pushing it out of his way to find her body. A shudder traveled up his other arm when he expertly cupped Kaitlyn.

The second shock he got—both were waxed babes.

“Please tell me I’m not dreaming this,” he groaned out hoarsely, barely able to contain himself and not strip his clothes from his body like they were on fire.

Avery ripped open his shirt with little warning, lowering to lick and suckle at his chest. There was nothing outside the smoke tinted glass windows of the limo, just the world encased within. Kaitlyn leaned toward him, rocking her hips over his hand, demanding a kiss.

“What is he stopping for?” Avery asked between nipple attacks.

“Liquor store. I don’t have anything at the house.”

“How about a late snack? Do we have time?” Kaitlyn asked with that husky voice that made his dick throb.

“Anything. You’re my girls tonight,” he told them.

Avery and Kaitlyn shared a sexy look. “I think being your girls is just what we want to be,” Avery said in her seductive siren voice. Then she leaned toward Kaitlyn and kissed her and Travis knew he’d died living his best fantasy.