

## What She Needs

### Chapter One

As Con pried his eyes open, the first thing that captured his attention was Tory's face nestled against his chest. The early morning light coming from the large windows across the room allowed him to see her small, curvy body tucked in close. His eager dick flexed its approval. Damn, he loved sleeping with her. Even though Tory was still in possession of her grandmother's house, she went over there only a few days a week. Con had tried to persuade her to sell the old place, but she'd flat refused. It hadn't taken him long to realize she kept it for sentimental reasons. It bothered him that she was paying taxes on the place, though. Thankfully, Devon, his best friend and partner in their little love triangle, didn't have the same attachment to his condo. Clearly seeing the benefits of sharing expenses, he'd sold it and moved right in.

Careful not to wake Tory, Con gently pushed the sheet down their bodies, baring her one pretty inch at a time. It'd taken him and Devon a few weeks of coaxing, but they'd finally managed to talk Tory into sleeping naked. It'd been well worth the effort too. As he smoothed his palm down her side to her hip, all he felt was firm, warm, feminine skin. She mumbled and slung one smooth-as-satin leg over his calves. Christ, she was cute. Watching her sleep had become an obsession for him. There was just something about seeing Tory Jeffries with her guard down, looking so sweet and vulnerable. It pulled every single one of Con's protective instincts front and center.

He looked across the room and spotted a bare-chested Devon sitting in the recliner. He'd pulled on his navy-blue pajama bottoms and his laptop was open. Whatever was on the screen no longer held his attention, though. Devon sent him a grin, telling Con without words exactly what he intended to do—watch. He'd known for years that his friend was a voyeur and Con had been content to play the exhibitionist on several occasions. He didn't quite understand it, but neither did he mind.

Turning his attention back to Tory, Con let his hand travel a leisurely path over Tory's shoulder and lower back before reaching the plush cushion of her ass. Her bottom was a thing of beauty. He could spend hours kissing and fondling her there. He cupped it, filling his palm with her sexy flesh. She moaned and pressed closer, her damp pussy sliding along his thigh. The slight provocation spurred him into action. Grasping her around the waist, Con pulled her on top of him, blanketing himself with her warm, supple body.

"Good morning, Con."

He nudged his cock between her thighs and damn near drowned in bliss at the feel of her soft little pussy. "How'd you know it was me?"

"Because Devon is most likely up and working already." She turned her head and glanced across the room. "Morning, Devon," she mumbled.

Devon sat up and closed the laptop before placing it on the end table next to the chair. “Morning, sugar.”

Letting out a yawn, Tory snuggled against him again. “It Saturday, Devon. Why are you up?”

“I had too damn many meetings this week and got behind on a few things.”

“This is all real fascinating, but I’d rather play.” Con rubbed his cock against Tory’s pussy, teasing and evoking a throaty little moan from her. “Does our little baby want to play?”

Without answering, Tory started to move her hips, beginning a rhythmic rotating motion that had his cock hardening farther. Her cheek was pressed against his chest and one hand splayed wide, directly over his heart. “Mmm, our sweet Tory does want to play, Dev.”

“I can see that,” Devon said, his voice low.

Con looked over in time to see Devon get to his feet. Their gazes clashed. Devon pulled his pajama pants down and his cock sprang free. It was hard and already dripping with precome. Con continued to stare as Devon kicked his pants free and sat back down, one hand wrapped tight around his cock. When Devon’s smile came, something deep inside Con stirred the way it always did when they played this particular game.

Tearing his gaze away from Devon, Con turned his attention back to the woman draped over him like a warm, silky blanket. He pushed the wild mane of Tory’s hair to one side and kissed her exposed cheek, savoring the flavor of her creamy skin. Her eyes fluttered open and her tongue darted out, licking at her dry, swollen lips. He watched the emotions skitter across her face as she went from drowsy to totally alert. Her gaze heated and Con’s chest tightened. Damn, the woman could make a monk shake with need. Some part of him half-expected Tory to reject him. Even after so many nights spent together, he still couldn’t help but wonder why she hadn’t kicked him to the curb. Okay, so he was a successful businessman now. He no longer had to fight just to survive. But while he might’ve moved up in the world, financially and socially, deep down Con still felt like the punk kid nobody wanted around. He was just too fucking glad Tory had never known him back then. Too fucking glad she saw something in him worth keeping around. For a moment, Con let his mind replay the previous night. Tory had been exhausted from helping Summer with her bed-and-breakfast. He admired the fact she never thought twice about lending a hand whenever a friend was in need, but he hated that she worked so damn hard all the time. Devon had drawn her a bath. They’d both instructed her to relax and unwind. Afterward, Con had a dinner of grilled salmon and steamed vegetables ready and waiting. The full-body massage after had been pure impulse. Of course, having their hands on the woman they loved was no hardship. And seeing her all fresh and pink from her bath had been a little too much provocation. On the other hand, her begging them to take her hadn’t hurt either. His fair little princess had been an eager and wild participant in the sex games that followed. And judging by the dampness pressing against his cock now, she was wide awake and ready for round two.

Con was only too happy to comply.

He took hold of her waist and flipped her over so that she lay on her back with his body covering her smaller frame. Her breath came out in a whoosh. "Con," she whispered.

"Shh, let me wake you up properly," Con murmured as he descended on her already erect nipple. "Now, this is a sweet treat if I've ever seen one."

"Please, suck it, Con."

Christ, she pleaded so beautifully. Who was he to deny her?

Blood raced through his veins. Didn't she know by now that all he wanted, all he needed, was to taste her flesh? Feeling her desire wrapping around him as he buried his dick balls-deep inside her hot, tight cunt was the only thing on his mind nearly twenty-four hours a day.

Surrendering to temptation, Con sucked one turgid peak into the wet cavern of his mouth before flicking back and forth with his tongue. She arched into him, anxious and needy, moaning his name. Con let loose a growl as he licked and bit her other plump tit. Using his hand, he cupped the soft orb and squeezed. Tory wrapped her arms around his neck and held him tight. He nuzzled his face into her cleavage and licked a fiery path up and down, tasting her smooth salty skin.

"Her pussy looks very neglected, Con," Devon said, his rough voice pushing Con to take more, to move faster.

Con had to contain the need to drive into her. To fuck her. Hard. Fast. Instead, he made his way down her body, lapping and nibbling at her ribcage until he reached her belly where he let his tongue dip into her little button. She tugged at his hair, saying his name over and over. It was too much. He wasn't a fucking saint.

Pushing her legs wide, Con dipped his tongue into her hot opening. At the first contact, Tory's legs came around his body, wrapping tight as her fingers grasped handfuls of his hair. She pushed her hips off the bed and mashed her pussy against his face.

"Damn, Con. She likes that mouth of yours."

Con groaned his agreement as he sucked her sweet little clit into his mouth and flicked it with his tongue. She vaulted up, coming and shouting his name in wild abandon.

Con waited for Tory to come back down to earth before moving off her and stretching across the bed to grab a condom. Tory's eyes never once left his face. She watched with an eerie intensity. There was something in her eyes, as if she wanted to say something. She only stayed quiet, simply watching and waiting for him to sink his cock deep.

"Roll to your stomach, sugar," Devon softly ordered. "Let Con have that sweet pussy from behind."

Her face colored and Con was afraid Devon had pushed her a bit too far with his request. After all, Tory was still new to their relationship. It'd been two months, but she was still trying to adjust to having two men loving her, possessing her. It was a hell of a lot to take in. She surprised him when she turned over and pushed up on all fours. He heard Devon curse. Con's cock flexed at the sight of her body open and ready. He moved, not even fully aware of doing so, getting behind her and using his knee to spread her legs wider for his invasion. He clutched her hips and pulled her back against his straining erection, eliciting a groan from him and a whimper from her.

“Oh God, Tory. You have the most tempting little pussy, so pretty and soft.”

Her pink vulva and pearly clit were completely visible in the early morning light. Con wanted to take his time, to fill himself with the beauty of her, but his lower body had other ideas. He thrust, pushing his cock into her tight entrance. In one silky glide he was embedded completely inside Tory's heat. When she reached between her legs and grasped his balls, massaging and squeezing, he lost it.

He started pumping into her, fucking her in a mad rush for that one elusive thing that only Tory gave him. It was as if his body already recognized the scent and sight of her and his greedy cock wanted her. Only her. Only Tory gave him this blind, crazed feeling. Con wouldn't give that up—not for anything in the world.

Suddenly, her supple hips pushed backward against him and she shouted, “Please, Con, more! I need you so badly!”

“Anything you want, baby, it's yours.”

It was true. He was unable to deny her a single thing. Plunging over and over, Con lowered his body over hers, caging her in, surrounding her with his larger, harder body. He put his mouth on her neck and sucked, causing blood to rush to the surface. She'd have his mark. The thought gave him a predatory feeling deep in his core.

Movement beside the bed caught his attention. Con looked over to see Devon, standing beside the bed, fisting his cock. Devon reached out and cupped Tory's chin. She turned her head and Con watched as a siren's smile came over her face an instant before she opened her mouth. A few inches of Devon's thick erection disappeared inside Tory's mouth.

Devon reached up and grasped a handful of Tory's hair, holding her in place. Con watched as Devon's expression changed, became more intense, almost savage. Slowly he began to move his hips back and forth, fucking Tory's mouth, while Con took possession of her pussy.

“Christ, Tory,” Devon groaned.

Con slammed his hips against her ass and began to fuck her pussy with fast furious strokes. “We're about to go up in smoke, baby,” Con admitted. It was nothing short of the truth.

As if his words fueled her own passion, Tory started moving her mouth faster on Devon's dick, taking over the rhythm.

"Hell, yeah. Suck it good, sugar," Devon urged.

Con slid his cock all the way out of her pussy, pleased beyond measure when Tory whimpered, as if her pussy were aching for his cock. Con pushed in again, dragging a moan from her and a string of curses from him.

"Hungry?" Devon asked. "Do you need a mouthful of come, Tory?"

Tory released the hold her mouth had on Devon's cock long enough to murmur, "Yes, please." Her lips closed over the swelled head once more. Con and Devon were both mesmerized by the sight of her. So open and giving. Con fucked her harder, faster. At the same time, Devon took hold of her face and drove his cock in and out of her mouth.

Reaching beneath her, Con rubbed over her distended clit. Tory arched and clenched around him, her sex cupping his dick like a hot little fist as she flew apart. Devon cursed, his balls slapping Tory's chin, then suddenly he stiffened and pulled free. Tory kept her mouth open as Devon pumped once more, shooting his come onto her waiting tongue. Con and Devon's gazes were glued to Tory as she swallowed. When her little pink tongue swiped over her lips, licking up the last few drops, Con felt something he hadn't thought he'd ever feel toward the man who'd been like a brother over half his life—jealousy.

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