

“Well, Ms. Kitty, would you like to dance?” Shane asked.

“Don’t be silly, Shane, of course the lady would like to dance.” Noah stood, blocking her view of the dance floor. “She wouldn’t be here otherwise, would she?”

Kitty agreed. “You want me to dance with both of you?”

“Would you prefer only one of us?” Shane’s eyes twinkled with mischief.

“I --” She shifted her gaze between the men. While Shane was broad and rugged, Noah was long and lean. Black hair, cut on the short side, curled around his ears and gave him a scholarly appearance. There was nothing scholarly about his body, however. Hard and chiseled, Noah looked like one of those international soccer players she liked to watch during the World Cup.

“I’ve heard dancing with two men can be more...stimulating.” Noah’s voice trickled over her like a caress. “Isn’t that right, Shane?”

Kitty noticed how Noah’s voice hardened on his friend’s name and stifled a wince. How could she be such an idiot? She had probably offended them. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to --”

Shane glanced at his friend and frowned. “No, we are the ones who are sorry.” He removed his fingers from her thigh and smiled. “A beautiful lass like you probably has a man waiting for her.”

“No, no man.”

“Good.” Shane’s features softened as he brushed her cheek with his knuckle. “Then you have no excuse not to dance” -- he flicked his gaze to Noah -- “with both of us.” He returned his attention to her. “Come on.” He stood and held out his hand.

This was so sudden. Kitty had a ritual. First she’d have her martini and evaluate the crowd; then she’d pick out someone who seemed nonthreatening. Then she’d approach him and offer to buy him a drink.

“Come on.” Shane winked and tugged her to her feet. “I promise you won’t regret it.”

Kitty stared at Shane’s back as the men led her away from the table. This whole thing seemed surreal. Taboo was infamous for its sexually charged atmosphere. Stepping on the dance floor was like taking part in an orgy without actually having sex. No, sex was saved for the reserved areas and VIP rooms upstairs. The dance floor was for displaying a person’s sexual prowess and for capturing a lover for the evening.

Soon she would be joining the erotic fray -- with two dance partners. The thought of the three of them pressed close together caused her skin to tingle with anticipation. It would be different. Exciting. Just what she needed to forget about her father and Velvet Steel.

Shane dropped her hand and started to move. Kitty stood, stunned at the large man’s gracefulness. Shane seemed like he had been born on the dance floor.

Noah stepped up from behind and touched her shoulder. “Go on, don’t be shy.”

Kitty closed her eyes and concentrated on the techno beat, letting it infuse her body. Gradually the weight of the world fell away, and she became light-headed. She tilted her head back and lifted her arms in silent salutation to the strobe lights above.

First she swayed her hips. When she found the rhythm, she swished her arms in time to the music. It was divine. She let the music lift her spirit up into the rafters and blank her mind to all but the steady thrum of the beat.

Shane snaked his arm around her waist and pulled her close. She could tell it was Shane because his broad chest surrounded her in heat and sexual energy. Noah's thinner frame could never pull off such a feat. She felt good in Shane's arms. Safe. Her position as the CEO's daughter had forced her to have a tough-as-nails attitude, but now, with these men close to her, Kitty felt herself letting go, becoming more malleable, submissive. She wanted to lean into all that hard muscle and cocoon herself away from the world, if only for a little while. Kitty molded her body against his and let herself become lost in the music.

Shane's grip tightened. "You smell like cherries." He slipped his knee between her legs.

"My shampoo." What made her say that? It didn't matter. She pressed her breasts harder against his chest. She could feel the rise and fall of his chest. It felt so intimate. Their hips began to move as one. Heat poured through her body as she rubbed her thighs against the rough fabric of his jeans. She imagined herself, legs spread, his hard cock thrusting deep inside her body. Would he be gentle like the man she'd found the last time she was in the club? She hoped not. All week Kitty had had to make tough decisions for work. Tonight she wanted to be controlled and dominated. She didn't want to have to think.

Shane leaned forward and traced the rim of her earlobe with his tongue. "You taste good enough to eat."

Another hard body pressed against her back. "Let me try, Shane." Noah kissed the base of her neck. Kitty moaned as liquid heat shot through her center and settled between her thighs. How did these men know just what she wanted? Kitty's skin tingled as every inch came into contact with hard, male muscle. She felt as if she were drowning in testosterone, and God help her, she loved it.

"You're right. She *is* sweet." Noah repeated the kiss, this time letting his tongue linger on her skin. "She purrs just like a kitten too."

Kitty's lower abdomen clenched, and her thighs became damp with need. She closed her eyes and bit back a groan as Noah's lips once again brushed her skin.

"How interesting." Shane inched his hand down until it rested on her hip. "I wonder if you can make her purr louder so I can hear it better over the music."

"It would be my pleasure." Noah wrapped his hand around her middle and slid his fingers under her top.

Kitty opened her eyes in surprise. His touch felt warm, much warmer than she'd expected in the air-conditioned club. She held her breath as Noah eased his hand under her bra.

"Oh, Shane, you need to feel this," he said.

Shane arched his brow and leaned back to study her face. "Too much for you, lass?"

Kitty slowly shook her head. It wasn't too much to have these two men surrounding her. In fact, it felt just right.

Shane smiled. "Good, because Noah and I are just beginning."