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## **A Third Party**

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**Warning:**

The following material contains strong sexual content meant for mature readers. A THIRD PARTY has been rated NC17, erotic, by three individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic file in a place where young readers not meant to view this ebook are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

## CHAPTER 1

"Two guys at once?"

Theresa couldn't help giggling at Dale's surprised expression. "Does that shock you, my love?" she asked, snuggling tighter against his bare chest.

"No, I mean...I just...I guess when I imagine your top sexual fantasies, I'm thinking stuff along the lines of gentle lovemaking on a soft bed of rose petals."

"Okay, two guys on a bed of rose petals. Even better."

Dale grinned. "I had no idea I was engaged to such a tramp. It's pretty cool."

"Only a mental tramp," Theresa clarified. "Have you ever wanted to do two women at once?"

"Nah."

"You lie."

"Well duh."

They lay in silence for a moment, and then she began to gently kiss his chest.

"So *would* you?" he asked.

"What?"

"Have sex with two men at once."

"Now? Is there another one tied up in the closet?"

"I'm serious. If you had the opportunity, would you take it?"

She held her left hand in front of his face and wiggled her ring finger. "I'm pretty sure the engagement police would arrest me if I went out seeking a *ménage à trois*."

"I mean hypothetically."

"Well, hypothetically, it could be Mel Gibson and George Clooney, so hell yeah!"

"Okay, so I mean semi-hypothetically. What if I were one of the guys? Would you do it?"

She looked at him carefully. "This seems like the kind of question that could get me into a lot of trouble if I gave the wrong answer."

"I won't get mad."

"Yeah, right."

"No, really. I'm just curious."

"*You* say you're curious, *I* think my virtuous nature is being tested. If you want the honest truth, I think I have all the man I need right here."

She slid her hand down his chest, under the blankets, and curled her fingers around his penis. His incredibly erect penis.

"My God, this is really turning you on, isn't it?"

"No, no, there's just a draft in the room."

She pulled her hand out from under the blankets, licked her palm, and then reached back under and began to stroke him. "My opinion is that this conversation is making you horny."

"It could also have something to do with your naked body being pressed against me," Dale said, closing his eyes as she continued the slow, steady strokes.

"I think it's because you're imagining me fucking two guys at once," she said.

Dale inhaled sharply. She very rarely talked dirty like that, and even if his erection wasn't a dead giveaway, his rapid heartbeat was also a pretty accurate indication that this was getting him hot.

"I think, dear sweet fiancé, that you've got a mental picture of one of your male friends thrusting into me doggy style while I suck on your hard cock." She began to stroke more rapidly. She tried to keep her voice serious, but she was unable to stifle her grin. He was *so* aroused by her smut talk that it was almost funny. "Then I can suck his big, throbbing cock while I straddle your face and you lick my hot, wet pussy."

Dale opened his eyes. "I'm going to come before we even get to the penetration and it'll be all your fault."

"But is that what you're imagining, dearest soon-to-be-husband of mine? Me sucking his great big –"

"Not too big."

"How big?"

"Exactly one millimeter shorter than mine."

"Hey, that still gives me almost thirteen total inches to work with. I can handle that. I'm not greedy."

Actually, she had to admit that the thought was turning her on in a big way as well. Of course, she had a large reserve of detailed threesome fantasies to draw from...not that it was necessarily a good idea to get *too* detailed in their current chat. If he knew just how thoroughly she'd worked out this fantasy in her mind, he might freak. Especially since in these fantasies the males weren't always in the majority of the participants.

She needed to find a suitable way to occupy her mouth before she got herself into trouble.

She found one.

It didn't take long for him to explode in her mouth, and she quickly pulled away, leaving him wet and glistening. She lay on her back, spread her legs wide, and patted her crotch.

"You. Tongue. Here. Now."

To her complete lack of surprise, he took the hint.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four orgasms. Holy shit.

Unless she was stressed from work or distracted, she could almost always manage one. Rarely through intercourse, but Dale was always willing to put his fingers, his tongue, or their toy collection to worthwhile use. In a really good session, she'd often

get a second one, but there'd only been one instance where she'd come three times in a single night, when Dale had tied her to the bed and relentlessly tortured her with a feather duster. They'd tried that same trick several times since, of course, but two was her limit.

And now she'd had four.

Wow.

Dale had been out of control, his tongue lashing against her like a whip. She'd come twice just from him going down on her. They really needed to discuss this two-guys-at-once fantasy more often.

Maybe every night.

She smiled as she worked the shampoo through her long black hair. Normally there was nothing she loved more than falling asleep in Dale's arms after sex, but Dale had been so aroused that what was meant for her breasts had shot up into her hair, and she didn't think it was a good idea to go to sleep like that, not unless she wanted to wake up looking like Cameron Diaz in *There's Something About Mary*.

Well, looking like Cameron Diaz would be okay. Just not the hair.

She held her head under the warm water. With her eyes closed, the first image that came to her was Brian...Henkle? Hankle? Something goofy sounding like that.

She'd had a brief fling with him three years ago, during her senior year in college. The sex had been good. Not as frequent as in some of her other college romances, but certainly good.

One night she'd been in his apartment, watching TV with him and his roommate. After a couple of hours and more than a couple of drinks, his roommate, an attractive guy with a swim-team physique, had started joking about Brian sharing her in bed. Brian had joked back about how roommates should share and share alike. She'd joked along with them ("Dearie me, you gentlemen are giving me the vapors!") until suddenly she began to realize that they weren't kidding.



She'd developed an instant knot in her stomach, found it hard to breathe, and quickly left the apartment. Then she'd cursed her stupidity the entire walk back home. Upon returning to her own apartment, she'd prepared a hot bath, locked the bathroom door, and vigorously masturbated to an elaborate fantasy that involved *not* running out like a complete chickenshit.

Brian never mentioned it, and she never worked up the nerve to mention it herself. They broke up two weeks later, without sleeping together again.

Another opportunity for a two-male session had never arisen, and she hadn't sought it out. But it was an exciting thought.

*Damn*, was that an exciting thought!

Two men, one on each of her breasts, their tongues gliding in slow circles around her stiff nipples, then one biting gently as the other slid his tongue down to her...

Suddenly the shower massage, with its eight wonderful settings, seemed like the finest invention that humanity had ever created.

She lifted it from its cradle, turned the water temperature just a bit warmer, set the shower massage to the ever-popular "turbo pulse gentle," and aimed the spray between her legs. Forget sore muscles...the women who designed this product knew exactly what they were doing.

Occasionally she liked to call Dale into the bathroom and let him watch. Not tonight, though.

What would it be like putting on a show for him and a friend?

She could almost hear their excited breathing as she moved her free hand down and, using her index finger, began tracing small, gentle circles around her clitoris.

Two guys. Four hands.

Or perhaps two guys, four hands, and a shower massage.

It wasn't a very big shower. Definitely a tight fit for three people. Especially since, as gentlemen, they'd be sure to let her have all of the warm water.

The circles became less gentle as she imagined Dale holding her steady, his hands on her shoulders, kissing her deeply and keeping her from falling as a soap-covered man vigorously fucked her from behind.

Or, even better, the man could hold her by the waist and she could brace herself against the shower wall, while Dale aimed the shower massage at a strategic location.

He'd even have a hand free.

Oh yes, this was a most pleasant scenario indeed.

She let out a gasp and nearly lost her balance as she climaxed, momentarily losing control of the shower massage and sending a spray of warm water into her face.

It took her a moment to recover, and then she replaced the shower massage in its cradle.

Five times.

Dear God.

The secret to the modern multi-orgasmic woman: Fantasies involving two cocks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Theresa stood there naked, drying her hair. Looking at herself in the mirror, she didn't completely like what she saw, but it was not a bad sight by any stretch of the imagination. Sure, she could work off a couple of extra pounds, and her breasts could be a bit firmer, but Dale wasn't complaining and neither was she.

And she certainly wasn't complaining about him. As a rule, she'd never really been attracted to blond men, but he'd been a big-time exception. He was reasonably muscular from his monthly vows to start hitting the gym on a regular basis, and his face was handsome in a cute-guy-next-door sort of way. It was also definitely worth mentioning that his tight butt was more than acceptable.

She opened the bathroom door. He lay in bed on his back, happily asleep. They'd had a damn fine sex life almost right from the start. They hadn't done anything *too* far

out in their year together...several brief-but-enjoyable sessions in public places, some light bondage, anal sex, and of course some wonderful toys...but they were in no danger of getting bored. Hopefully his creativity would stretch well into their marriage four months from now.

She slipped under the covers next to him and snuggled close. It felt great. Almost as great as being sandwiched in between two rock-hard...

It took her a long time to fall asleep, but the mental images were well worth it.

## CHAPTER 2

"Breakfast in bed, milady," announced Dale, entering the bedroom holding an ornate tray upon which rested a bowl of Cocoa Puffs. Theresa leaned a pillow against the headboard and sat up in bed as he placed the tray on her lap.

"Does milady require anything else?" he asked in an extremely poor British accent.

"She does not. She is most pleased." Theresa began to stir the cereal in the milk to extract as much of the chocolaty goodness as possible. "Did I mention that I came four times last night?" she asked, thinking he might feel left out if he knew about the encore shower performance.

"I believe so."

"Guess what?"

"What?"

"I came four times last night."

"I came twice," said Dale. "That wasn't so bad."

"It sure wasn't four."

"Nope, I guess not." Dale sat down on the edge of the bed. "So...that fantasy worked for you, huh?"

Theresa nodded and shoved a spoonful of cereal in her mouth.

"You never mentioned it before."

"You never asked."

"We've talked about our fantasies before."

"Yeah, but you never specifically asked for my number one fantasy."

"I thought I did."

"Nope."

"Oh." Dale swatted a non-existent bug off his arm. "So was that really your biggest fantasy, or were you just messing with me?"

"Dale, it's just a fantasy. It doesn't hurt anything."

"Oh, I know. I know that. I just wasn't sure if it was something that you actually wanted to do, or if was something you would never do but liked thinking about, or what."

He was so cute when he was nervous. "It's something I would greatly enjoy doing, but would never do because I wouldn't do anything to hurt my loving fiancé. How about that?"

"What if I was cool with it?"

"Are you?"

"No. I mean, I'm just asking if I *was* cool with it, what would you do?"

"You're not very articulate this morning, are you?" she asked, smiling despite the new knot that had formed in her stomach.

"Sorry. So is your cereal okay?"

"I was kidding, sweetie."

"I know," said Dale.

"You aren't usually this uncomfortable."

"We don't usually have these kinds of conversations."

"Well then let me ask you a question," said Theresa. "Would you share me with another guy?"

"This sounds like an answer that could get *me* in trouble."

"I didn't get in trouble for my answer, or at least I better not have, and you won't get in trouble for yours. Would you?"

"I don't know."

"Would you?" she pressed.

"Maybe."

*Calm down, Theresa told herself. It's not really going to happen. Don't do anything that might hurt your relationship.*

"Maybe?"

"It depends."

She didn't want her next statement to sound accusatory, so she gave a wide smile. "So you're saying that there is a situation in which you might take me to bed and let another man have sex with me?"

Dale shrugged.

"Why would you want to do that?"

"I don't know. I wouldn't, I guess."

"Okay, if you *did* want to do it, what would be your reasoning?"

Dale gestured to her bowl. "Your Cocoa Puffs are getting soggy."

"Yes, they are, and you're going to find them poured over your head if you don't tell me why you'd want to help another man fuck me."

That got a visible shiver out of him.

"I don't know, it'd just be cool."

"Why?"

"Just...you know, to see you having such a good time."

"Would you want to touch the other guy?"

"No. Not at all. Nothing gay. It would be all about you."

That got a visible shiver out of *her*.

"You wouldn't get grossed out by seeing another guy with an erection?"

"Nah. I watch porn all the time and it's no big deal."

"What do you mean you watch porn all the time?"

"Used to. I *used* to watch porn all the time."

"Much better."

"But, anyway, I just think it would be fun. And hot. If I were willing to do it."

"Which you're not?"

"I don't know."

"But you think it would be hot?"

"Yeah."

"Hot watching me down on my knees, sucking your cock while I stroke his?"

"Yeah, that sounds pretty good."

"Hot fucking me from behind, hard, while I lick his balls?"

"That's good, too."

"Hot watching me suck both of your cocks at once?"

Dale shook his head. "Our dicks would probably touch."

"I'll alternate between you, then."

"Okay, that's cool."

"You're breathing pretty heavy," Theresa pointed out.

"Yes, I am." He swatted at the non-existent bug again. "So what would you like about it?"

"Oh, hell, what *wouldn't* I like? You forget, I'm the woman. I'd be getting all the attention."

"Maybe you'd come a fifth time."

"Maybe!"

She looked into his eyes for a long moment. "It's just a fantasy though, right?"

"Probably."

"I mean, it's fun to talk about, but you'd probably get jealous if we really did it."

"I don't know if I would or not."

"I'd hope you'd at least get a little jealous."

"Well, yeah, I might get a little jealous, but it could still be fun. I mean, I'd never want another guy to move in with us or anything, I'm not talking about an open relationship, but I wouldn't mind trying this out once or twice, just to experiment."

"Are you speaking for real or hypothetically?"

Dale paused. "Real."

"You would really want to have a threesome with another man?"

He stared at her closely, as if trying to gauge what response she hoped for, and then nodded. "Yeah."

"Would I have to trade you for a threesome with another woman?"

"Nope. I mean, that would be awesome as hell, but you wouldn't have to."

Theresa's entire body was tingling. "Do you have anybody in mind?"

"No. Do you?"

"No. Is there anybody you'd feel comfortable asking?"

Dale thought for a moment, and then shook his head. "I think it would have to be a stranger."

"Strangers can be dangerous."

"We'd make sure it was safe."

Theresa set her tray aside, then pulled Dale towards her and gave him a deep, lingering kiss.

"Yes," she whispered into his ear. "I would *love* to try it."



## CHAPTER 3

"I can't believe you're creating a written proposal," said Dale as they sat together on the couch.

Theresa balanced the notepad on her lap and removed the cap from her ink pen. "You're lucky I'm not creating an Excel spreadsheet. I'm even more excited about doing this than you are, but we're going to do it right. We need to make sure that everything is planned out, that all bases are covered, and that we're both completely comfortable with the situation. No ugly surprises."

"Good idea. I'm sorry I mocked your notepad."

"Apology accepted. Okay, we've already established that it has to be a stranger, right?"

"Right. I don't think I could look one of my buddies in the eye knowing that he'd boned my wife while I watched."

Theresa wrote *no buddy boning* on the pad. Then she tore off the top page, crumpled it up, and tossed it aside. "Okay, let's get serious," she said, writing *Theresa & Dale's Exciting Threesome Plan* on the top of the page, followed by *stranger only* and *where to find?*

"A bar?"

"Not an optimal choice, but we'll just brainstorm for now," said Theresa, writing it down. "A personal ad?"

"Sounds good."

"Is there stuff on the Internet where people can hook up like that?"

"I don't know."

"Bullshit you don't know."

"No, really," Dale insisted. "There probably is. Write it down."

Theresa wrote down *Internet*. "Sex clubs?"

"I swear to God I don't know if there are any of those around here."

"That might be a bit extreme. I'll write it down anyway."

"I'm thinking a personal ad is the best way to go, to be honest," said Dale. "We could just have them send in pictures or something."

"Audition videos?"

"You're being less than serious."

"I guess I'm giddy."

Dale grinned. "You're not going to turn into a perky cheerleader type while we're doing it, are you?"

"No, no, no. It'll be whore, whore, whore all the way."

"Cool."

"Okay, so let's pretend we're going with the personal ad," said Theresa. "You're right, that sounds like the best option. I guess we'd just sift through the responses and if we found a good candidate we'd set up a meeting at a neutral place."

"Sounds like a plan. Are you going to write all of that down?"

"Later. So let's set up our own ground rules."

"No dick contact."

"No wiener wrestling. Got it."

"And no hand-dick contact. Basically, the men aren't touching. It's going to be homophobic all the way."

"Understood. And he has to wear a condom."

"Of course."

"Does he get to spend the night?" Theresa asked.

"Well, if we're still going at it, yeah."

"I mean, does he get to sleep with us?"

"I vote no."

"Good. If he's too exhausted to go home, he can sleep on the couch."

"That works," Dale agreed.

"We're each allowed two alcoholic drinks to help us relax, but no more. I don't want to get drunk and lose control of the situation, and since this will be a stranger, we want to make sure he stays in control himself."

Theresa wrote down *two drinks each*.

"Does he get to come in your mouth?" Dale asked.

"Does that make you uncomfortable?"

"Nope, just setting the parameters."

"If it makes you uncomfortable, tell me now. That's the whole point of doing this."

"No, really, it's fine," Dale insisted. "I'm very pleased with that decision. What about anal?"

Theresa bit her lip. "You only."

"Sounds good."

Theresa wrote it down. "I'm pretty sure I never expected to write the words *anal – Dale only* during my lifetime."

Dale chuckled. "Oral on you is a big yes, I assume?"

"Oh yeah."

"Front and back?"

"Sure, if he's into it."

"What about bondage?"

"Probably not. At least not the first time."

"Toys?"

"Sure."

"Domestic animals?"

"I'm thinking no on that one."

Dale glanced at the list. "Is there anything we haven't covered?"

"Well, obviously none of the sick stuff that I won't even let *you* do. And no spanking. No, wait, if he's doing me doggy style he can give me a light slap on the ass, but no whips or riding crops or dedicated spanking."

"Are we going to give him a copy of the list?"

"We'll laminate it and tape it to the headboard."

Dale glanced at the list again. "Okay, I've got a change to the sleep-over part."

"Yes?"

"Maybe we shouldn't do it at our house. We could drive a couple of hours away, do it at a hotel. Just in case."

"In case of what?"

"In case of, I don't know, taking your parents out to dinner and having the waiter say 'Hey, I've been meaning to thank you again for letting me fuck your wife in the ass.'"

"I think you have a good point there."

"I thought so."

"Of course," said Theresa, "we already agreed that such a thing wasn't allowed."

"That wouldn't stop him from saying it."

"That's absolutely correct."

"And we should probably keep everything on a first-name-only basis," Dale suggested. "He shouldn't know our last names or where we live or where we work or anything like that."

"You mean, like, make up a whole story about our lives?"

Dale shook his head. "Nothing that extreme. We'll tell the truth about everything, we just won't give out any identifying details. We'll be careful and make sure we don't pick up some psycho, but you never know what could happen."

"That sounds smart."

"Maybe we should go by different first names, though."

"I already have to learn a second name to scream out in bed. I don't want to have to remember your alias while I'm distracted."

"Fair enough."

"Am I allowed to scream out his name?" Theresa asked.

"I don't see why not."

"Just making sure."

"As long as I get sixty-six percent of the name screaming and he only gets thirty-three percent, it's fine."

"Who gets the other one percent?"

"The bellboy."

"Awesome." Theresa looked over the list. "Anything else?"

Dale shrugged. "I'm sure we'll think of more stuff later."

"Probably. So what do you say we log on to the ever-so-useful Internet and see what we can find?"

## CHAPTER 4

Theresa and Dale sat side-by-side in the small room where they shared a computer. They called it their office, although any *real* work like paying bills or making wedding preparations was done on the living room floor.

As they signed in to Theresa's e-mail account, a courteous voice informed her that she indeed had mail. After Dale had moved into her apartment he'd set up her e-mail so that it played a thirty-second excerpt from *South Park* every time she received an e-mail message, which he thought was extremely amusing, but which got tiresome after the first...well, *one* time. So she'd made him set it back to the courteous voice.

Dale's previous apartment had been bigger than hers, nicer, and closer to work, but it also had an old lady living beneath them who pounded on her ceiling with a broomstick whenever they made love. Theresa wasn't about to put up with that on a regular basis, despite Dale's insistence that she was probably just trying to help set their rhythm.

"Oh, look," said Theresa, scanning her new messages. "Two separate advertisements for helpful products that will enable us to enlarge your penis."

"Probably a taffy-puller."

Theresa opened a message from her mother and began to read.

"What are you doing?" Dale asked.

"What does it look like I'm doing?"

"Reading another five-page e-mail from your mom."

"Then that's what I'm doing. Cool, she found a chair to match the new plant she bought."

"It just seems like e-mail messages from one's mother should be kept entirely separate from attempts to organize deviant sexual activity."

"Maybe she'll have some motherly advice."

Dale grimaced. "I can't believe you said that. That's just sick and wrong."

Theresa swatted him on the leg. "I was just kidding. Don't be such a prude."

"I'm not a prude."

"My mom gave me all kinds of advice on —"

"Enough."

"Look, she's making spaghetti for dinner tonight, using that recipe she got from Aunt Margaret, the one with black olives and extra oregano. She thinks that she might invite the neighbors over, but they've been having a lot of problems lately with their son, whose grades in college haven't been all that spectacular, and she's not sure they'll be up to accepting her invitation, although she also thinks they might be happy not to have to cook tonight."

"This whole thing is mostly for *your* pleasure, you know."

"Oh, don't be so impatient. Here, I'll pet your crotch while you're waiting." She began to pet his crotch while he was waiting.

"Thank you. This makes it all worthwhile. You're not going to reply to her right now, are you?"

"I probably should. She sent it return receipt."

"Should I go watch some TV for, like, a few hours?"

"No, no, I'll just tell Mom that the cable guy showed up while I was in the middle of replying. If she asks, we weren't getting HBO, and the cable guy was about 40, a little overweight, and wearing blue jeans and a white shirt."

"I'll just say I was in the bathroom the whole time. Number two, if she asks."

"Okay, fine, Mom can wait." Theresa closed out of the e-mail message, and then took a drink from her can of root beer. "Where do we start?"

"Do you have any good third-party-for-wild-threesome sites bookmarked?"

"Nope."

"I guess just put *find threesome* in the search engine."

Theresa typed in *find threesome* and hit enter. "Okay, over ninety thousand matches, looks like we're on the right track. Did you want to order *Threesome*, starring Lara Flynn Boyle?"

"I saw that. It was pretty funny. It had one of the Baldwin brothers in it. The dumb one."

The first page of search results all seemed to be links to the movie or to hardcore pornography, as did the second. The third had a link to "Rebecca's Sex Search - Where Couples Get Lucky."

"Should we try it?" Theresa asked.

Dale nodded and she clicked on the link.

A warning screen came up, informing them that if they weren't eighteen years of age or older that they were to exit this site immediately. Theresa clicked "Enter," clicked "I Accept" on the lengthy terms of use description without reading it, and was greeted with the Rebecca's Sex Search home page, where a sultry brunette stood, a muscular stud muffin on each side of her.

"Looks like our one-stop shopping place," said Theresa.

It took very little browsing to discover the intent of the site—basically, a collection of online personal ads for people seeking to get laid. Theresa clicked the "browse" link, but was informed that she had to create a profile first. Through a word balloon, the sultry brunette (who might have been but probably wasn't Rebecca herself) informed them that it was completely anonymous.

"Do you want to type?" Theresa asked.

Dale shook his head. "You're doing fine."

Theresa clicked "Create Profile" and a form appeared.

"Okay...we're a couple," she said, clicking the appropriate box. "And we're looking for a man." There were other options for woman, couple, and group, but Theresa



figured it was best not to complicate things at this point. "And we're seeking...oh, wow, that's pretty disgusting."

"I don't think we're seeking that," said Dale.

"Well, we're also not seeking cybersex, phone sex, or e-mail sex...and we're definitely not seeking one-on-one sex. Actually, I don't think any of these apply to us but 'group sex,' right?"

Dale glanced over the list of options. "We're not looking for voyeurism, we're not looking for romance, we're not looking for anybody to pee on you...nope, I don't think we want to order anything on our pizza except group sex."

Theresa clicked the box in front of "group sex," and then scrolled further down the form. "We probably shouldn't put in our real birthdays," she said.

"You're not suggesting that we be *deceptive* on the Internet?" asked Dale, feigning shock. "If we misrepresent ourselves online, then somebody else will get the same idea, and then somebody else, and then the whole enterprise will come crashing down!"

"I think it's worth the risk."

"Actually, it'll be nice to not have my birthday in December for once. Maybe I won't get quite so screwed over at Christmas."

Theresa entered birthdays for each of them that were approximately a month off from the real dates, and then scooted her chair back from the keyboard. "Here, you enter my body type."

"Yeah, right."

"Do it. I want to see what you pick."

"How about...oh, let me see...how about no fucking way?"

Theresa moved her chair forward again. "You're a wise man."

"You know it, babe."

Theresa selected *average* for each of them.

"I'm only average?"

"Deal with it."

She answered a few more questions, putting their location in Phoenix. Then they were required to fill out a written profile.

"Are you sure you don't want to type?" asked Theresa.

"You're the writer."

"Since when?"

"Okay, fine, I'll drive," said Dale, leaning forward and taking control of the keyboard. "What's a good one-line description?"

"I don't know."

*"Engaged couple wants threesome?"*

"That works. Nice and simple."

Dale typed that. "Okay, now we need a longer profile, 50 words or more. I guess I could write *engaged couple wants threesome* about fifteen times in a row."

"We'd probably get a lot of responses from teachers."

"Where's our list?"

Theresa glanced around. "I think I left it on the coffee table."

"Maybe that's not something we should leave out on the coffee table. Just my opinion. I could be wrong."

Theresa pushed back her chair and stood up. "I'll go get it."

"Come back naked."

Theresa left the office and returned a moment later, fully clothed, with the list. Dale looked it over for a while, and then typed:

*Engaged couple in mid-twenties looking for extremely straight male to participate in threesome. Must be clean, disease-free, non-smoker, non-drug user, non-psycho. Oral sex, intercourse with condom, and other great activities. This is our first time and we're looking for a fun experience, so if you take sex too seriously we're probably not your best bet. Must not have larger penis than male portion of engaged couple.*

"I don't think it's proper manners to refuse access to a perfectly good candidate just because he's hung like Sasquatch," said Theresa.

Dale chuckled. "Actually, it's okay if he's bigger. I'm confident enough in my masculinity that I'm not threatened by the presence of larger equipment, unless he's some twelve-inch mutant or something. Anyway, they don't know how big I am, and this will probably help us get somebody with a sense of humor."

"It could be the first time in history that we have men *underreporting* the size of their dicks."

"Anything you want to add?"

Theresa read over the profile again. "Sounds good for now. We can change it later, right?"

"Yeah, looks like it."

Dale clicked the "Done" button. "Okay, what's a good user name?"

"How about WANTTHREESOME?"

Dale entered that. "It's taken."

"SEEKINGTHREESOME?"

"It's taken."

"NEEDTHREESOME?"

"Taken."

"NEEDTHREESOME69?"

"Taken."

"Shit," Theresa muttered.

"Taken. But we can have SHIT381234."

"How about DNT43SUM? Dale and Theresa for threesome."

Dale typed that in. "Success!" He minimized the site. "I think we'd better create a secret e-mail address from Yahoo or Hotmail or something."

"Good idea."

He spent a couple of minutes setting up their secret DNT43SUM address, and then returned to Rebecca's Sex Search and entered it in the "e-mail address" field. "Okay, it says we'll have a much better response rate if we upload a picture."

"How about we don't do that?"

"Too bad you made me burn all of those Polaroids from a couple of months ago. That one of you bending over the bed was great!"

Theresa shook her head. "It was out of focus. It made my butt look big."

"What about the one of you going down on me?"

"That was a good one, except that it was a picture of me with a penis in my mouth, not something that needs to be preserved for future generations."

"We could borrow a digital camera."

"I am *not* putting pictures of myself on the Internet."

"We wouldn't show your face. Just your tits."

"Don't make me bite you."

"Okay, just one tit. The left one. No, wait, the right one."

"How about you bend over the bed and we upload an out-of-focus picture of *your* butt?"

"How about we don't upload any pictures?"

"Excellent idea."

The entire profile appeared on the screen for their review, and suddenly Theresa felt a tingling sensation in her stomach. If they clicked "Yes," they were taking the first step toward fulfilling this incredible, wonderful fantasy. They were actually going to go through with it.

Well, no, the whole plan could come apart at any time. Dale could back out, she could get cold feet, or they might never find a suitable third party. But still, by expressing their interest to the entire web-surfing population of Rebecca's Sex Search,

they were well on the way to putting her in a situation that found her writhing passionately between two male bodies.

Dale hovered the mouse pointer over the "Yes" button. "Look good to you?"

Was this something she truly wanted?

Something she could live with?

Hell-fucking-yes.

She nodded, Dale clicked the button, and their profile was forwarded for moderator approval.

## CHAPTER 5

"It could take up to three days for moderator approval," said Dale, reading the information off the screen. "Well, that sucks."

"I guess they only want classy people registering on their sex site."

"Well, of course. I mean, they'll need to be sure it meets all of the current requirements for proper English spelling, sentence structure, grammar, tone...we'll probably get back an extensive critique and have to rewrite our profile six or seven times."

A pop-up box informed them that they had mail.

"Oh, look, we've been approved," said Dale a moment later. "Obviously my amazing typing skills stunned them. I should write a book. Let's go look at some profiles."

"Can I type?"

"Oh, sure, after I do the hard part."

"Please?"

"No problem," said Dale, scooting over. "I can't believe I left you wide open for a comment about 'hard part' and you didn't take it."

"I was trying to be dignified."

"I can't believe I left you wide open for a comment about 'wide open' and you didn't take it."

Theresa clicked the "browse" link, and then clicked "Arizona." Their top ten matches appeared on the screen. Ten thumbnail pictures of quite naked men, seven of whom were touching themselves.

"Oooo-kay," said Dale. "I guess shyness is not a problem on this site."

Theresa clicked on the first picture, bringing up a full-size version. It was a man standing in the shower, his face blocked out by sophisticated digital technology, his

body that of a professional bodybuilder, his hand wrapped around his erection. There was a *lot* of erection visible beyond what was covered by his hand.

"Whoa," said Theresa.

"That is one well-hung individual," said Dale.

"Indeed."

"The question is, why would a guy with a body like that and a genetically enhanced dick need to turn to the Internet for sex?"

"Maybe he's shy."

"Maybe that blur over his face isn't to hide his identity. Maybe he really looks like that. Poor faceless bastard."

Theresa scrolled past the picture to the written portion of his profile. *Lookin for hot chix for fuckin and suckin I'll fuck ya till ya squirt.*

"That's not how you spell chicks," Dale pointed out. "And how come *he* didn't have to put in 50 words?"

"I'm thinking no way in hell. What are you thinking?"

"No way in hell sounds fair."

Theresa moved to the next picture, a bald guy lying in bed with an expression that looked more like excruciating agony than pleasure, despite the fact that he had obviously just finished a hearty masturbation session.

"That's really, really, really gross," said Dale. "Please move on."

Theresa proceeded to the next one. Though the guy was still holding his member, he was doing it in a reasonably tasteful manner. "See, now, this one doesn't look so bad," she said. She read aloud: *"It's all about your pleasure. If you're a single woman or a couple looking for the ultimate sexual thrill, I'm your man. My 8" cock is ready and willing to bring you to ecstasy at a moment's notice. E-mail for rates."*

Dale let out a snort of laughter. "It's gonna be a long morning."

Theresa moved on to the next picture. This guy had an average build, slightly on the thin side, and though he didn't have an erection there seemed to be the potential for an admirable one. He was dark-haired, had a sexy smile, and absolutely gorgeous blue eyes.

She could definitely deal with having him on the other end.

*22 year-old, new to the Phoenix area, looking for new friends and good times. You've got to be adventurous, fun-loving, and preferably horny!!! Love to perform oral (and receiving is nice, too!!!) and will do whatever it takes to please the ladies!!! Serious inquiries only – no games. No drugs. Light smoking and drinking is fine. Let's have a party!!!*

"What do you think?" she asked.

Dale shrugged. "He's definitely less repulsive than the bald guy. That was really sick. What was he thinking?"

"I guess we might as well respond to anybody who seems decent," said Theresa. "Give ourselves a larger pool to choose from."

She clicked the "Send a reply" link.

A picture of the sultry brunette pretending to be Rebecca popped up.

"Aw, crap," said Dale. "Only paid members can reply."

"No, that's okay, they've got a free week-long trial. That'll get us something, at least."

She clicked on the free trial link, and then cursed. "Why do we have to give them our credit card number?"

"Age verification."

"Yeah, right. We sure wouldn't want any little kids to see the bald guy's dick."

"We'll just need to make sure we cancel before the trial period expires."

"I'm not linking my name and credit card number to a personal ad asking for a second guy to have sex with me. What if I run for office some day?"

"In that case you may want to reconsider the whole threesome idea."



"I'll be a slut; I'm just not going to be a slut on the record."

"You used your credit card to order that vibrator."

Theresa closed her eyes and smiled at the thought of her precious Sinful Sensation 3000. Waterproof. Internal heater. Packaged with its own cinnamon scented lubricant. Three attachments, including one meant specifically for her —

"Sweetie, you're drifting."

Theresa opened her eyes. "Sorry."

"You do that every time I mention the vibrator. It's a little disturbing."

"I'll be good."

"Have they said when you can pick it up from the repair place?"

"Not yet."

"Anyway, the point being, you ordered that online without any problem. And you're not shy about buying sex toys in person."

"I know, but I draw the line at pictures on the Internet or my name linked to kinky threesome ads."

"It's not like your name is linked in public. Only the owners of the site have it."

"You've got credit cards. Put your number on there."

"Okay, you're right. Those hackers are monsters. Better safe than sorry. So I guess we just sit back and wait for the responses to come pouring in."

"Well, there's also a chat. We might find somebody there."

There were chat rooms set up for various regions of the United States, so Theresa entered the one for the southwest.

<TND43SUM, you have entered Southwest chat.>

<BONEU4EVER has requested a private chat.>

<TIM273810 has requested a private chat.>

<12INCHCOCK6969 has requested a private chat.>

<BRITNEYRULEZ has requested a private chat.>

<SEX-U-UP-NOW has requested a private chat.>

<GARYXXX47 has requested a private chat.>

<HERESTHEBEEF69 has requested a private chat.>

<LUV2LICK69 has requested a private chat.>

"Friendly group," said Dale.

"I can't even keep up with this."

"Well, just pick some lucky guy. HERESTHEBEEF69 seems like a fine young lad."

"How about the Gary one?"

"He's probably 47 years old."

"How do you even go into a private chat?"

"It says just double-click their name."

Theresa double-clicked on TIM273810. A separate window opened.

<TIM273810> hi

<DNT43SUM> Hi. How are you?

<TIM273810> ok u?

<DNT43SUM> We're doing good.

<TIM273810> asl

"Did he just call us an asshole?" asked Dale.

<DNT43SUM> What's asl?

<TIM273810> age sex loc

<DNT43SUM> Oh, sorry. 26 & 25. Male & female. Phoenix, Arizona.

<TIM273810> cool

<TIM273810> im in ca

<TIM273810> wanna fuck

<DNT43SUM> You're kind of far away, aren't you?

<TIM273810> so

<DNT43SUM> Well spoken. Talk to you later!

Theresa closed out of the chat window. "Why do I get the feeling that finding the right guy is going to test our quality control abilities to their limits?"

Several more invitations to a private chat had been issued, so Theresa accepted one from FIREMANBLAKE.

<FIREMANBLAKE> Hiya!

<DNT43SUM> Hi.

<FIREMANBLAKE> A/S/L?

<DNT43SUM> 25 & 26. One of each. Phoenix.

<FIREMANBLAKE> Who's typing?

<DNT43SUM> The female.

<FIREMANBLAKE> Is he there with you?

<DNT43SUM> Yes.

<FIREMANBLAKE> Tell him to start kissing your neck.

<DNT43SUM> This isn't really what we're looking for. Where do you live?

<FIREMANBLAKE> Arizona. Is he kissing your neck?

<DNT43SUM> Are you near Phoenix?

<FIREMANBLAKE> While he's kissing your neck, start stroking his cock. Get it really hard.

<DNT43SUM> How am I supposed to do that and type?

<FIREMANBLAKE> Tickle his balls with your fingertips while you're doing it.

<DNT43SUM> You're not listening to me at all, are you?

<FIREMANBLAKE> Is he kissing your neck?

<DNT43SUM> No.

<FIREMANBLAKE> Bitch.

<FIREMANBLAKE has left private chat.>

"You have to admire a man who knows what he wants," said Dale.

<GOTTADOYOU> Hello

<DNT43SUM> Hi there. ASL?

<GOTTADOYOU> 16 M California

<DNT43SUM has left private chat.>

"We're probably going to jail," said Theresa, closing out of Rebecca's Sex Search completely.

"I'm sure it was really a ninety year-old just pretending to be sixteen."

"Well, how about we not use the Internet any more? There have got to be other options."

## CHAPTER 6

They walked into the Adult Supercenter, a place that actually provided shopping carts for the customers. Theresa was certainly not a regular patron, but she enjoyed stopping by every once in a while to pick up a new toy or two. She particularly enjoyed dragging Dale along, because he was so cute when he was nervous and embarrassed.

She went up to the front counter, where a college-aged kid dressed in Goth black stood next to a middle-aged woman. "Hi, I'm Theresa, I'm picking up a repair."

The Goth guy frowned. "A repair?"

"Yes."

He looked at the middle-aged woman. "Do we do repairs?"

"I broke my Sinful Sensation 3000," Theresa explained, while Dale looked through the rack of risqué greeting cards. "The manager said he could have it fixed."

"You *broke* it?" asked the woman.

"I dropped it."

"On who?"

"On the hallway floor."

Theresa's mother had paid a surprise visit, and the vibrator had been lying under the coffee table after a wild session the night before where Dale had used attachment #2 on her while she crouched on her hands and knees. She'd frantically scooped it up and hurried to hide it in the bedroom, but it slipped out of her hands and dropped onto the tile floor. The next time she'd tried to use it, the vibrator had made only a pathetic whirring sound and actual vibration had been minimal at best. She'd still masturbated with it, of course, but it just wasn't the same.

The Goth guy ducked behind the counter. The woman stared at Theresa while she pretended to browse their selection of edible condoms.

"So how is the Sinful Sensation 3000 working for you?" the woman asked.

"Great."

"I've only tried the 2000 model. I've always been a big supporter of the Intruder series, myself. Have you tried them?"

"Uh, no."

"They're a bit more affordable, and they feel more like the real thing. They're on the back shelf if you'd like to take a look."

"No, that's okay."

"See, the problem with the Sinful Sensation 2000 model, in my opinion, is that you can never completely lose yourself in the fantasy, because you're always aware that it's a machine. The Intruder-XL, on the other hand, has a much quieter motor and if you lube it up right, I swear, you can barely tell the difference between it and the real thing. Except that it's not done until you're done," she said with a wink.

"Theresa, was it?" asked the Goth guy from behind the counter.

"That's right."

The Goth guy stood back up, holding the box to her Sinful Sensation 3000. "Yep, it's right here." He tore a Post-It note off the box. "That'll be ten dollars even."

"Great, thank you," Theresa said, taking the box from him and taking the money out of her purse.

"Do you need anything else today?"

"No, I think I'm set, thanks."

"You sure? We just got in a new shipment of nipple rings. Piercing optional."

"No, really, I'm fine." Theresa turned to leave, then hesitated. "Actually, do you have any magazines where people can place personal ads?"

The woman gestured toward the entrance. "There are some free periodicals by the door."

"Thanks."

Dale replaced a greeting card featuring a woman with breasts the size of wide-screen televisions on the rack and walked with Theresa toward the exit. She scooped up one copy each of the four newspapers and they left the store.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the way home, Dale pulled into the parking lot of the grocery store nearest to their apartment. Theresa unfastened her seat belt.

"Are you sure you're okay to leave that behind?" he asked, nodding at the box on her lap. "Maybe I should just take the list and do the shopping myself while you defend it from dildo thieves."

"Smartass."

"Well, you're not bringing it in. They'll probably try to charge us for it again."

After she tucked the box safely under the seat, they left the car and walked into the grocery. The ritual was always the same: Theresa was in charge of the cart and the shopping list, while Dale was sent off to retrieve three or four items at a time.

"We need a pack of celery, the small bag of baby carrots, and a bag of pre-made Caesar salad," she told him.

"Gotcha," said Dale, heading toward the produce aisle, the mighty vegetable hunter in search of prey.

Theresa picked up a gallon of milk, six cups of flavored yogurt, and some pre-shredded cheddar cheese. She pushed the cart over to the meat aisle and began comparing some of their sirloin steaks.

"You see that?" asked Dale, dumping the items, including the wrong size bag of baby carrots, into the cart.

"What?"

"That guy."

"What guy?"

"The guy waiting in line at the deli. He was checking you out."

Theresa glanced over at the deli line. A tall man in his thirties with dark, shoulder-length hair stood there. He smiled at her and then looked away.

"He was staring at your ass," Dale whispered.

"My ass wasn't even facing him."

"He was staring at its profile."

"Oh. Well, should I go over there and jump him?"

The man looked over at her again, smiled, and winked. Then he reached the front of the deli line and began to place his order.

"Yep, that's definite flirting," said Theresa, still speaking in a whisper.

Dale frowned. "Why is he winking at you with me standing right here?"

"Maybe he thinks you're my brother."

"He has no idea who I am. I can't believe he's flirting with you when I'm right here. He knows we're together...I put celery in your cart!"

"I don't know what to tell you. Maybe I'm so devastatingly attractive that he couldn't help himself."

"I can't believe his nerve."

Theresa giggled. "Considering how we spent our morning, I can't believe you're actually getting jealous."

"There's a difference. He doesn't know what we did this morning. We could be married with four kids."

"Maybe he had something in his eye."

"He didn't have anything in his eye except lust."

"He seemed nice."

"I don't care how nice he was. Until I've actually confirmed that I'm willing to let another man have sex with my fiancé, he's not supposed to be winking."



The man put his container of fried chicken in his cart and left in the opposite direction.

"He's pretty hot, though," said Theresa, watching him go.

"I can't believe you're checking out his ass."

"I wasn't."

"You're still doing it!"

"Well, it's nice."

"Then go pinch it."

"Maybe I will."

Dale's expression turned serious. "Is he really somebody you might want to...include?"

Theresa shrugged.

"You think he'd be up for it?"

"How should I know? I never met him. You should be able to answer that...he's *your* gender."

"He did wink at you with me standing right here."

"Maybe it's a sign."

"Why don't you go talk to him?"

Suddenly Theresa began to feel lightheaded. "No, I can't."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'm not ready for this. Why don't you talk to him?"

"Me?"

"Please?"

"I'm not going to walk up to some guy in a grocery store and invite him to screw my fiancé."

"No, no, no, don't mention sex. Just invite him to lunch. As friends."

"Guys don't walk up to other guys in grocery stores and invite them to lunch."

"Just start talking and find a common interest."

"We've already got a common interest."

"Please?"

"No."

"I'll go down on you the whole drive home."

Dale hesitated. "Can I take the long way?"

Theresa nodded.

Dale considered that for several moments, and then sighed. "Fine, fine. Shit."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dale found the man in the frozen foods aisle. He walked behind him for a few seconds, trying to simultaneously work up his courage and figure out what the hell he thought he was doing. As exciting as the idea of a threesome was to him, he'd never really envisioned himself propositioning a strange guy in a grocery store.

"Shit," he said under his breath.

The man glanced over his shoulder. "I'm sorry?"

"Oh, no, nothing, I wasn't talking to anybody."

The man turned around to face him. "Look, dude, I'm sorry about the whole wink thing. That wasn't cool."

"Oh, no, it's okay. Not a problem. Really."

"I didn't realize you were with her."

"Yes, you did. But it's fine."

"I wasn't hitting on her or anything. I just winked to be friendly."

"No, really, I'm not here to cause trouble," Dale insisted. "Just, y'know, thought I'd say hi."

"Well, actually, you said shit."

"Yes. Yes I did. That's not what I meant to say, though."

"What did you mean to say?"

"Hi."

"Hi?"

"Hi."

"Why did you want to say hi?"

"Okay, I really wanted to say hi, and wanted to ask if you wanted to have lunch."

"Dude, I was winking at her, not you."

"I know, I know. I just wanted to, y'know, invite you to lunch with me...*us*, with us."

"Why?"

"Just to be friendly."

"Dude, you're creeping me out."

"I'm creeping myself out, too. This is very awkward and I'm sorry. That's what I told my fiancé, guys don't go up to other guys in grocery stores and invite them to lunch. Am I right?"

"You're right."

"See? You know what I'm talking about. I don't know what Theresa was thinking."

"She asked you to invite me to lunch?"

"Yeah."

"And you're her fiancé?"

"Yeah."

"That's messed up, dude."

"It *is* a little messed up. I have to agree with you there. I'm going to walk away now."

Dale left the frozen foods aisle, nearly colliding with Theresa, who was standing at the endcap.

"What did he say?"

"He said it was messed up."

Theresa's eyes widened. "So what exactly did you tell him?"

"Nothing, I just...the circumstances weren't right. His fried chicken smelled really good though; we need to go get some. Do I still get my blowjob?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Theresa lay on the couch, looking through one of the newspapers. She'd already gone through the first one, which had a large personal ads section but nothing that sounded enticing. Nothing in this one looked particularly useful, either, until...

*SWM, 35, clean, fit, professional, seeks straight couple for intimate play. Very oral, very generous. Let's give her the night of her life!*

The ad ended with a phone number. Theresa re-read it three more times. "Hey, Dale? Come check this one out."

Dale walked into the living room and knelt down next to her. "I dunno," he said, after he read the ad. "I wonder if it'll just connect us to some \$3.99 a minute sex line?"

"It's a local area code."

"It might be fine, then. But would we really want to hook up with somebody who puts his phone number in a personal sex ad?"

"I'm not sure," Theresa admitted. "But we'd meet him first, make sure everything is cool before anything happened. I mean, it's not the most creative ad in the world, but he doesn't sound like a complete loser or a serial killer."

Dale read the ad a second time. "He can spell, at least. Yeah, sure, circle that one and we'll give him a call from a pay phone."

\* \* \* \* \*

There were a couple of other promising ones, but they both gave P.O. Box addresses rather than phone numbers, which was fine, and requested that the respondee send a picture, which was not.

Theresa and Dale checked their secret e-mail account to discover that thirteen people had contacted them based on their Rebecca's Sex Search profile, which was exciting until they discovered that all of the responses were either illiterate, unbelievably profane, or just plain scary.

On her regular account, Theresa had an e-mail from her mother wondering why she hadn't replied to her earlier message. Giving a truthful response did not appear to be the wisest course of action, so she wrote back and apologetically explained that her Internet connection had been acting up, while Dale hovered over her shoulder and made various comments about how a twenty-five year-old should probably not have to apologize for not immediately responding to a parental e-mail.

Then they headed back out to find a pay phone.

## CHAPTER 7

"Do you think we should use an out-of-town pay phone?" asked Dale as they pulled out of their driveway.

"Why?"

"I don't know, they might be able to trace it back to us."

"You're right. We should probably wear gloves before we pick up the receiver. Do you think Radio Shack has one of those voice disguiser gizmos?"

"Hey, be sarcastic all you want, but you're the one who wouldn't give your credit card information to Rebecca's Sex Search."

"There's a difference."

"Yeah, *I* know that, I just didn't know how anal retentive *you* were about this."

"I think we'll be fine using the one at the grocery store."

"Sounds good."

A few minutes later they pulled into the parking lot, where the number of cars seemed to have tripled since that morning. They parked, got out of the car, and walked over to the outdoor pay phone, which was being used by a harried-looking woman balancing the receiver between her ear and shoulder while her two young children held each of her hands.

"So who calls?" asked Dale.

"Do you want to?"

"How about you talk first? He'd probably rather hear a woman's voice."

"Why would you say that?"

"Because I don't want to talk first."

"Fair enough," Theresa agreed. "If he sounds okay on the phone, where should we ask him to meet?"

"What was the name of that one pizza place we went to that one time? The one with that waiter."

"What waiter?"

"The waiter who kept bringing us extra napkins."

"I don't remember anything about napkins."

One of the children, a boy of about five, gave Theresa a shy wave. She waved back.

"You don't remember?" Dale asked. "He kept bringing us napkins, maybe five different times, even though we hadn't used up the ones we already had. We even made jokes about it."

"What jokes?"

"I forget. Something about all of the napkins."

The little boy waved shyly again, and then gave Theresa the finger. His sister giggled.

"Did you see that?"

"What?"

"That little shit flipped me off."

The little boy waved shyly at Dale.

"I can't believe you don't remember the napkins. We even mentioned it later that night, I think. Or the next day or something."

"Was the pizza any good?"

"I think it was kind of greasy. That's probably why he thought we needed so many napkins."

"What the hell is a kid that age doing giving me the finger? He probably doesn't even know what it means."

"Actually, now that I think about it, I seem to remember that the pizza sucked. We probably shouldn't go there."

"If he gives me the finger again, I swear, I'm going to say something to his mother."

"While you're doing that, see if she can recommend a good pizza place in Phoenix."

The mother let go of the little boy, freeing him to give Theresa the finger with both hands, and hung up the phone.

"If you kill the kid, we don't get our threesome," Dale pointed out.

The mother left, taking her hell spawn with her. Theresa took a deep breath as they walked over to the phone. "Okay, so we definitely want to do this, right?"

"Yes."

She deposited thirty-five cents, glanced at the torn-out personal ad, and dialed the number.

It rang once.

Twice.

Three times.

"He may not be there," Theresa said.

After the fourth ring, a recording started. "Hi, this is Jeremy, leave a message at the beep, thanks."

"Hi, Jeremy," said Theresa after the tone, trying to keep her voice steady. "I'm calling about your ad. If you get a chance, send me an e-mail at —"

"Hello?" a low, male voice broke in.

"Hello?" Theresa asked.

"This is Jeremy."

"Hi. This is Theresa."

"Hi, Theresa. How are you doing?" He didn't sound nervous at all.

"Fine, fine, I'm fine."

Dale gave her a questioning look, and she gave him the "thumbs-up" sign.

"So you saw my ad?"



"Yes."

"Are you married?"

"Yes. I mean no. No, I'm not married; yes, I'm *going* to be married. I'm engaged. My fiancé is right here. Do you want to talk to him?"

"Not quite yet. May I ask how old you are?"

"Twenty-five."

"And what exactly are you looking for?"

Theresa's mind went blank for a moment. She looked down at the ad. "Ahhhhh...an intimate encounter, I think."

"Same here. Sounds like we might get along fine."

Theresa squeezed her eyes shut, took another deep breath, and tried to focus. This was no time to babble. "I called to see if you wanted to meet my fiancé and me for dinner. To...to get to know each other. Make sure that we're comfortable."

"That sounds like a great idea."

"Oh, good."

"Where do you live?"

"Phoenix."

"It says on my caller ID that you're calling from a Tucson area code."

"I know. We're not at home."

"So where do you want to meet?"

"How about a restaurant?"

She heard Jeremy chuckle on the other end. "A restaurant is fine. But I was talking about a location."

"Right. Me too. Or that's what I was thinking. Is Phoenix too far?"

"Not necessarily."

"Phoenix, then."

"Where in Phoenix?"

Theresa came unnervingly close to saying "the restaurant with the napkins" but stopped herself in time. "Do you have any recommendations?"

"Do you like Italian?"

Theresa nodded. A moment later she realized that he probably couldn't hear her nodding over the phone and said, "Yes."

"There's a place called Argento's that's excellent. I don't know the address, though. I'm pretty sure it was on Central Avenue, but I don't have a Phoenix phone book handy to look it up."

"Oh, that's okay. We can find it."

"Are you available Friday?"

"Friday works."

"Eight-thirty?"

"That works too."

"Do you have a phone number where I can reach you?"

Theresa hesitated. "Ah, no. But I can give you an e-mail address."

"I don't have a computer."

"Oh."

"Tell you what, I'll go ahead and make the dinner reservation. Call me at five-thirty on Friday to confirm that you haven't changed your mind."

"Okay."

"If I don't hear from you, I won't be there."

"Fair enough."

"By the way, you have a seriously sexy voice, Theresa."

"Thank you," she said, feeling herself blush.

"Is your fiancé there?"

"Yes. Here, I'll put him on." Theresa extended the phone toward Dale. He looked a bit uncomfortable, but took it from her.

"Hello? Yes. Yeah. Uh-huh. Me too. Okay, we'll see you then. Bye." Dale hung up.

"What'd he say?" Theresa asked.

"He wanted to know if I was cool with it, and if Friday at 8:30 was okay."

"Is it?"

"No, I told him it was very inconvenient and that our social calendar was booked pretty much solid for the next six months, but that our secretaries would be in touch sometime next year."

"He sounded nice, didn't you think?"

"Yeah. I mean, I only talked to him for a few seconds. What did you think?"

"He didn't sound like a creep or a weirdo."

"You're sweating."

Theresa ran her hand across her brow. "Only a couple of quarts."

"Do you still feel okay with this?"

"Yeah. Do you?"

"Yeah," said Dale.

"Wanna go home and have some sex?"

"I believe so."

"Good."

## CHAPTER 8

Two years ago, Theresa's father had been in a serious car accident, and for several excruciating days the doctors weren't certain whether he'd make it. He did and now was just fine, but that had been the longest week of Theresa's life.

This was the second longest.

She'd always been convinced that by walking through the doors of AMGD, Inc. she was entering an alternate plane of reality where time moved at one-quarter of its usual pace, but this week the clocks didn't seem to be moving at all. And since her job, doing tedious bookkeeping, offered no real mental challenges, her brain was free to continually obsess over the meeting on Friday.

It wasn't a good idea to get too excited. Jeremy could turn out to be a jerk. He could be physically repulsive. He could have putrid personal hygiene. He could pull a no-show.

Or, even worse, he could be absolutely gorgeous and charming but not get along with Dale. Or Dale could change his mind. Or she could change *her* mind. Or their car could break down. Or it could all be an elaborate practical joke and she could find herself on a TV show. Or...

Or she could end up lying in a hotel room bed, legs spread wide, Dale caressing one thigh, Jeremy caressing the other.

More than once one of her co-workers had caught her staring into space. Her best friend at work, Nancy, had asked what was wrong, but no matter how badly Theresa wanted to share her secret, she didn't. She was 99.9% sure she could trust Nancy, but it was that last .1% that could come back to bite her in the ass.

Much like Dale, nibbling gently down there while Jeremy vigorously sucked on her breast.

AMGD, Inc. really needed a Masturbation Room. Maybe she'd bring it up at the next staff meeting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dale had to put in a lot of overtime at the bank and came home exhausted, so they didn't discuss the upcoming event much, although they did fuck before falling asleep each night.

Yeah, she knew she should be thinking of it as "making love," but considering that she had an imaginary hard cock in her mouth while Dale knelt behind her, thrusting away, the word "fuck" seemed more appropriate.

It wasn't until Thursday night, after she finished addressing some more wedding invitations that she completely snapped out of the fantasy.

"I think we need to make a rule," she said.

"Okay," said Dale, hitting the "mute" button on the remote while he watched *The World's Wackiest Failed Suicides* or something like that.

"No sex Friday night."

"You mean with Jeremy?"

"Right. Friday needs to be completely about getting to know him, building our trust and making sure all three of us are comfortable with the arrangement. I don't want to spend the whole evening wondering if there's going to be sex later. And I especially don't want us to get caught up in the moment and end up doing something we'd regret. So we'll have dinner, have a nice long conversation, and then drive home. If we both still want to do it on Saturday, we'll do it."

"We're going to let him know the plan beforehand, right?"

"Absolutely."

"Then yeah, I'd say that's an excellent idea."

"And we stick to it no matter what, okay? I don't care how well it goes, or what he says, or what *I* say, we don't have a threesome on Friday."

"Understood."

"But we can have a twosome tonight."

"Understood even better."

\* \* \* \* \*

On Friday Theresa was so wound up that she could barely type. She took half of a vacation day and came home at noon, so she could spend some quality time looking into her closet.

She'd already decided on the black blouse and tight black pants, an outfit that was sexy without being slutty, but now she wasn't sure. Maybe it made her butt look big.

But maybe Jeremy *liked* big butts.

Maybe she needed to do something else.

She checked her e-mail and their secret account, which had a few more responses to their profile. One of them even contained five consecutive words that were correctly spelled in the polite offer to tie her to a bed and let eight gentlemen manually pleasure themselves upon her.

After respectfully declining, she took a long, hot shower. She shaved her legs and armpits, and trimmed her pubic hair. Dale loved it when she shaved completely, but that always left her itchy. Maybe if the men were really good, she'd let them shave her tomorrow night.

She got out of the shower, wrapped a towel around herself, and paced around the apartment for a while. She hadn't been this anxious and excited since her first date at age fifteen, where she'd closed her eyes as they leaned in for a kiss and smooched his nose instead while his tongue struck her chin. His bratty little brother had captured it on film. It was not a good date.

She picked up the list of rules and wandered around for a while, reading them, just to give herself something to do. She realized that there were many more productive ways to waste time than to read a list that she'd already memorized, and tossed it down by the living room lamp.

About 47,283 hours later, five-fifteen arrived and Dale got home. Theresa was dressed but hadn't yet put on her makeup.

"Wow, you look great," he said, giving her a kiss on the lips. "Excited?"

She nodded. "You?"

"Yeah. Nervous?"

"You'd better believe it."

"Me too. But it's healthy tension, it's good for us."

She put on her makeup using the mirror on the bedroom dresser while Dale took his shower. She usually didn't wear any makeup except on special occasions, and even then she made sure not to overdo it. A light touch of mascara, some ruby red lipstick, and she was done.

"Damn," said Dale, stepping naked out of the shower. "You look amazing!"

"Two compliments in one day. I may swoon."

"If Jeremy doesn't want to go through with this, there is something very seriously wrong with him."

Theresa licked her finger, pressed it to her leg, and made a sizzling sound.

Dale was beginning to stiffen. "Too bad you already put on your lipstick."

"Yes, too bad. You'd better wrangle that thing before it gets loose and breaks something." Theresa glanced at her watch. "Crap, I didn't even think about calling him from a pay phone. I'll be back."

She slipped on her comfortable black shoes rather than the high heels she planned to wear this evening, got in the car, and drove back to the grocery store. An elderly man

was on the phone, and after an excruciating ten minutes he hung up and she dialed Jeremy's number.

"Hello?" asked Jeremy, answering on the second ring.

"It's Theresa."

"Theresa, hi. I was starting to think that you didn't love me anymore."

"No, just running a bit late. Are we still on?"

"I'll be there if you will."

"Great. Yes, we'll be there. See you at eight-thirty, then. Oh, wait...you still there?"

"Still here."

"Just so there are no misunderstandings...we're not going to go further than meeting you at the restaurant tonight. I mean we won't be, you know..."

"No sex tonight."

"Right."

"I can live with that."

"Good, I'm glad. So we'll see you then?"

"I'll be there. The reservation is for Jeremy, party of three."



## CHAPTER 9

The drive to Phoenix was another voyage into the mystical world of Time That Seemed To Be At A Fucking Standstill. Dale was looking great in brown slacks and a white dress shirt. Yeah, it was a bit more casual than what Theresa would have picked for him, but Dale had been a bit apprehensive about looking like he was trying to impress Jeremy.

Men.

Instead of talking, they cranked up the radio and listened to 80's rock the entire way. Dale sang along, badly and with mostly incorrect lyrics, but she found it strangely comforting.

And then, finally, they arrived at Argento's. Theresa closed her eyes and did some deep breathing exercises while Dale parked in the back of the restaurant (the only way to avoid valet parking, which he'd been paranoid about ever since his cousin Michael had borrowed his mother-in-law's car and had it vandalized by a kid pretending to be a valet).

Dale shut off the engine and exhaled deeply. "We're here."

"Yep."

"Right on time."

"Yep."

"Are you ready to go in?"

Theresa opened her eyes. "Yep."

Dale got out of the car, then went around and opened the door for her. She got out and immediately stumbled on her high heels, but regained her footing and made it to the restaurant entrance without falling flat on her face.

"Good evening," said a cheerful-looking man, opening the door for them. His glance seemed to say *I know you've got something kinky planned, you naughty girl*, but of course that was just her imagination.

"Jeremy, party of three," said Dale, walking up to the hostess.

She glanced at the reservation list. "Ah, yes. The other member of your party got here about fifteen minutes ago. Right this way, please."

They followed the hostess through what seemed like an endless series of twists and turns, finally reaching a corner booth. It was vacant except for a half-full glass of water.

"Did he leave?" Dale asked the hostess.

"Not as far as I know. He may be in the restroom." The hostess bit her lip, as if suddenly deciding that she shouldn't have shared such private bodily functions information. Dale and Theresa sat down on the same side of the booth and the hostess handed them each a menu. "Your server will be with you in a moment."

"Thank you," said Theresa.

The hostess left. Theresa opened her menu, which at the moment might as well have been written in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

"Did I mention that you look fantastic?" Dale asked her.

"Yes, but I wouldn't mind you repeating it."

"You look fantastic."

"Do you think he left?"

"We're not late."

"Maybe he got cold feet."

"Maybe. Probably not. It's a long drive to come all this way and then get cold feet." Dale drummed his fingers on the edge of the table.

A man came around the corner. He had short, thick black hair, a dark complexion, and a nice build. Strikingly handsome...perhaps not in a male model sort of way, but it was immediately evident just from the way he walked that he was confident and

secure. He gave Theresa a wide smile as he saw her seated in the booth and gracefully slid into the seat across from them.

"You must be Theresa," he said. His voice was even sexier coming directly from his mouth than it was being filtered through a phone line.

"That's me." Theresa reached out and shook his hand. He had a firm grip...and a big hand.

Jeremy turned to Dale. "And you must be her very generous fiancé."

"Right. I'm Dale." The two men shook hands.

"Pleased to meet you, Dale. Theresa has told me very little about you."

Their server arrived and introduced himself as Henry. "Can I get you anything to drink?"

"I'll have a Diet Coke," said Theresa.

"Regular Coke here," said Dale.

"A refill on my water is fine," Jeremy told the server. The server nodded and left.

"So what's good here?" Dale asked, looking over the menu.

"I've only been here once, so I've only tried the eleven-layer lasagna, but it's amazing. Don't order it if you're on a diet."

"That sounds good," said Dale, closing the menu.

Theresa still couldn't quite focus on the words, so she closed her own menu as well. "I'll have that, too."

"Look at that, we're all in agreement already," said Jeremy. "You look sensational, by the way," he told Theresa.

"Thank you."

"You sounded beautiful on the phone, but I must say that the real thing is even better." Jeremy looked over at Dale. "I would compliment you, Dale, but I wouldn't want to make an awkward situation any more awkward."

"Oh, I'm not feeling awkward."

"Yes, you are. It's a very awkward situation we're in, and we'll all relax a bit more if we openly admit that it's awkward."

"Okay, it's awkward as hell."

"Yes, it is. But we'll get through it and have a lovely evening. Isn't that right, Theresa?"

He looked her right in the eye, but rather than making her uncomfortable, his gentle brown eyes seemed to set her at ease. "A lovely evening sounds wonderful to me."

"Good. We're in agreement again. My vote is that we skip the boring discussion about how the drive over was and get right to something more interesting. So, Dale, what's your favorite movie?"

They chatted about explosion-laden action movies until the server brought them their drinks and took their orders, after which the discussion turned to television commercials that they all hated.

"The thing is, though, they're probably still effective," said Jeremy. "When you need to make a collect call, you've got the number stuck in your head, and you're not thinking about the obnoxious, unfunny jackass who put it there."

"I'm just wondering how collect calls can be such a big business," said Dale. "Who are these millions of people who are making collect calls every day? Get a calling card, for God's sake."

"Or send an e-mail," said Theresa, smiling at Jeremy.

Jeremy smiled back. "I know, I know, I should get a computer. I'm a graphic designer, so I was dragged kicking and screaming into the digital age. I'm on the machine all day at work, but when I get home I like the break."

"I couldn't live without e-mail," said Theresa.

"I was never good at writing letters, and this would just force me to write more of them," said Jeremy.

"But you could put your personal ad online. Lots of, uh, interesting responses that way."

"I don't want to meet somebody through e-mail," said Jeremy. "Too easy to misrepresent yourself. Now, here we are, strangers for all intents and purposes. You might not really be Theresa, and you might not really be Dale, but at least I know you aren't some obscenely overweight 45 year-old living in his parents' basement pretending to be an engaged couple named Theresa and Dale."

"Well, you'd be surprised what a little makeup can accomplish," said Dale.

"But you see what I'm saying," continued Jeremy, ignoring the joke. "It doesn't have to be that extreme, but at least on the phone you can get a better idea of whether or not somebody is completely full of it. And, of course, in a face-to-face meeting, nothing gets past me."

"So can I ask you a question?" asked Theresa.

"Sure."

"How many times have you done this?"

"Which part?"

"I guess all of them. The personal ad, the meeting..."

"This was my first time with a personal ad, and it's my first meeting like this, by which I mean the first time I've hooked up with a couple specifically for the purpose of seeing if we like each other enough to have sex."

"But you've had sex with a couple before?"

"Yes."

"How many times...or am I being too pushy?"

"No, no, ask anything you want," said Jeremy. "That's what this is all about. I've had six sexual arrangements where there were more than two people involved."

"Impressive," said Dale.

"So how did you end up in your first one?" asked Theresa.

"College, spring break. My roommate and our girlfriends got a hotel room in Daytona Beach, we got extremely drunk, and we started an orgy. We weren't very far into it when his girlfriend got all mad and jealous and stormed out of the room, but instead of going after her, my roommate stayed and the two of us spent the next couple of hours screwing my girlfriend until she passed out. We had fun, but from an emotional standpoint it wasn't the most pleasant experience. She broke up with me before we even got back to campus."

Theresa shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

"The second time I got the number one male fantasy of two women at once. Senior year of college. My girlfriend then wanted to become a model. I haven't seen her in anything but she very well might have succeeded for all I know. She certainly had the looks. Anyway, her friend from high school came to visit one weekend, and it just happened to be my birthday, so my girlfriend decided to give me a very memorable present."

Dale nudged Theresa. "My birthday is coming up in eight months."

Jeremy laughed. "It was a pretty good birthday present. High-stress, though. I guess in these situations it's not unusual for the women to interact, if you know what I mean, but my girlfriend's friend wasn't into that, so it was all up to me. And let me tell you something, the first time you have two beautiful women using their tongues on you at the same time, it is not easy to stay in control." He nodded at Dale. "Or am I telling you something you already know?"

"Uh, no, actually. News to me."

"It was incredible, no doubt about it, but later that semester I shared that same girlfriend with her ex-boyfriend, and *that* was an experience to savor."

There was a pause in the conversation as the server brought their meals. Theresa tried a bite of the lasagna and found it to be absolutely delicious. Jeremy waited for the server to walk out of earshot, and then continued.

"I guess what turns me on is a woman having a good time. The louder the better. That's why porno usually doesn't do anything for me. The women are obviously just going through the motions, not getting into it, probably thinking about their tax return or something. I love to see a woman getting pleasure, I just love it. And in a threesome situation, I can watch her reactions while the other guy is doing things to her, and I can enjoy her reactions while we're both doing things to her. There's absolutely nothing wrong with one-on-one sex, I'm a big believer in it, but let me tell you, you haven't heard a woman moan until you've shared her with another man. Something about a mouth on each breast just drives them wild. How's your lasagna?"

"It's very good," said Dale.

"Anyway, a couple of years after I graduated, I met this married couple that was quite a bit older than me and we got together just about every weekend for a whole summer. She actually picked me up in a bar. That one was interesting, because at first her husband didn't want to participate, he just wanted to sit and watch some young guy make his wife come. It wasn't until about the third session that I convinced him to join us, and then it became a hell of a lot more fun. She was loud. Real loud."

"So did you 'interact' with him?" asked Theresa.

Jeremy shook his head. "Nah, I'm not into that. But if you're going to do this, you've got to get away from the whole homophobia thing. I did another threesome that same year, and the other guy was so terrified that his girlfriend or I would think he was gay that he spent the whole time trying to avoid looking at me and he could barely get it up and it wasn't any fun. There's another dick in the room, and at some point you're going to see it. Get over it. I'm not about to start stroking some guy, but if you get all freaked out about accidentally touching his arm or something, nobody is going to enjoy themselves. We're all here to have fun."

He took a large bite of his lasagna and then washed it down with a drink of water. "Anyway, I haven't done it in about a year and a half. In fact, I haven't had sex in about four months now. I got out of a really intense, yearlong relationship and it hit me pretty

hard, so I just wasn't into the whole dating thing for a while. But then I got to thinking about it one day, and decided to place the ad and see what happens."

"Did you get any other responses?" Theresa asked.

"A no-show and a guy who didn't bother to ask his wife's permission. He wanted me to just show up and surprise her. What an asshole. Of course, he probably knows his wife better than I do, so who's to say what she would have enjoyed? I just wasn't going to put myself in that kind of position."

"That was probably a good choice," said Dale.

"Yeah, well, it can be a touchy situation. Some couples have absolutely no interest whatsoever in sharing each other, and that's great. The problems come from the couples who *think* they want to invite a third party into their bed, but really would be much better off keeping the whole thing a fantasy. As much fun as it is, and believe me, it's a lot of fun, it's not worth destroying a marriage, or even a future marriage."

"That's why we're trying to be careful about it," said Theresa.

"Exactly. You two are playing it smart. I think things are going pretty well, and I hope that at this time tomorrow my head will be buried between Theresa's legs, but first you're making sure you really want to do this. Now, naturally you can never tell for certain how you're going to feel until you're actually there, but at least you can reduce the risk of jealousy ruining the entire experience...or your relationship. Dale, did it bother you when I said that I hoped my head would be buried between Theresa's legs?"

Dale finished chewing his mouthful of lasagna. "No, it didn't."

"Did it turn you on?"

"A little."

"Why?"

"It's hard to explain."

"Try. If we figure out what you like about it, we're less likely to do something that you don't like."



"I don't know. It's tough to put into words."

"Yes, it is. But give it your best shot. I'm not here to damage your relationship. I look at you two, and I can see that you belong together. You've got this energy between you, this chemistry. I don't want to see anything happen to that just because you weren't completely sure what you wanted out of this. See, I'm in the least risky position. Assuming that neither of you goes nuts and grabs a shotgun, worst-case scenario for me is that I don't get laid. Big deal. I spent seventeen years of my life not getting laid. You two have a lot more at stake." He glanced at Theresa. "Is this making you uncomfortable?"

"A little, yeah."

"Good. Again, you're not being stupid."

Dale stared at his food for a long moment before he spoke. "I guess a lot of it is what you were saying about wanting to see a woman get pleasure. Although it's not really about seeing...I'm sure I couldn't get into a voyeuristic thing, not with Theresa. I don't know, it's...it's knowing how much fun she'll have, I guess."

"Seeing her hornier than she's ever been?"

"Yeah, exactly."

"Has she told you about her previous boyfriends?"

"Some of them."

"Does it bother you?"

"I'm starting to feel like we're in marriage counseling," said Theresa.

"Hey, that's my job," said Jeremy. "Counsel you before I fuck you. At least I'm not breaking any oaths. Dale, does it bother you when Theresa talks about her previous sexual experiences?"

Dale shrugged. "Not a...well, yeah, a little. But there's a difference. I know it's probably hard to believe when you consider the reason we're sitting here right now, but she's not somebody who just sleeps around. At least that's what I've been told," he said,

nudging her gently. "So when she talks about old boyfriends, we're talking about emotional involvement, which is a lot different from talking about sex. The thought of being with her when she's giving another guy a blowjob is a major turn-on, but I wouldn't want her to fall in love or anything."

Jeremy nodded. "Sounds like you've got it all figured out."

"I hope so."

"So, Theresa, now we focus on you," said Jeremy. "Would it bother you if Dale shared you with me?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I know he loves me."

"That's kind of vague."

"I thought it was perfectly clear."

"Hey, you've got me there," Jeremy admitted. "So, Theresa, what are you looking forward to the most?"

Oh, God, what *wasn't* she looking forward to? "Everything."

"Then I think we're in agreement again."

The conversation continued until they'd finished their meals, or as much as Theresa could eat before admitting that the quantity of lasagna had defeated her.

The server cleared their plates and asked if they wanted dessert. Theresa ordered a hot fudge sundae, while Dale and Jeremy each got cheesecake.

"Do you know what I wanted to order?" asked Theresa, leaning toward Jeremy.

"What?"

"Two hard cocks smothered with chocolate sauce."

"I'll put that on my shopping list. Anything else?"

"Whipped cream. Strawberries."

"The classics. Excellent choice."

Dale placed his hand on Theresa's thigh. She slid it closer to home.

"How big is your cock?" she asked.

"I've never measured."

"Bullshit."

"Six-and-a-quarter inches."

"Did you masturbate last night?"

"Excuse me?"

Theresa flashed him a grin. "Does this make you uncomfortable?"

"Nope. Don't dish it out if you can't take it, I always say. No, I did not."

"Bullshit."

"Seriously."

"Are you good at licking pussy?"

Dale began to stroke her through her pants with his thumb.

"It's a specialty."

"Would you like to lick my pussy?"

*Don't get carried away...nothing is going to happen tonight...remember the rule...*

"Very much so."

"How would you lick it?"

"Long strokes, from bottom to top. Then circles, gradually getting smaller and smaller until my tongue is just circling your clitoris. Dale, where would you be during this?"

"I'd be rolling each of her nipples between my thumb and index finger while I kissed her passionately," said Dale, looking into her eyes and stroking more vigorously with his thumb.

She gently pulled his hand away and leaned close to his ear. "You're making me too wet," she whispered, then sat back in her seat and smiled at Jeremy.

"What'd you tell him?"

"It's a secret."

Their dessert arrived, and they ate in silence, though they couldn't keep their eyes off each other. It was all Theresa could do not to strip off her blouse and pants and demand that they fuck her right there on the table. God, she was aroused.

It was going to happen. It was really going to happen. Unless she was completely misreading Dale's signals, she was going to have sex with both men in the same bed at the same time.

It was so wicked, so naughty, so *bad* that she wanted to laugh out loud in delight.

Would it really be so wrong to do them both tonight, all things considered? If she knew for certain that this was what she wanted, why delay until tomorrow?

*No. Stop right there. Stick to the plan.*

She wasn't going to get caught up in the moment. She and Dale needed to discuss this in private, get a good night's sleep, and then decide that they wanted to go through with it.

Right now, Theresa couldn't conceive of any possible reason that she wouldn't want Jeremy to go down on her while Dale kissed her and caressed her breasts, but it was possible.

Anyway, a night of anticipation would be a hell of a lot of fun, too.

The server brought their check. "We'll take care of this," said Dale. "No argument."

"Hey, I'm not the kind of guy who argues about a free meal."

"I have to say, I really enjoyed this," said Theresa.

"Me too. I guess you should probably get going. You've got a long drive ahead of you."

"Yeah."

Jeremy winked at her. "I didn't *think* you two lived in Phoenix."

*Shit!*

"That's okay," Jeremy assured her. "I understand completely. Like I said, you're not being stupid. You two just drive home, talk about me behind my back, and give me a call tomorrow or whenever you've decided if you want to go through with it."

"We will."

"I'm going to hang out here, get a hotel. But I'll have my cell phone with me. I want you to know that I will completely respect any decision that the two of you make. No pressure. My only request is that you give me a call and let me know either way, so that I'm not left hanging. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough."

Theresa and Dale slid out of their seat. "I'm going to stick around for a few minutes," said Jeremy. "I look forward to hearing from you."

"Don't I get a goodbye hug?" asked Theresa.

"Oh, of course." Jeremy stood up and gave her a tight hug. The rock-hard bulge that pressed against her made it very much evident why he felt the need to stay at the table.

## CHAPTER 10

Theresa and Dale walked silently out of the restaurant and back to their car. They got in, shut the doors, put on their seat belts, and sat there for a moment.

"I'm going to make just a wild guess here," said Dale, finally, "but my impression is that you thought the meeting went well."

"You think so?"

"I think so."

"What gave you that idea?"

"The comments about your pussy helped, especially the one about it being too wet."

"Mmmmmmm."

"That was a good 'mmmmmmm,' right?"

"Oh yeah."

"Do you wanna fuck him?"

"Ohhh yeah."

Dale started the engine. "Do you think maybe we should get a hotel in town, so we don't have to drive home and then drive back?"

Theresa shook her head. "We should sleep in our own bed tonight. Distance ourselves." *Torture ourselves.*

"All right, then that's what we'll do," said Dale, backing the car out of the parking space.

"What did you think of him?"

"He seemed to know what he was talking about."

"You'd be getting what you wanted. His penis is smaller than yours."

"That it is."

"Were you comfortable around him?"

"Yeah, yeah, I was. I think he'd respect the boundaries, but he'd also be open to pretty much whatever you wanted."

"That's the impression I got."

"Think you'll be loud?"

"I believe so."

\* \* \* \* \*

The drive home went quickly. Theresa walked through the front door and into their living room, then took off her blouse and dropped it to the floor. Dale shut the door behind them and began to unbutton his own shirt.

Theresa unhooked her bra and let it slide off her breasts, revealing her oh-so-hard nipples. While Dale continued to undress, she kicked off her high heels and stripped off her pants. She turned away from him, giving him a clear view of her ass as she bent over and removed her panties, then turned back toward him and beckoned.

Dale walked toward her, naked and fully erect. She reached for his cock, but a paper-width from touching it she slowly pulled away and lifted her hand.

"You don't get to touch me tonight," she said, seductively.

"I don't?"

She slowly shook her head. "This, my love, is a test of our willpower." She ran her fingers gently over her breasts. "Wouldn't you like to touch my breasts, feel my aroused nipples underneath your fingers?"

Dale nodded.

"It's not going to happen tonight," she purred, tracing her index finger down her stomach and into the patch of curls below. "And you're not going to be touching me here, either, no matter how much you'd like to."

"You are so cruel."

"Mmmmm-hmmmm. Can you think of anything you'd rather be doing than touching me here?"

"Licking you there."

"Licking me here?"

"Fucking you there."

"Yes, that would be nice, wouldn't it?" She ran her finger down her vagina, tracing a soft circle, and then slid her hand back up to her breasts, leaving a wet trail. "I just don't know how we're going to make it through the night."

"You're evil."

"Am I?"

"The most evil woman in the world."

"That's me." She walked over to the couch and bent over, gripping the seat cushions in her hands. "Why don't you come over here? But don't touch me. Don't dare touch me."

Dale walked up behind her. He was so close that she could feel his heat but not his flesh.

She began to gently sway her hips to the left and right.

"Do you like what you see?"

"I love what I see."

"Reach around...but no touching."

Dale leaned over her, bringing his hands around her sides and cupping them just underneath her breasts.

"I'd bet you'd love to just mash your hands against them, wouldn't you?" she asked.

"Oh yes."

"Don't do it. Don't touch me."

"I won't."



"Don't cheat."

"I won't."

She continued swaying her hips. "I want you to kneel down and look at me."

Dale removed his hands and knelt down behind her. She lifted her right leg and braced it against the seat cushion. "Do you like what you see?"

"I do."

"What do you see?"

"How wet you are."

"Do you like me wet?"

"Oh yes."

"I bet you want to press your mouth against me."

"Yes."

"Don't do it. Just look at me."

"I'm looking."

"You'd love to see me on my hands and knees, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"If you step out of the way, I'll let you see me on my hands and knees."

Dale moved backwards. She turned around to face him, loving his excited but pained expression. His cock was as hard as she had ever seen it, and a small trickle of pre-come ran down the head.

She crouched down in front of him and extended her tongue, moving it in a circle around the head of his cock without touching it. Then she turned around, and braced herself on her elbows, opening her legs wide as she lifted her butt.

"Do you like that?"

"I love it."

"Do I have a pretty ass?"

"You certainly do."

"You would put your hard cock in my ass if I asked you to, wouldn't you?"

"Yes I would."

"I'm not asking you to. But I'm asking you to think about it. Think about how tight it is. Are you thinking about it?"

"Yes."

"Are they good thoughts?"

"Oh yes."

"Are you thinking about taking me roughly or gently?"

"Gently."

"I think you're lying to me." She began to rock on her hands and knees, as if he were thrusting into her. "I think you're thinking about taking me roughly."

"No, gently."

She began to rock a bit more rapidly. "What if I wanted you to be rough?"

"I'd be rough."

"Would you be anything I wanted you to be?"

"Yes."

"What if I wanted you to fuck me hard?"

"I would."

"What if I screamed to do it harder?"

"I'd do it harder."

"Do what?"

"Fuck you."

"Hard?"

"Very hard."

Theresa rolled onto her back and spread her legs wide. She began to rub her fingers against her clitoris. "I want to come."

"So do I."

"You can't touch me. But you can touch yourself."

Dale began to stroke his penis while Theresa continued rubbing herself. "Do you like to watch me?" she asked.

"I always have."

She could feel herself already getting close, and began to rub harder. "Oh, God, I'm going to come. I want you to watch me come."

Dale began to stroke faster. It was clear that he, too, wasn't going to hold out much longer.

Theresa let out a cry as she went over the brink and waves of pleasure shot through her body. Dale moaned loudly as he came, ejaculating a thick spurt of semen that nearly reached the couch. He stroked vigorously as he continued to come, and she continued to come, and they both moaned and shouted and gasped.

When it was over, Theresa felt almost dizzy. Dale dropped to his knees.

"Oh, Christ," he said, trying to catch his breath.

"That was quite a showing," said Theresa.

"Thanks."

"Did it dehydrate you?"

"Pretty much!"

"Well," she said, sitting up, "I hate to break the mood, but we'd better get the mess cleaned up."

"You're right. I wonder if Good Housekeeping has a failsafe treatment for this?"

## CHAPTER 11

Theresa woke up, realized that she'd drooled on Dale's chest, and wiped it off with the top of the blanket. He opened his eyes.

"Good morning, future hubby."

"Good morning, future wifey."

She rolled over and looked at the clock. 9:27 a.m. They rarely ever slept past eight on weekends.

Dale yawned, stretched, and rubbed his eyes. "So what's on the agenda for today?"

"Returning those library books that were due last week."

"Anything else?"

"Three-way sex."

Dale nodded approvingly. "Yeah, I think we can fit both of those in."

Theresa sat up, exposing her breasts. "Will you still love me if I'm a bad girl tonight?"

Dale sat up and gave her a gentle kiss. "I might love you even more."

Theresa showered thoroughly, and then got dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. Now her only worry, however unlikely, was that Jeremy would have changed his mind about the whole thing, and there was no sense getting dressed up until everything was confirmed.

After breakfast they drove to the grocery store. This time the phone was unoccupied, and Theresa dialed Jeremy's number.

"Yeah?" he asked, sleepily.

"Jeremy?"

"Theresa?"

"Yep. How'd you sleep?"

"Great. Very nice bed in this hotel. You'd like it."

"Is that so?"

"I'll vouch for it, at least."

"Maybe I shouldn't take your word for it. Maybe my fiancé and I should test it out for ourselves. What do you say?"

"So, you didn't chicken out, huh?"

"We certainly did not."

"I'm meeting a friend for lunch, and I've got a couple of other things I wanted to do while I was here, but what do you say we meet at my hotel room around six?"

"Six is fine."

"Bring whatever you'd like."

"I'll do that."

Jeremy gave her the directions to the hotel, which she scribbled on the back of the personal ad.

They returned home and worked some more on addressing the wedding invitations. Theresa fixed a nice chef's salad for lunch, and then they went to the movies. It was a lousy movie with a flatulence-related joke every six minutes, but it kept them distracted for a couple of hours.

They returned home after the movie and Theresa got dressed in her attire for the evening: lacy black bra and panties, and her matching hot-red pants and blouse. No make-up...no sense getting it all smeared. Of course, her hair would probably get rather messed up as well, but she spent forty-five minutes fixing it anyway.

She looked at herself in the mirror.

Radiant.

Glowing.

Horny.

They packed a bag with a change of clothes, toiletries, a large box of condoms, and a tube of lubricant. And then they were off.

\* \* \* \* \*

They pulled into the hotel at a quarter to six. It was a mid-level place; not a luxury establishment, but far from a rat pit. Heart pounding, Theresa retrieved their bag from the back seat and got out of the car.

They began to walk toward the hotel. "This isn't our last chance to back out," said Dale, "but it's our last chance to back out without seeing a look of absolute misery on that poor guy's face."

"You're still cool with it?"

"I am if you are."

"I am."

They entered the hotel and took the elevator up to the fourth floor. Jeremy was in room 418. They walked past the ice machine (*possibilities there?*) and stopped in front of his door.

Dale knocked.

A moment later, the door swung open.

"Hi," said Jeremy, beaming. "Glad you could make it."

"So are we," Dale assured him.

"Come on in. Make yourself at home."

They entered the room and Jeremy shut the door behind them. It wasn't a suite, but it was a nice, large room, with a nice, large king-size bed.

"Do you want us to pay for half of the room?" Dale asked.

"Nah, it's your first threesome, it's on me. Besides, you paid for dinner."

Theresa set her bag on the bathroom sink, and then wandered around the room.

"Is the temperature okay?" asked Jeremy. "Too cold?"

"It's fine," said Theresa.

"There's soda, bottled water, wine coolers, and beer in the fridge," Jeremy told them. "Help yourself. Did you two already eat dinner? We didn't talk about that, so I had something about half an hour ago."

"Yeah, we ate on the way," said Dale.

"Good. I picked up some snacks, but no actual dinner items." He gestured to the small table in the corner of the room. "Have a seat and let the games begin."

Theresa and Dale sat down on adjoining sides of the square table. Jeremy sat down next to Dale, across from Theresa, and tapped a deck of cards against the table. He began to shuffle with flourish.

"Crazy eight?" asked Dale.

"Poker," said Jeremy.

"I'm not sure we can play poker," said Theresa. "We forgot to bring poker chips and/or money, and I see nothing on the table that could be used for such a purpose."

"That *is* a problem," Jeremy remarked. "It almost seems as if we're going to have to improvise."

"But whatever could we improvise with?"

Jeremy pretended to consider that. "Perhaps, oh, I don't know, how about we try something really outrageous and play for clothing?"

"I've heard of this game," said Dale. "I think it's called Get Nekkid Poker."

Jeremy began to deal the cards, fingers moving nimbly. "Two card draw, nothing wild. Winner of each hand gets to pick who loses an article of clothing."

"Whoa, whoa, hold on there," said Theresa. "I have a feeling I'm gonna be double-teamed on this one."

"Yeah, life is so unfair."

Theresa shook her head. "No way. Lowest hand loses."

Jeremy looked over at Dale. "What do you think? Does she get her way?"

"Yeah, why not?"

"Okay, lowest hand loses." Jeremy scooped up his cards and looked at them. "Son of a bitch."

All three of them discarded two cards. Jeremy dealt their replacement cards and looked at his hand again. "Son of a bitch."

"Pair of sixes," said Dale, throwing his cards down.

Theresa threw down her own cards. "One ace."

"A jack," said Jeremy, revealing his hand. "I knew my original rules were better." He took off his right shoe and set it aside.

Jeremy lost the next hand and his left shoe. He grumbled good-naturedly as he dealt the next hand, and then lost again, costing him his right sock.

"You are one mighty poor poker player," Theresa remarked.

The next hand was dealt and cards exchanged. Dale threw down a pair of twos. "Finally," said Jeremy, throwing down a pair of queens.

Theresa set down her hand of complete garbage, and removed an earring.

"No way, jewelry doesn't count," Jeremy protested.

"Oh, I think it does," said Theresa.

"All right, Dale, we need another ruling."

"Personally, I think it's a flagrant violation of fair play," said Dale. "However, I think we're in a situation where we're going to have to accept that the woman not only controls the amount of sex to be had later this evening, but also the rules to strip poker."

"As always, you're a very wise man," said Theresa.

"Son of a bitch," said Jeremy.

The game continued. Jeremy lost his other sock and his belt, while Theresa lost her other earring, her necklace, and one of her high heels. Dale had hit a tremendous losing streak and was forced to remove his shirt, which he tossed across the room.



Theresa ran her hand across his hairy chest as he pretended to pout.

The next round cost Theresa her other high heel, and then a ridiculously bad hand with a high card of eight cost Jeremy his shirt.

"Here goes," he said, pulling it over his head and tossing it across the room as well. He was more muscular than she'd expected, with a smooth chest and a good tan.

Theresa looked at her next hand. Pair of kings.

Dale threw down a pair of fours.

"Read 'em and weep," said Jeremy, tossing down his three of a kind.

"I think this game is rigged," said Dale, standing up, unbuttoning his pants, and slipping them down over his ankles, revealing his white briefs. He tossed the pants over with his shirt and sat back down.

"Now the game gets interesting," said Jeremy, dealing the next hand.

Theresa got her worst hand of the night. As Jeremy and Dale tossed down their cards, she folded her hand and set it on the table facedown.

"I win," she said. "Royal flush."

"Yeah, right," said Jeremy. "Let's see 'em."

"I think we need to work on our trust."

"I think you need to earn that trust. Show the cards."

"Take off your pants, Jeremy."

Jeremy turned to Dale. "Oh, come on, man, our gender needs to band together on this one. We can't just let her cheat!"

Dale shrugged. "Not my problem, dude. You had the lowest hand."

"Okay, fine," said Jeremy, standing up. "But I want it duly noted that I am stripping under protest."

"Yeah, yeah, break my heart," said Theresa. "Lose the pants."

Jeremy lowered his pants, exposing his blue-and-white striped boxers and a semi-erect bulge in his crotch, which he covered with both hands in mock embarrassment as he sat down.

"Should we even bother to deal the next hand?" he asked.

"Oh, quit your complaining," Theresa scolded. "My, my, here I sit with two men wearing only their skivvies. What a feeling of power."

Jeremy dealt the next hand of cards. Theresa got a two of hearts, a four of clubs, a nine of clubs, a queen of hearts, and an ace of spades. She traded in the two and the four, and got a queen of clubs and an ace of diamonds.

Dale had a pair of tens.

Jeremy had jack shit.

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "it appears to have come down to this." He reached for the band of his boxers.

"Ah, ah, ah," said Theresa. "Stand while you strip, please."

"I think we need a re-deal."

"I think you need to quit griping, stand up, and drop 'em."

Jeremy pushed back his chair. The bulge in his crotch was even more prominent now.

"Are you even going to be able to get them down around that thing?" asked Theresa. "Should we get you some emergency boxer shorts fabric cutters?"

"I think I'll be okay," said Jeremy. And then he stripped off his boxers, his penis bouncing and wobbling as it was set free from those dastardly confines.

It was most definitely an aesthetically pleasing erection. No weird curves, and his black pubic hair was trimmed way back. Six-and-a-quarter inches seemed to be an accurate measurement, but he was quite a bit thicker than Dale, who had gathered the deck of cards and was shuffling them, obviously to give him something to focus on other than Jeremy's equipment.

"Nice cock," said Theresa, openly staring at it.

"Thank you very much. I guess I'm out of the game. You two go right ahead."

Dale began to deal the cards. Theresa picked up her cards before he'd even dealt the third card to each of them. "Oh, look at this, another royal flush, I win again."

"Her cheating is getting out of hand," said Jeremy. "We need to put a stop to this."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Theresa, setting down her two cards. "Dale, lose the shorts."

Dale scooted back in his chair. "I'm starting to feel a bit pussy-whipped here."

"As well you should. Get rid of 'em."

Dale stood up and removed his own briefs, revealing that lovely cock she enjoyed so much. He wasn't firm yet, but the night was young.

"I win," said Theresa. "What's my prize, besides the view?"

"I think you'll like this one," Jeremy told her, walking into the bathroom. He came out a moment later holding a tube of lotion. "Do you like the scent of lilac?"

"Most definitely."

"Good. Then I think your prize is a four-handed massage."

## CHAPTER 12

"That," said Theresa, "sounds like a prize well worth cheating at strip poker for."

"I must warn you," said Jeremy. "I took a class on massage therapy. You may enjoy this."

"I'll take that risk."

"But you have to take off your clothes first," he said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Have a seat, Dale, and let's watch the show."

Dale sat down on the edge of the bed, a safe distance away from Jeremy. Jeremy folded his arms and crossed his legs. "Well...?"

Theresa began to very, very slowly undo her blouse, lingering on each button. She could see both men watching her, and though the butterflies were bouncing around her stomach lining like bumper cars, she was more excited than nervous.

She removed the last button and tilted her shoulders back, letting the blouse slide off her body and drop to the floor. She had to jiggle a bit to help it along, but the overall effect still worked.

Dale's penis began to harden as he carefully watched her.

She slid off her pants and kicked them aside. Then she stood there, motionless, for nearly fifteen seconds.

"Well?" she asked.

The men looked at her questioningly.

"Aren't you going to help me?"

They both stood up without delay. Jeremy walked behind her while Dale knelt down in front of her. Dale slid her panties down her legs, kissing her bare flesh along the way, while Jeremy expertly unfastened her bra. The men moved away as she stood there, completely naked. It was a bit scary, but arousing as hell.

"Turn around for us," said Jeremy.

She raised her arms above her head and turned in a slow circle, letting them see her body from all sides.

"Dale, you are one lucky bastard," said Jeremy.

"Believe me, I know it."

"Theresa, get on the bed. Lie on your stomach."

She wasted no time in carrying out that order. She lay down, hands at her sides, head turned to the right and resting on a pillow.

"Close your eyes," said Jeremy.

She did so. She felt the bed shift as somebody climbed on it, and then a second shift as either Jeremy or Dale climbed on as well. She heard the pop of the lotion bottle being opened, the sound of it squirting, twice, and the sound of the men rubbing their hands together.

And then the feeling of four hands on her body, two on each foot.

She moaned.

Dale was a superior provider of foot massages, and she immediately recognized his slow, firm technique on her left foot. But no matter how good he was, Dale only had two hands. He could massage both of her feet at once, but only with one hand each.

Being massaged like this, with each of her feet feeling almost completely engulfed by the men's strong hands, was absolute ecstasy.

"Do you like that?" Jeremy asked.

Theresa was so overwhelmed that she couldn't even respond. She simply moaned.

They continued to massage her feet, working their fingers over her ankles, across her heel, between her toes...

The butterflies were fading fast.

She wasn't sure how long they worked on her feet, but it had to have been at least ten minutes. When the men finally moved up to her lower leg, her feet were tingling and the butterflies were gone.

She parted her legs just a bit so they'd be able to massage the insides.

Their hands moved in smooth circles along her legs, relaxing her so much that she almost worried about falling asleep. It felt *so* good.

They didn't spend as much time on her lower legs as they had on her feet, and soon they'd moved to her upper legs. It was still clearly Dale on her left side, but both men knew what they were doing. Dale was more focused, working individual spots, while Jeremy's hands glided over larger areas at once, and the combination of the two techniques simultaneously was absolutely incredible.

They skipped her buttocks and began to massage her back. This felt so good that Theresa almost thought she was going to pass out. And now she could smell the lilac.

Dale worked his fingers gently along the edge of her spine, applying only a light pressure, while Jeremy rubbed both of her shoulders simultaneously. Then he moved to the back of her neck while Dale ran his hands down her left arm.

Her entire body was relaxed, and yet *alive* with excitement.

She wondered if the men were still hard.

Jeremy began to massage her right arm while Dale slid his entire arm up the length of her body. She couldn't stop moaning. This was more amazing than she could have possibly imagined, and they were only at the massage stage of the evening.

How long had it been since they started on her feet?

Jeremy was massaging each of her fingers individually while Dale ran his arm back down her body.

She felt Jeremy lean down next to her ear. "Roll over."

It was hard to pull herself out of her unbelievably relaxed state and actually move, but she did so. She opened her eyes and saw that both men were indeed still erect.

"Give her a kiss," Jeremy told Dale.

Dale crawled up toward her face and gave her a tender kiss on the lips. She returned it, and then followed it with another.

She ran her tongue over his lower lip.

He returned the favor, and their kissing became much more passionate.

She felt Jeremy's hand slide over her knee.

Then her stomach.

And then over her breast.

She slid her tongue into Dale's mouth as she kissed him, moaning loudly. She felt Jeremy kissing her breast.

And then licking, his tongue moving in circles around the areola.

She kissed Dale deeply, passionately, hungrily.

They finally broke the kiss, and Dale turned his attention toward her other breast.

Wet, stiff tongues on both of her nipples at once.

The four-handed backrub had already been one-upped.

Dale and Jeremy began sucking, Dale gently, Jeremy not so gently. Jeremy pulled his mouth away for a moment, flicking his tongue rapidly over her nipple, and then began sucking again.

Theresa continued moaning.

This was almost too much. This kind of pleasure couldn't possibly be legal for the human body to experience. She was almost ready to come just from their mouths on her breasts.

Dale began sucking harder.

"Oh, yes," she said, gasping. "Like that."

Jeremy opened his mouth wide, taking in as much of her breast as he could. Dale took her nipple between his lips and pressed them together, hard.

Theresa squealed.

It was too much. She couldn't take it anymore.

She sat up and the men moved their heads away from her breasts. "I want you both," she gasped. "I want to suck your cocks. I want to suck both of your cocks."

She tossed a pillow to the floor and scooted off the bed. She knelt down on the pillow and the two men stood next to her, one on each side.

She looked at Dale's penis, less than an inch from her lips, and then up at his face. He had a smile like a child who'd been given the best Christmas present imaginable. Keeping her eyes locked on his, Theresa took him into her mouth, sucking on just the head of his penis.

Dale groaned with pleasure.

Theresa leaned forward, her lips sliding over another inch of him. He was so hot, and he quivered in her mouth. She looked away from his eyes and took most of his length, sliding her tongue over the shaft as she sucked.

She sucked him for a full minute before pulling away and then turning to face Jeremy.

She didn't waste time, taking as much of him into her mouth as she could handle on the first stroke. He leaned back his head and moaned. She continued sucking on him while she reached over and began to stroke Dale's wet cock with her right hand.

She pulled her mouth away and began to suck on Dale some more.

And then Jeremy.

And then Dale.

She reached up and cupped Dale's balls while she licked and sucked him. She did the same to Jeremy.

"Move a little closer together," she said, in a brief moment where her mouth wasn't occupied.

The men did, and she continued to suck them, alternating between cocks with each stroke.



She couldn't quite believe she was doing this. It was absolutely nasty, slutty, and wonderful.

She rubbed her breasts against Dale's leg as she sucked him, and then did the same for Jeremy. Equitable treatment was important.

Finally she moved both of her hands to their cocks and began to stroke them while she struggled to catch her breath.

"It's time for more of your pleasure," said Jeremy. "Do you agree?"

She nodded, kissed the tip of Dale's penis, and then Jeremy's, and stood up. A trickle of moisture ran down her leg as she did so.

"Lie on the bed," said Jeremy. "On your back."

Theresa did so, spreading her legs wide.

"The top half is yours," Jeremy told Dale.

Dale climbed onto the bed and began kissing Theresa again, passionately. This was odd, because he didn't usually like to kiss her after she'd performed oral sex on him, even if he didn't come.

She kissed him deeply as she felt Jeremy begin to knead her inner thighs and then kiss them.

She had a pretty good idea where this was headed.

She cried out involuntarily as Jeremy ran his tongue up the length of her vagina. He continued doing so, and she wiggled and shivered. It felt *so* good, and she was *so* wet, and this was the best fucking night of her life!

Dale began to suck on her breast again.

Jeremy licked up and down a few more times, but then abandoned all pretense of self-control and began licking her furiously, ravenously, like an animal. His tongue swished around at lightning speed, leaving nothing between her legs untouched, darting all the way down and back up again and side to side and in small circles and everywhere.

Dale took one of her breasts gently between his teeth.

Jeremy lapped at her pussy.

She whimpered.

Trembled.

And then realized that one hell of an orgasm was forthcoming.

"Oh, God," she said. "Oh God, please don't stop, please don't ever stop..."

Jeremy pressed his tongue flat against her and began moving it in circles.

Dale moved his mouth to the other breast.

"I'm gonna come..." said Theresa. "I swear I'm gonna come..."

Jeremy pushed his mouth against her vagina and began to suck.

"Oh fuck!"

Theresa's entire body stiffened and she let out a shriek that she was certain would get them kicked out of the hotel. Her legs thrashed and her back arched and she thought she was going to lose her mind.

Afterward, she lay there, perspiring and panting.

"Now *that* is exactly what I'm talking about," said Jeremy.

"I want some more," Theresa said loudly, her words slightly slurred.

## CHAPTER 13

Dale watched as Jeremy placed his hand between Theresa's legs. "I'll handle this," Jeremy told him. "You go get yourself another blowjob."

Dale moved to the head of the bed. Theresa quickly sat up, grabbing a pillow and resting it against the headboard for her to lean against. While Dale stood on his knees to her side, she frantically began to suck him.

He'd felt a bit uncomfortable at first, from the moment Jeremy stripped off his boxers. Having another hard-on in the room just seemed...weird. And though he'd cheerfully gone along with it, he'd also been a bit uncomfortable during the massage process, while at the same time Theresa's glorious moans were keeping him nice and hard.

During the oral sex, though, he'd really gotten into it. Watching Theresa hungrily go down on Jeremy was one of the hottest things he'd ever seen. And when she looked into his eyes while going down on him, there was something...a wild look, something raw and primal...that would be burned into his memory for the rest of his life.

She began to lick the underside of his shaft, a rope of saliva dangling from her tongue. Dale looked over at Jeremy, who had inserted one finger into her vagina and was slowly sliding it in and out, his other hand stroking her pubic hair.

Regardless of what Jeremy had said, Dale *liked* porn. And here it was, the ultimate high-resolution DVD.

Dale always loved looking at her naked body, didn't think he would ever get tired of it, but watching another man take pleasure in it as well took the experience that much further.

She ran her tongue over his balls.

A bead of sweat trickled down his face.

Jeremy began to flick his tongue over Theresa's clitoris while he continued moving his finger in and out. She stopped what she was doing, as if momentarily unable to focus on the task at hand, and then resumed swirling her tongue over Dale's scrotum.

It felt incredible. So incredible that he could feel the first signs of impending orgasm.

Too soon. He didn't want to come already if Jeremy had no ejaculation plans for the near future. He allowed her to lick him for a few more seconds, and then pulled away. She whimpered like a kitten whose milk had been taken away.

He bent down and kissed her on the lips.

"Did you want to trade spots?" asked Jeremy, briefly lifting his face from between her legs.

Dale shook his head. "I want her on her side."

Theresa scooted down on the bed and rolled on her side, facing Jeremy. Dale lay down on his side as well, his knees bent up by the headboard, his head by her ass.

\* \* \* \* \*

Theresa shuddered as Dale lifted her leg in the air, giving Jeremy free access to her pussy. He began to lick it in large, generous circles.

Dale began to kiss her buttocks and then nibble them in the crack.

She didn't think she'd ever been this wet. Jeremy's cheeks were glistening.

She felt Dale's tongue probe the top of her ass, and move down deep between her buttocks.

She pinched her own nipple between her fingers.

And then she had Jeremy licking her pussy and Dale licking her anus, both tongues working at the same time. Dale seemed to be having a harder time with the positioning, but it didn't matter...this was a sensation she hadn't even fantasized about.

"Oh, fuck..." she moaned. "I can't believe this...I can't believe this is happening...don't stop, either of you..."

They didn't stop.

Either of them.

When she came, she came so hard that Dale lost his grip on her leg, and her thigh slammed against the side of Jeremy's head.

He let out a soft grunt but she was coming with such intensity that she could do nothing but tremble and cry out as her whole body seemed to explode with ecstasy.

Dale's tongue moved away, which felt like a cruel abandonment.

When she was recovered enough to actually think again, she realized that both men were laughing. She rolled over on her back and sat up.

"Oh my God, did I hurt you?" she asked.

Jeremy rubbed his head. Dale was laughing so hard that his entire body was shaking. "My first ever threesome concussion," Jeremy announced.

"Are you serious? Did I really hurt you?"

He shook his head. "No, I'm fine," he laughed. "You looked like a bucking bronco for a minute, there."

"It was very, very, very nice," she said.

Jeremy patted her leg. "I think I need something to drink. Either of you want anything?"

"I'll take a bottled water," said Dale.

"I'll share part of his."

Jeremy got up and went to get their drinks. Theresa admired the view as he squatted down next to the mini refrigerator.

"Having fun?" Dale asked, smiling at her.

"Oh, God yes. Are you?"

"You'd better believe it. I think we made the right choice."

Jeremy tossed Dale a bottle of water and opened one for himself. "I feel stupid buying this stuff," he said. "There's no reason that water should cost more than soda. It's all just marketing. But, hey, I fell for it."

Dale opened his own bottle and gulped down half of it in one drink. He handed her the rest and she finished it off, surprised by how thirsty she was all of a sudden.

Jeremy walked into the bathroom. When he came out, he'd wiped off his face, and he was holding a packet of condoms.

"Theresa, you want to do me a small favor?" he asked.

"What's that?" she asked, setting the empty water bottle on the nightstand.

"Get on all fours."

"I can manage that," she said, promptly getting on her hands and knees.

"Dale, buddy, you want to do me a small favor, too?"

"Sure."

"Fuck Theresa."

Jeremy tore a condom off the strip and tossed it to him. Theresa closed her eyes as she listened to him tear open the foil wrapper. She was on birth control and she and Dale didn't typically use other protection, but perhaps Jeremy had plans to put his mouth there again later.

Dale climbed up onto the bed behind her, gripped her tightly by the waist, and then entered her. She was so wet that he slid all the way in without any resistance.

They both moaned.

Dale fucked her using long, slow strokes. She tilted her head and saw Jeremy standing there, just watching, one hand on his erect penis. She kept her eyes on him as Dale thrust into her again and again. She rocked back to meet his thrusts.

"She likes what you're doing," said Jeremy.

While Jeremy continued watching, he tore another condom off the strip and unwrapped it. Dale picked up the pace of his thrusts, fucking her harder and harder.

Then suddenly he pulled out.

"Your turn."

Jeremy wasted no time in unrolling the condom over his penis and hopping onto the bed. He touched her wetness with his fingers, and then slid his cock into her and immediately began pumping just as hard as Dale had been.

Dale got off the bed, walked over and put his hand on Theresa's shoulder.

"You like that?"

"Uh-huh."

"Is he good?"

"Uh-huh."

Dale looked back, watched the action for about ten seconds, and then looked at her again. His breath was coming in quick gasps.

He ran his fingers over her neck and along her cheek. When he touched her lips, she opened her mouth and began to suck on his index finger.

Jeremy was pumping furiously, his waist slapping against her ass, his hands sliding up and down her legs, which were slick with sweat.

Then he reached around her leg and began to work her clitoris.

She pulled away from Dale's finger. "Fuck me!" she cried out. "Oh, yes, please fuck me! Fuck me hard! Fuck me!"

She closed her eyes and just let the pleasure overpower her. Her toes were curling.

She didn't know how long it was before Jeremy spoke. "I've gotta stop or I'm gonna come..."

He withdrew. Within seconds Dale was back inside her to take his spot, pounding her with a force she'd never felt from him. She had to wonder if the session was bringing out his competitive nature.

She adjusted her position, mashing her face against the pillow. She simply wasn't going to be able to take much more of this.

"I'm getting close..." said Dale.

She hurriedly lifted her head. "In my mouth," she told Jeremy. "I want you in my mouth."

He pulled off the condom and squeezed in front of her. She sucked on him, her head bobbing back and forth, while Dale continued to thrust into her from behind.

It was as if they were one unit. All connected.

Dale began to slam into her so hard that she thought he was going to knock her over, and then he tightly crushed his body against her ass and let out a howl. Jeremy frantically began to stroke the base of his cock as she sucked it, and within a few seconds he burst inside her, filling her mouth with him, almost more than she could handle.

She swallowed greedily as the two men continued to come.

And then...it was over.

Dale pulled out as she licked the last traces from Jeremy's penis and then rolled onto her back. The two men lay down next to her, one on each side. She took their cocks in each of her hands and began to slowly, lovingly stroke them.

"Oooooohhhh..." she said.

Dale was having trouble catching his breath.

They just lay there, silently, enjoying the afterglow. Gradually their erections began to go down, but she continued stroking them, massaging them, unable to believe that she was actually in this position.

\* \* \* \* \*



"Okay, I've just made up a game," said Theresa, about fifteen minutes later. They'd all enjoyed a nice feast of strawberries and grapes, which they all agreed tasted much better when you were naked.

"Are you going to cheat again?" Jeremy asked.

"Nope, this one is gonna be fair and square," she announced. "First I'm going to get both of you nice and hard, and then you're going to take turns fucking me, three strokes each. First one to come loses."

"Who gets to pick the positions?" Dale asked.

"Me, of course," said Theresa, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "C'mon, hurry up, bring those cocks over here, time's a-wastin'."

She alternated between the two of them until they were both ready for action, which didn't take long. She then let them fuck her doggy style, missionary, her on top, her on top facing away from them, bending over the coffee table, sitting on the bed with her legs spread, and standing up.

The men were doing too well, so the rules were altered to five strokes each. A few positions later, the rules were altered again so that the winner was the gentleman who came *first*. The sex became a lot more vigorous, a lot more fun, and soon Dale was the victor, entitling him to a raucous 69 session while Jeremy watched.

Then she made Jeremy lie flat on the floor, mounted him, and rode him for all he was worth while he sucked on her breasts.

They moved to the shower, where her guys soaped her up thoroughly, and she soaped them up, just as thoroughly. She playfully slipped her body up and down between them, adoring the feeling of having them both so close. She alternated tongue kisses with each of them, and then informed them that they were each being held responsible for the cleanliness of a specific breast, a task they took very seriously and performed to her satisfaction.

They rinsed off the soap, all nice and clean, but somewhere along the line Dale had gotten another hard-on, so she braced herself against the towel rack while he roughly fucked her from behind, getting her dirty again.

They returned to bed, not having dried themselves very well. Dale went down on her while Jeremy worked on her breasts, and then the men traded places so that Jeremy went down on her while Dale worked on her breasts. Then she sat on Jeremy's face while she sucked on Dale, and then the men traded places once again so that she sat on Dale's face while she sucked on Jeremy. She had her seventh (*eighth? ninth?*) orgasm of the evening, nearly smothering her poor fiancé in the process.

She made them rub their cocks on her breasts for a while, and then Dale brought her to another orgasm with his fingers, after which she realized that she was completely exhausted.

Jeremy, however, was still up for another round, so she let him fuck her slowly, missionary-style, for several minutes while Dale nibbled on her neck and ears.

He came, loudly, and then rolled off of her, obviously totally spent.

"I think that's all I can take for tonight," said Jeremy, when he was finally able to speak.

"Me too," said Dale.

"I hear ya," Theresa agreed.

"You," Jeremy said, kissing Theresa on the lips, "were sensational. And you, Dale, were a fine partner."

"Thanks."

"The hotel room is yours," said Jeremy. "I'm going to get dressed and clear out of here. Your job is to get a lot of snuggling done. I've got to head back to Tucson, but give me a call and maybe we can do an encore tomorrow night."

Theresa nodded. She almost said "most definitely," but didn't want to commit to something like that without talking to Dale in private.

Jeremy got up, got dressed, and wordlessly gathered his things. He gave Theresa another kiss, shook hands with Dale, and then left.

\* \* \* \* \*

Theresa felt like she and Dale should discuss their feelings about the whole thing, but instead she fell into a peaceful sleep. With some *really* good dreams.

## CHAPTER 14

Theresa woke up with Dale's arms around her. She softly nuzzled him until he opened his eyes.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Happy. A little sore."

"Me too. But without the soreness."

"That was so much fun I can hardly even describe it."

"So it's safe to say that you enjoyed it?"

"Oh, Dale, I loved it. I absolutely loved it. Thank you for giving it to me."

"You're welcome."

They lay silently in each other's arms for a long while.

"Do you think it was wrong of us to do it?" Theresa asked.

"Why?"

"I don't know...I cheated on you, sort of."

"I'm pretty sure it's not cheating if I'm right there, giving my permission."

"And participating," she said. "Nicely. You two made a great team."

"It was something we both wanted to do," said Dale. "We did it and we liked it. There's nothing wrong with that. I'm probably not going to call up my parents and give them a full report, but we had fun. We set the rules, we stuck to them, and I think we'll have fond memories of this."

"Did you get jealous?"

"No. Well, yes. Kind of. I mean, you did have another man's boner in your mouth. To tell the truth, I'm glad that I was a little jealous...there'd probably be something wrong with me if I wasn't."

"But it didn't ruin it for you?"

"Nope, not at all. My horniness prevailed."

Theresa rolled on her side and ran her finger through his chest hair. "What was your favorite part?"

"Ummmmm...probably winning the game to see who could come first. I kicked his ass!"

"You sure did. You go, honey!"

"What was yours?"

"Oh, wow, so many to choose from. Probably when I was on my side, getting licked front and back."

"You did seem to enjoy that."

"I also liked going back and forth between the two of you with my mouth."

"Another fine event."

"Can I tell you a secret?"

"Sure."

"Your cock tasted better."

They laughed and then made gentle love on the bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Are we going to meet him again tonight?" asked Theresa, as they drove home.

"Can you handle another two-guy session so soon?"

"I think I'll manage. But if you don't want to..."

"No, no, I'm all for it," said Dale. "We're young, we're healthy, let's have some fun!"

"I couldn't agree more."

"Of course, we both have to work tomorrow."

"I think another night of awesome sex is worth being tired at work. Actually, even a night of mediocre sex is worth being tired at work. Come to think of it, there's probably not a whole lot of sex that isn't worth being tired at work for."

"Well then, I give you permission to have sex on a work night."

"Thank you, sweetie."

Dale turned on the radio. Midway through the song, Theresa turned down the volume.

"We're idiots, by the way."

"What makes you say that?"

"Why did we make the rule that the sex was going to happen outside of the city?"

"So we wouldn't run into the other guy. Something about him being a waiter and telling everybody that he fucked you in the ass."

"And where does Jeremy live?"

Dale shook his head with embarrassment. "Oh, wow, you're right. We are truly idiots."

"We drove back and forth all this way to Phoenix, and made him drive all that way, for nothing. We are really, really dumb."

"Good thing Jeremy's a graphic designer and not a waiter."

"Oh well," said Theresa with a sigh. "He's not the kind of guy who would say anything."

"Yeah, he struck me as remarkably cool."

"And now we won't have to drive all the way back tonight."

"Groovy."

\* \* \* \* \*

Theresa checked her e-mail, but didn't bother to check the secret account. *No reason to waste time with that nonsense anymore*, she thought with no small degree of pleasure.

Around noon, she was in the kitchen fixing lunch when there was a knock at the door. "I'll get it," said Dale from the living room.

The door opened, and she heard an unmistakable voice.

Her mother.

"Hi there," said Theresa, walking into the living room as her mother was giving Dale a hug. It was always an amusing sight, because her head barely reached the top of his stomach. She was a portly woman, cheerful and gregarious, but with a round face marked with worry lines. Her auburn dye job was starting to grow out, revealing blonde roots.

"Hi, honey," said her mother, giving Theresa a hug as well. Theresa leaned down for a kiss on the cheek. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"No, not at all," Theresa assured her. "I just put lunch in the oven, but it's going to take about eighteen minutes."

"What did you cook?"

"Frozen pizza. Your own recipe."

"You're always such a little smart aleck," said her mother. "I hope you know what you're getting into, Dale."

"She's only a smart aleck when you're around," he said.

"Why don't I believe you?"

"Probably because my hair is already turning gray."

"Anyway," said her mother, sitting down on the couch and opening a catalog she'd brought with her. "I just wanted to show you some ideas I had for your centerpiece."

"This is a woman thing, right?" asked Dale.

"Big time," Theresa told him.

"Then I'm going to excuse myself until lunch." He went back into the office. Theresa sat down next to her mother, who looked at her curiously.

"What?"

"You just look especially happy today," said her mother.

"Do I?"

"Yes. You're practically glowing."

"Am I?" She touched her cheek. "Must be this new facial cream I just tried."

"Oh, really? What brand?"

*Oil of Ménage a Trois*. "Sunlight."

"Sunlight?"

"Yeah."

"Isn't that a dishwasher detergent?"

"They just started making facial cream."

"I hope they changed the ingredients."

"I'm sure they did. It's good stuff. I look like I'm glowing."

They went through the catalog—which had no centerpieces that Theresa would ever consider using in her wedding unless it were being held in a circus tent—and had a nice chat. The buzzer went off, signaling that the pizza was done, so she got up and went into the kitchen.

"Did you want to stick around?" she called out, opening the oven. "There's more than enough for all three of us."

"Actually, I might have a piece," her mother said. "A small one. Extra pepperoni."

Theresa slid the pizza onto a cutting board and sliced it into eight pieces. She cut one of them in half and put each piece on a paper plate, then set them on the dining room table. "What would you like to drink?" she asked, walking back into the living room. "We've got Mountain Dew, Cherry Coke, water, and —"



She let out a loud gasp.

"Honey, what does '*anal – Dale only*' mean?" her mother asked, holding the list of rules.

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

Theresa thought she was going to hyperventilate. She hurried over and snatched the paper out of her mother's hand. "Nothing. That's nothing."

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

Dale stepped out of the office. "So is the pizza ready?" He noticed Theresa and her mother staring at each other and frowned. "What's up?"

"Nothing," said Theresa. "Nothing. Really. Nothing."

Dale saw the list in her hand and his eyes widened. "So, pizza! That sounds good. I'm pretty darn hungry. Mom, are you going to join us for pizza?"

"What kind of list is that?" her mother asked.

"It's a list of nothing. A joke list."

"It said '*Theresa and Dale's Threesome Plan.*' Two drinks each, personal ad, sex club, condoms..."

Her mother had always read too damn fast for comfort. "Don't worry about it, Mom," said Theresa. "It was just a joke."

"It didn't seem very funny."

"Pizza, right?" asked Dale. "I'll go get our pizza."

"It's already on the table," Theresa told him.

"Let go eat it, then."

"Have you become swingers?" her mother asked.

"No, Mom, of course not," Theresa assured her.

"Were you *already* swingers?"

"We're not swingers! I told you, it was a joke!"

"Dale isn't a homosexual, is he?"

"Mmmmm, pizza, pizza, pizza," said Dale, walking into the kitchen. "Nothing better than pizza."

Theresa crumpled up the list. "We were just having fun. It means nothing. You and Dad fantasize like that, don't you?"

*Oh, shit, I cannot believe I just asked my mother that.*

"We don't make lists!"

"Well, I do. I'm a list maker. I make lists for everything. Dale, don't I make a lot of lists?"

"She makes a lot of lists," said Dale from the kitchen.

"I make lists of things I need to make lists about. It's a sickness. I need therapy. In fact, for a wedding present, I'd like you and Dad to buy me a few weeks of psychological counseling for my unstoppable list making. That would be great. Thanks."

Then she burst into tears.

"Oh, honey, come here," said her mother, giving her a big hug. "It's okay. I didn't mean to make you cry. I just worry about you, that's all."

They broke the hug as Dale walked out into the living room, holding a slice of pizza.

"I'm sorry," said Theresa, wiping her eyes on her shirt. "Just a little humiliated, that's all."

"I shouldn't have read it," said her mother. "It was none of my business."

"No, no, that's okay," Dale assured her. "It *was* your business." He realized that his attempt to restore peace was a very poor one, and took a bite of pizza to occupy his mouth.

"You don't have to be humiliated," her mother said. "Your father and I did a threesome once."

Dale began to choke on his pizza.

"Mom!" Theresa gasped.

"It was a five-some, actually...another couple and their visiting friend."

"Mom! I don't want to hear this!"

"I'm trying to make you feel better!"

"You're making me feel sick!"

"Well, we didn't do it last *week*, for crying out loud. It was before we were married. Before we were engaged, actually."

"If you tell me that's how you met, I'm going to fucking puke."

"No, it's not. And there's no reason to curse. I'm only saying that a little experimentation is natural. I just wasn't expecting to find the evidence of it resting next to the lamp I bought you for your birthday."

"That's a great lamp, by the way," said Dale. "Use it all the time."

"So, anyway, I'm going to butt out," said her mother. "Except to ask you to please be careful. And safe. I assume that you will, because you put the rules in written list form."

Theresa tried to say something, but she couldn't find her voice.

"So, I'm going to leave now, and never mention this again. To anybody. It never happened. Ever. In fact, I may use some of your Christmas counseling to help wipe it from my mind. Enjoy the rest of your weekend."

Her mother gave her a tight hug, and then left.

"I may never eat pizza again," said Dale.

## CHAPTER 15

Theresa soaked in the bubble bath for a long, long time. Dale knocked on the bathroom door, walked in, and knelt down next to her.

"How do you feel?"

"How do you think I feel? My mother just found out that I was double-fucked."

"Well, I mean, not technically. As far as she knows, it's still in the planning stages."

"Oh, yeah, like that's better."

"It does mean that she'll probably poke around in our stuff a bit less often."

Theresa nodded. "You do have a point there."

"She won't be as nosy, because now she's aware that there are things going on that she doesn't want to know about."

"Another good point."

"It was almost a blessing," Dale said.

"But not quite."

"No, not quite. We'll be laughing about it in a few decades, though."

"Yeah, after we're dead."

"I guess now I need to ask, did it disturb you so much that you don't want to give it a second try?"

She smiled. "That's a tough one."

"Because I had thoughts for some very, very naughty things to do with you."

"Is that so?"

"Things that your mother would not approve of."

"What kind of things?"

"Fun things."

"Fun things, huh? Let's see...extreme humiliation versus multiple explosive orgasms. The humiliation part is over, so I might as well get some more of those explosive orgasms, don't you think?"

"Absolutely."

"Why don't you give our good friend Jeremy a call and set something up?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Theresa's wardrobe didn't really lean in the direction of sexy clothing, and she certainly didn't have anything to top the outfit from yesterday. She'd have to go with her everyday clothes, but then put on the blue silk nightie that Dale loved so much after they got to the hotel.

They'd reserved a room at a hotel on the other side of town, which sort of seemed like a silly precaution to both of them, but they did it anyway. They checked in at five, called Jeremy to give him the room number, had a mediocre dinner at the hotel restaurant, and then returned to the room at six. Theresa got into her nightie, wiggled her ass in the mirror, and then joined Dale on the bed.

They watched TV for about twenty minutes, and then made out on top of the blanket for another ten until there was a knock at the door.

"Room service," announced Jeremy as they opened the door.

He looked even better than yesterday, if such a thing was possible. He gave her a hug and a kiss as Dale shut the door.

"I just want to say, I'm very pleased that you so graciously invited me back."

"And we're very pleased that you accepted our gracious invitation," Theresa told him.

"Did you bring the stuff?" Dale asked him.

Jeremy held up a black briefcase. "Right here."

"What stuff?" asked Theresa.

"The stuff I was supposed to bring."

"And what stuff is that?"

"Why, the stuff in this briefcase."

"Which I asked him to bring," Dale clarified.

"Should I be worried about what's in that briefcase?" asked Theresa.

"Maybe," Dale and Jeremy said simultaneously.

"I think you guys are spending too much time together," said Theresa.

"The thing is, Theresa," said Jeremy, "last night you cheated at strip poker, changed the rules to the who-can-come-last game at will, and basically ordered us around like we were slabs of meat. We've decided, and by 'we' I mean your fiancé and me, that it's time for the men to take control of the situation."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, really. In fact, we're pretty sure that your decision-making abilities have been revoked for the time being. Isn't that right, Dale?"

"It most certainly is, Jeremy."

"So, Theresa, how about closing your eyes for us?"

"I guess there's nothing I can do when I have two strong, muscular men telling me what to do, is there?" asked Theresa, closing her eyes.

She stood there.

Nothing happened. The room was still. She strained to listen for signs of movement, but there were none.

She stood there for nearly thirty seconds, waiting for something to happen.

She heard something that sounded suspiciously like Dale trying to suppress some laughter, but she couldn't be sure.

More silence.

And then the sound of the briefcase lid popping open. The rattle of some unknown contents. The clink of something metallic.

Somebody walked toward her.

Stood right in front of her.

Not moving.

Was it Dale? Jeremy? She could hear the soft breathing, but couldn't identify it.

Footsteps over by the bed.

She sensed slow movement in front of her. The urge to open her eyes was almost unbearable, but she withstood it.

Something brushed against her chin.

Something soft and furry.

"Open your eyes," said Jeremy.

She opened them. Jeremy held up the pair of white fur-lined handcuffs.

"You're right," she said. "I made far too many decisions last night."

Dale walked over to her. In his hand was a blindfold. "You saw too much, too."

She closed her eyes again and let him put on the blindfold. He adjusted the elastic that went around her head. "Can you see?"

"No."

"Promise?"

She nodded.

Dale and Jeremy each took one of her hands and led her toward the bed. One of them...Dale, she thought...gently lifted her and set her on the mattress, while the other eased her down onto her back.

"Scoot up just a little," Jeremy told her.

She did as she was told. A hand took her right wrist and stretched it out toward the corner of the bed. A second hand did the same with her left wrist.

There was some motion and some squeaks from the headboard, and then the furry handcuff closed over her right wrist. "Too tight?" asked Dale.

She shook her head.

"Too loose?"

"Perfect."

She heard him fasten the straps, while Jeremy slipped the other handcuff over her left wrist. He made it a bit too tight, but that was okay. She'd survive.

The men moved away. After an excruciating minute or so of silence, during which she expected to be touched at any moment, her legs were gently pulled apart, two hands on each leg. A fur-lined cuff was tightened around each, and then the bottom of the mattress lifted. She heard some more rattling. The mattress lowered.

"Struggle," said Jeremy.

She tried. Her arms and legs were securely fastened.

It was deliciously unnerving. After all, she really had no idea what Jeremy was capable of. It was a good thing she had Dale there to protect her.

Then again, did she really know what *Dale* was capable of?

The game was getting much more interesting.

She lay there, waiting.

Nothing.

Movement on the other side of the room.

A click.

Then the sounds of a football game playing on television.

"You assholes," she said.

Dale and Jeremy burst into hysterical laughter and then the television turned off.

More silence.

A long silence.



What were they doing?

She lay there, feeling completely exposed even though she was still wearing her blue nightie. She ran her tongue over her lips, hoping they were looking at her to see it.

Definite movement to her left.

Somebody seemed to be hovering over her, but she couldn't be sure.

She strained to listen for the sounds of breathing.

If somebody *was* hovering over her, he was doing an excellent job of remaining quiet.

Then she felt a hand caress her left knee.

Whose hand?

It continued to caress her, slowly, softly. It had to be Dale, right? She couldn't quite tell through the silk.

Then the fabric was pushed aside. The caressing continued. And she still couldn't tell who it was.

There could be a third guy in here, and she wouldn't even know it.

Or only one. Dale or Jeremy could have quietly slipped out to grab a bite to eat.

She shivered as a hand slid along her right arm.

The hand on her knee vanished, but they couldn't have been the same person, could they?

Well, of course they *could* have, but were they?

A hand slid across her belly.

She heard something in front of the bed. No mistaking it: One of the guys was taking his clothes off.

She heard a similar sound beside her.

She pictured their cocks in her mind, and wondered if they were hard.

She wondered when she'd get to find out.

She wondered *how* she'd get to find out.

A hand on her thigh.

Then a hand on her shoulder, kneading gently.

A hand on her side.

A hand on her ankle, caressing it.

All four hands moving at once.

She sighed with enjoyment.

Their hands began to roam her body, sliding over her legs, her arms, her stomach, her sides. A finger traced a circle around her mouth and then disappeared.

She flinched as another finger passed over a particularly ticklish area under her right knee.

"Sorry," whispered Jeremy.

A hand moved over her covered breast, her nipple hardening under the palm.

A second hand cupped her other breast. Did they both belong to the same person?

She didn't even know if the men were completely naked.

One of the hands slid under the silk, moving over her bare flesh.

Another hand crept up her leg, also sliding under the nightie. It slid up, up, almost between her legs, and then back down.

One by one, the hands disappeared.

One of the men walked away from the bed.

She heard a snap that sounded very familiar.

The lotion bottle opening.

*Oh, yeah.*

The man walked back to the bed. The bedsprings squeaked and the mattress caved a bit as he climbed over next to her.

A soft squirting sound.

The man hovered over her. It felt like his knees were right next to her head.

Some of the lotion dripped on her chin.

Except it didn't smell like lilac.

She stuck out her tongue but couldn't reach it. The drop began to trickle down to her neck.

Something was lowering toward her face. It stopped right above her mouth.

She extended her tongue, and then happily ran it along the hard cock that was there.

A hard cock covered with chocolate syrup.

She continued to lick it. More drops fell onto her face but she didn't care. She just licked and licked and licked.

She couldn't identify the cock, but the chocolate syrup was unquestionably Hershey's.

The man adjusted his position, straddling her face, and she took in most of his length. Now she could tell that it was Jeremy, with his thicker width.

She sucked him with great enthusiasm, not wanting to let any of the chocolate syrup go to waste. He was clean before long, but she kept sucking, and he began fucking her mouth.

A hand slid over her crotch. Dale's, obviously.

Jeremy pulled his cock out of her mouth and scooted forward, encouraging her to lick his balls. She touched them with her tongue, then shook her head.

"I'm not going to lick that without condiments."

Jeremy laughed. Moments later, she was happily licking his chocolate syrup-covered scrotum.

Dale curled his finger underneath her nightie, running it through her pubic hair. She wanted to wrap her legs around him, but of course she couldn't. Not that this knowledge stopped her from pulling on the leg restraints.

She sucked the remaining chocolate syrup from Jeremy's skin. He climbed off of her and vanished.

Dale pulled his hand away.

Nothing happened. They were going to make her wait again.

After about a minute, she began to pull on her restraints some more, arching her back and stretching like a cat.

A hand appeared on each breast, pulling down her nightie.

A mouth appeared on each nipple.

One tongue moving slowly, gently, in steady circles. The other moving quickly, unevenly, darting wildly across her nipple and areole.

"Ohhhh, God, yes," she said.

They kept sucking for several minutes, obviously giving each other some kind of signal, because when one mouth would become more frenzied, the other would settle down.

The pleasure was excruciating.

She tilted her head back, moaning.

She was so wet. The fabric between her legs had to be drenched.

"Fuck me," she whispered. "I need one of you to fuck me."

"That's not your choice to make," Jeremy whispered back, pulling his mouth away from her breast while Dale continued his frantic sucking.

"Fuck me," she repeated, raising her voice.

"Sorry."

She lifted her hips. "I said fuck me. I need it. I'll go crazy if you don't."

"I love a crazy woman."

"Please, I'm begging you."

"What is it you wanted again?"

"You to fuck me."

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite hear that."

"Fuck me."

"Did you catch that, Dale?"

Dale stopped sucking her breast. "I wasn't really listening."

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" Theresa moaned.

"What was that third one again?"

She began to violently jerk her hips upward, thrusting as hard as she possibly could. "Give it to me now, goddamnit!"

"I hear a voice, but it's not the voice that's in charge of the current situation," said Jeremy. "So as enticing as what this voice is requesting sounds to me, I'm going to have to decline."

"You're just cruel."

"You'll get over it."

"When?"

"When Dale starts licking your beautiful pussy."

Within seconds the silk was pushed away and Dale's tongue was there, licking away. She squirmed and struggled. If she hadn't been wearing a blindfold, she was certain that her vision would have been blurred anyway.

She could hear the wonderful moist sounds of his tongue lapping away, and his grunts of enjoyment, and...something tearing?

Oh, God, yes, it was a condom wrapper.

## CHAPTER 16

Dale's face remained buried between her legs, licking away with great enthusiasm, but she desperately wanted him...Jeremy...either one of them...inside of her.

A moment later, Dale moved his face out of the way and Jeremy mounted her. She thrust her hips upward to meet him, but he was up too high, beyond her reach.

"Don't tease me," she pleaded.

"You cheated at strip poker last night, didn't you?" asked Jeremy.

"Yes!"

"That makes you a very naughty girl. You need to be punished or else you'll never learn your lesson."

She shook her head. "No, no, don't punish me, just fuck me, please."

She felt the tip of his cock press against her, but when she raised up to meet him he lifted out of the way again.

"Do you promise that you will never, ever cheat again?"

"I promise!"

"Because I'll fuck you if you promise to never cheat again, for as long as you live."

"You'll fuck me for as long as I live?"

"If you make jokes we'll have to punish you some more. Leave you tied there, all alone."

"No, please don't."

"Promise never to cheat again."

"I promise, I swear!"

"How do I know you're telling the truth?"

"I just am!"

"But how do I *know*?"

"Jeremy?"

"Yeah?"

"Shut the hell up and fuck me senseless!"

She felt him reach down and move the satin out of the way, and then he entered her. He began fucking her with sudden, sharp movements, sliding most of the way out, remaining motionless for several seconds, and then thrusting hard.

Then, in a supreme show of mercy, he started pounding into her in a vigorous, jackhammer rhythm. She clenched her fists and curled her toes and came so hard she thought she was going to snap free of the restraints.

When she'd settled down, Jeremy kissed her, and then climbed off. Seconds later, Dale was on top of her, kissing her lips while he fucked her pussy.

They traded back and forth several more times until she came again.

Dale pulled out of her and began to gently kiss her breasts while Jeremy unfastened the restraints.

"Do you need to walk around a little bit?" Jeremy asked, removing her blindfold.

She nodded and managed to swing her legs over the side of the bed. Her right leg immediately cramped up, so she walked around the room, rubbing it until the pain went away.

"That was good chocolate syrup," she said, finally.

"Only the best for you."

"Good cock, too."

"Only the best for you."

"I think I'm ready for some more sex, if that's okay with the both of you."

"Actually," said Dale, "since you're obviously the star of this little show, I was kind of hoping that you'd give us a nice solo performance."

"Solo?"

"Just you." Dale went and got their overnight bag. "I snuck a special little something in here," he said, taking out her beloved Sinful Sensation vibrator.

"*My precious!*" she whispered, doing her best imitation of Gollum from *Lord of the Rings*.

Dale and Jeremy each went to get a chair, which they pulled up beside the bed. "The bed is your stage," said Dale, handing her the vibrator as she got back on top of the mattress.

They were seated side-by-side, although with a safely homophobic distance between them. Theresa set the vibrator next to the pillow, and then covered her breasts with one hand and her pussy with the other.

"That would be naughty," she said.

Jeremy smiled. "We like naughty."

"Indeed we do," Dale agreed.

The knot in her stomach was starting to return. She'd clearly demonstrated that having active sex with two men at once was something she was more than capable of doing...but performing for them, pleasuring herself while both men watched, focused entirely on her...?

Well, she'd just have to give it her best shot, now, wouldn't she?

She ran her hands through her hair, both locations, and then picked up the vibrator. She held it to her mouth, running her tongue along the tip, and then turned it on to its lowest setting. It began to hum softly.

She sat cross-legged on the bed and stared Jeremy in the eye. She kept her eyes on him, refusing to blink, while she moved the tip of the vibrator over her right nipple.

Jeremy, still hard, put his hand on his cock.

Theresa shook her head and wiggled her index finger at him. "No, no, no. Hands behind the chair." She pointed at Dale. "You too."

Both men complied. Not willingly, but they complied.



She ran the vibrator over her other nipple, turning it up to a higher setting during the process. She kept looking back and forth between Dale and Jeremy, neither of whom had orgasmed during the bondage sex, and who obviously were desperately wanting to stroke themselves.

She'd make it up to them.

Somehow.

She brought the vibrator down between her legs, moving the tip all over her vagina. She winked at Dale as she did so.

"First person to compliment my pussy gets a quick mouth stroke."

They both blurted out separate responses that she couldn't even understand, but Jeremy had spoken a split-second before Dale. She got off the bed, leaned way over, took him as far into her mouth as she could without choking, very slowly pulled her head away, licked her lips, and then returned to her spot on the bed.

She turned the vibrator up to its highest setting and pressed it lengthwise between her legs. Dear Lord, this was a tremendously well-designed piece of machinery. She began to open and close her legs, letting the rapid vibrations send bolts of pleasure rocketing through her entire body.

She adjusted the angle of the vibrator and worked it inside of her. The men watched her, both of them with wide, delighted grins. No doubt about it, the Sinful Sensation was even better with an audience.

For several minutes she fucked herself with it, switching positions every minute or so to keep her audience from growing restless. She did it with her legs high in the air, on her knees while she balanced herself on one hand, and even slowly rode it like a cock, holding the base of the vibrator steady with her left hand while she slid up and down on it, rubbing her clitoris with her right hand.

Now, if she could be using the Sinful Sensation with their mouths on her breasts, she would be in absolute heaven.

Hell, why couldn't she?

"Show's over, boys," she announced. "Get up here and suck my tits."

The men wasted no time in joining her on the bed. She lay on her back and plunged the vibrator deeper as they began sucking her breasts, quickly sending her over the brink.

"You gave up on the show pretty easily," she told them, when she could speak.

She made Dale lie on his back, and then mounted him, bouncing up and down on his cock until he couldn't take it any more. She refused to lessen the pace, and he cried out with an orgasm and a final pelvic thrust that lifted her off the bed.

Then she fucked Jeremy the same way.

\* \* \* \* \*

After a short break, she found herself lying facedown on the bed. Dale had applied a generous amount of lubricant to his index finger and was circling her anus. Jeremy was giving her a wonderfully relaxing backrub.

"Does that feel good?" Jeremy asked.

"Which part?"

"Both."

"They both feel wonderful."

Before long the Sinful Sensation had joined the anal play, not penetrating, but stimulating in a most pleasant manner on its lowest setting.

Dale put on a condom, lubricated it thoroughly, and carefully inserted his penis. Dale was the only man she'd ever let take her that way, but he knew just how to do it so that the experience was all pleasure. Apparently one of his college girlfriends had been terrified of getting pregnant, and he'd gotten plenty of practice with proper anal technique.

He moved very slowly at first, more quickly when she was ready, and then he got into a nice steady rhythm. Jeremy's backrub had ceased...it seemed that he was distracted by the visuals. Before Dale, she'd swore that she'd never even *have* that kind of sex, and now here she was, letting somebody she'd only met the night before last watch while she got fucked up the ass.

Oh, jeez, she was a complete and total slut. And she'd never enjoyed anything more.

Dale finally came with his fingers tightly clenching her spread butt cheeks.

Then he used the Sinful Sensation on her some more.

\* \* \* \* \*

As it turned out, Jeremy had more than chocolate syrup and fur-lined handcuffs in his briefcase. He brought out some edible finger paints in cherry, peach, blueberry, and green apple flavors, and the three of them had a wonderful time showing off their lack of artistic skills. Dale licked off the car he'd drawn on her ass, and Jeremy licked off the fornicating couple he'd drawn on her leg. She started to lick off the abstract art she'd drawn on Dale's stomach and Jeremy's face, but she discovered that "edible" did not necessarily mean "won't make you gag with its wretched flavor, which is one step down from elementary school paste" and made them wash it off.

However, Jeremy also had a cinnamon-flavored oil that heated up as you blew on it, so she had herself a nice double helping of hot cinnamon cock. She couldn't stop squirming as they each blew on a breast. Before long it was more than her nipples could stand and she requested that they remove it with their tongues, which didn't seem to pose a problem.

Jeremy had brought along his cards again, so Theresa suggested a game of Fuck Poker, where the person with the winning hand would get to fuck her, or, if she had the winning hand, she'd get to be fucked. Jeremy suggested instead a game where the

owner of each winning hand would get to select an activity of his or her choice for the following thirty seconds. Theresa and Dale were amenable to this and the game began.

Jeremy won the first hand with a pair of kings. "See how much nicer this works out when there's not a cheater in the house?" he asked.

"So what do you want?"

"I want you to lead me to the bed by my dick, which I want to be in your mouth the entire time."

Theresa let out a snort of laughter. "You've probably been waiting all weekend for the right opportunity to ask me to do that."

"When does the thirty seconds start?" asked Dale, picking his wristwatch up off the floor where he'd discarded it earlier.

"Not until her mouth closes around it," Jeremy said.

Theresa knelt down in front of him and took his penis into her mouth. She began awkwardly walking backwards on her knees, leading him toward the bed, having problems not only keeping her balance but also keeping from laughing.

"That's thirty seconds," Dale said, when they were almost to the bed.

Theresa stopped where she was, but kept his penis in her mouth. She began to suck on it.

"Thirty-five," Dale announced.

Theresa reached out and squeezed Jeremy's ass while she continued sucking.

"Forty-five seconds," said Dale. "You're running way over."

"Your watch must be fast," Jeremy told him.

Theresa slid her hands back around and stroked his balls while she sucked even harder.

"A minute," said Dale. "You're now twice over the allotted time. What's up with this blatant disregard for the rules?"

Theresa put her hands on Jeremy's sides and eased him down onto his knees, still sucking. Then she adjusted her own position, getting on her hands and knees and presenting her pussy to Dale.

"Oh, sure, like that's going to make up for it," he remarked, not even finishing his sentence before he was standing behind her. He quickly got down on his knees himself and took advantage of the opportunity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back on the bed, Jeremy put on a weird-looking blue thing that slipped around his cock. It was a square piece of rubber with dozens of bumps on the surface, which Jeremy explained were to enhance her stimulation while he was inside of her. They gave it a try in the missionary position, but the bumps didn't seem to work, although the intercourse itself was rather nice.

He tried to remove it to let Dale have a try, but couldn't get it off, even when Theresa playfully fingered herself and then tried to lubricate him.

"That boner will have to go," Dale noted.

Theresa began to seductively rub her breasts and pussy, keeping herself in front of Jeremy every time he turned away. Finally he ducked past her and sprinted to the bathroom, giving Theresa and Dale the chance to fuck against the wall for a couple of minutes in private until he emerged, free of the blue thing and looking sheepish.

"Don't feel so bad," Theresa told him, as Dale thrust into her over and over. "Think of the blow to your ego if it had kept slipping off!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Jeremy brought out that ever-popular kinky sex classic, whipped cream, and they retreated to the bathtub. They had a great time completely slathering themselves in it,

although there wasn't much room to maneuver and her attempt to give Dale a blowjob got her a blob of whipped cream up the nose.

"Y'know, this reminds me of shaving cream," said Jeremy, sliding his hand between her legs and running his fingers through her pubic hair.

"Oh, really?"

"And I brought a razor."

"How convenient."

"Are you up for it?" Jeremy asked.

"I sure am," she said, giving him a kiss. "On one condition: I get to shave you first."

Jeremy frowned. "I probably shouldn't. I take showers at the gym."

"Poor boy."

"I'll pass, too," said Dale. "I still remember that time you cut your leg."

"I guess we'll just have to stick with whipped cream, then," said Theresa.

"I guess so," Jeremy admitted.

"If I stood up, would you lick it off my ass?"

"I would."

"Dale, if I stood up, would you lick it off my pussy?"

"I would."

She stood up.

\* \* \* \* \*

They couldn't possibly eat that much whipped cream, even between the three of them, so they turned on the shower and rinsed themselves off. Dale suggested that they leave some of the whipped cream in the bathtub to spark the maid's imagination, but that suggestion was overruled.

Jeremy had also brought along a pair of nipple clamps, connected by a silver chain. Theresa let him put them on her, not too tightly, and greatly enjoyed the nipple sucking that followed. She kept them on as Jeremy ventured south.

"I'm gonna stay down here for a while," said Jeremy, after his first lick. "If anybody asks where I am, just tell them that I'm camping right here at Theresa's femininity, a few inches beneath the belly button. It'll be an extended stay."

Jeremy went down on her for over fifteen minutes, although the nipple clamps fell off after the first two. Dale kissed her for a while, and then squatted over her face to receive a generous blowjob, coming all over her breasts. Jeremy kept licking her while Dale went to get her a warm wet rag to clean up with, but before he returned Jeremy rolled her on her side, spooned her, and entered her with his hand wrapped tightly around her waist.

Dale cleaned off her tits while Jeremy continued screwing her.

She couldn't even remember how many times she'd been fucked that weekend. Even if you disregarded all of the additional options it made available, a two-guy sexfest was worth it just in quantity!

She and Jeremy went at it for quite a while, and Dale continued giving her breasts plenty of attention even after they were more than sufficiently clean. Jeremy came right after she did, and finally the three of them just lay on the bed, completely spent.

After a long while, Jeremy spoke. "Who's up for ice cream?"

"Don't tell me you have ice cream in that briefcase."

Jeremy looked over at his briefcase. "I hope it didn't melt."

"I think a glacier would've melted in *this* room," Theresa said.

"Good point. Actually, my question was, who's up to leaving the hotel room and going to get some ice cream?"

"Would we have to get dressed?"

"Probably."

"Then what kind of dumb question is that?"

"If we're not careful, we'll forget how to dress ourselves," Dale warned. "You don't want to show up at work wearing nothing but whipped cream. We won't know what to do with all of the raises."

"Oh, very well," said Theresa with mock reluctance. "I wonder if I'll be able to get my sundae topped with cinnamon sex oil?"



## CHAPTER 17

Theresa settled for caramel on her sundae. They sat in the ice cream parlor, thoroughly enjoying their desserts, although they'd all ordered them without whipped cream.

"That lady is staring at us," said Jeremy, nodding toward an attractive blonde seated on the opposite side of the room. "I think she knows we're all sleeping together."

"How would she know that?" asked Theresa.

"Well, we *are* all on the same side of the booth."

It was true. But this was a weekend for hedonism, and Theresa wanted to enjoy her caramel sundae while sitting in a booth squeezed between two hot guys she'd just had sex with. It was only natural.

"Dale, put your elbow against my breast," she whispered. "You too, Jeremy."

"What?" asked Dale, shocked.

"I want her to know."

"Are you serious?"

"C'mon, she's a complete stranger. Give her a little thrill."

Theresa couldn't believe she was asking them to do this. She couldn't believe she *wanted* them to do this. Flaunting her current sexual situation went against the game plan in a big way...but she was feeling the way she did before Dale's birthday last year, when she'd managed to get an autographed copy of his all-time favorite book as a child a month ahead of time, and thought that she was going to burst from the agony of keeping it a secret all that time.

Here she was, getting laid by two men at the same time, and she wanted *somebody* to know...even if it was just this blonde stranger in an ice cream shop.

"You're being weird," said Dale.

"Come on. One elbow on one tit. It could be an accident."

"No."

"Please?"

"No."

"I'll be your best friend."

"Fine, all right, but if she asks to join in, I get to do her, no questions asked."

Dale adjusted his elbow so that it was pressed against her right breast. Jeremy followed his lead and put his elbow against her left breast.

A moment later, the woman glanced over at them again, smiled, and whispered something to her companion.

"You can put your elbows down now," said Theresa.

They finished their ice cream, threw away their trash, and headed for the exit. The blonde caught Theresa's eye, smiled again, and mouthed, "You're my hero."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do we have to go back to the hotel?" Theresa asked as Dale started the engine.

"Not horny yet?" Jeremy asked from the backseat.

"Oh, I'm horny, believe me. I just thought we could go someplace else. Someplace outdoors."

"Outdoors?" asked Dale. "You mean, like, outdoors where there are other human beings?"

"I don't mean a place with people around. Someplace secluded."

"What about a bowling alley?" Dale offered.

"A skating rink?" Jeremy suggested.

"A public library?"

"A women's clothing store?"

"An automotive repair establishment?"

"The law offices of Trexler, Darrow, and Stricklen?"

Theresa gave each of them a phony glare. "I would think that you'd be taking this opportunity to get some more pussy a little more seriously."

"We could try a movie theatre," said Jeremy. "They're nice and dark."

Theresa shook her head. "I hate people who make noise during movies."

"We could make a gag out of Twizzlers."

Dale snapped his fingers. "I've got it. You'll like this."

\* \* \* \* \*

The park closed at dusk, and they'd been forced to leave their car in front of the low gate at the entrance, but now the three of them stood in front of a small lake. Dale walked halfway down the boat ramp and began to remove his shoes.

"How cold is that water?" asked Theresa.

"Who cares? We'll warm it up. C'mon, it's a perfect night for skinny dipping."

"We don't have towels," Jeremy pointed out.

"You're right."

"And they might have nighttime security," said Theresa.

"You're right." Dale removed his socks and then unbuttoned his jeans.

"The water could have leeches," said Jeremy.

"No leeches. I've gone swimming here before. As long as you don't step on a giant octopus tentacle you'll be fine." He yanked down his pants and tossed them up on the shore and then pulled his shirt over his head.

"Should we join him?" Theresa asked Jeremy.

"Let's see if his balls turn dark blue first."

Now completely naked, Dale stepped into the water. "Ahhhhh...refreshing!" he announced. He waded in until the water was at waist-level, and then dove forward, going completely underwater.

"See any shark fins coming toward him?" Jeremy asked.

Dale's head emerged from the water, and he spat out a mouthful. "Don't be such wusses," he said. "Get in here!"

Theresa and Jeremy stripped out of their clothes. Theresa poked a tentative toe into the water; it seemed warm enough, so she stepped in with her entire foot. It was much colder beyond a depth of half an inch.

"You're crazy!" she told Dale.

"You'd better get out here," Dale said. "If somebody comes, they'll see you all naked and stuff!"

She continued to walk forward. It was a nice warm night, but this water was damn cold.

Jeremy stepped into the lake and winced. "Shit! I'm glad she saw me naked before this."

Theresa waded forward until the water was right beneath her groin, and then bent over, letting just her nipples dip beneath the surface. She shivered.

"Ah, screw it," said Jeremy, diving forward. Theresa followed his lead, and the two of them swam out to meet Dale, who was in chest-deep water that came up to Theresa's neck.

"Isn't this great?" Dale asked.

"Delightful. I was wondering when we were going to get to the sadomasochism part of the weekend," Jeremy remarked.

Theresa glanced around. The lake was absolutely beautiful, and her body was already getting used to the water temperature. She reached underneath and took Dale's soft penis in her hand.

"You up for some underwater oral sex?" he asked.

"When I die, it's not going to be from drowning with a dick in my mouth, sorry."

"That's not what I meant," said Dale, vanishing beneath the surface.

Seconds later, his hand wrapped around her buttocks, and his face pressed into her crotch. He put his entire mouth around her vagina and licked with several hard strokes, and she just about fell over.

He emerged and spat out another mouthful of water. "I think there was a fish down there."

Theresa gave him a deep kiss, then turned around to face Jeremy. "Do you want to see if you can beat his time?"

"I'll give it a shot," said Jeremy, taking a deep breath and then ducking underwater. His hand brushed past her belly, and several splashes of water shot up from his kicking feet, and about fifteen seconds later he resurfaced without having made any further contact.

"I was never much of a swimmer," he said, leaning forward and taking a breast in his mouth. He sucked on it greedily while he reached down and rubbed between her legs with his palm.

She heard Dale go underwater again, and soon there were hands on her waist and a tongue probing her ass. She stuck her own tongue in Jeremy's mouth and kissed him passionately, loving the way his hot tongue contrasted with his cold lips, until Dale emerged again.

She took each of their cocks in her hand. Jeremy was still limp, while Dale was halfway to a very nice erection. She stroked both of them, alternating kisses, and it wasn't long before Dale was completely hard.

She placed her hands on his shoulders, hopped up, and impaled herself on his cock. He closed his eyes and tilted his head back, his hands around her waist. The feeling of

weightlessness was wonderful, and Theresa rode him slowly, wrapping her legs around his ass.

Jeremy put his hand on her back and gradually slid it down to her butt. He rubbed her anus with his thumb while she continued to ride Dale. Dale popped out of her and Jeremy moved his hand, but they quickly fixed the problem and she picked up the pace, splashing water with each bounce. Jeremy put his hands tightly on her thighs, helping her drive herself down with more force.

It took every ounce of self-control that she possessed to keep from moaning. She didn't want the noise to carry over the water and attract unwanted visitors. She'd had sex in a hot tub once, but never in a lake. She wondered if anybody was watching.

Maybe the blonde from the ice cream parlor was checking up on them.

Dale scrunched up his features and she knew he was ready to climax. "Not in me," she said, as Jeremy pushed her down for a powerful thrust. She lifted herself off of Dale's penis and stroked him under the water until he came with a loud gasp that seemed to echo across the lake.

"We'd better move away before anything floats to the surface," said Jeremy.

They swam several feet closer to shore, and then Theresa lifted her right leg and rubbed it against Jeremy's arm. "Take my legs," she said. "Put them on your shoulders."

Jeremy did so, and Dale came up behind her to help. As she floated on her back, her legs slid across Jeremy's shoulders until her thighs were pressed against the side of his head and his tongue had access to her pussy, with Dale's hands under her back, holding her afloat.

Jeremy began to lick her, his tongue splashing in the water as he did so. Theresa was squirming and twisting so much that it was difficult to keep her legs in place, and she slipped off several times before they got into a steady position. Jeremy licked and licked and seemed to be in no hurry to stop, but after about ten minutes Dale announced that his arms were too tired to continue.

She spread her legs, dropping back into a standing position, and gave each of her guys a long, drawn-out kiss. Then they headed back to shore.

"Towels really would have been nice," Jeremy remarked, stepping onto the sand.

"The night air will dry us off," Dale said.

They put on their shoes, gathered their clothes, and began walking naked along the path toward their car. Being out of the cold water did wonders for Jeremy's penis, and after a few minutes he had a nice firm erection...and a condom in his wallet. Theresa braced herself against Dale and let Jeremy fuck her from behind right in the middle of the path. Drops of water fell off her body with each thrust.

She knew, just knew, that Dale was going to shout, "I see headlights! Somebody's coming!" just to mess with her, but he behaved himself. As well as somebody could be considered "behaving himself" when he was currently keeping his fiancé steady while another guy fucked her.

They made it back to the car and put their clothes on their still-wet bodies. It made for an uncomfortable ride back to the hotel, but once back in the room they got naked again, shared a shower, and returned to the bed.

Jeremy just didn't seem to be able to get enough of going down on her, which was not something she saw as a problematic personality trait. But they *did* have to go to work tomorrow, and the sex was going to have to end sometime, and there was one last thing she wanted to try.

Something truly kinky.

After she came from Jeremy's tongue, she got up, gulped down some bottled water, then got back on the bed and picked up the tube of lubricant from the nightstand.

"I want both of you inside me at the same time," she said. "Jeremy in my pussy and Dale in my ass."

She felt her cheeks begin to burn. Was she *blushing*? After everything they'd done? What the hell was up with that?

"Hey, I'm fine with that idea," said Dale. "So how do we want to do this?"

"Get me ready first," said Theresa, lying face down on the bed with her legs apart and her ass in the air. She twisted her head around as much as she could to watch what they were doing.

Dale squirted some of the lubricant onto his fingers, then handed the tube to Jeremy, who did the same thing. Together, they slid their fingers around her anus, which was a thrill in itself, and after a couple of minutes of external play Dale inserted his index finger.

She sighed deeply.

Her pussy was so wet that she swore it was dripping.

Dale worked his finger in and out, then refreshed the lubricant and added his middle finger while Jeremy squeezed and spread her ass cheeks.

After several minutes she was relaxed and ready. "Put your cock in me," she said, much more loudly than she'd intended.

Dale eased his penis into her, sliding it in all the way, and she grabbed a double handful of blanket and clenched her hands into fists.

After several thrusts, she asked Dale to pull out. She gave Jeremy a few mouth strokes, solidifying his already-hard cock, and he reclined onto his back while putting on a condom. She mounted him and he easily slid into her all the way. She wiggled back and forth a few times, moaning, and then raised her ass without breaking contact with Jeremy.

She looked back over her shoulder, almost wishing she had a better view. Too bad nobody was filming this. Dale came up behind her on his knees, his legs parted and resting on each side of Jeremy's legs, which were pressed tightly together. After taking a moment to get positioned properly, he entered her.

*Oh dear God...*



She began to rock back and forth on Jeremy's penis while Dale slowly thrust into her. It was so intimate, and their bodies were so hot, and it was so deliciously nasty, and it just plain felt fucking great.

She began to rock harder against Jeremy. He took one of her breasts into his mouth and she whimpered.

Dale leaned over her, his warm, sweaty chest pressed against her back, moving back and forth at an even pace with her.

"Suck my tits," she blurted at Jeremy. "Suck them hard."

He squeezed her free breast with his hand while he sucked on the other.

They were filling her so wonderfully, so completely.

Their bodies moved as if part of one well-oiled machine.

Her whole body was raging with ecstasy.

And then she lost control of herself.

Theresa began slamming herself down on Jeremy so hard that the headboard began to pound against the wall. She slammed down on him with every bit of strength she had left, fucking him harder than she had ever fucked anybody in her entire life.

This wasn't about romance, and it wasn't about new experiences, and it wasn't about fulfilling fantasies. At this moment her entire life was about nothing but fucking these men with as much power as she could possibly summon. She let out a sharp breath with each plunge, fucking Jeremy with such intensity that he could barely keep her breast in his mouth.

"Fuck me hard, Dale," she said. "Fuck me with everything you've got. Don't hold back."

He immediately began to thrust more rapidly, ramming her asshole with incredible force. She was going to be extremely sore later, she knew, but right now she didn't care. She was between two men in the hottest sexual encounter she'd ever had and they were going to fuck her into another dimension.

The mattress squeaked and the headboard pounded and the men groaned and Theresa howled and it was the best goddamn chorus she'd ever heard.

Jeremy gently bit down on her breast.

Dale slapped her ass, hard.

And she realized that she was hurtling toward an orgasm that was going to fuel her sexual thoughts for years to come.

"Oh...oh....*ohmyGod*...!"

It was rushing toward her like a roller coaster flying off the track.

Jeremy thrust up into her in the middle of her downward plunge, their bodies slapping together. Dale buried himself so deeply inside her that his waist smacked against her ass.

She came so violently that she could barely hear herself scream. She felt Dale's body shudder as he came inside her. Jeremy began to thrust harder than ever, so hard that she thought he was going to catapult her right off of him, and then his entire body stiffened as he came with a shout that would not have been out of place in an opera house.

Theresa's orgasm touched her toes, the tips of her fingers, even her tongue. It was as if her entire body had been given an electric shock that delivered nothing but a pure jolt of pleasure.

She collapsed on top of Jeremy. Dale collapsed on top of her. The three of them just lay there, joined, panting. Exhausted. Theresa never wanted to move.

The phone rang.

Jeremy reached over, fished around for a moment, and grabbed the receiver. "Yes?" he asked, out of breath.

He listened for a moment. It was probably hard to hear over their collective panting, or Dale's heartbeat pounding against her back.

He reached back over and hung up the phone. "That was the front desk. They've had some complaints about the noise level. Wonder why?"

Theresa reluctantly let Dale pull out of her, and then climbed off of Jeremy. They lay on the bed for a long while, not saying anything, just enjoying the silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I think that was our grand finale," said Jeremy, getting off the bed, his legs wobbling a bit as he walked over to pick up his clothes.

"I, for one, can't go any more," Theresa admitted.

Jeremy pulled on his underwear. "Because of you I have to put back on wet clothes," he told Dale.

"But you had fun."

"Yes I did. I certainly did. There is simply no denying that I was well-laid this weekend."

"I think we can all agree with that," said Theresa.

Jeremy finished getting dressed, packed up his briefcase, and gave Theresa a kiss. "Call me, okay?"

She nodded. Jeremy shook Dale's hand, kissed Theresa again, then once more, and then left the room.

She and Dale kissed for a long while afterward. Then they got dressed, checked out of the room, and drove home to sleep in their own bed.

## CHAPTER 18

Theresa woke up early the next morning feeling a little stiff, more than a little sore, not at all in the mood to go to work, but wonderfully happy. What an incredible weekend. The best sex she'd ever had. And she'd gotten to do it with the man she loved and trusted most in the world *and* a complete stranger whose last name she didn't even know.

An absolutely fantastic weekend.

Sensational.

Unbelievable.

But one that she wasn't sure she wanted to repeat.

Jeremy had been an awesome sexual partner, and she'd kept her feelings for him limited to "the fun guy she was getting to fuck." But he *was* a great guy...charming, intelligent, witty. Not some flesh-colored robot with a superior cock. If they kept doing this, what could happen? What if her feelings for him developed into something more than sexual?

How long could you keep sleeping with a guy like that before emotions became a problem?

It wasn't like she could even *conceive* of a situation where she'd want to leave Dale for Jeremy, but growing too attached to Jeremy could...complicate things.

And what if Jeremy started to think of her as more than a sex buddy?

What if he already did?

And what about Dale? He'd obviously had a great time this weekend, but would he continue to want to share her? He'd said himself that it was just something he wanted to try once or twice. If they kept doing it, would he start to get jealous? Upset? Angry? And would he say anything if he did, or would he keep his feelings bottled up inside?

The wisest course of action was to call this a one-weekend adventure, and move on with her life and upcoming marriage.

Oh, but the sex was *so* good...

Then again, the sex was great with just her and Dale on their own. And now when she stood in the shower, warm water cascading over her naked body, eight wonderful settings on the shower massage to choose from, she wouldn't have to fantasize about two guys...she could reminisce.

Reminisce about Jeremy's cock covered in chocolate sauce.

Reminisce about having Jeremy go down on her in the lake.

Reminisce about both of them being inside her at once.

Maybe if they only got together for occasional flings, it would be okay...

No, no, no. She and Dale had shared an amazing experience, but it was best to leave it as memories and dirty secrets that they whispered to each other in bed.

Dale stirred. "What time is it?" he asked, sleepily.

"Almost time to get up."

"So it's too damn early."

"Do you think your boss would give you an extra vacation day if you told him you were recovering from a marathon sex weekend?"

"I don't think his wife has put out in ten years. He'd probably just get pissed."

Theresa's first instinct was to ask Dale what he thought they should do about further escapades with Jeremy, but he knew how much she'd loved it. He might push for continuing the sex just for her pleasure, whether he really wanted to or not. So she decided to be blunt. "I don't think we should get together with Jeremy again."

"Really?"

She nodded.

"Why? What happened?"

"Nothing happened. But we'd always planned on it being a once-or-twice sort of thing, and I don't want it to turn into something that could come between us. I love you."

"I love you, too. I'm just surprised."

"There are some things more important than having two guys fuck you for an entire weekend without mercy."

Dale chuckled. "I guess you're right."

"We can still talk about it, though. And maybe we'll get a male blow-up doll."

"With a realistic tongue?"

"Do they make those?"

"I hope not. That's creepy."

They kissed.

"You think Jeremy will be bummed?" Dale asked.

"He probably won't be bouncing around with unrestrained glee, but he'll understand."

"Do you want me to call him?"

"Let's do it in person. Dinner. I think he deserves that much."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jeremy sat down on the opposite side of the booth. "How are two of my favorite people this evening?"

"Great," said Theresa. "And you?"

"Tired." He took a tortilla chip from the bowl and dipped it in some salsa. "But it's a good tired."

Theresa shifted uncomfortably. "So how was work?"

"Work was work. How was work for you?"

"Good."

Jeremy bit into another chip, crunched it thoughtfully, then smiled. "You're breaking up with me, aren't you?"

"No, no...I mean, yeah...I mean, I don't know that I'd call it breaking up, I just —"

"No more sex is what you're saying, though."

Theresa nodded.

"That's cool," said Jeremy. "I mean, it's disappointing, of course, but I understand. As long as you're not replacing me with some guy with a bigger dick."

Theresa laughed. "Not a chance."

"Good. Like I said when we first met, I'm not looking to cause any problems for anybody, and I completely respect your decision. You two got to live out your fantasy, and I'm just glad I got to be a part of it. And, hey, it's not like I got ripped off as far as the sex goes!"

"We can still be friends," said Theresa.

"Ooooooh, the dreaded 'friends' line." Jeremy ate another chip while he considered his words. "Actually, and don't take this the wrong way, but I'd rather not. I'd rather do the kind of clean break where we never see each other again. Not because I'm pissed or anything, but this way I get to be that mysterious stranger who slipped into your lives for a weekend of passion. If we keep hanging out, eventually you're going to hear me burp or fart or both, which will sort of sully the memory of this weekend, and you'll discover that I'm just a regular doofus. And quite honestly, it would drive me nuts spending time around you knowing that I didn't get to see you naked anymore. I'd always be picturing you bent over that bed. In fact, I'm picturing it right now. What a great ass. Oh, yeah, swirl it around some more...just like that."

"Okay, okay, I get it," said Theresa, laughing.

"But, seriously, I like both of you, and I'd like to stay friends, but let's keep everything nice and simple. The whole memory will be more exciting if you're not

seeing me on a regular basis, and the whole 'mysterious stranger' idea really appeals to me. I don't think I've ever been the mysterious stranger before."

Theresa reached across the table and took his hand. "You'll always be our mysterious stranger."

"Cool. And if you tell anybody about it, give me an extra inch or two, okay?"

"You've got it."

Jeremy grinned. "Dale, buddy, you've got a great woman here. Keep her happy. Because let me tell you something, if I hear that you're not treating her like a queen, I'm gonna ditch that mysterious stranger idea and take her away from you before you can even blink."

"Understood."

"I will say one thing, though...I am *definitely* gonna renew that personal ad. I mean, holy *shit* did I get my money's worth out of that one!"

The waiter approached the table. Theresa and Dale ordered a chicken and steak fajita to share, but Jeremy closed the menu. "Nothing for me, thanks."

"You're sure? We're buying."

"Yeah, I'm sure. I'm going to head off, I think." The waiter left, and Jeremy helped himself to another chip. "I don't want to get all weepy and stuff, so I'll just say that it was a pleasure meeting you, that I wish you both a long and happy marriage, and that Theresa, I would not object if you came out to the back of my van, took off your pants, and let me lick you one last time."

They all chuckled.

Then Theresa figured, why the hell not?

They went out to his van, and Theresa stripped naked and stretched out on the back seat. Jeremy licked her pussy for nearly ten minutes while she sucked Dale's cock. After Dale came in her mouth, Jeremy fucked her in three different positions, coming as he penetrated her doggy-style.



"This is a very nice van," said Theresa, afterward, pulling on her panties.

"I borrowed it from a friend. Just in case."

They got dressed, and Theresa and Dale got out of the van. They waved goodbye as Jeremy drove off, and then went back inside the restaurant.

Their fajita meat was cold, but still pretty darn good.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks later, they were in bed making passionate love. Theresa's breasts were crushed against Dale's chest and her legs were wrapped around him and their blow-up doll was next to the bed, its artificial erection ready for action.

Dale had bought her the doll as a joke. Performing oral sex on it didn't do much for her, but a double penetration *was* a double penetration, after all.

They almost named the doll Jeremy, but then decided that it would dishonor his legacy and went with "Mr. Cock."

When they were finished, they lay in each other's arms. After about a week of abstinence for recovery purposes, their sex life had been better than ever. They went at it almost every night, and after Theresa shaved for him, Dale had rewarded her with a marathon pussy-licking session that ended only when he lost all feeling in his tongue.

"I wonder if Jeremy has seen any action since that weekend?" said Dale.

"I'm sure he's seen plenty. He's probably got three hot redheads sharing his manhood at this very moment."

"That seems like kind of a waste," said Dale. "If you're going to have three women, you might as well get some variety. A redhead, a blonde, and a brunette, with a B-cup, a C-cup, and a D-cup. I mean, if you're gonna do it, do it right."

"What about twins?"

"Oh, well, twins are a different story. That changes all of the rules."

She kissed him. "Well, make sure you make a list of the rules in case I bring home a hot redhead for you."

"What?"

"Nothing."

"What did you say?"

"I said, I wonder if there's anything good on TV this late at night? Probably just infomercials."

She started to get up, but Dale wrestled her back onto the bed, pinning her arms up above her head. "Tell me what you said."

"Something about infomercials. I hope they have the one with that thing that cooks eggs really well. I need one of those."

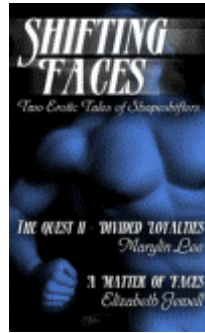
"Tell me what you said or you'll be sorry."

"What part? The infomercial or the eggs?"

He parted her legs and she was amazed to see that his erection had already returned. He thrust into her, fucking her wildly while she continued to discuss the joys of late night television.

- The End -

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