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# Bridget Midway

FASCINATION STREET



*Bridget Midway*

# **Fascination Street**

**By**

**Bridget Midway**

**Venus Press LLC**

## **FASCINATION STREET**

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Dedication:

First and foremost, I must thank my mother, Ireleen, who blessed me with the desire for writing and is proud of every word I write. For that, I dedicate this book to you, Mom. Thanks to my big brother, Jay, my sisters Cyndi, Cheryl and Tina, and my very best friend, Vikki, who all said they are proud of me for sticking to my dream.

I would also like to thank fellow erotic romance author and my partner-in-crime, Laura Bacchi, who read a portion of *Fascination Street* and encouraged me to not only to finish it, but also to get the damn thing published!

To Penny Hannon and the members of Tidewater Individuals Exploring Domination, thank you for answering all of my questions and letting me be a part of your life for a brief moment. I truly appreciate your time, openness and honesty.

And last but not least, I want to thank my special man, The Jimmy, for his tireless efforts (and I do mean tireless) to inspire me...over and over and over again!

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### Chapter One

“Oh my God! I think she’s giving him a blow job right in their driveway.” Zora Hall gasped as she braced her hands on the windowpane in the living room.

Grant Valente let out a heavy breath as he stepped over packing boxes and balled newspapers to the front windows, devoid of curtains. He knew moving in together would be hard for his girlfriend. Grant never thought Zora would let her imagination get the best of her.

Placing a hand on Zora’s back as he stood next to her, he peered through the filthy glass.

“Looks like a guy getting into his car,” he said.

“Then why is he taking so long to get inside?”

Although Grant hadn’t met any of the neighbors yet in the nearly vacant cul-de-sac, he did recognize this guy. Too cool for words, the man looked like he could walk into any room and be the center of all activity. Grant even noticed how Zora had looked at his slick, new neighbor, smiling more than usual and smoothing back her long, chocolate brown hair. He would have been jealous if he didn’t trust her. As far as neighbors went, Grant couldn’t trust them if his life depended on it. Thank God it didn’t.

The day Grant and Zora pulled up to their rented new home in their rented moving van, his neighbor looked at him as if he was Mr. Softie and had a ton of ice cream in the back. Must have turned the guy on to see how real working folks lived, Grant thought.

The house Grant and Zora rented in the secluded cul-de-sac couldn’t compare to the enormous homes that sat next to theirs. Pillars graced the front of one home. Another had a running fountain with a stone, pot-bellied cherub pissing water into a basin. How lovely. The last house had a Victorian look to it. A wrap-around porch surrounded the downstairs portion of the house. Then there was Grant’s new digs. He shook his head.

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Looking at Mr. Cool across the street, his neighbor's head visible above the roof of his Lexus, he did look a little too satisfied about getting in his ride. Why was he taking so long to open the door?

Grant noticed how the man's head tilted back and his eyes were closed. Lowering his head, Grant tried hard to peer through the window of his neighbor's expensive vehicle to see if there was a woman on her knees in front of him. But the tinted windows prevented him from seeing anything.

But then he recognized the international guy sign of receiving oral sex. His neighbor brought his hand down in front of him, probably to put it to the back of the woman's head, and his head swayed back and forth as if he was thrusting in and out of her mouth.

Just the idea that someone could be that brazen stirred Grant's cock. His pulse raced. The sweat that covered his body from all of the heavy lifting he'd done that morning couldn't cool him down.

"Honey?" Zora asked with a suspicious lilt to her voice.

He broke his gaze for a moment and noticed how his hand stroked her back, making small circles, as though of its own volition. He stopped the motion to lessen her suspicions. With the move and the new job, it had been a while since the two of them had had sex...well, risky sex like they used to a year ago after they started dating. Even his happy hand realized that.

"Does that turn you on?" she asked, as though she dared him to say yes.

Before answering, Grant took a deep breath. He'd been with Zora long enough to know a leading question when he heard it. He counted on her fearless sexy side to shine through.

He answered, "Come on. You're trying to tell me you don't find the idea of giving and receiving oral sex in public a turn on."

When the air conditioner clicked off, their neighbor's moans could be heard through the closed windows of their house. Welcome to the neighborhood.

"Now I *know* you heard that," she said. "And yes, the idea of giving my man a blow job in public is a turn on. I just don't know if I could do it with a potential audience watching."

She stood up straight and crossed her arms over her chest.

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Sure Grant had heard the man-cry of pleasure. So had his dick, which was now engorged and ready to slip into a home of its own.

“Why not? We used to do things like this all of the time,” he said, keeping his gaze directed below to see who the woman was who could give a man such a great send-off.

“So you want me to start giving you early morning oral sex for all of our neighbors to see and hear?” Zora picked up a rag to finish her dusting.

He turned to her. “Would you?”

For that, he got a pop on his backside from the rag she held. “Honey, you know I’m willing to do anything at any time. But let’s see who’s in the neighborhood first. Sure there are only our four houses here. But we just got here. What if there are kids living in the other two houses? Better yet, what if *they* have children and they’re looking out of the window at them?”

“I don’t think they would be that irresponsible.”

His neighbor’s face contorted into a grimace as he pounded his fist onto the roof of his car. Grant held his breath as though he released with him. Once the guy’s face relaxed, a smile hitched up at the corner of his mouth. Grant caught that satisfied expression from his window.

“I think he’s done.” He laughed but Zora didn’t join in on the amusement.

When Grant caught the slow rise of the woman who had been hidden behind the car, his eyes widened.

“Holy shit!” he exclaimed.

“What? What?” Zora rushed back to the window.

“She must be a model or a Playboy Playmate or--”

“A hooker,” she said, interrupting him.

“Real nice, Zo.”

“Okay, maybe a dancer. An exotic dancer.” To accentuate her point, Zora shimmied her shoulders in a comical way.

Even though he loved watching his girlfriend’s ample but firm rack sway back and forth, he couldn’t take his eyes off of the statuesque Nubian beauty next door. Never in a million years would he suspect that a clean-cut guy like that would pair up with someone outside of his race.

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Grant turned back to Zora. "At least we have something in common. Looks like he likes a little brown sugar, too." He playfully slapped Zora's rounded ass cheek.

She tried ducking away from him but he popped her anyway.

"Except my brown sugar is all honey."

"Will you stop calling me brown sugar?" She shook her head. "Now you make *me* sound like an exotic dancer."

"You say that like it's a bad thing." He snickered. "Do that little shimmy thing you just did. I like that."

She smirked and continued cleaning up their mess. Grant turned his attention back to his amorous neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Freaky Sex.

His neighbor looked like he was over six feet tall. She stood nearly eye-to-eye with him. Her walnut-colored skin appeared darker than Zora's honey-colored skin that he wanted to lick all of the time.

The playmate wore a pink, lacy negligee that had skinny straps holding it up. One of the straps fell off her shoulder and nearly exposed her large, gravity-defying breasts. Grant licked his tongue over his lips as he stared at the duo.

The woman adjusted the man's pants, smoothed her hands down his collar, fixed his necktie, then kissed him on his lips.

"Just a kiss, buddy?" Grant mumbled to himself. "Give her something to look forward to when you get back home."

As though the two could hear him, the guy pulled down her straps and held her bare breasts in his hands. Careful not to alert Zora this time, Grant covered his mouth with his hand as he stared.

His neighbor palmed her tits. Her dark areolas stood out against his neighbor's white hands. Surprising that in the peak of the summer he hadn't tanned like everyone else.

He kissed each breast lovingly, then kissed her again. After that, he ducked into his car and drove off, leaving her standing in the driveway in her pink slip and cute little bedroom shoes with three-inch heels and pink poofs over her toes.

Grant tumbled over the different arguments he could pose to Zora on why she needed to wear cute little shoes like that to bed and in the mornings and while she did dishes and when she scrubbed the toilet.



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He slid his hand down the front of his sweat shorts to calm his raging johnson. The woman picked that moment to look over at his house. She must have thought he had been jerking off to the whole scene. Her brown eyes gazed at him but it wasn't as though she found his stare offensive. Surprisingly, she winked before twirling around in her heels and sauntering back inside of her house.

Like a kid caught peeking into his sister's diary, Grant moved his hand and backed away from the window, bumping into Zora.

"I heard a car. Did he finally go?" she asked.

"Yeah. The show's over."

But Grant had ideas of his own. His throbbing erection wouldn't go down willingly. He needed some help. Moving behind Zora, he put his hands on her rounded hips while grinding himself between her ass cheeks.

"Honey, what are you doing? We have to unpack." She swatted his leg while she remained bent over to dust their coffee table.

"Come on. When in Rome..."

"We're not in Rome. We're in suburbia." This time she did laugh.

"Fine. When in the suburbs... It's been too long, baby."

He slid his hand up the back of her t-shirt. Sweat covered her body, amplifying the aroma of her rose-scented lotion. He took in a deep breath and growled. Bending over, he let his hands move down her thick thighs.

Her voluptuous body always stirred him. From her full tits to her sizable thighs and even her rounded belly, all made him excited. When she stood up, he wrapped his arms around her waist, then kissed the back of her neck. Thank goodness she had her mane of wild hair in a ponytail. Otherwise he wouldn't have been able to see her neck to kiss it.

"I can't believe you're this horny after seeing our neighbors." She put her hands on his bare arms.

"I am a man. Men are visual."

He palmed her breasts through her flimsy t-shirt. The touch made her shriek.

"Not here." She attempted to remove his hand but once he latched on he didn't want to let her go. "I don't want someone to see us."

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“Only people who can see us are our neighbors,” he said. “We don’t have thru-traffic. We’re not on the main road.” His hand slipped down inside of her shorts in the front. “And after what they just did, I think anything we do will be tame in comparison.”

“Baby.”

She struggled to get his hand from between her legs but as soon as the warmth of her pussy enveloped his fingers, he found his heavenly sanctuary.

“Not here.”

She nuzzled her head under his chin.

Grant smiled at her relenting nature. “Why not?” he asked.

This time she did manage to remove his hand. She turned around while holding his arms. “I don’t want anyone to see me naked.”

“Why? Talk about a morning treat.”

“For you. I don’t want to be someone else’s whack-off material.”

“At least not yet, right?” He laughed.

He put his hand to the back of her head and pulled her close. Once his lips touched hers he was reminded again of why this woman owned his heart. No one he had ever been with conveyed their personality through their kiss like Zora did.

Her soft lips gave under his, which meant she was flexible. At times during the kiss they were firm. Just like in life, Zora could stand her ground. And now, as she slipped her tongue into his mouth, she surprised him. Having her shock him, always made him hard.

He gripped a handful of her ass and squeezed it.

“If you don’t want the neighbors to see us, I suggest you get me to another room quick.” His nimble fingers unclasped her bra from under her shirt.

She giggled and grabbed his hand and pulled him to the kitchen. Grant took control and wasted no time in pinning her against the middle island. Her elbows banged against the boxes on top but that didn’t stop him.

She kissed him again, frantically, hungrily, letting her tongue probe his mouth while her hands explored his body. Grant was the epitome of every woman’s dream. He was tall, handsome, smart, funny. He kept his thick, dark brown hair cut short. His equally thick dark eyebrows framed his face nicely. And she melted every time she peered into his doe eyes.

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And she would do anything to please him. The great thing about that kind of devotion was that he would and had done the same for her.

“New house ritual dictates that we fuck in each room,” he growled in her ear.

With a strong hoist up, he set Zora on the low kitchen island.

“Hmmm, I hadn’t heard that one.” She pulled his t-shirt from his shorts. “Does that still go for rent-to-own places too?”

“Definitely.” He nodded.

The protrusion from his erection made it hard for her to ease them down. As she struggled to undress him, he removed her shorts and panties in an instant. She shivered when her ass made contact with the cold, marble countertop.

“I think it’s documented somewhere that it’s required to have an orgasm in each room of your new home and,” he held up his thick finger as though he was about to expound on some earth-shattering news, “that includes the stairs.”

Zora let out a hearty laugh. “What book was this in, *Guinness Book of World Records*? And we don’t have any stairs in the house, unless you count the brick ones leading to the porch.”

Lowering himself to his knees, he spread her legs apart. “Then we’ll just have to make do with what we have.” He panted.

The passion in his eyes could have melted steel. It sure did weaken her bit of resolve she tried to keep.

“Is that what you want, baby? You want other people to watch us?”

He grinned so hard she thought his face would freeze in that position. “Our sex life has never bored me.”

He trailed kisses from her ankle to her calf and up her thigh. She quivered each time his firm lips touched her sensitive skin.

“Me either. And I don’t want us to get bored.” Wanting to touch more of him, she raked her fingers through his hair.

“We can do it tonight, too.” He squeezed her outer thighs as he stared at her pussy. “And in the morning, and the night, and the next morning and in the afternoon if you want. I work so close to home now I could be here to give you a nice afternoon delight.”

The thought of him rushing home in the middle of the day to ravage her made her clit throb.

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“Oh, God,” she whispered. With her head leaned back and her eyes closed, she cooed, “More.”

His warm breath blew across her soaked sex. “You like this, babe?”

She nodded. “Yes. But not what I was talking about.” She brought her head forward and opened her eyes. “I think we need to spice up our love life.”

He gazed up at her from between her legs. A look of confusion covered his face. “Spice it up, how? You’re going to finally let me do the backdoor thing?” He winked.

“No, no backdoor entry.”

As much as she adored pleasing this man, she still found the idea of anal sex unappealing. They’d tried it once and because she had been nervous and, apparently, not drunk enough, they’d stopped before he could even get the thick tip of his penis inside of her.

“But maybe our neighbor would do that with you.”

His eyebrows shot up.

“Or maybe one afternoon when you come home from work, you can have me and her in our bedroom waiting for you. I’ll caress her and she’ll touch me. You can be the cream in between our Oreo cookie.”

“Christ, Zo--”

“Just kidding.” She chuckled, but seeing his shoulders drop dramatically let her know he would have been for the plan if she gave him the thumbs-up.

“You are going to pay for that.”

His eager mouth pressed against her inner thigh as he ravaged it, kissing and licking it along with taking nips at her flesh. Her hands braced against his back. With a gentle touch, he stroked her nether lips, tickling them with each pass of his fingers against the curled hairs. She fisted his soft hair.

“Grant.”

When his mouth finally made the pilgrimage to her erotic core, the touch of his tongue to her clit gave her an instant orgasm. She fell back against the counter, knocking empty boxes to the floor as she pressed her back against the flat surface.

His strong hands kept her legs apart as his skilled tongue slid from her opening to her hardened nub. When his mouth covered it and he pressed his tongue against it, her legs felt like they had gone numb for a moment. If the house were to catch fire right now, she wouldn’t make it out without some assistance.

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Zora palmed her tit over her t-shirt and massaged it as Grant did his level best to blow her mind. The man did amazing things with his mouth and was a dynamo in the bedroom. It was an odd feeling but sometimes it wasn't enough for Zora to tell her girlfriends what a great lover Grant was or see her beaming from ear-to-ear. She wanted to share intimate details of how he swirled his tongue around her clit until she thought she would have to crawl out of her skin. She wanted to talk about how perfect his dick was, the length, the thickness, the shape, even the head. And his ass. Damn, his fine ass could turn women into howling, whistling sex maniacs if they saw it.

When Grant flicked his tongue, she twitched and arched her back. It wasn't until he spread her pussy lips apart and darted his tongue inside of her that she let out another scream. It didn't matter that the neighbors could probably hear her like she'd heard them this morning.

"Now, baby, now!" she begged.

It didn't take Grant long to bring himself to his feet. Pulling her closer to the edge of the countertop, he teased her first by sliding the tip of his cock up and down between her folds.

"Is this what you want?" he asked with a guttural growl.

She nodded, afraid her vocal chords would betray her.

"No, Zo, I want to hear you say it."

She glared at him through heavy lids. "Fuck me, Grant. I want you to fuck me."

With her upfront request, he plunged his shaft inside of her to the hilt. His body shook upon entry. He held onto her thighs as though to keep himself steady.

"So fucking tight and wet."

His slow thrusts curled her toes and made her grind her teeth.

"I could never get enough of you," Grant said.

Still on her back, she smiled. "Just don't stop. Whatever you do, don't fucking stop." She wrapped her legs around him as though trying to trap him.

From the way he pounded into her, he didn't seem like he wanted refuge from her any time soon. His large hand slithered under her t-shirt. With a hard yank, he pulled one bra cup down to expose her tit. Then he palmed it, massaged it until her body became nothing but jelly.

"Zora. Zora." He squeezed his eyes closed and gritted his teeth. "Fuck, Zora."

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She jackknifed up, then wrapped her arms around his broad shoulders. His other hand squeezed her ass cheek. Feeling him tremble, she knew he would be coming soon. Knowing that, her pussy constricted around his thick shaft.

“Oh shit, baby!” he screamed as he made faster thrusts.

As she felt the build up of energy and emotion gathering in the pit of her stomach, Zora could no longer hold back. Coiling her legs around him tighter, she undulated with his movements as she came hard and fast. Her mewling echoed off the faint yellow walls in the kitchen.

It didn’t take long for Grant to follow. He drove deep inside of her and held himself there, releasing his hot seed.

In a staggered breath he said, “I could never get bored with that.”

His mouth covered hers and she tasted herself. Salty, but with a sweetness that Grant claimed he loved so much. The scent of her sex wafted through the kitchen, as he remained inside of her, seemingly not willing to break free. Not just yet.

That was fine with her. She didn’t want to let him go. Not just yet.

As she placed her head on his shoulder, she turned and peered over at the window that looked out into the backyard. Maybe one day they could make love out there. One day.

“I’m glad we moved here,” she said breathlessly.

“Yeah. Neighbors can’t complain about how loud you are.” He chuckled.

When she turned to give him a tongue-lashing, the good kind, she caught something, or rather someone, behind him.

“Oh, shit!” she screamed as she attempted to wriggle off the counter. Her heart pounded like it wanted to run and hide.

Confusion marred Grant’s face until he looked back and saw the fellatio queen standing in their house.

He slid out of Zora, a sucking sound making evident that he had been inside of her. He, too, cursed as he bent down to pull up his shorts. Any thoughts of a repeat performance went down along with his sense of humor and his hard-on. Watching this woman from inside of his house was one thing. Having her barge in crossed another line completely.

“Don’t stop on my account,” she said, as though she had interrupted them planting a new garden.

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Now wearing a man's button-up shirt, white with monograms on each cuff, and barefooted, she smiled as she strolled into their kitchen as if she owned the place.

Grant held up his hand. "What the hell are you doing in our house? Ever hear of knocking?"

She stopped in her tracks and blinked. "I knocked. No one answered."

"Maybe because we weren't available," Zora responded from the other side of the kitchen island where she had taken shelter.

She peered around Grant to look at Zora. "I see." Then she winked. "Anyway, my name is Winta Forrest." She extended her hand.

Reluctant to take it from this brash woman, Grant stared at her hand before finally accepting it. "Did you say Winter?" he asked.

She shook her head, leaned in closer to him and repeated, "Win-tah."

Grant noticed how her full lips curved into a perfect little 'O' shape on the opening of her name. Damn, those were the lips that were around her man's penis not too long ago. He pulled his hand back and crossed both hands in front of his lower region just in case his dick decided to pop up and offer a hardy 'good morning.'

"The name is African for desire." She rolled her sleeves up to her elbows. "I would have come over with my husband but he had to leave for work."

Grant nodded. The scene seemed too surreal to be normal but since this woman acted as though this kind of behavior was commonplace, he fell into that way of thinking. Then again, how pissed off could he be? He had watched with great curiosity his neighbor giving her husband a blow job. What's good for the goose...

"I'm Grant Valente." He nodded his head toward Zora. "And this is my girlfriend, Zora Hall."

Without warning, Winta pulled him in for a hug. He left his arms dangling at his sides while she pressed herself against him.

He felt her hardened nipples through her shirt, poking him in his chest. Was she always turned on or did she get that way watching the two of them have sex?

"Welcome to the neighborhood." She gave him a quick peck on the side of his face.

Once she broke the embrace, Winta sashayed around the kitchen island to Zora. In the same intimate way she'd hugged Grant, she did the same to Zora, pulling his stunned girlfriend into a hug and giving her a kiss on her cheek.

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The sight caused Grant's dick to jump. Damn Zora for kidding around about her and this woman waiting for him during his lunch break. Just seeing her kiss the love of his life put images in his head of the two of them in his bed.

"I'm sure the two of you will love this little neighborhood." She padded back to the front door.

Curious to know what this woman would do next and to make sure to lock the front door this time when she left, Grant followed her.

"I did come over here for a reason. Actually three." She put her hands to her hips when she made it to the front door. She stared at the two of them like she was superwoman. "I wanted to first welcome you to the neighborhood. And," she opened the front door, bent over and picked up something that crinkled, "give you this." She brought in a huge gift basket covered in pink cellophane. "Here's a gift from the other neighbors. Hope you enjoy it." She handed the weighty basket to Grant, who offered a smile as a way of thanking her. "And the third thing is to invite you both to our house tonight for dinner. No is not an acceptable answer."

Grant set the basket on the coffee table Zora had just dusted. "Thank you for the gift and the offer. But as you can see our house is a mess," he said and gazed around their cluttered new home. "We had planned on spending a quiet evening in."

"Trust me. You'll have plenty of time to have quiet evenings here. Tonight we celebrate. I have secured some of the thickest, tastiest, most tender cuts of beef in Virginia. I'm a wonderful cook, as the other neighbors will tell you. So just for tonight, please join us. Please?"

She clasped her hands in front of her and brought in her arms, squeezing her tits together. So that he wouldn't be tempted to look at her chest, Grant turned to Zora. Hoping she would play the heavy this time, he wanted Zora to say no to the invitation.

In one of those moments where she liked to surprise him Zora said, "We would love to go."

Grant widened his eyes and plastered a fake smile on his face before turning his attention back to Winta.

"Wonderful! I can't wait for you to meet my husband and the rest of the neighbors. You're going to love being here on Fascination Street."

With a wave, she ducked out of the house, swaying her hips all the way back to her house.



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“What the hell just happened here?” he asked, still standing in the same spot as though a hurricane had hit his house and left him with nothing.

“I’m not sure,” Zora began. “But I’m kind of wondering what type of people we’ll be seeing tonight. Did you see what’s in this basket?”

He stared at the pink monstrosity. The more he looked the more he had to blink to make sure he didn’t imagine what he saw in the basket.

“Are those porn DVD’s?” he asked.

“Did you see the handcuffs and cans of whipped cream in there?”

He gazed out the window across the street at Winta’s house.

Fascination Street indeed.

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Chapter Two

Zora held Grant's hand as they strolled across the street. The one streetlight that sat between Winta's house and the neighbor on the other side of the court barely lit the four houses. Zora liked the silence that surrounded the homes.

When she and Grant had looked at the house with their realtor, they were told that the vacant, wooded land along the street going into the court was owned by a man who wasn't looking to sell it any time soon and wouldn't be developing it to put more houses on it. That relieved her. Not that she was thinking of having children but if she did, having just three other neighbors to think about calmed her fears more than being on a busy street.

Grant squeezed her hand harder with each step they took heading to the house.

"You don't want to do this, do you?" she asked when they hit the driveway.

"And you do," he said, without looking at her.

"Aren't you curious about who lives around us?"

Zora wanted so much to look down on the cobbled drive to see if she could find any telltale stains from that morning. Would it even show? Or had Winta swallowed all of the evidence?

"Did you go through everything in that basket?" he asked and slowed his steps.

She shook her head. After the initial glimpse of the few contents that she could view through the hazy, pink plastic, she left it sitting on the coffee table. Grant, however, became obsessed with staring at it, examining it. Had she known he was going to actually open it and take a look at all of the items, she would have stayed with him.

"There were books on the kama sutra, candles, oil, both massage and for anal penetration. I threw away the fruit."

They reached the front door and stopped.

"Why?" she asked.

"Who the hell knows where they've been."

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Zora laughed as Grant raised his finger to ring the doorbell. Before his finger could touch the lit button, the door flew open. On the other side stood the man who started his day off the way most men must fantasize about.

Beaming from ear to ear, with a drink in one hand, he extended his other. "Hi, neighbor. Arthur Forrest. You can call me Art." He vigorously shook Grant's hand. "I believe you two met my wife earlier today."

Grant made the introductions. When he got to Zora, Art set his short glass containing a sallow-colored liquid on a table by the front door. Claspng her hand in both of his, he curved it up to his mouth and placed his warm lips on the back. The chivalry of it all sent a shiver up her spine. Grant pressed his hand harder on the small of her back.

"Very nice to meet you, Zora. Winta said you were beautiful but I can see she held back a little on the description." He winked.

From anyone else, it would have sounded like a line. She had heard enough of those going from bar to bar before she'd met Grant. Hearing him call her beautiful surged heat to her face. It was the same reaction she'd had when Grant had said the same thing.

Standing just an inch or so shy of Grant's six-foot-four height, Art had a face a camera would love. He looked like a movie star with his light brown locks, striking hazel eyes and million-dollar smile. Despite his boyish good looks, he still came across as all-man. How did she get so lucky to be with a gorgeous man and have an equally hot neighbor?

She slipped her hand from Art's grasp. "You're very sweet. Grant, you had better keep an eye on him. He might give you a run for your money." She playfully nudged her man in his ribs.

Art's eyes widened and he let out a hearty laugh that screamed he knew something that they didn't.

"I like her. She's funny." Art stepped aside. "Come on in."

"Yeah, my Zora, she's one in a million." Grant snaked his arm around her waist.

Her eyes couldn't open wide enough to take in the opulence and beauty that welcomed them. The stately grandfather clock that stood guard by the stairwell looked like an antique. Expensive Persian rugs covered the hardwood floors. She had to blink when her gaze fell on the exquisite chandelier in the dining room. Teardrop crystals dripped all around it as it sparkled in the light.

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“Gorgeous,” Zora said, not really meaning to let her thoughts materialize into words.

“Thank you. It’s not much but we call it home.” Art sipped his drink.

She inhaled and caught scents of vanilla, roses and lavender. Somehow though, even with all of their posh possessions, the large house felt like a home. Zora didn’t feel afraid to touch anything in the house or sit down in any chair. That could have been because of Art’s hospitable personality.

Still in his business attire he’d had on that morning sans the jacket, Zora wondered if he’d just walked through the door himself when they had arrived.

“Come on downstairs and meet the other neighbors.”

Zora could hardly wait. It had been a rocky start meeting Winta and Art. She hoped for better things with the other neighbors.

When Zora and Grant stepped down into the family room that led to a covered patio, her face dropped. Seated in a chair by a large, stone fireplace sat a woman wearing a black short-sleeved mock-turtleneck with black pants and tall black stilettos. Guess she didn’t know that the color black absorbed heat instead of reflecting. In the humid summer season, the woman must have been sweltering.

The woman’s dark brown hair was pulled back in a tight ponytail. Her cat eyes matched her full, pursed lips. She carried the appearance that everything bored her. Just like with Art, her skin looked to have been sheltered from the sun so far this summer. Smooth like porcelain, she didn’t appear delicate but rather cold.

Beside her chair stood a tall man. He, too, wore a black t-shirt but his fit snugly around his broad chest. His skin tone was slightly darker than Zora’s. It made her wonder if he was a product of a biracial relationship also. His dark eyes stared at her but he didn’t say a word. A goatee ringed his mouth. And a silver chain circled his neck. Damn, another good-looking man.

Before introductions could be made, her attention bounced to the other couple. The man sat in a chair on the other side of the fireplace. Instead of standing though, the woman with him was kneeling on the floor next to his chair. She reminded Zora of an obedient lapdog, like the dogs she would groom at work.

This man had dishwater blond hair that should have looked messy and unkempt. On him he looked dangerous. His blue eyes stared a hole through her until Zora felt like shrinking back.

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The woman kneeling by him had short blond hair with large curls. From where Zora stood, the kneeling woman looked like she wore a sundress. A closer inspection confirmed her assumption. Around her neck hung something that looked like a choker. It was thin, black and hugged her neck like a watch would a wrist. Zora wondered if the jewels glinting off the adornment were real diamonds or rhinestones. Zora smiled so that she didn't appear to have judged these people before meeting them formally.

"Great," Winta said, as she strolled into the room from the patio. "Our guests have arrived." She made her way over to her husband.

When she'd opened the door that went to the patio, she brought in smells of grilled meats and vegetables. Zora's mouth watered from smelling the food. She loved summertime cookouts and hoped this one wouldn't disappoint her.

With Winta's dark skin and Art's pale coloring, they seemed like an odd pairing. But when Art wrapped his arm around her waist and held her like he could lose her at any moment, their love became palpable.

"Have you done the introductions, honey?" she asked, as she rested her hands on his shoulder.

"I was just about to do that when you brought your gorgeous self in here." He gave her a quick kiss before he made the introductions. "Over here," he began, pointing at the woman seated, "Is Garland Fortner-Starrett. Behind her is her husband, Evan." Art pointed to the other couple. "That's Brax Turniman. Kneeling beside him is his wife, Lynia." Then he turned his attention to Zora and Grant. "Everyone, this is Zora Hall and Grant Valente."

Being the gentleman that made her fall in love with him, Grant went over to each couple and shook their hands. Zora found it odd that after he shook Garland's hand, she had to nod her head before Evan could shake Grant's hand. The same reaction came from Brax and Lynia.

Zora followed him in shaking their hands as well. She winced after shaking Garland's hand. The woman's powerful grip crushed her fingers together so that the ring she wore on her middle finger cut into Zora's other digits.

Brax didn't mash her hand like Garland although he did hold her hand longer than she thought he should. He maintained eye contact with her until she pulled back and sought shelter next to Grant.

***Bridget Midway***

“Please, have a seat.” Art gestured toward a love seat on the opposite side of the room from where the other two couples sat.

The couch didn’t look inviting or even comfortable. As soon as Zora sat down on it, she marveled at how it cushioned her backside. Grant wrapped a protective arm around her and held her close when he sat down. She got the impression he felt the room contained a bevy of sharks, swimming around her, ready to take a bite.

Art sat in a large, white wingback chair that could have doubled for a throne. As though she was used to sitting that way even when they were alone, Winta sat on his lap. The short dress she wore threatened to uncover her ass as she crossed her legs.

Zora noticed how Grant shot his gaze over to her so as not to take in Winta’s peep show. The woman’s attire made Zora survey her wardrobe choice for the evening. Decked out in a white, sleeveless shirt with black embroidery around the V-neck, and a long wrap-around skirt that went down to her ankles, Zora didn’t exactly feel overdressed, especially next to Garland. With Winta, she looked more like a church organist in comparison.

Even with the difference in attire, Zora enjoyed the way Grant admired the other women. She didn’t know where that reaction came from except for the fact that sexual energy filled the room.

“Where are my manners?” Art began. “Would you two like something to drink?”

“Since I don’t have to drive home, a beer would be nice,” Grant answered.

He tried hard to look his host in the eyes but in his peripheral vision he caught Winta’s long, velvety-looking legs going up her short skirt. Grant swallowed, trying to keep away the thought that she could be without panties under it.

“I guess a beer will do for me too,” Zora said with a polite sigh.

“But that’s not what you want,” Brax piped in.

His voice bellowed deeper than Grant thought it would.

“But it’s okay. I don’t mind a beer.” Zora waved her hands. She always hated when people fussed over her.

Grant smoothed his hand up and down her arm to calm her.

“What do you like, Zora?” Garland asked. Her voice came out as smooth as slow-dripping honey.

Grant squirmed in his seat when the richness of her voice reached his ears. He didn’t know what it was about Garland that struck him. Even with her smooth, white

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skin and full lips, he didn't find her particularly attractive. But that didn't mean she wasn't sexy. Something about her made him want to keep staring. Something about her countenance said that no matter what happened around her, she didn't give a shit what other people thought of her. That kind of self-assurance was always a turn-on.

"I love Amaretto Sours but it's so rare that anyone actually buys that and stocks it in their homes. So a beer is okay."

Art patted his wife's backside like a signal to stand. She did and then he rose. With a confident gait and a smile that rivaled any car salesman's, he went to Zora.

"Taste this." He held his glass to her.

Zora furrowed her eyebrows and glanced at Grant before she made any moves. She just met this man and she'd seen him drinking from the glass. Despite what Grant thought, she wasn't overly cautious. But she didn't want to drink after someone she didn't know.

"I'm clean. I promise you. Just taste it." Art brought the glass closer to her face.

With a shaky hand, she accepted it. She waved it under her nose to catch the aroma. It smelled sweet and familiar. It couldn't be...

She took a sip. As though the liquid brought it out in her, she beamed. "I can't believe you have Amaretto Sour."

"I love the drink. Anytime you run out of it at your house and you need something to take the edge off, you can come over here. I have plenty."

With a hand signal to Winta, he instructed her to get the drink for Zora. Art took his glass back but not before purposely dragging his finger over her hand and staring at her intently. When he licked his tongue over his lips, she broke her gaze and leaned in to her boyfriend.

"Lynia, get Grant a beer," Brax said in a commanding tone. "What would you like? Domestic or imported?"

Lynia rose and Grant saw right away that the white babydoll sheath she wore was transparent and she was naked underneath.

"Uh, whatever is fine. I'm not picky," Grant finally answered, without breaking his stare.

Keeping her gaze straight ahead, not really looking at anything or anyone, Lynia strolled across the room and headed up the steps to the kitchen. Grant swallowed. He didn't know his knee bounced until Zora put her hand on it to calm him.

### *Bridget Midway*

Winta returned first with Zora's drink. When Lynia came back, she held up a Corona bottle complete with a lime resting on the lip. But Grant couldn't take his gaze off her body. Up close, he noticed that Lynia wasn't completely naked. Visible under the dress, was a chain that went from one pale pink nipple to the other. The outline of her small breasts caught his attention and he wanted so much to gaze down and see if she sported any other special jewelry.

"Would you like the lime in the beer?" she asked, her voice as light and as delicate as her dress.

"Um, sure."

With her index finger, she pushed the lime into the bottle, letting the wedged fruit drop down in the golden drink. Then she put her thumb over the opening and flipped the bottle over without spilling a drop so that the lime could swim around in the beer. Bringing it back upright, she handed it to him. After Grant accepted it, he thanked her. She sucked her thumb to get off the remnants of the beer and backed away. Obediently, she took her spot next to Brax, lowering herself to her knees again.

"I hope you all brought your appetites," Winta said, breaking the thick silence hanging in the room. "Dinner is almost ready."

"I'm hungry now," Garland snapped. "Do you have appetizers?"

"You know I do." Winta turned to get them when Garland stopped her.

"Evan, get the appetizers for our guests."

The towering man stepped from behind the chair. He wore black leather pants that had to be sizzling to wear even with the air conditioner turned on full blast.

He returned with a tray of fruits and vegetables. Instead of heading to the guests first, he brought the tray to Garland and knelt before her.

"No. Serve Grant and Zora first this time." She grabbed his chin and glared at him. "This time," she repeated through gritted teeth.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

Still holding the tray in one hand, he rose to his feet and came back to Grant, who stared at the man as though trying to understand why he would put up with a demanding woman like that. Zora could stand her ground but she could be yielding when she wanted to be.



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Garland reminded him of his new boss. That witch took distinct pleasure in riding him from the time he walked through the door at the accounting firm until the time he left for the day. And sometimes she would call him at home after work and on the weekends.

Grant picked up a small cocktail napkin and grabbed a couple of baby carrots. If dinner would be ready soon, he didn't want to ruin his appetite. The aroma of seasoned, barbequed meat wafted in the air until he nearly drooled.

Evan made his way around the room again, starting with his wife before serving everyone else. Zora wanted so much to pull Grant aside and ask him if he thought the neighbors were strange or if it was just her. From the way his leg hopped up and down, she figured he was just as anxious to figure out the mystery or leave, one of the two.

"Shall we get started?" Winta asked.

No time like the present, Zora thought.

As Winta promised, her cooking melted in Zora's mouth. The steaks were all cooked to perfection, thick, juicy, flavorful. Even the cool summer night air proved to be a perfect balance to an otherwise odd evening.

As they sat at the large round table on the patio, Zora wondered if she could ever get their modest house to look anywhere close to Winta and Art's. She kept that thought in her mind instead of staring at Evan and Lynia sitting on the floor next to their respective spouses. What kind of relationship did these people have to treat their partners like that?

Neither Lynia nor Evan ate during dinner. They both sat silently by Brax and Garland as though waiting for the next request.

"So what is it that you do, Grant?" Brax asked. He sipped his wine, then stroked Lynia's hair like a pet.

Grant gritted his teeth before he answered. "I work in an accounting firm. Nothing exciting but it pays the bills."

"Here, here on paying bills." Art lifted his glass before downing his drink.

"Isn't your wife hungry?" Grant asked.

The table fell in an uncomfortable silence. Winta took a sip of her wine and volleyed her attention between Grant and Brax.

"She'll eat when I think she's ready." Brax continued stroking her hair when he responded.

*Bridget Midway*

What an ass. Sure Grant didn't want a bitch-on-wheels as a wife. God knows he wouldn't treat his wife the way Brax treated his. She wasn't a partner to him. He treated her like a possession. He kept thinking that perhaps the woman liked, or maybe even loved, the treatment. He would go on that assumption until he saw a sign that she needed assistance.

"What about you all?" Grant asked.

"I own a small e-book publisher." Brax fisted Lynia's hair and gave her a rough kiss.

Grant's stomach flexed at the sight at the same time his cock twitched. He couldn't be both repulsed and turned on by Brax's caveman antics, could he?

"I am an art dealer and I own a small gallery down on the beachfront in Virginia Beach," Garland said.

"And I am the evil plastic surgeon," Art said with a chuckle. "I think we're seen as being more grotesque than lawyers now, right?"

"Why would you think that?" Zora asked. She finished off her drink and set her glass on the table.

Mistake.

As soon as Art noticed she emptied her glass he ordered Winta to refresh her beverage. Zora lost count after four drinks.

"With shows like 'Extreme Makeover', TV has trivialized the true intention of plastic surgery. It isn't the cure-all when you have emotional baggage to unload."

"Then what is it for?" Grant pressed.

Art grinned. "It's to bring a person back to their original self after a traumatic event. A car crash that disfigures a person's face, I can restore. A fight that leaves unwanted scars as a reminder, I can remove." He pointedly stared at Zora. "A double mastectomy, I can make a woman feel like a woman again."

From his tone, Zora felt Art wasn't merely talking about inserting implants into the hollow shells where full breasts once were. His overt sexual tone demanded attention, her attention. She averted her gaze and instead looked at her drink.

The glass became fuzzy in her view but she kept her stare on it until she could focus.

"I'm curious, Grant," Garland began. "You asked about Lynia's hunger but you didn't mention Evan's. Why is that?"

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Winta rolled her eyes. “Not tonight, Garland. This was supposed to be a nice quiet evening with friends.”

“He’s a man,” Grant began, ignoring Winta’s plea for peace. “He should step up and take what he wants when he needs it.”

That response not only raised Garland’s eyebrows but Zora’s as well. During the exchange, Evan remained silent although Zora caught his jaw flexing.

“So he’s less of a man if he listens to me and does what I tell him to do?” Garland crossed her long legs so that it created a barrier between Evan and the rest of the guests.

“No. That doesn’t mean he’s not a man. If he denies what he needs, then, yeah, that makes him less of a man.”

“Okay, folks,” Art said as he held up his drink. “I can fix a lot of things but I won’t be able to repair all of you if you get into a fight here in my home.” He glanced at his wife. “And I could never do work on my beautiful bride.”

Zora laughed to help erase the tension in the room. When Grant’s gaze fell on Winta, she shook her head.

“No work done on me,” she supplied as though she’d read his thoughts. “People think Art did my breasts but I promise you they are all-natural. If you don’t believe me, look at my mother.”

Grant blinked at her candor as his attentive cock steadily rose with each titillating word.

“I know.” Art reached over and pulled down the straps of Winta’s dress as he’d done that morning with her negligee. “Look at them. They’re perfect.”

He palmed her tit. Grant, as hard as he tried, couldn’t stop staring at the display. On what planet was it cool to fondle your wife in front of strangers at a dinner party? Why did he want to join in?

“They are quite extraordinary,” Brax said. He put his hand to the other bare breast and massaged it.

Winta leaned her head back and released a moan that made Grant’s dick crush against the zipper of his slacks.

“Maybe we should go,” he said.

He put his napkin on the table and reached for Zora’s hand but didn’t find it. When he turned to see what she was doing, he saw that she was taking in another sight.

### *Bridget Midway*

Evan had Garland's pants down and his face buried between her muscled thighs. She kept her hand to the back of his head, pushing him harder into her pussy. Grant heard the swishing sound of his tongue swirling around her wet vagina.

"Zora," he said, trying to get her attention.

"Zora, that name," Art began as his hand traveled down Winta's body. "It's unusual."

So was this dinner.

"Is there a special meaning behind it?"

Zora's mouth hung open as she took in everything around her. Evan giving Garland oral sex. Brax caressing Winta's breast. And now Art finger-fucking his wife at the table.

"Zora?" Art asked again.

Brax let Winta's breast go but he wasn't finished with his hedonistic behavior. Pushing his chair back from the table, he turned to face his kneeling wife.

"You may now eat," he said.

She smiled and crawled to him. With delicacy, she undid his pants and pulled them down to his knees along with his boxers. She held his hard shaft in her hand and wasted no time in sliding him into her mouth.

Zora put her napkin on the table and pushed herself back. "It looks like you all are busy." It was a strange way to excuse herself but she didn't know what else to say about the situation. "I think we had better go."

Grant stood up and grabbed her hand. Too bad he couldn't break his gaze from Art sliding his finger in and out of his wife. Her body writhed with ecstasy. She put one hand to the arm of her chair and the other grabbed his shoulder.

"Wait!" Art said to Grant and Zora but kept his gaze on his wife. "Just one more minute."

Grant tugged on Zora's hand until the sound of Winta's orgasmic wail halted him in his tracks. Her body convulsed in the aftershocks and her breathing came out labored.

Her climax must have caused a chain reaction. Garland released a low growl that sounded more like a lioness's roar. She grabbed a handful of Evan's shirt as her body tightened into a ball. Zora held her breath with her until Garland relaxed.

Lynia's head bobbed up and down as she continued sucking her husband's long cock in front of everyone. Her tongue slithered around it like an exotic dancer working a

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pole. Brax grabbed a handful of her hair and brought her head up and down his slick shaft like he was a mad puppeteer. His body tensed and he growled.

Lynia held him in her mouth and sucked harder, audible in the intimate patio. She gazed up at her husband and smiled.

“Good wife,” he said on an exhale.

“We’re leaving.” Grant pulled Zora through the house.

Before they reached the front door, Art stopped them. He grabbed Zora’s hand, which made her stop. Since she held Grant’s hand he stopped as well.

“Let go of her,” Grant said as he balled his other hand into a fist.

“Before you go, hear me out.” Art continued holding Zora’s hand.

The gentle warmth he had before in his hand disappeared. Replacing it was a searing heat that felt like it was burning her skin.

“I have something to tell you both,” Art said. “This place, this small neighborhood, isn’t what it seems.”

“No shit,” Grant said. “We didn’t come over to see a sex show.”

Art’s gaze went down, then he smiled before he brought it back up. “But I can see that you did at least enjoy the display.”

Grant pulled Zora in front of him to block the view of his now waning erection. “That’s not our thing, buddy.”

“Speak for yourself.” Art gazed at Zora. “I didn’t hear it from her. What do you think? Did you get turned on back there?”

Zora opened her mouth to say something, anything. She should have said she was offended. She should have slapped the smug expression off his boyish face, making all of that cinnamon-colored hair dance around on his head.

Instead she said, “I don’t know.”

Art grinned. “I have something to tell you two that may surprise you.” He leaned in to them. “We all swing here on Fascination Street.”

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Three

“Get the fuck out of here. Swingers in this day and age?” Grant said.

“Yes, although I hate the term ‘swingers’. It sounds so dated. We just call it the Good Neighbor Policy,” Art said and laughed.

Punctuating Art’s point, Winta, completely nude, strolled by the group standing by the front door.

Harnessing all of his will and strength, Grant strained not to stare at her body. He loved Zora. God knows he would move heaven and earth for her. But Satan himself must have had a hand at waving this tempting morsel in front of him. To help restrain himself, he held onto Zora’s hand.

“Honey?” Winta began.

Without breaking his gaze from Grant’s he answered, “Yes, dear.”

“Are they going to stay?” She ran her hands down her body, then clasped them so that the union covered her cleanly shaven pussy.

“We’re talking about that right now.” Art hitched up a smile as though he’d already won the argument.

“Good, because I don’t want to see them go. I like them.” Winta’s smile came across more genuine than Art’s.

The nude beauty sauntered from the room, returning to the remaining party on the patio.

“Perhaps this conversation would go better at your home.” Art opened the front door and stood by it waiting for Grant and Zora to lead the way.

Grant stopped in front of Art. Art’s smile never faltered. Arrogant, cocky son-of-a-bitch. He wanted to knock the man’s teeth down his throat for proposing such a plan, a lifestyle.

Instead he huffed. “Fine.”

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Pulling Zora behind him, Grant heard the heavy front door slam which signaled that Art was tagging along. Grant shook his head, unsure of why he would even bother giving this crazy idea another thought.

Could he actually sleep with another woman, other women, under Zora's nose? Sure they had joked about it. Now here it was in their faces. And how would he feel knowing that other men enjoyed his girlfriend, the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with? Could he handle that?

He would have told Art to go to hell if Zora had offered any resistance. As it was, she'd been quiet since they'd gotten up from the table. He wasn't sure if she was embarrassed, repulsed or curious. She'd kept her gaze down to the ground as though unsure of how to walk and where she should place her next steps.

Grant was sure of one thing. He wouldn't do anything that would make her feel uncomfortable. Although he'd sunk a mint to get this house, he would take a loss if he had to if it meant making her happy.

Once at the house, Grant released Zora's hand as he stood in the living room, unwilling to let Art get comfortable...not that he could. Boxes still littered the room and covered all of the furniture including the couch and love seat.

"Talk," Grant said as he kept his arms crossed.

Almost like explaining the details bored him, Art sighed before responding. "A few years ago, I met my wife." He paused and strolled around the room. Had to have been for a dramatic effect.

Grant chewed on the skin inside his cheek while he waited for the rest of Art's twisted tale.

"We both realized that we needed a lot of attention. We wanted fun, adventure. We wanted to experience new people and new sensations." Art closed his eyes as though recalling those carnal moments.

"Then why marry?" Grant asked.

The question made Art pop open his eyes and direct his attention to him. "Because we love each other." He said it so matter-of-factly that it almost made sense. Almost.

"How could you love someone and have sex with someone else? It doesn't make sense to me."

### *Bridget Midway*

Art put his hands to his hips. “Okay, let’s put it this way. Say you and Zora jog every day for exercise, right? One day you want to play basketball with your friends and that’s considered exercise. It’s the same thing. I’m not in love with my wife because she can give me a great orgasm. I love her because she’s intelligent, generous, good-natured and honest. If something were to happen to her where she became paralyzed from the neck down, I would love her and take care of her no matter what. And she would do the same for me. That’s love.”

“You’re bastardizing love to fit in your world.” Grant shook his head.

“No. You’re serializing it. Love is anything you want it to be. But we aren’t arguing about love. We’re arguing about recreation, and that’s all we’re doing. We’re having safe fun with one another. No one gets hurt.”

“Are you kidding me with that shit?” Heat circulated around Grant’s head until he thought it would explode.

“No. We’ve been doing this for far too long. It works for us.” Art picked up an empty box sitting on the couch and set it on the floor. He sat down as though he planned on staying until he won Grant over.

In turn, Grant undid his cuffs and rolled them up to his elbows. He could argue until the cows came home. Being near the oceanfront section of Virginia Beach, he doubted that any heifers would be strolling by their homes any time soon.

“We started off with former lovers. But then that got complicated. Some wanted renewed relationships and neither Winta nor myself were interested in breaking up our marriage. We just wanted fun.” Art crossed his legs and settled his hand on the arm of the chair. “Then we thought we would try the internet but we found way too many perverts and deviants. Winta knew Lynia from the gym. Lynia shared some information about her then new boyfriend, about how he’d wanted to bring in more people into the relationship. Winta liked Lynia. I got to know Braxton, or Brax as we call him now. We hit it off and we started swapping wives between the four of us.”

Zora shifted her weight from one foot to the other but remained in her spot, afraid to make much of a disturbance so that no one would pay attention to her.

Art continued. “Brax told us about Garland. They travel in the same BDSM circle. Seemed kind of intense having two dominants in the group but we found it to be a good mix. Although we all lived in Virginia Beach, we lived in different areas of the Beach. Getting together sometimes became difficult. So I scoped around for some



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property. I found my house for sale. It was by itself except for this small house you all are renting. From what I understand, this used to be the servants' home. Lots of land so I bought it all."

"You're the owner of the land that goes up this street?" Zora asked. Her voice cracked at the opening of the question.

Art nodded. "I needed a private sanctuary for us all. So I offered to sell Brax and Garland land to put their homes on the property since neither one liked this comparably smaller home. They did. Brax lives to the left of me. Garland to the right. Then your house is by Garland's."

"So you're also our landlord." Defeat laced Grant's tone.

Art seemed to enjoy that little victory. "In a manner of speaking, yes, I am. But I handle it all through the realty company."

Grant glanced at Zora. She seemed mesmerized by the story. Her gaze fixed on Art like he was a snake charmer blowing out a seductive tune.

"So you had the six of you. Why did you need a fourth couple?" Grant asked, now curious about this whole lifestyle they've created.

"We didn't. But my wife, my beautiful wife, thought it would be nice to bring in another couple, someone neither one of us knew about."

"Why us?" Zora asked.

"I blame it on fate." Art ran his fingers through his hair. "Next to my office is a therapist, a sex therapist."

Art bounced his gaze from Grant to Zora as though trying to pick up a look or an expression.

"One day during lunch, the therapist and I were talking. He didn't mention names or even the patient's sex, but he said that he knew someone who was a dear friend of his and that person was looking for a house to rent or buy. Whoever this person was seemed like they would be the right fit for our group. So I passed along the house info to my friend. He must have passed it along to you all. I talked to your realtor and told her that I would lower the price of the rent to get you all in here and even offered a rent-to-own clause." He let out a long breath. "So that's why you're here."

Grant pointed at Art. "No, we're here because we found a house that we liked. Our application was approved and we were allowed to move in here. We didn't sign up for some sex fest."

*Bridget Midway*

Art stood. "That's the bonus of being in this house. Isn't it great?"

Grant turned his back on his delusional neighbor.

"So would you like to see the contract pact?"

Just as Grant said, "No," Zora said, "Yes."

He stared at her. What was she thinking? Did she actually want to consider doing this?

Art's smile widened as his gaze swung like a pendulum from Grant to Zora. "I see at least one of you is interested." He took his cell phone from his pocket and punched two buttons. "Bring the contract and the questionnaire over to their house." He closed the phone. "Please take careful consideration of what we're offering. Believe me. It's better than Disneyland."

"You seem awfully sure of yourself that this would be something we would want to do," Grant said, maintaining his tough stance.

"If my instincts are right, and they usually are, you'll do this because you're just like me." His gaze fell on Zora. "You'll do anything for the woman you love and kick yourself later when you find out that she was right."

Art turned to the door but then stopped. He pivoted to face them again. "Now I wonder who's been seeing the sex therapist. Grant?" He stared into Grant's eyes but he didn't budge, didn't break. "Zora?"

She, however, did turn her gaze down to the floor.

"I'll talk to you all later."

Grant slammed the door behind him and paced. "The nerve of that guy. He's got some major balls on him to come in here and snoop into our personal lives like that and offer us some whacked-out sex plan. Did we step into 'Fantasy Island' or what? Where the hell is Tattoo?"

Zora stepped lightly to the couch and slid down, sitting in the same spot that Art had occupied. The cushions still held his warmth. She ran her hand over the arm of the chair. Leaning her head back, she caught the faint scent of his cologne, something musky with a citrus base.

She opened her eyes when the room became silent. Grant had stopped marching back and forth and he'd halted his rant. Gazing at him, she saw the confusion cover his face.

"So how long?" he asked.

### FASCINATION STREET

She didn't have to ask him to elaborate. "It's not what you think."

"What should I think when I hear, from a stranger, that you're seeing your ex behind my back?"

Her gaze dropped.

Grant lowered himself by her feet and grabbed her hands. "Are you still in love with him?"

It tore her heart to shreds to hear him question if she loved the man who had broken her heart a year ago. She ran her hand down the side of his face.

"Absolutely not," she said. "He called me up one day out of the blue and said he had to tell me something. He wanted to meet for lunch."

He tightened his grip on her hands. "And?"

"And he's gay. I should have known something was wrong when he stopped touching me the last few months in our relationship."

Grant's grip loosened.

"He wanted to apologize for misleading me and hurting me when we'd broken up." She framed Grant's face and made sure he looked into her eyes when she made her next statement. "I told him I was completely happy now with you and I wished him luck on his future."

"So no problems in the bedroom between us?"

She smiled. "I want to shout from the rooftops every day I'm with you and tell the world how happy you make me. That's probably why Art picked us. Have you noticed how happy the other three couples are? No one seems dissatisfied with their mates."

He turned his head and kissed the palm of her hand. "Do you really want to do this? I know you said you wanted to add some spice into our relationship."

"This would do it, wouldn't it? Maybe we shouldn't totally turn our backs on the idea." Her voice dipped down to a deep octave. "I must admit, the idea of you giving another woman head does turn me on a little."

"You want to have sex with other men?"

"I want us to live our lives to the fullest."

He looked pensive, taking everything in and processing it like a good accountant.

She nuzzled her face by his ear. "Baby, you have my heart. Everything else is just...basketball."

*Bridget Midway*

That got a chuckle out of him. The laughter was interrupted by someone turning the doorknob, then a knock on the door. Grant stood and looked through the peephole.

“Jesus H.” He put his hand to the door and lowered his head.

“What is it?” Zora’s heart sped to a rate she never thought it could go. She put her hand to her chest.

Grant stepped to the side. In walked Lynia, wearing only a fitted corset around her waist, exposing her breasts and vagina, and a thick, black leather collar around her neck with connecting chains that attached to the matching black cuffs around her wrists. She appeared content despite being half-naked.

Her nipples jutted forward, ringed by her petal pink areolas. Just like with Winta, she was clean-shaven as well.

In her hands she held two packets of papers. Without a word she handed one to Zora and the other to Grant. Then she lowered herself to the floor and sat on her haunches, her back straight and her eyes facing the bare wall across from her.

“What the hell?” Grant glanced down at his papers.

Zora looked over hers. ‘Fascination Street agreement’ read the heading. So Art wasn’t kidding about the agreement. Flipping through the papers, she glossed over the questionnaire, something else Art had promised. It wasn’t until she passed page twenty of it that she knew Art and the rest of the folks had meant business. This wasn’t an ordinary, fun lifestyle. This was a way of life for them. After seeing the naked bodies of two of her neighbors, she wondered if she would have to have her pussy hair-free as well.

Grant combed his fingers through his hair. His pacing started up again.

“Okay, fine, tell whoever that you gave us the paperwork,” he said to Lynia, who sat motionless. “Zora and I will look it all over tonight and maybe tomorrow and give you all an answer then.”

Nothing. Lynia didn’t say a word, didn’t blink, didn’t stir.

Grant stormed around to face her. “Did you hear me? I’m telling you you can go. You don’t have to sit here and wait for us.”

She didn’t look at him. Lynia continued staring straight ahead as though she didn’t see him, as though she could look right through him.

“Shit, honey, a little help here.” He glanced up at Zora.

“Maybe she can’t go home until she has the completed forms,” Zora said.

### FASCINATION STREET

That answer got Lynia to smile slightly. Zora guessed she was on to the right answer.

“Are you kidding me? This is the heavy they send over to coerce us into filling out these forms?” He laughed. “Fine. Stay here all night like that, a week. I don’t care. I’m tired. I’m going to bed.” He headed for the bedroom then turned back. “You coming?”

Zora stared at Lynia. The strength it took for her to parade around in that outfit, then to sit obediently to wait for their answer no matter how long it took awed Zora. Her love for Brax must have been tremendous.

She peered up at her frustrated boyfriend. “I’ll be there soon.”

Grant threw his packet of papers on the dining room table and stormed to their room. After Grant shut the bedroom door with a noticeable force, Zora removed her sandals. Picking up an ink pen on the coffee table, she started reading and filling out the questionnaire.

“I’ll try not to have you waiting here all night,” she said to Lynia. “Hopefully Grant will come around.”

Still not a word.

Zora answered questions she never thought she would see on an application. What was her favorite sexual position? Did she like multiple partners at one time together or would she rather have a one-on-one situation? Was she strictly hetero or did she do the bi thing? She answered them all as honestly as she could.

Some of the questions erupted the flow of molten lava between her legs. Did she enjoy oral sex? How large of a penis pleased her? Was she into length or girth? Did she like to be watched? Was she more submissive or dominant? At that question, she glanced at Lynia. Zora wanted to leave that question blank but instead she answered that she wasn’t sure.

The last page of the questionnaire and two hours later, Zora answered her last probing question. She closed the packet and set it on the floor in front of Lynia.

“One down,” Zora said.

Lynia smiled but kept her gaze focused ahead.

Zora leaned down. “Would you like some water or something to eat? I promise I won’t tell Brax if that’s against the rules.”

The smile drifted from Lynia’s face. She didn’t answer, didn’t move.

*Bridget Midway*

Zora nodded. "Good night."

She headed to the bedroom, not knowing what to expect. Would Grant be awake and waiting to hear what she'd done? Would he want another argument or just concede?

A sleeping Grant greeted her when she stepped into the bedroom. Their lamp that sat on the bare hardwood floor emitted a strange, dim light in the room. If nothing else, she was at least glad that they got the bed set up. Way past exhaustion, Zora stripped and got into her standard long t-shirt. After turning off the light, she slipped in behind Grant and wrapped her arm around his waist.

He was a good man. He would do the right thing. She kissed the back of his neck and was acknowledged with a grumble. Yes, he would do the right thing.

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Grant winced with each creaky step he took toward the kitchen. Finding it hard to sleep even after Zora got into bed, he decided to get himself something to eat.

Sure, eat. That was the excuse he would have given to Zora had she asked him what he was doing if she woke up when he got out of bed. But since she'd slept through his movements, he didn't have anything to explain...to her.

As soon as he hit the living room, his gaze fell on the petite beauty trussed up in leather and steel chains. He stared at her for a while. Her back faced him. The corset gave her an hourglass shape with a tapered-in waist and accentuated her round bottom.

"Still here, huh?" he said. "I told you that you wouldn't get those papers until we were good and ready. You should really go back home to Brax and tell him that."

He ducked into the kitchen. Opening the refrigerator, he sighed at the slim pickings. He snatched a bottle of cranberry juice, one of Zora's favorites, and slammed the door. On top of the fridge sat a box of oatmeal raisin cookies. He took the box and headed out of the kitchen.

His gaze fell on his copy of the questionnaire. He snickered until he turned back to Lynia and saw that she had another copy in front of her. Zora's copy. Grant went to her. After setting his drink and cookies on the floor next to this determined statue, he picked up the papers.

His mouth hung open when he flipped through the pages and saw that not only had Zora answered each and every question, but also the way she answered them. His woman fantasized about being with more than one man? She enjoyed his penis because it

### FASCINATION STREET

was just the right length and thickness. His eyes widened when he read the answer that she wasn't sure if she would be turned off by being with a woman. Zora? His Zora?

He hurried to the dining room and picked up his copy. Cool air from the air conditioner hit his chest as he returned to the living room.

Looking at his watch he said, "Two a.m." He stared at Lynia. "How long did it take Zora?"

She didn't answer.

He sat on the floor in front of her. He crossed his legs, then cracked open his bottle of cranberry juice. Just as he was about to tip it into his mouth he stopped.

"Want some?"

She blinked but didn't utter a word.

He took a sip and set it down next to her. "It's here if you want a drink." He opened the box and pulled out a small cookie. "These are the best but I'm sure they'll kill me." He took a bite and let the sweetness roll around on his tongue. He especially liked the raisins.

"Help yourself. I promise I won't tell Brax. Or will he check your breath?"

Lynia took a deep breath and exhaled through her nose. He wasn't sure if that was a normal breath or done out of frustration.

Once he found an ink pen sitting on top of the coffee table, he opened his questionnaire and started answering. Embarrassed heat rose from his neck to his face on questions that asked if he preferred large or small breasts. Would he like to have more than one woman at the same time? Did he do threesomes with another man in the group?

"They really want to know it all, don't they?" he said with a snicker. "Did you really have to answer all of these questions?"

She stayed still.

His gaze fell on her pebbled nipples. With the chain gone, he wondered if it hurt her to have it on, to wear it constantly.

"Does Brax hurt you?" he asked in a whisper.

Although she didn't answer, her mouth tightened into a line.

Grant held his hand up. "Okay, fine. Didn't mean to offend your relationship. I don't know what goes on and what to expect." His gaze glossed over a question but he couldn't concentrate. "Does it hurt? That chain that was on your nipples earlier? Would he do that to her, to Zora, if she were with him?"

### *Bridget Midway*

The tight line disappeared and her face relaxed, softened.

“I don’t want her hurt. I love her with all of my heart and soul. I’m just not sure she’s considered what all is involved in doing this. I mean, you’re beautiful and all but I prefer to be with Zora and not another woman.”

He popped another cookie into his mouth and continued answering questions. Page after page of intimate details of his likes, wants and desires faced him with each turn. His eyes itched from exhaustion but he couldn’t stop.

When the sun peeked through the morning clouds, he slammed the last page over and let out a long exhalation. “Finished.”

He set his papers on top of Zora’s. Pain stung each leg as he struggled to unfold them and stand up again. He collected his mess, an empty bottle and the half-eaten box of cookies.

“I’m sorry I had you waiting here all night. If Brax asks, tell him I was the asshole that held you up.” He returned the box to the top of the refrigerator and tossed the bottle away.

When he returned to the living room, he had to blink several times before it hit him that the living statue that he’d been talking to all morning long did actually move.

Lynia had picked up the papers and she turned her gaze to him, a sweet smile lighting her already angelic face. Not fully understanding why, just to see her move after so many hours of sitting on the floor, being completely still and waiting patiently, made his dick come alive.

Grant wanted to blame it on morning lust. He would be waking up with a hard-on anyway right about this time. But he wasn’t sleeping and this definitely wasn’t a dream. Now that she moved, he felt underdressed in front of her. In his pajama pants and no shirt or shoes, he suddenly felt the need to cover up.

Lynia stood with papers in hand. She sauntered to him. Once in front of him she bowed her head.

“Thank you for filling these out,” she said.

He was immediately reminded of how delicate she was from the tinkling sound of her voice. Despite the harsh, black leather, she could have been a fairy.

“And no, after you get used to them, the nipple clamps don’t hurt.” She grinned. “Not that much.”



### FASCINATION STREET

He nodded. "Good." He struggled with what to say. It wasn't as if he'd borrowed a cup of sugar and was now returning it.

"I'll give these to Art and Winta. You two will be given instructions on what to do next."

Grant folded his arms over his bare chest. "Fine."

"Would you like for me to pleasure you orally?"

Shock, surprise and a little glob of spit caught in his throat at her candid question until Grant had to cough to clear his throat.

"Excuse me?"

"Brax gave me permission to please you, except by penetration for now, if you completed the paperwork within twenty-four hours." She took a step closer to him. "I'm told I'm very good and I do enjoy it."

He had to take a step back although he felt silly feeling intimidated by this pint-sized cutie. Her full eyes reminded him of a doll but his gaze wouldn't remove itself from her lips. Not as full as Zora's, they were pink and soft looking. Just imagining them around his shaft, giving him the morning treatment the way Winta had given her husband yesterday morning, engorged his penis even more.

"No, I'm good," he said. He held up his hand to stop her from moving forward.

"How about a hand job? I'm told I do that very well, too."

No man should be asked this at five a.m., especially not with his woman sleeping a few doors down.

Before Grant could answer, Lynia slid her small hand up the front of his pajama pants. Her small fingers stroked his hardened shaft through the thin, striped fabric of his pants. She must have known he had a need that required immediate attention. The brief contact of her hand made his cock twitch. He held her wrist and pulled her away from him.

"No, thank you. This is all so new to me and Zora. I would rather just talk it out with her first before anything happens." He let her hand go and she used it to clutch the papers close to her chest.

She nodded. Silently she turned to the door. Feeling ungentlemanly, Grant raced to it before she could touch the knob. He opened the door for her and stood by it, waiting for her to leave.

***Bridget Midway***

Instead of walking out just as she'd walked in the night before, without a word, she stopped in front of him.

"By the way, when Garland and Evan did this questionnaire, I had to wait over five days for them to finish it. So you're not an asshole like you said." She stood on her tiptoes and kissed Grant on his cheek. "Thank you."

In the golden sunrise, she padded toward Art's house. Her lightly tanned skin looked like it glowed along with the sun. Grant stood at the door waiting for her to at least be acknowledged by Art or Winta. He didn't want to see her having to sit on the porch for hours until they decided to answer the door.

To his surprise, Winta answered it. Wearing a midriff t-shirt and boy-cut panties, she kept her position in the doorway. She lifted her gaze and stared at him from her front door, her smile evident even from across the street. She waved to him. Then she put her hand to Lynia's tit and massaged it as she gave her a deep kiss.

Grant slammed the door on the scene and ran down the hall. "Zora, honey, are you awake?"

## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Four

Zora's nude body undulated under Grant's as he slid his cock inside of her pussy. What a way to wake up, a sexy man stripping naked and taking her body like a man should, full of vigor and lust and overpowering need. She loved it.

"Good morning," he growled.

"Good morning to you, too," she purred.

When she caught Grant's animalistic expression she became wetter. She gripped his shoulders. Her legs tightened around him.

How the hell had she become so lucky? Her heart fluttered whenever he walked into a room. He could call her at any time and she got weak in the knees.

"So you like my penis?" he asked in a soothing voice.

"You read my application." She curved her hips upward to let him get deeper access.

When her fingernails embedded in his flesh, he winced. But he didn't stop.

"What else did you see?" she asked.

"You and another woman." He increased his speed. "Damn, that's hot."

She licked her tongue over her lips. "Is that what you want, baby? Is that your fantasy?"

"You are my fantasy. Anything above that is gravy."

In a frustrating if not sexy move, he pulled out of her, brought her up off the bed, rolled her over, then hoisted her up so she was on her hands and knees. Then he took her from behind.

"Damn it, you know how much I love this position," she said as she pushed herself back into him. "You're hitting my spot. Don't stop!"

He held her hips as he slid in and out of her faster and faster. She couldn't help but think at that moment of whether he would do this to Winta or Lynia or even Garland

*Bridget Midway*

if she would let him near her. Then briefly her mind tripped over thoughts of her with the other men. Art, Brax, Evan. All different. But all intriguing. All sexy.

“Oh shit, baby! Let’s do it!” she screamed as though her thoughts had been audible.

Grant knew exactly what she meant. “Okay.”

He let out a long groan as his hot cum squirted inside of her. Once she reached down and played with her clit, she reached her orgasm shortly after. Her body quivered as he slowed down his pace, allowing her to catch her breath.

She slid down to the bed and waited for Grant to come behind her. He did, as usual, wrapping his arm around her waist and holding her close.

“I love you, Zora.” He kissed the back of her neck.

“I love you, too.”

He took a deep breath, then asked, “Did we just agree during some great fucking sex to sleep with other people?”

Zora laughed. “Yeah, I think we did.”

“Just wanted to make sure I wasn’t completely losing my mind.”

She patted his arm before getting out of bed. “You want coffee? I need coffee.”

Sliding on one of his button-up shirts, she padded to the kitchen, knowing her skin and face must have glowed. Her hands trembled as she filled the coffee pot and scooped out the crystallized brown grounds. Bracing her hands against the counter, it was now her turn to grin like an idiot. This would be the most risky thing she’d ever done. With Grant, she felt okay about doing it.

She gazed down the hallway when she heard the hiss of water from the shower. Used to be when Grant showered she would have joined him or just watched him towel off. After that session, she needed a break.

Zora poured a steamy cup of coffee, then settled her weary bones in a chair at the kitchen table. She stared into the washed-out brown liquid, stirring her spoon mindlessly in the cup, clinking the utensil against the insides of the mug until the sound hypnotized her. She barely heard Grant walk into the room until he sat down next to her.

He held her hands and said, “I want so much to stay home with you. Fuck the job.”

The warmth of his hands made her sigh. She smoothed her thumbs over the backs of his hands. “I’m going into work today so you might as well go too.”

### FASCINATION STREET

With all of the tenderness he could muster, he planted his lips on hers. So soft, it felt like he was kissing a handful of rose petals. To let her know how much he still desired her, he pressed his lips harder on her mouth. He slid his tongue between her lips, a feat considering she clamped her lips tight at the first indication of it.

She always hated kissing Grant with morning breath.

“You’re perfect to me and I want all of our kisses to be perfect,” she used to tell him.

He didn’t care. Bad breath or not, he wanted Zora, the real Zora. He didn’t taste coffee on her palate like he thought he would. Her mouth tasted stale.

Grant squeezed her breasts through the shirt she wore. He thought she would have shirked back but instead she leaned her body into him.

Her willingness flooded his cock until he gave serious consideration to calling in sick. Taking her other hand, he eased it toward his growing erection until the sound of his front door knob jingling stopped him cold.

“What the hell is up with these people? Can’t they knock or ring the fucking bell?”

After giving Zora another quick kiss, he stood and stomped to the door. He snatched it open and found Art standing on the other side with a huge grin, odd considering how early it was. Who the hell could be that happy on a workday? He stepped into the house without an invitation.

“Good morning, neighbors.” He strolled around the living room, gazing up and down as though sizing up their worth. “Hope you all slept well.”

“I was just heading out the door, Art.” Grant didn’t want to chitchat about nonsense right now. And he really did have to go to work.

Glancing at his watch, Art said, “Yeah, I’m running a bit late too. But when Winta gives me that look, it’s hard to tell her no.” He playfully slapped Grant on his shoulder as though they shared a reason for running late.

If he only knew...

“Winta gave me your applications,” Art began. “That’s the reason I’m here.”

Zora stepped out of the kitchen but stayed by the doorway. Art’s attention went directly to her.

*Bridget Midway*

“Ah, good morning to you too, sleepyhead.” He surveyed her body like he’d done to the room when he first walked in. “I see that it’s all women who look gorgeous when they wake up.”

Zora smoothed her hand over her unruly hair. “Would you like some coffee, Art?”

He held up his hand. “No, but thank you. What I wanted to tell you two was that step one of the process is over.”

“Step one?” Grant questioned. He slung his jacket over his arm to give the man the indication that he needed to hurry up with his news.

“Yes, the next step is that you two will need to be tested for STDs.”

Zora gasped. “You’ve got to be joking.”

Art shook his head. “Afraid not. We all go through it every six months.” He fished around in his pants’ pocket and pulled out a business card. “I’ve made arrangements for you and Zora to go to the lab in my office building at five o’clock this evening.”

“Zora has to work then.”

“I can get off early,” she said, her voice sounding lighter than Grant had ever heard it.

“Wonderful.” Art turned to the door. “I’ll go over the rules and regulations with you all tonight. Once the results are in, we can start.”

“Start? Start what?” Grant asked.

Art smiled, then walked out the door.

Before Grant left for work, he kissed Zora and said, “Keep that door locked. These people don’t understand the concept of personal space around here.”

She laughed. The sound of it made his happy johnson twitch. If she only knew.

“I’ll see you here tonight and we’ll go there together.”

She nodded.

He walked out of the house to his car. Birds chirped their hellos. The sun’s golden haze covered the neighborhood until, with the morning dew, it looked like everything sparkled. Summer was always his favorite season.

What Grant viewed on the way to his car changed his perception of the goodness of the season.

### FASCINATION STREET

Standing naked and spread-eagle on the porch, three doors down was Lynia. Upon careful inspection he saw that her wrists were bound to the porch railings keeping her arms above her head and held apart. Standing in black stilettos, her ankles were bound to the bottom wood railings as well. Stuffed in her mouth was a red ball gag secured by a tight leather strap.

Grant stopped in his tracks when he saw the sight and wondered if she was in pain or needed help. He couldn't tell from her mouth but the corners of her eyes hitched up as if she was smiling.

Over by Art's car again stood Art and Winta. Instead of her giving him a blow job like she had the morning before, she kissed him as her hand steadily made a piston-like motion up and down at the level of his penis, again hidden behind his car. Art closed his eyes and rolled his head back, enjoying the treatment. And who wouldn't?

Dressed in a pink, cropped lace t-shirt with skinny straps, Winta looked all of the pure sex fiend that Grant suspected her to be.

Just as he reached his car, Grant caught Art giving Winta a nod. She lowered herself to her knees probably to finish off her handy work.

"Shit," Grant muttered under his breath.

As he unlocked his door, he saw Evan and Garland on the side of their house. Garland, held up by Evan, had her legs wrapped around his hips and her arms around his shoulders as he fucked her. She let out a low grumble that rumbled over the street.

Before his penis could burst through his pants, Grant hopped inside. Determined not to take in any more of the morning glories, he kept his gaze down as he started the car and sped away, not waiting for it to warm up.

What in the world had he and Zora agreed to?

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Five

Zora couldn't get the images of her neighbors fucking against the wall of their house out of her mind as she drove to work. Right after Grant had walked out of the house and she'd locked the door as he'd asked her to, she went back to the kitchen to do some cleaning before she got ready for work. When she'd gone to the utility room, she heard a strange noise. Moaning, then a knocking sound, although the knocking didn't sound like it was up against her house but close.

She'd peeked through the lace curtains in the utility room and saw Evan and Garland fucking like wild animals. Zora marveled at the strength it must have taken Evan to keep her lifted the way he had. Not like Garland was out of shape. The woman had corded muscles strapped all over her body, down her back, over her arms, through her legs.

Instead of having her hair pulled back in a ponytail or bun like she had before, Garland let her long brown hair flow down her back. When she'd tossed her head back, her hair dangled down almost to Evan's shins.

Zora wondered if Grant had seen them. It wasn't like Evan and Garland were trying to be discreet. If Grant had seen them, what did he think? Did he want to do that too? With her? Or with Garland?

After getting dressed, Zora headed to work. Once in the parking lot, she parked her car far from the building. She closed her eyes and thought of Grant.

The morning fuck session left her reeling. Maybe answering that questionnaire got to him. It certainly had gotten to her. She would have jumped on Grant when she went up to bed if he hadn't looked so peaceful.

Zora ran her hand down her stomach as she sat in her car. Though her belly wasn't huge by any stretch of the imagination, it wasn't as flat as she would have liked. But Grant liked it. He loved caressing her body. She loved his hands. Strong, large, controlling. Every time he touched her he possessed her body.



### FASCINATION STREET

Her hands coasted over her breasts. They brushed over her nipples, now pebbled under her touch. Once she got between her legs she stopped for a moment. Her heart pounded, anticipating her next move. Her labored breathing wouldn't correct itself until she made that last relieving plunge inside. In her jeans it would be difficult to pleasure herself.

Difficult, but not impossible.

She didn't want to do this alone. Zora dug through her purse and pulled out her cell phone. Grant would be at work right now but maybe he could find a nice, quiet corner to hide in or duck out in the men's bathroom. She needed to hear him.

"Hey, darling," he said.

She unfastened her jeans. Lifting her butt, she pulled them down to her knees.

"I need some help," she said in a raspy voice.

"Did your car break down? Did the neighbors do something?"

She caught the frantic tone in his voice and she had to calm him before he stormed out of the building and headed back home.

"No. Not that kind. I'm at work."

"Yeah?"

"I'm still in my car."

"Okay?"

"I have my pants down."

A pause lingered.

"Hold on."

She thought she heard his footfalls on his end. She wasn't sure. Her pounding heart sounded in her head.

"Okay, I'm outside. It's the only place I can get privacy."

"I'm touching myself." The light caress of her fingers smoothed against her nether lips, tickling her but making her shiver all over. Her other hand gripped her phone as she explored deeper. Grant's soulful brown eyes invaded her thoughts, making her clit pulsate.

"Are you thinking about me?" he asked in a low tone.

"Yes. I can see your eyes." She moistened her lips. "I imagine my fingers are yours but they're not as thick as your fingers. Maybe if I slip in a second one." She slid her middle finger inside of her thick wetness, then gasped.

***Bridget Midway***

“That’s it. Now work it back and forth,” he instructed. “Think of it as my dick, baby. I want to be inside you right now.”

Rubbing the pads of her fingers against her simmering sex, she released a long breath. “I should have fucked you again when you were in the shower this morning.”

“Yeah, you should have. Why didn’t you?”

His response made her laugh.

“I wish I could see you, baby. You’re making me hard just thinking about you rubbing that sweet pussy of yours. Are you really out in your car?”

Zora couldn’t answer. She rested her head against the steering wheel, turning her face to the side to look at the building where she worked. Just as she plunged her fingers inside of her greedy pussy, she opened her eyes and caught one of her coworkers walking toward her.

“Oh, shit!” Zora scrambled to remove her hand and lift her pants.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Inez. She’s heading toward me.”

Inez was known as the mouth of the office and had a way of spreading rumors faster than a computer virus. The last thing she needed was for her coworker to squeal that Zora enjoyed fingering her pussy before work.

The closer Inez came, the faster Zora’s heart beat, until it was the only thing she heard in her head. She managed to lift her pants to her hips but she would have to raise them to get them fastened. So much for spontaneity.

“I gotta go.” She closed the phone on her man and threw it in her purse.

Zora’s slick fingers slipped on the button-fly on the jeans until she couldn’t fasten them. She glanced over when she heard Inez’s footsteps. Maybe if she pulled her shirt down, the woman wouldn’t be able to notice Zora’s half-dressed condition.

When she got to the front of Zora’s car, Inez stopped. Sweat beaded on Zora’s head until it ran down into her eyes. She stared at the young woman, who busied herself by digging through her purse. Once she retrieved her small, silver cell phone, she placed it to her ear and turned her back on Zora.

The short time allowed Zora to get out of the car and fasten her pants. Grabbing a bottle of hand sanitizer she kept in her purse, Zora covered her hands and rubbed vigorously to get rid of any telltale smells.

### FASCINATION STREET

With her call ended, Inez twirled around, then said, "I thought you were off today."

Zora made sure her clothes were straight, then slammed her car door. "I was, but Julie said I could come in if I wanted to. I was bored so I thought I would earn some extra money."

"Bored? How could you be bored when you just moved to a house? I would be excited with trying to fix it up and paint it."

Zora walked with her to the building. "Grant and I are doing that little by little. We don't want to burn ourselves out."

"I can dig it." Inez nodded. She got to the building first and opened the door for Zora. "Are you feeling okay?"

"I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

"Your cheeks are all flushed like you've been running around the building for a couple of hours."

Zora put her hand to her face. "I don't know. Maybe I had too much sun yesterday or something."

Inez accepted that excuse with a nod. Heading back to the employee area, a chorus of dog howls and barks welcomed her. Cat meows came in as backup vocals to the dog barks. Zora put her purse into her locker, then headed to the shampoo area.

Pet grooming wasn't a glamorous job and it certainly didn't top anyone's list as the most popular job in the world, but Zora enjoyed it. When the dogs or cats were sweet and wanted attention as you groomed them, it made doing the job worthwhile. She especially liked watching poodles getting groomed and having their curly hair styled so that when they walked around with their owners they looked like they were strutting.

Too bad Zora never got to do any of the styling. For the last two years she'd been at Doggie Style she'd been relegated to shampoo girl. She wanted more. Zora knew she could be a great stylist if given the chance.

As she headed to the back area, Julie came out of her office and stopped her.

"Didn't expect to see you today," she said.

"I took you up on your offer to come in if I wanted overtime."

"Good, because we definitely need it today. Karen called in sick so I'm down one stylist."

Zora beamed. Her heart drummed in rhythm with the dog barks.

*Bridget Midway*

“I’ll have to take over as stylist today and I need you at the front desk.”

Zora felt the smile slip from her face. She should have told her boss that she was more than capable of grooming pets. She’d done well in her beauty academy training, graduating at the top of her class. Not only did she cut Grant’s hair regularly but she did her own.

Instead she let out a long, haggard breath and said, “Okay.”

“Good. Go relieve Inez and tell her I need her back here.”

Julie hurried to the wash area, leaving Zora alone.

Inez. She was newer at the job than Zora. It didn’t help that she was also younger. Zora took her time going to the desk. She gave Inez the news and listened to the young woman squeal with delight as she headed to the back area.

Zora sat at the desk feeling her heart beat slower than before. Now she felt more than ready to go into the neighborhood deal. If she couldn’t control her life at work, then she would do it at home...and have some fun to boot.

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“The bitch is on the warpath this morning,” Grant’s coworker, Bret, said in a not so low whisper.

Grant didn’t have to look up to know Stephanie Stalhelm moved around him. She wore an overpowering scent that seemed more male than delicate female. Some men who’d stared at her long enough eventually had to look away as though backing away from a challenge.

Not him. He got so that he almost enjoyed the challenge. Since she caused his exquisite erection from Zora’s phone shenanigans to deflate, Stephanie would be getting him at his absolute worst.

Her tactics grated on his nerves. She bullied any employee who didn’t jump through all of her hoops. Grant wasn’t that type. He needed the job. And, damn, this place did pay him a lot of money. But he’d be damned if he would be someone’s pet.

“Did you finish the Wilson-Sloane financial report?” she asked as she stood behind him.

Grant contemplated whether he should even turn around to look at her.

“Not yet,” he answered, with his back to her.

He heard her take a long breath. Great. That normally signaled that a tirade would begin soon.

## FASCINATION STREET

“In my office.” She stormed off without glancing behind her to make sure Grant was following.

He pushed himself back from his cubicle, stretched his arms over his head and then took his time getting to her office.

The blonde fury sat behind her desk, her gaze directly at him. “Close the door.”

Grant obliged. He could care less if his coworkers heard her chewing him out. It wouldn’t be the first time and it certainly wouldn’t be the last. They all thought she was a tyrant in heels. So she came off more like an asshole instead of him appearing weak.

“I asked for that report to be done today,” she began.

“That’s right.” Grant stood in front of her desk, his hands clasped in front of him.

“Sit.”

He kept his gaze on her and didn’t move.

She cocked her head. “I told you to sit down.”

“I have a lot of work to do today. If this meeting is only about the report, I can tell you that it’ll be done before I go to lunch. I’ll have it on your desk in a couple of hours.” He hoped she caught the bored tone in his voice.

Her straight hair, parted in the middle, framed her face. Her green eyes held an icy stare that would melt any person, man or woman. To him, it just egged him on to keep pushing her back.

He turned to the door but stopped short of touching the doorknob when she said, “You know you’re still in your probation period.”

He turned to her. “Is that a threat?”

That question drew a snicker. “No, just a reminder. I don’t tolerate less-than-stellar work from anyone. Your school records mean nothing to me here. I want results.”

Flames licked the sides of his face as he turned to respond to her accusation that he wasn’t a worthy employee, just a guy who’d graduated at the top of his class when he’d returned to college.

“Don’t you have a report to do?” she said, cutting him off before he could say anything.

He turned to the door and stormed out, muttering, “Bitch” under his breath. At his desk, he gripped the back of his chair, unable to sit down now. She’d wound him up to the point of distraction. He needed to calm himself down. He needed a reason to stay at this job besides the great pay.

### *Bridget Midway*

His gaze fell on a framed picture of Zora. Her sweet smile made his racing heart slow to a normal beat. His grip on the chair loosened. When he remembered the kiss they'd shared in the kitchen when he played with her tit, he felt a gentle stirring under his belt that he couldn't ignore. Then the phone call hit him again.

Fuck!

Taking long strides, he went to the end of the hallway to the men's bathroom. Checking under each stall and by the row of urinals, he found the place empty. He ducked into the end stall and locked himself inside.

He remained standing although he faced forward like he was about to sit on the commode. After dropping his pants, he wadded a handful of toilet paper and held it in one hand. The other he wrapped around his stiff shaft. With a slow and easy movement, he stroked himself, pulsing his hand at the tip.

He closed his eyes. Zora's image flooded his thoughts. It wasn't the Zora who came to bed in his t-shirts and snored lightly in his ear at night. This was the Zora who once gave him the best hand job he'd ever had. The softness of her hand still made his skin tingle. When he remembered how she'd wrapped her lips around his cock, he groaned.

His legs trembled until he thought he would drop to his knees soon. He couldn't wait to get home now to see her. Forget dinner. He wanted to shove his head between her legs and give her an orgasm that would rival Garland's that morning.

Damn, had he actually thought about his neighbors just now? What was it about that neighborhood? Sex consumed his thoughts more than ever.

Grant jerked his hand faster. He felt his balls start to tighten. His stomach compressed and his breathing sounded staggered. When he remembered how sweet Zora smelled, the taste of her pussy juice, the way she called his name during sex, Grant couldn't hold back.

"Fuck!" he said between gritted teeth.

He covered the tip of his cock with the wad of paper just as someone walked into the bathroom. The rough paper caught the result of his pent-up frustrations. Leaning against the stall wall, Grant struggled to regain composure.

He shook his head. He couldn't keep doing this. He couldn't keep jerking off in the men's bathroom to calm himself down when his tight-ass boss pissed him off. Something had to happen.

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Zora's knee bounced as she and Grant sat in the lab waiting room. When he'd gotten home from work, he'd pounced on her like a lion after a wounded elk. Her face and mouth were met with a barrage of kisses. Her body had been assaulted with roaming hands and nimble fingers.

And she wanted him. After that steamy call from this morning, she really needed to relieve some tension.

Before they could both back out of the lab appointment, Zora had headed to the car hoping beyond hope he would follow.

He had.

Grant squeezed her hand as they waited. She gazed at him. His compassionate eyes washed over her like a warm blanket.

"It's just a test. We'll be okay," he said.

"That's not why I'm so nervous." She resumed her knee bounce as she rubbed her free hand up and down her skirt to dry it.

"What's wrong?"

Zora had to take in a deep breath and release it through her mouth several times before she could say what was on her mind. Would Grant understand? Hell, did *she* even understand what she wanted?

"Zora?" He brought the union of their hands onto his lap and covered it with his other hand. "If you don't want to do this then---"

"No, that's the problem." She stared at him. "I want to do this. Is that crazy?"

"Just when I didn't think you could shock me any more than you already have, you surprise me with this."

She put her free hand on his knee. "Is it strange that I want to see you with Winta?"

Grant hesitated before he answered. He felt like it was one of those questions like, "Do you think I look fat in this?" He couldn't answer this question right even if he tried.

"I think she's gorgeous," she said.

Grant released the breath he'd taken when she'd asked the question.

"This would be the perfect thing for us to do before we get married. I don't want you to ever get bored with me."

*Bridget Midway*

He cupped her face. “Not possible. Its stunts like this that keeps me on my toes.” He placed a soft kiss on her lips, then slipped the tip of his tongue into her mouth. When he pulled back he asked, “Just so I’m clear. You do understand that we’ll be having sex with our neighbors?”

Zora whispered in his ear, “I can’t wait until one of the other women gets to experience your incredible mouth on her pussy.”

She laughed. When the nurse called them to the back, the laughter stopped.

“Are you ready?” Zora asked.

“Let’s go.”



## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Six

A week went by and, aside from the usual morning and evening sex parade that occurred outside of Grant and Zora's house every day, it had been quiet. The neighbors all waved, even Lynia when she wasn't trussed up like a turkey in front of the house.

In that time, Zora and Grant managed to make the house livable. Gone were all the boxes and newspapers. While Grant worked during the day, Zora spent her time painting each room. She started with the living room and had finished the dining room and kitchen on her own. Grant told her to stop and that he would finish the rest of the house during the weekend.

The weekend arrived. Zora loved Saturday mornings more than Sunday mornings. It was the first day after a grueling week of work that they both got to sleep in instead of rushing off.

Grant's arm surrounded Zora's waist as he nuzzled his face next to hers. His heavy breathing let her know he was still asleep, that was until his hand crept up and squeezed her sensitive breast.

She moaned. "I knew you weren't sleeping."

When Grant eased closer behind her, she felt the jab against her ass.

"I was, but then you moved and I woke up." His normally deep voice thundered even more as he struggled to wake up.

"I just think you're horny."

With a gentle nudge, he rolled her onto her back.

"I think you're right."

After a quick good morning kiss, he slid underneath the sheets and comforter.

"Baby," she said as she weakly tried to squirm away.

His strong hands held her down, pressing against her hip as his other hand pulled down her panties. Her body hummed as though electricity surged through it.

### *Bridget Midway*

Grant made sure to take his time now. He kissed her inner thighs in a slow, languid motion that made her writhe with pleasure. Needing to cool down her hot flesh, she pulled her t-shirt over her head and tossed it to the side. And now she had to see her man.

Grabbing a handful of the covers, she pulled it off of him. Still in his pajama pants, he looked so sexy nestled between her light brown thighs. His warm lips pressed against her skin as he kissed a trail to her pulsating clit but then bypassed it to give the same treatment to her other thigh, kissing down it until her body shuddered. She licked her tongue over her dry lips. With the window open, a refreshing breeze blew through and danced over their bodies.

She leaned her head back and squeezed her eyes closed in anticipation of his mouth on her pussy. But instead he tortured her, blowing his hot breath along her slit and kissing the area where her inner thigh met her vulva.

“Do it, Grant,” she growled.

“Say it. You know I like to hear you say it.”

To stoke her along, he gave her a quick kiss on her clit. The connection matched, igniting a bomb with a short fuse. She arched her back.

“Lick my pussy. Please, baby.”

Grant really didn’t need to hear the request but he loved it when Zora was fully into sex, which meant she was into him. To hold off from tasting her tested his resolve. He wanted to put his mouth on her, lick up her creamy juices, hear her come over and over again.

As soon as she made the request, he parted her slick folds and dipped his tongue inside of her. The scream she emitted pierced his eardrums but made him want her even more. From the base of her pussy to her hardened nub, he made a slow pass with his tongue. She tasted like a margarita, all sweet and salty at the same time with a little kick that made him come back for more and more.

Zora undulated her hips, rubbing her wet folds into his face. He darted his tongue inside of her, deeper and deeper. The way her body twitched, he knew her climax drew near but it would be one of many.

When his thumb made small circles around her clit she jackknifed off the bed and put her hand to the back of his head as though he would have left her right now.

“Oh, Grant! Oh, Grant! Oh, Grant!”

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God, she was sexy. This was the vibrant woman who grabbed his attention when they first met. He wondered if she still wanted to swing with the other couples. At this point, it didn't matter to him.

"Fuck me, baby. I need you."

He sat up on his knees to undo his pants when the sound of a consistent knocking stopped them both cold.

"They'll go away," she said as she helped him pull the pants over his jutting cock.

Grant struggled to get them off while trying to ignore the doorbell and the knocking.

"Shit! It's eight o'clock in the fucking morning," he grumbled.

Zora turned his face to hers. "They'll come back. I need you now."

She reclined back on the bed and wrapped her long legs around him. The knocking at the door stopped but the throbbing in his dick persisted until the only thing that would calm it would be to slide it into her tight channel.

His hand held her breast, massaging it while his thumb played with her nipple. He loved her breasts. He loved everything about her but especially those perfect orbs. So round and firm and full.

He'd never dated anyone outside of his race. Although Zora was biracial, she carried more of her mother's side in her features, full lips, thick thighs, wide eyes. Her tits had dark brown areolas, lighter than Winta's though.

He sat up on his knees and held one leg in the air. Positioning the head of his penis at her opening, he prepared to push inside of her. He wanted to take his time with her but he couldn't wait. Just as he was about to push inside he heard a voice that wasn't Zora's.

"Catch you at a bad time?" Art asked from outside of their open bedroom window.

This time when Zora screamed it wasn't because of sheer delight. She scrambled away from Grant and covered her body with a sheet.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Grant snatched his pants from the bed and slipped them on.

By the time he got to the window to confront his nosy neighbor, he was gone. In a matter of seconds, the doorbell rang.

"That's it. I've had it with him."

### *Bridget Midway*

Grant stormed to the front door. As soon as he swung the heavy door open, Art bolted inside as though seeking shelter from the cold.

"It's about time," Art said. "Didn't you hear me knock?" He blinked and smiled. "No, I guess you didn't. Or maybe you did and it didn't matter, right?"

"You've got some balls, buddy." Grant pushed the man back to the door.

"That's what my wife says." He snickered.

When Grant brought his fist up, Art halted him with his hands in the air.

"Wait. Before you do something rash, I wanted to talk to you and Zora. And although you may think my timing sucks, I did get here just in time."

Grant lowered his clenched hand. "This had better be good."

"Trust me. It is." Art scanned him. "Would you two like to shower and get dressed first? I can wait."

"Why can't you tell me now?"

"Because I need you both here. Besides, I can make breakfast for the two of you."

Without another word he headed to the kitchen and started clanging pots and pans around. Grant, a little befuddled, went back to the bedroom where he found Zora still in bed with the comforter tucked under her chin.

"Well?" she asked.

"He's making us breakfast."

She scrunched her face in confusion. "Excuse me?"

"He needs to tell us something. Let's get dressed."

"While he's here, shut the door and lock it. I don't want any more surprises."

Grant nodded and obliged. Zora slipped out of bed and headed to their bathroom, still naked.

Grant licked his tongue over his lips at the sight. "Take your shower first. If I join you we'll never make it to breakfast and I need that man out of my house now."

Once they got dressed, Grant and Zora walked to the kitchen. Taking in a deep breath, she smelled onions, green peppers, eggs and coffee. She hoped he hadn't used up all of her vegetables. The lasagna dinner she'd planned for that evening depended upon having them.

Inside the kitchen Art buzzed around like a fly. The table had been set with only two place settings. Omelets covered the plates with glasses of orange juice and cups of

### FASCINATION STREET

coffee flanking the sides of each. If she didn't love Grant so much Art would certainly be in the running.

"Just in time," Art said, grinning from one side of his face to the other. "Sit. Relax."

Grant pulled out Zora's chair for her. When she was seated, he took his chair at the round table. Before allowing her to take a bite of the delectable smelling food, Grant cut a piece of it and shoved it in his mouth.

Art stopped moving to gauge his reaction.

Grant nodded. "Good."

Zora smiled and picked up her fork.

"It's the reason I'm with Winta now." Art dried his hands on a dishtowel and set it on the counter. "I made her breakfast one morning and she never left. Well, that's part of the reason she stayed." He flitted his eyebrows to Zora's amusement.

Once Art took his place across from Grant, Zora noticed a bag sitting on the table.

"What's that?" she asked.

"It's the reason I'm here." Art reached into the canvas bag and pulled out two bound booklets. He handed them each their own copy.

The cover said 'Fascination Street Codes of Conduct'.

Grant brought his gaze up from the booklet. "You're kidding me, right?"

"You always ask me that and I keep giving you the same answer. No." Art sipped his coffee. "Just to let you both know, your STD tests all came back negative. I wouldn't be here if either of you had something suspect in your test."

Although she knew she was fine, being able to count the number of lovers on two fingers, Zora breathed a sigh of relief hearing it.

"If you'll look inside you'll find profiles on everyone on this street, just the eight of us. You'll see what we like. What we don't like. What we'll do." He winked at Zora when her gaze met his.

"Zora, you want to be tied up?" Grant asked.

Her heart sped up at the inquiry made in front of the stranger. "It's a fantasy."

"Why didn't you tell me? I would have done that if you wanted."

She dropped her gaze to the book and glanced over his requests. "I guess I didn't tell you for the same reason you never mentioned that you wanted to be with two women at the same time."

*Bridget Midway*

"I didn't think you would be into it. You get jumpy when I bring toys into the bedroom."

"I am not jumpy."

Art held up his hands. "That's what I like about our little group," he began, silencing the bickering duo. "We learn so much about ourselves."

Zora settled back into her chair, picking over her breakfast.

"Shall we move on?"

Neither said anything. Grant drank his juice while staring at Zora.

"I'll take your silence to mean yes." Art flipped a page in his copy. "The next section is the important one. This one lays out the rules of our arrangement. This special relationship relies on trust and honesty. So the rules are very simple. Your front door must always remain unlocked."

"What? That's crazy." Grant slammed his hand on the table. "If I'm not home, I'm not letting Zora stay alone in this house with the door unlocked. It's unsafe."

"You have to trust me on this, Grant. We live in a very safe area of Virginia Beach. We've been having our doors left unlocked for the past four years without incident. Besides, we have surveillance equipment in case strangers come into our area. And most of us are armed. If you aren't home and Zora is by herself, the rest of us will look out for her. Nothing will happen to either one of you."

"Is that the reason why you all keep trying our door before you ring the bell?" Grant asked.

"It's habit." Art shrugged his shoulders.

"Why do we have to keep our doors unlocked?" Zora asked.

"We're open here. If anyone needs anything, we like the freedom of knowing we can come to anyone's home at any time. If you have guests over and would not like to have any of us intrude, you simply have to be sure to turn on your yard light to signal us to keep our distance. We'll respect that."

"So with the door unlocked, you can come in here at any time and have your way with Zora?"

Art's face became deathly serious. "Absolutely not. That's the next rule. Although we run on the assumption that sex is open and available at all times, if at any point you don't want to have sex, just say so. For example, some women may not want to be intimate at that time of the month. Just let the rest of us know and we'll back off.

### FASCINATION STREET

There are certain special occasions where you may want the sexual relationship to remain exclusive, like on anniversaries.”

“Christmas and birthdays,” Grant chimed in.

Art cocked a smile. “Actually some of the neighbors like having the extra attention on those days. A special Christmas present may be for a man to have a harem of women to serve him. Or a woman here may want to be pampered day and night on her birthday.” He turned to Zora. “What do you think? Would you like to have your every whim, wish and desire taken care of by four men on your birthday?”

Zora’s mouth opened but she didn’t know how to answer. Her brain screamed yes. But she didn’t want to surprise Grant more than he’d been shocked already.

“The next rule is obvious,” Art continued. “You don’t talk about what goes on here on Fascination Street with anyone outside of the group. Not your friends, not your family, not your coworkers and,” he turned his gaze pointedly back to Zora, “especially not your therapist.”

“Ex-boyfriend,” she clarified.

Not that she should have to explain herself, but seeing Grant’s hurt expression, she wanted to clear the air again.

“We’ve managed to stay the way we are, undetected, because we abide by that rule.”

“I don’t see a problem with doing that.” Grant shoveled more of the ham-and-cheese omelet into his mouth.

“The postal carrier still comes through here, so we ask that all sexual activity remain behind closed doors between noon and two o’clock. I suggest that you get a post office box but that’s your choice.”

“Guess ordering a pizza is out of the question,” Zora said.

Art smiled. “You do have to tell your spouse every detail of what occurred between you and another neighbor after the event. There are no secrets here. If you tell your significant other what happened it doesn’t come off like an affair but more like a play-by-play.”

“More sports metaphors, huh?” Grant said. Then his eyebrows furrowed. “Whoa, whoa, whoa. This says that all couples have to wear condoms during sexual intercourse including with our own spouses. I don’t wear a condom when we have sex. I thought that was the reason for the tests.”

*Bridget Midway*

“Part of the reason you had to do the tests was to see if you both were clean. Wearing condoms prevents accidents.” Art clasped his hands together and set them on the table. “One of our rules here is that there cannot be children present. If any of the wives gets pregnant, you must move immediately if she decides to keep the baby. Our lifestyle is not conducive to impressionable minds, and, quite frankly, they slow things down and prevent people from being true to themselves.”

“No children?” Grant said.

The longing in his voice crushed Zora. She held his hand.

“If we decide that we want children, we’ll just have to move.”

“But you picked this house because you said it would be great to raise kids here.” He stared at her as he waited for an answer.

“I know. But we’re young. You just started your job. Let’s live first before we settle into a routine.” She kissed the back of his hand to reassure him.

“We’ve never really talked about it. And I’ve never thought about having them but it was an option I wanted us to explore.”

Art leaned toward them. “Zora is right. If you decide later on that you want to try to have them, then you’ll have to move from Fascination Street first. We can still be friends and you may contact us whenever you want, however we will not have the same relationship we had before. Is that understood?”

Zora and Grant nodded.

“The last item on the list is the one exception we made for the two of you.”

Zora glanced down and saw that last bullet under the rules heading. “Married.” She snapped her head up and stared at Art. “You require that we get married?”

“May sound silly but the rule keeps the perspectives clear. You are bound to your spouse and everything else you do is for fun and fun only. Since I assume you two are altar-bound, we allowed you into the neighborhood and into our circle.”

“And if we don’t get married?” Grant asked. Not that he would ever leave Zora. But he wanted to know how far this group went with their rules.

“Since I own the house and I can decide to rent it or not, I’ll make sure that after your rental is up I do not offer to extend it. Until that time you two will be shunned by the rest of the group. No one will talk to you or communicate with you if you do not marry.”

Zora attempted to squeeze Grant’s hand. He slipped it away.



### FASCINATION STREET

Art stood from the table. “Look over the booklets. Take your time. Ask as many questions as you want.” Picking up his canvas bag, he strolled to the door, then paused in the doorway that led to the kitchen. “There is one other thing. If at any time a neighbor asks another not to touch his or her spouse for any reason and that request is ignored, then the neighbor will be punished.”

“Punished how?” Zora asked.

Art tried to give her a reassuring smile but her heart pounded with all of the scenarios that she wouldn’t want to happen to her. She’d seen how Brax had Lynia tied to his porch on some mornings. And Garland talked to Evan like he was a dog. Would it be that type of punishment?

“Just don’t do it,” was Art’s response. Then he reached into his bag and pulled out a cell phone and two chargers, one for vehicles and one for the home. “This is for you, Grant.”

“I already have my own cell phone. Thanks though.” He held his hand up to refuse but Art set the items on the table anyway.

“It’s not for you to use like a regular cell phone. This is one just for the men in the neighborhood. As a matter of fact, we’re having a get-together at Garland and Evan’s tonight. Make sure it’s charged up and bring it with you. You should also memorize the phone number. You’ll see how we use them.”

After Art shared the time of the event and some other little odds and ends, he walked out of the house.

Grant picked up his empty plate, then reached for hers. “Are you sure you’re ready for something like this? You’re free in some respects but bound in others.”

“So you’re saying that if we got married you would feel trapped?” She crossed her legs and leaned back in the chair as she waited for his answer.

After he set the dishes into the sink, he turned to her. “I didn’t want the reason I marry you to feel forced. I love you, Zo. But wouldn’t you think that a part of the reason I asked you to marry me would be so we could stay here?”

“It’s better than knowing you want to marry me for my oodles and oodles of money I have stashed away in a Swiss bank account.”

Although Zora made a joke out of the situation, Grant noticed her hurt expression. It was that look he didn’t want to see if he asked her to marry him and she thought it was to stay in the neighborhood.

### *Bridget Midway*

“It’ll be interesting to see what happens tonight now that we’re all on a level playing field.” He shook his head. “Damn, now I’m doing the sports analogies.”

When she heard the front door slam, her smile dropped. From the click of the shoes against the floor, she knew it was a woman.

Winta stood in the kitchen doorway. Wearing the highest heels known to strippers and the tiniest pair of shorts with a tight t-shirt, she let her pink purse hang in the crook of her arm. With enough makeup to make a beauty pageant contestant jealous, she looked way too put together for an early Saturday morning.

“Good morning, folks,” she said. “Art told me that you two are in. I’m so happy.”

To show her happiness, Winta skipped to Zora and gave her a hug. Not knowing exactly how to respond to the good news that someday she would be fucking this woman’s husband, Zora patted Winta’s back.

“You’re going to love it here. I know it.” This time Winta, instead of kissing Zora on the cheek, placed her lips on hers.

Zora jerked back. Her face felt hot. She fought against covering her mouth with her hand and instead tried to smile like the gesture was okay. Her belly tickled. As much as she hated to admit it to herself, the kiss was nice.

Winta’s soft, full lips had covered hers but didn’t feel possessive like with Grant’s kisses. Zora wasn’t a lesbian but damn if she didn’t think about bedding this woman and caressing her body.

Winta strolled to Grant. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and held him tight. After seeing this woman just lay a kiss on his girlfriend, he hunched over to keep her from feeling his gradually swelling cock through his shorts.

Like with Zora, Winta kissed Grant lightly on his lips. The kiss was nothing like Zora’s. Whereas Zora’s kiss held passion, emotion and love, Winta’s was all sex and lust. A triple ‘x’ sticker needed to be placed over the woman’s mouth.

Winta broke her embrace, then turned to Zora. “Good. You’re dressed. Grab your shoes and purse. We have some shopping to do.”

“We do?” Zora asked

Winta sauntered back to her and hooked her arm into Zora’s. “Yep. We need to supply you two with some stock materials. You know like condoms, whipped cream, body lotion, lubricant and clothes pins.”

### **FASCINATION STREET**

Zora's eyebrows shot up with the tawdry grocery list.

Her expression made Winta burst into laughter. "I'm just kidding. You should have seen your face, Zora. Classic."

They walked to the front door after Zora gave Grant her goodbye. With her shoes in place and her purse secured, she walked to Winta's BMW convertible.

Once in the car, Zora asked, "So what am I getting?"

Winta started the car. "Everything I just mentioned except for the clothes pins. I was kidding about that."

Of course. A cup of sugar would have been out of the question. What the hell had she gotten herself and Grant into?

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Seven

Winta, in her less-than suburban look, attracted a lot of attention at the local Wal-Mart. It didn't help that the woman wore the outfit like a second skin. Her long, dark legs seemed like they went on forever. With her large breasts to balance her out, she could give a Playboy Playmate a run for her money.

Strolling down the aisles by the pharmacy, Winta took stock of the different condom brands.

"Let's see," she said. "Brax likes ribbed-for-her-pleasure." She grabbed a few of the thirty-six-to-a-box packages and tossed them in the cart. She cocked her head and smirked. "Evan will put on anything you give him but he needs the Magnums." She grabbed a couple of economy-sized boxes of that brand. "And my dear husband loves this new one that warms up when he puts it on. Have you and Grant tried this one?"

She showed off the box to Zora but Zora grabbed it and threw it in the cart with the rest as she caught the expressions of the elderly men and women sitting by the pharmacy counter. They watched Zora and Winta, and occasionally made noises of dissatisfaction through their noses.

"We don't need to broadcast our business," Zora said.

Winta furrowed her perfectly manicured eyebrows, then peered over Zora's shoulder at two women who were sitting behind them.

"What we buy when we shop is our business." Winta purposely went to the end of the aisle where the personal lubricants lined the shelves and where the two women sat.

Winta put her back to them. "If people want to get nosy and snoop in other people's baskets, then they shouldn't be shocked at what they see." With that she bent over at the waist, hoisting her ass in the air so that it faced the ladies as she reached down to the bottom shelf.

### FASCINATION STREET

The women's faces flashed a dark crimson as though someone had sprayed them with paint. They turned their gazes until Winta decided that four bottles of the large-sized lubricant would be enough for whatever they had planned.

Zora could hardly hold back her laughter watching Winta. She put the items in the cart and pushed it down another aisle.

"That was wrong," Zora finally said once they were away from them.

"I can't stand it when people judge others." Winta shook her head. "Besides, I never said I was nice." She winked. "You never told me, Zora."

"Told you what?"

"What is Grant's size? Is he large or small? Medium size? Thick around the middle or just---"

Zora cut her off before she could keep going with her personal questions. "Could we talk about this when we get to the car or something?" Not that she would be ready to talk about her boyfriend's penis size to this stranger. But she would have to, because sooner or later Winta would discover it for herself.

After buying enough condoms, lubricants, whipped cream and lotions to start her own brothel, Zora and Winta headed back home. Once there, Winta insisted on helping Zora put away all of the items.

Zora wanted to take the condoms and lubricants back to her bedroom but only after Winta left. The woman strolled around in the kitchen as though waiting for the house tour to start. Hearing the lawnmower in the backyard, Zora knew Grant was working out his early morning aggression on the helpless blades of grass. He wouldn't even hear her scream.

"Thanks for shopping with me," Zora said, as she clutched the blue plastic bag. "I guess I'll see you all later tonight."

Winta's eyes widened. "Clothes! What do you plan on wearing?"

"Uh---"

"I just have to see your closet."

Fast as gunshot, Winta grabbed Zora by the elbow and nearly ran to the bedroom. The scent of sex still lingered in the air. Winta must have caught it. She gazed at her with a sly smile and winked.

"Put the bag down. Where's your closet?"

*Bridget Midway*

There were two huge closets in the bedroom. It was one of the selling points of the old house.

“Grant and I share that closet.” She pointed to one by the window, the same window that Art looked through earlier that morning.

“Share?”

As though not believing her, Winta whipped the door open, then gasped. Zora would have thought for a reaction like that that there must have been a dead body lying there among the shoes and gym bags.

“Why? There’s another closet over there. You two shouldn’t have to share one.” Winta shook her head and, with careful steps, ventured inside.

“We had planned on using the other closet as a mini office. There are no windows so we wouldn’t get distracted. And it’s kind of cozy.”

Winta backed out and shook her head. “You have other bedrooms you could use for the office.” Winta tsked and planted her fists on her hips. “Listen to me. I sound like a mother or something. It’s your place. You do what you want with it. I’m just a simple landlord.”

When Winta laughed, Zora laughed with her. She couldn’t help it. Winta was a force to be reckoned.

The Force sat on the unmade bed, then kicked off her high, strappy sandals. “So?”

Zora blinked, not knowing what the woman wanted now.

“Clothes. Tonight. You.”

Zora smacked her forehead. “That’s right.” She set the bag down on the bed and went into her cluttered closet.

Kicking some shoes to the side, she managed to get all the way to the back of it. Rifling through some colorful dresses, Zora picked out one. She wasn’t exactly sure what she would be wearing that night. But she would show Winta anything to get her out of the house. More than likely the two of them wouldn’t be showing up to the dinner wearing the same thing.

“This,” Zora said, and held up a dress she hadn’t worn in two years.

Winta’s face screwed up like the garment personally offended her. “Oh, no. You cannot go in something like that.”

### FASCINATION STREET

Zora surveyed the dress to see what was so offensive. The multi-colored sundress had a tie in the back and it came down to her ankles. With its thin, cotton material, it was heavenly to wear in warmer climates.

“You would look like an old woman and you’re anything but that.” Winta stood and slid by Zora.

Not wanting to look inside, Zora heard the squeaking sound of the metal hangers sliding up and down the rod. This woman was on a mission.

“Ah ha!” Winta screamed from the depths of the walk-in.

She came out of the closet holding up a leather bustier that Zora had bought as a joke, one of Grant’s white button-up shirts and a necktie.

“I thought you were finding something for me to wear,” Zora said, as she placed her dress on the bed.

“Stand in front of the mirror.” Winta nodded her head to the full-length mirror that sat by the door.

Zora didn’t move until she saw Winta’s downcast eyes and sweet smile. She smiled and trudged to the mirror.

“Fine. Now what?”

Winta stood behind her. In the reflection, Zora noticed that Winta’s shoulders sat maybe an inch or so higher than her own. The difference in their skin tones also became readily apparent. Winta’s dark skin made Zora’s light brown skin look more like a tan than actual pigmentation.

“Wear this.” Winta put the bustier against Zora’s chest. Her hand remained on Zora’s stomach to hold the item up. “Then wear this shirt over it.” She slung a shoulder of the shirt over Zora’s shoulder to give her the effects of the look. “And tie it off around your waist with this tie as a belt.”

“What would I wear underneath? A skirt? Shorts?”

Winta shook her head. “I suggest you shave above the knee and wear your best thong.”

Then Zora shook her head. “No. I can’t walk out of this house in a shirt and my underwear.”

“Why not? It’s just us.”

“I just---”

*Bridget Midway*

But Winta cut her off. "I think you're having a hard time imagining it because you can't see it. Take off your clothes."

Zora's heart pounded. She turned around and gazed into Winta's green eyes. "What?"

"We're both women. It's no big deal. I want you to try the outfit on and see how good you look."

Zora sucked in her lower lip and started chewing on it. When she balled her hands she noticed how cold her fingers were.

Winta brought her hand up and, with the gentlest of touches, eased her lip from the assault by her teeth. "You don't have to be nervous."

Winta held the clothes and took a couple of steps back like she was creating a safe zone for Zora.

After taking a deep breath and releasing it through her mouth, Zora giggled. Winta was right. They were both women. It wasn't like they didn't have the same body parts. Zora had seen Winta's naked body on more than one occasion.

As though her neighbor knew what she was thinking, she said, "Would it help if I took off my clothes too?"

Before Zora could respond, Winta stripped out of her top to reveal her bare breasts. She unfastened her shorts and had to wiggle to get them down. Once they were off, Winta only had on a beige lace thong.

"Better?" she asked.

"Actually, no."

But Zora took off her t-shirt and her shorts and kicked them to the side. Standing in her white, standard Sears bra and Hanes Her Way white cotton panties, she felt dowdy against the vixen she allowed in her bedroom.

"Oh, God!" Winta began. "Had I known you had underwear like that, I would have taken you to pick up some lingerie when we were out."

Zora stared at herself in the mirror. Conservative or not, she thought she looked damn good in her underwear and out of them.

"They have got to go."

With one snap, Winta managed to undo Zora's bra and slide the straps down her arms.



### FASCINATION STREET

Before she lost her covering, Zora folded her arms over her chest. “What are you doing?”

“You have to try on the bustier. You can’t wear the bra under it.”

“You can’t take my word that it’ll fit and look okay in the shirt?”

Winta cocked her head. “You surprise me, Zora.”

That response made Zora blink. “Why?”

“Art said it was your idea to swing with us. Yet you come off as such a prude.”

Zora took a step back. “I am not a prude. Just because I don’t want to show off my tits to a stranger doesn’t make me a prude.”

“It does when you’ve just agreed to have sex with my husband and the other people here in this court and you’re squeamish about undressing in front of me.”

Damn. She was right. Zora turned back to the mirror. If she had to look at a naked woman, she would rather just look at herself. She dropped her arms and let the bra hit her feet.

“Raise your arms.” Winta unhooked the garment and waited for Zora to make her move.

Zora lifted her arms.

Wrapping her arms around Zora’s body, Winta brought the sexy top in front of her, then secured it in the back, hooking each tab one by one. Being bound and having Winta touch her with such care made her heart thud.

“There. Gives you a nice hourglass figure.” Winta slid her hands down the sides of Zora’s body, dipping it in her curves and letting them ride the swells. “Wait. You need to be adjusted.”

From behind her, Winta brought her hand up, reached into one bra cup and adjusted her breast inside so that her now hardened nipple was positioned in the center. She did the same for the second breast. Zora stood motionless as she allowed Winta’s hands to mold her.

Once the adjustments were done, Winta pressed her hands underneath the duo and pushed them up, then allowed the weight of them to weigh her hands down.

“Has Grant ever told you that you have perfect breasts?”

Zora swallowed. “Yeah, sometimes.”

### *Bridget Midway*

Winta took a deep breath, pressing her nipples against Zora's back. Her hands coasted down over Zora's hips. She broke her embrace long enough to pick up Grant's shirt. As gentle as she was before with the bustier, she helped Zora put on the shirt.

"Now what I would do," Winta began as she made her way around to the front of Zora, "is wear it like this."

She buttoned the bottom two buttons on the shirt so that the bustier could be seen but not her underwear. The shirt fell right about mid-thigh on her until Winta tied one of Grant's gray silk ties around her waist and let it dangle off the side over her hip. Once Winta tightened the makeshift belt, the hem of the shirt rose to Zora's hips. Zora tugged the garment down, which made Winta cinch the tie tighter.

Winta stood next to Zora to gaze at her handiwork in the mirror. "You like?"

Zora stared at herself. The look was daring but it wasn't at all uncomfortable. It did exude sexiness without being overly-slutty. Wanton but not wicked.

She turned to Winta. "I like it."

Winta beamed. "I knew you would."

As payment for her accomplishment, Winta kissed Zora fully on her lips. She didn't allow the kiss to linger, as though only priming her for what was to come. Winta pulled back and took in the reflection again.

"I have the perfect shoes that would go great with that outfit. A high pair of silver stilettos. They would make your legs look even better than they do now." Winta made her way behind Zora again. "And you have to let your hair out."

"No, don't---"

Zora reached back to stop her but Winta had her hair freed from her scrunchie. As though taking on a life of its own, her thick hair puffed up around her face.

"There. Much better." Winta smoothed Zora's hair down her back.

"Too wild. It's too thick and curly."

Winta snickered. "Honey, that's what guys want nowadays. They like that tiger in the bedroom."

Winta ran her hand over Zora's hair. The stroking soothed Zora, until she closed her eyes and fell into the caress. She felt Winta's face pressing against the back of her head, nestling in her hair, then she heard her take a deep breath.

"Mmmm, you smell like honey," Winta said. "Art told me that and I didn't believe him."

## FASCINATION STREET

“What else did he tell you?”

The thought of these two discussing her hardened her nipples. To keep her hands occupied, she gripped the bottom of her shirt.

“He said he couldn’t wait to fuck you. That he knew you would be great in bed and he couldn’t wait to hear you come.”

Zora tilted her head to the side, her eyes closed. When she felt Winta’s full lips pressing against the side of her neck, her first reaction wasn’t shock or disgust. Instead, she sighed.

Winta’s hand roamed up to the tie around her waist. With one finger, she untied it and let it fall to the floor. Her other hand made a slow trek to Zora’s breasts, settling just below them.

Zora couldn’t control her breathing. She placed one hand on top of Winta’s, which had made a home under her tits and with the other stopped Winta’s hand from creeping up her shirt.

“I---I’m not a lesbian,” Zora said, even though the touch from this woman made her feel alive and sensual.

Winta laughed. “Neither am I.” She slipped her hand between Zora’s legs, then brought it up under her shirt heading straight for her panties. “But I know what I like and I know what feels good. Don’t you, Zora? Does this feel good?”

Just as Winta tugged at the side of Zora’s panties, she heard Grant.

“The lawn nearly kicked my ass when I---”

The abrupt halt of his tirade made Zora’s eyes pop open. Standing in the doorway stood her boyfriend, who must have thought she had lost her mind. She glanced at herself in the mirror. Dressed in his shirt but with a half-naked woman behind her, the scene seemed too surreal for words. What would her man think of her, of this?

Winta slipped her hands from around Zora. “I guess I had better go home and start getting ready myself.”

She tiptoed to her discarded clothing and shoes. Instead of putting them on, she held them in her arms.

When she went by Zora, she stopped. “See you tonight.” She kissed her again on her lips. The gesture almost felt natural, normal.

### *Bridget Midway*

At the doorway, she stood on her toes and gave Grant a kiss, too. He stood there stunned, as though he didn't just see his girlfriend in the arms of a naked woman and looking like she liked it.

Winta whispered, "I have her ready for you. Don't forget to use a condom." Then she sauntered out of the house.

"What the hell is going on?" Grant asked when the front door slammed.

Instead of answering, Zora took off her shirt and bustier and threw them on the floor. Her body tingled like it had been ignited. Only her man could put out her raging fires.

"Fuck me, baby," she said between gritted teeth. "I need you."

She stripped out of her panties and pulled him into the bedroom. The bulge in his shorts signaled that the scene must have excited him. He smelled of fresh cut grass. And she didn't care. She liked him smelling like the outdoors.

With her hand behind his head, she brought his face down to hers and kissed him hungrily, nipping his lower lip and darting her tongue into his mouth. He stepped forward, making her walk backwards into their bedroom.

With each step she pulled off a piece of his clothing. His shorts were the first to go. His boxers came next. Grant ripped off his t-shirt and tossed it to the floor.

"Were you going to fuck her?" he asked.

Zora tried to gauge his voice. Was he angry, curious or jealous? From the wild look in his eyes and the way his breathing labored, she guessed the last two emotions must have been running through him.

"I don't know." It was the only answer she could muster.

He spun her around so that her hands landed on their waist-high dresser. He kicked her feet apart and brought her ass back.

When she felt the tip of his cock sliding up and down between her puckered lower lips, she jerked. "Condom, baby."

He gripped her hip but stopped moving his penis. "Fuck!"

"On the bed."

He let her go and tore through the bag on the bed. The condom box became shredded in his attempt to find their protection.

She heard him stomping back to her.

"I hate that fucking rule." He held her hips again. "I want to feel you."

### FASCINATION STREET

“For now, baby. Just do it for now until we---”

Before she could finish her plea, he shoved his thick length inside of her. Her breath caught as she lunged forward. Her fingernails clawed the dresser top as Grant made hard thrusts inside of her.

“Damn, you’re hot.” He leaned forward and kissed her shoulder, taking a small nip. “You are so hot.” His thrusting accelerated. “I mean really hot.”

Now Zora understood what he meant. He may have started off talking about how sexy she was but now she felt the temperature change in her cunt go from mild to wild.

“What the hell is going on? My dick feels hot.”

Zora laughed a little. “It does feel weird. Good, but weird.” Her tits swung back and forth with each pounding entry. “Does it hurt?”

He growled. “No. Now it’s starting to feel pretty good.”

She felt him trembling.

“Really good,” he said.

Feeling Grant nearing his orgasm, Zora became aroused. She pushed herself back against Grant just as he let loose with an explosive climax that shook her body. She came just as hard, scratching the surface. She fought to regain her normal breathing but lost miserably.

He put his face next to hers. “Remember the agreement,” he said between heavy breaths. “You have to tell me everything that happened between you and Winta in full detail.”

She smiled. “Even when she touched my tits?”

“Oh, babe. Keep talking like that and we won’t make it to dinner tonight.”

But dinner was exactly where she wanted to go. Anything could happen. Anything.

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Eight

Grant didn't know what made Zora wear just his shirt and the bustier out to dinner but he had to admit that he did like the look. With Winta's silver heels on her feet, she looked like a woman who needed to be fucked hard and often.

"I don't know what to expect tonight," Grant said. He tightened his grip on Zora's hand.

Her hand felt still. When she wrapped her fingers around his, she calmed him.

"Why did you straighten your hair?" He ran his fingers through it. The silkiness of it slipped easily through his digits. "I like it when you have it all out and curly."

"I wanted a change." She beamed. "You look really good tonight, honey." Her hand coasted down the front of his cotton shirt to his khaki shorts. "Some woman is going to be very lucky tonight."

He kissed the side of her face, then nuzzled in her ear. "And you'll get doubly lucky in the morning. I don't know what it is about this place but I want you more than before."

"I know what you mean. But then again, you experienced that first hand after I was with Winta this afternoon."

He wrapped his arms around her waist. "Mmm, tell me again how she grabbed your tits."

As his cock pressed against his zipper, the front door flew open. Grant nearly gasped when he came face-to-face with a naked Evan. Only donned in a collar and leather wrist cuffs, Evan smiled as he stepped to the side without a word to allow them passage.

Grant noticed how Zora's eyes dipped down to scan the man's body. Standing a few inches above Grant, Evan did have an impressive body. Muscles rippled over his arms, chest and stomach. Normally not one to look at another man's package, the length and girth made Grant jealous.

### FASCINATION STREET

“It’s that type of party, huh?” Grant asked as he made his way into the house.

Paintings of nudes and photographs of naked models lined the stark white walls in perfect order. The bare hardwood floors reminded Grant of a museum. In the center of the room sat a circular platform, too short to be a coffee table but big enough to set a statue on. He wondered if Garland had the statue meant for that spot out to be repaired or restored. The woman looked serious about her art.

“You made it,” Art said after he and Winta walked into the room.

Dressed in linen pants and a breezy pullover shirt, Art looked like he was ready for bed. Winta, as always, appeared stunning in a white bikini top that barely covered her large tits and a short skirt.

“Miss the opportunity for another interesting evening? Not on your life.” Grant shook Art’s hand.

“Hi again, you two,” Winta said. She pulled away from Art. “I knew you would look great in those shoes.”

“Thanks for loaning them to me.” Zora peered down at them. “They are---”

Before she could finish her statement, Winta pressed her lips against hers. Gone were the sweet kisses. Now Winta’s mouth seemed hungry. Her hands framed Zora’s face as she let her tongue dive into her mouth.

Grant stared at the spectacle in awe. Not sure of how to react, he stood still. He noticed how Zora’s shoulders relaxed. Her eyes closed, and she even allowed her hands to rest on her neighbor’s narrow waist. He clasped his hands in front of himself to cover his persistent erection.

When Winta pulled back from the kiss, she smiled at Zora’s stunned reaction. “I owe you, honey,” she said to her husband, keeping her eyes on Zora. “She is a wonderful kisser.”

“Not one to doubt you, babe, but you know how I am,” Art said as he made his way toward Zora.

“I know. You have to find out for yourself.”

From Zora’s nervous smile, Grant could tell she felt a little overwhelmed. Art put one hand on her waist and the other cupped the back of her head. He held her there for a moment, staring at her with a cocksure smile.

***Bridget Midway***

Winta put her hands to the sides of Grant's face and kissed him just as passionately as she'd kissed his girlfriend. Not really wanting to fight it, he closed his eyes and fell into the ravenous kiss. His hands sought her body, resting on her waist.

Winta took one of his hands and brought it down to her ass, curving his hand under, encouraging him to squeeze it, palm it, become familiar with it. She grabbed his other hand and moved that down to her breast.

As hard as he'd fought from doing so, he couldn't help but moan with pleasure. When Winta's hand slid up against his raging cock, he finally broke the kiss.

Turning his head, he found that although Art had stopped kissing Zora, he kept his hands on her body, one at her waist and the other stroking the side of her face as they talked intimately. They could have been talking about the weather but the position looked so intimate. Grant blinked, unsure about watching the display. He liked seeing another man treat Zora as special as he treated her. He wondered if Zora felt the same way when Winta kissed him.

"I have an Amaretto Sour for you." Art took Zora's hand. He turned to Grant. "Did you bring the cell phone?"

Grant's eyes widened. He felt around his pockets as though magically the phone would have shown up but he knew he'd left it sitting on their bedroom dresser.

"Shit! I forgot."

"That's fine. We're still waiting for Brax and Lynia. Why don't you just run next door and get it. We'll be in here talking." The gaze Art gave Zora looked like he wanted to do more than just talk.

"Come on, Zora." Grant reached for her hand but Art pulled her away.

"She's fine here with us," Art said. He handed her a glass filled with her favorite drink.

"What do you think we'll do, eat her?" Winta laughed.

Her statement made him think about Winta between Zora's legs, licking her pussy and making her come.

"Two seconds." He darted from the door, nearly knocking over Brax and Lynia, who was tethered to Brax by a leash.

"Where's the fire?" Brax asked.

"Forgot my phone. Coming right back. Don't start anything." The plea came out feeble as he ran to his house, not looking back.



### FASCINATION STREET

He'd left Zora to a pack of wolves. He just hoped eating her was the least of his worries.

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Positioned between Winta and Art on the couch, Zora held onto her drink, counting the seconds it took Grant to go home and get the cell phone. Why he needed it, she wasn't sure. But all of the men had them hanging off their hips.

When Brax and Lynia walked in, Zora's eyes widened even more to see Lynia nude and on something that looked like a dog collar. But she kept her head held high as though proud to be led around like a prized Pomeranian.

"If I knew that having new neighbors would get us more entertainment during the week, I would have asked that you rented the house out long before now," Brax said with a huge smile, the first one she'd seen on him.

"So who was in the house before?" Zora asked.

"It depends." Art took a drink and set his glass on an end table. Then he casually rested his hand on her knee. "When Brax and Lynia had their house built, they lived in it until it was done. Then Garland and Evan moved into it when their house was put up. When the homes were finished, we sort of used it as a playground. It was like having a tree house but it was on the ground."

"And had plumbing," Winta interjected.

"That was fun." Brax nodded, then stroked his hand down the front of his wife, playing with her nipple, then rubbing his finger against her clit.

Zora had to cross her legs as she stared at the spectacle to extinguish the smoldering flame. Where the hell was Grant?

As though hearing her thoughts, Grant burst into the room, winded but smiling and holding up his cell phone. "Got it."

Garland strolled into the room. With her hair pulled back into her standard tight bun, making her already exotic-looking eyes more cat-like, she appeared stern. She wore a patent leather top that looked like a t-shirt except the back was open and a matching short skirt and thigh high boots.

"You're late," she said, pointing to Grant.

Her ominous tone quieted the room. The silence hung in the air as the group split their attention between her and Grant. Even Evan swallowed hard and kept his gaze on

*Bridget Midway*

his wife. Zora rolled her glass between her two hands and wondered about the fate of her man. Garland wouldn't hurt him, would she?

Garland took a deep breath, her hands planted on her hips. "No dessert for you!"

The crowd laughed. Grant even smiled as he made his way over to her.

"Very funny, Garland." He extended his hand.

"I don't want you to think I don't have a sense of humor, Grant." She shook his hand in a powerful grip.

He responded in kind, squeezing her hand until he saw her eye twitch. Then he pulled away. He shook Brax's hand. When he turned to Lynia, she gave him the same greeting that Winta had earlier. She wrapped her hands around the back of his head and pulled him down while standing on her tiptoes. She kissed him, sliding her tongue into his mouth.

Zora stared at the display, or at least tried to. Brax deliberately stood in front of Zora, blocking her view and making her stare at his crotch. What a view.

"Hi, Zora." He leaned down, cupping her face before he kissed her.

His kiss was nothing like Grant's or even Art's. He forced his mouth on hers, crushing her lips. His tongue invaded her mouth. When he pulled back, he nipped at her bottom lip like he was marking her.

She felt Art stroking his thumb over her leg. She gazed at his hand, then to him. He was the type of man women dreamed about fucking or having in their lives. She loved Grant. But Art would be a fun treat...if she got him tonight.

Her luck she would end up with Brax and, quite frankly, she was afraid of him. Not down for the bondage scene, she didn't know what to expect if trapped in a room with him.

"So Winta, did you cook tonight too?" Zora asked with a shaky voice.

"Do you think I can't cook?" Garland's voice echoed off of the walls.

"Oh, uh, no. I just thought---"

"I cooked tonight." Her tone softened. "I'm sure you'll enjoy it. Leg of lamb with mint jelly and a summer salad. Come. We'll eat outside."

Art stood and held his hands out for both Winta and Zora. They rose in unison. As soon as she got next to him, Zora grabbed Grant's hand.

### FASCINATION STREET

Garland had picnic tables decorated and set with dishes already. Surrounded by lawn torches, the scene looked almost primitive. Grant helped Zora sit down but as soon as he started to sit next to her, Garland spoke up.

“No. Sit with someone new. This is a mixer. Time to mix it up.”

Grant glanced at Zora, who feigned a smile. He kissed her before heading to the other side of the table where he sat next to Winta. On the other side of Winta sat Brax, who had Lynia on the ground kneeling on a blanket. Next to Zora sat Garland. She had Evan behind her in the same position. On her other side sat Art.

Yes, this would be an interesting dinner.

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To Zora’s surprise, dinner was excellent. The woman proved to be a magnificent cook, if not an intimidating figure. After dinner the group went back into the living room.

Drinks had all been refreshed. And attitudes were refreshed as well. Brax had split his attention between Zora and his wife. This time he allowed her to eat. Of course it was from his plate and only when he was done eating.

Winta had pressed her breasts against Grant so many times during dinner that Zora lost count.

“Are we ready to play?” Art asked as soon as everyone had gotten settled.

“Play?” Grant scanned everyone’s expressions.

“We normally have a special group night on Fridays. We play a game to liven things up,” Brax said. “So this, two nights in a row deal is pretty sweet.” He stared at Art. “Maybe we should start doing that, do something special on Fridays and Saturdays.”

“Something to consider,” Art replied.

“Let’s just get it over with already.” Garland’s exasperated tone nearly brought down the room’s jubilant feel.

“Fine.” Art stood. “Women, line up over there.”

“I’m not standing in some goddamn line.” Garland folded her arms over her chest.

“Just shut up and get in line like the rest of the ladies. Damn, Garland, does everything have to be a pissing contest with you?” Brax raked his fingers through his hair.

Zora felt the tension between the two of them. They were like bulls fighting over the same cow.

*Bridget Midway*

As she sauntered by him, Garland said, "What's wrong, Brax? My dick bigger than yours?"

He snickered. "You wish. That's why you're so pissed."

"Fuck you."

Art held up his hands. "Enough."

Zora stood in a line with Winta on one side, Lynia on the other and Garland at the end. Art held the end of his shirt to make a pouch.

"Gentlemen, drop your cell phone in here." Art started the pile by putting his phone in the makeshift basket. Brax and Evan followed, with Grant glancing at Zora before depositing his phone.

Grant wasn't sure what was going to happen but he had a sneaking feeling. With his back to the women, Art tossed the phones around, mixing them up. Then he turned around.

"This is the cell phone game," Art began. "In case you haven't figured it out, each woman will pick a phone. The man who owns that phone gets her for the night."

Grant hoped beyond hope that he didn't end up with Garland. Talk about a night of pure hell.

"If the woman picks her mate's phone, then we'll start all over." He started at the end of the line with his wife. "You pick first, honey."

Winta kissed him and reached inside, pulling out a phone. Art stepped in front of Zora. Hesitating at first, she took a deep breath and grabbed the first phone she felt. Lynia did the same. At the last phone, Art picked it up and handed it to Garland.

Evan handed a cordless house phone to Art. Now Grant understood why he needed to memorize the number in his new cell phone. Talk about a bootie call.

"Now, gentlemen, all you have to do is call to see who you'll get tonight." Art started dialing until Winta asked him to stop.

She flipped open the phone and began pushing buttons.

"No fair, honey. You can't look at the number first." Art wagged his finger at his wife.

"I'm not looking at the number, sweetie." She lifted her skirt and slid the phone down inside the front of her panties. "I put it on vibrate."

Art beamed at his wife's ingenuity. "You ladies can do the same if you want."

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Zora was going to decline when Winta took her phone and programmed it the same way. Then she lifted Zora's shirt and eased the phone down into her panties as well. Zora trembled at the touch. Her heart drummed a wild beat until it was the only sound she could hear.

Being naked already, Lynia just held her phone by her vagina after she put hers on vibrate as well. Garland shot everyone an evil look and held her phone in her hand.

"Ready now?" Art asked.

The ladies nodded, except for Garland.

Brax started first. He dialed a number and waited. The small red light on the phone Garland held lit up and it played "Knock Three Times." Grant couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. He wanted anyone but her.

"Great. You again," Garland said, as she opened the phone to stop it from ringing and closed it right away.

"Yeah, I'm going to have fun with you, too." Brax handed the phone to Evan.

Evan called his number. A distinctive buzz sounded in the room. Lynia grinned as she hopped on her toes.

"It's me. It's me," she squealed.

Garland smiled. "Good. Slave games?" she asked of Brax.

"Fine with me."

Garland grabbed Lynia's arm and pulled her out of the line.

"Guess there's no need to keep going," Zora said. "I have to go with Art and you'll have Grant."

"But I still want to feel the tingle," Winta said. "Come on, Grant. Call."

Grant took the phone from Evan and tried recalling his number. He punched it in and waited.

Zora jumped. "It's me. I have Grant's phone."

She went to take the phone out when Winta grabbed her shoulders and pulled her around. Grabbing her ass, Winta pressed Zora's crotch against hers. The phones clinked against each other on contact.

"Art, you call your number from Garland's phone and Grant call yours again." Winta held Zora in place, staring at her as she licked her tongue over her lips.

As instructed, both men called their respective numbers. A buzzing noise sounded and Winta closed her eyes and let out a dirty, gritty growl. Zora wrapped her

***Bridget Midway***

arms around Winta's waist and held her just as tight. The vibration in her pussy felt so good. It made her body tingle all over.

When Zora felt a hand grip her arm, she turned her head. Art stood next to her.

"House rules." Art turned to Grant. "You have to go to the woman's house." Art pulled Zora away from his amorous wife. "See you in the morning, honey." He kissed her. "I love you."

Grant held Zora's other hand. While staring deep into her eyes he said, "You sure this is what you want?"

She smiled and nodded.

Then he smiled. "I love you so much." He kissed her, sliding his tongue into her mouth.

Art pulled her away. "Try not to wear my wife out, will you?" he said to Grant with a wink.

Winta slipped her hand into Grant's. "Ready?"

When Grant took in the scene that was happening behind him, Garland shackling Evan to a bar above the white platform in the living room that he'd noticed earlier, he nodded.

"Let's go."

## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Nine

“Make yourself at home,” Zora said, her voice trembling on each word. She wasn’t sure why she was so nervous.

“I will if you do something for me.”

His deep voice made her insides quiver. “What?”

He approached her cautiously but with an air of confidence that made her stay in her position. He held her shoulders and stared deep into her eyes.

“Take three deep breaths.”

She blinked at his request but obliged. The first deep breath she did to please him. The more he stared at her, the more she realized he was serious. Her second deep breath she took more seriously, holding it for a solid five seconds before releasing. By the time she got to the last one, her shoulders slipped down, her eyes closed and her heart rate returned to normal.

“Easiest thing in the world to do to relax and most people don’t do it,” Art said with a genuine smile.

“That obvious, huh?” She giggled, but the jovial expression came out manic.

“It’s all new to you. I can understand.” He let her go and took a step back. “So why don’t you give me a tour.”

She scrunched her eyebrows and looked down her body. “You want me to get naked now?”

That question made him laugh so hard he held his stomach. Tears rolled from his eyes. “You are sweet. No, darling, of your house. If I need help finding body parts then I need to stop operating on people.”

She squeezed her eyes shut and turned her head. Her face flushed. He probably thought she was some over-sexed hick from the sticks.

“I feel so stupid.” She didn’t mean for the declaration to come out but she wasn’t one to hold back.

*Bridget Midway*

He put his hand in hers. "Don't. I like that you were willing to give me a private tour of your luscious body." He kissed her forehead. "So tell me what you and Grant did to my place."

She bit her lower lip. "You don't mind that we painted, right? Our lease said we could."

"Of course not. I added the clause about being able to rent-to-own in case we got a couple in here that we liked. So far so good."

She smiled and, on instinct, squeezed his hand. "We got everything unpacked in here and painted the walls beige to go with the furniture."

"Nice."

She knew he was being polite. Anyone who lived in a large house like he had must think of her place as a little tree house. But with all the work she and Grant had put into it, she'd grown to love the home. She found it hard to believe that this was the servants' house. Smaller than Art's, it was still a whole lot bigger than the shacks she'd seen floor foundations for on the grounds at Monticello.

Zora pointed out her brown couch, loveseat and chair, all courtesy of Grant's parents. She showed off their find of a beat-up, old coffee table they purchased from a thrift store that Grant refinished and restored. Then pointed out the lace and silk curtains she'd made.

"You made these?" Art let her hand go and went to the window. He let his hands slide down the panels as though not believing she could do such work.

"Yep. One of many talents I have." She bowed comically. "When you grow up poor you have to learn to make do with what you have."

He turned to her. "They're exquisite."

Her heart thrummed.

"Anything else you can do?"

Keeping her mind from sex this time, she averted her gaze. "Yes, but you wouldn't want to hear about all of that."

"If I didn't I wouldn't have asked." He stepped away from the window and made his place by her side. "I'm assuming you can cook."

"I am a Southern girl. It's in our handbook."

Art snapped his fingers. "That's right. I did remember reading that."

She laughed. No nervous girl giggle. A real laugh.



### FASCINATION STREET

She showed off the rest of the house, letting him meander around their modest kitchen with the sky blue walls, showing him the dining room with their blood red walls. She even took him to their bedroom. Thank goodness she'd made the bed and sprayed the room down with Lysol before they left. She didn't want him walking into the place and having it smell like sex as it had when Winta had come over earlier.

"What about the other two bedrooms?" he asked.

"Disaster areas. Right now we keep boxes of books and other things we haven't unpacked yet."

His face went serious. "May I see them?"

She nodded and showed him both rooms. One room was completely empty except for a drop cloth covering the hardwood floors and tape around the windows and doorframe. The second bedroom had boxes lining the walls.

Art turned to her. "Where are we going to have sex?"

Her bottom jaw dropped.

"We are not having sex on your bed. That bed is for you and Grant."

Damn. She should have read the handbook. "I didn't know."

He flashed her a look that screamed she should have read the handbook.

"I know," she began before he could say it. "I should have read the rules."

"We could go back to my house. It would be against the rules. However, my house is big enough to where we wouldn't see or hear Grant and Winta. But I thought for your first time that it would be better if we were separated...this time."

This time? Did that mean other times they were having sex right in the same room at the same time, all with each other?

Her eyes became wide. "The couch is a sofa bed. If you don't mind that."

She took in his blank expression.

"You would, wouldn't you?" She put her hand to her face, covering her eyes. "I knew this would happen. I knew I would meet you people and feel about this big." She held her hand up with her thumb and index finger a sliver apart. "You all have these great, high-paying jobs and Grant and I are just regular working people. We scrimped and saved just to have enough for the deposit and first month and last month's rent required for this place. And now you're saying we need to get another bed."

"Hey, hey, hey." Art pulled her hand down from her face and brought her chin up so she could look at him in his eyes. "Do you know why you're here?"

*Bridget Midway*

“Yeah, my ex and his big mouth.” Her voice quivered this time but it wasn’t out of nervousness. She was angry and pissed and frustrated and now on the verge of tears.

“I saw you a few months ago when you came to the office and I couldn’t get you out of my head. I came home and told Winta all about you, seeing you. I approached Frank and asked him about you.” Art smoothed her hair back from her face. “He assumed my marriage was on the rocks if I was asking about another woman, so he assured me that you were in a happy relationship and that you were even looking to move in together. I got my realtor to get with yours and I had him accept whatever offer you two wanted. I knew the price range you two wanted to pay in rent and I said I would lower my rent to get you in here. So you’re here because you belong here. How much we all make is irrelevant.”

She snickered. “Yeah, says the man with the mansion and the acre of land behind your house and a shiny, new Lexus in your driveway.”

“A man is measured by the company he keeps.” He planted a sweet kiss on her lips.

Zora nearly crumbled.

“Let’s make up the sofa bed.” Art smiled.

She nodded. “If you’ll pull it out, I’ll get the covers.”

She watched him walk back down the hallway, admiring the view of his perfect backside. Grant still had the best ass in the world. Doctor Art came in a close second.

Ducking into her bedroom, she pulled out a couple of sheets from the closet and grabbed two extra pillows. Before running back to the living room, she saw the Wal-Mart bag full of condoms and lubricant.

Her hand hovered over the bag in contemplation. Should she grab the whole thing and leave the lubricant inside, giving him the indication that she was up for anal sex or just grab a box of condoms? She remembered Winta mentioning that Art liked the rubbers that heated up when worn so she grabbed the already opened box.

When she returned to the living room she was struck immediately at how dark the room had become. Art had turned off the ceiling fanlight and only had on a small lamp that sat by the front door on an end table. He’d also managed to find the entertainment center and popped in one of her jazz CD’s.

“I didn’t know you like Peter Cincotti,” she said.

He whipped around. “I was going to say the same to you. Or is it Grant’s?”

## FASCINATION STREET

She shook her head. “No. Mine.”

He took the sheets from her hand and chuckled when he took the box of condoms from her grasp. “There’s a great song on here.” Slipping around the open bed, he went to the entertainment center again and skipped songs to get to it.

Her stomach tumbled, hoping it was the same song that was her favorite as well. As soon as she heard the opening staccato sound of forceful fingers pounding on the piano keys, a wave of energy washed over her body. She wrapped her arms around herself to keep from jumping for joy.

“This is my favorite song, too.”

Art beamed as he took her hand in his and put his other on her waist. “‘Sway.’ Such a classic.” He brought her in close. Heat radiated through his thin garb.

“A thousand bucks says you don’t know who sang it first.”

She put her hand on his shoulder and curved her head up to meet his ear. “Dean Martin.”

He growled. She felt the rumbling through his body.

The music, the mood, the man all made her place her head on his chest. He slid his hand up her back, then laughed. An odd reaction, she thought.

“Do you like wearing that corset thing?” he asked.

She pulled back. “It’s mashing my tits down and they feel like they’re sitting right under my chin.”

“They are actually.” Even in the darkened room, she caught his gaze going over her plump orbs. “I think I can help.”

Like a caring doctor, he turned her around, then lifted the back of her shirt. She wanted to stop him but her numb hands prevented her.

“Wow.”

She assumed the comment was for her thong. Grant had made a similar comment when she put on the garment.

Oh so carefully, he undid each clip. With each release she breathed easier and easier, until finally he removed the top from her.

Her breasts filled and felt as though they were weighing her down. One thing was for sure. The cool air from the vents combined with the light shirt brushing against her hard nipples made them feel wonderful.

She turned around. “What a relief.”

### *Bridget Midway*

His gaze never broke from her body. She peered down and remembered that she had only the bottom two buttons secured. The shirt remained open although still covering her tits.

Art tossed the bustier to the chair behind him, then undid the bottom two buttons. She didn't stop him. Her stare remained on his face although he kept his gaze squarely on her body. Then he unbuttoned her cuffs. If he wanted, he could have slid the shirt down her arms and had her nearly naked in a pinch.

Instead, he admired her body. "Don't move."

She blinked but obliged.

He made up the sofa bed. When she tried helping him, he shooed her away, demanding to do the chore on his own. He removed his sandals. She dipped down to take off Winta's shoes but, again, he stopped her.

"Don't. I want to have you in those shoes."

He pulled his shirt over his head, revealing his sinewy body. He had a perfect swimmer's body. Broad shoulders, slightly muscled chest, long arms with corded muscles, rippling abs. As her gaze traveled down him, she settled it on the protrusion in his pants.

His gentle hands burrowed under the shirt collar and with one slick move he had her shirt down her arms and onto the floor. This time it was his turn to admire her body.

"Winta told me you had great breasts." He stared at them like she'd stared at the Picassos hanging in Garland's living room.

He picked up her hands and put them on the waistband of his pants, encouraging her, almost daring her, to remove them.

She swallowed and took a deep breath, listening to the melodic sounds coming from the stereo. Then she pulled his pants over his jutting cock and down his legs.

Not like Grant's fine penis, Art's was nothing to ignore. Where Grant's had thickness and length, Art's cock was a mirror image of him. Slender in shape, it had a slight bend in the middle. Much like Art, as cool as he was, there was something different about him, something off, a bend in his road.

He slipped his fingers on the sides of her panties and brought them down her legs. Completely nude in front of him, she shivered. He must have noticed. Holding her hand, he led her to the bed and helped her down. He crawled in on the other side.

Zora reached for the blanket to cover her body but he stopped her.

## FASCINATION STREET

"I need time to worship you," he said.

The statement made her blink again. Then Art showed her what he meant. With a whisper of touch from his fingertips, he ghosted his fingers over her body, starting with her head and face. He made circles around her forehead that sent a tingling feeling down her body.

"Why did you straighten your hair?" he asked.

Keeping her eyes closed, she answered, "I wanted to be different."

"Pity. I hadn't gotten used to the old you enough to want to see a new you."

His fingers danced lightly over her cheeks and down her chin. As though he willed it, she lifted her head without being asked so he could touch her neck. Wherever his fingers touched, her body came alive.

As he smoothed his fingers down her arms, she asked, "Are you bisexual?"

He chuckled. That made her open her eyes and seek truth in his expression.

He became solemn. "No. I don't sleep with men. I love women too much. However, if the mood hit me, I would."

She nodded. "Have you done a threesome with another man and a woman?"

He paused before answering. "Yes." He caressed her chest between her breasts but never touched them. It was as though he was saving them for later or maybe he just liked torturing her.

"Would you like to have sex with two men at once?" he asked.

She swallowed, a response she hoped he didn't catch. "I don't know. Maybe."

His hazel eyes glared at her as though demanding the truth. "You can have whatever you want here. If it doesn't work, you don't have to do it again. But if you're curious, why not try?"

"Is that why you married a black woman?" she asked, not meaning to pry but curious to know.

"Is that why you're with a white man?" he shot back.

"I'm biracial. Black mother. White father. I could have gone either way."

He smiled at her candor. "I'm glad the pendulum tilted in our favor."

His lips covered hers in a hungry kiss. Tongues touched in an erotic dance. He tasted of Amaretto and smelled like expensive cologne, full of musk and woodsy. It was during the kiss that he finally touched her breast.

### *Bridget Midway*

She gasped in his mouth but he never broke from the kiss or the embrace. His hand palmed her, massaged her breast like he'd done it before. The touch, the kiss, they erupted a current between her legs. She couldn't believe how her body reacted to this man, this stranger. What was even more alarming was that she craved more of his touch.

She curved her leg up. The motion must have given him the impression to do more exploring. His hand flitted down her body, over her stomach and to her legs. Just like before, he purposely avoided touching her pussy. Her clit throbbed, awaiting his attention.

Art didn't give in easily to her body's demands. With the patience and the precision only a surgeon could have, he broke from the kiss and moved his hand down her leg to her feet. Then he switched to her other foot and made the same trek up her leg. To encourage him she spread her legs apart, dying to feel him touch her, please her.

Instead he let his hand curve up her waist, then to her breast.

"You want me to beg, don't you?" she asked out of frustration.

"A man likes to be asked." He smiled and winked.

He knew he was torturing her and loved it. Without a word, he took her shoulder and pulled her up, prodding her to turn over onto her stomach.

Zora obliged but her body tensed. The position was vulnerable. What did he want to do to her?

Pushing her hair off to the side, he started kissing her at the back of her neck. Zora couldn't stop the moan that escaped through her mouth. He positioned his body so that he straddled her backside. She felt his thick rod resting at the crack of her ass. She tightened.

But he never stopped. He continued kissing down her back, tickling her spine with his tongue and allowing his fingertips to caress her arms, her sides, her shoulders. His hard body slid down her legs until his face hovered over her ass. She knew this from feeling his hot breath on her cheeks.

"Mmm, you smell so good." He kissed one ass cheek and she flinched.

The warmth of his mouth surprised her. When she felt his teeth taking a nip from her cheek, she yelped. It didn't hurt her but it sure did shock her...in a good way. His tongue laved her backside, circling her cheek before sliding under it where it met her thigh.

### FASCINATION STREET

Her body trembled. She clutched the pillow under her face, hoping to rein in her anxiety. It only made her more anxious. When he spread her legs apart, her insides contorted into a tight ball. He licked his tongue from her clit to her puckered anus, making her let out an obscene scream. She hoped to God that Grant was in Art's house and wouldn't be able to hear her cries of ecstasy. Maybe he was having a good time too, with Winta.

Art teased her with his skilled tongue, flitting it over her pussy lips but never darting it between the wet folds. Zora clawed the bed, aching to come, needing the release.

Without prompting, she raised her ass in the air to give him better access. The motion worked. He licked her clit until her legs twitched and felt almost numb.

"Oh, God, Art!"

He hummed, moaned, squeezed her ass until everything inside of her screamed. Tired of waiting, she moved her body up and away from him and turned over. Even in the darkened room she saw the confused expression covering Art's face.

"Come here!" she demanded.

A sly smirk hitched up as he crawled to her. "I love a woman who knows what she wants and demands it."

She put her hand to the back of his head and kissed him, tasting her salty juices on his mouth and tongue. She rolled him onto his back. Feeling his chest, she had an interest in worshipping his body too. But it was in a different way than when he'd done it.

She nipped his tight flesh at his shoulder. Then dragged her tongue over his nipple. Meanwhile her hand had an agenda of its own. It reached down and wrapped around his cock. At the touch, Art sucked air between his teeth and leaned his head back against the pillow.

A pearl of pre-come beaded at the tip. It glistened in the dim lighting. Hungrily, she slithered down his body and licked the tip of his cock.

"Oh, Zora!"

His breathing came out in shallow pants as she continued licking his bulbous tip. Her mouth dipped down halfway on his shaft and she held him there. With her ass still next to his chest, he let his hands caress it.

### *Bridget Midway*

When she took a breath, she noticed his cock even smelled of his cologne. His scent made her want him more until she couldn't stop the flood raging from her cunt. She cradled his tight balls in one hand, gently massaging them while her other hand held the base of his shaft.

Zora attempted to bring her mouth down as far as she could go without gagging. She couldn't with Grant and Art proved to be just as difficult. Her throat tightened and she backed off before he could notice. But it didn't stop her.

Her tongue snaked around him, becoming familiar with all of his bulges and veins. His erection throbbed in her mouth, in her hand. She stroked the base while her mouth worked the top.

She barely caught Art telling her to stop.

"Please, stop!" he screamed.

Still holding onto his sac and clutching his shaft, she turned to him.

"I don't want to come in your mouth," he said breathlessly.

His words made her reach for the box of condoms next to him. Ripping one from the string of packages, she opened it and slid it down over him.

"Mmmm, the one that warms up. You must have been shopping with my wife."

Zora straddled him, still holding him in her hand. "She told me some of the things you liked but not everything."

Before he could say another word, she eased him inside of her, deep, until she rested on his hips, her knees by his sides.

"Damn it! So tight!" He grabbed her hips.

"So deep." She braced her hands against his chest as she rode him, slow at first to enjoy the feeling. The curve in his shaft managed to hit her sensitive G-spot. "Winta must love fucking you."

Suspending her upper body over his chest, he moved his hands from her hips and held her breasts. His thumbs circled her nipples until the sensations from above and below made every cell in her body quake.

Zora undulated her hips back and forth, riding him hard. The heat from the condom combined with the sex made her sweat. Her mouth sought his in the darkened room. She pressed her chest against his as she kissed him.

Zora ground her hips down until she was at the point of no return. Her body shook as her fingernails dug into his shoulders.



### **FASCINATION STREET**

“I’m coming! Hard! Fast! Now!” she screamed.

To help her along, Art slid his hand in between them and rubbed her clit. Zora jerked back upright and let out a scream that seemed inhuman. It was followed by a growl from Art that was inevitable. He grabbed her thighs and held onto her, pushing his cock in and out of her until they both collapsed into a fleshy, sweaty heap.

Zora climbed off of his body and positioned herself next to him, her head on his chest and her hand on his stomach. She didn’t want to move.

Art pushed her hair back from her damp face. “Tell me. Be honest. Did you think about Grant during that?”

She swallowed and tried to catch her breath. “Yes.”

She thought the truth would have hurt his feelings. Gazing up, Zora, instead, found him smiling.

“Good. You belong here then. Welcome to the neighborhood.”

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Ten

“So you want to do this or what?” Winta asked, placing her hands on her hips to amplify her abrupt inquiry.

Grant stepped back. He felt his mouth open and close but nothing came out.

Her giggling made him breathe again.

“Just kidding.” She poked him in the chest. “Lighten up. It’s just sex.”

“You people keep saying that like you’re taking a joyride or something.” He put his hand on his chest and gulped down a deep breath.

She sauntered around him. “You wouldn’t enjoy this ride?”

Not trusting his vocal chords, Grant remained quiet while Winta positioned herself in front of him. In her come-fuck-me heels, she stood almost as tall as him. Her ass pressed against his crotch and she leaned her head back, allowing her straight, black hair to sweep across his chest.

Grant knew she had to have heard him panting. It took every ounce of strength not to touch her, stroke her hair, caress her. He could have had her bikini top off with a pull of a string. Her short skirt allowed him to see she had a thong on that showed off her rounded ass.

When Grant didn’t respond to her, she turned around. It was then that he became awestruck by her green eyes contrasting with her dark skin. She looked like a statue, all angles and fullness.

“You need to relax.” She took his hand. “Drink?”

“No, I’m fine.” He didn’t pull away from her.

“Come see our playroom.”

Grant could only imagine what a playroom would be like for Winta and Art. It was probably some kinky sex den with whips, chains, lots of leather and a camera.

Winta led him down a hall, then down a set of stairs. At the bottom, she opened the door. To Grant’s amazement, she truly did take him to a game room. Five pinball

### FASCINATION STREET

machines lined the walls. A dartboard hung on an empty wall. A foosball table sat by a window. And in the center of the room had to have been the biggest and best-looking pool table Grant had ever seen.

Each leg had something different carved into it. An elephant on one, giraffe in a jungle on another, a panther with an extended paw on the third, and two lovers intertwined on the last leg.

Winta must have noticed Grant staring at the impressive piece.

“Art had that made and shipped here. It’s his favorite.” She ran her hands down the blood-red top. “Want to play?”

“What do you know how to play?” he asked, as he surveyed the rack full of pool cues.

“How about a simple game of Eight Ball?”

She sauntered to him and reached up for the highest cue, brushing her breast against him in the motion.

“What? Not Strip Eight Ball?” he joked.

“I was going to suggest it but I thought you would freak.”

“No, you knew I would turn it down because I know that you’re a ringer. You would whip my tail in pool.” He chose a stick and followed her to the table.

“Is that what you want, Grant? You want me to spank you?” She batted her eyelashes.

“I have to be on my toes with you I see.”

She placed the balls in the rack and moved them around. “Or I can be on my toes. Whatever turns you on.” She winked. “You want to break?”

“Ladies first.”

“Such a gentleman.”

On purpose, she strolled by him, squeezing herself between him and the table instead of walking around him or walking around the other side.

Grant, deciding not to let her win at this intimidation game, stood his ground. When she was directly in front of him, he put his hands on her waist. She gasped.

“Winner take all,” he whispered in her ear.

She turned to him, her ass still at his slow rising cock. “I plan on it.”

***Bridget Midway***

Then she continued to the end of the table. Like a pro, she chalked the end of her cue. Bent over, she positioned her hand on the table, her stick sliding between her long fingers.

She brought her hand back and sent the cue ball careening through the rest of the colored balls. They scattered over the table with a couple going into side pockets. Grant peered down at one ball that rolled toward him. He thought the balls looked unusual. It wasn't until he made a close inspection that he noticed each ball had a picture of a naked woman. Upon a closer examination, he discovered that the woman was Winta.

"Art had them specially made too." She smiled as she chalked up her cue again. "That was a fun day, posing nude all day. We did it here at the house."

Grant broke his gaze and held his cue tightly. "Guess Art doesn't bring many friends and family members down here to play."

"Not children." She made another shot that sent two more balls into two different side pockets. "But he's brought other doctors, close friends, associates in here. They've all seen it."

"And you're not ashamed?"

Winta pulled one of the balls out of the side pocket and walked back to Grant. She took his hand and placed the ball in it. "Does it look like I should be ashamed?"

She walked away, leaving him to examine her picture. In this one, the six ball, it was a profile shot where she sat naked on her haunches with her arms raised in the air. Her body did look amazing.

He dropped the ball into the side pocket and cleared his throat.

"Art has you on display."

That statement got her attention. She finally missed a shot. A curse punctuated her failure.

"No, Art doesn't have me on display. *I* have me on display. Art just has me by his side. There's a big difference."

Examining the remaining balls on the table as he strolled around it, he took his position on the side and concentrated on the shot. If only Winta wasn't standing at the other end of the table, leaned over, with her succulent breasts dangling in front of him.

"You're a little uptight," she said, her voice dropping down.

Grant kept his gaze on the cue ball but missed his shot anyway. He couldn't get his mind off of Winta's body.

### FASCINATION STREET

“Goes along with the stereotype, right? Uptight accountant.”

“I hate stereotypes. Black men are bigger than white men. Black women love to fuck.” She hiked her ass in the air as she reached for a difficult shot. Before attempting it, she turned to him. “White guys love big asses.”

She cracked the cue ball against one ball, sending two more balls into pockets.

“How about never play pool against a woman who knows how to play the game?” Grant asked.

“No, that’s not how it goes. It should be never *bet* a woman in pool when she is a master at the game.” She lined up her last shot. “Eight ball in the corner pocket.”

Grant stood next to the pocket she called. With a slow and easy hit, she tapped the eight ball to the pocket. Before it could roll in, he picked it up. On the eight ball, the picture of Winta was of her standing with her arms crossed over her head, giving her a true hourglass figure.

“That’s cheating.” She held her stick and glared at him.

“I never said I played fair, did I?” Grant could banter and tease as well as Winta.

“So you know what I have to do?”

“What?”

“Teach you a lesson.”

Grant snickered. “What are you supposed to teach me? Or am I supposed to show you something?”

“Oh, you’re going to show me something. You’d better believe it.” She set her pool stick against the table and sauntered to him. Taking his hand, she said, “I’m going to teach you how to properly fuck a black woman.”

He snatched his hand from her grasp. “Get out of here. I know how to fuck and I know how to satisfy a woman, no matter the color.”

With disbelief covering her face, she crossed her arms over her chest. “Really?”

“Of course. Zora is satisfied. Believe me.”

“Is she really, Grant? I’m a woman. I can tell when another woman has that look in her eyes, the look that says she wants more, she needs more.”

Grant stared at Winta, searching her eyes to see if she was telling the truth or if she was handing him shit on a platter.

“Bullshit.” He threw his cue onto the table.

“You want me to tell you what’s going on at your house right now?”

***Bridget Midway***

Putting his hands to his hips, he glared at her. He didn't answer, letting his stare be his response.

"Art has got Zora so relaxed she probably doesn't know what's hit her. He is the master at getting women to relax. It's in his nature. Then he'll do what drives me crazy, worship her body, caress her until she wants to pounce on him."

Hearing about this man and how he planned on seducing Grant's girlfriend made him harder. He put his hand on his midsection but remained quiet.

Winta continued. "He'll let her choose her position. He's a gentleman that way. And all of that will work."

"I do that," Grant said, his tone softening.

She snickered. "No, you don't. I can see the fire in your eyes. You are as stubborn as the day is long. And you don't trust people. Why is that?"

He stared at her. Biting the inside of his cheek, he contemplated his next move.

Instead of answering her question he asked, "So what can you teach me?"

She held out her hand, waiting for him to take it. After a beat, he slipped his hand into hers. Winta's soft skin made his skin prickle. He wondered if her body felt this soft.

This time she left him in the dark. She pulled him out of the game room and to a room across the hall. She flipped on a light.

A large bedroom welcomed him. He surveyed the space. A four-poster bed sat in the middle of the room. A red comforter covered the huge bed with a mix of black and red pillows on top. A huge plasma TV hung on the wall across from the bed.

"Nice room," Grant said in awe.

"Thank you. I decorated it. Art paid." She smiled, then let his hand go. "So tell me what you like about Zora." Winta sat on the bed and kicked off her shoes.

Standing in front of her, he almost felt funny talking about Zora, like he was in a job interview.

"She's kind. She has this great big heart that consumes a room every time she walks into it."

Winta smiled. "I know. You can't help but love her."

"I know! You get it too?"

She nodded. "Warm, funny, intelligent."

"Exactly."

"And a great kisser."

## FASCINATION STREET

Grant got quiet.

Too bad Winta didn't. "With great tits."

"Uh, yeah."

"You don't like her breasts?" She curved her legs under her butt.

"No. I like them. Well, love them. That's not the point." He scratched his head until he felt like his fingers would go straight through his scalp and into his skull.

"Tell me what you love about her body."

He swallowed hard. His cock started to swell the more he thought about Zora. His Zora.

"First of all, her eyes," he began. "So big and soulful. You could drown in them."

Winta smiled.

"Her tits. But we just talked about that."

"Better than mine?" With her inquiry she removed her bikini top.

Up close her breasts were amazing. Black areolas capped her firm breasts. Her nipples projected magnificently from them until his hands itched to touch them.

"Yours are, um, nice too." He took a step closer to the bed and licked his lips. "She has nice legs. Thighs you can grab onto and squeeze during sex."

"Like these?" Winta smoothed her hands up and down her thighs so that on the way up, her hands dipped inside of her inner thighs and up to her pussy.

Grant's mouth went dry. "Her skin is lighter." He didn't know why he'd said it but the words just tumbled from his mouth.

She laughed. "Of course."

Knowing what she would do next and wanting to be honest with his assessment, he said, "And she has a perfect ass. Nice and round. Firm."

An Atlantic Ocean-sized grin covered Winta's face. She sat up and slipped her skirt and panties down over her backside and down her legs to her feet. Once down, she kicked them to the floor.

Getting on all fours on the bed with her backside to him, she said, "Tell me, Grant. How's my ass?"

As though pulled to her like a magnet, he extended his hand and touched her round cheek. The contact caused her to writhe like a cat in heat, twisting and curving her body as though wanting more.

*Bridget Midway*

“Um, it’s okay,” he answered.

Winta flipped over and moved down to the edge of the bed so that her legs opened wide and went around him. Peering down at her he saw a gold hoop hanging from her navel. Up close, her shaved twat made him want to drool.

“Okay? I’ll have you know that I work out hard every day, at least three hours so that I can have an ass that can stop traffic.”

Traffic? How about his heart?

Without warning, she grabbed the zipper of his shorts. “Let’s take a gander at your attributes now.”

He held her wrists to keep her from unveiling his hard-on. The more he stared into her eyes, the looser his grip became until he finally let her go and allowed her to undo his shorts. She instructed him to remove his shoes when his shorts fell to his feet and he did without question.

“And your shirt.” She reclined on the bed and watched him do a clumsy strip tease. In a teasing fashion that made him want to claw his skin off, she stroked his leg with her foot. “Boxers. Down.”

Grant put his hands to his waist and waited. Not sure why. It wasn’t as though his dick wasn’t already poking through the hole. He slipped his underwear down and stepped out of them. Curious to gauge her reaction, he stared at her.

Winta’s gaze dropped down his body until it reached its intended target. Once she caught sight of his hardness, her eyebrows went up during her examination.

“Hmmm.”

“What?” he asked.

“You’re not like Art.” Her foot moved up to his waist. “Yours is thicker. I like that.”

In a move that must have surprised her, he grabbed her foot. Winta’s eyes got wide but she tried to maintain a cool façade.

“So I have the size down. Now teach me something.” He raised her foot to his mouth and kissed her toes.

The way her breathing became labored, he knew he had her. His lips moved down her smooth leg, over her calf, then up to her knee. Feeling her tremble made him harder. He closed his eyes and thought of Zora, an odd reaction while he was with this



### FASCINATION STREET

beautiful woman. He couldn't help thinking of her, comparing her body, her reactions, to Winta.

As though reading his thoughts, Winta asked, "Is this what you would do to Zora?"

Grant crawled onto the bed, still holding her calf in his hand as he positioned his body between her legs. "Yes." His response came out grittier than he wanted but the result got Winta to sit up and attempt to move away from him.

"Then don't do it to me." Her request seemed odd since from the goosebumps that formed on her body, he could tell that she enjoyed what he'd done to her.

"Why?"

She smiled. "I'm supposed to be teaching you, remember?"

He lowered himself over her face, his lips a mere millimeter from hers. "I'm waiting."

She couldn't. Winta brought her face forward and kissed him hard. Her hand held the back of his head as though he would have pulled back from this kiss at any moment.

Her lips, though not as soft as Zora's, held hot passion. Her tongue darted in his mouth, coaxing his tongue to come out and play. When it did, she sucked it. He imagined how she would wrap those same lips around his cock like she'd done to Art on several mornings.

Not satisfied with just kissing her, Grant moved down to the side of her face. Her skin felt like velvet. His heart drummed until he felt like an exposed nerve. When his hand touched her breast and her breath caught, he massaged it while his mouth sought the other.

His tongue twirled around her pebbled nipple. Grant wasn't sure why he needed to give this woman any type of foreplay. If the idea of the neighborhood was all out sex, he should have just given her that. Something in the way she talked about Zora, his Zora, made him want to show her how much he loved her. Odd way to express his feelings, through hedonistic sex. But it worked.

His mouth and hand exchanged places. His thumb stroked her moistened nipple as Grant became acquainted with her equally beautiful breast. As soon as he caught a whiff of her pungent sex, a tantalizing mixture of ocean spray and vanilla, his body simmered.

### *Bridget Midway*

Kissing her body on his way down to her shaved sex that had been plaguing his thoughts since he'd first seen it, he peered up. "So far am I loving a black woman properly?"

Breathlessly, Winta brought her head up. Sweat made her face glisten. She nodded. The fact that he wore her down to this mute mess made his cock twitch.

When the tip of his tongue touched her flat stomach, she shuddered. The closer he got to her pussy the more she writhed under him, until by the time he parted her legs and blew a long, hot breath over her soaked cunt she screamed.

"Fuck me! Do it now!" she growled.

He wasn't done teasing her. "You don't want to show me how to lick your pussy? I would hate for you to ruin me for Zora after all of this."

Clawing the bed, she scooted herself from under him and ripped open a drawer in the nightstand by the bed. The drawer overflowed with condoms of all different types, shapes and sizes.

Careless of the brand, Winta grabbed one in a gold wrapper. Her hands trembled so much Grant didn't trust her to sheath him without injury.

"Let me take that." He took the prophylactic from her hands.

"I'm so glad I'm the first one you get in the neighborhood." Winta sat on her knees in anticipation.

After rolling the rubber down his shaft to the base, he asked, "Why is that?"

Winta licked her pink tongue over her lips. "Because I wanted to be the first to tell the others how magnificent you are."

In a possessive move, Grant pushed Winta onto her back and grabbed her hands. With one hand, he held her wrists together and against the bed.

"Too late," he said as he positioned his cock to invade her.

Her eyebrows furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"Zora beat you to it." He smiled with his clever answer.

Before Winta could retort, he slid his full length inside of her and held it. She screamed. Her legs wrapped around him so tight, he had to blow out a puff of air that must have been gathering in the lower section of his lungs. Her fingernails clawed the air and attempted to grip his hand but he had her wrists bound tight in his grasp.

Staring into her eyes, Grant slid his cock out to the tip, then slammed himself back inside of her hot, tight wetness. With each thrust, he felt her constricting around

### FASCINATION STREET

him. If she kept it up, he wouldn't be able to hold out for very long. The last thing he wanted her to spread around the neighborhood was that he couldn't hold out.

Turned out, it was Winta who came quickly. She curved her hips up to get more of a penetration and with his rhythmic movements, it was all she needed to erupt in an explosive orgasm.

She cursed. She thrashed. She attempted to free her hands. But Grant had her under his control and that turned him on more than fucking this beautiful beast.

"Zora's a fucking lucky woman." Winta managed to give him a genuine smile with that statement. "It's no wonder she wanted to do this. I would want my man to fuck other women to show off how good he is in bed, too."

Cum bubbled in his nuts and he knew he was close to coming. Palming her tit, he pumped harder and faster. His mouth crushed hers in a bruising kiss. Digging his toes into the bed, he gave one last good thrust before his explosive climax. It was then that he let her go so he could brace his hand against the mattress.

He learned what a mistake it was to let Winta's hands go free. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and let her fingernails rake his back. He sucked in air but didn't stop, didn't pull away although it felt like she'd ripped half the skin off his back.

Before pulling out of her, he kissed her, lightly at first, then more passionately, reintroducing his tongue and moaning when she moaned. He rolled off of her and tried hard to catch his breath.

Winta directed him to the bathroom behind another door where Grant disposed of his condom and washed his hands. Staring at his reflection in the mirror above the sink, a smile eventually graced his face. He'd done it. He and Zora had their first swinging experience and he liked it. He thought he would have felt guilty but it was strange. Guilt never plagued him. Physical satisfaction filled him. Damn if Zora wasn't right about this place.

He dried his hands, wanting so much to tell Zora about the night. Grant returned to the bedroom and got back into the same position on the bed next to Winta.

Still on her back, Winta stared at the ceiling. A smile splayed across her face until she had to laugh.

"And *I* was supposed to teach *you* something?"

Grant smoothed his hand over her soft hair that was spread under her head. "I'm sure there's something I don't know."

*Bridget Midway*

“If there is, I’m sure Zora will tell me after she watches the video.”

Grant blinked and bolted upright in the bed. “The what?”

Winta reached over to the same nightstand and opened a second drawer. She retrieved a universal remote that could have doubled for a Volkswagen Bug. With a click of a couple of buttons she activated the flat screen TV and showed Grant one of his worse nightmares. The image on the TV was of him and Winta fucking. From the camera angle, it looked like the camera had to be above the TV.

“In the clown,” Winta said, as though he’d asked the question out loud. “There’s a camera in his red nose. It comes on whenever the light switch is on.”

Sitting on a shelf above the TV sat a marionette-looking clown doll. A leg hung over the shelf as it leaned against the side.

“Fuck! I knew there was a reason I hated clowns.”

## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Eleven

“Why the hell didn’t you tell me there was a camera in this room?” Grant asked.

He jumped out of bed and tried not to look at the TV screen each time he paced by it. But the sounds alone, his grunts, growls and groans, were enough to make him glance at it once or twice...maybe three times.

Winta cocked her head. “You didn’t read the handbook, did you?”

He stopped. “The fact that there’s a camera in this room is in the handbook?”

She nodded. “Everything is in there.”

He let out a bear-worthy snarl as he scratched his head.

“What’s the big deal?” she asked.

Her words stopped him in his tracks and he glared at her. “Are you kidding me?”

“What? You don’t think Zora thinks you’re over here playing bridge, do you?”

He shook his head. “I’m sure she knows. But hell, she doesn’t have to see it.”

Winta laughed. “Then you’re going to hate ‘orgy night’ on the Street.”

Grant cursed again. He didn’t mind telling Zora what had happened tonight. He would have been tactful and respectful of her feelings. To see him in action had to be something else entirely. What would she think of him? What would she say?

“You were going to tell her anyway,” Winta began. “So what’s the difference between telling her and letting her see for herself just what happened? Frankly, I’m always turned on when I see Art with other women. I like hearing them call his name. And when he makes them come, I just want to grab him and fuck him right there and then. Usually I do.”

“Shit! So what happens now?”

She let out a long breath as though not in the mood to do anymore teaching. “Now I’m tired. You’ve worn me out on the first go ‘round and that never happens.” She pulled back the covers on the bed, then clicked off the TV. “Come to bed. I can’t sleep unless I’m held.”

*Bridget Midway*

Grant couldn't calm down enough to sleep, let alone hold Winta.

She cuddled herself under the covers, then gazed at Grant. When he didn't make a move, she huffed and jumped out of bed.

"Wait here."

Naked, she padded out of the room. He heard her heavy footfalls going up the stairs. Once in the main part of the house, he couldn't hear her. Good to know. If he and Zora were to ever have sex at the same time in this house they could be on different floors and not hear each other.

Damn, was he actually planning that far in advance? Did he really want to keep doing this? Not that the sex had been horrible. His cock pulsed just thinking about how tight and wet Winta had been.

She returned to the room and threw the Fascination Street manual on the end table. "Reading material for you for when I go to sleep." She crawled back in bed. "Unless you plan on walking the streets, you can't go back home now."

"Why?" And she'd better come up with a damn good reason he couldn't go back to his house.

"For one, our rules dictate that you return home any time after seven a.m. And second, right now you probably don't want to see Zora with Art, right?"

Winta had hit it right on the head. Until he could talk to Zora, his mind still couldn't wrap around this concept.

Then Winta concluded with, "Besides, I need you."

And she gave him a look that screamed she wasn't talking about having him prepare her taxes or fix a leaky faucet. She licked her tongue over her full lips. When she settled back into bed, she held open the covers for him.

More out of exhaustion than need, he crawled into bed with her. Winta's warm body curled against his. Her leg draped over his as he remained on his back, his back against the headboard. Her head and hand found a home on top of his chest.

Feeling obligated to do so, Grant put his hand on her shoulder and allowed his thumb to stroke her soft skin. With that, she let out a long breath through her nose that tickled over his stomach.

"Good night, Grant."

Good? He wasn't sure about that. Interesting? Of course.

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## FASCINATION STREET

After reading half of the strange rules and regulations in the Fascination Street handbook, Grant finally fell asleep next to Winta. He couldn't tell if her actions were because of him or if she did it normally, but throughout her sleep she had come onto him like a tiger.

Her mouth had sought and found his nipple during her slumber. Winta's tongue had swirled around it and occasionally sucked it into her mouth. Lord, he'd tried to stop himself but between her hot mouth and nimble tongue and feeling her tits against his body, his cock had plumped up and wanted action.

Winta's hand had moved down between his legs. When her fingers had wrapped around his shaft, Grant wasn't sure if she was awake or just half-asleep. One thing was for sure. He didn't want to stop her. She'd stroked him languidly, occasionally stopping her motion as though she'd gone back to sleep. Then when he'd moved, she'd start up again until he nearly came. That's when he removed her hand and put it back on his chest. At least there he could keep an eye on her. That was until he'd fallen asleep.

"How did he do?" a voice asked.

Grant stirred but didn't wake up, convinced he was still dreaming. The smell of fresh linen surrounded his head as he sunk his face deeper into the pillows.

"Great. But he didn't dig the camera thing."

Grant didn't like this part of the dream. He turned onto his back and slung his arm over his face.

"Nice package."

"Even better, Grant knows how to use it, too."

At the sound of his name and hearing the laughter, he blinked his eyes open. When he saw Winta and Garland standing at the end of the bed, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath, convinced he was still dreaming. He opened his eyes, then concentrated on focusing. When he realized he was still in Winta's bedroom and indeed she and Garland were standing at the foot of the bed gazing at his naked form, he sat up and tried covering himself with a pillow.

"What are you two doing?" he asked.

Garland let out an exasperated breath and gazed over at Winta. "I see what you mean." She shook her head. "What man who has two beautiful women admiring his body goes to cover it up?"

*Bridget Midway*

“A man with some dignity.” Grant scooted to the edge of the bed and picked up his shirt and shorts.

“Dignity. Yeah, right.” Garland snickered.

“If you two don’t mind, I’m going to shower and head home.” Keeping his package covered, he scurried to the bathroom door while keeping his ass from their view.

Garland ran over to the doorway and blocked it before Grant could make his way into the sanctuary.

“Need me to wash your back?” she asked.

Her cat eyes looked more sinister up close. She pursed her full lips as though waiting, wanting to be kissed.

Instead, Grant said, “Nope. I can reach all of my parts just fine.”

He ducked around her and made it inside the bathroom. Then he closed the door. He would have locked it if the knob had a lock to it. What was it with these people and locked doors?

Through the closed door, Winta said, “Brand new toothbrush in the top drawer. Just toss it when you’re done. Towels in the cabinet.”

“Thanks,” he called back.

Dried and dressed, Grant took the stairs by two. Once on the main floor he heard voices coming from the kitchen area. Hoping not to be noticed, he tried to slip by the kitchen and leave but Garland’s voice stopped him.

“You’re leaving without saying goodbye?” she asked.

Right at the door, Grant’s hand hovered over the knob. He felt the heat from their stares at the back of his neck, raising the hairs on his arms. Turning to them, he smiled.

“Goodbye, ladies.” He gave a courtly bow. “Winta, thank you for last night.” He glared at Garland. “Garland.”

“No goodbye kiss?”

Winta swayed to him. Her nude body looked as tantalizing now as it did last night. Before she could reach him, he leaned forward, putting his hand to the side of her face and kissed her. Not satisfied with a mere peck, her hungry tongue slid into his mouth.

Keeping his eyes opened, he glared at Garland as she took in the display. He pulled back from Winta.



### FASCINATION STREET

“Why do I have a feeling you don’t like me very much?” Garland asked, putting her hands to her narrow hips.

“You’re dressed in leather pants and a corset.” Grant opened the front door. “You’re a little tough to take at,” he glanced at his watch, “shit, I didn’t know it was that late!”

Before he could make a mad dash, Winta put her hand on his. He brought his attention back to her although his heart beat like a timer on a bomb.

“You’re going to have to relax around here, Grant. No one is trying to hurt you or Zora.”

He nodded but from Winta’s expression he could tell she wasn’t convinced. Grant finally pulled away from the dynamic duo and hustled himself across the street. Knowing his new neighbors like the back of his hand, he glanced behind him to Brax and Lynia’s house.

His instincts were right. Stretched out on the porch, a fully nude Brax had Lynia straddling him. She rode him hard, making her small breasts bounce up and down. Although it was a pleasant Sunday morning with a slight breeze, Lynia’s hair stuck to her face from her sweat.

Brax tilted his head over and smiled at Grant when he saw him. “Morning, neighbor.”

Unable to speak, Grant waved.

Brax gave Lynia a quick pop on her rounded ass, then whispered something to her. With the skill of an acrobat, she turned herself around on Brax’s penis, seemingly without removing him from her pussy. Neat trick.

Riding him now with her back to his face, she gazed up at Grant. “Good morning, Grant,” she said between pants.

This was too weird, he thought as he ran to his front door. He fumbled through his pocket for his keys. When he got to the door though, he quickly realized that he wouldn’t need his key.

He opened the door and his jaw nearly broke through the floor when it dropped as soon as he saw Zora giving Art a long hug. Wearing the cream colored silk robe he’d given her for Valentine’s Day, Zora held Art as though they’d shared more than a night of good fucking.

*Bridget Midway*

Art's hands rested on Zora's waist, low though, so they were right above her ass. Respectful but not possessive. The reaction Grant thought he would have viewing a scene like this didn't occur. He had to put his hands in front of him, covering his growing hard-on. Seeing Art cherish the woman he loved filled him with a strange combination of pride and lust.

When Art pulled back from her, he brought his attention to Grant.

"Good morning," he simply said.

Zora turned to him. With her hair now in her normal thick curls instead of being stick straight, she looked like the woman who could drive him crazy with just a smile. As soon as she flashed her pearly whites, he was done for.

"Talk to you later today," Art said as he made his way past Grant.

But Grant barely gave him a response as he closed the door behind him. Every molecule in his body throbbed. He wouldn't have thought that after a night with Winta he would want to have more sex. Looking at Zora now, he couldn't think of anything else he would rather do.

"Hi," she said, twirling her robe sash in her hands.

He set his keys and phone on the end table. Making his way to her, Grant stepped out of his shoes. Zora's gaze dropped, then rose to meet his. From the way she licked her lips, she must have seen the bulge in his shorts.

Once he got to her, he framed her face with his hands.

"Did you?" she asked him.

He waited a beat before finally nodding. "And you?"

She chewed her lower lip, then responded in kind.

Unable to hold back his passion, Grant crushed his mouth against hers. One hand caressed her cheek while the other ripped off the sash from around her waist. He slipped the silky garment down her arms to the floor, exposing her nudity.

Just as fierce as Grant had wanted her naked, Zora pulled his shirt over his head as the duo walked back to their bedroom, continuing their manic kissing and groping.

"Did you come?" she asked when they hit their bedroom door.

"Yes. You?" He worked on his shorts, getting them caught around his feet before successfully getting them and his underwear off.

"Yes."

He pushed her onto the bed.

### FASCINATION STREET

“So why is it that we still want each other even more?”

Her question didn't make him pause or think. He needed her. Now.

“Later.” He opened her legs and made his way between them.

“Wait! Condom!” She pointed to the dresser.

“Fuck! I hate that damn rule.”

Grant jumped from the bed and rummaged through the plastic bag for a condom.

“You did use one last night, right?” Zora asked, her voice sounding unsure and so unlike her normal demeanor.

He felt his face go serious as he ripped open the condom package. “Of course.” He rolled the rubber down his hard length. “Did---”

“Absolutely.” Zora wouldn't even wait for him to get his question out.

He approached the bed. “And you still want to---”

Again she cut him off. “More than ever.”

Zora's body's reaction to Grant surprised her. Never would she have thought that sleeping with another man, especially one who had successfully given her a pleasurable evening, would make her want to fuck Grant even more.

Her nipples hardened to an aching degree, until she had to rub them to ease the strain. She opened her shaky legs for him, greeting his familiar weight with a welcoming embrace. Once he slid his considerable girth inside of her, her body became his again.

Smoothing his hand over her face and hair, she felt him trembling. Zora knew it wouldn't be long for him to come. Knowing that, her body prepared itself to meet his demand.

On the last thrust, she clutched his shoulders, giving him small nibbles around his neck. Her legs kept him trapped between hers until both of their bodies relaxed.

Grant attempted to pull out of her but she held on to him tighter. “Just one more minute,” she pleaded.

“I need to remove the rubber before it gets messy in here.” He kissed her sweetly this time.

He crawled out of bed and into the bathroom.

“So give me all of the details from last night,” he said from the bathroom.

“Sure,” she began, rolling onto her side and propping her head on her hands. “As soon as you tell me about the scratches on your back.”

### *Bridget Midway*

With a furrowed brow, Grant turned his back to the mirror and peered over his shoulder. He must have seen the long sets of scratches that marred his skin. He cursed, then faced her.

“Mad?” he asked.

“Intrigued.”

Grant padded back to the bed and cuddled behind her. “Then wait until you hear about the DVD of me and Winta.”

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Zora glanced behind her as she got dressed. Still stretched out in bed, Grant propped his head up to watch her. She smiled at him, an odd response considering the events of the last twenty-four hours. Had they actually had sex with other people and were now happy about it?

Happy? Zora couldn't remember the last time she and Grant had a marathon sex fest like the one they just had all morning. As soon as he walked into the front door, they were on each other like they only had twenty-four hours left in the day.

But she couldn't get enough of him. As they both had tried painting the spare bedroom, each time they'd talked about what had happened, how Art had reacted with her and how Winta had reacted to Grant, they were on each other again, fucking with wild abandon...save the condom. Grant did hate that part of it but got used to reaching for it.

Zora fastened her jeans and smoothed her hands over her backside. That motion got a groan from Grant that pumped her heart. She had to get out of the house now. If she didn't she would be on him again in a millisecond.

“Do you have to go to work?” he asked. “It's Sunday. You should stay at home, in bed, with me.”

He reached out for her with his long arm. She didn't try to get away from his grasp. When he hooked his finger in her belt loop, she happily tripped backwards and fell onto the bed.

Grant stared at her. He shook his head.

“I know,” she replied as though reading his thoughts. “Sex with other people shouldn't make us feel this way.”

### FASCINATION STREET

To her relief, he rested his hand on her thigh and stroked his thumb over her jeans. Just his touch percolated her pussy juices. The animals at the groomers would go crazy when they smelled her.

“The overtime money will help.” She put her hand to the side of his face.

A fine sandpaper grit covered his chin. She wanted nothing more than to rub her face, her body, her pussy against it.

“How about this?” Grant sat up and wrapped his arms around her. “You call in sick and stay home with me. We’ll try that backdoor thing.” He flitted his eyebrows as though trying to calm her.

Instead her asshole clamped shut and she stood. “If those are the choices, then I know I’m going to work.” She chuckled as a way to lighten the mood. “Besides, we’re going to need money for our wedding, right?”

Grant covered his eyes with his hand and fell back onto the pillows. “I hate that fucking rule more than the condom deal.” He removed his hand and stared at her intently. “Why do we need to get married anyway? They can’t force us. They’ll just ignore us. Ohhh, big deal.”

Zora’s heart sank with how glib he was with the whole marriage idea. Instead of showing it, because she didn’t have time to argue the real reason he should want to marry her, she kissed him lightly and told him she loved him.

In the bright light of the afternoon sun, Zora slipped on her sunglasses as she headed to her Toyota 4Runner. As soon as she opened her truck door, a light touch on her shoulder made her jump.

Turning, she found Winta behind her. Dressed in shorts and a t-shirt, Winta had on more clothes than Zora had ever seen her wear.

“Scare you?” Winta asked.

“Didn’t hear you behind me.”

Winta held a smile like she knew something. A tickling feeling attacked Zora’s stomach as she thought about the questions or statements Winta would pose. They would all be about Grant. Was she ready to hear just how he made another woman feel?

“Going out?” Winta leaned against the car door.

“Work.”

“And leaving that man alone?” She nodded her head toward the house.

*Bridget Midway*

Zora glanced at the door, the unlocked door, then back at her amorous neighbor. “He’s going to finish painting the spare bedroom while I’m at work.”

“With all that he’s done between me and you, I can’t believe he has the strength to do anything else.” Winta leaned in close to Zora. “So tell me. How many times did you two do it before you got dressed to leave?”

Zora swallowed. Staring into Winta’s eyes, she didn’t find a competitor. She found a confidante. Easing her shoulders down, Zora took a deep breath before she uttered a word.

“Three times,” she finally admitted.

The response made Winta’s eyebrows shoot up. “Wow! I need to get on Art. We had one good go around before he had to go to sleep.”

Zora laughed with Winta.

“I guess you wore my husband out.”

Zora quickly stopped her laughter. “I—I’m sorry.”

With a playful slap against Zora’s arm, Winta said, “Don’t be. I’m just glad you two had a good time.” She eased into Zora’s space. “Trust me. There will be more opportunities to wear each other out.” Then she winked. “Have fun at work.” With a turn on the ball of her bare feet, she sashayed back to her house.

It wasn’t until Zora felt Winta was far from her that she released her breath. She didn’t know why but Zora thought for sure Winta would have asked specific questions about Grant’s technique, what Winta did and didn’t like about his love making skills, and how Art was in bed. Glad she didn’t. Zora had a feeling that topic wasn’t over.

Hopping in her truck, she blasted her stereo, feeling too good to come down to earth yet, as she backed out of the driveway. Her cell phone chirped in her purse before she could drive away from the house.

Looking at the Caller I.D. screen before answering it, she smiled.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Hurry up and get to work,” Grant said, his voice sounding more gravelly than she’d ever heard it. “I want to do phone sex with you again when you get to the parking lot.”

“You’re insatiable.”

What a reassuring feeling that after a night with another woman, a terminally gorgeous woman, that he still wanted her. Her Grant.

## FASCINATION STREET

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“Come on, buddy. Just a little while longer.” Zora struggled to hold down the wiggly cocker spaniel as she tried rinsing off the shampoo.

Turning her gaze to the side, she caught Inez clipping the long, shiny red hair of an afghan hound. Zora could do that and do it much better than Inez. The hair should be trimmed evenly. It looked as though Inez was putting her own special touch to the cut, making zigzag designs instead of something stylish, classy.

As Zora opened her mouth to protest, the frisky spaniel she’d been shampooing jumped from the sink and ran through the office.

“Shit!” Zora screamed as she went after the dog.

“How many times do I have to tell you, Zora, to chain the dogs up when you shampoo?” Julie called after her.

“I know! I know!”

The last thing she wanted or needed was a lecture. She hated chaining the dogs up for a simple shampoo. Most stood still for the process. Then there were the ones like this little guy running through the Doggie Style office leaving a trail of soapy water with each sloppy step.

Once he burst through the door to the waiting room, Zora knew she was done for. All the clients needed to see was that she couldn’t control a dog and they would take their business elsewhere.

When Zora came through the door, she followed the wet paw prints until she found the little troublemaker sitting on the feet of a customer.

“Oh, my God! I’m so sorry.” She didn’t even look the person in the face as she bent down to get the dog. Cradling him in her arms, the spaniel escaped severe punishment when he licked her face.

Zora tilted her face away, then glanced at the man’s wet shoes and damp pant legs. “I’ll pay for those. I’m so sorry.” When she brought her gaze up to meet his face, she coughed.

“It’s okay. I should have known better than to wear something this nice on a Sunday anyway.”

“Brax?”

She couldn’t believe her neighbor was standing in her place of employment. She didn’t remember seeing a dog running around his house. But she’d never been over to his

*Bridget Midway*

home so maybe he did have one that just stayed in the house. Or maybe he had a cat. Or maybe she should just ask him what he was doing here.

“Winta told me you were going to work.” His deep voice filled the empty waiting room.

After wiping shampoo from her face, she said, “Yes, have to earn a living.”

“You also have to eat. I’m here to take you to lunch.”

She blinked. She shook her head. Then she wondered if she was dreaming. “What?”

“Lunch. You do eat, right?”

“Um, yes. But I don’t get a lunch break. This is just a part-time gig. As you can see, I’m just a dog bather.”

Exasperation covered Brax’s cool expression. “Call your boss out here.”

His demanding tone forced her to comply. After calling Julie to the front, Zora stood a few feet behind the duo as she tried listening in on their conversation. The only thing she recognized was that Brax pointed to Zora, to his pants and shoes, then to the front door. He kept his icy blue stare directly on Julie.

As though he hypnotized the woman, Julie approached Zora and took the dog from her hands. “Take as long as you need,” her boss said. “I’ll take care of this little guy.”

When she was sure Julie was out of earshot, Zora asked, “What did you say to her?”

Brax smiled. “I presented a very compelling argument that she couldn’t refute.”

“Should I get my purse?” Zora asked Brax.

“I just need you.” He held out his hand.

Her heart pounded in her head, drowning in sounds coming into her ears. Good thing. She couldn’t hear herself tell him she would go with him.



## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Twelve

“Hungry?” Brax asked Zora, as she scarfed down the rest of her turkey-and-cheese sandwich.

“Nervous,” she answered, once she wiped her mouth.

Brax folded his arms and leaned back in his chair. The last thing he needed to do was look even more regal and commanding than he did. With his new stance, diners who sat around them glanced at him like he owned the restaurant and the city of Virginia Beach.

“Why would you be nervous?”

Zora washed her sandwich down with some ice water, then attempted to look Brax in his eyes. The feat proved too daunting for her, so she dropped her gaze back down to the table.

“I don’t know what to expect from you. I see what you do to Lynia and I---”

He cut her off. “What I do with my wife is consensual. You do believe that, don’t you?”

She nodded, hoping he would believe her. Then again, did she truly believe it herself?

With a flick of his wrist, Brax juggled his expensive-looking gold watch around and glanced at the time.

“Should I be getting back?” Zora asked. She peered down at her watch.

“No. I’ll decide when you should return.”

“Until then you have me hostage, right?”

The obscene thought rolled in her head until she imagined that he would take her out to his Escalade and demand that she please him, sucking his cock, licking his body, fucking him until he came. She crossed her legs to tamp down the flames that had been building. The seam of her jeans rubbed her clit until the friction felt too good to stop.

“A happy hostage.” He smiled. “So tell me why you eat when you get nervous?”

*Bridget Midway*

Zora shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know."

"Don't do that."

"What?"

"Sit up straight and don't shrug your shoulders like that. You're a beautiful woman. Furthermore you're a beautiful black woman."

She opened her mouth to reveal her racial identity but Brax barreled through.

"Men around you take notice of you whenever you enter a room. I've seen it. So I don't want you to ever act as though you aren't important."

Hearing his encouraging words, Zora sat up straighter and put her hands in her lap.

"Again, now tell me why it is you eat when you're nervous." Brax brought his body in close and stared at her so hard she knew his full attention would be on everything that came from her mouth.

"I've done it since I was a child. It's an awful coping mechanism, I know. But at least now I'm eating healthier foods than the junk I ate as a kid." She laughed but Brax's face remained serious.

"I want you to stop doing that."

"What?"

"Stop eating to soothe yourself. It's unhealthy. You're just running away from problems you should be dealing with."

She nodded, unable to stop his rant.

"From now on, I want you to follow a diet that I'll set up for you."

"Are you serious?"

His glare made her want to swallow her question.

"When you feel nervous and you want to eat, give me a call." From his jacket pocket, Brax pulled out a business card and handed it to her.

Along with the name of his company, Tantric Publications, his name, cell phone number, office number, pager number and e-mail addresses were printed on the card. This man was serious.

"So what are you saying? You think I'm fat?" She left the card between her thumb and index finger, tapping it against the glass tabletop.

In a not so low voice, Brax replied, "I love the shape of your body and I can't wait to see you naked."

## FASCINATION STREET

A response like that snatched her breath away.

“So, your first swapping experience was last night. How was it?”

This time some diners at another table turned to them. Not interested in giving anyone a free ear show, Zora stood.

“Maybe we should finish this conversation outside.”

Instead of waiting for his response, she walked to the door and went out to his black shiny truck. In the noonday sun, it glittered like it begged to be looked at, admired.

Brax made his way through the restaurant door. He slipped on a pair of dark sunglasses before he crossed the parking lot to her. In his dark jacket and his shades, he looked like a secret service agent. A sexy one at that.

When he got to the passenger door he said, “I have to break you of being so reserved from talking about sex.”

He opened the truck door and slammed it closed once she got inside. When he got in on the driver’s side, she waited a beat before speaking.

“What if Grant likes me being a little shy?”

Brax turned to her, with the glasses still covering his eyes. “Then I’ll have to convince him that he should want you to be more open.”

After instructing her to put on her seatbelt, he took off and headed back to Doggie Style. He parked in the front and looked up at the building.

“Cute name,” he said.

“Draws a lot of attention.” Zora fought to keep from shrugging her shoulders.

“I bet.” Then he glared at her. “Is that how you like it?”

She wanted to pretend she didn’t understand what he was asking. Her hands trembled until she had to ball them into fists and push them against her legs.

“Yes,” she croaked. Then said a more confident, “Yes,” to make sure he understood her.

With that he smiled. “Good to know.”

He turned off the truck and got out. She opened her door but as he walked around the front of the truck he put his finger up to stop her.

Once to her side, he opened her door, took her hand and helped her out of the high vehicle. He held her hand as they walked to the building, an intimate gesture considering everyone in the office knew Grant and knew she was with him and loved him.

*Bridget Midway*

Brax opened the front door for her. Behind the front desk sat Inez, who looked at Brax as though the man came from another planet.

"I want you to come over to my house tonight." He told her the time and waited for a response.

"Okay." She cleared her throat. "Yes, I'll be there."

"Good." He kissed her forehead. "Thanks for accompanying me to lunch."

"Thanks for taking me."

"See you later."

As the door closed behind him, Inez scrambled to Zora.

"Who the hell was that and does he have a brother?" Inez asked.

"That's my neighbor." And the man Zora most likely will be fucking tonight.

"Can I move to your neighborhood?"

Zora laughed but her insides felt like they were balled up in a knot. How the hell was she going to explain this to Grant?

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"Brax wants you to go over to his house tonight?" Grant asked as though he didn't understand her the first time.

After hearing how his neighbor showed up at Zora's job, Grant's blood started a slow simmer but he wasn't angry. Looking at how excited Zora was to have been asked, he smiled. He liked that Zora had come home and told him everything that happened between her and Brax, including his whacked-out request to follow his specified diet. And he wasn't jealous because, no matter what, his Zora would come home to him.

"Okay," he said.

"You don't mind?" She chewed her lower lip.

His thumb coasted over her mouth and pulled her lip from between her teeth. "Considering what you were like this morning after being with Art, I can't wait to get you back in the morning."

She kissed him, offering a bit of her tongue in the exchange. "This may not be sexual at all. Like I said, he talked about my diet. Maybe he just wants to talk some more about the foods he thinks I should be eating."

"I know what I should be eating."

Grant lowered himself to his knees in front of her, his face directly in front of her sweet-smelling sex. He forced himself to get past the scent of wet dog hair and shampoo

### FASCINATION STREET

to take in her aroma. At times he could recall the smell of her pussy while sitting at work.

His fingers worked to undo her jeans when the sound of their front door opening stopped him. Heels clicking against the floor signaled the approach of someone coming down the hall to their bedroom.

Standing in the doorway stood Lynia dressed in skyscraper black stilettos, black patent leather wrist and ankles cuffs and her thin black choker. Other than that, she was completely nude.

God help him, even while at Zora's feet, Grant couldn't stop the slow rise down below as he stared at Lynia in all of her nude glory.

"Hi, Grant." She waved to him.

Afraid of saying or doing something stupid, he waved back and offered a smile.

"Brax and I are waiting for you," Lynia said.

"But I haven't had dinner and I should shower and change." Zora put her hands on Grant's shoulders.

From her touch, Grant knew Zora needed some support.

Lynia must have gotten a different message from Zora's response. She beamed as thought Zora had admitted to having the winning lottery ticket and wanted to give it to her.

"Perfect!" Lynia said. "Come with me now."

"Okay." Zora bent over and kissed Grant.

What started off as a standard goodbye kiss turned into something more passionate. Grant slid his tongue into her mouth, making her moan. Her hands cradled his face until they moved up to his hair, fisting it as though she wanted to take him with her.

Zora lifted her head. She trailed her fingertips down the side of his face. "Will you be okay for the night?"

Lynia approached them both. "He'll be fine." Her innocent smile contrasted with her wanton, sexual look. But the purity of her voice made him feel okay to let Zora leave with her.

"If you need me, you call me or just come home." He held her hand even as Lynia pulled her away.

Zora held his hand for as long as she could. "I will. I love you."

*Bridget Midway*

“Love you too, babe.” Before the duo could leave the room, Grant got Lynia’s attention. “Don’t let her get hurt, okay?”

As a way to respond to his request, Lynia offered a smile as she took his love away. When he heard the front door close, his heart stopped beating. Grant was sure the organ wouldn’t resume its duties until Zora came back to him safe and sound.

Until then, he would keep busy by touching up the trim work in the spare bedroom. He’d managed to get the room completely painted that day, using his pent-up energy from their day’s sexual Olympics.

Picking up a smaller, angled brush, he shook it out before dipping it into the thick sallow-colored paint. The front door opening stopped his motion. His heart started beating again as he threw the brush down and ran to the front door like an obedient lap dog.

“Decided to come back home after all?” he asked as he rounded the corner.

He stopped short when he saw that it wasn’t Zora who’d come back.

“Hi, Grant,” Winta and Garland said in unison.

## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Thirteen

Zora fidgeted as she stood in one spot in Brax and Lynia's home. Before she made herself a statue, she noticed how different their home was decorated compared to Art's and Garland's. Whereas Art's home felt comfy and livable, and Garland's home seemed to be a close cousin of a hands-off museum, Brax's home was a strange mixture of the two.

Black leather furniture decorated all of the rooms, including the dining room. The chairs that sat around the dining room table had black leather padded seats, backs and arms, held on by brass studs. As a result, even if the lighting in the place wasn't so dim, the rooms appeared dark and almost sinister.

Oriental rugs covered the honey-colored hardwood floors. On the walls hung black-and-white photographs of Lynia, all nude, in all positions. When Zora's gaze stopped on one large photo of Lynia with her hands bound to a black horizontal bar over her head, she glanced at her hostess, who must have noticed her staring at the picture. Lynia smiled and made her way by her husband.

The distinct scent of leather hung in the air, sweet and aged. Wearing just the white shirt he'd worn earlier for lunch and the same pants with a water stain on the legs, Brax put his hands on his hips as he stared at Zora, taking her in like he was checking out a new sofa.

"I see you and I haven't had a chance to change yet," he said.

The sound of his booming voice ignited a spark in her body. She jumped and hoped he didn't notice. From his sly smile she gathered that he had and he liked her unsure nature.

"I, um, offered to shower and change but Lynia said you wanted me here now." Zora clasped her hands in front of her body, then realized how scared it made her look. She released the hold and put her hands to her hips like Brax.

### *Bridget Midway*

Brax turned his gaze to his sweet wife. With his hand to the back of her head, he stared at her for a moment before saying, “Good wife,” then smothering her delicate mouth with a kiss.

Zora had to cross her arms over her chest to hide her hardening nipples under her tight t-shirt. No way could she be turned on by this caveman attitude. But then again, how many times had Grant chased her around the house and, when he caught her, slung her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, like a possession? And she loved it.

She loved when he held her hands down against the bed so that she couldn’t touch him. She loved his breathtaking kisses. The man knew how to drive her crazy.

“Did you run the bath?” he asked.

Lynia smiled and nodded.

“Good.” He glanced at Zora. “Come with us.”

He didn’t bother to explain himself. He and Lynia walked down a hallway, then up the stairs. Zora followed, trying hard not to fall too far behind. The deeper she got into their house, the more her heart thudded. Why did Brax, more than Art and especially more than Evan, scare her so much? Aside from how he treated Lynia, he hadn’t done anything to Zora. And maybe he wouldn’t treat her the same way. Maybe.

At the top of the stairs, both Brax and Lynia ducked into a room to the right. By the time Zora got to the room, she found Lynia unbuttoning Brax’s shirt.

The room was sparsely decorated. A huge, flat bed took up residence in the center. Only a dresser and a nightstand competed for attention. Zora assumed this was their spare bedroom. After looking at the living room, she suspected that this duo’s room would be decorated more than one was.

“Your diet specifications are on the dresser.” Brax nodded his head to the paper sitting on top of the chin-high piece of furniture.

Zora nodded and brought her attention back to Brax.

He jutted his head forward and gave her an icy stare. “Get it.”

“Oh.” She went to the dresser and picked up the three pieces of loose paper.

Her gaze swept over the paper. As she read each entry, her eyes widened. This wasn’t a diet. It was a restriction.

“You must be---”



### FASCINATION STREET

Zora stopped when Lynia unzipped his pants and dropped them to his feet. Standing in only a pair of black silk boxers, Brax waited for Lynia to remove his shoes before he stepped out of his pants.

Zora cleared her throat. The sight of his rippling abs dried her throat and buckled her knees.

“Um, this diet,” she began.

“Yes?” Brax shot back.

“It doesn’t seem realistic.”

With great delicacy, Lynia folded Brax’s clothes.

“They go to the cleaners,” he said to her as she walked away with the garments.

Lynia nodded and stepped out of the room, probably going to their bedroom.

“So what’s unrealistic about the diet?” Brax pressed.

Zora’s gaze dropped down to the paper as soon as Lynia returned to the room. “The breakfast sounds fine. A half cup of plain yogurt, a half glass of orange juice without pulp and a half of a plain bagel, not toasted. But the lunch.”

Lynia pulled Brax’s boxers down. Zora couldn’t help but stare at his penis. She blinked when she saw his pubic area hairless. But the more she took notice of him, the more his penis came alive, engorging until she had to bring her gaze back up to his.

“What about the lunch?” he asked.

“Um, you have that I’ll only have half of an apple, ten raisins and ten almonds. That’s rabbit food.”

“Food is for sustenance, not entertainment. Eating what you need instead of eating what you want will prepare your body to be an efficient running machine instead of a slave.”

With the word ‘slave’, Lynia brought her gaze up to her husband’s. He smiled and kissed her lightly on her lips. The tenderness touched Zora’s heart. She felt warm all over.

“Undress her,” he told Lynia.

Zora’s body went cold. As Lynia stepped forward, Zora stumbled back until she met the dresser behind her.

“You’ll have to be bathed,” he said as a way to explain his request.

Lynia took the papers from Zora’s hands and put them back on the dresser before she started stripping her down. First her t-shirt came off. Instead of tossing it on the

### *Bridget Midway*

floor, Lynia folded it and set it on a chair. She lowered herself to her knees and removed Zora's sneakers, setting them by the dresser.

Zora inhaled deeply when Lynia worked to undo her jeans. When Lynia got them down to her knees, Zora's gaze split from the woman at her feet to Brax. As she stared at him, Zora noticed how he appreciated her body. His tongue snaked over his lips. His long dishwater blond hair hung around his face as though afraid to cover his view.

The stare stabilized her heart rate until she didn't fight Lynia when she removed Zora's bra. When Lynia pulled Zora's panties down her legs, Zora stepped out of them quickly. And there the three of them stood, naked, staring at one another, until Brax spoke.

"Bring your diet to the bathroom." Brax led the way.

Zora picked up the paper and gasped when she felt a light touch on her free hand. Peering down, she saw Lynia had taken hold of her. Without a word, Lynia pulled her toward the bathroom.

The brightness of the bathroom attached to the bedroom contrasted with the rest of the dark house. White tiled walls melted into the white tiled floors until Zora couldn't tell where one ended and one began. And, just like with the bed, the large whirlpool tub took up space in the middle of the room.

A couple of lit candles lined the countertop, giving the room a light flowery scent. Zora released a sigh of appreciation for the subtle touch.

At the tub, Lynia let Zora's hand go. Brax took his wife's hand and helped her into the sudsy water. The white, fluffy bubbles surrounded Lynia up to her knees. Then Brax took the pages from Zora's hand and assisted her into the bath with his wife.

Still standing on the outside of the tub, he faced the duo. "So, where were we?"

Before Zora could answer, a warm, wet rag touched her back. She jumped and pivoted, finding Lynia behind her with a washcloth attempting to bathe her.

"No!" Brax barked.

Again, Zora jumped. She had to calm herself. Taking two deep breaths, she faced Brax to find out why he objected.

"Use only your hands," he said, a smile cocked up on the side.

Lynia set the washcloth on the edge of the tub. Zora swallowed, waiting for the next touch. A dollop of cold gel plopped on her shoulder.

"Sorry," Lynia whispered as she rubbed the rose-scented bath gel into her skin.

### FASCINATION STREET

Lynia's soft hands, combined with the heavenly scent permeating the room and looking at Brax's god-like body made Zora feel light-headed. As though she'd done it before, Lynia smoothed her hands down Zora's arms first, then curved them over her waist and down her hips.

"You actually eat six times a day," Brax said, as his gaze volleyed between the pages to Zora.

"Okay," Zora said, becoming breathless under Lynia's handling.

Lynia moved her hands over Zora's breasts. To Zora's surprise, her already hardened nipples didn't deflate. They ached to a painful degree, hungering for touch now, any touch. Lynia more than obliged by circling her nipples with her fingertips.

Zora leaned her head back so that it rested next to Lynia's.

"You'll have a small breakfast, a snack, then a small lunch, another snack, dinner and another after dinner snack," Brax said.

In the airy bathroom, his voice echoed off the walls.

Zora reached her hands behind her to touch Lynia's legs. Never one to think she would enjoy another woman's touch, Zora found herself enamored with the feel of softness under her hands instead of rough, hairy flesh.

Lynia's skilled hands took over Zora's vulnerable body. One hand she let travel up between her breasts until she reached Zora's neck. The other hand moved down Zora's belly to her quivering pussy. As soon as her middle finger slipped between her lower lips, Zora let out a long moan.

"Ah, ah!" Brax said and wagged his finger. "Careful, darling. Don't make her come. Not yet."

"Sorry, Brax," Lynia said. Then she kissed the side of Zora's face.

Struggling to catch her breath, Zora lifted her head and came face to face with Brax. He was climbing into the tub, still with papers in hand. She gasped and he heard it, evident from the way he cocked his head.

"I've never hurt you and yet you act as though you're afraid of me. Why is that?" he asked, then sat down in the tub so that bubbles met up to his chest.

"I see how you are with Lynia," she said, proud that her voice didn't crack.

"No, you *perceive* how I am with my wife. You think I'm cruel to her, don't you?" Brax stretched his arms across the rim of the tub as he watched her and Lynia, still in an intimate embrace.

*Bridget Midway*

“I see her strapped to the porch. You treat her like a pet. How can that be satisfying?”

“I don’t know about you, but I’m not one to make love to animals, so you saying that I treat her like a pet is way off the mark.” He dropped the papers on the floor, then slipped fully under the water, reemerging with his hair slicked back on his head.

God, he looked even better wet. Water dripped from his face and chest, and at that moment Zora longed to be a drop of water.

“I love Lynia,” he said. “I would do anything for her. And what she wants, what she’s asked of me, is that I make her happy. Her happiness comes from serving me and catering to my needs. Tell me, Zora, do you give Grant blow jobs?”

Zora blinked.

When she hesitated to answer, Brax screwed up his lips. “Zora, you’re standing naked in my bathtub with my wife fondling your tits and pussy. A question like that shouldn’t stun you.”

And yet it did. She managed to answer. “Yes. But in turn he gives me great head.”

“It’s the same thing. I put Lynia on a restricted diet. In turn she keeps healthy foods in the house for the two of us. She maintains her weight and has enough strength and stamina for whatever we do.” He winked at her. “No matter how you slice it, Zora, we both have a give and take relationship. Ours just goes to a higher level.” He picked up a tube with green gel swirling around inside and squirted some in the palm of his hand. “Now come here.” He stared pointedly at Zora so that she could not mistake his command for his wife.

Lynia removed her hands from Zora’s body, leaving her cold. Walking through the tub, warm water caressing her legs and tickling her feet, she sloshed toward Brax. She stopped when her toes touched his feet.

“Closer.” To accommodate her, he opened his legs.

Zora took two steps closer to him and was now in his face, at least her breasts were. Dipping his hand into the sudsy water, he created a lather in his palm.

“I’m sitting on a step in the tub. Put your foot on it next to me.”

She raised her foot and searched for the ledge hidden by bubbles. Once she found it, she planted her foot next to his hip.

### FASCINATION STREET

Staring in her eyes, Brax raised his hand and cupped it against her pussy. She flinched but not out of fear this time. Her throbbing sex begged to be touched again. It was her pussy's way of screaming for joy.

His hand massaged her slick folds back and forth. The heel of his hand rubbed against her clit until her legs trembled. He must have felt it.

"Don't come," was all he had to say.

But that request was easier said than done. Resting one hand on her raised thigh, Zora found it difficult to maintain her balance on her other leg until she had to fall forward and rest her other hand on Brax's shoulder.

"Winta told me you had great breasts," Brax whispered when her face hovered close to his. "And Art said your pussy is delicious."

Hearing news like that made her cry out in ecstasy. His free hand found her tit. He kneaded it in his large hand.

"Brax, I---"

Zora struggled to find the words that wouldn't come out of her mouth. Brax slid his soapy fingers back and forth through her slit until finally he dipped his long middle finger inside of her.

Bursts of light fired off in her eyes and sounds of explosions boomed in her ears until if she didn't get away from this man, she was going to come and come hard.

"Shit!" Zora backed away from Brax and fell to her knees inside of the tub.

The water came up under her chin as she curled her legs close to her body. She wasn't sure what he would have done to her if she did have an orgasm but she didn't want to find out.

"Why did you pull away?" he asked.

Zora wiped her face before answering. "I was going to come."

He snickered. "Good." Then he grabbed Lynia. "But that's not how you handle it. Don't run away from things that scare you. Embrace them. Control them. You'll come out a stronger person."

After his lecture, with only a touch, he made Lynia part her legs, placing one foot on the underwater ledge just like Zora had done. Then Brax shoved his index and middle fingers inside of her, moving them back and forth until his wife's body swayed.

### *Bridget Midway*

From the way Lynia gritted her teeth, then fisted Brax's hair, Zora saw the effort it took her to hold back her orgasm. She felt Lynia's pain in her stomach as it tightened into a ball.

When Brax felt his wife couldn't take any more pleasure, he slowed down his thrusting motion before he stopped completely.

"Mind over matter," he said triumphantly, as though he was the one denying himself pleasure.

He licked her juices from his two fingers, then stood. Zora scanned his toned body and her tongue moistened her dry lips. His cock hung thick and heavy between his legs.

"Lynia, wash my back." He handed her the bottle of bath gel. Then he peered down at Zora. "You do my front."

Zora crawled to his feet. She accepted the bottle of gel from Lynia and poured some in her hand. The aroma of cucumbers floated to her nostrils. Starting with his thighs right above the water line, Zora rubbed the gel into his muscled legs until foam appeared.

When she got to his penis, one hand cradled his smooth balls. She soaped them. Massaged them. But her gaze remained on his weeping rod with a pearl of pre-cum hanging from the tip.

Her gaze moved up to his face. Brax stared at her. Without him having to say a word, she knew what he wanted. She knew what she wanted to do.

"No hands," he said. "Just your mouth."

Zora tongue jutted forward and licked the tip of his cock. For that, Brax let out a growl. Her mouth covered his plump tip and she pressed her tongue against it, extracting more juices from him. He tasted salty, not a hint of sweetness like with Grant. Then she moved down to the center of his shaft as she continued to massage his balls. When she pulled her head back, allowing his cock to fall freely from her mouth, she heard Brax let out a long breath as though he'd been underwater for this treatment.

Tilting her head back, she took him in her mouth again but this time got down to the hilt. His legs trembled as she moved her head back and forth. Her free hand braced against his thigh.

Zora sucked and licked him until her jaw started to ache. Peering up at him, she found him smiling down at her.

### FASCINATION STREET

“I’m holding back,” he said, as though reading her thoughts.

Son-of-a-bitch. If he was going to hold back, then she wasn’t going to follow his silly rule. Moving her hand from his sac, she held the base of his cock while circling the tip with her tongue.

“No hands. I told you,” he said, sounding more out of control than she’d ever heard him.

She pretended she couldn’t hear him over the sounds of her slurping and sucking. Brax had to step back, nearly knocking Lynia down in the process.

“Bad girl,” he said but with a smile. “Let’s see how you do. Sit on the edge.”

Zora scooted back on her knees in the large tub before rising out of the water and sitting on the edge.

“Come here, darling,” he said to his wife.

Lynia stood by his side.

“Sit next to her.” He got down on his knees and positioned himself between Zora’s legs. Once Lynia made her place next to Zora, he said, “Kiss her.”

Zora hesitated before turning her face toward Lynia. Lynia, however, wasted no time in planting her lips onto Zora’s. The kiss didn’t shock her as much as feeling Brax’s mouth on her pussy.

Zora wanted so much to look down at him but Lynia put her hand to the side of Zora’s face to hold her steady. Her neighbor’s soft lips pulled her into a sensual kiss that made Zora forget about the fact that she was kissing a woman. Lynia’s hand returned to Zora’s tit. Zora welcomed that touch, too. This time she decided to return the favor.

Reaching her hand out to her, Zora put her hand on Lynia’s shoulder, then slowly moved it down to her pert breast. Lynia moaned in Zora’s mouth.

Suddenly Zora felt a sharp pain on her clit. Damn it! Did Brax just bite her? She flinched, but continued kissing Lynia. Zora’s tongue pushed its way into her mouth. Her heart raced at how brazen she’d become.

When it felt like Brax was chewing her pussy lips, she pulled back from Lynia and looked down at him. Did he actually think something like this felt good? What if she’d chewed on his nuts?

Zora turned her gaze to Lynia.

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The woman smiled sweetly, kissed her lips, then trailed her mouth to her ear where she whispered, "I know. He's not very good. But he tries." She rolled Zora's nipple between her fingers. "When he goes to sleep, I'll make it feel better."

Lynia slipped her tongue in Zora's ear, a welcome relief from the munch festival going on between her legs. All of this time and no one told this man he gives head like a beaver? She felt sorry for Lynia. Obviously the woman loved the man enough not to hurt his feelings.

At one last painful tug on her clit, Zora yelped, making Brax bring his head up.

"Sorry," Lynia began. "I didn't mean to pinch your nipple that hard."

Away from her husband's view, Lynia winked at Zora as her way of asking her to play along. Zora put her hand over Lynia's.

"Guess you got carried away," Zora said.

"Speaking of getting carried away, condoms, baby," Brax said.

Lynia slipped around the rim and opened a drawer on the outside of the tub. She pulled out a string of packaged condoms and brought them back to him.

He took them from her hands and ripped one off of the link, then handed it to Zora. "Put it on me."

Opening the package, the only thought that rolled around in her mind was that she hoped he was a better lover than he was a cunnilinguist. She rolled the rubber onto him.

"Turn around."

Zora got on her knees on the ledge and propped her body with her hands on the rim. Roughly, Brax moved her legs apart. Then he teased her. Rubbing the tip of his cock up and down her pussy lips, Zora melted. On instinct and from need, she pushed her ass back against him to slide him inside.

"You'll get it when I say so," he said, as he held her waist with one hand.

Zora heard a plop in the water. She wondered what it was until she felt nimble fingers caressing her clit. Turning her head, she saw Lynia next to her, her hand in the water as she kissed her husband. The touch felt too good for Zora to question who was making her feel that way.

As she got used to the sensation, Brax shoved his full length inside of her to the hilt and held it there. Even though the rough entry surprised her, Zora's body responded very quickly. Her nipples rubbed against the tub as Lynia continued to stroke her and Brax held himself inside of her.



## FASCINATION STREET

“Yes!” Zora finally said.

Brax pulled out almost to the tip, then slid back inside of her, easier, slower than before. “Remember, don’t come until instructed.”

Don’t come? Was this guy kidding? The feelings, all of the sensations, her body demanded to respond quickly. There was no way she could hold off her orgasm. Then she thought about what Brax had told her earlier. Don’t run from things that are difficult.

She pressed her ass against him as Brax increased his speed.

“Sit on the edge of the tub, baby,” Brax said, without breaking his stride.

Knowing what he meant, Lynia sat on the edge with her shorn pussy right in Zora’s face. Another first. Zora peered up at the angel-faced beauty, who only smiled and spread her legs wide. Her fingers parted her slick folds, exposing her creamy, pink clit.

Lynia smelled of ocean spray and flowers. She must have perfumed herself before getting into the bathtub. Zora swallowed. The woman did promise to reciprocate later on. And Zora did want to be adventurous in her sex life.

With her tongue extended, Zora leaned forward. She thought about how Grant would use his mouth on her. Instead of treating Lynia’s pussy like a watermelon eating contest like Brax had done with Zora’s poor pussy, Zora would use the same technique that Grant used on her.

Zora closed her eyes, then swiped her tongue from Lynia’s opening to the clit. Lynia gasped, then moaned. Like her disposition, Lynia’s juices tasted sweet. Just a hint of saltiness.

With Brax pounding into Zora harder, it was difficult for her to keep her head steady although she tried. She covered Lynia’s sensitive nub with her mouth and flicked it with the tip of her tongue.

“That’s it, Zora. Make her feel good. Do it.”

To hold Lynia in place, Zora put her hands on Lynia’s hips. Lynia’s soft flesh melted around Zora’s fingers as she continued licking her cunt, sucking her juices. Zora must have been doing it right. She felt Lynia’s hips grinding against her mouth.

Zora moaned, both at being fucked and at making Lynia feel so good with just her mouth. She dipped her tongue inside of Lynia and the woman screamed.

“Did you come?” Brax barked.

“No, but it feels so good,” Lynia said with a quivering voice.

*Bridget Midway*

“Zora, use your fingers.”

Zora pulled back from her neighbor, then circled her clit with her thumb. Lynia raised her hips and rotated it along with Zora’s thumb. When Zora plunged it inside of her, the woman sounded like she had just cracked into a million pieces. She screamed, wailed, trembled and had to hold onto Zora’s other hand to calm herself.

“I can’t hold out much longer,” Lynia said. “Please!”

“Hold it, babe. We have a guest. I have to make sure she’s satisfied first.”

While pumping inside of her, Brax curved his hand under her and found her clit. He rubbed his fingers against it making Zora’s body feel electric. Her hairs stood up and it was only a matter of time before she would explode.

“So...close...Brax,” Zora said.

“Now, baby, now!”

All three thrust and gyrated against each other and came together in a loud and explosive climax that echoed off the stark white walls. Water splashed over the edge of the tub and onto the floor but no one seemed to care at the moment.

When Brax slowed his thrusts down, then stopped, he pulled out of Zora. Sitting on the ledge next to her, he brought Zora’s face to his and kissed her, sliding his tongue into her mouth.

“Good neighbor,” he said and winked. He gazed up at Lynia. With only his eyes, he summoned her. She crawled to him and kissed him. “Good wife.”

With their three faces together, they all kissed at the same time, part of Zora’s lips on Brax’s and the other half on Lynia’s. Zora closed her eyes. She felt a tongue going into her mouth but she wasn’t sure whose it was and it didn’t matter. For as bad as Brax was with cunnilingus the man did know how to fuck.

Zora sat on the ledge next to Brax with her head on Lynia’s lap. “I feel kind of bad.”

Brax’s furrowed his eyebrows. “Why?”

“Grant is home alone. I doubt if he’ll go to anyone’s house tonight on his own.”

Brax smiled. “I’m sure he’ll be just fine.”

## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Fourteen

“Let me guess. You two aren’t here to borrow a cup of sugar, right?” Grant said as he stared at the duo.

Garland was dressed in a black leather bra and matching bikini bottoms, and Winta in a flimsy negligee and matching thong panties. They looked like a new-age Cat Woman and Slut Girl, ready to fight the evils of the words and fuck a man senseless.

“Unless you use the word ‘sugar’ to mean something else,” Garland said, then kicked his door closed with her foot. She had a bag in her hand. What she carried in it was anyone’s guess.

The woman was already tall enough, but in her skyscraper heels she looked imposing. Good thing he wasn’t easily intimidated.

“We heard you were going to be alone tonight,” Winta said and sauntered toward him.

“What? Is there an e-mail loop with all of the latest news or something?”

“Actually, Evan wanted to start a website for our little group but I talked him out of it. Didn’t need some geek looking up that Cure song and stumbling on our little world.” Garland scanned the room as though assessing whether it met with her approval.

“Yeah, God forbid you let your husband think on his own.” Grant stood his ground even as Winta circled him.

“Wow. I guess you know everything, huh?” Garland put her hands to her hips.

“Will you two stop it?” Winta put her hand on Grant’s shoulder and swept it down his arms.

Goosebumps formed under her touch.

“So, how did I get to be so lucky to not only see you ladies this morning when I woke up but now before I go to bed?”

“Like we said, we knew Zora wasn’t going to be here tonight,” Winta began.

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“Ah, so you two just stopped by to check up on me? How sweet. I’m fine, really.”

Winta dragged her hand up the front of Grant’s shorts, feeling his newly engorged shaft. Why did she have to smell so good and look even better in that damn handkerchief of an outfit?

“Yes. You are fine.” Winta kissed the side of his face.

Her tongue darted in his ear. Powerless to do anything else, Grant put his hands to her waist and held her as she continued licking his ear and giving him the best ear job he’d ever had.

“What about your husbands?” he asked without really giving a shit what they were doing.

“Art is still at work and he knows I’m here,” Winta replied. She rubbed her large, firm tits against his arm.

“Evan is at home.” And that was all Garland needed to say.

“Not able to come out and play?” he asked, wanting to ruffle Garland’s pompous feathers.

“Why? Would you like to play with him, Grant? Is that your thing?”

“Enough talk.” Winta pulled a pink, satin ribbon at the top of her outfit.

Undoing the knot made the garment fall to the floor in one pink heap. In just her panties, Garland moved behind her. She slid her fingers down Winta’s long legs.

“Now your turn to get naked,” Garland instructed.

“No. Not until you go first.” Not that he was truly interested in seeing Garland naked. But if she was going to play Domme then he would play asshole.

“Fine. Winta.”

Winta undid the clasp that held Garland’s bra together. Then she slipped it down her long arms. Winta made short work of Garland’s panties too, until they both stood in front of Grant completely naked. Garland even tossed her bag to the floor. Guess whatever was in it wasn’t fragile.

Grant swallowed, not expecting them both to disrobe so quickly. “Anyone want a drink?”

The women glanced at each other and laughed.

“I knew he couldn’t handle us both,” Garland said and reached down for her clothes.

### FASCINATION STREET

Her words were the impetus he needed to bed them both. Pulling off his t-shirt and stripping out of his shorts, he stood in front of them proud, hard and scared out of his mind. What the fuck was he doing?

Garland and Winta observed his body.

"You're right, Winta." Garland approached him. "He does have a very nice...disposition."

He snickered at her word choice. Then he surveyed her body. Her small breasts had large pink nipples. Unlike Winta's tits, Garland's would easily get lost in his hands. A thin strip of hair covered her pussy. So the cleanly shaven thing was only Winta and Lynia.

"You have a nice set of...personalities yourself," he said.

Garland laughed. "I don't know why we don't get along better. We're so much alike."

Grant felt his eyebrows shoot up to his hairline. "No, we're not."

Standing behind Winta, Garland cupped her breasts in both hands. "We both love Winta's breasts, right?"

He cleared his throat. "Uh, I guess."

Garland turned Winta around and planted a hard kiss on her. He saw tongues being exchanged and thought he would explode.

"We both like kissing her," Garland said.

"Name something that's not so obvious," Grant said, trying hard not to erupt right there on the spot.

"You want to fuck me as much as I want to fuck you."

And as he looked at her full lips that rivaled Winta's own pouty set and her metallic-hazel eyes, he did want her. He wanted to fuck her.

Storming to her, he raised his hand. She didn't flinch. Pulling out her two chopsticks that held her bun in place, Grant let her hair fall down around her face to her shoulders. Her long hair covered her breasts and made her look almost innocent. Almost.

"You like it rough?" he asked, as though daring her to back away.

Garland took a step forward. "I like it any way you want to give it to me."

Her hand clamped around his shaft and she gave him a tight, long stroke. Putting his hand behind her head, he pulled her in and kissed her hard. His tongue waited for no

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invitation to invade her hot mouth. Then Garland pushed her tongue back at his, at first letting the two intertwine. Soon her tongue forced its way into his mouth.

Apparently feeling left out, Winta took Grant's hand and wrapped her lips around his thumb. The heat in her mouth made him imagine what it would feel like around his cock.

"You must be doing something right, Winta," Garland said, as she glanced at her neighbor. "His cock is throbbing so hard now. You want to feel?"

Winta brought her hand down and Garland shook her head.

"No. With your mouth."

Winta smiled at the request. Lowering herself to her knees, she took over. Not as strong as Garland's grip, her grasp felt good just the same. Winta peered up at him. Her pink tongue snaked over her burgundy lips. When she licked around his tip, Grant thought he would come in her mouth.

But Garland brought him back down to earth. She put her hand under his chin and forced his face up so he could look at her. Then she fisted his hair and kissed him hard. He grabbed a handful of Garland's soft hair. The other hand moved down to Winta and held the back of her head.

Winta brought her mouth down halfway on his shaft, then she slid it up. No wonder Art wanted her to blow him before work. The woman knew how to please a man.

As Winta worked on him, Grant let out a long moan while he continued kissing Garland. He felt his lips vibrate against hers. His sound of appreciation made Winta respond in kind. When she moaned, Grant broke from the kiss and stroked her black hair.

"Shit!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, my husband likes her too." Garland pulled from Grant's grasp, then crouched down behind Winta. "He tells me he can't decide whose better, Winta or Lynia." Garland cupped one of Winta's luscious tits, then moved her hand down between the woman's thighs. "What do you think, Grant, assuming you haven't had the pleasure of Lynia's skills yet. Who's better? Winta or Zora?"

At the moment, who the fuck cared? Here Grant was with two women, different but hot in their own way. One sucking his cock. The other playing with the one like he'd only seen in porn movies. And Garland wanted him to answer a poll question?

"Different. Both good." He hated his Tarzan-like answer but it was all he could muster.

### FASCINATION STREET

And he hadn't lied. Zora treated his fleshy baton so delicately. Sweet tongue and gentle motions. She made love to his penis.

Winta on the other hand devoured his dick as though she'd never had one before. Her full lips enveloped him and her tongue surrounded him. If she kept on, he wouldn't be able to hold out for very long.

"Why, Winta. I do believe you just made our host tongue-tied." Garland laughed and kissed Winta on her shoulder.

Not really wanting to take his eyes off of Winta, Grant broke his gaze for a moment to look at the couch. Zora had told him and he'd read in the handbook that sex with neighbors couldn't occur in the hosts' beds.

At Winta's slightest touch to his balls, Grant pulled back. The pop Winta's lips made at disconnection echoed in the room.

"I'll set the sofa bed up," he said between panting breaths.

"Okay," Garland said and wrapped her arms and legs around Winta as she sat behind her. "We'll keep ourselves busy."

That's what he was afraid of. In a flash, Grant pulled the seat cushions from the couch and tossed them to the floor. He hooked his hand into the handle to pull the bed out when it got jammed.

"Shit!" Peering over his shoulder, he caught the two women intertwined, their legs wrapped around each other and kissing.

Garland glanced up at him and winked.

Rubbing his hands together to dry them and taking a deep breath, Grant took one last tug on the bed, finally freeing it.

"Be right back," he said to the amorous duo. He doubted they even heard him as he left the room to get sheets and pillows.

When he returned, he found them both sitting on the bed waiting for him.

"What took you so long?" Winta asked, her lipstick smeared all around her mouth.

"I wanted you all to miss me." He set the items on the floor.

Standing at the foot of the bed, he snapped out a sheet while the two women sat on it. Taking their cue to move or be covered, they both stood and tucked the sheet under the thin mattress. Then they each took a pillow and put it at the head of the bed. And as

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though they were putting themselves on display, they both positioned themselves on their backs, gazing at him from their reclined positions.

“Two bulls stood on a hill and looked down at a pasture full of cows,” Grant began. “One bull ran and could only fuck one.” He strolled to the bed. “The other bull took his time and fucked them all.”

“How poetic,” Garland said with a smirk.

Grant crawled onto the bed in between the two. “Not poetry. Fact.”

Grabbing Garland around her waist, he pinned her down first and kissed her, taking ownership of her puffy lips. She bit into his lower lip. Grant jerked his head back and caught her smiling.

He moved over to Winta and gave her the same type of kiss. His hands found both of their breasts, Winta’s full, firm one and Garland’s small tit. His fingers circled both nipples and it surprised him to hear Garland growl in pleasure.

So he turned his attention to her, sucking her thimble-sized nipple into his mouth. She arched her back and mewled in ecstasy. His hand never stopped massaging her other tit as he sucked her. And his other hand continued twirling Winta’s nipple. Both bodies buzzed electric heat.

Grant dared to explore further. He danced his hand down Winta’s body, over her flat stomach to her pussy. Heat met his hand as he hovered it over her. Knowing what he wanted, Winta parted her legs and help guide his hand to her clit. She parted her lower lips to give him better access to her sensitive nub.

Slick under his touch, Grant rubbed his thumb over it, slow at first to savor the touch, then he pressed down harder, causing Winta to scream in delight. She pressed his hand against her clit harder until her body shuddered. Her fingernails that she’d embedded in his arm relaxed.

Until she let him go, Grant hadn’t felt the pain she’d inflicted. But the scratches wouldn’t stop him. It propelled him to an almost animalistic state where he craved flesh.

Crawling over Garland’s body, he searched the end table for the box of condoms he’d seen there earlier that day. While over her face, Garland licked his chest, then nibbled his nipple, making him wince in pain.

“You like to hurt people, don’t you?” he said, as soon as he found the opened box of condoms.



### FASCINATION STREET

“You didn’t seem to mind when Winta took half your arm off.” Garland pointed to Grant’s arm.

Streaks of red striped his arm where the vixen had scratched. Looking coquettish, Winta said she was sorry, then kissed the spots.

He couldn’t wait any more. Rolling the condom on his cock, Grant flipped onto his back.

“I know you want to take control,” he said to Garland.

She crawled onto his body. “I told you we were a lot alike.” She straddled him, holding his erection in her hand.

Pouting, Winta asked, “What about me?”

Instead of telling her, he held her hand and pulled her over, forcing her to position her cunt over his face. Once in position, Winta settled her hips down, covering his mouth. She smelled of lavender flowers thrown into the ocean, saltiness tingeing her taste.

On automatic pilot, his tongue delved into her pussy just as Garland impaled herself on his cock. Grant’s body stiffened. He held onto Winta’s thighs as he enjoyed his feast, licking and sucking her as fast as she offered her milky cream.

Garland’s powerful thighs pushed against Grant’s sides as she rode him, slow at first then all of the sudden she moved herself up and down his cock with such fervor that Grant thought he would come from the motion. Unable to see the women, he imagined they were touching each other as they had on the floor. The thought made him press his hips up, penetrating Garland deeper.

The scream she emitted pierced his eardrums. Thankfully Winta’s feet blocked most of the sound. But what a rush to know that he’d brought this ice princess to an orgasm that hard, that fast.

Winta gyrated her hips, circling her pussy over his mouth so that his tongue licked her clit.

“Zora was right,” Winta growled. “You can eat pussy.”

Once Winta made the proclamation, her body tensed, then trembled. She uttered something incoherent then she, too, screamed.

She climbed off of Grant’s face, then crouched next to him and kissed him hungrily, careless that she was ingesting her own juices. Or maybe she did care. Maybe that turned her on as much as it turned him on.

*Bridget Midway*

It was then that Grant could see Garland on his cock, riding him hard. Already a sheen of sweat on her face, her hair stuck to her skin like a spider web.

“My turn,” Winta said.

“You had him,” Garland said between gasps. “My turn.”

Could Grant’s night get any hotter? Two women fighting over fucking him? He couldn’t wait to tell Zora.

“Bitch!” Winta spat. “Fine. Turn around then.”

Just like Lynia with Brax when she was fucking him on the porch the other morning, Garland managed to turn around while still on Grant’s cock so that her back was to him. Then she leaned back, laying her head on Grant’s chest.

Her long, walnut-colored hair draped over his shoulder and part of his face. Reaching her hand back, she tunneled her fingers through his hair while her other hand sought his to put on her breast and play with it again.

Winta kissed both Grant and Garland before making her way down between their legs. When he felt her warm tongue licking his sac and the base of his cock not covered by the condom, Grant tensed.

No way could he hold out for very long. He thrust his hips upward to give Garland a deeper penetration. Wanting to see Winta in action, he peered down and caught the top of her head. As though she knew she was being watched, she looked up. She moved her mouth up to Garland’s clit and started licking that to Garland’s pleasure and Grant’s amusement.

“God, you two are hot!” Grant held onto Garland’s breast but between the tight sensation he felt inside of her, watching Winta and hearing the two of them come, he couldn’t hold out. “Fuck!”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Garland fisted his hair.

Good. Too good. Grant squeezed Garland and felt his hot seed erupt. He continued pumping until he eventually slowed down, then stopped. All three panted.

Garland eased him out of her and climbed off of him. “Not bad for your first threesome.”

“Hey, I never said this was my first.” He sat up and got out of bed.

“You didn’t have to.” Garland smiled and winked.

### FASCINATION STREET

After depositing his loaded condom in the trashcan in the bathroom, he returned to the living room. The two women lounged on the bed, basking in their afterglow. They looked amazing.

From the corner of Grant's eye, he saw Garland's bag. "What's in your bag of tricks?"

She smiled. "A little surprise for Zora."

He cocked his head. "What kind of surprise? Last time I heard that, I found out I was being taped."

"I have that DVD with me if you want to see it." Winta beamed as though having his sexual encounter on a permanent record was a good thing.

"No, it's not that," Garland replied. "Ever wanted to be immortalized?"

Knowing Garland, Grant had a feeling he wouldn't like where she was going with this.

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Fifteen

“Follow the diet,” Brax said to Zora as she walked onto his porch the next morning. “And I want you and Lynia to work out at least three times a week, if not more. You’re more than welcome to use our weight room and walking to the main street and back is approximately one and a half miles.”

He kissed her but to Zora it didn’t feel like a sexual kiss. It was more like a fatherly kiss. She didn’t know whether she should be offended that he was treating her like a child or grateful that he took the time to care about her health and well-being.

So she kissed him back, waved to Lynia, who was still in the house, then walked across the street holding her dirty clothes from the day before in one hand and her newly prescribed diet in the other. Thankfully Brax had loaned her one of his t-shirts, one from his publication. On the front it read ‘Tantric Publications’ and on the back in red letters it read ‘We love keeping you satisfied.’

When she saw Winta, then Garland walking out of her house, Zora stopped in her tracks. Winta, wearing nothing more than lingerie that could have doubled for pink-colored air, swayed across the street back to her house. Unapologetically, she peered at Zora and smiled.

“Good morning,” Winta said. “You have some man.”

Apparently. When Garland walked by her she stopped, stared at Zora and offered the closest thing Zora had seen as a smile on Garland’s face.

“I’m glad you two are here in the neighborhood.” With bag in hand, Garland strolled to her house.

“Yeah, me too,” Zora said silently as Garland walked into her house.

And here Zora was feeling sorry for Grant because he was home alone last night and he had the time of his life with not one but two of his neighbors. Okay, so had she. But he knew about it. She may not have felt so bad about him being with Winta and Garland if he’d told her up front.

### FASCINATION STREET

Opening the front door of her house, she scanned the room for Grant. Everything looked to be in order. The couch had been returned to its original state. No telltale wrappers on the floor. No broken furniture. Then she heard the hiss of the shower.

Storming to the bedroom, she threw her clothes on the floor, set her diet on the dresser and burst into the bathroom. She saw Grant's silhouette behind the burgundy shower curtain.

"Did you have a good time last night?" she asked over the shower spray.

Grant pulled back the curtain. His eyes were full of passion and lust. He looked wild. Without answering, he grabbed her hand and pulled her into the shower with him.

"Grant!"

But he ignored her pleas and ripped the t-shirt from her body. He kissed her so hard her lips ached but she didn't want to stop. Whatever argument she was going to make about telling her about the two women went down the drain.

"Two women," he said between kisses.

"I noticed."

He pulled his head back. Confusion masked his expression.

"I saw them leave when I came home."

He nodded. "You?"

She nodded.

"Both?"

She smiled.

"Damn, baby!" He pushed her against the wall. Holding up one leg, he pressed his hard cock against her clit.

"Condom! Not without a condom!"

"I know."

Instead of his penis, he offered her his middle finger. With one thrust inside of her, her pussy walls clamped around his digit.

"Tell me everything," he said, his voice that sexy morning gravelly sound that turned her on so much.

"Brax gives bad head," she said.

Grant laughed in her ear. "That's all Winta and Garland wanted me to do last night. No wonder they acted deprived."

This time it was Zora's turn to laugh. "I went down on Lynia."

*Bridget Midway*

Grant stared into her eyes.

“And she went down on me when Brax went to sleep.”

He smiled. “Good?”

She beamed. “Very.”

With a piston motion, he finger fucked her pussy until she came not once but twice.

“You’re going to be late for work,” she said, feeling like she should say it as a good girlfriend.

“I want to call in sick so bad and stay home with you.”

“Another time. I don’t want you to get in trouble with your boss.” She smoothed her hand down Grant’s face.

“Are you going to work today?” he asked.

She shook her head.

“Will you call me in an hour and do the phone sex thing again?” His hand cupped her breast.

“Anything for you, babe.”

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Grant was on his twentieth goodbye kiss before he finally skipped out the door. In their driveway as usual, Winta had her hands on the hood of Art’s car and he was behind her, pants down, hands on her hips, fucking her doggie style.

“Good morning!” Grant said.

Art nodded but never broke his stride.

“What a great day! I love Mondays!” Grant announced before getting into his car.

At least he thought that before he got to work. Then the bitch on heels brought him down so fast it hurt.

“You’re late,” Stephanie said as she stood by him at his cubicle.

“No, I’m not.” Grant kept his back to her, thinking maybe if he ignored her long enough she would leave.

“I ask that all of my employees arrive to work at least fifteen minutes before their assigned shift.”

With this, Grant turned around and faced her. “Then I suggest you either pay me for fifteen minutes of overtime each day, allow me to leave fifteen minutes early at the

### FASCINATION STREET

end of the day or let me take an extra fifteen minutes for lunch. If I can't get any of those, then you'll only have me from eight to four each day."

He turned his back on her and resumed typing on his computer. Then he felt her looming over his shoulder. She was so close he felt her breath on his cheek.

"Your work is substandard," she grumbled in his ear. "Your colleagues have to constantly cover for your inadequacies. You'll never make it above associate."

With each put-down his hand balled into a tight fist until he finally sprang to his feet. Stephanie stumbled backward. A strange hush consumed the immediate area around them. Grant scanned the group. They looked at him, wanting him to do something, say something.

"Going to the bathroom." He shoved his chair under his desk and headed to the bathroom on the bottom floor. He didn't want or need any of his colleagues to follow him and offer any consolation.

Grant shot through the door to the first floor like a bullet through a gun chamber. He kicked the door to the men's bathroom open and paced the floor as one man washed his hands. Once the man left, Grant ducked into a stall and stood there, motionless. He undid his pants, reached for his meaty pacifier between his legs but stopped.

No way would he whack off to that bitch and her degrading remarks. And he couldn't stay at this job forever. He had to do something or he would go crazy and take Zora down with him. Her job didn't pay enough to cover the rent and utilities. And even though she fucked the landlord, Grant doubted that Art would be willing to let them skip the rent for a couple of months while he found another job.

Leaning against the cool wall in the bathroom, Grant closed his eyes and counted until he calmed himself down. The chirping of his cell phone clipped to his belt loop stopped him at one hundred forty-nine.

He saw that there weren't any calls or messages. Then he remembered he had another phone, the special one. He unhooked it and looked at the display. A text message. 'Come one, come all to Toy Friday on Fascination Street. Brax has an assortment of toys to try out. Meet at his house at six.'

Grant laughed at the message. He took a deep breath and felt almost calmed enough to return to his desk. If he saw Stephanie again, he wouldn't be responsible for what he said or did to her.

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### *Bridget Midway*

What started off as a fucking fantastic morning that stemmed from an incredible night soon became a shitty day that Grant wanted to forget. No wonder people hated Mondays. Pulling into his driveway, he waited in his car for a couple of minutes before getting out.

Evan stood in the front yard watering his lawn. "S'up, man," Evan said.

Hanging his head down, Grant mumbled something about the day but continued to his house. Once in the door, he took off his shoes, set his briefcase down and plopped on the couch.

"Grant, is that you?" Zora asked from the bedroom.

"Yeah," he called back. He was going to say something smart like asking if she thought it would be anyone else. But considering the whole neighborhood had carte blanche into their home, she was right in asking.

With his hand over his eyes, he heard her tiny steps coming down the hall. Then the couch next to him sank when she sat down.

"Rough day, baby?" She kissed his forehead and stroked his hair.

"Same as usual." He removed his hand. Turning to her, he smiled for the first time in over nine hours. "It's always good to come home."

She kissed him on the lips. "Feeling better?"

"Not perfect but I'm getting there."

"Cause I need you to be in a good mood for what I have to tell you."

A statement like that made him straighten up. "What is it?"

"Grant, just don't go crazy or anything." She put her hand to his chest as though trying to calm him before he potentially blew up but her stalling in sharing whatever this news was made him angrier than anything she could have told him.

"Can't go crazy until you tell me what's going on. What is it? Is it money?" he asked.

"No."

"Is it the neighbors? Did they do something?"

She waited a beat before answering. "Sort of."

"Did they come over here while I was at work? Did you---"

"No, nothing like that." She took in a deep breath then said, "It has to do with something they did, something they gave us."

"Gave? To us? What?"



### FASCINATION STREET

He scanned the living room and didn't see anything new or different. Then it hit him. Zora had come from the bedroom when he'd gotten home. His eyes widened as he bolted to his feet.

"Hell, what did they do?" He stomped down the hall to their bedroom. "What do we have a fucking swing or something now?"

"No. Nothing like that."

Grant looked in their bedroom and didn't see anything unusual. Everything was in place. Wait. They did have two other bedrooms.

He turned, nearly running over Zora. Grabbing her shoulders, he moved her aside and went across the hall. He should have guessed there was something in that room. The door was closed and since they'd painted the walls they'd never closed that door.

"Grant, just let me explain," Zora called after him.

But it was too late. Standing in the doorway with his jaw dropped, he stared at what had to be the biggest bed he'd ever seen. The four-poster monstrosity sat in the middle of the room. It was already dressed with new sheets, comforter and pillows.

"It came this afternoon," Zora began. "Winta came by and said Art bought it and she got the sheets to match the walls." She walked into the room and crawled onto the bed that looked better than their own bed. "Wasn't that nice of them?"

"Damn it!" Grant shouted as he charged from the room and out of the house.

"Grant! Wait! This was something nice they did for us!"

He didn't see it that way. He saw it as a slap in his face. Worse than his boss calling him a loser, now he had to come home and see that his neighbors found him to be substandard too. He couldn't have that.

Grant got to Winta and Art's house and pounded on the front door with his fist. "What the hell am I doing?" He opened the door.

Inside he found Winta giving her husband a backrub as he sat in a wingback chair. She wore shorts and a t-shirt. And, just like Grant, Art looked to have just gotten home from work, too.

"Hey, Grant. How are you?" Art asked.

"You have some fucking nerve."

Art's smile slipped off his face. Grant heard footsteps behind him. When he turned he saw Zora standing in the doorway.

"Something wrong?" Art questioned.

*Bridget Midway*

“That bed.”

Art smiled again. “So it came?”

“How fucking dare you buy something like that like I can’t afford to provide for me and Zora.” Grant poked his finger in Art’s smug face.

Art sat still. “It’s only a gift,” he replied. “A welcome-to-the-neighborhood gift.”

“No, it’s charity. It says that I can’t support Zora.”

Art stood. “You’re projecting. If there’s some other problem, you can always tell me.”

Grant shook his head. “You just don’t get it. Don’t buy us any more expensive beds.”

“Oh, so I can buy you two a cheap bed?” Art and Winta snickered.

Just like at work, Grant hadn’t gotten through to these two either. He turned to the door and whisked by Zora.

“Where are you going?” Zora asked.

“A walk.”

“Without shoes?”

He glanced down at his feet. He looked silly walking around in socks. But he needed to clear his head. Instead of admitting he needed footwear, he continued down the street.

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“Hi,” Zora said as soon as Grant walked through the bedroom door.

She’d thought about pretending to be asleep when she heard the door open and close. But she wanted to be there for him, be available and open.

Grant said nothing as he crouched down next to the bed and put his head on her lap.

“Baby, just tell me. Are you okay?”

He sighed. “I just had a rough day at work and I took it out on the wrong people. I need to apologize to Art and Winta.”

“Do it in the morning. I don’t want you leaving the house again tonight.”

Zora moved over in their bed to make room for him. Grant crawled in with her, his back against her chest. With one arm around him she stroked his hair with her other hand.

“You know I love you,” she said to reassure him.

### **FASCINATION STREET**

“I know. I love you too. I want to be everything for you.”

Zora kissed his cheek. “You are. But I want you to be happy. If your job is making you miserable then---”

He rolled onto his back and cradled her face in his hand. “I’m fine. Just a bad day.”

But she wasn’t convinced. She knew Grant like she knew her hair would frizz up in humid weather. But when he was ready to talk, she would be ready to listen.

“So what do you say? Want to try out the new bed?” he asked.

She shook her head. “I’m content here in our bed.”

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Sixteen

Bored, Zora doodled pictures of flowers on a blank new client form. Since Grant's outburst and subsequent apology, the week had gone by quietly, although she still enjoyed watching her neighbors go at each other like rabbits. She and Grant were content to do their business indoors and away from prying eyes.

Grant hadn't admitted what was bothering him. Then again, she hadn't told him about her desire to become more than just a dog groomer. Call it silly, but she wanted to style hair. With all of her hair, she certainly had enough practice. She'd even gone to beauty school and graduated at the top of her class. And here she was shampooing dogs. Except today, when Julie sent her to do the reception desk again.

Zora's gaze fell onto her paper and she noticed one of her drawings take on a different, more phallic look. What started off as an unopened rosebud suddenly looked like an erect penis. So she went with that idea, making the bud look like the all too familiar mushroom tip. She made the stem wider. By the time she got to the point where she was going to add a bead of pre-cum, a male voice snapped her out of her concentration.

"A hidden talent?" he asked.

Zora balled the paper and tossed it under the counter in the trashcan. "I'm so sorry. How can I help---" She stopped her inquiry when she recognized who stood in front of her. "Evan?"

For most of the month that she and Grant had lived in the house, she'd only seen Evan a handful of times. If he wasn't watering the lawn then he was fucking his wife outside of the house. To see him away from the neighborhood, away from Garland, she found him striking.

His dark brown eyes sucked her in. And with his caramel colored skin tone, his black eyebrows and goatee stood out.

"In the flesh," he answered.

## FASCINATION STREET

"I just never expected, um, well---"

"To see me out of the house?" he asked.

"Well, yes. Garland keeps a close eye on you." Something that bothered Zora considering she had wanted to have sex with him ever since she saw him naked at their dinner party.

"Garland is more vocal about it but the close eye thing is reciprocal. Believe that." He chuckled and rubbed his hands together.

His bright smile mesmerized her. Damn, if she were Garland she would have kept this guy under lock and key in her house, too.

"What are you doing here? Do you have a pet?" She looked over the counter but Evan answered her question to stop her search.

"Lunch. You want to bounce with me?"

It had been a slow day. She could use the break. And she could finally ask him questions that had been plaguing her since she first met him.

"Um, I---"

Before she could finish what she wanted to say, Inez interrupted her. "Hey, is the big dog brush in here? Hello!" Inez's mouth dropped open as she stared at Evan. "May I help you?"

"Inez, since it's a little slow, do you think Julie would mind if I take a little break?" Zora asked her dumbfounded friend.

Inez volleyed her gaze from Evan to Zora. "You know this guy?"

Zora nodded. "He's my neighbor."

"Again, can you get me in your 'hood? Between your man, the last guy that came in here and this dude, you are surrounded by hotties."

Inez's loud declaration embarrassed Zora but made Evan laugh. Instead of waiting for an answer, Zora grabbed her purse.

"Just tell Julie I went out for a little while. I'll be back in an hour." She looked at Evan. "Or so."

"Take your time. Please. And tell me some details when you get back!"

Zora pulled Evan out of the building before Inez could say anything else inflammatory.

"Nice girl," Evan said.

"No, she isn't."

*Bridget Midway*

Evan led her to his Hummer but Zora stopped at the passenger side. “Before we head, can I make a call?”

“Sure. Not a problem. Calling Grant?”

“Uh, yeah.” She punched in some numbers and walked to the back end of the truck for some privacy. When she heard a click on the other end she didn’t wait for a response. “Lunch with Evan. What should I have?”

A pause lingered before Brax responded, “Do you know where he’s taking you?”

“Um, no. Should I ask?”

“No, it’s fine. If you go somewhere where they serve salads, get a garden salad, only spinach leaves, not iceberg lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots, no cheese, no bacon bits, no crutons.”

“Dressing?”

“No. Plain. You’ll drink water. You have a choice between applesauce, Jell-O or a cup of fresh fruit for dessert if those items are offered. Do you understand?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“No, thank you for calling me. How are you feeling?”

She breathed a sigh of relief. “Actually, pretty good.”

“Good. That’s all that matters.”

Evan started the truck and Zora ended the call. Calling Brax seemed ridiculous at first. But the night that Grant blew his top over the bed she wanted to down a box of cookies. As soon as she’d reached for them, his business card fell from the top of the fridge to the floor. On a whim, she’d called him and told him she wanted to eat some cookies. He’d demanded she drink water with lemon juice and for her to come over to his house and walk on the treadmill since he didn’t want her running into Grant while he was cooling off.

It’d only been a week but she already felt different, both emotionally and physically. She no longer feared Brax. She could understand how Lynia depended on him so much.

“Everything cool?” Evan asked as he waited for her to belt herself in her seat.

“Yes, just fine.” She put her cell phone into her purse.

“Let’s go.”

Evan made small talk as he took her to God knows where. The further he drove, the less she said in her answers, until he finally stopped at a park.

## FASCINATION STREET

“A park?” she questioned.

“Yeah. It’s nice out. Thought you might like the fresh air.” He hopped out of the truck and came around to her side.

Damn it! She didn’t have enough time to call Brax to tell him the change of plans. What if Evan didn’t pack a salad or any of the dessert items? What if he didn’t even have water?

Evan opened her door. Zora smiled politely but thought of ways to duck out of the lunch date. Cramps? Headache? Jealous boyfriend?

Evan grabbed a large picnic basket and a blanket. “Shall we?” He offered his arm to her.

He was so charming, Zora didn’t want to hurt his feelings. Regardless of what he offered in the basket, she wanted to know more about this man, her neighbor.

She took his arm and followed him to a large tree. Perfect for July with the hot noonday sun overhead. After spreading out the blanket, he helped her sit on it and encouraged her to remove her shoes.

“I can’t believe you’ve been in the neighborhood almost a month and this is the first time we’ve actually sat down and talked.” Evan opened the basket.

“Uh, yeah. Talked.” She tried peering over at the contents but couldn’t see anything. She couldn’t smell anything either except for something that vaguely smelled like strawberries but she couldn’t be sure.

“I mean, we’re right next door to each other. No reason why we’ve waited so long to have a sit down, you know?”

“Yeah, sit down.” Now she was starting to sound like a parrot. “Look, I should tell you something.”

“What’s that?” Evan set out several containers in front of her, then pulled out two bottled waters.

“Um, you probably won’t understand this but I’m on this diet.”

“Diet. Yeah, I can dig it.” Evan opened one of the containers.

Dark green spinach leaves filled the bowl. Then he opened the second container. Tomatoes.

“You were saying something?” Evan asked, then removed the lid from a third container with two compartments, one holding carrots, the other cucumbers.

***Bridget Midway***

“You talked to Brax, didn’t you?” she asked as soon as he showed off a bowl of strawberries, grapes, chopped up bananas and pineapples.

“Of course. How else do you think I found out where you worked?” He laughed.

Feeling a bit foolish, she playfully punched him on his arm. “Here I was panicking because I wasn’t sure you would have the foods I could eat.”

“So now you know I have a sense of humor. Come on. Eat up.” He handed her a paper plate. He let her grab her portions first before he served himself.

Once they started eating she got comfortable with him. She asked him how he and Garland met. It shocked her to hear the story of their stormy relationship, how he didn’t like or trust her.

“In our relationship,” he began, “if you don’t have trust, you’ve got nothing. It’s crucial to everything that we do, every decision that’s made. It took a while but I trust that woman with my life.”

Zora nodded, then sighed.

“Grant has a lot of issues with trust, even now,” Zora said as she picked through her salad.

“I can tell. Brother is strung tighter than a guitar string.” Evan finished off his water and grabbed another bottle from the picnic basket.

“I just have a feeling he’s hiding something from me.”

“You mean like you’re doing with him?”

She blinked. “No, I’m not. What are you talking about?”

“Yeah, okay. And for best actress for ‘Queen of Denial’, I give you---”

She cut him off. “Hold it. You think I’m in denial about something?”

“I know it’s not your love for Grant. That’s real. You can see it in your eyes.”

Zora settled back down and listened to him.

“And I know you’re digging what’s going on in the neighborhood.” He winked.

Heat rose up her neck and consumed her face until she had to finish off her bottle of water.

“But I watched you for a while at your job. Sister, you are not happy. What’s up with that?” Evan touched Zora’s hand.

She was going to pull it back when she looked in his soulful eyes. He wasn’t being presumptuous. He was being kind, down-to-earth, real, honest.



### FASCINATION STREET

As though she needed to, her hand grasped his. “I could do so much more, Evan. It’s going to sound silly, but I’ve always wanted to be a hair stylist.”

“That doesn’t sound silly to me at all. So why aren’t you doing it?” His grasp tightened.

“Grant just started his job. I didn’t want to start a new career until he got settled in his.”

“Bull.”

She tried pulling her hand back. “It’s true.”

“It’s a cop-out and you know it. Baby, life is now. It’s not a year or two away. Live it to the fullest. That’s what I love about our arrangement on the Street. I don’t have to wonder about what it would be like to have sex with other women. I can do it. I don’t have to imagine what a threesome or an orgy would be like. Done it. Don’t live your life imagining what could have been. Do it now. Have no regrets.”

His deep voice and true words wrapped around her like a comforting blanket. Zora leaned forward, needing to be close to him and wanting to kiss him to thank him. Her skin tingled just looking at him. Then it felt itchy and now painful.

“Oh, my God.” She wiggled.

“What?”

“Oh, my God!” Zora leapt to her feet and pulled at her shirt and pants. “Get it off! Get it off!”

Evan stood and pulled up the back of Zora’s shirt. “Red ants!”

Without thinking of his own safety, Evan picked Zora up in his massive arms and ran with her like she was a doll to a pond. Taking a giant leap, he submerged them both in the water.

“They won’t drown. But it’ll get them off of you.” He pulled up the back of her shirt and wiped his hand down her bare back.

Zora ignored the cheers from the kids on skateboards and the strange looks from the other park goers to wipe off the insects from her belly. Until the park ranger came over to them, she was content to be attended to by Evan.

As Evan explained to the ranger Zora’s dilemma, she continued splashing water over her upper body, dousing her shirt like she was competing in a wet t-shirt contest. Even with the ranger’s stern warnings and dirty scowl, Evan handled the situation calmly

*Bridget Midway*

and in control. Zora never thought she could feel so secure with another man besides Grant.

Evan helped her out of the murky water and looked her over again even as a gush of water poured from her pants and her shirt that now weighed a metric ton.

“You all right?” he asked and stared into her eyes to seek truth.

“A little embarrassed but not being eaten alive by ants anymore.” She wrapped her arms around her body. Despite the sun, she felt chilly in her wet clothes.

“Come on, butterfly. Let’s get you dry. I think it’s safe to say you shouldn’t be returning to work like this.”

“No, I guess this wouldn’t be good for the reception desk.”

Evan took her hand and took her back to the truck. From the back he pulled out a bath sheet and gave it to her.

“Wait a sec.” He opened the passenger side door. “Give me your clothes and wrap yourself in the towel.”

She swallowed. “Get undressed here?”

He smiled. “I’ll cover you up.” Like a shield, he held the sheet up in front of her body.

Tentatively at first, Zora kicked off her sneakers, then removed her jeans. A summer wind blew through and cooled her legs. As soon she got her shirt off, Evan swaddled her in the towel and helped her into the truck. He gathered her things, started the vehicle and turned the air conditioner on low as to not freeze her.

Running back to where they had picnicked, he collected their items. Zora watched him. She could see how Garland fell in love with him. Strong, attentive, smart, a good listener. He was the total package. And speaking of package, the image of what hung between his legs entered her thoughts as he walked back to the truck. What it would be like to fuck him.

Evan loaded the items in the back of the truck. Zora looked in the rearview mirror and caught him removing his shirt. That’s right. He was soaked too. Surely he wouldn’t be removing his pants too.

He slammed the back door and came to the driver side. With the black-and-red blanket wrapped around his waist, he assumed the driver’s seat.

Zora couldn’t help but laugh at him.

### FASCINATION STREET

“Hey, I gave you the only towel I had.” To top off the ridiculous look, he put on his sunglasses.

“I’m not laughing at you.”

Just as she scanned his body, Evan glanced down at himself. She brought her gaze up to his.

“Yeah, I am laughing at you.” Zora couldn’t contain her laughter but Evan took it in stride.

“I’m not the one who sat on an ant hill in the first place.” He headed down the road back to their houses.

“I wouldn’t have if you hadn’t put the blanket there in the first place.”

“Honest mistake.” He winked.

Zora wasted no time in calling work on her cell phone and letting them know of her afternoon mishap. Just like she had, Julie laughed and told her it was okay if she took off the rest of the day.

When Zora disconnected the call, she brought her attention back to Evan. “So where is your lovely wife right now?”

Evan split his attention between the road and her. “You mean you don’t know?”

She shook her head.

“I thought she told you, considering Garland made the decision after you two talked last night.”

Garland had come over and it wasn’t for sex this time. She’d pulled Zora outside to the backyard and asked her how Grant was doing. Zora had told her just about the same thing Zora had just told Evan during lunch except she did mention that she thought he was having problems at work.

“I didn’t tell her anything different than what I told you,” Zora said.

“What about Grant’s job?”

“What about it?” Then it hit her. “No!”

“Yeah, my honey is probably there right now with your man. I think my wife actually likes you and Grant. She hates that he’s so uptight.”

“Oh, no. I should call and warn him.” Zora stopped and set the phone on her lap. “But what if she’s already there. Fuck!”

Evan put his hand on Zora’s to either prevent her from calling or calm her down. “What do you think she’ll do? Beyond what you may think, my wife is a good woman.”

***Bridget Midway***

“I know.” Well, Zora tried to convince herself of that.

“She won’t do anything to hurt your man, all right?”

Letting out a ragged breath, Zora closed her phone, settled back into her seat and hoped for the best.

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Grant was relieved his work week was almost over. Stephanie hadn’t come around him at all today. Dressed down for casual Friday, he felt comfortable. And he had ‘toy night’ on Fascination Street to look forward to when he got home.

Rubbing his eyes, he tried clearing his mind for the rest of the day. Staring at the numbers on the monitor, he caught the image of someone standing behind him. With the curves he suspected it was Stephanie. He kept his eyes forward.

“So is this what you do all day? Stare at a computer screen?”

That voice wasn’t Stephanie’s. Afraid to look, Grant shook his head, hoping he was just imagining things.

“You heard me.”

Swiveling in his chair, he came face to breast with Garland. Wearing a tight, knee-length black leather skirt and a tight white sleeveless shirt without a bra so that her dark pink areolas showed off, Garland put her hands to her hips.

“What the hell are you doing here?” he asked through gritted teeth.

“I’m trying to figure out what’s going on with you. I talked to Zora last night---”

“Oh, so that’s what you two were doing in the backyard. You were discussing me?”

“We weren’t talking about your talented tongue.”

Eyes appeared over cubicle walls with Garland’s last statement. Grant jumped to his feet and corralled her away from his co-workers.

“I don’t need fixing or help. I’m okay.” Grant hoped he sounded convincing or at least angry enough to scare her away. Who was he kidding? King Kong couldn’t scare Garland.

“I can’t believe you’re the same guy who gave me the best oral sex, even better than my husband.”

A few women in the secretarial pool walked by Garland when she made her complimentary remark.

### FASCINATION STREET

“Is there a filter to your brain?” Grant scratched his head. “You understand this is my place of employment. How did you get up here anyway?”

Before she could answer, a voice he did recognize called for him.

“Shit,” he said and bowed his head.

“Your break was over fifteen minutes ago,” Stephanie said as she barreled toward him. She stopped and stared at him, then turned her attention to Garland. “And who are you?”

Garland smiled. It was as though she’d discovered the cure for the common cold. “Why look at you with your crisp little haircut and tight little suit.”

*Oh, God.* Grant needed to find a hole to crawl inside and hide.

“I beg your pardon?” Stephanie said with a hand to her chest.

“You heard me, honey and better yet, half of this floor will hear me when I tell you this. Your little wannabe Domme act is not fooling anyone. You don’t want to rule over this man. You really want him to take your uptight little ass in your office, pull up that Sears special skirt and fuck the shit out of you. Am I right?”

Grant would have gone back to his desk at this point to pack up his things but watching Garland stare down his boss proved to be too much fun to ignore.

“If--if you don’t leave now, I’ll--um, I’ll--”

Grant had never heard the Queen of Ice stutter.

“You’ll what?” Garland pressed. “Call security? Go ahead. Not going to change the fact that after you degrade this man on a daily basis you find yourself holed up in the women’s bathroom or at your desk with the door closed masturbating your heart out, does it?”

“Get her out of here. Now!” Stephanie turned on her heel and, with less vigor than before, retreated to her office.

Grant took Garland’s arm and headed to the stairs. In the stairwell, he confronted her.

“What the hell was that?” he asked.

“There’s a big difference between being a bitch and being a Domme. Your boss may be a bitch but she’s not dominant.” Garland leaned against the railing. “And if you weren’t so in love with Zora, you would pick up on the fact that she wants you.”

“You’re out of your mind.” He tried ushering her down the stairs but she wriggled from his grip.

*Bridget Midway*

“No, I’m not. I can see it. I can smell it. The woman is hot for you.”

“That woman, as you call her, has given me nothing but hell from the first day I started working here. She hates me and wants to see me fail.”

“And you come in day after day, proving her wrong, right?”

“It’s my job.”

“Have you noticed her giving anyone else special attention?”

Grant thought about Stephanie and if anyone else got daily visits from her.

“You’re hesitating, so I’ll answer the question for you. No. Her nipples are practically poking through her top. She wants so much to draw out your dominant side.”

Grant took in Garland’s words and thought about what she surmised. Could it be true? Could his Bitch-On-Heels boss really want him?

“So what if you’re right? What am I supposed to do? She’s just going to keep at me until one of us breaks.”

“Just don’t let that someone be you. I suspect that you’ve been standing up to her each time she’s confronted you, right?”

“Of course.” He puffed his chest out but felt foolish and let it deflate.

“The next time she makes a demand, you make one of your own. Push the boundaries a little but not enough to get fired of course. You’ll see her crumble.” After her bit of advice she kissed Grant on his cheek. “I can find my way out. See you tonight.”

Grant put his hand to his cheek, peered down at Garland as she made her way downstairs, then looked at the door going back to his office. He decided returning to his desk and finishing out his day would be better than hiding out in the stairwell.

Creeping to his desk, Grant kept his head down until he sat in his chair. His hands hovered over his keyboard when he heard someone trying to get his attention.

Glancing to his left he saw one of his co-workers with his head bowed. “Who was that woman you were with?”

Grant shrugged. “Just one of my neighbors.”

“Can I move to your neighborhood, man? I’ll rent a room from you.”

Grant snickered and went back to work. If the guy only knew.

## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Seventeen

“She didn’t!” Zora squealed as Grant recounted his day’s events surrounding Garland.

“Oh, yes. I’m sure the whole floor heard her say that my boss masturbates at work.” Grant put his arm around her shoulders as they headed to Brax’s house.

She felt safe and secure under his touch.

“And what did you do today?” he asked.

“Evan took me to lunch, where I got eaten alive by red ants.”

“You went to lunch with Evan?”

She heard the lilt in his voice that bordered on distrust. “Yes, he showed up at my job just like Brax did that one time and we had a picnic lunch. We talked about you and Garland the whole time.”

“Then my baby got eaten by ants.” He kissed her forehead. “Are you okay? I thought I saw some red splotches on your back.”

“Did you really?”

He lifted her shirt when they got to Brax’s porch and kissed the base of her spine.

“Later, babe. Don’t start something you can’t finish.”

Grabbing a handful of her ass, he squeezed it. “Just add me to your to-do list.”

“Done.”

Without even thinking, Zora walked into Brax’s home. Inside, Lynia and Evan were naked except for their standard neckwear, cuffs and ankle straps. Winta had on a short skirt and halter top. Art, in his pressed khaki shorts and white golf shirt, looked the part of distinguished doctor. And both Garland and Brax wore nearly matching outfits: black leather pants and vests, only Garland’s pants were patent leather and looked to be sprayed on her body. Same went for her vest.

“Are we all here?” Brax asked, as he handed Winta a drink.

*Bridget Midway*

“Hail, hail the gang’s all here.” Art held his glass up and clinked it against his wife’s.

“Let’s get started then.” Garland rubbed her hands together.

Once everyone got a drink and found a seat, Brax began the night’s events. Turned out ‘toy night’ was just that. Brax ordered several different sex toys and passed them around for the group to look at and admire.

“First we have this new glass anal wand.” Brax handed it to Art.

“Nice.”

The thing reminded Zora of an icicle, all misshapen and translucent. And that was supposed to go up where? She crossed her legs and curved in close to Grant.

“Who wants to try it?” Brax asked. He gazed at Zora. “To our new guest?”

Zora waved her hand. “Oh, no. I’m not into that.”

The guys looked at each other and chuckled. Winta smiled and laughed with Garland.

“Honey, you don’t know what you’re missing,” Winta said.

“Leave her alone. It is an acquired taste.” Art slapped his wife’s rounded ass as she stood in front of him.

“Do it to Lynia. You know she loves it,” Garland said.

Lynia did seem to light up when the object came out.

“Fine. But not me. I’m the host.” Brax handed the wand to Grant. “Care to do the honors, especially since you can’t get this at home.”

“Hey, lay off of her, okay,” Grant said and kissed Zora’s forehead.

“She knows I’m just teasing her, right?”

Zora smiled but she bit her cheek to keep from cursing him out. Not every woman wants her ass fucked. Why couldn’t they understand that?

“Come on, Grant. Don’t keep my wife waiting.”

With obvious reluctance, Grant set his drink down before taking the sex toy. “Okay, where should we go?”

“Go? No, you do it here.” Brax pointed to the middle of the room.

Lynia crossed the room, got down on her hands and knees with her ass facing Grant.

“Um, okay.” Grant got on his knees behind Lynia. “Do I need lube or anything?”



### FASCINATION STREET

Brax's eyebrows went up. "Good going, man. Are you sure you haven't done this before?" He threw a tube of KY jelly to Grant.

Grant covered the length of the six-inch wand with the clear gel. Zora continued chewing the tender flesh inside of her cheek as she watched intently. Her throat went dry but she was too afraid to move. Zora didn't want to miss one motion to this treatment.

"That's good, Grant. You have enough on." Brax sat next to Zora and put his hand on her knee. "Now just tease the hole with it first. Not a requirement to use the toy, but I know what my wife likes."

Obliging with his request, Grant slid the tip up and down Lynia's puckered hole. Lynia writhed.

"Now slide it in easy until she tells you it's enough," Brax said.

Zora saw Grant's Adam's apple bob before he inserted the toy. As soon as he got the tip inside, Lynia arched her back.

"More. Give it to her." Brax squeezed Zora's knee.

Grant eased the wand into her until half of it disappeared inside of her.

"More," Lynia cooed.

"Put it in, man. She's asking for it," Art chimed in.

Grant got the wand all the way down to the handle. Lynia clawed the carpet and moved her body up, a sign she wanted Grant to fuck her with it. Slow at first, he moved the wand in and out of her. The sound of her juices with the jelly made an obscene smacking sound as Grant fucked her ass.

"See, the wand stimulates the rectum," Brax said to Zora. "In men, the prostate. It is a good feeling. You should try it."

Zora swallowed and tried to feign a polite smile. "Uh, no, thank you."

The faster Grant went, the more Lynia moaned until her body shook and she released a long, low cry.

"That's my baby. Good wife."

Grant slid the device from her hole.

Zora watched Lynia's once small, pink hole go from a quarter-sized opening down to its original shape. It made her squeeze her ass cheeks together.

"So, how was it?" Winta asked, as though it wasn't very obvious.

Like a cat full of cream, Lynia collapsed to the floor and turned to her side. "Very nice. It would be better if it was either ice cold or warmed."

*Bridget Midway*

“You can do both to it.” Brax stood and went to his sexually spent wife. Getting on the floor with her, he kissed her sweetly, whispered something in her ear and went back to his box of tricks.

Grant asked where the bathroom was to wash his hands. “Do you need to be cleaned up too, Lynia?”

Lynia peered at her husband before answering. Zora saw Brax nod so Lynia answered that she did need to use the facilities.

Grant noticed Lynia struggling to get to her knees. He picked her up in his arms. Lynia wrapped her arms around his neck as he took her to the bathroom.

Zora felt both proud and confused by the whole scene. No way did she want that type of stimulation, especially in front of a whole roomful of people. But Lynia did seem very satisfied.

“Next up.” Brax pulled out a small purple device with a bumpy end. “A finger vibrator.” He slipped it on his index finger, then turned it on, letting everyone hear the gentle buzzing. “Comes with different attachments.”

“Can you use it for the ass?” Garland asked and stroked her husband’s head.

These people were obsessed with the ass, weren’t they?

“I don’t know,” Brax answered and looked in a manual. “Doesn’t say you can’t. Anyone want to try it?”

“Give it to Evan. I want to check this out.” Garland pointed to her husband.

Brax tossed it to the nude man. Evan slipped it on his finger and started the device up.

“Brax, help me out of these pants.” Garland unfastened them but waited for the host before she shimmied them down her legs.

“No one told you to wear that tight shit in the first place.” Brax stood behind her and with one strong pull, yanked the pants to the floor.

By this time Lynia and Grant had returned to the room. Brax gave Garland a quick kiss on her bare ass.

“You’ve always told me to kiss your ass, right?” Brax resumed his spot.

Lynia got on her knees next to her husband. And Grant sat next to Zora again. He put his arm around her.

He whispered in her ear, “You okay?”

She nodded.

### FASCINATION STREET

Garland kicked off her pants, got on the floor and spread her legs. Evan positioned himself between her muscled thighs. As soon as the buzzing device touched her clit, Garland flinched, nearly coming off the floor.

“Oh, God! That’s good,” Garland said.

Evan continued circling her clit. When the buzzing became muffled, Zora figured he was going inside with his testing and exploration. It wasn’t long until Garland let out a scream where she cursed everyone in the room, even her husband and crumpled into a pile on the floor.

“I’ll take it that you enjoyed the experience,” Brax commented.

“We’re taking that thing home.” Garland propped her upper body on her elbows.

“Not fair,” Winta said. “She always gets to take the good toys home.”

“Ladies, ladies. No need to argue. This time I got one for each household.” He handed an unopened box to Winta who squealed in delight.

“If you like that, Winta, then you’re going to enjoy this.” Brax reached into the box. “I always love these things.” He pulled out something that looked like a silver egg with wires hanging from it. “A remote controlled pleasure egg. Art, will you do the honors?”

Art reached under his wife’s short skirt and pulled down her panties. She stepped out of them, then sat on his lap with her back to him and her legs opened wide. Without having to look, Art slipped the silver egg into Winta’s pussy. She closed her legs, then giggled when Art flipped a switch.

“How fun!” Winta said. “This would be great out in public. Maybe in a movie or a restaurant.” She snuggled against Art. “You could give me a little pleasure and no one around us would know.” She kissed him. Her body twitched and she broke from the kiss. “Honey, stop that.”

Art furrowed his brows. “I didn’t do anything.”

“That was me, folks.” Brax held up another small black remote. “It comes with two remotes. I couldn’t resist.”

“If you’re going to give me neat little surprises like that, I’m keeping this in for the rest of the evening.”

“What else do you have?” Garland asked.

Brax pulled out something that had a head that looked like a dolphin with a silver egg on its back and a large ring underneath.

*Bridget Midway*

“Fan favorite,” Winta said.

“The mighty, mighty dolphin. Flipper would be proud.” Garland snickered.

“What is it?” Zora asked.

“Since you’re the only woman who hasn’t had the pleasure of this toy, why don’t you try it out?” Brax said.

Her face felt so hot she thought it would melt. But she didn’t agree to be a part of this group to back away from everything.

“Okay.”

“Great!” Brax said. “Pick a guy. And it can’t be me or Grant. I’m the host.”

Shit! She wasn’t expecting that. Her last two choices were Art and Evan. Although she liked being with Art, she’d never had the pleasure of Evan and he had been great to her that afternoon.

“Evan,” she said. Gazing at Garland, she added, “If that’s okay.”

Garland smiled. “Fine by me.”

“You’re going to have to strip down, young lady,” Brax said.

Great. In front of everyone? She’d been okay with just Brax and Lynia. And she’d been naked in front of Art and Winta, separately. But to do it in front of the group scared her spitless.

But she bit the bullet and stood. She removed her top. Unhooking the front clasp of her bra, she took off her bra and set it on top of her shirt. She wriggled out of her shorts and kicked off her shoes. Standing naked, she felt vulnerable at first. But taking in everyone’s looks as they stared at her body, she felt powerful, in charge.

With confidence, she stepped around the coffee table in front of her. “Okay, now what?”

“Put a condom on, Evan.” Brax pointed to a glass bowl on a short table next to Art and Winta.

Condom? That meant intercourse was involved. Zora thought the thing was an all-over massager or something. She glanced at Grant. She couldn’t read his expression. When she returned her gaze back to Evan, he’d already slipped on the condom and was waiting for the next step.

“Now, Zora, you slip his cock through this hole and turn on the silver bullet. You both should get a little pleasure from it.”

### FASCINATION STREET

Taking the toy from Brax, Zora swallowed before she slipped it onto his large, thick cock. He grunted when she pushed it to the hilt of his shaft.

“Sorry,” she said.

He smiled and nodded.

She held the remote, then lowered herself to the floor. Opening her legs, Evan slipped in between them.

“Do you need some lube or are you okay?” he asked.

Staring at his body and looking at his cock, she was lubricated enough. She simply answered, “No, I’m fine.”

With a flick of her thumb, she turned on the device. Evan closed his eyes for a moment to savor the sensation.

“Good, huh?” Brax asked. “It’s right against his balls so I’m sure that feels good.”

Evan stroked the tip of his cock up and down between her nether lips. Zora felt the slight vibrations just from his tip. She couldn’t wait to feel the whole thing.

And as though he’d read her thoughts, Evan slipped himself inside of her, slowly, inch by glorious inch, until the tip of the dolphin’s nose met up with her clit.

Different feelings careened through her body. First the vibrations raised the hairs on her arms. Evan’s thick cock slid against the walls of her pussy, making her body tremble. And the length of him reminded her of Grant.

Zora put her hands on Evan’s shoulders as he made slow, easy thrusts inside of her.

“How’s it feel?” Art asked in a low voice.

Zora, too overcome to speak, just smiled as best she could and nodded.

“I think she likes it,” Winta said.

Zora wrapped her legs around Evan. In response, he kissed her lightly on her lips, barely brushing them with his.

“How’s it feel, Evan?” Garland asked of her husband.

“Tight,” he answered between gritted teeth.

“Does that thing come in different sizes for a well-endowed man?” Garland sat next to Evan and Zora as he fucked her as though it was commonplace.

“No, not the toy,” Evan said. “Her.”

*Bridget Midway*

He pumped her harder. Zora wanted to hold out, not have an orgasm until Evan did. It all felt incredible. Whoever made that fucking toy was a genius.

Garland craned her head between Evan's and Zora's to kiss her husband. When they parted, she turned her head down and gave Zora a kiss too. For Garland, the kiss was tame. No tongue or biting.

Moaning sounds came from behind Evan.

"Looks like you've put everyone in the mood," Garland said with a throaty laugh.

Peering between Evan and Garland's bodies, she saw Brax kissing Winta while Winta's husband worked to take off her clothes. Glancing at Grant to gauge his expression, she saw that Lynia had made herself at home on his lap.

Watching the waif pull off his shirt and play with his nipples while she kissed him turned her on more than being fucked by this god. Zora squeezed Evan's back when she felt her body convulsing. Her pussy constricted his cock until he, too, trembled. His hand cupped her breast. Staring into her eyes, Evan made Zora feel like she was the only woman in the room, in the house, in the world.

"Will you stop watching everyone else and fuck me?" Garland said to Brax.

"You know I love to hear you beg." Brax unfastened his pants.

He managed to get them down to his knees before Garland pulled his vest so that he fell on top of her on the floor.

Knowing everyone around her caved in to their carnal lusts propelled Zora to reach her sexual height. She clawed Evan's back as she came.

"Just like I thought," Evan said with a smile. "I knew you'd be perfect."

He kissed her before pulling out. He barely got to turn around before Winta grabbed him. Now alone, Zora scanned the room. Grant, with his shorts down around his feet, had Lynia straddling his lap, her back to his face, and she was riding him fast. Her blond curls bounced over her head as he held her hips.

Garland took control of Brax by putting him on his back as she rode him. It was the first time she'd seen Brax and Garland not fighting with one another.

Winta managed to remove the toy dolphin and Evan's condom while he suited himself with another one. It was then that Zora's gaze fell upon Art. He took off his shirt and crawled over to her.

She licked her lips. The first time she and Art were together, he was sweet, kind, nice. Gauging the lust in his eyes, he wanted something more.

### FASCINATION STREET

“Did you enjoy Evan earlier?” he asked as he undid his shorts during his crawl.

Zora nodded but couldn't take her gaze off of him.

“Good. I'm going to make you come again.”

Now naked, Art positioned himself between her legs and licked her pussy with one long swipe. Unlike Brax, Art did know how to please her with his mouth and tongue, darting his tongue inside of her, then flicking her clit.

And once he sheathed himself, he fucked her like a wild man. His normally composed look transformed to a man possessed. He plunged deep inside of her. Hooking her leg around his arm, he achieved a deeper penetration as he fucked her. Before he would let her come, he pulled out, rolled her over, got her on her hands and knees in front of Grant and took her from behind.

When Zora glanced at Grant, she saw he was now sitting between Lynia and Winta with Winta's tits in his face and Lynia's mouth on his cock.

“Holy shit!” The scene shouldn't have made her excited but it did.

The climax she had this time surpassed the one she achieved with Evan. Falling to the floor, Zora looked behind Grant. Thank goodness she was already on the floor, otherwise her jaw would have had a bigger trip when it dropped down.

The image she saw of Garland, Evan and Brax shocked her. With Garland on her back, her legs around Evan as he fucked her, Brax was behind Evan, sliding his cock in and out of Evan's ass.

She would never have pictured Evan or Brax to be gay. Or did they consider it gay? This was about feeling good. As she watched the trio, she started to understand the level of trust and love this group had for each other. As twisted as it seemed, they were close.

When Garland, Evan and Brax came together, their screams shattered eardrums as well as the sound barrier. In an exhaustive move, Brax stumbled back from Evan and dropped to the floor, sitting on his backside with his hands on the floor behind him to prop up his upper body. Evan planted sweet kisses all over Garland's face until the woman actually smiled.

As everyone's eyes settled on each other, smiles tugged on their faces until laughter broke out in their small group.

“Why the hell do we call it toy night?” Winta began. “We ought to call it orgy night.”

*Bridget Midway*

“We have an orgy night,” Brax said.

“Another one? Is it coming soon?” Zora asked.

The group laughed again.

“Shower, then bed?” Art asked as he lazily stroked Zora’s thigh.

“Who’s bed?” Grant asked, still with Winta on one side and Lynia on the other.

“Anyone’s you want.” Brax spread his arms out like a game show host showing off a roomful of prizes.

Zora gazed at her man and smiled. Anyone she wanted. She had Grant, the greatest man in the world. And now she had her pick of other great looking men...and now women. What could be better?



## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Eighteen

Grant hardly noticed time going by the longer he and Zora stayed on Fascination Street. As much as he'd fought it at first and as strange as it sounded, the neighbors grew on him. Still guarded around them, Grant didn't want to get too drawn into their lives and their world and be disappointed. He'd been through that before. With Zora in his life now, he felt the love and found the trust that he sought.

Grant slipped on his shoes and listened to the slow fizz of the shower. Thinking of Zora's naked body getting wet pumped blood into his cock until he had to shake his head to erase the image. He would much rather stay at home with her than head to work, although, after Garland's appearance, his mistreatment from Stephanie had stopped. Stephanie must have been afraid that Grant would invite Garland back to verbally pulverize her again.

The thought alone made him laugh as he headed to the bathroom to give his goodbye. "Going to work today?" he asked at the doorway.

No answer.

Grant sighed, strolled to the tub and pulled back the curtain. "Will you two break it up for a minute?"

In the shower, Winta had her arms wrapped around Zora. They both smiled at him as soap bubbles crawled down their naked bodies. Just seeing the contrast in their skin tones turned Grant on until he couldn't calm his growing erection.

"Yes?" Zora asked but didn't let go of Winta.

"Are you working today?" he asked again.

She nodded.

"Call me." Grant kissed Zora, then kissed Winta.

"Have a good day at work," Winta said as he closed the curtain.

Grant made it two steps outside of the bathroom, thought about the time and how long he would have before work, then kicked off his shoes.

*Bridget Midway*

“Oh, hell, as much overtime as I give that fucking company, I deserve to come in late once in a while.” He stripped off his clothes and pulled back the curtain on the shower again.

“See, I told you he would be back,” Zora said and winked.

“Condoms in here?” he asked, then stepped inside.

“You know I keep a stash in the shampoo caddy.” Zora pulled a string of them out to show him.

“I can’t stay long.”

“We know,” the women said in unison.

He grinned. “God, I love this.”

They smiled back. “We know.”

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Thirty minutes later and already five minutes late for work, Grant stumbled out of the house with both Zora and Winta still clawing at him.

“I have to go,” he said as he pulled his arm away from his eager girlfriend’s grip.

“Coming home for lunch?” Zora asked.

He directed his gaze at the duo, Zora with a white towel around her body and Winta standing nude, wearing only a smile and, he hoped, a satisfied expression.

“Depends. Will you two be here?”

They nodded. “And maybe we’ll invite Lynia,” Winta followed.

“Keep lunch warm for me.” Grant winked.

Racing to his car, he fumbled to get the key in the lock. Didn’t make sense. His house he kept unlocked at all times. His car he secured like he drove a Brinks truck. After tossing his briefcase inside, he backed out of his driveway. It was then he noticed Lynia.

Naked as always and blindfolded, she stood on the corner, with her hands in cuffs, the morning glow of the rising sun giving her creamy white skin a subtle hue. This time the chain link that connected the cuffs was wrapped at least three times around the Fascination Street sign. In order for the petite woman not to be dangling from her chains, she wore heels that had to have been a good seven inches if not more. Her feet sank into the dewy green grass.

Grant stopped by her to take in her body. “Good morning, Lynia,” he said.

## FASCINATION STREET

She turned her head in the direction of his voice and simply smiled. She must have been instructed not to speak even if spoken to by the neighbors.

“Have a good day.”

He sped off and got to work in record time, even if he did walk in the door nearly twenty minutes late.

Sitting at his desk, Grant peered over his computer monitor to see if Queen Bitch decided to chew him out about his tardiness. He hadn't meant to be late. And in all of the time he'd worked here, he'd never been late. Then again, he'd never gotten up and had two beautiful women taking a shower together.

The more he thought about how they all had sex together, the more his cock grew until he had to push himself closer to his desk to hide his hard-on.

“You hear Darth Vader's theme music?” Solomon, one of Grant's co-workers, said as he poked his head over the cubicle wall. “Stephanie's on the warpath.”

Solomon slinked down. Taking a hard swallow, Grant hoped the woman would call him back to her office. He had to calm himself down before he could even stand up.

The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end. A chill ran through his body. She was behind him. He didn't have to look to know. Looking in his computer screen, he saw her reflection. Stephanie stared at him but said nothing. The anticipation was killing him. He held his breath until she spoke...to his co-worker.

“Solomon, your desk is a pig sty. We have executives who walk through here daily. Clean it up now,” she said.

Waiting for his tongue-lashing, Grant's body tightened. When he heard angry footsteps marching away from him, he relaxed and turned his gaze to the retreating steps. Stephanie left without saying a word to him. He'd come in late and she let him go.

Solomon peered his head around his cubicle, his trashcan in his hand. “How is it that you stroll in here whenever you want and she doesn't say dick to you. I had a coffee cup sitting on my desk and all of the sudden I'm the company slob?”

Grant watched Stephanie as she ducked into her office. She held her door to close it when their gazes met briefly. If he wasn't mistaken, Stephanie looked like she gasped before finally slamming her door.

“Since that chick came in for you and chewed Steph out, she hasn't been the same around you.” Solomon tossed some assorted papers into the can. “Who was she anyway?”

***Bridget Midway***

“My neighbor,” Grant said and returned his attention back to his computer.

“That hot chick was your neighbor? Man, why can’t I be you?”

As Grant snickered at the statement, even he saw the appeal of his new life. His life, as he saw, was moving up.

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“New hairstyle?” Inez asked Zora.

Cleaning out one of the pet kennels, Zora wasn’t in the mood to play ‘Twenty Questions’ with her co-worker. But she didn’t snap at the young woman.

“No,” Zora said and tossed the old newspaper.

“New facial cleanser?”

Zora inhaled the floral scent of the spray cleaner she used to wipe down the inside walls of the steel cage.

“Can’t be a new outfit.”

“Why are you asking me these questions?” Zora finally asked as she lined the cleaned cage with fresh newspapers.

“Because you’re glowing more than usual. If I didn’t know any better, I would think that you’re either pregnant or got a little something before you came into work.”

Keeping her back to Inez, Zora smiled. She had more than just a little something. Having both Grant and Winta to start her morning put her above cloud nine. But she was brought down to earth with a hard thud as soon as she walked through the door.

Being a shampoo girl for dogs wasn’t her life. She wanted more. She craved more. If she thought that they could afford to live in their house without her income, Zora would have quit a long time ago. But she felt stuck. Trapped.

“Well?” Inez asked, snapping Zora out of her thoughts.

“What?” Zora washed her hands.

“What’s your secret?”

She wiped her hands on her jeans and said on the way out of the room, “Frustration.”

Julie had offered Zora the chance to leave at noon if she wanted. Time to take her up on her offer. On her way home, she made a phone call to someone she never thought she would ask for help. Garland.

The phone rang three times before it was answered.

### FASCINATION STREET

“Starrett residence,” Evan’s baritone voice announced when he picked up the phone.

“Evan, hi. It’s Zora. Is Garland at home?”

“Off working and in meetings all day. Something I can help you with?”

She thought for a while. Zora wanted to know how it was that Garland got whatever she wanted in life. How could Zora be more like that?

“I don’t think so,” she replied.

“Sure? I’m a pretty good listener. At least that’s what my wife tells me.” He laughed.

Not wanting to totally discount his words of wisdom, Zora said, “I’m on my way home. I’ll come over and see you before Grant gets home for lunch.”

“Cool. See you in a bit, butterfly.”

Ten minutes later Zora pulled up to her house. She parked her truck and walked over to Evan’s house, walking straight inside instead of ringing the bell or knocking.

“Hello?” she called out into the immaculate home.

“In the kitchen.”

She followed the voice to the kitchen, the place where she’d had sex with Evan on numerous occasions with Garland watching them. Zora never thought being watched during sex could be exciting. But her skin prickled thinking about it.

Evan had two place settings set up on the butcher block kitchen island. The plates held leafy green salads with a lemon wedge on the side. They each had a glass of water and a bowl of fruit. But Zora couldn’t take her eyes off of Evan’s naked physique.

“I called Garland to let her know you were coming over,” Evan said, then gave her a quick welcoming kiss that was the standard welcome for the residents on Fascination Street. “What about you? Did you call your man?”

“No, I didn’t think I would be here very long.”

Evan flashed her a disappointed look. “You should always tell your man where you are and what you’re doing so he doesn’t worry.” He picked up his cordless phone from the wall-mounted cradle and handed it to her. “Now sit your cute self down. We’ll eat when you’re done.”

“My car is in the driveway. He’ll know I’m home if he comes home for lunch.” She clutched the phone in her hand and stared down her naked confidante.

“Call. No excuses.” His booming voice shook the table.

*Bridget Midway*

Zora huffed and punched in Grant's cell phone number. He answered on the first ring.

"I'm about two minutes away," Grant said without acknowledging who it was.

Zora was calling from Garland and Evan's phone so their number would have shown up on his Caller I.D. Grant must have been so anxious that he ignored the display.

"I'm over at Evan's talking with him for a bit," Zora began.

"What? But I thought--"

She winced at his disappointed tone. "I know, baby."

In a low voice, Evan asked. "Was he expecting you home?"

She nodded but kept her attention to Grant.

"I'm sure Winta is on her way over if she's not there already."

"But I wanted to see you too," Grant said.

"Tell him you'll have a surprise waiting for him when he gets home," Evan said and walked out of the kitchen.

She wondered what he meant. Evan picked up what Zora had started calling the secret sex phone and punched in one speed dial number.

"Yeah, need you to head to Grant and Zora's for a little afternoon delight." Evan nodded. "Got it." Then he closed the phone.

"Um, you'll come home to a surprise, baby," Zora said.

"I will?" Grant's questioning tone matched her confused thoughts. What did Evan have in mind for her boyfriend?

"Yeah. Have fun, baby. I love you."

"Love you too, sweetie."

She disconnected the call, then strolled to the living room to look out of the window. At the same time, Lynia and Winta came out of their homes and strolled across the street to Zora's house. As soon as they hit the front door, Grant pulled into the driveway. He barely closed his car door as he raced to the house to greet the women.

"Yeah, I guess he will be taken care of," Zora mused when the trio closed the door behind themselves.

Instead of feeling jealous or angry, Zora felt a sense of relief. The fact that her neighbors had her back comforted her even though how they supported her was a bit unusual.

### FASCINATION STREET

“Now that that’s been taken care of, let’s enjoy our lunch and you can get whatever it is that’s weighing on your mind off your chest, butterfly.” Evan led Zora back to the kitchen and helped her to her seat.

“Why do you call me butterfly?” she asked. Zora lifted her sterling silver fork and was amazed by the heft of it.

“Because in you, I can see your metamorphosis. You are changing right before our eyes and, sister, I think it’s beautiful.” He clinked his glass of water against her glass.

“I haven’t changed.” Zora kept her eyes down.

“Oh, so I guess you’ve always had sex with different men at the same time. And I’m sure you were sleeping with women even before you hit this ‘hood, right?”

Her cheeks flamed in embarrassment.

“And I suppose your diet was all your idea but you just needed Brax to remind you about it, right?”

“Do you give Garland this hard of a time when she’s with you or am I stuck with the privilege today?” She stabbed the tines of her fork into her salad and lifted a hunk of spinach.

“Don’t let the truth hurt you, baby.” He snickered.

“Awful strong words for a man sitting naked in his wife’s house.”

That statement made Evan hover his fork over his food and shoot Zora an icy stare. “My wife and I bought this house together. Let’s get that straight right now. So are you going to tell me what your problem is or are you going to keep taking digs at my life and my lifestyle because I have better things to do today.”

Zora had never heard Evan sound so stern. This was the same man who’d carried her into a pond and jumped in the water with her to wash the ants off of her body. So why was she treating him so horribly after he made a nice spread for her and accommodated her man?

Zora sighed. “I’m sorry, Evan. I’m not great company right now and I shouldn’t take it out on you.” She stood. “I’m going to go home and--” She stopped when she realized that Grant’s ménage-a-trois may still be going on in her home. “I’ll drive around a bit and just go home later.”

Evan’s strong hand on top of hers stilled her. “Stay and at least eat your lunch. You look like you could use a good meal.”

Zora smiled a bit but still didn’t sit down.

*Bridget Midway*

Evan said, "I see you and Lynia walking in the mornings. Don't lose too much weight. I like your tits, thighs and ass."

She laughed and this time took her seat.

"So what is it that you wanted to talk to my wife about that you didn't think I would understand? Is it a female thing?"

"Please. If something like that was going on with me, you, Grant, Brax and especially Art would know. Y'all have seen and done more to me than my doctor."

Evan nodded. "True that. So what is it then?"

Zora continued picking over her lettuce instead of answering.

"This had better not be the same problem you had a month ago when we went out to lunch." Evan dropped his fork on his plate but Zora couldn't look up at him. "Damn, butterfly, why do you keep all of your problems on your back?"

She sighed. "It's so stupid."

"If you feel it, then it ain't dumb."

This time she lifted her head and met his gaze. "I do love Grant. And I love living here."

Evan smiled.

"But there is something missing in my life. My job--"

"The dog grooming deal?"

"If I actually got to groom an animal I would be fine."

Evan furrowed his eyebrows. "I don't get it."

"I'm just a shampoo girl. I have yet to style a pet's hair."

"That's what you want to do."

Zora smiled. "More than anything. I've always imagined that the dogs I would groom would be in the Westminster Dog Show and everyone could see what a great job I had done. The dog show is like the Oscars for some hairdressers. By the way, that's the other thing I'm able to do and I'm not doing that either."

"What's that?"

"Style hair."

"For real?"

She nodded. "That was my backup dream if I couldn't make Westminster."

"Think you could hook me up?"

Zora stared at him. "Are you serious?"



## FASCINATION STREET

“Wait right here.” He sprang from the table and ran upstairs, taking the steps by twos.

Not knowing what to expect, Zora decided to at least finish off her lunch before Evan surprised her. She polished off her salad and pushed the plate to the side, then reached for her bowl of fruit.

Zora scooped up a spoon full of grapes, pineapple chunks and melon. Before she could get it to her lips a voice stopped her.

“Is that on your approved diet list?”

She turned her head and saw Brax standing in the doorway. Setting her spoon down, she attempted a smile. Though she shouldn’t have felt wrong or guilty, for some reason she did.

“Hi, Brax,” she said.

Before he responded, Evan came up behind him.

“What’s going on?” she asked.

“Evan said you have a hidden talent.” Brax stepped into the kitchen. In his t-shirt and shorts, no shoes, he looked delectable. His wild blond hair hung around his face.

“I do?” she asked.

Evan set an electric trimmer, a pair of scissors and a comb on the table in front of Zora.

“You can style hair.” Brax pulled a chair out and sat down. “I want to be your first customer.”

“Oh no, my brother. She told me first, so I’m going to get my wig done before you. You can have her after me.”

She laughed at the duo fighting over her unseen work. “Are you guys sure about this? I mean, I do Grant’s hair but I’ve never done other people.” She turned to Evan. “You don’t think Garland would mind, do you?”

“It’s my hair.” He sat and placed a towel over his lap. “Besides, I talked to her after I called my man here.” He snickered. “It’s all good.”

She turned to Brax. “Your hair is gorgeous. What would you want me to do with it?”

He ran his fingers through it. “Shave it all off. It’s too fucking hot to have in August.”

She gasped. “Are you sure?”

*Bridget Midway*

“Positive.”

Looking at the duo, Zora’s heart swelled. “You guys are too good to me.”

“Just remember that come orgy night.” Brax winked. “And when Art gets home, we’ll tell him to have his hair done by you, too.”

Tears pooled in her eyes until she had to look away before they rolled down.

“It’s just hair, baby,” Brax said and stroked her arm.

“No, man, it’s more than that for her,” Evan chimed in. “This is her dream, right?”

Zora nodded.

“Dreams should be shared. Start on us. Just be sure to tell your man, okay?”

She nodded.

“Don’t keep us in suspense.” Brax clapped his hands. “Let’s go!”

## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Nineteen

Garland stormed into Grant's house carrying a bag and wearing her usual Catwoman garb of tall black boots, a short black skirt and a bustier. Saturdays had become sort of a free-for-all day after their planned theme nights on Fridays. Seeing Garland by lunch made Grant's heart stutter.

"I need for you to go outside and play basketball with my husband," Garland demanded.

Grant stared at her for a while. When they'd first moved to the neighborhood, Art had used the idea of playing basketball to mean something sexual. Was Garland asking him to do something sexual with her husband?

He raised his hands in objection until he peered out of the front window and saw Evan bouncing an orange ball up and down his driveway. Grant's heart regained its normal rhythm.

"Oh, basketball," he said.

"What did you think I meant?" Garland asked.

"You don't want to know." He slipped on his sneakers, then stopped. "Why do I need to go out and play with your husband?"

It was then that Zora stepped into the room.

"Because I need to spend some time with your girlfriend without you here."

Zora's eyes widened.

"Now go. Have fun." Garland ushered Grant out of his house and closed the door behind him.

Wait a minute. Was he just forcibly removed from his own house by his neighbor? He turned to the door to give Garland a piece of his mind.

"Hey, man, you playing or not?" Evan asked from his driveway.

### *Bridget Midway*

Grant volleyed his attention from the door to Evan until he decided that whatever Garland was going to do to Zora wouldn't be harmful...especially if Garland knew what was good for her.

Grant strolled next door to Evan. They shook hands and exchanged pleasantries but ever since the night when Grant had seen Brax fuck Evan in his ass, he saw Evan differently. Never one to think he was a homophobe, Grant couldn't shake some of the teachings from his racist, bigoted father, no matter how hard he'd tried.

"We'll just play to twenty-one, okay?" Evan said as he bounced the ball between his legs like a pro.

Grant could hold his own in basketball. Lord knows he'd played enough blacktop games growing up in Norfolk. He hadn't played in a while. He had a feeling that Evan could clean his clock if he wanted.

"That's cool," Grant finally said.

Evan passed the ball to Grant, then Grant passed it back to him.

"So what's your wife doing with Zora?" Grant asked, as he tried blocking Evan.

Evan, looking more concentrated on the game than Grant liked, bounced the ball between his legs, then twirled his body around to make a shot on him. "I think she has a surprise for her." Barely winded, not like Grant, Evan said, "Two points."

The game continued with Evan making the majority of the shots.

"What kind of surprise?" Grant asked between gasping puffs of air.

"Not sure. Whatever it is, I'm sure Zora will like it."

While Grant braced his hands on his knees after Evan made another shot, propelling his score to fourteen to Grant's two, Evan put his hand on Grant's shoulder.

"You all right, man?"

Grant swatted Evan's hand away and backed up. "Fine. Let's just play."

Evan let his hand hover in the air before he shook his head and bounced the ball. "Fine. Fourteen to two."

"Noticed you got a hair cut," Grant said. He guessed you could call Evan shaving his head completely bald a haircut. The noonday sun shined off of the sweat on his head. Combined with his light skin tone and the silver necklace, Evan glowed.

"Yeah. Kinda like it." Evan made another basket. "Sixteen."

When the game started up again, Grant asked, "Did Garland give you permission to get that or did you go over her head?" This time Grant bested Evan and made a shot.

### FASCINATION STREET

He was only up by two points but Grant felt like he won the game already.

“Just say it, man. You got a problem with me?”

“What? No. Not really.” Grant stumbled trying to catch Evan as he dribbled the ball up the driveway but eventually fell to his knees just as Evan made a jumper.

Evan held his hand out. “Let me help you up, man.”

“I don’t need your help.” Grant got to his feet. “I’m fine.”

“Great, man. With your skinned up hands and knees, you look fine, too.”

“Let’s just play the fucking game, all right?”

“Okay, eighteen to four.”

Grant had the ball and bounced it at the sloping end of the driveway. He looked at the basket like it was his Holy Grail. Even if he’d made the shot, the point spread was too wide. He would eventually lose. But he wouldn’t go down without a fight.

“Instead of fighting me and avoiding me for whatever reason, you need to be listening to your woman.” Evan split his attention between watching the ball and gazing at Grant.

“What are you talking about? I listen to Zora.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, really. And I don’t need some stranger telling me what’s going on in my own house.”

Grant drove up the middle of the driveway but with Evan’s hard jab into his chest, Grant fell back on the concrete. He watched Evan make a sweet three-point shot from almost the street.

“Twenty-one.”

Instead of asking Grant if he needed help, Evan grabbed Grant’s hand and lifted him to his feet.

“No matter what you think about me or what it is we all do here, know this.” Evan pointed to his head. “Your wife did my hair, Brax’s ‘do and Art’s. Now if that comes as a surprise to you then I’m going to tell you again to talk to your woman and ask her why.”

Grant blinked. He stared at Evan’s head. Zora hadn’t mentioned that she’d styled all of the men’s hair in the neighborhood. Why wouldn’t she have mentioned it to him?

“Let’s go inside for a drink and get you cleaned up.” Evan led the way.

“Hey, um, about that back there--”

*Bridget Midway*

Evan shook his head. "You have some issues that you need to work out, that go beyond me. What I do here, what we all do here, is just try to have some fun. That's all. No hang-ups, no worries, no prejudices. If you want to know something, ask."

Grant nodded.

"Good. Now do you want me to suck your dick or not?"

Grant stopped in his tracks.

"I'm just kidding, man." Evan laughed so hard that this time he had to brace his hands on his knees. "I knew that would get you."

Breathing a sigh of relief, Grant stepped into the house. He hoped Zora wasn't going through something as rigorous as what he'd gone through.

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Zora swallowed, trying to get anything down her crusty, dry throat. After shaving Evan's head earlier in the week, Garland hadn't really said anything to Zora about it. Even during their group fun night last night, Garland kept mum about Evan's head. Zora had a feeling that now Garland was going to give her a piece of her mind.

"So, how are you doing?" Garland asked.

"Um, okay," Zora answered.

"Good. Let's go to the bedroom."

Not waiting for a response, Garland went to the room with a stride that would make a Clydesdale jealous.

Zora, not wanting to leave Garland alone for too long, followed. Once inside, she found Garland sitting on the spare bed unzipping her tall boots.

"Give me a hand," Garland said.

Zora reached for the boot that Garland had unzipped.

"No," Garland said. "Do the other."

Then Zora's neighbor parted her thighs. Crouching down on the floor, Zora grabbed the zipper and eased it down, listening to each tooth release. But when she smelled the masculine scent coming off of Garland's body, her gaze fell on the juncture between Garland's legs.

Zora had to blink a few times but it looked as though there was something between Garland's legs pressing up, almost like an erection. But Zora had seen Garland naked. This woman was no hermaphrodite. Maybe it was the way the leather wrinkled and folded.

### FASCINATION STREET

Zora got the boot off and set it next to its twin at the end of the bed.

“So, Evan’s head.”

Zora, still on her knees, peered up at Garland from between the woman’s legs. She knew Garland was going to bring it up.

“Yes?” Zora asked.

“I like it. And I like Brax’s buzz cut too.”

Zora released a long breath and pushed her hair back from her face.

“I want you to do something with my hair too,” Garland announced.

“Oh, okay. Um, are you sure? You have such beautiful hair.” Zora had noticed how healthy and shiny it looked.

“It’s only hair, dear. Nothing drastic like my husband’s, of course. But I want something fun.”

“Okay, I can do that.”

“Good. Now I have a little surprise for you.” Garland stood. “I’ll need for you to stand and get naked. Now.”

Zora flinched at Garland’s direct orders. Rising to her feet, Zora kept her head down as she got undressed. Taking off her shirt, she realized that in all the time she and Grant had been in the neighborhood and all of the times she’d had sex with the neighbors, Zora had never been alone with Garland in an intimate way. Come to think of it, aside from the welcome kisses whenever they had all gotten together, Zora had never pleased Garland.

Once she got naked, Garland strolled around her, observing her as though Zora were a Rembrandt painting for sale. Her concentrated stare reduced Zora to a quivering mass.

“Look at me.” Garland put her hand to Zora’s chin and lifted her head to gain eye contact. “We’re all friends here. I’m not going to hurt you.”

Zora nodded. The words sounded kind but coming out of Garland’s mouth, they still seemed so cold.

“I like you, Zora. You’re a great combination of Winta and Lynia, and, on some days, me.” Garland’s hand brushed down Zora’s breast. “You’re soft and compliant. And you’re willing to try anything. Would you agree?”

Keeping her gaze on Garland’s, Zora nodded, then mustered up enough strength to say, “Yes.”

*Bridget Midway*

Garland kissed her lips with a softness that Zora equated with Lynia. Then she turned around.

“Take off my top.”

Zora’s hands worked with careful precision to take off the top. When she had the garment removed, Zora placed it on top of the tall dresser in the room.

“Now get on the bed, head on the pillows.”

Zora crawled on the bed and positioned herself as instructed.

“That’s what I like about being here,” Garland began. “You can have a little bit of everything. One man, many men, one woman, many women, one man and one woman, all at the same time. Do you agree?”

Zora nodded. “I’ve never experienced anything like this place before.”

“I want you to experience it all.” Garland began to unfasten her skirt.

Zora’s gaze remained trained on the bulge she thought she saw at the front of her skirt. When it fell to the floor, Zora gasped and sat up in the bed. Sure she’d seen women wearing strap-ons in porn flicks. But never did she think she would see one in person

The pink plastic cock jutted proudly forward, being secured to Garland’s body by three black straps, one around her waist, and one going around each leg.

“This is my surprise to you,” Garland began. “Does it look familiar?”

Zora shook her head. “No, I don’t remember seeing that on toy night.”

Garland put her hands on her hips and laughed. “You are so cute.” Then she stepped up to the side of the bed. “Touch it.”

With great reluctance, Zora stroked her finger down the length of it to the tip. The plastic was smooth but stiff enough to resemble an actual hard-on.

“No, grab it like you would if it were an actual penis.” Not leaving the task to Zora, Garland took Zora’s hand and wrapped it around the fake shaft. “Does it feel familiar?”

Zora gripped the faux phallus and stroked it. “It feels like any other dick except its plastic.”

“It’s Grant.”

Zora’s hand stopped. Since she had just seen Grant’s cock that morning in the shower, she knew that this hard woman hadn’t lopped off her man’s cock and fashioned it as her own.



### FASCINATION STREET

“About a month ago I made a cast of Grant’s erection. Then I created this just for you.”

Knowing the story behind it, Zora took a different appreciation for the penis. Her hand caressed it as though the owner could feel anything. She let her fingers glide over the bulging veins and the bulbous tip to see if her tactile memories of the real Grant would come back to her.

Garland crawled in bed with Zora. Without another word, the woman kissed her, sliding her tongue into Zora’s mouth like she owned her. Garland’s hands moved over her body like Grant’s. Not delicate in touch, Garland held Zora’s tit with a firm grip and caressed her nipple, circling it with her thumb.

Zora closed her eyes and found the attractive parts of Garland. She ran her hands through Garland’s long, silky hair. Garland’s small breasts with their large, hard nipples drew her hands to them. When Garland wrapped her strong leg around Zora’s, it felt so sensual.

Zora let out a moan when Garland’s fingers circled her clit.

“Evan was right,” Garland began. “You do get wet fast.”

Positioning herself between Zora’s thighs, Garland held the fake cock in her hand. Zora stared at it, then its creator. What kind of sensation would this be? Fucking a woman with a dick?

“Good thing about this,” Garland began as she rubbed the tip up and down Zora’s slick folds. “Don’t need a condom.”

Garland eased the tip inside. By God, it did feel like Grant! On instinct, Zora grabbed Garland’s arm as Garland braced her hands over Zora’s shoulders. When she pushed the penis inside of Zora to the hilt, Zora gasped. It surprised her to hear Garland react with her.

As though reading her thoughts, Garland said, “The sensation of this cock against my clit is incredible.”

What Zora thought would be weird suddenly felt so right. She had the best of both worlds. The softness of a woman, a touch she’d grown to love and desire now, and the feel of a man, not just any man, her man, Grant.

Just like with Grant, Zora put her hands to Garland’s ass and pulled Garland into her more. They cried out in chorus. Wrapping her legs around Garland, Zora didn’t want Garland to stop. Zora pushed her hips in the air to get a deeper penetration.

*Bridget Midway*

“That’s it. Get into it. Love it.” Garland hooked Zora’s leg in her arm and sped up her thrusts.

Garland’s other hand massaged her tit. And when Garland kissed Zora, she welcomed it like she would from anyone else. Zora slid her tongue into Garland’s mouth. The forward gesture must have pleased the woman. She snickered and sucked on the tongue.

With each pounding thrust, Zora felt closer and closer to an orgasm. With Grant she would scratch his back, claw his skin. But she didn’t want to do that to Garland. Instead she fisted the comforter in her hands and screamed so loud she thought Grant would come running into the house to see what was going on. If he had, what would he say to this display?

“Your face glows when you come. No wonder my husband loves fucking you,” Garland said. She kissed her again and pulled out. Sitting up on her knees, Garland removed the belt. “Your turn.”

Zora sat up on her elbows. “What?”

“Put this on and fuck me.” Garland held the contraption up to Zora.

“But I don’t think I know how.”

“Just do what feels right for me and you.”

Zora stood on the floor and got help putting the device on. It felt odd having this fake dick at her pussy. But she felt a strange sense of power. Was this what penis envy was all about?

“So how do you want it? What should I do?” Zora asked.

“Sit.”

Obediently, Zora obliged, sitting on the center of the bed, unsure of where Garland would want her.

“Stretch your legs out.”

Crossed in a modified lotus position, Zora extended her legs in front of her. Like Zora was a jungle gym, Garland crawled over her, all legs and arms, facing her and straddling her legs around Zora.

“Never tried this with a woman before,” Garland began. “This should be interesting.”

### FASCINATION STREET

Garland grabbed the cock and curved it down, pressing it hard against Zora's clit. As soon as it touched her, Zora saw lights flashing before her eyes. Now she knew what Garland meant by it feeling good to her.

Garland raised herself up using one hand, then sliding her pussy down over the dick. With each inch, Garland released a long groan that hit a crescendo when she made it to its hilt. Garland wrapped her legs around Zora, then looped her arms around her shoulders. Breast to breast, Garland undulated her hips, gyrating them as she ground her sex down on what essentially was her boyfriend's penis. So this is what Grant experienced when he fucks Garland? The thought crossed her mind as the leggy beauty kissed and nipped at Zora's lips.

Zora wrapped her arms around Garland's waist and rocked her hips back and forth. Feeling the strap-on rubbing against her clit felt so good that Zora shook.

"I'm coming," Zora announced, as though it surprised her.

Garland leaned her head back, exposing her long neck. "Then you're doing it right because I'm almost there too."

Garland squeezed Zora's shoulders as the gyrations increased until finally, with screams louder than before, Zora came along with Garland.

Before she pulled away, Garland kissed Zora again, using the softest technique. No tongue. Just her full lips against Zora's.

"You can keep the strap-on," Garland said. "Grant might get a kick out of seeing his cock immortalized."

Zora was still getting used to the fact that she just fucked a woman using a fake penis. It was something for her diary...if she'd kept one.

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Twenty

Grant sat on the bed and held his fake cock.

“And she fucked you with this?” Grant asked.

“There was a strap involved,” Zora responded with a wide smile. She curled her body next to Grant’s as they lay in bed.

“So yesterday while I was playing basketball with Evan, you two were--”

“Fucking you, baby,” Zora said before he could finish his thought. “What are you thinking?”

Holding the hot pink penis, Grant said, “I’m thinking that you two need to do a repeat performance so I can watch next time.”

Zora laughed.

Grant loved Sunday nights with Zora. They could both wind down from a hectic week and mentally prepare for the upcoming work week. But looking at her, her skin glowing more than he’d ever seen before and her hair all wild and curly, he wanted so much to make love to her. No extra partners. No cameras. No tricks or gimmicks. Just the two of them.

Grant tossed the cock to the floor and curved his body down to hers.

“Grant,” she whispered.

“Just want to show you how the real thing feels.” He turned her over onto her back.

“Condom, baby.”

Grant rolled his eyes. “Just once I want to feel you again. It’s been two fucking months. You’re still on the pill, right?”

“Doesn’t matter.”

“You sound like one of them.” He sat up, frustrated.

“You make it sound like a bad thing.”

### FASCINATION STREET

“It is when you keep secrets from me. Why didn’t you tell me about doing everyone’s hair here? What’s up with that?”

He stopped when he heard his front door open and close.

“I can never get used to that.”

Hard steps coming down the hallway stopped when Brax appeared in their doorway. “Grant, need your help.”

The desperation in his neighbor’s voice made Grant blink. The man never seemed to need anything or anyone. Now all of a sudden he needed Grant’s help? Must be to move a piece of furniture or something. But at ten o’clock at night?

“Sure, man. What is it?” Grant asked.

“Come with me.”

Grant kissed Zora and slid out of bed. In his pajama pants, Grant slipped on a pair of sneakers and prepared to follow Brax.

“No, Zora needs to come too.”

Zora scrunched her eyebrows.

“Why?” Grant asked.

“Because I need her for comparison. Please come to my house.” Brax walked out of the house, leaving Grant and Zora staring at each other.

“Comparing me to whom?” Zora asked.

“Don’t know. In this crazy neighborhood, it’s anyone’s guess.”

Zora, in only a long tee shirt and panties, held Grant’s hand as they hurried over to Brax’s house. Darkness met them as they walked up the driveway to the front door. Walking inside, Grant found Lynia sitting on the couch with her head bowed and Brax pacing in front of her looking like he needed to be tied down and doused with cold water.

“What’s going on?” Grant asked.

“My wife and I were watching DVDs of ourselves having sex like we always do on a Sunday night,” Brax began and saying it as calmly as if he were talking about taking a moonlit stroll. “And I noticed something on the playback. Let me show you.”

Brax picked up a remote and clicked a button. The large screen TV flashed an image of Brax completely naked on his knees between her legs while Lynia had her wrists over her head and secured by chains and her legs were spread apart and chains wrapped around her ankles.

“Now watch this.” Brax pointed to the screen.

*Bridget Midway*

On the screen, Brax looked like he was giving Lynia oral sex. Grant stared more at Lynia's body, her perfect breasts and her tapered in waist than what Brax was doing or not doing.

"Did you see it?" Brax asked, nearly hopping up and down.

"See what? What were we supposed to be looking for?" Grant asked.

"Lynia made a face. She doesn't like when I give her oral sex." To prove his point, Brax replayed the section on the DVD again.

This time Grant took notice of her face. At one point, Lynia did appear to wince but quickly composed herself.

"So she made a face. All women do it, right?" Grant looked to Zora for support. Instead he found her looking empathetic.

"I interrogated her," Brax continued. "She said that she doesn't like the way I give her oral sex."

Grant stared at Lynia looking so small on the couch as she sat there, nude and quiet.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Brax. Don't understand why we're here though." Grant took a couple of steps back toward the doorway, still clutching Zora's hand.

"You're here because Lynia confessed who makes her come every time with his mouth." Brax pointed to Grant. "You."

"Me?" Grant peered at Lynia.

She lifted her head just enough to show off a smile.

"I just don't understand, Lynia," Brax said. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings." Lynia's voice floated from her tiny mouth. "We always said that even if the sex were bad, we would still love each other. I love you, Brax."

"I love you too, baby. Which is why, I've asked Grant over here."

Grant felt his heart pound. He didn't like what was about to happen.

"Look, man, as flattering as it is for your wife to say I give her good--"

"Great," Lynia chimed in. But she shrank back when Brax flashed an icy stare.

"Uh, great head, I can't come over here every night to give it to her."

Brax scrunched up his face. "Where would you get an idea like that from? No, what I want you to do is teach me your technique. Show me what I'm doing right and wrong."

### FASCINATION STREET

“You want me to teach you how to give your wife oral sex tonight?” Grant snickered and turned his back on the man.

Not one to be dismissed, Brax stormed around Grant and got into his face. In the dimly lit room, Brax’s face transformed to a deep crimson hue as though he would explode soon.

“Look, this is not easy for me to do.” Brax put his hands to his hips. With his new buzz-cut hairdo, he looked more militant than romantic. “I’m perfect in every endeavor I accept. I wanted a successful business. I have it. I wanted a beautiful wife. I have her. I want to satisfy her as much as she satisfies me.” This time his expression softened. He gazed over at her and almost let a smile peek through his hard countenance. Then he directed his attention back to Grant. “I love my wife. If I’m making her unhappy in any part of our relationship I need to correct it now. If it’s money you’re looking for---”

“No!” Grant held his free hand up. “I don’t need your money.”

“The request may seem ridiculous to you, but it means everything to me.”

Grant squeezed Zora’s hand. “Okay. Never been asked to do this before but considering where we are, I shouldn’t be surprised.” He kissed the back of Zora’s hand. “Zora, you sit here, baby.”

“No, I’ll take Zora and you have Lynia.”

“What?” Protectively, Grant placed his body in front of his girlfriend’s.

“You already know how to please Zora. And I know I don’t make my wife happy. So if I can make Zora come, then I know I’m doing it right.”

Grant knew there would be a catch. From both Lynia and Zora’s expressions, he gathered that Brax must have been the oral equivalent of Leatherface from the ‘Texas Chainsaw Massacre’ flicks. Zora clung to Grant’s back.

“Let’s start off with technique first, then we’ll put practice into action, okay?” Grant proposed, trying to buy more time.

“Will this take long?” Brax stroked his wife’s hair as he stared at Grant.

Grant bristled at the show of affection. He would never do that to Zora. Given the chance, Grant would love to take Lynia and show her what true affection was. Then maybe the woman would leave this jerk and find a better man.

“Depends on you, Brax. I need roses and whipped cream.” Grant noticed Brax’s questioning look. “Now.”

***Bridget Midway***

Brax left the room and ducked into the kitchen.

While he was out of the room, Grant asked the two women, now seated side by side on the couch, "Is he really that bad?"

Zora patted Lynia on her knee. "Honey, it's like he thinks he needs to do it quick for it to be good."

"I go down on him more than he goes down on me to avoid the whole thing," Lynia said.

Brax returned with a vase full of deep red roses and a can of whipped cream. "Now what?"

"Take a rose." Grant plucked a stem from the vase and waited for Brax to find a perfect one. "Now spray whipped cream on the flower."

Brax furrowed his eyebrows. "Serious?"

"You want to learn or not?" Grant had better things to do than sit here and argue with Brax.

Brax sprayed whipped cream all around the petals until it looked like he was holding a dandelion. Grant went conservative and only sprayed one side of the flower.

"What you want to do is lick the whipped cream off of the flower without damaging the petals, like this." Grant took a slow, easy swipe against the flower, collecting some cream on his tongue and barely moving the petals. "You try."

"What is this little trick supposed to do?"

"Teach you how to be gentle."

"I am gentle. Watch."

Brax bore his tongue against the flower, licking it all around in a rapid motion as though he were on a race against time. When he was done, the petals were mashed down, falling down the stem. On his lip hung one petal, a casualty in his training. Both women gasped when they saw it on his mouth.

"Whoa, Brax, my man, you're not racing anyone. And Lynia's not your enemy, so you don't have to torture her," Grant said. He wanted to laugh but with Brax getting redder by the moment, he decided against it.

"You don't know what you're talking about. Lynia likes it rough," Brax said, as he wiped his mouth with a cloth napkin.

"I guess she doesn't because I wouldn't be here."



### FASCINATION STREET

Grant's answer produced a grimace from Brax. Grant pulled out another rose and made the stubborn man try it again.

With his gaze concentrating on the flower, Brax did considerably better at not mangling the rose this time around. However the petals all sloped to one side. Grant counseled him on the amount of pressure and was going to have him try it again when Brax stopped him.

"Enough licking roses. Let's put it to action." Without warning or hesitation, Brax dropped to his knees at Zora's feet and reached under her shirt to pull down her panties.

Grant grabbed Brax's wrist in one hand, also managing to capture Brax's attention. "Let her go and listen to me."

Waiting a beat before he did, Brax removed his hands from Zora and turned his attention to Grant.

"You're way too eager to get this over with and that's part of your problem." Grant lowered himself to his knees in front of Lynia. She willingly parted her legs and kept her gaze on him. "What you want to do is seduce your woman. You want to coax the orgasm out of her but not too fast. Act like her pussy is her mouth. How you kiss your wife should be how you go down on her."

"Show me." Brax blinked in a flutter, making his eagerness show.

Grant leaned toward Zora and she to him until Brax stopped them.

"No. On Lynia."

Pulling back, Grant faced the beauty. He slipped his hand behind her head. His other hand caressed her cheek. Leaning forward, he pressed his lips against hers, soft at first. He felt her breath pass into his mouth. When her lips parted, Grant slipped his tongue inside. Lynia sighed. The tip of her tongue touched his in an erotic fashion. When he pulled back, Lynia smiled.

Grant grinned back at her, then turned to her husband. "Now you try. And remember. Be gentle. Soft."

With a nod, Brax accepted the challenge. His hands on her hips, he leaned forward and pressed his lips against Zora's. Grant felt a twinge of fear. He knew Brax wouldn't purposely hurt Zora. Brax hadn't the entire time they lived on Fascination Street. Having Zora as a guinea pig bothered him.

### *Bridget Midway*

Brax seemed to be taking the lesson to heart. His kisses looked gentle. Zora even moaned like Lynia at one point. Grant caught the exchange of tongues. It pleased him that Brax took what Grant taught him seriously and that Zora enjoyed the attention.

When Brax finally pulled back he brought his attention to Grant. "Like that?"

"Yes. Before you can lick her pussy, you have to tease her for a bit. Pull her panties down slowly." Grant gazed at Lynia, who sat naked on the couch. "Well, if she has on any panties. Then instead of licking away, kiss the areas around her pussy. Lick her inner thighs. Blow on her clit. Massage her ass cheeks. Tease her until she can't stand it."

"Do it," Brax demanded.

Grant gazed at Lynia. The way she looked, like she wanted to hop off the couch, she looked excited to be getting the treatment. Gently he eased her back on the couch and did everything he advised Brax to do to her. He licked his tongue up and down her smooth, milky inner thighs. With her shaved cunt, her clit protruded nicely. He blew his breath on it and she twitched right away.

"What I normally do once I put my mouth on her is something simple but it works." Grant massaged Lynia's thighs as he spoke. "Make your tongue write the alphabet on her vagina."

Grant ducked his head to do the letters when Brax asked, "Upper or lower case?"

Grant bit his tongue. "You decide." Then he placed his mouth on Lynia.

Her sweet taste caused his cock to swell.

"Don't flick her clit." He said between tastes. "Lick it. Put a little pressure on it. But don't flick it a lot. It's a clit, not a lollipop."

Grant dove back down between her thighs and probed his tongue inside of her. He wrote out every letter of the alphabet, spelled his name and even spelled the name of the street by the time Lynia screamed in ecstasy.

Grant waited for her to settle back down before he came up from between her thighs. "See. That's how you---"

He stopped when he saw Brax attempting to please Zora. With her eyes closed, Zora's body convulsed. She gripped her hands on the sofa and spread her legs wide. Undulating her hips, she fucked his mouth until eventually she too came with the same howling scream.

### FASCINATION STREET

Brax's eyes went wide as he settled down to the floor. "You didn't fake that, did you? That was real?"

Zora's smiled lit up the room. "Damn right!" She leapt forward and kissed Brax.

"Guess I did do it right." Brax laughed. He turned to Grant. "It was the alphabet thing. It did work. She liked 'I' and 'M'."

"You don't have to tell me." Grant rose to his feet.

The women went to the bathroom, leaving Grant and Brax alone. When they left the room, Brax spoke in a low tone.

"I don't know how to repay you for what you've done," Brax began.

"It was nothing. Just something I learned in high school. Read it in a book once." Grant walked toward the front door but Brax wasn't finished.

"I want to repay you."

"I told you. I don't want or need your money."

Brax shook his head. "Not that. You have a special skill that you've shared with me. I'm skilled at some things too. I want you to let Zora stay with me here for a week."

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Twenty-One

“Are you out of your mind?” Grant wasn’t about to do a full wife swap, even if Zora wasn’t his wife. Brax may have satisfied Zora for now but who the hell knew what he would do to her if they were alone.

“It’s just for a week. No sex will be involved. Trust me. You’ll enjoy what I do with her.”

Grant pushed himself against Brax, who puffed up his chest and pushed back. “I did this fucked up training session but I’m not about to let my girlfriend move in with you for a week while you truss her up to some chains in a dungeon or whip her or worse.”

“I wouldn’t hurt Zora. That’s not my thing. All I’m asking is that you trust me.”

“You’re asking an awful lot, buddy. Only person I trust is Zora and you’re asking me to give her up.”

“For a week. She’ll come back to you Friday evening and I guarantee you’ll like what I’ve done.”

Grant stared at him suspiciously. “No piercings or tattoos or slave jewelry or none of that shit.”

Brax raised his hand in the air like a demented Boy Scout. “I swear.”

“I have to talk it over with Zora.”

Speak of the devil, she strolled into the room.

“Zora, Brax wants to repay us for tonight’s lesson,” Grant began as he pulled her to his side. “He wants you to stay with him for a week.”

“What?” she asked.

“What do you mean?” Lynia asked.

“I just told Grant that I am able to use a special skill of my own to help them both.” He pulled Lynia to his side and whispered in her ear.

She smiled and giggled. “Good idea, Brax.”

### FASCINATION STREET

With his arm around Lynia's waist, Brax said, "In exchange, Lynia will stay with you. I'm not sure who does the cooking and cleaning in your home but---"

"I can do my own cooking and cleaning. I don't need to rely on someone else to do that. Zora's my equal, not my slave." Then Grant put his arm around her waist.

"Then you'll need companionship. Someone to talk to about work or life or sex. Whatever." Brax kissed Lynia's temple.

"I won't be allowed to come over and see her? Call her?" Grant squeezed Zora tighter.

"She may be tempted to tell you what the surprise is and that will ruin everything. So what do you two say?" Brax turned to Zora. "I took a chance on you and let you cut my hair. I know you're adventurous. I can see it in you. Aren't you curious?"

Zora split her attention between Grant and Brax. In a small voice she said, "Yes, but---"

"But nothing," Brax said, cutting her off. "For one week, I'll have you. Friday night, you'll go back home and show Grant your surprise."

Grant turned Zora around so that she looked directly at him. "Are you sure this is something you want to do? You don't have to. A haircut and oral sex doesn't obligate us to do shit around here."

"Jesus, Grant, lighten up, will you?" Brax said. "I said no sex. I won't hurt her. She's willing. Lynia's willing. Why not?"

Gazing in Zora's eyes, Grant looked for any sign of reluctance. He found none.

"I'll be okay. We said we wanted an adventure, right?" Zora said and flashed a reassuring smile.

"Yeah, an adventure together, not apart." Grant cupped her cheek.

"Trust me. The time apart will make you two want each other more," Brax said.

Zora turned to her neighbors. "We start this tomorrow when I get off work, okay?"

Brax sighed. "If that's the earliest you want to do it. Fine. Tomorrow night it is."

As soon as they walked out of the door and got far enough away from Brax's house, Zora whispered, "God help me."

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### *Bridget Midway*

Zora wanted to laugh at the way Grant paced in the bedroom as he watched her pack. Zora had thought of nothing else that day except for what Brax would have planned for her for the entire week. He swore they wouldn't have sex. So what would he be doing to her?

"Fuck the rules," Grant said as he continued marching. "You need me, call me. I'll be over there in a flash. Got it?"

"I know." She smiled.

"You know the door is unlocked. Come home any time."

"I'm not a kid going to a sleepover. I'll be fine." It was hard for Zora to be afraid of a man who let her cut his hair.

She still remembered how he sat so patiently as she clipped all of his hair off. He'd looked incredible with the long locks. Without it, Brax looked even sexier.

"I don't know why I'm letting you do this," Grant said.

Zora stopped packing and stared at him. "You *let* me do this? What happened to 'Zora's my equal. Zora's my partner'? Was all that a lie? I have a mind of my own, you know."

"I know that. God, don't twist my words around." He ran his fingers through his hair. "I don't want to argue before you go."

And she didn't either. When Grant enveloped her in his arms, her once tight body relaxed. She held him close until she heard the front door open.

"Damn, I wanted a little more time." Grant kissed her forehead.

"I know what you mean." She squeezed him before letting him go and packing the rest of her things.

"Hello!" Brax called from the living room.

"We're coming." Grant carried Zora's suitcase to the front door.

Standing in the living room were Brax, dressed in cream-colored khakis and a white polo shirt, and Lynia who had on a sundress and sandals. It was the most clothing Grant had ever seen on the woman.

"I'll take that." Brax took the suitcase from Grant's hand.

"See you on Friday." Grant framed her face with his hands.

"Friday." Zora kissed him. She was going to miss seeing him every morning.

Brax gave Lynia a deep kiss that didn't end, this time, with him nibbling her lip. Maybe he was taking Grant's lesson to heart.

### FASCINATION STREET

Brax held the front door open for Zora. The trek across the street, although short, seemed to take forever. The only thing Zora kept thinking was 'Dead woman walking.' Was she signing her death sentence by spending a week with a dominant like Brax?

He opened his door for her. "Make yourself at home," Brax said. "I'll take your suitcase to the spare bedroom."

While he roamed around upstairs, Zora took in the downstairs again, a room she knew intimately, as well as its owner. She needed to keep her mind off what was going to happen to her.

Her heart raced when Brax came back downstairs. "Have you eaten?"

She shook her head.

"Are you hungry?"

She shook her head again.

"Did you lose your ability to speak?" he asked.

Just as she was about to shake her head a third time he laughed.

"You are precious. Almost as precious as my wife." He headed to his bar. "I need a drink. You want a drink to relax?"

"Um, sure." She wrung her hands over and over again until she reached the bar.

"Amaretto Sour, right?" He handed her a short glass with a ruddy colored liquid inside.

The familiar smell put her at ease more than the taste.

"Would you like to relax in a bath or take a shower? Perhaps sit in the Jacuzzi for a while."

"No. I showered when I got off work."

"Okay. Then let's head upstairs to the spare bedroom. No use wasting time." He came from behind the bar and put his hand to the small of her back.

"But I thought you said you didn't want sex. Why are we going to the bedroom?" Her hands clutched the glass until she thought it would shatter in her grip. But she couldn't let it go.

"We aren't going to have sex. I just have a feeling that you'll want to lie down after the procedure."

"Procedure?"

Zora had read all about the BDSM lifestyle. She knew they liked to do medical examinations as part of their ritual. Was that what Brax wanted to do?

*Bridget Midway*

“Just relax.” He guided her to the stairs.

Zora’s head felt so light, she couldn’t remember her feet even touching the steps. By the time they got to the spare bedroom, her heartbeats consumed her entire body, shaking her with each pound.

“Did you want some more to drink?” Brax asked.

“No, I’m fine. Still haven’t finished what you gave me.” She held up the glass to show him.

He ducked into the bathroom. When he returned, he held a clear long plastic box. Inside it looked like four pear-shaped objects with a distinct bulge in the middle in varying degrees of sizes going from small to large. The slender tips were rounded. Brax set the box on the dresser.

“You’ll need to be undressed. At least have your shorts and underwear off.”

“Why?” Her voice trembled.

“A while back you and Grant talked about the fact that you never let him do anal on you. I’m going to train you to accept his cock in your anus and love it.”

Zora grabbed onto the bedpost and sat on the mattress before she fell to the floor. “Anal sex?” She peered around Brax and looked at the pink pears in the clear box. “And you’re going to use those?”

“It’s the best way to train. I trained Lynia this way. Of course, this is a brand new kit, so don’t worry about germs or anything. Lynia washed each one carefully.”

Yeah, germs. That was on the top of Zora’s list of worries. She polished off her drink and held it up to Brax. He set it on the dresser.

“No. More,” Zora requested. No way could she do this sober.

Brax laughed. “It’s not as painful this way. I’ll stretch your tiny hole over the next week. By the time you go home to Grant in a few days, you’ll be begging for him to take you that way.”

Zora shook her head. “I don’t know.”

Brax sat next to her. In a move that shocked her, he held her hands to comfort her. “What’s wrong? Have you tried anal sex before?”

Keeping her gaze cast down, she nodded her head. “Not with Grant. A boyfriend before him. It was so painful. I don’t want to go through that again.”

“The guy who was with you didn’t care about your feelings.” He put his hand to her chin and raised her head. “I’ll take care of you this week. Trust me.”



## FASCINATION STREET

Staring into his blue eyes, she wanted to.

“I need for you to take off your shorts and underwear now. Then lay face down on the bed.”

She took a deep breath. Looking to the ceiling, Zora tried hard not to cry. She kept recalling that horrible experience with her last boyfriend and how much pain he’d put her through.

“Zora, look at me,” Brax said, his voice more demanding now than before. “I will not hurt you. I care about you and I like Grant.”

She held Brax’s hands and nodded. Standing finally, she undid her shorts and let them fall to the carpeted floor. She took a deep breath before pulling her underwear off.

“Good girl.” Brax stood. He placed one pillow on the center of the bed, leaving the other at the head. “Get on the bed face down and make sure the pillow is under your pelvis to raise your hips in the air.”

Zora did as she was told, crossing her arms under the pillow under her head. She turned her head to the side and crossed her legs at the ankles.

“I’m afraid you’re going to have to open your legs just a bit for me,” Brax said.

Slowly she unhooked her ankles and slid her legs apart.

“Nice.”

She heard him get the box from the top of the bureau. The movement on the bed signaled that he had returned.

“The trick is to get your partner to trust you and to make her feel relaxed. Are you relaxed yet?” he asked.

“Not quite.”

Her answer must have prompted him to remedy her condition. When she felt his warm tongue against her ass cheek, she jumped. Brax laved her cheeks, dragging his tongue from the crease where her butt cheek met her thigh to the top of her crack. He did the same to the other side, licking her in the same manner.

Zora blinked slowly as she enjoyed the attention. When he parted her cheeks, on instinct she squeezed them back together.

“Relax,” he whispered.

Then he licked his tongue over her asshole, making her writhe in pleasure. His tongue moved over the hole and he alternated the movement with a gentle blow to cool down the slick trails left by his tongue.

*Bridget Midway*

Zora flinched when she felt a pressure on her hole. She discovered it was Brax's tongue pressing against her. She grasped a handful of the comforter and raised her ass higher to give him better access.

Zora felt a different type of pressure, more than a tongue. Then she felt the intrusion.

"I just have a tip of my middle finger inside you. How does that feel? Good?" he asked.

She nodded like a broken marionette. "Yes. Good."

He slid his finger inside of her more. "Up to the first knuckle. Okay?"

"Oh, yes."

When she felt his fingers flush against her ass, she growled.

"All the way inside." Then he moved his finger back and forth.

"Ohhh," she purred.

The feeling of his finger moving in and out of her sent shivers up her spine. Her body tingled from the ring securing Brax's finger inside of her, to her cheeks and all throughout her body. He kept the movements steady, never going too fast or slowing down. Wanting more, she pressed her hips back toward him.

"You like it?" His gentle voice calmed her.

She nodded.

"I want to hear you say it."

"Yes."

She heard some rustling behind her. Even with the commotion, Brax never stopped his finger from probing inside of her. He brought his digit back so that only the tip remained in her anus. When she felt something cold hit the crack of her ass, she yelped. Her body lurched forward.

"It's okay. Only some lubricant," he said, his voice still low and reassuring.

Trying to crane her head around, Zora wanted desperately to see what Brax was doing but couldn't from her angle. Her body tensed, then relaxed when she felt his finger go back inside of her.

She must have gotten used to the feeling. The invasion didn't shock her body like before. As a matter of fact, she clenched her cheeks, holding him in her. It must have worked. Brax didn't move, didn't thrust his finger in and out of her.

### FASCINATION STREET

Zora felt the bed move. Assuming he was getting a comfortable position, she spread her legs wider to accommodate him. What she didn't expect was to see him standing next to her instead of being at her ass. If Brax was off the bed then what was inside of her making her feel so good?

"How did you do that?" she asked and turned onto her side.

"I got you relaxed enough that you didn't recognize me switching my finger for the anal plug. How does it feel?" he asked.

The plastic device gave her strange sensations all over. On the one hand it felt decidedly dirty, like she should rip the thing out and wash herself. But the bulge in it rubbed against her rectum until each movement shot a strike of pleasure through her body. And, in a strange way, she also felt constipated.

"It feels...different." She turned back onto her stomach, not sure how she should position herself with this plastic plug inside of her.

"It will for a while."

"A while?"

"You'll keep it inside of you for about an hour. I won't push you more than that. Tomorrow, though, I'll do an hour in the morning and an hour at night. At night, we'll go for the bigger plug until by Friday you'll be able to handle this one." He pointed to the largest one of the set.

She swallowed. "What do I do until then? Do I just lay here?"

"No. You can do what you would normally do. Watch TV, do housework, take a swim, walk. Whatever you like to do. I suggest you try stimulating the area. If you'd like, I can start a load of laundry so you can sit on it during the spin cycle."

Zora smiled. "You know what I would like?"

"What?"

"Could you just hold me for a while?"

Brax smiled. "Let me get cleaned up."

All freshened up, Brax crawled into bed with her. Zora placed her head on his chest. He remained clothed except he'd taken his sandals off. He wrapped his arm around her waist and stroked her hair.

"Yes, you'll be just fine," Brax said as though he thought she wouldn't be.

She snuggled against him. Since she couldn't be with Grant, Brax would have to do.

*Bridget Midway*

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Grant peered over his mystery book to watch Lynia. She'd walked around his living room for an hour examining every piece of furniture, picture and knick-knack in the room. She didn't ask any questions. Occasionally she would pick up a figurine and look at it, turn it over like she was searching for a date stamp. Then she would set it down and adjust it so that it didn't look like she'd touched it at all. When she caught him staring at her, Grant turned his gaze down to the pages but the words blurred in his vision.

"You're still watching me," she said. "Afraid I'm going to steal something?"

Grant set his open book on his chest. "Where would you put it? I can see through that thing you call a dress. Looks more like a colorful sneeze."

"Good. You hate the look of it too." Lynia pulled the garment over her head. She folded it carefully and set it on the chair. "Much better."

Grant took stock of her body. Small in size, Lynia's breasts were rounded and not pointy. Her waist tapered in to an ungodly small width, then flared out beautifully at her hips.

"You're not with Brax," Grant said. He brought his book up to his face. "You don't have to parade around here naked if you don't want to."

"But I do."

He lowered the book. With the grace of a cat, she sauntered to him. "You don't like my husband very much, do you?"

"He's okay." Grant tried to bring the book back up to his face but Lynia grabbed it and pulled it back down.

"Liar. I see how you look at him when he touches me a certain way, like you're jealous."

Grant thought the vein he felt pulsating in his neck would throb out of control and burst through his skin with her declaration.

"I am not jealous." He set his book on the table, not caring if he lost his place or not.

"I'm not talking about jealousy over women. Zora is beautiful and smart and funny. You two are great together. That reminds me. Why haven't you married her yet?"

Grant jumped to his feet. "You want something to eat? I'm hungry."

### FASCINATION STREET

He wasn't about to open up to Lynia, a stranger, his neighbor. What did she know about him and Zora anyway? It was none of her business why he hadn't asked Zora to marry him yet. He would. He just needed time. Everything took time.

"You're skipping the subject." Lynia leaned against the countertop as Grant searched through the fridge for his dinner.

"No, you're skipping the subject. You were saying how I'm supposed to be jealous of Brax." He pulled out a bowl of cold fried chicken and set it on the table. "Chicken?"

"No, thanks. You want to be like him."

"Who?"

"Brax."

"No."

"Yes."

Grant grabbed a can of sweet corn from the cupboard. "No, I don't. I have no interest in hurting women."

Lynia's little face scrunched into something ugly. "He doesn't hurt me. Why don't you believe that?"

"Because clipping clamps to your nipples can't be a walk in the park."

"I told you that they---"

"And making you wait to eat while he takes his time makes him an asshole in my opinion."

"You don't understand. He---"

Grant got into her face. "And petting you like a dog. That's the part that gets me the most."

He watched her bottom pink lip tremble. "Why?"

"Women shouldn't be treated that way." Grant backed away. "They should be honored and respected. Not abused."

"Grant, I'm not abused. The type of relationship we have is consensual."

He kept his head down as he poured the contents of the can into a ceramic bowl. He shook it to settle the teepee of corn into one layer, swirling the vegetable in its juices.

"Look at me," Lynia said in a stern voice.

Grant couldn't help but draw his attention away from the corn and to her.

"I'm not abused," she repeated.

*Bridget Midway*

He wanted to believe that. She always seemed happy with Brax no matter what he did. Whenever Grant saw them together his side ached. His head throbbed like it used to when he was a teenager growing up with his mother and stepfather, who ruled the household with an iron fist.

"I have no desire to have the kind of life that Brax has," Grant said. He turned the microwave to high to let the corn cook.

"Not his life. But you want the way he commands people. Take your boss." Lynia came around the counter.

"What do you know about her?" Grant had never talked about her and he was pretty sure Zora hadn't either, since he never went into detail about how much he despised the woman.

"Garland told me."

Figured. Grant had forgotten that piece of the puzzle.

"I think Garland is right," Lynia began. "You need to take a firm hand with your boss. Nothing too over-the-top but something that's going to grab her attention."

"I think Garland did enough attention-grabbing for one day."

"That was Garland. We're talking about you. That woman is looking to be ruled. Trust me. I know. I used to be that way."

Grant smirked. "You were a manager at a major corporation?"

Lynia smirked back. On her, though, it looked cute. "What do you think? That I was always a submissive running around naked? I had a life before Brax."

"And now?"

"We share our lives and we love it. Unlike you and Zora, we have no secrets from each other."

"There are no secrets between me and Zora."

"Then why doesn't she know about your boss? She thinks you're happy at work. Why won't you tell her how you really feel about us here on Fascination Street?"

The microwave hummed next to Grant's head as he stared at Lynia, who'd said more tonight than he'd ever heard her utter.

"Why worry her?" he said.

"You mean why worry you?"

### FASCINATION STREET

When the microwave dinged, a pop and another explosion sounded inside. Grant flinched and put his body in front of Lynia's. Peering in the front of the microwave, he saw bits of yellow corn splattered across the inside of the compartment.

"Guess I kept it in there too long," he commented, before opening the door.

"Some things won't keep while waiting for you," Lynia said. "Eventually it explodes."

Grant stared at her.

"I think I liked you better when you didn't speak as much."

Like a pixie, she giggled.

"So what exactly is your husband doing to Zora?" he asked. Ripping off a few paper towels hanging from a roll, he wiped away the mess. Zora would have a fit if she saw it.

"Exactly Brax is doing something special for her and you. I'm not going to spoil the surprise. You'll see."

"Yeah, but will I like what I see."

The idea of Zora changing scared the shit out of him. Why did there have to be so much change? Why couldn't they still be that same couple that clawed after each other like the first day they'd met?

Friday couldn't get to him fast enough.

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Twenty-Two

“You can do this,” Brax said.

Zora sighed again and peered up at Doggie Style as she sat in his Jaguar.

“You want to go back home?”

As she was about to shake her head, she stopped. She wasn’t that same woman a week ago who couldn’t confront things that bothered her. Strange as it was, thanks to Brax’s training, Zora started to feel invincible, like she could take on Hulk Hogan and go toe-to-toe with Lennox Lewis. She shifted in her seat to find a comfortable way to sit while the largest anal plug lay lodged in her anus.

“No,” she finally said. She gazed at Brax. “I want to do this.”

“You want me to come inside with you?”

Staring at the man, she couldn’t stop herself from smiling. She’d grown to trust him almost as much as she trusted Grant. It was Friday. True to his word, he never had sex with her. Yes, he did kiss, lick and fondle her in preparation of the anal plug. Otherwise he kept his penis in his pants.

Placing her hand to the side of his face, she said, “No, you’ve done plenty for me.”

And he had. He tapped into a newfound strength deep within her. Stepping out of the car, she closed the door, took a deep breath, then headed inside. Zora tried hard not to walk in a different manner than normal. Kind of difficult with a pear-sized piece of plastic shoved up her ass. But with each step her skin tingled. It was that same feeling she’d felt throughout the week as she walked around Brax’s house and worked out regularly.

“Zora, where have you been all week?” Inez asked. “Julie said some guy who wasn’t Grant called here Tuesday saying that you were taking the rest of the week off.”

Zora had remembered that call Brax made in her presence. The haughtiness he carried to do such a thing angered her. He’d dared to rule her life. When he explained



## FASCINATION STREET

what he wanted to accomplish and how, she calmed down. Brax's training went beyond anal sex play. He wanted her to accept her sexuality and exude it.

"Where's Julie?" Zora asked. She wasn't willing to explain the call or her whereabouts.

"In the back." Inez pointed her thumb over her shoulder.

Zora headed to the back area. The closer she got to the kennels, the louder the dogs barked and the cats meowed. People say that animals can tell when there's danger approaching. The pets at Doggie Style must have known Zora's intention.

With her back to the door, Julie hunched over a small table while she clipped the hair from a Great Dane. Zora made sure to go around the table to gain eye contact. She wasn't about to hold a conversation with this woman's back.

Julie gazed up and her eyes went wide. After turning off the clippers she said, "There you are. Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine." Zora put her hands to her hips.

"First I get this strange phone call, then I call your house and Grant tells me you're away. I was seriously thinking about calling the cops." Julie wiped her hands.

"Julie, I want to start styling the pets instead of shampooing them." Zora figured the direct approach would be better than beating around the bush.

Julie set the towel down next to the pooch. It shivered even though the room wasn't as cold as it normally was in the summertime when Julie knocked the thermostat down to fifty degrees.

Zora's boss hung her head down as though thinking over the prospect. Zora's heart thudded in her chest. She balled her hands into fists. By the time she swallowed, Julie lifted her head.

"No." Julie picked up the dog and put it in a cage. "It's not like I don't trust you or believe you can do a great job. It's just that I have two competent groomers and I don't need another. You understand, don't you?"

Zora's throat tightened but she thought with her head instead of her heart. "Then don't pay me the extra money and let me do it on my current salary."

Zora winced. Brax would have hated hearing her backpedal like that but she wanted to make the offer. If Julie didn't accept it, then she would know it was Zora's skills that she didn't trust and not simply a matter of money.

*Bridget Midway*

“Zo, it’s not that simple. You’ve been with me, what, three years? These things take time.” Julie put her hand on Zora’s shoulder like she wanted to comfort her.

“Inez became a groomer right off the street and she’s been with you a year.”

Julie removed her hand. “She came with great references.”

Zora smiled. “That’s nice. I hope I can expect the same from you when I seek my next employer. I quit.”

The dogs howled as though applauding Zora’s efforts. She stormed to the door.

“Zora, wait. Let’s talk about this.”

But Zora kept walking, never looking back. She whisked by Inez, who said something to her that Zora didn’t catch and didn’t care to acknowledge. Once she got outside, Zora felt free. She felt light enough to float to the clouds and beyond.

She hopped into the car and wrapped her arms around Brax’s neck. “I did it! I really did it!”

“You got the job?” he asked and hugged her back.

“No. I quit. I quit my job.” She pulled back.

Zora hadn’t expected to see Brax look so stunned. His mouth hung open and his eyes were wider than she’d ever seen them.

“You didn’t,” he said.

She nodded this time and didn’t feel bad about responding that way. “I’m starting to realize that life is too short to do stuff you don’t want to do. I want to be a stylist. Whether its dog or human, it doesn’t matter. But I have talent.” She smiled. “I’m skilled.” She kissed Brax’s cheek. “And I’m horny as hell.”

Brax laughed. “Grant will have to take care of that last item for you. But for now, what would you like to do to celebrate?”

“First of all, I think my hour is up.” Her gaze went down to her lap, then back to Brax’s eyes.

“I get it. I’ll take us home and take it out. You’ve done a great job this week. Grant would be proud of you and I hope he likes his surprise.”

“I’m sure he will. Even I’m looking forward to feeling him take me that way. I hope he’s just as excited as I am right now.”

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### FASCINATION STREET

After a week with The Interrogator, also known as Lynia, and missing Zora like crazy, Grant nearly skipped around the hallway at his office building that Friday at work knowing Zora would be back in their home. How she would be changed, he wasn't sure.

A phone rang at his desk. Out of habit, Grant picked up his desk phone and spouted his normal company greeting. But he caught a dial tone and the ringing persisted. His heart stopped for a moment as he fished through his pockets to get his cell phone, not his personal one but the neighborhood one.

Glancing at the Caller I.D., he saw that the call was coming from Brax's sex phone.

Zora. It had to be her.

"Hello?" he said.

"Baby."

It was all Zora had to say to get his johnson to awaken in a matter of seconds.

"I've missed you so much." Grant didn't bother lowering his voice. He didn't care who heard him talking to his sexy girlfriend.

"I have big plans for us tonight," she began. "First I'm going to have dinner ready, then I'll draw you a bath and---"

"Forget dinner and the bath. When I get home, I'm going to---"

"No personal calls at work." Stephanie yanked the phone from his hand and snapped it closed. "Ordinarily I would take your phone until the end of the day like a teacher with an unruly student. But I trust you will not do this again." She slammed the phone onto his desk and sauntered off.

Flames surrounded Grant's head as he watched Stephanie go into her office. No way. No way in the world was he going to have her hang up on his woman, the love of his life. If she wanted a dominant in her life, a Master, then Grant would give it to her in spades.

Jumping to his feet, he stomped his way to her office. When he got inside he stared her down.

"What are you doing in here?" she asked. "Get back to your cubicle."

Instead Grant slammed the door behind himself. "Let's get one thing straight, I work for you but you in no way, shape or form own me, got that?"

"I beg your pardon?"

*Bridget Midway*

“You heard me.” He kept up a slow but steady pace to her desk. “You are going to start treating me and the rest of the employees here like human beings instead of your little minions because if you don’t, I’m going to go to human resources and tell them what an uptight, pain-in-the-ass, snooty bitch you are.” He loomed over her, one hand on the desk and the other on the back of her chair. “That was my girlfriend you hung up on just a minute ago. If I don’t get an apology right now,” Grant thought of his options before completing his statement, “I’m going to put you over my knee and spank you.”

Okay, not the best threat but from looking at her quivering bottom lip and the way her pupils dilated, he thought she might actually buy his veiled threat.

In a blink of an eye, Stephanie wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him so hard that she banged her teeth against his.

What the hell? Not the reaction he wanted or expected.

“Steph,” he mumbled through his lips. “Calm down.”

He stood and tried pulling her off of himself but only managed for her to sit on her desk and drag him down with her.

“I have been a bad girl, Daddy,” she said between kisses. “Will you spank me?”

“Jesus H., Steph.” He grabbed her arms but when he pulled them from around his neck she wrapped her legs around his.

“I saw how hard you were when you came in here. I know this is what you want. I’ll be your slave.” She clawed at his shirt.

“I don’t want you to be my slave or anything else. I just want to be able to do my damn job.”

And as though he didn’t have enough problems on his hands, the door to her office opened and on the other side stood Garland. Perfect fucking timing.

Stephanie had her skirt up around her hips, her legs were akimbo, one hand was down Grant’s shirt and the other at his belt loop.

With an icy stare, Garland stormed into the room, went straight to Grant and slapped his face.

“You couldn’t hold out a week?” Garland said.

When she walked out, Grant knew exactly where she was going to go...to see Zora. He had to stop her before she spread lies to her about the situation.

When he got to the door of Stephanie’s office to catch Garland, he was halted by Stephanie’s voice.

## FASCINATION STREET

“Hey,” she began.

He brought his attention to her.

“You think you can get her to come back and the three of us can---”

“Lady, get some help,” Grant said and ran from the office.

He ran smack dab into a wall of obscenities that Garland spread thickly through the office in a loud, commanding voice.

“Grant Valente is an asshole!” Garland screamed. “He can’t keep his dick in his pants for a day. Lying, cheating bastard!”

“Garland!” he screamed after her.

“Go to hell!” She burst through the door to the stairwell.

“Man, sounds like you’re in the doghouse with your wife,” the mailroom guy said to him as he strolled by Grant.

“That’s not my wife.” Grant gathered his things together, including his neighborhood phone.

“Girlfriend?” the young man asked.

“Neighbor,” Solomon supplied and winked.

“You’re banging your boss *and* your neighbor? Dude, you’re my new hero.” The kid raised his hand in the air to get a high-five slap.

“Kid, find new heroes.”

Grant tore out of the building, hoping to get home before Garland did too much damage.

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Twenty-Three

Grant knew he was in trouble when he pulled into his driveway and Evan stood outside on the porch, staring at him and shaking his head. No time to explain the truth to his neighbor. He had bigger fish to fry.

Stepping into his house, his heart sank when he heard the distinct sound of cursing coming from the back bedroom.

“Zora?” Grant called.

“Back here.”

Not Zora’s voice. Sounded more like Winta.

Grant peered into the spare bedroom and saw no one. When he looked into his bedroom, he caught a scene he could accurately describe as a coven of witches with a very pissed off head witch.

Grant reached out for his girlfriend. “Zora, let me---”

Zora jerked back. “Hold on.”

Her repulsion made Grant’s stomach lurch. Did she hate him right now?

“Animal,” Winta said.

“I thought you were different.” Lynia, wearing a t-shirt and shorts, shook her head.

Grant knew he was in the doghouse now. Lynia was fully dressed.

“I am different,” Grant said. “If I can just talk to Zora, I can---”

“No. You’re not going to poison her head with more of your lies.” Winta wagged her finger in front of his face.

“I haven’t said anything yet. You all won’t let me talk!” He stomped his foot in exasperation.

“What can you say?” Garland asked. “I caught you. You were going to fuck your boss on her desk.”

## FASCINATION STREET

Zora's jaw flexed while she gritted her teeth. She shook her head as she stared him down.

"I was not. Just let me and Zora talk about this." He reached for her again.

This time Zora stepped forward in a challenging way. "How could you? Is that why you've been acting so funny lately and why you come home exhausted from work sometimes?"

Grant felt the steady rise of molten heat in his body the longer Zora accused him of cheating on her as she stood in a group of women he had actually fucked. "Look, whatever you think happened with me and Stephanie---"

"Oh, so the bitch has a name?" Winta said.

"Why am I even telling you all this? I need to be talking to Zora."

"Zora is not the only one you've hurt here, buddy," Garland began. "We're all invested in you. You cheat on Zora, you're cheating on all of us. Just think of yourself as a Mormon with four wives."

Great. Grant was now married to Grouchy, Surly, Meanie and Sweetie.

"So go ahead, Grant. Talk," Lynia said.

Zora put her fists to her hips, a stance he'd seen only one time since they've been together. "Tell me you're not cheating on me, Grant."

His face and voice softened. "I'm not cheating on you." He scanned the room. "I'm not cheating on you with anyone outside of this room."

The ladies seemed to take his sincere tone to heart. Their shoulders relaxed a bit as they stared at him.

"This afternoon when you called me, Stephanie grabbed the phone and hung up on you," Grant began. He undid the cuffs of his sleeves and rolled them up to his wrists. "I got pissed off and, on the advice of Garland and Lynia, I confronted her. I told her she had no right to hang up my call. Then I said something in jest that she took to heart." He glanced at Garland when he said this part. "I told her I would put her over my knee and spank her and she went crazy."

"She was hitting you?" Zora asked.

"No. Just the opposite. She got turned on. She wanted me to spank her and then some."

"I told you she was a submissive in hiding." Garland nodded.

*Bridget Midway*

“That’s when Garland walked in and saw me. As a matter of fact, she asked if Garland and I could come back and do a little something with her. I swear that’s all that happened. You do believe me, don’t you?”

Grant searched her eyes to find that unwavering trust that was always there. Zora’s eyes were dim.

“Honey, why would I go out and screw another woman when I have you---” He scanned the room. “---and these women to come home to every night?”

“Lynia said you haven’t touched her all week,” Zora said.

“Because I missed you. It’s no fun to do this lifestyle without you.” He took a step closer.

Again the women crowded around her but Zora made it clear in her actions and in her body language that she needed no protection.

“That story is nice, Grant. But you need to do more.” Winta put her hand on his shoulder to keep him at his spot.

“What else do you all want? A pound of flesh? I’m telling the truth. I love Zora. I would never hurt her. I would never lie to her.” He turned his back on the women. “Why don’t you all believe me?”

“Prove yourself, Grant,” Lynia said, her voice returning to its light, airy sound again.

He turned around and found Winta and Garland stripping Zora naked while she remained still. He watched the display and wondered what role he would have in whatever ritual they were planning.

“How do you want me to prove that I’m telling the truth?” he asked but didn’t break his gaze from Zora’s body.

The fullness of her body had changed. Gone were the cute little tummy and her full thighs. Her stomach lay flat now and her thighs looked smaller than before. Certainly this all didn’t occur in a week but it had happened.

The three ladies helped Zora onto the bed, positioning her on her back.

“Make love to me,” Zora said.

“Making love to you will let you all know that I’m telling the truth?” Grant questioned.



### FASCINATION STREET

“The ladies and I talked about the situation. I need you to show me that you cherish me.” Zora slid her hands over her body. “I’ve never not trusted you, Grant. You’ve never let me down. Don’t start now.”

Grant started unbuttoning his shirt.

“And we watch,” Garland commented.

He paused for a moment before continuing. “What about the men?”

“It’s us, the women, who were hurt.” Lynia made her place on the other side of the bed. “The men won’t be involved in this. Just us.”

“That was my idea,” Zora said.

Positioned around the bed like the beginning of a ritual, the women stood and watched him take off his clothes. Garland, standing at the foot of the bed, seemed to be the ringleader of this crew, this coven. She crossed her arms and occasionally made a perturbed sound that squeaked through her nose.

Lynia and Winta flanked the sides of the bed. Both had their arms crossed while waiting for Grant to disrobe. It all seemed so clinical and less about sex, about making love.

Grant pulled down his boxers. He, along with the other women, watched his manhood deflate before their eyes.

“Do you all have to watch?” he asked.

“A little performance anxiety?” Garland raised her eyebrows.

He walked by her without acknowledging her smartass comment.

“You don’t seem to have a problem performing in front of us on orgy night,” Winta said with a cock of her head.

He crawled into bed and positioned himself on his side with Lynia at his back.

“Don’t worry,” she began. “Just think about what Zora means to you. That’s what’s important.”

Gazing down at Zora, Grant felt her hurt and disappointment. He was hurting, too. How could she believe these women over him? He’d been there for her throughout their whole relationship, good and bad.

He kissed her hungrily. His mouth possessed hers like he needed to prove something to Zora and the women watching. Zora was his woman. He wanted her and no one else.

*Bridget Midway*

His tongue darted into her mouth. The scene felt wrong, so wrong his stomach churned.

“I’m sorry,” he said. He stroked his fingers over her cheek. “I would never hurt you, you know that.”

“Did you kiss her?” Zora asked.

The doubt in her voice tore his heart. “No. She grabbed me and kissed me. I pushed her away.” He held Zora tighter. “I don’t want her. I want you.”

Grant felt Zora’s distrust wash away. Her eyelids lowered. He danced his fingers down her neck to her chest. Her heartbeat was strong and steady, not pounding away like his.

He kissed her again, gentler this time. He let her mouth seek his, allowed her tongue to explore his mouth. His hand slipped around her waist. He felt her curve her back up to let him slide his hand under, hold her closer.

“Better,” he heard Garland say behind his back.

“Was worried there for a moment,” Winta commented.

But he ignored them. Or at least he tried to ignore the women. Grant felt their stares boring in the back of his head. His hairs at the back of his neck stood on end, so much so that he bristled when Zora touched his cheek.

Bad timing. His heart nearly stopped when he caught her hurt expression.

“That’s it,” Grant said and let his girlfriend go. “I’m not doing this.” He sat up in bed. “You all want a performance and I’m not going to give it to you. Look for some other monkey to jump through your hoops.”

“Grant, we’re not your enemy,” Winta said. She made her way to the end of the bed.

“We’re a family here.” Lynia walked to the women, standing next to them and creating a united front.

“Why don’t you want to make love to me?” Zora asked.

Grant took two deep breaths before he placed his hand on Zora’s cheek and caressed it. “Babe, I would love nothing more than to make you come over and over again.” He kissed her, then glared at the neighbors. “But not at the expense of my integrity. That’s what all this is about. So if you all don’t mind, I’d like for you all to leave so that I can talk to the woman I love.”

### FASCINATION STREET

The women waited a beat, then in a strange synchronized way, they folded their arms over their chests, turned and walked out in a line.

“I think he couldn’t get it up,” Garland said in a not-so-quiet voice.

“You noticed that too?” Lynia asked.

“My dick is fine! It’s you all who are out of it!” Grant called after them.

The front door slamming responded to his remark.

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Zora remained in bed as she watched her boyfriend pacing back and forth. He’d slipped on a pair of pajama pants and hadn’t said a word since Garland, Winta and Lynia had walked out the door.

No, that wasn’t entirely true. Grant had been mumbling something incoherent. Zora managed to catch words like ‘liar’, ‘trust’ and ‘crazy’ in his rants but nothing she could string together to make a logical sentence.

Bringing the sheets up to her chest, Zora settled back against the headboard before springing her questions on him. She figured she might as well get comfortable because she suspected she wouldn’t like what she was about to hear.

“What’s wrong, Grant? I thought you liked it here.” Zora pushed her hair back from her face.

Grant stopped. The look he gave Zora chilled her to her bones.

“What’s wrong? Three of our neighbors just barged into my home, told you a cock-and-bull lie that you believed and then you asked that I make love to you as a way to apologize when really I had nothing to be sorry about.” He scratched his head, then shook it. “If anything, those women owe *me* an apology for telling me what to do about Stephanie. Stand up to her. Be the dominant one. They set me up.”

“Why didn’t you tell me you were having problems with Stephanie?” Zora had been feeling a bit of a separation from Grant for the last couple of weeks but she assumed it was workload and not his boss.

“Why didn’t you tell me about hating your job?” he shot back.

“I don’t hate it--exactly.” Zora nibbled her bottom lip. “Honey, you’ve changed and it’s not for the better.”

Grant’s eyes got wide. “I’ve changed? Look at yourself. You get around these people and your whole attitude changes. You’re losing weight and---”

“I’m getting healthy,” Zora said, cutting him off.

*Bridget Midway*

“Getting healthy is one thing. Starving yourself is something else. I loved you the way you were.”

“And, what, you can’t love me ten pounds lighter?”

He rubbed his eyes. “God, stop twisting my words around. You’re just like them. I remember when you used to think for yourself and you didn’t give a damn what anyone thought of you or us. Now you’re bending over backwards to fit in with these people when I’m the one who truly loves you. I’m the one who’ll be there when you need me.”

“I know that, Grant. But why can’t you open yourself up to trust them? They want to be our friends as well as our lovers.”

Grant shook his head. “Friendship is one thing.” He pointed out the door. “They want total allegiance and I can’t give that to them. Not today. Not tomorrow. Not ever. Maybe we should think about pulling back from them. When our lease is up, we’ll move.”

At his suggestion, Zora pulled the sheet from her body and jumped out of bed. “You want to see me stand up for myself? Here it is. I don’t want to go. I finally find a group of people who are genuinely kind and considerate. And I have fun with them. We both promised ourselves to be open to new experiences. Why are you closing yourself off? Why can’t you trust them like you trust me?”

As though he’d been defeated, Grant kissed her forehead. “Trust is earned. I can’t open myself up to these people.”

“Baby, what do you think will happen? Why would you think I would let anyone hurt me or you? You have to let go of the past.”

He mumbled, “Easier said than done.”

This time he kissed her lips before retreating to the third bedroom that they’d made into a den. Zora had to get through to Grant. His worst enemy on all of Fascination Street was himself.

## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Twenty-Four

For the first time since moving to Fascination Street and starting the lifestyle, the weekend went by without any strange parties or events. Although Zora saw all of her neighbors working in the yard or washing their vehicles, no one paraded around naked or had sex outside. The place seemed...normal.

Zora sighed, thinking about how the neighborhood had changed. Was it because of Grant's refusal to make love to her in front of the other women that day he came home from work?

She brought her gaze up from her romance novel and peered at Grant. In his glasses and without a shirt, he looked sexy...damn sexy! He, too, had his nose in a book, a mystery Zora suspected, since those were always his favorites.

The normal practice on Sunday nights started off with them reading in bed and sometimes ended with passionate sex. Since they hadn't made love in over a week, Zora snuggled up to him.

Her heart pounded in her ears. Folding a corner of her book down, she set it on the bed next to her and wrapped her arms around his waist. She'd almost forgotten the special training she'd gone through with Brax. Maybe tonight would be the night to try it out.

"Grant," she whispered.

He peered at her. "What's wrong? Too hot? Too cold? You want me to get you some water?"

She shook her head. She smoothed her face over his bare chest. Her fingers circled one nipple while her mouth sought the other. With a delicate touch, her tongue swirled around his now pebbled nub.

Grant shifted in bed. Zora peered up and saw him set his book on the nightstand.

"I thought you were mad at me," he said, his voice lower than normal.

*Bridget Midway*

“Not mad. Never mad.” She answered him between licks and kisses. “Besides, you’re the only one here so I have to attack you.”

“So I win by default, huh?” He grabbed her around her waist and flipped her onto her back.

Zora squealed in delight.

“Let me show you who isn’t second best then.”

Grant’s passionate kisses took her breath away. Zora liked the feeling. She clutched at him, not wanting to free him just yet. She needed more of him.

Just as he started a trail of kisses down her body, she heard the front door open. It had been such a long time since the neighbors took advantage of the Open Door Policy that Zora had forgotten that they would still come by at any time.

“Shit!” Grant said. “Just when I was getting started.”

As soon as Grant’s feet hit the floor, Art appeared in the doorway to their bedroom. “I’m not disturbing you two, am I?” he asked.

“You have impeccable timing, Art,” Grant said. He stood up and didn’t bother to cover his erection that tented his pajama pants. “You always seem to come over at precisely the wrong time.”

Art smiled that smile that must have parted a million thighs. “Then I’ll make this quick and get out of your hair. I have an emergency trip. Have to go to Colorado on business. I’ll be gone for a couple of days.”

“You need us to watch your house? Water your plants?” Zora asked.

“No, Winta can do that.” Art winked at Zora.

“She’s not going with you?” Grant asked.

This time his erection did subside.

“No, not this time. Since the trip is so short we thought it would be best if she stayed here.”

“So what are you asking as a favor?” Grant asked.

Art peered over Grant’s shoulder at Zora. “Walk me to the porch, will you?”

Hesitating at first, Grant followed the good doctor to his front door. But standing at the door wasn’t enough. Art actually stepped out on the porch and waited for Grant to follow.

### FASCINATION STREET

“Our wedding anniversary is coming up,” Art began in a low voice. “Besides work, I’m getting Winta a diamond ring and scoping out a piece of property up there for a vacation spot.”

“Sounds nice.” Grant didn’t mean to sound bitter. If he could afford the kind of house Art had and buy vacation homes on a whim for Zora he would. As it was, he was just a regular guy with a regular job...a job he hated.

“I didn’t want to say anything in front of Zora because I didn’t want her to tell Winta. You know how women are.” Art winked. “But what I’m asking is for you to watch out for Winta. I’m sure she’ll be fine by herself but she might need something. I told her to come see you.”

“Okay. Not a problem.”

“And Grant?”

Grant looked at Art with his full attention. He felt the next words out of the man’s mouth would be crucial.

“Don’t fuck my wife.”

And they were.

“What?” Grant blinked at the request.

“Remember when you and Zora first moved here and I explained that there would be occasions where sex with another person’s partner would be prohibited at times? This is one of those times. I don’t want Winta having sex with anyone while I’m gone because I want her primed and ready for me when I get back. I want our anniversary to be special. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

Grant nodded. He had his own hot woman waiting for him inside. And since Art just reminded Grant of that clause in the Fascination Street agreement, Grant decided he needed to take advantage of that request for himself and Zora.

“No sex with your wife. Got it.”

“Just for a couple of days. The other neighbors know too. I’m sure when I give her the presents she’ll be more than amorous and will want to fuck the whole neighborhood twice. But I want to see her that way.”

“I won’t touch her.”

Art put his hand on Grant’s shoulder. “Can I trust you?”

The intensity of Art’s stare questioned more than Grant’s integrity.

“Of course you can.”

***Bridget Midway***

“Good. I wondered after the other day when you wouldn’t allow the women to watch you make love to Zora whether you were Fascination Street material. Maybe you were just having a bad day.”

Grant wanted so much to refute his assumptions but now was not the time and this was definitely not the place.

Art left after giving some other basic instructions like where to find the keys to his cars in case Winta wasn’t home and something happened to the house. He even gave Grant his real cell phone number.

Grant glanced at Art’s house. He shook his head. What the hell could happen in two days? Not that he actually gave a shit whether the neighbors liked him or not. Grant did consider the fact that if nothing went wrong with the house and if Winta was happy when Art returned then he would get into their good graces again, something he was sure would make Zora happy.

Lately, though, he felt a division between them. He felt Zora pulling away from him and he didn’t like it.

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Grant stared at Zora like she was a stranger who had taken up residence in his bed. What a difference a day made.

“You quit your job?” he asked for the third time.

“You know the answer. Why do you keep asking me the same question?” Zora sat against the headboard as she stared at him.

Gone was his sweet Zora, the one with the curly, soft hair and trusting eyes. Replacing her was this straight-haired woman without depth in her gaze.

“I keep asking the question because I’m wondering when you’re going to tell me why it is that you kept this a secret from me.” Grant flipped the sheets from his body, feeling hot all of the sudden.

“I was going to tell you last Friday but then everything happened with your supervisor and all.”

“Fuck! Nothing happened with her. I told you that she jumped on me. I didn’t return the affection.” He shook his head. “Am I in the ‘Twilight Zone’ here? You’re okay with me fucking three other women here but when you suspect I’m doing my boss you get upset.”

“I don’t know her.”



### FASCINATION STREET

He huffed. "And you know Winta, Lynia and Garland?"

"Why can't you believe that they want to be your friend? They want us to be a big, happy family."

"Honey, ever heard of the saying that if it's too good to be true it probably is?"

As though he cued it, the front door slammed.

"Great. Another round of fucking." Grant jumped out of bed when he heard hurried footfalls coming down the hallway.

Before he could get his bearings, Winta darted into the bedroom. Dressed in a sheer babydoll with matching pink thong underwear, she waited for no invitation before hopping into their bed and scurrying under the covers.

When Grant saw her trembling, he sat down on the bed next to the two women. "What's wrong?"

Winta swallowed. Her eyes were wide and dark. Not even Zora putting her arm around Winta's shoulders to comfort her calmed Winta down.

"Is there an intruder or something over there?" Grant went to his dresser to get out his gun.

"M-m-m-mouse," Winta finally stammered.

Grant slid the drawer closed. "Did you just say mouse?"

Winta nodded. "Big one. In the kitchen. Big teeth. Long tail. Can't go back."

Grant slipped on a pair of flipflops. "I'll check it out. You just stay here. Zora, you want to---"

"I'll take care of her," Zora said, cutting him off. "You just check out her place and be careful. Those things carry diseases."

Zora's statement caused another violent wave of tremors in Winta. She covered her head under the covers.

Grant strolled across the court to Art and Winta's. Glancing over at Brax's porch, in the dark night he caught the image of Lynia's pale skin. From the position, it looked like she was on all fours but without the porch light and only the one streetlight to give him illumination, it was hard to tell.

With the door still unlocked, Grant opened it and looked around the posh digs. He imagined that a mouse in this place was probably decked out in a little tuxedo or some designer duds. Hell, for all he knew it was Mickey Mouse himself raiding the place.

### *Bridget Midway*

Since Winta specifically mentioned the kitchen, Grant started his search there. Maybe if he found the rodent and got rid of it quick, he could get Winta out of his house so that he and Zora could finish their discussion.

No, it wasn't a discussion. It was an argument. How the hell could she keep the fact that she'd quit her job from him? Why wouldn't she have told him sooner?

As he walked into the kitchen, he caught something out of the corner of his eye on the countertop. Sure enough a mouse sat on the marble top. On its haunches, it had its front paws at its mouth. It licked them, making itself ready for the next meal.

Far from the huge rat Grant was expecting, the mouse remained still and acted more like a pet than an intruder.

"So you're the monster that ran a grown woman from her house," he said. "I'll take you back outside so you won't cause any more problems."

Pulling a dishtowel from the refrigerator handle, he crept to the mouse, keeping his movements as still as possible. Once he got close, he threw the towel over it and scooped it up in the makeshift pouch.

The towel jerked when the mouse struggled inside. Determined not to keep it confined for too long, Grant hurried to the backyard. Going as far back as possible, he set the rodent free.

"Hopefully your wife or girlfriend won't think you were out cheating on her," he said to the mouse like it could answer him back.

After tossing the towel in the trashcan outside and cleaning himself up, Grant went back to his house. On the way, he heard the sound of something like meat slapping against one another. Turning back to Lynia and Brax's house, he caught the shadowy images of Lynia still on all fours on the porch with a man behind her, sliding himself in and out of her. Grant had assumed the man was Brax until he saw another man standing in front of her face. He thought the guy behind Lynia looked darker than normal. If Evan was over there that meant Garland couldn't be too far behind.

Not wanting to argue with her as well tonight, Grant ducked into his house.

"Mouse problem taken care of," he announced as he walked down the hall.

When he got to the bedroom he found Winta under the covers but with her back to the headboard like Zora, who sat in the middle of the bed. Both women smiling, they looked so peaceful. Zora held Winta's hands. They whispered to each other like intimate

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confidantes. Staring at the duo, Grant's body temperature rose. How beautiful they both were.

As though they picked up his thoughts, Zora and Winta turned to Grant.

"You caught that disgusting thing?" Winta asked.

Grant nodded. "He went really peacefully."

"You killed it?" Zora flashed a horrified expression.

"No. Of course not. I took it outside and set him free." He took a few steps into the bedroom. His hands covered himself because the more he stared at the women the more his cock engorged. "Your house is safe now, Winta. You can go back home."

Winta made the same horrified expression. "What if there was more than one? I don't want to go back tonight. Please don't make me go back. I hate it when Art is gone. He keeps me safe." She flashed a smile to Grant. "But you took his place today. Thank you."

Grant swallowed. "Fine. I'll make up the guest bedroom for you."

Winta screwed up her face. "Why can't I just stay here with you two? It's not like we haven't seen each other naked before."

"Yeah, Grant," Zora began. "What's the problem?"

He split his attention between the two women. He didn't want to blurt out that Art didn't want his wife to have sex while he was gone because that could lead to more questions. So instead he smiled.

"I just thought you might be more comfortable in the other bedroom." His explanation sounded plausible.

"Why? So you and Zora can finish arguing?" Winta snuggled down into the bed and wrapped her arm around Zora's waist.

Grant looked at Zora. She told Winta they argued?

"Come on over here and tell me what this is all about." Winta patted the empty space next to Zora.

"I don't think this is something we need to discuss with you. No offense."

"Offense taken." Winta sat up and rested her head on Zora's shoulder. "I'm more than just a neighbor or a woman you have sex with on occasion. I'd like to think I'm your friend. Besides, you two are about the sweetest people in the world. I hate knowing that you're having problems. So come back to bed and tell me about it. Let's get it resolved tonight."

### *Bridget Midway*

Grant took in the whole scene. He would be in bed with his girlfriend and his neighbor's wife. They both looked sexy. He had to be strong. And he had to not rouse suspicions.

With a grin, Grant slid into bed next to Zora. He stayed outside of the covers, crossing his legs at the ankles and clasping his hands together over his genitals. Damn, this wouldn't be easy.

"In the covers, Grant," Winta said and tugged on the comforter.

He waited a beat before sliding under the comforter. The only barrier he had between himself and the woman who could destroy any potential friendship he could have with Art was Zora. All he would need to do is concentrate on Zora.

"So why are you two fighting?" Winta asked pointedly.

"It was a misunderstanding," Grant offered.

"I just told Grant about my job and he got upset," Zora said after turning to Winta.

Expecting to have the two women gang up on him, Grant ground his teeth preparing for a verbal tongue-lashing.

Instead he heard Winta say, "He's right. You should have told him the day it happened. Grant had a right to know."

Grant leaned forward to look at his new ally. "Thanks, Winta."

"On the other hand," Winta began, "Grant, she may have been saving the news as a surprise. You know Zora loves you and wouldn't hurt you for anything. If she withheld the information, I'm sure it was for a good reason."

"It bothers me to know that Zora didn't think to tell me first. I feel pushed out of her life." Grant didn't mean for the confession to manifest itself verbally but the words and emotions forced their way from him until he was powerless to stop them.

Zora smoothed her hand down Grant's face and cupped his chin. "Honey, you're always important to me. I'm sorry you feel that way."

"Good! Now we're getting somewhere." Winta clapped her hands. "Now you two kiss and make up."

Without hesitation, Zora leaned forward and kissed Grant softly on his lips.

"I'm not your grandmother," Winta said. "Kiss like you mean it."

The second kiss held more passion than the first sweet kiss. Zora slid her tongue into his mouth. Peeking one eye open, Grant caught Winta staring at him and Zora.

"If you're looking at me, Grant, you're not really into Zora," Winta said.

### FASCINATION STREET

Before he closed his eyes, he caught his neighbor brushing her fingers over her breasts. Her nipples pushed against the flimsy material of her top. The sight made him close his eyes, ease Zora back against the bed and cover her body with his.

Zora was all soft and gentle. Why was he getting so upset about her job? She'd told him that she hated it. If anything, he should have been happy for her, proud that she gave up a job that was making her miserable. Now if he could do the same thing maybe they could both be happy.

"Zora, do you love Grant?" Winta asked.

Grant broke from the kiss and turned his head to Winta, who now had her top off and was only in her thong panties.

"Yes," Zora answered.

Grant brought his attention down to her. Instead of verbally responding, he took off her nightshirt. Now both women were clothed in only panties.

Zora noticed right away how much sweat rolled down Grant's face. Good. Finally he wanted them both and dropped his hang-ups.

He moved her underneath his taut body. When he kissed her, Zora's body lit up like a firecracker. The taste of his lips sent her soaring and aching for more. She plunged her tongue into his mouth, conscious of the fact that Winta sat next to them watching their display. More than likely the woman was masturbating to all of this.

When Grant slipped off Zora's panties, cool air met her hairless pussy. Grant stared at her vagina for a second as though it was the first time he'd seen it. Had it looked that much different without hair? Winta convinced her that having all of the hair taken off would drive Grant wild. But had she meant wild with desire or wild from anger?

As soon as he lurched inside of her, all thoughts of what he must think of her went out the window. Zora wrapped her legs around him. Her fingernails sank into his shoulders.

As odd as it was, Zora found comfort in the fact that Winta sat there watching them, getting turned on by them, desiring them both. Zora kissed Grant fully on his luscious mouth. Then Winta lowered her head down and kissed Zora as soon as she broke from Grant. But when Winta turned her head up to kiss Grant, he buried his face next to Zora's.

***Bridget Midway***

His thrusting accelerated along with his intensity. Grant acted as though he was making love to her for the first time. He growled in her ear. Nipped her fleshy earlobe. His hands explored her body like a new lover. He cupped her breast, pinched her nipple, squeezed her ass and dove deep and hard into her.

Feeling him tremble, she knew it wouldn't take him long to climax.

"Shit, baby," he growled.

Zora smoothed her fingertips down his bare chest and squeezed his nipples. The effect was enough for him to hook her leg around his arm and pound her faster. Her clit throbbed until, at the exact moment he came, her pussy clamped down around him, pulling him in deeper and not wanting to let him go.

Grant shook as he stared at her intensely. "I love you."

Zora smiled. But as she felt his hot come bathe her insides, her smile drifted away until her mouth dropped open and she tried pushing Grant away from her.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Shit! Shit!" Zora screamed as she wiggled from under him.

"What's up, Zo?" Winta asked.

Winta was now without her panties too, so she really must have gotten into the whole scene.

"No condom," Zora said.

Grant's eyes widened as he volleyed his attention from Zora to Winta.

"Fuck!" he screamed once the realization hit him.

He quickly pulled out of Zora, hopped to his feet and paced.

"How could you?" Zora asked.

"I just got caught up in the moment." He kept his head down. "Me, you and Winta. Shit!" He stopped marching long enough to gaze at Zora. "You're still on the pill, right?"

She chewed her bottom lip before she answered.

"Christ! Fuck!" He covered his eyes with his hands. "I need to cool off. Water. I need some water. You two want anything?"

In unison, the women shook their heads.

Grant rushed to the kitchen, padding his bare feet on the hardwood floor and his dick now limp and swaying back and forth.

### FASCINATION STREET

How could he have forgotten that dumb-ass rule? Condoms always. Usually Zora was good about reminding him. Maybe having Winta next to them threw her off. Or maybe the fact that Grant was trying so hard not to give Winta the slightest bit of affection, shook him so much that he forgot the basic rule.

He pulled out a bottled water and gulped down the entire contents in about four swallows. Thirsty? He was damn near parched.

After tossing the empty container into the recycle bin, Grant stood up straighter when a thought hit him. What the hell was he so worried about? He was in his own home, making love to his girlfriend when it happened. He would just ask Winta not to say anything to Art.

Even if Winta said anything, what did it matter? He shouldn't have to change how he felt to accommodate some freaky neighbors. As far as Grant was concerned, Art could still trust him since he never touched Winta. And if Winta spilled the beans about him and Zora, Grant would have to tell Art the truth. The truth of the matter was that Grant didn't owe anyone in that neighborhood an explanation for how he lived his life. Unlike Zora, he didn't trust these people.

And tonight he would have to school Winta on the rule of being around Grant Valente. Rule number one: no one told him what to do in his own house, especially regarding the woman he loved. Rule number two: he feared no man or woman, so being threatened for breaking any of the Fascination Street rules no longer bothered him.

Grant stomped back to the bedroom, prepared to spout his new rules that had been tumbling around in his head.

"Zora, Winta, we need to ta---"

Standing in the doorway, Grant watched Zora kissing Winta passionately as she pistoned the dildo Garland had made from out of his erection in and out of Winta's pussy.

Rule number three: never leave your hot girlfriend alone with an equally hot and horny neighbor.

"Fuck me," Grant said and shook his head.

"Don't worry. You're next." Winta winked.

*Bridget Midway*

Chapter Twenty-Five

Zora placed her hand on Grant's knee as it bounced out of control under Garland's dining room table.

She leaned over and whispered, "Are you okay, honey? You seem tense."

He didn't answer. Actually, now that she looked down at his dinner plate, he'd barely touched his food. What was wrong with him? Ever since last night after he'd watched her pleasure Winta, he'd been acting strange. Wasn't like he hadn't seen her and Winta go at it before.

Then he'd refused to come back to bed after they'd made love. Instead he'd slept in the spare bedroom. Zora had thought she'd heard him lock the door but she didn't want to think that he couldn't trust her so she never bothered to verify.

"Grant? Are you among the living tonight?" Garland asked.

Staring at the woman stroking her husband's head as he knelt beside her, Zora smiled at the scene. What love Evan must have for his wife to give his complete trust to her. With her heart heavy and full of doubt, Zora glanced at her silent boyfriend, who kept his gaze down to his plate.

"Hello? Grant." Garland snapped her fingers in his face.

The sound finally snapped Grant out of his thoughts. "What? Did you say something?"

Laughter erupted from Garland and Evan. Zora squeezed Grant's hand tighter. Her belly quivered as she wondered what vexed her man. After all of these months, had he grown tired of this lifestyle?

Staring at him closely, she caught him peering at her from the side, peeking at her like a mischievous child. She loosened her grip. The first thought that hit her involved seeing Grant taking a raucous tumble with his boss. She shook that thought away. He loved her. If he loved her so much, why hadn't he asked her to marry him?



### FASCINATION STREET

"I've been sharing a wonderful story about finding a rare Frieda Kahlo painting for my gallery and you haven't said a word," Garland said. She picked up her wine glass. "I half-expected you to make some smart remark about my purchase. What's wrong, Grant? Are we wearing you out?"

"Yeah, something like that," he replied in a tone so low it sounded like a whisper.

Zora blinked when he pushed back from the table. Seeing him on the move jumpstarted her heart.

"I don't know what you all have planned, but I'm feeling tired. I'm going to head on home," Grant said. He held his hand out to Zora. "Come on."

"Wait." Garland held her hand up, which stopped all movement. "You have a bug up your ass and all of a sudden Zora has to go home with you? Why can't she stay if she wants?"

"Damn it, Garland. Did you ever once think about the fact that not everything is about you?"

Cocking her arched eyebrow, Garland smirked before answering him. "No. It never occurred to me that the solar system does not revolve around little ol' me."

"Maybe I want to take my girlfriend home so that I can discuss with her about whatever you all think is bothering me."

"Or maybe you're jealous that Zora has adapted to the Fascination Street way of life faster than you. Maybe you don't know what you want. Or maybe you're just hiding something."

On the final accusation, Grant's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. If Zora wasn't mistaken, color rushed from his face. A thin sheen of sweat covered his upper lip. His anxiety transferred to her until she started fidgeting in her seat.

Grant released an unconvincing snicker and said, "Don't be ridicu--"

The slam of the front door cut him off. As though the strong summer winds propelled him inside, Art rushed into the house, pulling Winta behind him. Instead of his cool demeanor, Art carried a harsh scowl on his face. Dressed in only pajama pants and Winta in the matching pajama top, Art let go of Winta's hand to be able to grab Grant by his shirt and shove him against the wall.

A slouch by no means, Grant clamped down on Art's wrists to hold his position.

"Jesus!" Zora bolted to her feet and tried to separate the duo. "Art, what are you doing?"

*Bridget Midway*

“You son-of-a-bitch,” Art growled between gritted teeth.

Red flashed in his eyes. He could have killed with that look.

“What’s going on?” Zora asked. She braced one hand on Art’s arm and the other against Grant’s chest to split the two bull-headed men.

“One thing,” Art began. “I asked you for one thing while I was gone and you couldn’t do that. I thought I could trust you.”

“Art, what is it you think Grant did?” Garland questioned.

“I asked you not to fuck my wife while I was gone.”

“I didn’t! I swear to you.”

“Grant’s right. I was with him the entire time.” Zora tried to gain eye contact with Art, who only stared more intently at Grant.

“But you let Zora fuck her.”

Silence fell on the room.

“I told you I wanted this anniversary to be special,” Art began, pressing harder against Grant’s chest. “I told you that I wanted her ravenous for me when I came home. Instead she tells me that Zora fucked her with the dildo Garland made of your cock. It’s like you fucked her.”

“No, it isn’t. I never touched her.” Grant pushed Art off of him finally.

“I didn’t know that’s what you wanted, Art.” Zora’s throat tightened. Her eyes became scratchy.

“That’s what I figured, Zora. I knew Grant would have withheld that little piece of information. So now what should have been special has been turned to shit because of you. If you can’t be open and honest with your wife,” Art shook his head, “I mean girlfriend, then you don’t belong here. Then I hear you had sex with Zora without a condom.”

A collective gasp from Garland and Evan brought Zora’s gaze to the duo.

“I forgot,” Grant said.

“You can’t. That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you about living here. It’s more than just you. It’s the group. So that’s two violations. I have no choice but to punish you.”

“Wait. It was my fault,” Zora said, pleading with Art before he handed down the disciplinary act.

### FASCINATION STREET

Art continued without acknowledging Zora. "From this point on, you and Zora will be shunned from the rest of the group. No parties, no dinners, no get togethers and no sex with us. When your lease is up, I will not allow you to renew. You will have to move from Fascination Street at that time."

"No!" Zora felt her chin quivering as she clamored to Art. "Please, he made a mistake. Don't shut us out."

Art held Zora's hands to keep them away from him. "I'm sorry. But you two are a unit. Anything he does is a reflection on you, and vice versa. I can't allow the delicate system we have here to be ruined by someone determined to do his own thing." Art smoothed his fingers down the side of Zora's face. "I'm sorry, Zora. It was nice knowing you."

Securing Winta's hand, Art left the house in the same flurry he entered.

"I think you two need to leave," Garland said and stood.

This time Evan stood with her. With his incredible height and angry expression, he appeared menacing. Zora's stomach knotted so much from the thought of losing these people that she felt nauseous. So as not to further alienate herself from the group by vomiting on their hardwood floors, she swallowed several times while holding onto her stomach.

"Please don't do this, Garland," Zora pleaded. "We can still be friends, can't we?"

"Doesn't work that way here." Garland leaned toward her husband and whispered something in his ear. When he walked away, Garland continued. "It's all or nothing." She averted her gaze. "I'm sorry."

And from the tips of her toes to the top of her head, Zora knew Garland meant the sincere apology. No matter if her neighbor felt remorseful or not, Evan held the door open for her and Grant. With only his eyes, Evan demanded they leave.

Grant reached for Zora's hand but she snatched it away.

"Zo?"

His voice made her feel numb inside. With her head down, her arms wrapped around her trembling body and taking determined steps, she stormed outside, wanting so much to look at Evan, fearing it would be the last time she would be this close to the man. But she refrained, desiring to keep just a shred of her dignity.

Once the door closed behind her and Grant, everything changed.

*Bridget Midway*

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“See,” Grant began as he followed Zora. “I knew these people would turn their backs on us. I knew they couldn’t be trusted.”

The look Zora gave him could have melted a battleship down to nothing. “They couldn’t be trusted? You lied to me and Winta, and you have the nerve to say that they’re the problem?”

This time when Grant reached out for her he managed to snag her hand. She balled it into a fist.

“I never lied to you. How could you say that?” One tug and he had her in his face, just where he wanted her.

“Why didn’t you tell me what Art requested for Winta? He said no sex, didn’t he? You could have told me.”

“I thought he meant only me. I didn’t know he was talking about you, too.”

She rolled her eyes and it roiled his stomach.

“You still should have told me. I wouldn’t have done what I did to her that night.” She shook her head. “Damn it, Grant. When are you going to learn to trust people?”

“And when are you going to figure out that these people aren’t really your friends? A few mistakes and they drop us. What kind of friendship is that? I mean, after all of this you still love me, right?”

A bright flash from behind Grant illuminated the front of Garland and Evan’s house. Their yard light had been triggered. Zora’s attention turned to Art and Winta’s house. As though just her gaze had sparked it, their outside light came on as well. Zora peered over her shoulder to Brax and Lynia’s house. Within milliseconds, their outside light flashed on as well.

Even with crickets chirping away, Grant caught the subtle sound of door tumblers churning in their locks.

“Damn,” Grant said between gritted teeth.

A hard tug released her hand from Grant’s grip. “No.” Like a rabid lioness hunting for prey, Zora’s gaze darted around the newly-lit cul-de-sac. “We’re really out.” At the top of her lungs she screamed, “Don’t shut us out! Please! Don’t do this!”

### FASCINATION STREET

Her overwhelming need for these people struck Grant like a smack in the face. He ran to her, standing in front of her to gain eye contact. Zora looked around him at the other houses like he wasn't even there, or worse, like he didn't even matter.

"Zora, stop. They're just people. It's not like we don't have other friends. It was just sex."

The last line got him a harsh shove that made him stumble back three steps.

"You can't replace friends."

And with her animalistic fury, she stormed off to the house, the house they would be moving from in about three months. Putting his hands to his waist, Grant strolled around the street trying to clear his thoughts.

What was it about this place that got Zora so worked up about it? Was she so caught up in the sex that she mistook it for friendship or was there actually something he was missing from this arrangement?

He scanned the front of each home. Three had their outside lights lit. His home, which housed his hopeful Zora, remained quiet with its light extinguished. In Zora's eyes, Grant had fucked up big time. He had to make it up to her, with or without these people. If she loved him like he loved her, she would give him a chance.

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Hunched down below her front window, Zora never imagined that she would have to stalk her neighbors to get an opportunity to talk with one of them. The week had gone by without a single word from them. Not a hello. Not a wave. Not a smile.

She continued her morning walk even though Lynia stopped walking with her. Phone calls to Brax on her diet weren't answered or returned. Remembering those desperate calls hit her harder than she thought it would.

A chill traveled down her spine until she shivered as she waited patiently by the window. At the first sign of Brax's door opening, Zora stood and rushed outside. The way he kept his head down as he went to his car, it wasn't apparent to Zora whether or not he saw her coming.

"Wait!" she screamed as she ran across the court.

At the foot of his driveway, she planted herself, waving her arms in the air as he backed his luxury ride down the cobblestone drive. Expecting him to stop, Zora didn't move from her spot until she noticed he hadn't slowed down.

"Brax!" she screamed.

*Bridget Midway*

Zora caught him looking into his rearview mirror just seconds before he slammed onto his brakes and stopped short of mowing her down. If she could have run, she would have. As it was, her body remained cemented to her spot until Brax put the car in park and hopped out, storming toward her.

“What the hell are you doing?” he asked. “Why were you standing behind my car? I could have seriously hurt you.”

Zora breathed a sigh of relief. Just hearing Brax’s voice, whether he was yelling at her or not, slowed her racing heart.

Without thinking, she threw her arms around his neck and held him close. He still smelled of that musky cologne she’d always loved. Her hand touched the back of his head. He’d kept up the buzz cut and the short hairs tickled the palm of her hand. Things were the way they should be.

Then Brax grabbed Zora’s arms and brought them down. “No,” he said as though admonishing Lynia. “You and Grant are being punished. Pretty soon you’ll be out of the neighborhood. I’m not even supposed to talk to you.”

“Please, don’t do this, Brax. I need you and Lynia and Winta and everyone else here. It’s more than just sex for me. I need you to help me with my diet. I haven’t eaten all week.”

To punctuate her point her stomach grumbled so loudly that Brax peered down at her belly.

“Honey, you have to eat.” He touched her stomach.

Zora knew he meant the touch to be comforting. But her body reacted differently. A current flowed from her aching cunt. Her pebbled nipples strained against her bra cups. Knowing Brax’s uncanny ability to read physical reactions, she grabbed his hand that rested on her belly. She couldn’t let him go. Not just yet.

“Zora.”

But she ignored his questioning tone and eased his hand up to her breast.

To feel him snatch his hand away drained the life from inside of her. Her throat constricted. Her gaze met his. With all of the power she had inside of her, Zora kept from blinking and releasing the waves of tears held back by her eyelids.

“I’m sorry. You just don’t understand what’s going on here.” Brax ducked back into his car but did bring the window down to continue the conversation.

## FASCINATION STREET

“Then make me understand. I didn’t do anything wrong. And Grant didn’t know he was doing anything wrong either. Why are we being punished? Why have you all stopped being our friends?”

“As free and as open as our lifestyle is, the rules are in place for a reason. They’re to protect us. If one couple doesn’t obey then there’s no choice but to cut them out like a cancer.”

The reference made her wince. She wrapped her arms around her body. Her tears flowed freely. What was the use of stopping them?

“If it isn’t obvious to you, then it is to the rest of us. You and Grant need to have a serious talk. And I don’t mean for you two to do this in order to stay in the neighborhood either. If you want your relationship to last, you both need to clear the air. You and Grant are a unit. You need to act as one and accept the consequences as one. If you aren’t together, then the unit falls apart.” He threw the car in reverse. Without looking at her he said, “Good luck.” Then drove off.

The tears that erupted the further away Brax got seemed never-ending. Seeing him go went beyond just losing a lover. She’d lost a confidante, a dietician, a trainer and a friend.

And now she’d given up her job. She’d isolated herself from her friends and family. What did she have now? Where the hell was she supposed to go?

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Lying in bed, Grant glanced over at Zora. On her side, she had a magazine open but he wasn’t sure she was even reading anything, much like him. He had a book in his hands and he’d read the first line over and over again for the last hour. The light in his vibrant girlfriend had been extinguished.

Putting his hand on her hip, he let out a long breath when she didn’t jump this time. Maybe she’d forgiven him for the mistake he’d made. Not telling Zora about Winta and the “no sex” rule was a huge mistake. But he would never apologize for wanting to have sex with Zora without a condom. They had been having sex that way for well over a year. And he wanted to have it that way for more years to come.

After setting down his book, he slid behind her. Since that night when all hell had broken loose, the two hadn’t made love. When he wrapped his arm around her waist, Grant could almost hear every cell in his body letting out a long sigh of relief.

“I’m sorry, babe,” he said for what he felt was the thousandth time.

*Bridget Midway*

“I know.” Zora didn’t turn her head to even look at him.

His thumb stroked her bare stomach underneath her t-shirt. “You know if there was anything I could do to make it up to you, I would.”

Zora flipped a page in her magazine. “I know.”

He nuzzled his face in her hair and inhaled her sweet jasmine scent. The smell inflated his dick until his only relief came when he rubbed himself against Zora’s juicy ass.

“God, I miss you,” he grumbled. “Things haven’t been the same since that---”

“I called Julie,” she said, cutting off his continued apology. “I’m going back to work at Doggie Style.”

The news deflated his eager erection. He brought his head up, needing to gain eye contact with the woman he thought he knew.

“Why are you going back there? I thought you hated that place.”

She glanced at him and flashed the phoniest smile he’d ever seen. “No. I never hated the place. I just wasn’t thrilled with the work I was doing. But if we have to move, we need the money.”

“Then work somewhere where you’ll be happy. Don’t go back to a place where you didn’t feel fulfilled.”

“Says the man who actually does hate where he works.”

Silence. Zora hit it right on the head.

“You’re right,” Grant said. “I do actually hate the place where I work. But it pays well and we need the money. I’m not going to leave it until I can find something else that pays as much as or better than what I’m making now.”

“And I guess it helps to have a boss who’s completely hot for you, huh?”

Grant blinked. “I thought we squashed that issue. I didn’t hit on her. She came onto me.”

“I know. I believe you.” She turned over onto her back.

Anything. He would have done anything for her.

“Sometimes I wish I could go back to the way things were.”

He glided his fingertips over her soft face. “You really miss them that much?”

“I’m not talking about them. I mean us. I hadn’t expected that starting this lifestyle would change us so much. You hide things from me and I don’t like that. So



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maybe this is for the best.” She nodded as though she wanted to convince herself. “Maybe what should happen is that we just chalk it up to an experience and move on.”

Except he heard her cry at nights when she thought he was still asleep. He’d caught her trying to call one of them on their secret sex cell phone.

Leaning over, he planted a kiss on her lips. The returned kiss came out chaste, void of any emotion or feeling. Did she hate him that much or had she lost something in herself?

Breaking from the kiss, she turned over onto her side and turned off the light on her side of the bed, giving him the unspoken cue that sex would not be happening tonight either.

Grant rolled back to his side of the bed. Staring at her still form, he thought of ways to bring back his girlfriend.

“I love you,” he said.

She waited a beat before answering. “I love you too. I always will.”

He opened his mouth to make a proclamation, or rather a proposal, *the* proposal. He’d worried before that asking Zora while they were in the neighborhood would make the request sound like he’d only done it to fulfill a requirement. Now that they were out of the group, asking her now would be appropriate. Only there existed a wall between them that he had to tear down. If he asked her now, would she think he was asking her because all they had now was each other?

No. He had to find an appropriate time. He’d romanced her off of her feet once. He could do it again. A big sweeping night with flowers, dinner, candlelight, the works. A night full of romance where he concentrated on her would be just the ticket. He needed time. As he stared at her still form, he thought of a plan, a plan to have her happy again and get them back to where they were.

## Chapter Twenty-Six

Zora swept up dog hair clippings from the white tiled floor but her mind had been elsewhere. She hadn't seen her neighbors in weeks. They were sticking to their rule of ignoring her and Grant to the letter. So instead of consuming her thoughts with what could have been, she'd try to keep busy.

When walking around the neighborhood to stay healthy didn't take her mind off of her situation, she joined a gym, a first in a long time. She'd told Grant that she wanted to start working out. It had been a long time since he'd smiled at her like that.

So happy about her news that he'd gotten down on his knees, pulled her shorts down in the middle of the kitchen and gave her the best oral sex she'd had in a long time. Thinking about it now transformed her clit into a pulsing nub needing some attention. She crossed her legs as she continued sweeping to make some friction between her thighs.

Not until she'd started working out again and taken control of her diet had Zora felt somewhat whole again. She slept better. Cooking healthy foods for her and Grant became fun instead of a chore. A giggle escaped her lips when she thought of how she'd jumped on her unsuspecting boyfriend in the shower that morning.

She'd stroked his thick perfect penis until he came with large squirts of milky jism. Hearing him moan ignited the need inside of her again. And this time when she thought of her neighbors, she wanted them to be spectators in her life, to see her and Grant pleasuring each other like they used to and being extremely satisfied.

"Hey, Zo," Inez said in a reserved voice, as though she were about to impart some bad news.

"Hey. Something going on?" She scooped up the excess hair and deposited it into a trash bin.

"No, not really. I just kinda felt bad for you, you know."

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Zora froze in her spot. Her stomach tightened before she turned around. “What are you talking about?”

Inez blinked, then tried to smile. “You left here with big dreams of doing something else. Then you came crawling back to be busted down from shampoo girl to sweep-up girl for animals. I don’t know how you take it.”

Strong. Zora had to be strong or snap. A few months ago to hear something like that would have made her snap. Now she found Inez’s assessment laughable. Stealing some strength from Garland, Zora set down her broom and dustpan and put her fists to her hips. Inez took a step back.

“It was my decision to come back here, so don’t feel sorry for me,” she began. “I learned a long time ago that unless you’re ashamed of what you’re doing or what someone is doing to you then you can’t be made a fool of.” She’d learned that lesson from watching Lynia with Brax. No matter what he’d done to her, strapped her to their porch, have sex with her in front of their house, have her parade around naked in front of strangers, Lynia never let on that any of it bothered her. The woman had even endured torturous oral sex because she loved her husband.

So putting up with a job like this for money didn’t really bother Zora. And it really wouldn’t bother her in a few seconds when she was about to drop a bomb on Inez.

“But since you feel so bad for me, Inez, here’s what I’ll do. I’m quitting again.”

Inez’s mouth dropped open and then she let out a shrill laugh that grated on Zora’s nerves.

“You’re joking, right?” Inez asked. “Julie just took your sorry ass back.”

The glare Zora gave her younger co-worker must have been lethal enough for the woman to take two steps back.

“Julie and I had a long talk. What I want out of life conflicts with what I do here. So I have found another job. Although Julie has given me her full support, I don’t need it or want it. I need to start making myself happy. So good luck to you here. Hope you get all that you can from your illustrious career.”

Zora snatched her purse from her locker. As soon as she made it outside, she took in a deep breath. Freedom. It felt so fucking good. What felt even better was that she’d done it all on her own. No help from the neighbors or even from Grant, although once she’d secured the job and told him about it, they had some incredible celebration sex that she was sure had to have been heard outside of their house.

### *Bridget Midway*

She hopped into her truck to run some errands, stop off at Bardot's, the new hair salon she would be working at as a stylist, then go home and wait for her man. She had a surprise for him that involved a ring and a big ceremony. She just hoped he would say yes.

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"Your reports are looking better, Grant," Stephanie said as she sat behind her desk.

Grant sat in front of it and stared at her, mulling over possibilities.

"Thanks," he said, without breaking his stare.

"And your clients all seem to be pleased with your work. I must admit that a few weeks ago you seemed to be a little out of it but it looks like you're back on track now." Stephanie kept her gaze on some reports she held and never looked at him.

Since the day Garland burst into her office and slapped him, Stephanie hadn't glanced at Grant at all. Grant had a plan and it required her.

"I apologize for my performance a few weeks ago," Grant began. "I had some personal issues that consumed my thoughts and time."

"Sorry to hear."

"Yes, well it was distressing." He stared at her, gauging how to play this next hand. "My girlfriend and I lost our sexual partners."

He watched Stephanie blink. The more he stared, the more she trembled. She sucked in her lower lip and chewed it. He had her.

"Do you understand what I mean?" he asked.

She remained quiet.

"Stephanie?" He put his hands on her desk. "I asked you a question."

Not that he really wanted her, but she was the only woman he knew who was willing to do a multiple partner thing after she'd asked if she could have him and Garland. But he knew that this would be the topping on Zora's incredible cake.

Everything about his beautiful girlfriend had changed, seemingly, overnight. He wasn't sure what it was. She took care of her body, she'd found a new job and her sexual appetite returned. She had come back to the same Zora as before. He couldn't deny the fact that she came alive when they swung with other people. That was the Zora he'd missed. And he wanted that woman back.

"Yes," Stephanie finally answered.

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He stood. She gasped.

“Yes, what?” he pressed, taking a cue from Garland and Lynia to treat her like a submissive. He’d watched Brax long enough to know what he could do to this woman.

She turned her gaze up to his, peering at him under a veil of thick, dark eyelashes. Not a natural blond, he suspected.

“Yes, sir?” she asked.

He hadn’t told her what to call him. Sir would do.

“Better.” He came around behind her desk. The whole trek his stomach ached. His heart pounded like a jackhammer. Christ, would he have a heart attack before he even touched her? What was wrong with him?

He leaned over her chair, one hand on the back of it and the other planted on her desk so that she became surrounded. She didn’t smell like flowers or even like sex like with Winta and Lynia. Stephanie gave off what Grant would call a corporate odor, like a dry cleaners mixed with dry erase marker, so bland that there was hardly a scent.

“You said you wanted to please me and another woman?”

She hesitated to answer but if her labored breathing meant anything he was driving her crazy.

“Answer me,” he snapped.

She jolted, then replied, “Yes, sir.”

The power felt intoxicating, until it made his head swoon. “Before I bring you home to my girlfriend, I need to know what you’re like.” He glanced up at her opened office door. “I’m going to sit in your chair. I want you to get on your knees and suck my cock until I come while your door is open.”

The idea sounded tantalizing. So why wasn’t he getting hard from any of this?

Obediently, Stephanie set her papers down and stood without much provocation. She took a step to the side to let Grant assume her spot. Now it was his turn to hesitate. He shuffled before taking a seat.

Stephanie didn’t even look out of her office door to see if anyone had been watching her before lowering herself to her knees in front of him. Her hands reached for his belt.

Grant watched her, caught the hunger and desperation in her eyes. She was looking for something that she thought she could get in him. Unfortunately Grant wasn’t feeling the same way. He couldn’t do this to Zora or Stephanie. He hadn’t talked to Zora

***Bridget Midway***

about taking on another partner and if it was what she wanted then he would want to have her input in choosing her or them. And he wasn't attracted to Stephanie. To have her so willing to become his sex slave turned his skin cold, until he had to grab her wrists before she undid his pants.

"I can't do this," he said. "I'm sorry. I thought if I did this for Zora that I could make everything at home okay. But this feels wrong."

He stood and had to step over Stephanie to leave.

She clamored for his legs, reaching to hold him. "Wait! You didn't give me a chance. I could have pleased you."

"I'm sorry. You'll have my two weeks' notice in the morning. I'm so sorry to do this to you. It was wrong and childish and demeaning."

Grant grabbed his jacket from the back of his chair and ran for the stairs. He needed to go home. He hoped Zora was serious when she'd told him that morning that she would be at the house by lunchtime. He had one stop to make, then he would be waiting for her with something special and something even more important to ask her.

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Zora parked her truck in the driveway after coming home from the jeweler. She nearly skipped as she held her purse housing a ring that was worth as much as a good down payment on a house. She didn't care. Grant was more than worth it. Being separated from the group made her realize just how important this man was.

The more she thought about that night with her, Winta and Grant, the more she realized what a gentleman he was. He'd done everything he could to not have contact with Winta and to maintain a friendship to Art. He had kept his promise to Art. And although it had pissed her off that he didn't tell her about Winta and what Art was doing, he had more than apologized for the mistake. She needed and wanted Grant in her life.

Before heading to the house, she strolled to the curb to check the mailbox. Since they'd gone to using a post office box like the rest of the neighborhood, it was rare that they got anything delivered there. But she looked just in case.

When she opened the flap she heard a car coming down the street. From the hum of the engine she suspected it was one of the neighbors and not Grant. Grant's older model car could be heard from a couple of blocks away, a thought that made her giggle.

Since the neighbors had adopted the stance of ignoring her, she didn't bother to look up...until it was too late.

### **FASCINATION STREET**

Hearing the engine rev, she glanced up as soon as the car sped to her, crashing into her waist and sending her careening several feet into the air and landing on the patch of grass between her house and Winta's.

Powerless to move after the hard fall, Zora caught a scream, then another before everything went black.

## Chapter Twenty-Seven

The last thing Grant thought he would see driving up to his house was police cars and ambulances tearing down the long street, going past him in the opposite direction. The first thought that hit him was that Brax had finally pushed Lynia's limits and hurt her. But he pushed that thought aside. From what he knew of Brax and how he was with Lynia, he loved her. Their relationship worked for them.

Grant's heart stopped when he found a police car in front of his house, Zora's truck in the driveway with Zora nowhere to be seen and Stephanie's car being hauled behind a tow truck. No way he could have mistaken that fiery red convertible Corvette with the personalized tags that read 'HD HNCHO'.

When he saw Garland talking to one officer and then pointing to Grant as he drove up, Grant wasted no time in parking his car in the street and running to the duo.

"What's going on? What happened?" he asked frantically.

"Sir, are you related to Zora Hall?" the officer asked.

"I'm her live-in boyfriend. What's going on?" He didn't need to answer a bunch of questions. He wanted to know why the cop was asking about his girlfriend.

"How are you related to Stephanie Stalhelm?" the cop asked.

"She's my boss. Why? Will you just tell me what's going on?"

"Grant," Garland began and held his hand. "Zora was involved in an accident."

On instinct, he gripped his neighbor's hand. "What?"

"Evan and Lynia saw everything. As soon as she got home, she was checking her mail and your boss drove down the street at a high rate of speed and ran into her." Garland recounted the horrifying tale in a soothing voice but Grant buckled.

"She what? I don't believe this. This can't be happening."

"It's true, sir. Ms. Stalhelm claimed she loved you and wanted to meet you at your home to talk. She got your address from personnel. She drove to your house and



### FASCINATION STREET

when she saw Ms. Hall she became upset and tried to hurt her. Your neighbors called nine-one-one and this woman held the driver until we got here.”

Too wound up to thank Garland now, Grant said, “I need to get to the hospital. I need to see Zora and be with her. She can’t be alone.”

“One of the officers can take you to---”

“No!” Grant exclaimed. He peered at Garland. “I want my neighbor to take me.”

Garland let a smile peek out and she nodded. “I’m almost done with my statement. Lynia, Evan, Winta and Brax are already at the hospital. Art is on his way.”

Knowing that his neighbors were surrounding Zora relieved him a bit. He wouldn’t be completely happy until he could see his girlfriend, the love of his life.

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Grant hated hospitals. Being in this one caused his stomach to roil. He and Garland walked hand-in-hand down the long corridor to Zora’s room. Careless of how the supportive gesture appeared, he wouldn’t let her hand go, not until he saw Zora and could hold her hand in support.

When he saw Lynia, Brax and Evan standing outside of a room, his heart galloped. He nearly pulled Garland down the hall racing up to the group.

“Why are you all out here?” he asked.

“Only two people at a time are allowed in the room,” Brax said. “Art’s in there now with Winta.”

Grant waited for no further explanation than that before charging into the room. He found Art talking to a nurse and Winta sitting next to the bed. His gaze immediately fell on the lifeless body tucked under the white industrial sheets and blankets.

Tears stung his eyes when he saw Zora with tubes coming out of her nose. Her thick hair had been tucked under her head, causing a slight halo effect. But seeing her face made his heart stop completely. Scratches marred her delicate flesh. Bruising had already formed under both eyes and on her forehead. And he saw one of her hands wrapped in bandages.

Grant gravitated to her until Art stepped in front of him to stop him.

“Grant, I know you see her and you’re worried,” Art began. “She looks worse than what’s going on with her.”

Grant couldn’t talk. His throat closed on him with the onset of heavy tears.

“I’m sure you know what happened.”

*Bridget Midway*

Grant nodded. Again, it was his fault. If he hadn't toyed with Stephanie's emotions, she wouldn't have felt compelled to come after him. He had to take Zora away from all of this madness.

"The car hit her pretty hard but since Zora has been exercising and taking care of herself, she was in a lot better shape and didn't sustain as many injuries as she could have had. I won't kid you. She could be dead right now. Had she landed on our driveway or on the curb instead of on the grass, we would be having a different conversation."

Grant covered his mouth with his hand.

"Aside from the scratches you see, Zora has a broken wrist, a couple of broken ribs and a slight concussion. No other broken bones and the doctors did a thorough check. The impact did some internal damage. We want to keep her here for observation for the concussion and the internal injuries."

Grant dropped his hand. "Have, um, have you been taking care of her?"

Art offered a slight, comforting smile. "This is not my expertise. Another doctor has been attending to her. When he's not here, I come here and stay with her. I assure you, nothing will happen to her. Zora will get the best care."

Grant nodded, unable to express his deep gratitude. Coming around to the other side of the bed where Winta had been, he kept his gaze on Zora as he took her hand.

"Let's give him time to be alone with her," Winta said.

Art ushered Winta and the nurse from the room. Grant bolted from his seat.

"Art, wait."

The once too-cool-for-words man now looked shaken and mountain top snow white in appearance. Knowing that Zora's fragile state affected him as much as it did Grant touched him deeply.

"Bring everyone in here. I need you all around Zora...and me right now."

Art opened his mouth like he wanted to spout the hospital policy on visitors but he quickly closed it and nodded.

"Will do."

Grant returned to Zora. With the gentlest of touches, he held her hand again as though it were made of eggshells. He stared at her. Her hand, also scarred from scratches, felt cold in his.

Overwhelmed by emotions, Grant didn't wait for the group to return. What he wanted to say came from his heart.

### FASCINATION STREET

“It’s my fault you’re like this,” he began. “I didn’t listen to you and I should have.”

The door to her room opened. Although he kept his attention on Zora, on her beaten and battered face, from his peripheral vision he saw them all file into the room and group around him and Zora’s bed. Their support elevated him until he felt powerful. If only their strength could heal her.

“You told me that I should learn to trust people like the way I trust you. But it’s hard. Moving from state to state and country to country growing up because my dad was in the Navy, I never learned to rely on other people, especially neighbors, because I never got to know them very well.” Grant gazed up. He scanned the faces of the people who had saved his girlfriend’s life. “I have learned the hard way that to know these people is just as important as having you in my life.” He returned his attention to her. “I don’t know if you can hear me.”

“Keep talking, Grant,” Art prodded. “She can hear you.”

Grant nodded. “Like I said, I made a mistake. I thought that when I fucked up with Winta and you before that I could easily replace these people with substitutes. I led Stephanie on at work thinking that I could bring her into our lives and that would make you happy.”

Grant squeezed his eyes closed when he heard one of the women gasping at his admission.

“I drove her to do this and hurt you. I never meant for anyone to get hurt, least of all you. I love you so much. And for what these people did for you,” he glanced up again, “and what they’ve done for me, I love them too.” He squeezed Zora’s hand. “We have to leave Fascination Street because of a stupid mistake I made. I made several stupid mistakes. But I will spend the rest of my life making it up to you.” He reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a red ring box. “I wanted to give this to you under better circumstances.”

Another wave of gasps rippled through the group. This one, though, pumped his heart.

“I never wanted to ask you to marry me and have you think it was because I wanted to keep up with the lifestyle. When I thought about how you’ve changed for the better, how much you’ve grown into an amazing woman in such a short time, I fell in love with you all over again. I wanted to marry you and spend the rest of my life with

*Bridget Midway*

you. And since this accident, I realize just how short life is and how I could have lost you.” He slipped the ring on her left ring finger. “You hold this for now. I’ll be here when you wake up and give me your answer.” He kissed her hand. “I love you, baby.”

“We love you, too.”

After blinking and replaying that statement in his head over again, Grant tried to convince himself that Garland just didn’t say those words. Perhaps Lynia’s voice had changed. Or maybe Winta had adopted a more forceful tone than normal.

Steeling his frazzled nerves, he peered up and became entranced in Garland’s intense stare.

“You don’t believe me, do you,” she said, a hand on her hip.

“I don’t know what to believe anymore.” To ground himself, he held onto Zora’s hand, smoothing his thumb over the back in order to steady his racing heart.

“Do you think we would all be here if we didn’t give a damn about you or Zora?” Garland pressed.

“Shhh, not in front of her,” Lynia whispered as she nodded toward Zora’s still body.

“She’s right, Grant.” Winta accommodated Lynia’s request by speaking a hair above a whisper. “Over these past few months, all of us have grown to love both you and Zora. We’re hurting just as much as you are to see her like this.”

“But you didn’t feel a damn thing about kicking us out of the house, huh?” Despite their kind words, Grant couldn’t forget the fact that he and Zora would have to look for a new home soon.

“Perhaps we could discuss that,” Art said. He glanced at the rest of the group. “As pissed off as I was at Grant for what he allowed to happen to Winta, I’ll be the first to admit that I would miss them both if they left.”

“So what are we saying?” Brax asked.

Before another word could be uttered, a nurse entered the room. As a shocked expression covered her face, she demanded that all but two had to leave the room.

“We’re not leaving you here alone, buddy,” Evan said. “We’re watching over her in shifts.”

“I’m going to bring some clean clothes over for you,” Winta said, her smile warm as always.

### FASCINATION STREET

“Have you eaten? I could make something for you.” Lynia, wearing a sundress that barely hid her nude body, looked close to jumping up and down when she made the offer.

“You all go. I’ll stay here with Grant and Zora,” Art said. “Her first twenty-four hours are critical. She needs a lot of love and immediate medical attention around her.”

Words couldn’t express how Grant felt about this group of people, the same group he said he could do without, the same group he thought had turned their backs on him and Zora, the same group he’d shared many an intimate moment with over the past few months. Before letting any of them go, Grant hugged the men and kissed the women. Whenever he tried explaining to them how he felt, they shushed him and asked that he and Art take care of Zora.

Taking care of Zora now would be the easy part. Hearing what she had to say to him once she found out what really happened would cut him to the core.

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Pain. Deep, to-the-bone excruciating pain struck Zora, who struggled to open her eyes. Even the dim lighting hurt her eyes as she blinked in slow motion to remove the haze from her view. After one long blink, she peered around the room.

Wine-colored roses met her gaze when she looked to her left and right. Scanning the room, it didn’t take her long to see that flowers of all kinds, shapes and colors surrounded her. A couple of Mylar balloons with ‘Get well’ sentiments floated by the foot of her bed.

When she raised her hand to scratch her head, her fingertips brushed against soft hair. Bringing her gaze down, she saw Grant’s dark curly hair sticking up every which way as he rested his head on her bed.

Grant. Whatever had happened to her, he had remained by her side. Her heart monitor audibly captured her increasing heartbeat as she stared at her man, her Grant. She stroked his head. It didn’t take him long to stir.

Mimicking her same blinking ritual to focus, Grant struggled to focus several times before he rubbed his eyes. He held her hand close to his cheek, then moved closer to her.

Before uttering a word, Zora swallowed. “Wh--what happened,” she stammered, like it was the first time she’d used her vocal chords in months.

“You were hit by a car in front of the house,” Grant said in a soothing tone.

*Bridget Midway*

Hit by a car in front of their home? A sharp sting zipped between her eyes when she furrowed her eyebrows.

“Hit? Who? Why?”

Grant explained everything about Stephanie and why he’d done what he did. The look of remorse on his face hurt her more than her bandaged hand and her broken ribs.

“You tried replacing our neighbors?” she asked.

He nodded.

“You can’t.”

He nodded.

“They’re special.”

“I know. If it wasn’t for them, I don’t know what would have happened to you. They saved you. And Art has been making sure you’re comfortable.”

She balled her hand into his and felt a noticeable snag against his palm. After pulling her hand back, she gazed at a large, sparkling ring on her ring finger.

She smiled. “Did that include Winta donning me with her jewels until I got better?”

Grant commandeered her hand again. His stare became so intense that the smile melted from Zora’s face.

“You are the best thing that’s ever happened to me,” Grant began. “I don’t know what I would do without you. I’ve always felt that way, even before the accident. And although I wanted to ask you under better circumstances, like the saying goes, there’s no time like the present. Zora, will you marry me?”

Stunned, she stared at Grant, searching his weary face for truth. His normally warm eyes held the last spark of hope. A crusty five o’clock shadow covered his noble chin. Even his mouth drew into a long line.

“Are you asking me so that we don’t have to leave the house?” she asked.

He ruttled his eyebrows this time. She saw the muscles in his jaws flex.

“No. That was my whole problem living in the house. I never wanted to ask you then because I was afraid you would think that was the reason I wanted to marry you.”

She cleared her throat and it sent her into a coughing jag. Grant dropped her hand long enough to pour her a cup of water and help her drink it. With the fit gone, he resumed holding her hand.

### FASCINATION STREET

“And you’re not asking me out of guilt for hitting on Stephanie and making her hit on me, right?”

Grant moved closer to her. “Absolutely not. I want her behind bars for what she did to you. And it’s you I want. I’ve never been more sure of anything in my life. Even if we have to live in our cars for the rest of our lives, I want you by my side.”

“We may have to live in our cars.” She pushed up a smile. “Where’s my purse? Hopefully the paramedics didn’t take it.”

Like an explorer, Grant rummaged through the small closet designated for Zora’s belongings. He retrieved her purse and sifted through it until he came across a black velvet box.

“Open it,” she squeaked.

He did. His mouth dropped open. With one look at her, his eyes filled with tears.

“I guess we were both thinking the same thing,” she said. “Will you marry me?”

He laughed. “I asked you first.”

“Yes,” she said. “Yes.”

“That goes double for me too. Yes.” And he planted the softest kiss on her lips.

She’d been beaten but she wasn’t broken.

When he pulled back she asked, “Do you think we’ll get to stay in the house?”

Slipping on the ring, Grant avoided making eye contact. She knew what his grim response would be but she still wanted to hear it.

“I doubt it. But you know what? It’s okay. I know that they’ll always be friends.”

Zora blinked. “You believe that they want to be our friends now?”

A smile hitched up the corner of his mouth. “Took a lot but it’s gotten through my thick skull.”

She held his hand. But when a realization hit her, her heartbeat slowed. “I’ll miss the special relationship we had with them. Won’t you?”

“I don’t want it from anyone else. It’s them or no one, so I guess it’ll have to be no one.”

“If it has to be that way, okay.” She feigned a genuine smile. “It was fun while it lasted, right?”

He kissed her forehead. “It’ll be fun for us again. Just us.”

*Bridget Midway*

She nodded but inside she felt lost. Who was she now without being a part of the Fascination Street group? She'd become so ingrained in the life that she didn't think she could do anything else or want anything else.

Her gaze fell onto her engagement ring.

Did she want something else?



## FASCINATION STREET

### Chapter Twenty-Eight

Slapping her hands together as she gazed around the empty living room of her former home, Zora let out a long sigh. When she turned back to the front window, the same window she and Grant had looked out of six months ago when they'd caught Winta giving Art his daily blow job, she caught the sight of Lynia's eyes peeking around the post on her porch. The woman tried acting like she hadn't been watching Grant and Zora pack the last of their belongings in both of their vehicles but Lynia was too honest and curious to be sly.

Like she'd been doing over the last couple of months whenever she'd caught Lynia or Winta or even Garland looking her way, Zora waved to Lynia through the window. From across the street, she saw the petite blonde offer a quick wave back before seeking security in her home.

"Well, that's it," Grant announced as he entered the room.

Thinking of how she would never see these people again, Zora let out a long breath and replied, "Yep, that's it."

"How's your wrist feeling?" he asked. He held her hand and caressed the underside of her wrist.

The touch sent goosebumps over her flesh and zipped a shiver up her spine.

"Better," she said, then kissed him. "This wasn't how I wanted to spend our holidays."

He nodded. "I know."

"I liked it here." She snaked her arms around him. "I liked the people, and beyond just the sex."

"They'll still be a part of our lives. But just as friends. Nothing else. Are you okay with that?"

Nuzzling her face into his chest, she shook her head. "No."

*Bridget Midway*

She felt his long, strong arms wrap around her body. The chill of the winter air nipped at her ear and caused her to tremble. In response, Grant held her tighter.

She winced. "Easy, baby." A sharp, stabbing pain shot through her body when he touched her still aching ribs. "The ribs aren't one-hundred percent yet. But they will be."

"So no more sex with you on top?" he growled.

That's when she felt his growing need pressing against her stomach.

"I'll still do that. You know that's my favorite." She smiled. "I'm just limited in some of the other acrobatic stuff we used to do."

"I guess I had better take it nice and slow."

To start, he kissed the side of her face until he held her chin and pulled her face around so that he could plant a warm kiss on her lips. The connection drew heat from his mouth and into her body, warming her up considerably.

"What do you say? One last time for old time's sake." His hand cupped her breast over her thick sweatshirt.

The touch made it hard for her to respond in any other way but yes. She barely got the response out before he had his hands under her top, seeking her full breasts.

It wasn't like they hadn't continued to maintain a full sex life after she was discharged from the hospital. Zora remembered clearly the day she came back home. Flowers, balloons and cards from the neighbors met her when Grant opened the door for her. They did care and that meant a lot to her.

When it came time for her bath, Grant had volunteered to give her a sponge bath. He'd stripped her naked, and patted the warm, round sponge all over her body except for her vagina. That area he'd personally laved until she came hard enough to hurt her sides again. After that Grant limited his sexual contact to sensual massages. With his large hands, he always reduced her to a pool of jelly.

Today was no exception. Before she knew it, Grant reached behind her, his hands still under her Pittsburgh Steelers sweatshirt and undid her bra. Unbound, his hands easily snaked under her loose bra to cup her breasts.

She gasped. The sudden intake of breath moved her ribcage in such a way that the old pains from a couple of months ago came back and caused her to wince again.

### FASCINATION STREET

“I can’t keep hurting you like this.” Grant kept his hands on her tits but in a loose way, so that his hands cradled them instead of squeezing them. Then he slid his hands out, leaving her body cold. He grabbed her hand and said, “Come on.”

She stopped. “I don’t mind doing it out here. I don’t care if they see us.”

And she didn’t care. At this point she understood wanting to please Grant and having people see her overwhelming love for him.

“I have no problem making love to you here either. But I want you comfortable and since we have no furniture, I know the spot to do it.” He brought her to the kitchen.

With his hands under her butt, he lifted her gently and set her on the island.

“How many times have we fucked on this thing?” she asked.

He pulled off her sweatshirt, t-shirt underneath and bra before answering. “Not nearly enough in my opinion.”

She took off his shirt. With a flick of her wrist, she tossed it carelessly to the floor. As he undid her jeans she worked on his, until they both brought them down at nearly the same time.

Struggling to control her labored breathing, Grant put his hand to her bare chest and eased her back onto the countertop. Her legs spread open for him, and he slid himself inside of her, finding slickness greeting him.

Slow, precise thrusts pushed in and out of her until the sluggish rate got to Zora.

“Faster, baby. I can take it,” she said.

“Sure?” He braced his hands on her hips.

With one nod, he slammed into her, in and out, back and forth until she felt him shaking. She stared into his wild eyes. Clamping her legs around his waist, she felt her own building climax swirling in her pussy, making it constrict around Grant’s thick cock.

One last thrust inside of her, he released a long, low moan that spurred on her own climax. She clawed the counter until she thought her fingernails scarred the wood.

“I can’t wait until we’re married,” he said nearly breathlessly. “Are you sure you want to have a big wedding?”

He helped her sit up while his dick remained inside of her. To hold steady, she wrapped her arms around his neck.

“I’m sure.” She rested her head on his shoulder.

His hand rubbed down her bare back, soothing her. Opening her eyes briefly, she blinked when she saw a familiar sight.

*Bridget Midway*

“Hello, Winta,” a much calmer Zora said.

Grant, not screaming or scrambling to get his jeans back up, merely glanced over his shoulder at her.

“Hey, Winta.”

“Glad this time you all didn’t stop on my account,” she said.

After a sweet kiss, Grant pulled out of Zora and did fasten his pants back up. Then he helped her down from the counter.

“We just wanted one last hurrah before we left,” Grant explained.

“I understand.” In a pair of spray-on looking jeans and furry boots that made it look like she had polar bear feet, Winta looked like a snow bunny. “Just came to do the last walk-through. You all ready?”

Once Zora got her clothes back on, she stood next to Grant and took his hand. Unable to speak because of her tightening throat, she simply nodded at Winta’s request.

Her neighbor wasn’t heartless. Zora noticed how pink Winta’s eyes had become, with a glossy sheen of tears covering them. If them leaving hurt Winta as much as it crushed Zora and Grant, then why were they still kicking them out? Surely they had forgiven Grant by now.

Winta led them to each room. Zora wasn’t sure what was going on in Grant’s and Winta’s mind with each room they hit but Zora recounted the number of times she’d made love to the other neighbors on Fascination Street in each room.

“Was this scratch on the wall here when you all moved in?” Winta asked as she pointed to a mark on their former bedroom wall.

“No, it wasn’t there...until you clawed it that night it was me, you and Zora in here,” Grant answered. He squeezed Zora’s hand.

Winta got a far away look in her eyes before a smile covered her face. “That’s right. You were really good that night. Well, you were great every time, even the first time.” She glanced at Zora. “And you too. I don’t know what I’ll do without---”

“Don’t,” Zora said, cutting her off. “Let’s just finish this and go.”

Winta nodded. Following her back to the living room, Zora leaned into her fiancé for comfort and support. She would miss this home. It was apparent that staying wasn’t an option.

### FASCINATION STREET

When they got to the living room, Zora gasped, looking at all of her neighbors standing in the empty space. Her heart accelerated gazing into each of their faces to figure out why they were all here.

“Couldn’t let you go without saying goodbye, right?” Art said, gathering his wife next to his side.

“Guess not.” Grant shook the man’s hand, then kissed Winta on her cheek.

The chaste gesture must not have satisfied her. Winta slipped her hand behind Grant’s head and kissed him fully on his lips.

Without provocation, Zora kissed Arthur on his lips. She would miss him most of all. She and Grant went down the line and gave each of them a kiss or a hug. Though somber, Zora and the rest managed to smile although she could almost hear their thoughts.

“So what will you do with this house?” Grant asked. He gazed around the place and this time Zora noticed how much Grant appreciated the home instead of what being in it meant to them.

“Actually, I sold it to Brax.” Art nodded toward Brax.

“And what will you all do to it?” Zora asked.

“Lynia and I are going to build an addition on it and convert it to a business,” Brax said. He wrapped his arm around his wife, who hadn’t hidden her tears since she’d been there.

With furrowed eyebrows, Grant asked, “What kind of business are you thinking of running out of this place?”

“Accounting,” Brax answered immediately. “Turns out my accountant was a crook. If Lynia hadn’t noticed something in the books, something relatively minor, this guy would have wiped me out quick. So I fired his ass but now I’m in need of an accountant to do the books for my publishing company.”

Anticipating Brax’s next request, this time Zora squeezed Grant’s hand.

“So I plan on making this part of my business. I’ll house the accountant here so I can keep a close eye on him...or her.”

“Wouldn’t that mean that person would be a part of the Fascination Street lifestyle?” Grant asked. “You can’t expect to chain up Lynia on the porch and not have your new employee get suspicious or wary.”

*Bridget Midway*

“You’re right.” Brax cleared his throat. “Which is why I want to offer the job to you.”

Zora’s head spun listening to the request.

“I would have asked sooner but we needed you all to clear the house anyway for the renovation. Until then, you can work out of my home.”

“But we signed a year lease at our apartment,” Grant said.

“The renovations may be done by then. If so, I’ll pay off your remaining lease or pay any charges you incur for moving out before your lease date and take on the expense to have you move back here.”

Grant blinked. Zora could tell from his facial expression that he wasn’t totally convinced about the arrangement.

“And what happens when we move back?” he asked.

“Meaning?” Garland butted in.

“Will Zora and I live in this house the way we were before, swinging with all of you, or will you treat us like you have been treating us for the last couple of months, polite but standoffish?”

The six people gazed at each other and one by one smiles graced their faces.

“You and Zora will be back like the way you two were before the incident,” Evan said.

“As a matter of fact, I don’t know what plans you two have tonight but I’m firing up the hot tub. We would love for you all to join us.” Art beamed.

“Then I guess all I have to say is take me to the hot tub and I’m glad to be back!” Grant embraced Art and the rest of the crew.

However, Zora stepped back from the chaos and merriment to take an assessment of the situation. The smile she’d sported slipped off of her face the more she thought about what moving back to Fascination Street meant to her, meant to both of them.

“Wait!” she said.

The room fell silent and all gazes turned to her.

“I don’t want to move back.”

Zora could almost hear the collective crashes to the floor when their jaws dropped.

Grant rushed to her first. “Zora, honey, what are you talking about? Moving back had always been our hope. We just said how much we missed everyone. I’ll have a job

### FASCINATION STREET

I'm sure I'll enjoy. You can work whatever job makes you happy instead of accepting anything you can get. Our lives would be perfect. Why don't you want to move back?"

Zora took a deep breath before answering. "I was selfish when we first started this lifestyle. I loved the pleasure and the camaraderie that we had. But Grant, things have changed between us. I've changed. And there's one thing that that accident has taught me and that's life is short." She held her man's hands and gazed deep into his eyes. "You asked me to marry you because you wanted us to share our lives together. Don't you ever think about children? I want them with you. If we stay here, we can't have them."

Grant placed his hand on the side of her face. Agreement filled his eyes as he offered her a slight smile.

"Yes, I want to have a life with you and that does include children." He turned to the group. "I'm sorry. If having the job means we have to move to the house, then I guess I'll have to turn down the job. Our plans together mean more than a job, a house and the perks that come along with it. I love you all." He stared intently at Zora. "But I love this woman more."

Grant bent slowly and planted a soft kiss on her lips. With the kiss, a wave of relief and freedom washed over her. She didn't need these people to validate her sexiness. She did that on her own just by making Grant hard for her whenever he looked at her. And speaking up for herself made her feel good. She didn't need other people telling her what to do and how to live. She had a mind of her own. Fine time she started using it and making her own tough decisions.

"Wait," Art said and held up his hands, halting Zora and Grant from leaving.

"You'd better make this good, Art," Grant said. He wrapped his arm around Zora's shoulders.

"How about you two stay here until the baby is born then you can move to---"

Grant didn't let the man finish before he waved his hand in the air. "No. We're not puppets and pawns. I'm going to make a home for my family and not be uprooted because of some silly rule. And I want to own my own home and not rent for the rest of our lives."

Grant pulled Zora to the door and Art blocked him. "Wait! God, man, when did you become so bull-headed?"

*Bridget Midway*

“Was there a time when he wasn’t?” Garland asked, which caused a trickle of laughter in the group.

Angst covered Art’s face as he scanned the expressions between his wife, Lynia and the other men.

“It’s a stupid rule,” Evan piped up first.

“So you want kids too?” Garland asked as she planted her hands on her hips.

“Always.”

Garland dropped her fists and moved closer to her husband.

“I would love to see kids running around in the court area, wouldn’t you?” Lynia asked of Brax.

Brax gazed down at her. He put his hand on her stomach as though she carried his child right now. “I hadn’t really thought of it. I don’t know. Maybe.”

“We’re not talking about you guys,” Grant piped in. “This is about me and Zora.”

“Hold on!” Art said. His cool demeanor unfurled in front of everyone. “I think we’re all in agreement that these last couple of months without Grant and Zora were---”

“Shitty,” Garland said.

“Lonely,” Lynia offered.

“Lousy,” Winta concurred.

“Okay, so let’s take a vote. All in favor of bringing back Grant and Zora, and foregoing the rule about children, raise your hands.” As each hand went up, Art quickly added, while staring pointedly at Brax and Lynia, “That means no more outside displays of affection.”

Winta grabbed Art’s hand and smirked.

“Yes, I know. No more morning glory for us either.” Art rolled his eyes.

“We didn’t mean for you all to change your lives for us.” Zora felt flattered but responsible for taking down a whole neighborhood.

“But change is good,” Brax said. He nodded. “Yeah, change is good. I say we let them stay. Grant, you still want the job, it’s there for you.”

Grant turned to Zora, who had fallen back in love with this group all over again. “What do you say, Zo? Want to try it again?”

She gazed into Grant’s eyes, then scanned the expressions on everyone’s faces. They all looked expectantly upon her, waiting with baited breath for her answer.



### FASCINATION STREET

“Never let it be said that I’m a quitter,” she said with a smile. “I want to come back.”

The men released a long breath and all of the women squealed and held Zora gently so as not to aggravate her sore ribs.

“To the hot tub?” Art asked.

“To a restaurant. We’re starving,” Grant replied.

“Good thing I cooked,” Winta said with a big smile. “And while we’re there, we can discuss wedding plans.”

“What?” Grant ran his fingers through his hair.

Winta ignored his pained expression and wrapped her arm around Zora’s shoulders. “I’m thinking a nice spring wedding in our backyards. You like swans?”

“Swans?” Grant ran his hand down over his eyes.

“Welcome back to the Street.” Art slapped Grant on his back.

Yes. Zora nodded her head as she listened to Winta’s ambitious wedding plans. This was home, and she loved it here.

## *Bridget Midway*

### Epilogue

Art had to tap on his champagne glass a good minute before the rambunctious crowd in his backyard quieted down.

Grant sat back down at the bride and groom spot at the table, assisting his wife next to him. He held onto Zora's hand. His gaze fell on her wedding ring and his heart thumped. In all manner and form, he'd made this woman his wife.

In her strapless wedding gown, she looked amazing. Her honey-colored skin glowed in the May sun. And, thanks to her adjusted diet and exercise regime, her body, which he loved before with all of its curves, was tighter. She was his pear and he couldn't wait to take a bite out of her tonight.

"If I can have your attention, please," Art began. He really enjoyed his best man duties. "I want to make a toast." He held up his glass to Grant and Zora, causing the rest of the one hundred guests to respond in kind. "To the happy couple. May you live long together and know nothing but love, happiness, fulfillment and harmony. Great love will see you through any hardships."

"And great friends will bail you out of jail!" Brax said, making the guests laugh.

"Someone cut that guy off." Art pointed to Brax but still carried a smile. "As I was saying, you two are the most beautiful people I've ever met, and that's hard because I make people beautiful every day for a living."

Laughter trickled through the crowd.

"You two deserve each other and all good things. To Zora and Grant, may you always be as happy as you are today for the rest of your lives."

"Here, here!" the audience said in unison.

Just as Grant and Zora sipped their champagne, Art dropped another bomb. "Oh, and after everyone leaves, I'll give you two your wedding presents." Then he winked.

If selling the house to them at a steal and paying for this wonderful wedding weren't good enough, Grant wasn't sure what else he was going to do for them.

## FASCINATION STREET

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“Grant, put me down!” Zora squealed.

When he tried picking her up and carrying her over the threshold, Zora balked.

“Will you let me do just one thing traditionally?” he asked.

“You’re being silly.”

So he bent over, caught her at the waist and hoisted her in a fireman’s carry over his shoulder. Zora screamed as he carried her into their home.

Once inside he set her down. “Now see. Was that so hard?”

Her hand slid up the front of his pants over his penis. “I don’t know. Is it?”

He growled. “If that dress didn’t cost more than the first three cars I ever owned, I would rip it off and take you right here.”

“Why don’t you?” a voice said from behind them.

Zora turned to the doorway to see her three sexy bridesmaids coming into their house. All of the women looked gorgeous in their strapless red satin dresses. Behind them came the men, all looking good enough to eat in their tuxedos.

“Don’t tempt me,” Grant said as he held Zora around her waist.

“Before you two get started on your honeymoon, I wanted to give you your present,” Art said as he stood behind Winta. He wrapped his arms around her waist and rested his chin on her shoulder. “Unfortunately we are all going to have to start locking our doors again.”

The smiles melted from Grant and Zora’s faces.

“Why?” Zora began. “Have we done something wrong? We’ve followed the new rules.”

“What kind of game are you all playing here?” Grant asked, anger lacing his voice.

Art reached into his front coat pocket and pulled out an envelope. “No game. See for yourself.” He threw it to Grant.

Without hesitation, Grant opened the sallow colored envelope and pulled out a wad of papers. His eyes scanned over them and then widened. Zora only had to see one word on it before her heart pounded.

“Hawaii? You all are sending us to Hawaii?” Zora asked, trying not to scream in excitement.

Winta nodded. “Yep. My idea.”

*Bridget Midway*

“But that’s not all,” Lynia said. “We’re going with you. All of us. A nice group vacation on a private island. We can do whatever we want.”

Grant’s bottom jaw unhinged as he stared at the group. “I can’t believe you guys. This has got to be the best gift ever.”

He hugged them all while Zora followed with kisses.

“And now I have something special for you all.” He turned to Zora. “You wait right here. Everyone else follow me.”

Zora stared at her sneaky husband as he took the group of people down the hall. The only place they could go would be a bedroom, either theirs or one of the spares. But why would he be taking them there?

Grant jogged back to the living room and took Zora’s hand. “Come on. Let’s start our honeymoon.”

“Grant, what are you doing?” she asked as she trailed behind him.

When he pulled her into their bedroom, it was Zora’s turn to drop her jaw. Sitting all around their king-sized bed were their neighbors. Small, white, lit votive candles illuminated the room.

“What is this?” Zora asked.

“I want to make love to you in front of everyone.” He cradled her face and kissed her softly. Then he said it again to punctuate the importance of this act. “I want to make love to you in front of everyone. I couldn’t before because I didn’t trust them. Now I can’t imagine making love to you without them.”

And now she couldn’t either. When he undressed her as they watched, Zora felt surrounded by love and support instead of prying eyes. When she removed Grant’s clothes, she enjoyed watching the women admire his body.

The group remained quiet as they cuddled and caressed each other. Each night when Zora had been with one or two or all of them, she loved their touches on her body. Tonight, her body belonged to Grant and they all respected that. She could tell from their loving gazes as they made love.

When they came, Zora heard a collective exhalation from the group.

“Well done, man,” Art said, then kissed his wife.

“Good match,” Brax commented.

“They do look good together,” Garland said.

### **FASCINATION STREET**

Grant rolled off of her body and held her tight. “Now stop your talking and get undressed.” He held Zora’s breast in his hand. “We have a bride in dire need of some attention. Hope you took your vitamins today.”

As they all stripped, Zora stared at her husband. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, babe. I never thought in a million years that on my wedding night I would be sharing you with six other people. But now, I can’t imagine doing it any other way.”

And neither could she.

Fascination Street indeed.

*Bridget Midway*

About the Author

Bridget Midway writes what everyone else fantasizes about but won't admit. She was recently named as one of the winners in the BetterSex.com Best Erotic Fiction Writer Contest. An avid writer for all things fun, unusual and passionate, Bridget enjoys making her readers laugh as much as she likes seeing them fan themselves down after reading a hot, sexy scene. She writes long contemporary romance, single-title romance, light paranormal romances, science fiction, historicals and erotica, all with multi-racial characters and/or with interracial romances (because when you have a box of chocolates, you have to taste each one and enjoy the differences).