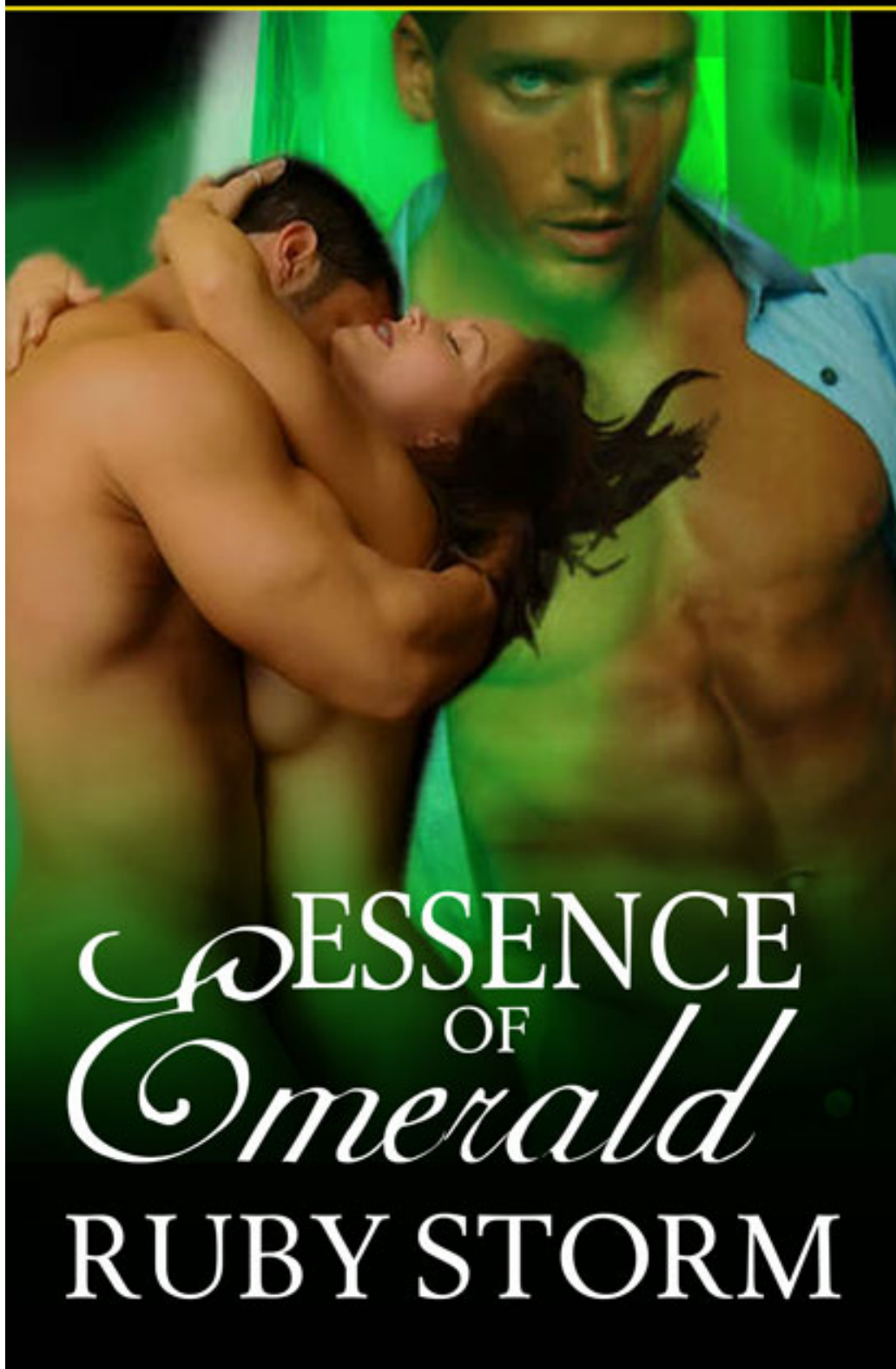


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



ESSENCE
OF
Emerald
RUBY STORM

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Essence of Emerald

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ESSENCE OF EMERALD

Ruby Storm

Prologue

Emmi Tucci lounged in a thickly padded chair and quietly sipped her drink. Her fiancé Mark Vistar sat beside her and chuckled with his best friend Jay Stevenson over some silly joke. Emmi's slim fingers played with the near-black strands of thick hair curling about her shoulders. Boredom rested in her dark brown eyes as her gaze flowed slowly from one table to another. She tipped her head, continued to sip the amber liquor in her glass and studied an elderly man who sat by himself at a table close by. It gave her something to do other than worry about...well, she wouldn't think about it right now.

Her stomach flipped a bit when she turned her attention back to Mark. Her fiancé was so handsome with his styled sandy-colored hair, square jaw and sparkling blue eyes. They reminded Emmi of a cloudless day and she got lost in their depths every time she met his loving gaze.

In contrast, their friend's appearance was on the other end of the spectrum. Jay's handsomeness was a mixture of his flashing dark eyes, skin that looked suntanned all the time, topped off with black waving hair.

One dark. One light.

She knew what Mark looked like naked. She knew the intense heat she experienced every time they had sex. Mark had a great cock. Nice and long, and hard as a rock when it needed to be. Her gaze drifted back to Jay. Guilty heat burned her cheeks when the image of his trim naked body appeared in her mind.

Jay was stunning. A man of his physical stature was sure to have a huge cock. It was as if he'd been created solely for a woman's sexual pleasure. He had plenty of ladies on his arm all the time – and Jay always joked about how he kept them happy.

Heat whispered through her groin.

Hence her problem.

A bit of nausea roiled her stomach. The feeling was something she'd been experiencing too many times of late. It was the wanton and wondering emotion of what it would be like to have the two of them make love to her.

Her thumb rolled the engagement ring on her finger and a breath of soft air rushed from her lungs. She had to deal with her strange attraction to him because it was driving her crazy. What she experienced and how she felt when she looked at Jay was just human nature, wasn't it? It was only a ménage fantasy, one that she had to let go. After all, she'd found the perfect man and planned to spend the rest of her life with him.

She wanted to marry Mark. She really did. Mark was the epitome of every woman's fantasy. When he'd surprised her with a beautiful ring a year ago, Emmi couldn't have been happier. Knowing she'd some day be Mark Vistar's wife was a dream come true. Both knew they wanted the commitment of marriage, but suddenly more than a year had passed. Now that he was settled with his job and the money was flowing in, it was time to set that date.

Emmi mentally shook herself. So why did she feel such an attraction to Jay? Was it because Mark's friend was always around, always sharing the fun little moments in their lives? The sexual magnetism she experienced of late whenever he was near was probably what a lot of women felt when Jay was around. It didn't mean that she loved Mark any less, but Emmi still fretted over it constantly—especially with Mark's subtle insistence that they become more serious about setting a date and tying the knot.

Her fingers played again with the hair lying across her shoulder as she chewed her bottom lip and came to a frightening decision. This problem wasn't going to go away until she spoke with Mark about it. They'd always been totally honest with one another. Maybe if they talked about her feelings in regard to Jay, the matter would be settled in her mind. She just couldn't enter a marriage without these crazy emotions being out in

the open. Mark deserved a wife who was totally committed, totally honest – and totally *not* thinking about having sex with someone else.

Her stomach roiled a bit more. Starting that conversation with him could very well end their engagement. But how could she live with herself if these strange feelings and desires refused to disappear? Jay wasn't going to go away, not when he and Mark had such a close personal friendship.

She sighed with frustration. Emmi didn't want anything standing between them.

Chapter One

“Hey, Emerald? What’s keeping you?” Mark hollered from the bed. His blue gaze shifted about the room as he waited for her to exit the adjoining master bath. “Come on, baby. I’m hard and ready!” He chuckled when he plumped the pillow behind him and burrowed into it.

The bathroom door finally opened. His brow rose in confusion when Emmi stepped out having donned one of his old T-shirts. Normally, she pranced around in the nude, turning him on until he tackled her to the mattress and got lost inside her wet heat.

“What’s with the T-shirt? Oh shit, is it that time of the month?”

“No,” Emmi answered as she picked up a brush on the dresser and began to pull it through her long locks. “I saw the shirt and figured I’d slip it on.” Her dark eyes refused to meet his.

A prickle of foreboding skittered up Mark’s spine. More and more, Emmi had seemed to be lost somewhere in her own thoughts. It wasn’t anything he could put a finger on, but lately she’d seemed out of sorts. His mind flashed back to how she’d been very reserved for most of the night. So much so that he’d refused to be pulled into any deep conversation with Jay after he’d realized it, and instead had clasped her hand and lavished as much attention on her as possible. Even so, she had still been awfully quiet in the car on the way back to his house. Not one to let a problem fester, he decided to broach her sullen attitude.

“What’s the matter, Emmi?”

“Nothing.” She smiled hesitantly as she met his gaze through the mirror. “Why do you think something is wrong?”

“Because I know you. Even tonight at the club you seemed distant.” He patted the mattress. “Come over here. Let’s talk. What the hell is bothering you?”

“Mark...” she sighed, then set down the brush. Maybe now was the time. He’d just given her an opening to discuss her conflicting emotions. She crossed the room and slipped between the covers to be welcomed against his shoulder. The gentle caress of his hand brushing her upper arm should have brought comfort. Instead, the gesture only made her feel worse.

“I know something is troubling you, Emmi.” His fingers continued to tickle the skin of her arm as he cuddled her closer. “I watched you tonight. You seemed tense. Jay even asked me what was wrong when you left for the restroom. He thought we’d had an argument or something.”

Emmi winced inwardly at the mention of Jay’s name.

Gently pushing her to her back and into the softness of a pillow, Mark’s muscular thigh slipped between hers. His fingers now brushed aside silky black strands of hair to bare her neck as he pressed soft kisses against it.

He was so gentle, so loving. Emmi almost wept. More and more she felt she didn’t deserve someone as wonderful as him.

Mark leaned back a bit and stared down into her troubled eyes. His heartbeat increased for a moment. Emmi was beautiful. They’d been together for three years, one of those as an engaged couple. Maybe that was the problem. They’d let life get in the way of their wedding plans. He kissed her warm lips and decided to broach the subject once more. “Man, I love you. Every day I thank my lucky stars that we found one another. Will you marry me?”

Mark’s heart was always an open book as far as Emmi was concerned. That was what she loved most about him. He never suppressed how much he cared for her. Her lips turned up with a tender smile. “I thought we’d already figured on that.” She held up her hand and wiggled her finger to draw attention to the engagement ring. “Did you forget that you already asked?”

Mark chuckled. "No, smart ass. You're taking the fun out of this for me. Just say yes – again. Then let's set a date. I'm tired of living between two places. I want you with me all the time."

"Don't be silly, Mark. I'm here at your house most nights."

His hand slipped beneath the T-shirt to plump the underside of one breast as his thumb gently caressed an erect nipple. "*Most* nights – that's not enough for me. I know we're both busy with our jobs, but we're still missing out being with one another because of running between our two places. You know what? Let's say to hell with planning a big wedding. Hell, Emmi, we're pretty well set. We don't need to go through all that stress. Let's hop a plane and head for Vegas, get married and have one hell of a honeymoon. We can have some kind of party later on. It's not like we need wedding gifts and all the hoopla that goes with it. It's just you and me, baby. What do you say?" As he waited for a response, his hand left her breast and traveled a path across her hip. He cupped her bare pussy as a devilish smile lit his face.

Emmi snagged his wrist and pulled his hand away. "We just can't up and leave. What will our families say?" As soon as she let go of his wrist, his fingers were back teasing her clit. Instant hot pleasure sizzled through her stomach, but they needed to talk. "Stop it, Mark." She dragged his hand away once more.

He rolled to his butt and draped his long legs over the edge of the bed, his features suddenly darker, warier than before. Running his hand through his hair, he took a deep breath, turned his head and stared at her. "What the fuck is going on?"

She sat up slowly, pulled the T-shirt down around her thighs and the edge of the sheet up to her waist. Her fingers slipped through her long hair from her brow to the back of her neck as she leaned against the headboard. Breathing deeply, she finally found the courage to begin. "I-I want to talk to you about something."

His cautious eyes never left hers. "What? Christ... I don't know if I like the sound of this. Every time I ask you to set a date, you find some reason why we need to wait. Or you subtly turn the subject in another direction—like you're doing right now." His

heart pounded. Once again, a shiver of trepidation tripped through him. "Now you say you want to talk." Mark didn't want to believe the scenario suddenly formulating in his brain. If Emmi walked out of his life, he didn't know what he would do. He loved her too much. He would fix whatever the problem was. All he needed to do was keep a cool head and listen to what she had to say.

The silence in the room reverberated through his heart.

Emmi took another deep breath.

"Mark...I want you to understand that there isn't anything else I would rather do than become your wife. Just thinking about it thrills me beyond belief." Her gaze met his narrowed one then drifted across his tight jaw. This was harder than she'd ever thought it would be. "You and I have always been so totally honest with one another. I want to...to marry you. I want to set a date, but you need to know something first."

His mind scurried about. What could she possibly tell him that he didn't know? They shared everything.

"No man has ever turned me on and set me on fire like you but..."

He lifted a hand to momentarily stay her words. The air hissed from his lungs. Christ, had she cheated on him? He mentally ticked away the past years in a quick second. He couldn't come up with one incident that would have made him think she'd been anything but loyal. "Before you go any further, I want you to know I feel the same. Emmi, we've been together for three years, three of the *best* years of my life. What do I need to know?" His body tensed as he waited.

"I..." She swallowed in search of a bit of composure. "Lately I've been having these strange emotions nagging at me. I can't tell you when they started. One day they were just there."

"What, Emmi? If you're having problems with something, we can figure this out together."

She met his eyes. "I don't know if we can. It's my problem, not yours. Let me ask you something. Do you ever fantasize about other women?"

His eyes fluttered closed for a moment as he felt the weight lift off his shoulders. She hadn't cheated. She'd only fantasized. Was that what was bothering her? Most likely. His Emmi was so innocent at times. He had trusted her forever and now felt a twinge of remorse for questioning her fidelity. "What man doesn't fantasize, Emmi? Come on, we're adults here. It's human nature."

Her fingers plucked at the sheet covering her legs as she glanced down. "I know that but..."

He finally had her talking and almost returned to her side, but by jumping back between the covers, she just might close up. He wanted this out—whatever it was—so he stayed put. "Are you fantasizing?"

Her head nodded. "But it seems stronger than that. I'm so confused, Mark. It finally hit me squarely tonight that I want to marry you, but with nothing between us. Okay, I'm just going to blurt it out. I-I'm feeling a real strong attraction to Jay. I see him and I wonder what it would be like to...to be with him, to be with both of you at the same time."

Mark's jaw sagged open. A split second later, jealousy burgeoned inside him, but he pushed it to the back of his mind. "Jay?" A sinking feeling roiled hot in the pit of his stomach. "Has something happened between the two of you that you want to tell me?"

"Nothing has happened. I'm...I'm just questioning, why? Why am I feeling this way? I'm engaged to you. I love how wonderful our sex life is. When you make love to me, it's only you and me in the bed. But when we're with Jay like we were tonight, I look at the two of you and wonder what it would be like to have you both making love to me. I don't want this between us. What if I'm not ready to be with only you on a permanent basis? I'm so confused. I don't know if I'm ready to make a commitment when I'm thinking about him."

When Mark bolted off the bed, his jaw tight, a trickle of fear mushroomed inside her heart. She watched him stalk about the room, his sleek muscles rippling in his thighs with every step he took.

"I'm just trying to be honest with you before we make a mistake. Before *I* make a mistake. You don't deserve that."

"I can't believe this." He spun and stared at her, totally oblivious that he was naked. "Has Jay made a pass at you?"

"Absolutely not!" Emmi scrambled to her knees and placed her palm against her heart. "This is my problem, Mark. Jay has done nothing."

His hands raised in supplication. "Then what did I do—or not do? It must have been something for you to look elsewhere."

She hated the wounded guilt in his eyes. "Nothing," she whispered. "This isn't about you and anything that you've done wrong. I am the one totally to blame. I love you and only you. What I feel for Jay is not the soul-shattering emotion when I think of you, but I'm sexually attracted to him. You don't deserve that in a wife," she continued as she watched him yank out a folded pair of boxers and slip his long legs into them. "I couldn't let this go on. I'm so sick of feeling guilty, so ashamed that even though I know I could never be happier, I keep seeing myself in bed with the two of you."

Mark darted his eyes at her, opened his mouth then slammed it shut as he headed for the bedroom door.

"Mark! Please. Let's talk about this."

"Talk about what?" he snapped back then managed to get hold of his building hurt and growing anger. "I'm going to sleep in the guest room."

"Mark..."

"Emmi, please." His head tipped back and he closed his eyes for a moment. Finally, he sighed and met her frightened gaze. "Christ, what do you want me to do? I'm getting out of here before I say something I can't take back. I can't talk about this right now."

"Mark," Emmi breathed again.

He refused to look at her as he headed out of the room. "Not now."

* * * * *

Mark cracked four eggs into a bowl and whisked them until they were a frothy yellow. His actions were automated as he poured the mixture into a hot pan, grabbed a spatula and began to stir them around. His gaze darted to the clock. It was a little after seven and Emmi hadn't come out of his bedroom.

His bedroom.

His hand stilled as he stared at the pan. He didn't want it to be *his* bedroom. Mark hadn't even thought about the room in that sense for well over a year. Emmi's personal affects were everywhere. Her clothes hung in his closet, her perfume and lotions dotted the top of one dresser and her toothbrush hung beside his in the cabinet.

"Fuck," he mumbled to himself. Dark circles beneath his eyes evidenced his sleepless night. Emmi's admission had sent him into a tailspin. Along about four that morning, he'd mentally begun a list of sorts—life with Emmi and life without. Life with Emmi had definitely had the most entries. His anger and bewilderment had finally subsided because when all was said and done, he loved her with a passion and that wasn't going to change.

"Mark?"

He spun from the stove to see her standing in his wrinkled T-shirt inside the kitchen's arched doorway. God he loved how she looked all heavy-eyed in the morning, her hair in a tumbling cloud about her shoulders, the way she hugged herself sleepily as her body warmed. His gaze drifted to her long bare legs. Emmi had great legs—legs that could wrap about his waist as he pounded into her. His cock stirred at the sight.

"I smelled the coffee."

His eyes rose to hers. "Grab a cup. In fact, would you mind pouring me one?"

Drawing a slow breath of half relief, half fear, Emmi moved to the cabinet, pulled out two cups and filled them. She left Mark's coffee near the stove and settled herself on a stool at the snack bar. She struggled to come up with something to say, but her mind was a blank. She hadn't felt this way since the first night they'd met and he'd almost

rendered her speechless when he'd introduced himself at a party. His good looks had knocked the socks off her.

Chewing on her lip, she had to start somewhere and break the tension between them.

"I smelled the coffee from upstairs." The statement sounded inane but at least she'd found her voice. Her gaze flowed over the bare skin of his back. She would give anything to get off the chair and drape her arms around him from behind, but Emmi hadn't a clue if he would accept the loving gesture in the manner it was intended. So instead, she wrapped her fingers around the cup, tried to keep her hands from shaking and waited to see if he would respond.

Mark turned with the frying pan in his hand and dumped half the contents onto a clean plate. Reaching into the cabinet, he grabbed a second dish, filled it and set it in front of her. Finally, he met her wary stare. "I guess you need a fork." He quickly took care of that then sat on a stool beside her.

She picked up the fork then set it down. Emmi couldn't even think about eating. "Mark, I can't stand this. Please talk to me. Tell me you're okay with us still. Tell me you're pissed...tell me we're through. Just say something."

He set down his fork and looked at her. "I'm not angry, Emmi." He took a deep breath. "I was at first. Simple male pride. You threw me for a loop last night."

"I know," she stated quietly. "It's just that...it's just that I love you so much, Mark. I said it last night and I'll say it again. I love you and only you. What I've been feeling has nothing to do with you. You haven't done a thing wrong or said anything that would make me want out of our engagement. Thinking about that makes me physically ill. I want us to spend the rest of our lives together, but I had to tell you. I don't want my fantasy causing us trouble down the road."

Incredibly, a hint of a smile appeared on his lips.

She tipped her head and stared dumbfounded. "You're smiling. Are we going to be able to get past this?" Relief rippled through her when his eyes sparked with his usual humor. "I'm sorry if I hurt you, Mark."

"You didn't hurt me, Emmi. You wounded my male ego."

"But that's not what this is about."

"I know that now. I thought about it all night. In fact, I almost woke you up to ask you a few questions."

She reached out, happy beyond words when he met her halfway and clasped her fingers. "I wish you would have. I missed you last night."

"It's probably a good thing I didn't, because it gave me more time to shuffle this through my head."

"It is a fantasy – something I'll never act on. That's the honest truth."

"But a strong enough fantasy that you felt the need to tell me about it. You must have known how I would take it."

Emmi simply shrugged in the face of his perceptiveness. What could she say? He was totally on the mark.

"So is it really just a fantasy, Emmi, or something that you truly want to happen?"

She stared incredulously. "What do you mean by that?" She was amazed that he didn't sound pissed. He'd simply stated the question matter-of-factly.

His shoulders rose then fell with a deep sigh. "I spent the entire night going over this. I love you, Emmi. That's not ever going to change. Once I got over my chipped ego, I really thought about you and why you would even bring up something like this if it wasn't more than a fantasy. Once I opened my mind fully, I came to the realization that I wasn't being fair...not when I've fantasized about the same thing."

Her lips parted in wonder.

"That surprises you, doesn't it? I'm not saying that I've fantasized about you, me and Jay. But there isn't a healthy male on this planet who hasn't thought about being in

bed with two women at the same time, or fucking one as I watch her suck someone else's cock. I just needed to look at it from your point of view. I guess the only difference is that I never put a face on any ménage partners. You have and you happened to pick two people you care deeply for. I guess I'm the luckiest in that scenario, because I'm the one you love enough to tell all."

"Oh Mark..." Emmi reached for him. When his arms came out to hold her close, tears sprang to her eyes. "Last night was horrible," she whispered against his chest. "I was so lonesome without you beside me. I thought I would lose you. I was so frightened because you're the most important person in my life. I promise you, I will never do anything to hurt you. It's just a fantasy about Jay, that's all." Warmth and security filled her when his fingers played with the hair that tumbled down her back. She cuddled closer to listen to the steady beat of his heart.

"What if it is a fantasy that I'd like to think about?"

She blinked, wondering if she'd heard him right. Slowly, she sat back and met his steady gaze. "What are you saying?"

His fingertip brushed her cheek. "If this is something you want to do, then I think we need to discuss it more fully."

"You would consider a ménage? With Jay?" A nervous giggle left her mouth. "God, my emotions have been in such an upheaval that I can't even think straight. I can't tell if you're kidding or not."

"I'm not kidding. I'm serious. I love you, Emmi. We have a great sex life. I trust you. I trust Jay. How many people have never acted upon something like this? The more I think about it, the more I'm turned on. And Jay is the perfect person. He's single, he's healthy and clean and he's our friend. Those blank faces of my own fantasy have now been replaced by our three faces. So what if the dynamics have changed a bit? I can't get it out of my mind. I could never do this with a stranger."

The air left her lungs in a loud whoosh. Her belly clenched as a quick image of both Mark and Jay making love to her flashed through her brain. She battled her excitement

and struggled to stay focused, knowing most likely neither of them would ever act on it. But Mark giving her permission—giving them permission—was such a true testament to how he felt about her. It was wild. It was wonderful and she had to ask just to hear it one more time. “You would really do this for me?”

“For both of us. It’s there, Emmi. You put it out there for us to dissect. Do you really think it’ll go away? I don’t. Every time we’re with Jay, whether having dinner or drinks, it’s always going to be there. The ‘what if’ will constantly be on our minds. Eventually we’ll have to discuss this again. So why not approach him? If he’s willing...” Mark left the rest unsaid. Slipping off his stool, he stepped between her knees. “What do you think? You were brutally honest with me last night. Now I want to come clean. The more I think about this, the hotter I get.”

She reached up to clasp her hands at the back of his neck. She was totally and completely stunned. “It wouldn’t bother you to watch Jay fuck me?” Heat coiled in her womb.

Mark’s hand brushed up and over a bare inner thigh until his fingers found her pussy. “You’re wet as hell, Emmi. The idea excites the hell out of you, doesn’t it?”

“It does. I just haven’t been able to make it go away.” A small moan left her throat when Mark’s finger flicked over her quickly swelling clit then slowly slid into her cunt. The palm of his hand ground gently against her clit. Emmi’s knees spread wider as he teased her with small thrusts of his finger. Her hand flailed until it settled against his hard cock. “Do...do you think he’ll say yes?” She shoved the waistband of his boxers down around his hips to free his erection. Her thumb rubbed the glistening tip of his cock.

“Time will tell, won’t it?”

Emmi leaned against the counter to brace herself on the stool and guided his cock to her pussy.

Mark needed no further invitation as he thrust between her wet folds and cupped her ass to pull her tightly against him, filling her completely. Whether it was because

he'd missed her the night before or the excitement of including a third party to share in a heady sexual frolic, he wasn't sure. But one thing was certain, he couldn't seem to grind deep enough into her. He continued to pound away in her pussy, loving Emmi's deep sexual whimper that shot past his ear with every thrust.

Chapter Two

Emmi rushed about Mark's kitchen, preparing a salad and getting the finishing touches together for a meal. The smell of sizzling steaks drifted into the kitchen even though the windows and door were shut tightly against the winter cold. She stopped by the sink and acknowledged the quick pounding of her heart as she watched Mark and Jay on the patio outside. Ducking to the side, her hands cupped her flushed cheeks.

Tonight was the night. Well, not *the* night, but at some point Mark was going to bring up their ménage proposition to Jay. Her hands dropped to clutch the edges of the counter. If Jay said yes, she would soon spend a night in the arms of two handsome men. The idea had driven her to the edge of distraction all week long.

Emmi almost felt guilty – almost. She and Mark had spent the last week discussing how to broach the subject with Jay. Emmi wasn't too sure that Jay wouldn't just stalk out of the house and they'd never hear from him again. Mark, on the other hand, had no qualms whatsoever. In fact, if she hadn't insisted they think the situation through carefully, he would have simply picked up the phone and asked his friend days ago.

That's not how Emmi wanted it done. She was frightened that asking Jay to enter into a ménage—even if only for one night—would ruin their friendship forever. She was a planner, a mapper of details, so Mark decided since she'd come up with the idea in the first place they would do it her way.

"Oh my god..." she whispered behind closed eyes.

"Saying your prayers before you eat?"

Emmi's eyes shot open as her body jerked. "Jay! I didn't hear you come in."

His dark cheeks creased with a smile. "I didn't think so. Who were you talking to?"

She flushed hot. "No one. Just thinking out loud." Her hands smoothed imaginary wrinkles across her midriff. "Did you need something?"

“Yup. Another beer—for both of us. Hey, why don’t you come out and join us? It’s a beautiful evening.”

Emmi laughed, finally gaining hold of her inner turmoil. “No way. You two are crazy. If you want to stand in the dead of winter and barbecue in the middle of a snow bank, that’s your business.” She opened the fridge, grabbed two beers and handed them over. “I’ll take the nice warm kitchen, thank you very much.”

His fingers touched hers as he took the cans. Emmi blushed instantly.

“Is everything okay?” Jay asked beneath a cocked brow. “You seem a little jittery.”

“Fine. I’m fine, Jay.” She met his eyes, hoping it would get her mind off the breadth of his chest. That was a mistake. Her heart thumped even faster and at the moment, she felt like she was drowning.

He nodded. “Good. I think.” He tipped his head and studied her flushed face. “You sure?”

“Hmmm-mmm,” she nodded.

“Okay. I think the steaks are almost done.”

Her gaze skittered about the kitchen. “Well, I’m all ready in here. The potatoes are done, the salad is put together and the table is set.”

“Sounds good.” He turned and headed back outside.

As soon as the door clicked shut, Emmi sagged against the counter.

* * * * *

Forty-five minutes later, the trio still sat at the table. Emmi wiggled on her chair and struggled to appear relaxed and sated from her meal, but she’d hardly touched it. Mark on the other hand had eaten with gusto, laughing and joking throughout supper.

Jay wiped his mouth with a napkin, sat back and darted his dark eyes from one to the other. “Okay, I have to ask. What’s going on?”

“Are we that transparent?” Mark asked.

Emmi could have kicked him.

“Well, hell yeah. You’ve talked so much tonight that I’m surprised you managed to finish your meal.” His gaze turned to Emmi then. “In contrast, Emmi, you’ve hardly said a word. You’re wiggling and squirming like you’re in the hot seat or something. What’s up? Things don’t seem quite what they should be. Can’t put my finger on it, but you two definitely have me wondering.” Suddenly, he sat forward. “Oh wait one minute. Have you two finally set a date for the wedding? Is that what this is about?”

Mark found Emmi’s hand, surprised that it felt clammy to the touch. He gave it a squeeze for encouragement, winked at her and turned to face Jay. “Well, in a roundabout way. We were discussing it last week, but something else came up. Something we both wanted to speak to you about.”

Jay leaned back and crossed his arms over his chest. “Now my interest is really piqued. Come on, Mark, out with it. The suspense is killing me.”

Mark took a deep breath. “All right. Emmi and I were talking about the possibility of simply eloping—well, I was talking about it. Then she told me something that surprised the hell out of me.”

“Mark?” Emmi stated quietly. She met his understanding eyes. “Let me.”

He nodded his consent.

Emmi took a moment then finally began. “I want to say something first, Jay. And I’m speaking from my heart. I love Mark with all my being. So much so that when he suggested we head to Las Vegas to get married, I had to tell him about something that has bothered me for quite a while. What I told him at first caused a bit of an argument.” She squeezed her fiancé’s hand. “Well, maybe a better way to describe it would be some hurtful sentiments. We spent the night apart. But the next morning, we were able to discuss it maturely. Mark loves me.”

“You two didn’t break off your engagement, did you? Man, don’t tell me that is what’s going on. You two belong together. It’s plain for everyone to see.”

"No," Emmi smiled. "Far from it. I told Mark about a fantasy that I've been thinking about. A sexual fantasy."

"Wait a second," Jay blurted. "I know the three of us are close, but you don't have to share something like that with me."

"But we want to. We want to because in my fantasy it's not only Mark and myself, but you also."

A clock could be heard ticking in another room. Jay's swarthy features paled a bit as he glanced from one to the other. He cleared his throat. Then he cleared it again. His eyes searched Mark's steady gaze. "I don't know what's going on here, but I want you to know I've never made a pass at Emmi. Never. I wouldn't do that to you."

Mark chuckled. "I know that, Jay."

Jay studied his friend for a moment, swung his gaze to Emmi and then back again. Understanding, however tentative, dawned in his eyes. "Are you saying— Are you asking what I think you're asking?"

Mark wrapped an arm around Emmi's shoulders and pulled her close. "Yes."

"Spell it out," Jay demanded softly. He had it figured out, but even as sexually prolific as he was, he found it hard to believe that the couple before him was actually inviting him to join them beneath the covers.

"I know Emmi loves me, but she's been struggling with the fact that sexually, she's attracted to you. It took a bit for me to understand, but what she feels really is not romantic love. She took the chance to tell me her deepest emotions, knowing full well there was every possibility that I might walk away." His blue eyes softened but sparkled as his gaze followed the line of one blushing cheek. Emmi peeked back at him. "She felt guilty when I asked her to elope and refused to say yes until I knew exactly what she was feeling."

Jay scrubbed his jaw with a trembling hand as he stared across the table. Anyone could see how the two felt about one another. Mark and Emmi were a matched set. They always had been and always would be. He couldn't help it when his gaze slid

over Emmi's breasts, which were outlined by the tight satin blouse. Most women couldn't carry off satin or silk. But Emmi was firm without an extra pound on her petite frame.

His cock stirred in his pants at the thought of her naked. He should be ashamed of himself. He'd never thought of her in that way. She had always been Mark's, always would be. Besides, Mark was his best friend. Because of that very special bond, Jay had never paid attention to Emmi's womanly attributes—as strange as that was. Jay would be the first to state he was a "hound dog". He loved women with a passion. He loved to kiss them and he loved to fuck them, but not Emmi. It just wasn't like that with her.

Now she wanted him—and Mark was okay with it?

Amazing.

He leaned forward and studied each of them again. "I know this sounds dense but, Emmi, did you just blurt out to Mark that you wanted to go to bed with me? Come on, you two. You've got to admit this is fucking bizarre."

"This isn't Emmi's idea," Mark instantly replied. "She just *told* me that she'd fantasized about the two of us in bed with her. That's all. An admission forced because the thought filled her with guilt. Jay, I was the one to suggest to her that if you agreed, the three of us should talk about it. I just felt that since she'd opened up to me, it was something we'd always think about. I want to do this for her. I wouldn't trust anyone except you. Just once. That's all." He sat back to study his friend for a moment. "Can I ask you something?"

Jay shook his head in bewilderment. "If you think you can top what you just suggested, go ahead."

Mark laughed outright, feeling better about the evening with every passing minute. "Have you ever been in a ménage?"

Jay's heart rate picked up. "What is this, truth or dare? All right, sorry. That was pretty flippant on my part." He sat back and stared at the couple again. "You two have surprised the hell out of me. Okay. Honestly, Mark? Never. Not that I haven't thought

about it. I like my women for sure, but the opportunity for a threesome has never presented itself, either with two consenting women or with a couple I'm very close to."

"Well, it's presenting itself now," Mark stated quietly. "Like I said, I wouldn't even consider this if it wasn't you."

A corner of Jay's mouth lifted, but his grin disappeared when he addressed Emmi. "You're pretty quiet about this."

She shrugged. "I know. I guess I'm kind of stunned. It was a fantasy, that's all. But one I couldn't keep hidden from Mark, especially when the three of us are together so often. Do you know, Jay, that even up to the point when we sat down for dinner tonight, I didn't believe this could happen? Now I do. I'm surer of it by the moment. I want to have two men make love to me at the same time. And like Mark says, the only extra person we want in our bed is you. You haven't said one way or the other about what you think. I honestly can't read your emotions right now."

Jay rose. "Anyone want a beer? I'm in dire need of one. Never mind, you're both going to have one because I don't like to drink alone."

Once he'd retrieved three cans from the refrigerator, he returned to his chair. After popping open the one in front of him, he took a deep breath. "I know you're waiting for an answer. But you have to understand that you two apparently have been talking about this since last week. You've had a chance to discuss this and get used to the idea. You've weighed the pros and cons. But you dropped this in my lap just minutes ago. I really need some time, plus the three of us should discuss this more. Like for starters, Mark, are you sure that you could watch someone else make love to Emmi? What about afterward? It might seem fun and exciting, and like a big sexual adventure we'll all laugh about afterward, but there are a whole lot of things that can go wrong."

Emmi's reservations disappeared. Jay was reacting just as she'd hoped. He hadn't stalked out of the house and he hadn't jumped to say yes. Instead, he was handling their request like he managed his life. Steady on the course and well thought out. She

smiled. She couldn't help it. Whether Jay understood yet or not, things were going to work out.

Mark looked Jay squarely in the eye. "Oh don't think that my ego wasn't pricked. For a short time I even wondered if she was in love with you."

Emmi swung her head in his direction. "What? You haven't said anything about that. You just spoke about feelings of jealousy."

"You loving Jay was only a fleeting thought that didn't last long. I know you love me, Emmi, and I know how deeply you care for Jay. And I know if I ever needed someone to stand beside me, it would be Jay. That's why I didn't say anything. That little green monster left my mind once I thought things out from beginning to end. Then I worked through the idea that I might have done something to push you away, finally realizing that wasn't what had happened either."

He turned back to Jay who looked a bit confused. "This is not like the adolescent power struggles of 'that girl belongs to me so keep your distance'. Emmi doesn't belong to anyone. She's an independent woman who has agreed with me that she would like to experience a sexual fantasy that she's been thinking about for a long time. And I say agreed with me because even though it was her inspiration, if you will, she vacillated all week long about approaching you. I finally convinced her that I don't have a problem with it. I was the one who said let's explore this. In fact, I'm turned on by the idea of seeing her experience sex in a safe surrounding with a good friend. Neither of us has ever participated in anything like this before."

Jay sipped his beer quietly, but floated in myriad emotions that churned inside him. Their proposal was on the table. He could partake in a night that none of them would ever forget, but in doing so he might chance a friendship of a lifetime.

"I've been a wreck all week," Emmi plunged on. "I kept telling myself that something like this could never work, that in the end we might all be hurt. But I don't think so. We're not promiscuous, as silly as that sounds. Here we are, asking you if you'd like to go to bed with us in order to fulfill a fantasy of mine. It's a flight of the

imagination for sure, but something I think the three of us can handle.” She reached out her hand and was happy that Jay’s was there to clasp it comfortably. “I don’t expect you to answer us right away. Like you said, Mark and I have had a week to talk about this. Think about it. If you decide that you can’t, then you can’t. I’m not sorry that we asked you though.”

Jay nodded. “I do need a day or so. Can you believe it? I’ve had my share of sexual escapades, but the one you just offered is throwing me for a loop. I don’t want to squander what the three of us have.” He let go of Emmi’s hand and stood. “I think I’ll head home. Just give me a day or so, okay? I have to be sure about this. And right now I’m not.”

Emmi rose, followed by Mark a second later. “I’ll get your jacket.” She left the kitchen.

When she disappeared around the corner, Mark extended his hand and waited for Jay to take it. “No matter what you decide, there won’t be any hard feelings. You’re my best friend, Jay. If you decide to say no, then that’s the end of it.”

Jay clasped his hand and saw Mark’s honesty shining in his eyes. “Are you really as at ease with this as you appear to be?”

“Very,” Mark grinned. “Just think about it. We’ve taken the time we need, now you do the same.”

They both turned when Emmi reentered the kitchen. She smiled hesitantly and handed Jay his jacket. Once he shrugged it on, he leaned forward to kiss her on the cheek.

Shaking his head, he gave pause. “That felt different, Emmi. I’ve done it a hundred times, but...”

She laid her hand on his arm. “It felt the same to me. For as worried as I was, everything will be fine. Good night, Jay. Thanks for spending the evening with us. And thank you for not saying no. I’m glad you’re going to give this some thought.”

* * * * *

Jay flopped onto his bed and slung an arm across his forehead. The entire ride home he'd thought about the proposition, surprised that he'd begun to warm to the idea even before parking the car in the garage.

"A threesome," he mumbled into the darkness of his bedroom. "Fuck." The deep breath he inhaled expanded his chest as he went over and over the earlier conversation. If he chose to say no, both Mark and Emmi had made it perfectly clear they would understand. But as Mark stated, Emmi had put the idea out and they most likely would always think about it when in the company of one another. He closed his eyes for a moment, but no answer was forthcoming.

The three of them were taking a huge chance. Didn't Mark and Emmi understand that? He'd been a friend with his old pal since high school. They'd shared lots of escapades, but they'd never shared a woman.

A vision of Emmi materialized in his brain. She was one helluva sexy woman, but never had Jay even considered what it would be like to fuck her. She belonged to Mark no matter how much Mark denied it by stating Emmi was her own person. The two of them belonged together, yet Mark had dangled Emmi in front of him without reservation.

He shifted on the bed, spreading his legs wider as his cock became fully erect. What would it be like to slide into Emmi, to have her mouth sucking at him as Mark watched? But they had suggested a ménage. This wasn't going to be a voyeuristic scenario. At some point, both men would be fucking her in some way at the same time. Maybe they'd have her on her knees as he pounded into her cunt from behind while Mark fucked her mouth.

His hand found his cock inside his shorts. He literally felt the blood pumping through it. Already the tip was moist with pre-cum. He pulled at it once, amazed at how turned on he was. He soon found a steady rhythm. Closing his eyes, he imagined

himself standing before Emmi, looking down as she stroked his cock and flicked out her tongue to lap at the tip. In his mind, Mark fucked her hard as he knelt behind her.

Heat shot through Jay, starting in his groin and spreading through his belly as the picture in his mind changed. Emmi now cupped his balls as she sucked voraciously, sliding down his cock with her full, luscious lips. Her head bounced, building the passion within him as her tongue swirled deliciously around him.

Jay's head dug farther into his pillow as he gasped. Cum spilled over his hand.

Chapter Three

"It's been two days and we haven't heard from him," Emmi called out as she hung up her clothes in Mark's closet.

Lying on his side beneath the quilt on the bed, Mark rested his head in an upturned palm and eyed Emmi's naked butt. Since she'd confessed to him her desire to participate in a ménage, he'd been looking at her differently. Now images of Jay and Emmi were continually on his mind. And not once had he felt a twinge of jealousy. She turned and the light spilling from the closet outlined her shapely body for a quick second before she flicked the switch.

He patted the mattress beside him. "We'll hear from him. I have to admit I'm a little surprised that it's taking him this long to get back to us, but I'm willing to bet that he's going to say yes." He lifted the quilt as Emmi slid in beside him and then pulled her close.

"Maybe we stepped over the line by asking him."

"Quit worrying, Emmi." His hand cupped one full breast with a teasing leer curling his lip. "How is he going to resist this?"

Emmi's heartbeat quickened when his lips captured her nipple. "Would you be angry with me if I told you I've hardly thought about anything else?"

His muffled chuckle met her ears. "Angry? Hell no. I don't know what it is, but since we started talking about this, I've been horny as hell. And I know it's affecting you too. We've had some great sex over the last two days. Jay has to be the reason."

Emmi giggled as she reached down to encircle his rigid cock. "I think you're right." When Mark slid between her thighs and stared down, her smile widened. "Thinking about it makes me hot."

"And wet..."

She reached up to caress his cheek. "And wet. Thank you, Mark, for giving me this chance — that is if he says yes."

"He will," Mark sighed happily. "I guess I'll admit it hasn't left my mind either. You know I was thinking about it today too, and it hit me that when we do this — and I'm convinced our ménage will happen — are we going to do it here?"

Emmi shook her head. "I don't think so. This is our room, our sanctuary. This is the place where we make love and where we'll continue to make love. I think we need a place that is neutral ground, don't you? We agreed it was only going to be one time. As open as we're being about this, I don't think it would be wise to create any memories between these four walls. I think we should get a room at some nice hotel, maybe a hot tub room."

"Emmi, you crack me up," he laughed. "You come off as so innocent, yet that vamp side of you has this all planned out in your head already."

She had the grace to blush. "I just want to assure that we haven't left any details out that we should be thinking about. If we met here in this room, we might end up with ghosts that won't go away. And if we went to Jay's house, he might suffer the same thing."

She squealed delightfully when Mark flipped her to her stomach without warning, grabbed her hips and urged her to her knees. "Suffer?" he said as his hands reached between her legs. The air in his lungs whistled over his lips when his finger slipped through the length of her already wet slit. "How could the three of us together be considered suffering when just thinking about it does this to you?"

Her eyes closed and her hips danced in a slow circle when he moistened the tip of his finger and rubbed her clit. Neither said a word as Mark built her passion further, her surging reaction to his hot touch only making him hornier than he already was.

He bent forward and kissed the straight line of her back. One hand drifted across her firm butt. "In the ass?"

His words drifted up to her.

"Yes..." she mumbled against the pillow, knowing that Mark wanted something a bit different tonight because his wet finger kept finding its way to her rectum. At the moment, he stroked it lightly, already preparing her. They'd only begun to have anal sex a few months earlier. Neither had really ever thought about it until they'd watched a porn movie one night. At first, Emmi hadn't been sure that she would enjoy the act, but with Mark's tenderness they'd soon discovered how enjoyable it could be.

His hands lovingly caressed her ass cheeks as Emmi's fingers curled around the soft pillow. "You have such a great ass. Perfectly round, wonderfully firm, yet your skin is so soft. Christ, I'm ready to fuck you." He reached over and snatched a tube of lubricant from the tabletop. Slowly and teasingly, he squeezed some between her ass cheeks.

Emmi breathed harder and her heart picked up a notch when he stroked her anus, smearing the gel on the puckered ring. "God, that feels good," she purred.

Mark squeezed more lubricant into his hand, palmed his hard erection to thoroughly coat it then pressed it against the line of her ass. He loved the feeling of nestling his cock between her slippery cheeks. "I love fucking you in the ass, but I don't want Jay to do it." He nudged her a bit harder. "This is mine. Do you have a problem with that?"

"No..." her response came in the form of a murmur. Emmi could hardly think as he continued to stroke her.

"But it can be a fantasy, one I'll play along with. If you want it to be Jay's cock in your ass tonight, I'm okay with it. Emmi?"

"Oh god..." She circled her hips, her heart pounding.

The tip of his cock pushed past her opening. Emmi immediately rose to all fours as she spread her legs wider, waiting on the edge for Mark to slide farther into her. "Mark...please."

Firming his grasp around her hips, he pulled her ass toward him as he slid the full length of his cock gently and slowly inside her. His jaw firmed as he fought the urge to come instantly. She was so tight, so hot. Taking a deep breath to settle his heated

emotions, he still couldn't pull his gaze from where her ass was wrapped around his cock. His pubic hair caressed the soft skin of her buttocks.

"Whose cock is in you, Emmi?" He was excited beyond belief as he waited for her to answer.

"Yours..."

He stroked slowly, listening to the tiny gasps that came from her throat. "Not mine. Just tonight it can be Jay's...if you want..." He reached around her waist to pinch her clit as he picked up the tempo of his jerks inside her. "Tell me again. Whose cock is in your ass?"

She grunted quietly as she dipped against each of his surges, floating in a wonderfully sexual haze filled with pleasure. Her chin dropped and she rode his cock silently.

"Whose cock, Emmi?"

"Oh god... Jay's," she grunted out. "Just this one time. Jay's..."

Mark lost control. Her pleasure was his. He began to pound into her, hearing her breath shoot from her lungs each time he plunged as deep as he could go. Her ass slapped against his lower belly. His cock throbbed wildly as the sound of her moans reached his ears.

Mark urged Emmi upright until she hovered on her knees, adjusted his position and forced her back against his chest, all the while ramming his cock in her ass. His hands slipped around her slender waist. Caressing the flatness of her belly, he bit at her shoulder. When she groaned, his hands slid downward until his fingers spread open her cunt lips. He was rough, the tenderness leaving him as he harshly worked her clit.

"Yes..." Emmi groaned as her body shook. She was lost in the wildness of their fucking. "Hard...fuck me hard!"

Her hands covered his, guiding his fingers to an even harsher tempo against her clit.

"Say it, Emmi. Tell him to fuck you harder..." he growled between bites.

"Oh god..." she gasped as the heated friction against her clit drove her to the edge of reason. "Fuck me, Jay. Fuck me as hard as you can!"

Mark's hips thrust forward, his cock piercing her ass time after time. His fingers were merciless against her clit.

Emmi gasped as she reached out to steady herself against the headboard and met each stroke with a wildness of her own. She pictured Jay in her mind. It was Jay's cock she squeezed hard as her orgasm ripped through her, pulsing with need, burning with erotic desire.

With a hot and heavy groan, Mark buried himself as the fire turned to liquid heat.

* * * * *

The following night, both Emmi and Mark sat up on the couch when the doorbell rang. Their eyes met as Mark left the soft cushions and headed for the window. Pulling aside the drapes, he turned with a smile of encouragement. "It's Jay."

Emmi silently watched as he crossed the room to open the door. Reaching for the clicker, she shut off the television. They would know Jay's decision shortly.

"Hi, Jay. Come on in." Mark stepped back and closed the door against the winter chill. "We were wondering when we'd hear from you. Care for a beer?"

Standing in the foyer, Jay nodded as his eyes met Emmi's. "Hi, hope I'm not bothering you. I was going to call, but just thought I'd head on over here to talk to both of you." He turned his gaze to Mark's. "A beer sounds good."

Emmi forced a smile. "No problem. Let me take your jacket." As he handed it to her, she tried to read his expression but came up short of discovering the answer she sought in his dark eyes. "Let's go sit in the kitchen."

Once seated around the table, Jay reclined in his chair. "I know a few days have passed, but I wanted to be certain of my decision. I have just one thing to say first." He watched Mark take Emmi's hand and tuck it into his lap. "I hope you two know how

important both of you are to me. I haven't been able to think of anything but your offer. I want to do this. I want to experience this, but I don't want any repercussions after we're through with our night together. We need to make a pact that however the night goes, we'll move on and remember it as a wonderful time between three consenting friends. So," he shrugged, "if you're absolutely sure we can do this without problems, then I'm in."

Mark squeezed Emmi's hand before she left her chair and slowly rounded the table. She couldn't believe Jay had agreed. Her heart raced as she reached out and took his offered hand. "Thank you." She pressed her lips against his shaven cheek.

When she took her seat again, Mark grinned widely. "Well, I guess the next thing we need to discuss is when and where."

"I've given that some thought also," Jay replied. "I would feel better not doing it here."

"We agree. In fact, Emmi has requested a nice hotel room with a hot tub. If we can reserve a room for this weekend, will that work for you?"

Jay nodded. "Just let me know and I'll be there. I have something else I need to know. This one is up to you, Emmi. I'm checked regularly. I'm clean with no disease, but do you want me to wear a condom?"

That was the one thing that hadn't crossed her mind. Did she dare chance it? She and Mark had started out using condoms until they both knew that they were in the clear. Emmi hated condoms. Those things ruined Mark's fun and hers. She liked to suck his cock without that barrier between them. "I'd rather you not wear one, but it isn't just my decision. It's up to both Mark and myself."

"Me?" Mark asked. "Why me?"

"Because in the end it's going to be just us."

"Well, babe, I know you don't like them so this really has to be your decision. I'm fine with Jay not using them."

Emmi hesitated for only a moment before a grin widened her mouth. “Okay, decision has been made. No condoms.”

Chapter Four

A knock sounded on the hotel room door.

"That must be Jay," Emmi said quietly. When Mark stood to check, she grabbed his arm lightly.

He bent and gave her a quick kiss. "You look scared and excited at the same time."

She shrugged. "I am."

"There's still time to change your mind. You say the word, babe."

She shook her head. "I want this to happen. I love you, Mark. Thank you so much for agreeing to this."

He smiled as he stepped away. Taking a quick look through the peephole, he saw the skewed image of Jay standing in the hall. Quickly, he opened the door. "Hi. Come on in."

Jay stepped into the room, his gaze immediately settling on Emmi where she sat on the edge of the king-size bed. "Hi, Emmi." Without hesitation, he crossed the room.

"Hi, Jay." She stood to accept his hug.

After a warm embrace, Jay set a duffel bag on the floor, shrugged off his jacket and was surprised when Mark grabbed it and hung it up for him. Under less tense circumstances, he would have simply tossed it over the back of a chair.

They all shuffled a bit, not knowing quite where to start.

Jay cleared his throat. "Well, this is a little awkward, don't you think? So what do we do? All get naked, pile into the bed and go at it?"

Mark tossed back his head with what sounded like a relieved laugh. "Leave it to you, Jay, to break the tension. Okay, last chance. Anyone having second thoughts?"

Emmi glanced from one to the other. "Not me."

Jay smiled. "Not me either."

"Well, how about we relax a bit, mix a drink and play cards?"

"Cards?" Jay questioned. He'd walked around with half a hard-on the entire day and now Mark wanted to play cards?

"Cards—strip poker. But first, before we start, I want you and Emmi to do something for me. We've got to get rid of this tension. You know," he stated as he dropped ice into three separate glasses, "you both must know by now that I'm really turned on thinking about this. Emmi and I have been having sex—great sex, fantastic sex—for nearly three years. You two have done nothing more than kiss each other on the cheek. I want you to kiss. Right here and right now in front of me. I'm not talking a kiss between friends. I'm talking a kiss between two people who will shortly be having sex."

Jay's eyes rounded, but after considering Mark's words, he nodded. "I think that's a good idea. I know I'll feel better about the fact that no one is going to be upset with another in this room. All right with you, Emmi?"

She stepped forward until she stood directly before Jay. "I think it's a perfect idea."

Jay eyed Mark. "Are you going to watch?"

"Most definitely. Go ahead. Let's get this evening rolling." His cock hardened with anticipation.

Jay's hands settled on either side of Emmi's slim waist. Gently, he pulled her forward until her breasts brushed against his chest. Looking into her dark eyes, he wet his lips and tilted his head. Dipping down a bit, his mouth captured hers. Immediately, he was shocked at the streak of desire that shot through his groin. Her full, moist lips fit perfectly against his. He was stunned at the emotion racing through him. Tonight was going to be fantastic. Tonight would be one of the most memorable nights of his life. For a moment, he forgot that Mark stood in the room with them as his mind darted from her lips to the pressure of her erect nipples against his chest. Christ. Emmi wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts were round and firm, and suddenly he couldn't wait to see

her naked. His cock stirred. When she lifted her arms and placed them around his neck, his cock was instantly erect.

She pressed small kisses against his mouth, each becoming a bit more urgent with each caress as her fingers played with the thick hair curling at the back of his head. Jay's arms tightened about her. He opened his mouth and darted his tongue across her bottom lip. Emmi immediately greeted him with a warm sigh and a dip of her hips against his cock. His initial reaction was to pull back simply because of the strange situation they'd all found themselves in, but Emmi refused to let his lips go.

Mark was having his own reaction as he watched them embrace. When the couple had first begun to kiss, he'd waited for a streak of jealousy to slash through him. Far from that response, instead his cock had throbbed with excitement. In fact, he set down the glass he gripped tightly and stepped behind Emmi. Jay's head immediately came up, wariness edging his stare until Mark took his hands and guided them to Emmi's ass.

Smiling at the tiny moan he heard come from her, he slipped a hand between her and Jay and plucked at a nipple. His mouth nuzzled the side of her neck.

Emmi gasped against Jay's mouth once more as he kneaded her ass and turned up the heat with passionate darts of his tongue. Her heart leapt with each squeeze against her butt and with each roll of a nipple between Mark's fingers. Finally, she moaned then halted the men's actions. "You...you have to stop and let me catch my breath. Let's...um...let's have a drink."

She dipped out of their hold, quickly poured three bourbons and passed each a glass. Taking one for herself, she held it up and struggled to hide her trembling. "A toast. To us. And to a beautiful night. Thank you, Mark, for making my fantasy come true. I love you."

"I love you too, Emmi," he said and gave her a lingering kiss.

"And Jay?" she said as she smiled at him. "Thank you for agreeing to this. After that kiss, any reservations I might have had went totally out the window."

He nodded. "I know what you mean. I'm glad I said yes." He clinked his glass against hers and waited for Mark to do the same. "To us and to a wonderfully hot night."

The three stood close to one another, sipping their drinks, completely and totally at ease once they'd gotten through their initial reservations.

"So do we keep to the program and play strip poker?" Jay asked.

"I think we're past that now," Emmi giggled. "How about you two sit on the bed and I'll strip first. Then we'll just see what happens." She laughed louder when they both plopped down before her suggestion was completely out. "You two are showing your eagerness. I like that. I like that a lot."

She set down her glass, crossed the room and shut off the glaring light to leave only a soft glow coming from the lamps that shined down on the hot tub. As she reached for her top button, a warm and sensuous smile touched her lips. Her fingers moved to the second button, revealing a bit of cleavage as she moved on to the third. "I've never asked you, Jay. Do you like big breasts or small ones?"

"I like yours, even though I haven't seen them yet."

Her head fell back a bit as she laughed softly. "Good answer. Well, you don't have too much longer to wait. How are you doing, boys? Getting hard yet? It's a little difficult to see with the lights turned low." Her hand rested on the last button near her waist. One thing she could tell in the dim light was that each man's chest expanded with every breath they took. Her stomach jumped a bit at the thought of how eagerly they waited for her to shed her blouse. "I have an idea. I know I was going to strip for you, but I want a show too. How about you each take off your shirts? I mean, it only seems fair since I'm taking off my top." Slowly, she revealed her milky white breasts tipped with dark points, shrugged lightly and let her blouse drift from her shoulders. She stared at the men as she ran a polished nail over an achingly hard nipple.

Both sat speechless on the bed as they stared at her chest. Mark had seen her breasts countless times but never in the company of another man. That simple fact excited him beyond belief.

Jay's mouth suddenly went dry. He swallowed, surprised that he suddenly felt like a teenager about to lose his virginity.

Emmi was beginning to feel the power of having two men at her beck and call—even though they were sitting motionless on the bed. She placed a slender hand on one hip and the other on the snap of her jeans. "Well, apparently you two must like what you see. But you're not going to get anything else until I see bare chests."

A snort left her mouth when they yanked their shirts over their heads at the same time and flung them to the carpeted floor. She stepped closer. Her measuring gaze moved from Mark's crotch to Jay's. Both were in a full state of arousal. Her gaze lifted to meet the hunger in Jay's eyes.

"Come on, Emmi. We did what you asked," he stated with sly purpose. "How about you take off your pants? Mark has seen your bare ass and pussy, but I haven't. And I don't know how much longer I can wait."

"Yeah, off with everything," Mark reiterated eagerly.

The breath caught in her throat. Hearing Jay say the word pussy made her muscles clench tightly. And hearing the sensual excitement in Mark's voice only intensified her growing enthusiasm. Slowly, never taking her eyes from the men, she unsnapped her pants and drew her zipper down tooth by tooth until her flat belly was bared. All she had on was a tiny black thong. Her heart beat with anticipation as she thought about how she was going to draw the scrap of material down her legs. She was going to tease the hell out of them, even though her mind leapt forward to a vision of being held in their arms. But first...

She stepped closer to the bed with a sensual pout on her lips. "I'd like to touch you first. You know, sample the goods. But don't touch me. Just stay where you are with your hands at your sides."

Her fingers skipped across Mark's chest. Nothing was as satisfying as hearing the catch in his breath when her finger trailed down his smooth chest and brushed the skin just below his rib cage. Her eyes moved to Jay as she reached out with the opposite hand. "You two are so different." She curled her fingers through the wiry hair on his chest. "One smooth, one not. One whose skin is darker than the other. I'm getting the best of both, aren't I?"

They remained silent, but already heavy lust blazed behind shuttered lids.

Her hands drifted lower until they rested against the thick bulges between the men's legs. "You're both harder than rocks. That's one area where I'm glad you're the same."

Mark stared at her with one corner of his mouth turned up. His Emmi could be a real tease.

Jay on the other hand chewed slightly on his bottom lip behind closed eyes. Emmi stroking the hard ridge of his cock had him yearning to toss her to her back. He couldn't wait to fuck her. He so enjoyed the erotic touch of her hand. When the contact suddenly disappeared, his eyes snapped open. She had stepped away and now played her fingers across the skin of her hips just above her low-cut jeans. One eyebrow rose, but he never moved his gaze from the vision before him as he addressed Mark. "Does she tease you like this all the time?"

"Oh yeah. She can be a real shit. But it's definitely worth the wait."

"Let's see what you got," Jay stated quietly, but his challenge hung in the air.

Slowly, sensuously, Emmi slipped her jeans over her hips, wiggling as they slid down her legs. Once she kicked them away, she turned then glanced over her shoulder, giving the boys a great shot of her ass. "Stay where you are," she laughed lightly when it looked like Mark was going to leap off the bed. "The show isn't over yet."

Reaching behind her, she drew small circles against the satiny skin of her round ass cheeks then ran one manicured fingertip over the lacy black string that disappeared between her cheeks.

"This is the last of it. Once I take off my thong, I'll be completely naked." She couldn't ignore the appraising gleam in Jay's dark eyes or the twinkle in Mark's. Her fiancé winked, the silent message telling her she couldn't be any sexier than she was right at this moment. "Do you want me totally naked or should I wait until you have your pants off?"

Mark chuckled. "Let's let Jay make that call. What do you say, pal?"

Jay snorted. "I don't know if I can even get my pants over my erection. I don't think I've been this hard in ages. Go ahead, Emmi. Let's see your pussy. If it's as nice as your ass, I'm in for one helluva treat."

Her heart skipped a beat. This was it, but she was more ready to be completely naked than the men would ever know. She kept her back to them as her fingers caught the string at each hip. Slowly, she pulled them down until the string between her cheeks followed. She bent all the way over as she stepped out of the small thong, knowing the view she was giving them. Finally turning, she let one finger drift through the small strip of vertical dark hair, the only curls left after she'd shaved her pussy. Lifting one brow, she eyed Jay. "So do you like what you see?"

He licked his lips. "Most definitely. So what's next?"

"I'd like to see some cock."

Mark was already on his feet and tearing at the zipper of his jeans. By the time he'd kicked them away, shorts and all, Jay was following his lead.

Her eyes fell to Jay's erection when he straightened. It curved upward, thick and hard with a glistening tip. He was slightly bigger than Mark and Mark had a great cock. Oh yes. The night was going to be spectacular.

"I'm ready to fuck you, Emmi," Mark drawled. "I'm sure Jay feels the same. Who do you want first? Or do you want us both?"

She could hardly breathe. Moisture leaked onto her thigh. Her heart pounded wildly in her chest. Emmi was so turned on that it wasn't going to take much for her to explode with an orgasm. But she wasn't through with her vamping. She floated closer

to them. "I want you both to sit back down. Don't look so crestfallen. You won't be sorry. It's just that I want to try something. I want to come before we go any farther. I've waited a long time for this. But I'm giving the orders. You have to listen. Do I have your promise?"

"Christ," Marked grinned. "You can have anything you want."

With a sly smile, she spread her stance and placed her hands on her hips. "Jay? I want you to massage one ass cheek. Mark? You do the same with the other." She turned away and presented her back to them. "You can't touch anything else. Can you do that?"

Already, both men's fingertips traced across her skin.

Emmi bent forward a tad and placed her hands against her upper thighs, which made her ass pout in their direction. "Just my ass. Nothing more."

She closed her eyes. Their fingers against her skin sent shivers scattering through her. Her ass circled slowly as she whimpered her pleasure.

Each man worked his hands downward, cupping the bottom of her cheeks. It was heaven and she was as wet as she'd ever been. Her heart picked up its tempo when they continued to massage her cheeks but used the fingers of their free hands to run tickling paths up and down the inside of her thighs. "Oh you two are as bad as me." She pulled away and turned back to face them. "How about my breasts?"

Her arms raised and she dragged her fingers through the length of her hair, loving the fact that there were four hands cupping and squeezing her breasts, plucking at her nipples until they peaked hard. Her hips swung gently from side to side, but her mind was always drawn to the hot core of desire that built deep in her womb. All they would have to do was touch her cunt. Just once and she would be trembling with orgasm. That was exactly what Emmi wanted.

"She wants us both," Jay smiled roguishly, his eyes never leaving her nude body. "I have an idea. Why don't you lie on the bed, Emmi? I brought some body oil with me."

"No," Emmi croaked, eyes closed. "Not until I come. I want you both to play with my pussy. Make me come..."

Her wish was immediately granted when Mark guided Jay's hand between Emmi's legs. Jay instantly pierced her cunt with one thick finger as Mark rubbed her clit.

Her orgasm rocketed through her womb, nearly bringing Emmi to her knees. She flailed out, grasped their shoulders and hung on for dear life as the pulses throbbed on. Jay inserted another finger, his cupping hand holding her upright as she gasped and rocked against Mark's sweet caresses. "Oh my god..." she swallowed then remained silent until the hot thumping of her heart slowed. Her body jerked when Jay withdrew. She fell into Mark's lap with a soft moan. "That was fantastic... Thank you, thank you both. I just couldn't wait until we were on the bed."

Mark kissed the soft cloud of her hair. "It's only the beginning, Emmi." He glanced at Jay. "I think we'll just continue this on the bed." He rose with Emmi cuddled in his arms and laid her gently on the mattress.

Emmi scooted to the center of the bed, her body still warm and flushed from her orgasm. She watched Jay take a bottle from his duffel bag as Mark inserted a CD into the player he'd brought with him. Soft jazz filled the room. Once both men were on the bed with her, she allowed Mark to roll her gently to her stomach.

"This is a better way to start. You just relax."

Shoving the pillow aside, Emmi rested her cheek on her forearms and closed her eyes.

Listening intently, she swallowed her excitement when the sound of a bottle being opened was followed by the smooth swishing sound of oil being rubbed between masculine palms. Even with eyes closed, she was certain it was Mark who carefully dripped oil on her back. Her muscles flinched slightly at the cool feel of the thick liquid, but it was soon warmed by not only her body heat but also the hands that gently massaged her shoulders. She sighed, loving the attention she received. She tensed

slightly again when another pair of hands began to knead oil over one firm calf. Both of them now. They never said a word, only worked the supple muscles of her body.

Emmi groaned. A four-handed massage. It was the most erotic thing she'd ever experienced and they hadn't even fucked her yet with their cocks. Pings of desire tripped through her. She struggled to stay as still as possible, but someone had his hands on her ass, squeezing and rubbing circles until she had to wiggle beneath the onslaught. Her heart leapt in her chest when hands forced her legs wider before slipping to her inner thighs to work the muscles. The hands on her ass still caressed her.

Pure ecstasy. That was the only way she could describe the feeling. Could they see what they were doing to her? A small pearl of liquid seeped from her pussy. If they touched her clit, she was going to come again. Just like that.

"Roll over."

Mark's husky voice reached her. It took a second for his directive to make sense, but she rolled to her back with her eyes closed. Again she heard the bottle cap being opened, then the same sound as they warmed the oil in their hands. She waited breathlessly for them to begin.

It took all her will to keep her eyes closed when someone drizzled oil over her left breast. Strong hands encircled each swollen mound, kneading and rolling her nipples between their fingers. She sucked in her belly muscles when those same hands brushed down her midriff and caressed her stomach.

The mattress shifted and suddenly a tongue licked at a nipple. Her breath came heavy as teeth gently nipped at the taut bud. Her eyes fluttered open to see Jay's dark hair. As if knowing she followed the movements of his mouth, he opened his eyes and soundlessly continued to tease the tip of her breast. His lips curled in a grin but he never stopped his merciless licks against her skin. Mark joined him and began to suckle her opposite breast.

Her lips parted. Two men, two mouths, both drawing at her nipples, sucking hard with each breath they took. A shudder of delight rippled down her spine. She couldn't

stop the groan of pleasure that left her. The heat they created was nearly impossible to believe.

Mark shuffled to the bottom of the bed, lifted one of her legs and rested her ankle on his shoulder. Expertly, he stroked the length of her calf, his thumbs working oil into the sleek muscles as his fingers massaged her shin. When Emmi dragged her eyes from Jay's hooded gaze, she nearly fainted as she watched Mark's hand creep closer to her pussy. Though every nerve ending responded to his sensual manipulation, it was like watching from afar. He stopped just short of touching her cunt, but his fingers danced from one inner thigh to the other, building her sexual anticipation until it crackled through her body and threatened to render her senseless.

"Please...enough," she murmured, her body lightly writhing between them. "Someone..."

Jay chuckled. "I think she's had her payback for teasing the hell out of us, don't you agree?" He was rock-hard, achingly rigid and more excited than he'd ever been. All he wanted to do was bury himself inside Emmi's pussy, but he refused. He wanted to eat her first, to drown in the juice he could see wetting the inside of her thighs. He would get his turn. He sat up and glanced at Mark over her squirming body. "I want to watch you lick her and see her come. Then I want my turn." He moved away and settled back on his haunches.

As Mark removed Emmi's leg from his shoulder, his opposite hand pressed the inner thigh of her other leg to spread her wide.

Jay's stomach clenched when his eyes settled on her pink, shaved lips. Open as she was, her lips glistened with her arousal but disappeared from his view when Mark began to kiss her inner thigh. Soon, though, Jay watched Mark part her lips to expose her swollen clit and knew it would take only a matter of a lick against it before she came hard. Emmi was ready again. Her wriggling body proved it. Her heaving breasts only reaffirmed the sensual state she resided in.

Mark ran his tongue through her slit and wrapped his lips around her clit.

Emmi's body contorted. Her hips swung up and she gasped, instantly having been tossed into another huge orgasm. Her body rocked and her hands clawed at her breasts.

Jay fell to his side, clasped her flailing hands and imprisoned them on either side of her head as Mark continued to lap at her clit. He chased her mouth as her head rolled from side to side until he captured her lips and plunged his tongue inside her. Emmi whimpered endlessly as she met each powerful stroke. Her hips rotated, grinding her pussy against Mark's mouth. Jay continued to kiss her even as her body quieted. Mark's lips burned a trail of kisses upward against her dampened skin until his head lay against her belly.

Infrequent shudders still gripped her when the two men finally pulled away. Emmi didn't even have the strength to pull her legs together. She simply lay there, gasping for air. Her eyes fluttered open after a minute and a smile widened across her face. "You two are going to kill me." She took a deep breath. "But at least I'll die happy. That was wonderful."

Mark bent and kissed her passionately. The kiss was erotic and sensual, the taste of her pussy coating his tongue. It hadn't been that way when Jay kissed her. She was going to change that. Turning her head, she looked at him. "Would you do it? Will you lick me and make me come?"

The moment of truth was at hand. So far he'd only kissed her mouth and played with her breasts. His gaze met Mark's.

Mark smiled and nodded then got off the bed. He flipped a chair around and sat down. "If I touch her any more, I'm going to come instantly. Go ahead. It's my turn to watch her come."

Jay's heart pounded. He wanted to taste her but wanted a bit more variety. "Sit on the edge of the mattress."

Emmi sat up with Jay's help and scooted across the mattress until her legs hung over the edge. Grabbing a pillow, he gently forced her to her back. "Okay, lift your hips." She did as he asked and he slipped the pillow beneath her. The position raised

her lower body up even as her legs hung over the edge. Jay couldn't help himself. He reached out and ran his fingers across the small strip of pubic hair then lower over her clit and through her wet slit.

Emmi reacted with a jerk but smiled and let her arms fall to her sides. Already she'd begun to get hot. She was open to both men's views and shortly, Jay was going to go down on her.

He sank to his knees and placed a hand on each of her thighs, dragging them wider. "Mark is going to watch, Emmi. Why don't you lift your head too and see what I'm going to do to you."

She reached out, nabbed a pillow and placed it behind her head. She was so ready for this, so ready to come again, but nothing had prepared her for the jolt that shot through her when his tongue slipped through her wet folds. He did it again, never taking his eyes from hers. Emmi held her breath when she felt his finger at her opening. The tiny nibbles at her tender clit, the hot gleam in Jay's eyes as he trained his gaze on hers and how he gently eased his finger inside her was overwhelming. She'd never dreamed how hot the fantasy come true would actually be. She sighed a heavenly sigh.

She cast a shuttered glance at Mark where he sat on a chair. His hand stroked his erect penis. Their eyes met and Emmi saw nothing but love shine out at her. Her eyes closed and her breath hitched in her chest when Jay slipped a second finger inside her, stroking softly, feeling the inside walls of her pussy.

Her hips moved to the rhythm he set. His tongue flicked endlessly, his fingers torturing her wet lips. Flames began to lick hot at her core. She reached down and clutched at Jay's skull, pulling him harder against her clit as she brought her knees up to allow him complete access to her cunt.

He licked through her folds ferociously, knowing that it wouldn't be long before Emmi lost all reason. Her hips began to bounce.

"Oh my god...yes!" Suddenly, Mark's heavy breathing was beside her ear. Mark? Her eyes opened. When had he crawled onto the bed?

Mark never took his eyes from hers. "Are you going to come, Emmi?"

"Yes," she gasped out. "Yes." Her hips rocked faster.

"Fuck her, Jay. Fuck her with your cock."

Jay needed no second prompting. He rose to his knees, pushed between her thighs and rammed his cock into her. He pumped crazily, his motions shaking the bed around them.

Long, hard glides instantly became shorter and quicker when Emmi grabbed at his arms and met each thrust with one of her own. He filled her as he swelled harder, his balls tightening until her choked groan sent him over the edge. Heat spiraled through him as the first streams of cum let loose.

Her pussy milked at him as another orgasm shuddered through her.

Chapter Five

"I want more," Emmi stated breathlessly when Jay pulled his cock from her body.

He rolled to the mattress beside her, his chest heaving with the exertion. "I'm going to need a minute. Christ, that was great. Lucky guy, Mark. You get her all the time. Hey, did I thank the two of you?"

Emmi giggled as both men chuckled. "I'm the one who will be thankful. This is deliciously sinful and I'm loving every minute."

Mark rolled from the bed with a chuckle. "You are having fun, aren't you?"

"Oh god yes! Thank you, Mark. It's better than I thought it was going to be."

"As long as you're in such a good mood, how about a blowjob then? My cock is aching. I can't believe how hot I got watching Jay fuck you."

Emmi shoved the pillow out of the way. "I'll blow you under one condition. That I get to position everyone."

"What do you have in mind?" Mark grinned.

"Let me show you. Jay, slide farther into the middle. I want you behind me when I'm sucking on Mark. Hopefully, you'll get it up quickly again."

"I seem to remember you saying we were going to kill you tonight. I think it's going to be the other way around," Mark snorted.

Jay crawled to the middle of the bed. His cock actually stirred when Emmi knelt on all fours in front of him. Unbelievable. He watched her reach out to stroke Mark's thick cock and urge him closer to the edge of the mattress. The height of the bed was perfect as Mark nuzzled his cock closer to her mouth.

She began with small licks against the slit of his penis then teasing nibbles down to the base of Mark's shaft. Jay's cock tingled as if he was getting the blowjob. Being this

close and watching the passion harden his friend's face provoked a gut-level reaction deep inside him. Emmi continued her light bites back up the length of Mark's cock until she rounded her mouth and sucked at the head. Mark's hips surged forward as his head fell back and his eyes closed. Opening wider, she sucked his shaft deep into her mouth.

Jay watched her tongue swirl around Mark's penis. It wouldn't be long before he was hard again, not with the show Emmi put on. He reached between his legs and encircled his half-hard dick. Pulling at it, he kept the motion going, each stroke timed to the motion of Mark's hips. When his cock was stiff enough, he reached out and pulled a finger through Emmi's wet lips and began to finger her pussy. Her hips bounced back with acceptance. Crawling on his knees, he nudged up behind Emmi and easily slipped into her pussy.

For a short moment, Emmi stopped sucking Mark, closed her eyes and enjoyed how Jay's cock filled her completely. She was here with two special men who were ready to jump to her every whim, ready to send her skyrocketing into sexual pleasure she'd never experienced and the idea made her feel naughty and wicked and lucky beyond belief. With Jay's cock pounding into her slick heat, she braced herself more firmly over one hand, circled Mark's penis with the other and sucked hard.

Goose bumps raised on her arms when Mark pulled from her mouth with a hint of devilish intensity in his eyes. "Sit on Jay's cock and fuck him that way."

By the time she turned, Jay was on his back and holding his erection, ready and waiting. She straddled his belly and easily slid down his cock because she was slick with need. She paused for a moment to enjoy the feeling then began to slide her cunt up and down. Jay reached up and fondled her breasts as they found a rhythm that worked.

"Why don't you suck her tits, Jay? That'll leave something open for me."

Emmi sank forward and hung one breast over Jay's mouth, waiting for him to capture the nipple. Her eyes widened in pleasant surprise not only from the feel of his teeth tugging at the erect bud but also from Mark's finger that trailed down the crack of her ass that was spread wide as she continued to fuck Jay.

She glanced over her shoulder and watched in fascination when the tube of lubricant suddenly appeared in Mark's hand. He spread gel over the finger that had only seconds earlier played about her anus. When he returned with a cool touch, she jumped slightly.

"Stay bent over, Emmi, but keep fucking Jay." Slowly and expertly, he slipped the tip of his finger into her ass.

Emmi gasped, but her hips kept moving.

As Mark slid his finger deeper into her tight ass, he could feel Emmi's muscles flex and how Jay's cock filled her pussy. Using his other hand, he reached between her legs to stroke her clit.

Emmi's reaction went off the charts. With a loud groan, her body began to pound away at Jay's cock, imprisoning Mark's hand between her clit and Jay's stomach. His finger stroked the walls of her ass, in and out, in tempo with her wild fucking.

Emmi's loud moan turned into a soft scream as her body shook and shuddered through another orgasm. It went on and on until even Jay exploded again.

But Mark was still hard. His cock throbbed between his legs. When Emmi rolled limply from Jay's body, he quickly spun her to her stomach again and yanked her ass into the air. Without a word, he scrambled onto the mattress, ran his cock up and down her crack to moisten it then pressed it against her anus. He slipped in inch after inch until he was buried.

Emmi's head lolled. Her eyes were shut but she immediately answered Mark's silent call with a backward swing of her hips. "Fuck me, Mark. Fuck me hard. Oh my god I can't believe how I want more. Always more..."

Grabbing her waist firmly, Mark began to drive into her ass. Her breasts shook and her body tensed as she thrust back.

Jay was stunned at the sight of Mark's perspiring body heaving itself always forward only to be met by Emmi's ass slapping against his groin. It was a sight that he would never forget. There was something primordial about the way Mark's body

curved protectively over the woman he loved, fucking her, branding her as their bodies sexed passionately and obliviously to anything around them.

He didn't feel left out or forgotten but more privileged to observe something so hot and sensual.

Mark's thrusts changed to short hard jerks. He'd shove his cock into Emmi's ass, pull back until he almost slipped out, hesitate then ram forward again. Time after time, until Emmi's moans turned to whimpers of pleasure. She was ready to come again.

Jay reached out and cupped her dripping pussy, his finger furiously rubbed her engorged clit as Mark fucked himself to orgasm.

Emmi fell to the mattress, her body spasming in thrusting jerks. Mark followed her down, his cock still embedded in her ass as he came. Jay's fingers, trapped between Emmi and the bed, continued to caress her until she lay motionless and exhausted.

* * * * *

"Oh my god. I can't believe it. I want to fuck again."

The trio lay on the bed together and had been for the last hour. After the last episode of hot sex, they'd taken a shower together. After the men had carefully washed their cocks, they were each treated with a fantastic blowjob, but neither had had the energy to come again. Instead, they simply enjoyed Emmi's mouth as the warm water streamed down their bodies. When she finally admitted that her jaw hurt, they'd piled onto the bed, munched on snacks that Emmi had brought and drank a few beers.

"Christ, you're going to dehydrate me, Em."

Jay laughed at Mark's smart-assed comment. "You're not the only one. How in hell have you been keeping up with her? She's still got more energy than the two of us put together."

"Ha! I've never seen her so horny."

Emmi raised her nose and sniffed. "You two are talking about me like I'm not even in the room. I'm having the time of my life. We said that we were only going to do this once, so I'm milking every bit that I can."

"Every bit of cum, you mean," Jay teased. "I don't think I've ever been this hard for this long or come this many times in a row."

Emmi leaned over and kissed his mouth. "Well, I'm not done with either of you, so drink up, build your fluids because we're going to go play in the hot tub."

Mark grinned wickedly. "Well, I think my weariness just disappeared. What about you, Jay?"

"I'm with you, buddy. Let's do it."

They rolled from the bed and stepped into the hot tub only a moment later.

Emmi squealed with delight as she sank onto a bench. The warm water enveloped her like a cloak. There was just enough room for the three of them to fit comfortably. After flipping on the jets, it didn't take long for the steam to roll about their heads. Emmi had a man on each side of her. Thoroughly enjoying herself, she reached out and grabbed their cocks. Shortly, she had them both hard as the marble she leaned against. "Who wants to fuck me first?"

Mark stood, the water sloughing off his body and splashing everywhere as he shook his head. "Stand up, wench. I'll get you ready and let Jay finish."

Emmi stood with Jay's help. "We're going to do it standing up?"

"Nope. We're going to do it with you leaning over the edge." Gently he urged her to her knees on the bench beside Jay and then guided her body forward.

The cool marble against her breasts felt wonderful with the steam that swirled around their bodies. She looked at Mark with a furrowed brow when he slid onto the bench beside her. "What are you doing?"

"I wanted to kiss you for a bit. I thought while I did that, Jay could finger you and get you good and ready."

Her stomach clenched at the immediate touch of Jay's hand cupping her pussy beneath the water.

"Spread your legs a little," Jay asked as he sidled closer.

She did and was rewarded with his fingers slipping up and down through her slit. Turning her head, she met Mark's mouth, kissing and tonguing with him until she began to moan. Jay teased her without mercy, every once in a while brushing over her clit but never entering her with a finger. Emmi could feel Mark's smile against her mouth as he kissed her. "What are you grinning about?" she murmured.

"He's driving you crazy, isn't he? I can tell by the way your body is swaying and the little whimpers in the back of your throat."

"I want to be fucked. I can't seem to get enough tonight."

As the words left her mouth, Jay shifted in the tub, got behind her and urged Emmi's body farther over the edge of the hot tub. In that position, she could no longer kiss Mark. She groaned when Jay's hands forced her thighs wide. A moment later, his fingers spread her pussy lips. He blew lightly, his warm breath actually cooling her pussy lips.

Emmi rolled her head, eyes closed. One large hand settled on her ass. Was it Jay's or Mark's? In her mind, she followed the path it sketched as it slipped its way down around her belly to come to rest between her legs. A split second later, a finger burrowed into her pussy. Emmi gasped louder and her knees nearly buckled beneath her.

"You're dripping already."

Now she knew. It was Mark who worked her clit and it was his finger taunting the walls of her pussy.

Jay spread her legs farther apart and ran his fingers down her crack and then slipped a finger into her vagina. "God, you've got a hot pussy."

Her head rolled slowly against the tile. They both were inside her, both building her need until her hips rolled with their thrusts.

"Please," she gasped. "Someone... I want someone inside me..."

They ignored her plea and continued to fuck her with their fingers, stretching her wide.

She rocked against the hands on her ass.

"Mark...Jay...please!"

The fingers disappeared and were replaced by the tip of a cock that nudged at her opening. It was Jay because Mark was at her side, nibbling the soft white skin of her shoulder.

Jay inserted his cock only past the tip of its head then backed out again, only to return a second later with the same motion. Emmi tried to back onto his erection, but Mark held her in place by claspings her hips. Once she quit squirming, he stepped out of the tub and stood in front of her, his cock hard and ready for her lips. Emmi immediately pulled it to her mouth, licked it up one side then covered it completely as she came down on him.

Jay continued to tease the opening of her pussy for endless minutes, watching as Emmi sucked Mark, her head bouncing as she ravaged the length of his cock. She was wild, she was wanton, and she rolled her hips in a silent plea.

Jay held his cock and ran it up and down her ass crack. Working his other hand around her hip, he flicked at her clitoris as, once again, he barely inserted the tip of his dick into her pussy.

Emmi moaned loudly, but she kept sucking hard on Mark's cock. Mark's eyes were now closed as he reveled in the passionate response he couldn't hold back. His hips moved faster, his fingers weaving through her wet hair.

A growl rumbled in Jay's broad chest and then escaped through his lips as he rammed all the way in then remained motionless as he gripped her hips firmly and held her tightly against him.

His teasing drove her mad—lying inside her and not moving was unbearable. She whimpered, but when Mark grunted and started to come, all her attention homed in on his pleasure. She stroked his cock, licking and swallowing as he emptied himself.

That's when Jay began to pound into her, deeper and harder with each stroke, ramming thrusts that made her breasts shudder against the marble.

Emmi struggled to match his rhythm.

"That's it, Emmi. Come for Jay..." Mark's voice floated around her as she let go of his cock and braced herself to meet each deep plunge with a vengeance.

"Oh god!" she screamed as her head came up. Gasping, she rocked harder, feeling sparks building in her womb, racing out across her belly until they encompassed her mind. "Oh god..."

Her body convulsed with the harsh orgasm that ripped through her. She sank to the cool tile, clutching at the edges of the tub as her body shuddered time after time.

Jay drove in deep, spilling his cum with a bottomless groan of satisfaction.

Mark literally pulled Emmi from the hot tub when Jay withdrew his cock. When she quietly placed her head against his shoulder, Mark grinned at his friend.

"I think we may have finally tired her out."

"I'm exhausted," Emmi whispered. Then she giggled. "You're going to have to tuck me in for a while."

Once in bed, she wearily patted the mattress beside her. "Come on, you two. Come sleep with me. I know the original plan was for only Mark and me to stay the night, but I want you here in the morning, Jay. Not for sex, but to know that everything is totally fine with the three of us." She peeked up. "Would you stay?"

Jay smiled as he nodded. Both he and Mark crawled into the bed and sandwiched Emmi safely between them. She sighed her contentment and closed her eyes.

They slept soundlessly until the bright light of morning woke them.

About the Author

Picture Ruby Storm with her hair on fire! Yup, that's her every morning when she bounds out of bed and heads for her home office. Ruby thanks her lucky stars that she's a full-time writer and a part-time matchstick. Although, there is a hint of a bulldog somewhere in there, too. Once she sticks her teeth into something, there's no turning back until it works.

Ruby loves to write, plain and simple. So much so that she took a leap of faith in herself and quit her 'professional' job, stuck her butt in front of a computer, and finally discovered what brings her true happiness. Her Romantica® stories for Ellora's Cave spans many genres: Contemporary, Futuristic, Fantasy, Paranormal, Time Travel and Historical. Be sure to check out her sweet historical romance series at Ellora's Cave's sister site, Cerridwen Press. All of Ruby's titles have received top awards for excellence in writing.

Some might think that the life of a writer is glamorous and enviable. This is what Ruby has to say about that: "Glamorous? Think of me in sweats and an old t-shirt just beneath that flaming head of mine, typing with one hand and beating out the fire with the other. Envious? Most times my 'new' job consists of long hours of dedication and damn hard work, cramping leg muscles from sitting too long, and a backside that for some reason is widening by the week. But I wouldn't change my life for the world!"

Ruby welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Ruby Storm

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