

The First Time

Jade Roe



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By

Jade Roe

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ISBN: 1-894942-19-1

Cover art by Martine Jardin

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Published by eXtasy Books a division of Zumaya
Publications, 2003

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CHAPTER ONE

Joanie Anderson strolled past a display that smelled faintly of cinnamon but she ignored the allure of the scent in order to stop and cock her head to the side. She so wanted to read the instructions on the box in front of her.

“What do you think of that?”

The throaty whisper tickled the sensitive skin at the back of her neck causing a quick chill to race across her skin. Without thinking she responded to the threat of intimacy within the familiar cadence. She smiled to herself before turning around. “Very intriguing, but I’m not sure what they do.”

The promise of warmth in his cobalt eyes reached to a place deep inside her. It still amazed her that after a year of dating David Thorn she still felt weak in the knees when he graced her with his undivided attention. Her job entailed counseling women on not allowing men to have complete power over them but something about David made him an exception to every rule she offered her clients. Whether it was the inky blackness of his straight hair that drew a hand towards its softness, the very purity of blueness in his eyes that defied duplication, or the calm authoritative way he made her want to please him, she wasn’t sure.

Joanie only knew this man broke every rule she lived by.

"The unknown excites you, doesn't it?" He rested his hands on her shoulders and stared right into her eyes.

She refused to let him know how close to the truth he actually was, even if he'd guessed correctly. And although he stood in front of her and his hands never touched her in any intimate way, she felt the heat emanating from every part of his body, and she somehow knew their behavior wasn't entirely appropriate for public display.

She shifted from one foot to the other. This kind of talk was making her so hot. "I'm a bit scared to ask how you use them."

David chuckled. "Shall we ask the clerk if we can take them out of the box?" He quirked a sexy eyebrow her way. "Better yet...I'll tell her to give us a demonstration."

"No," Joanie whispered, and then giggled when David pulled her close, his strong hands strolling up her back until finding her thick platinum hair and giving it a tug. She let her head fall back and gazed into the face of her lover. She felt the dimple in her cheek sink in. "Do you think she will actually give us a demonstration?" Even to her, her voice sounded breathless.

"You would like that, wouldn't you." David's grin showed how much he enjoyed her curious nature.

"Well," she said, teasing back, "maybe we could ask her to model those clothes for us as well." Joanie memorized where his gaze strayed to earlier when it

skittered across the store to several circular racks stuffed full of lace, feathers, and leather.

His blue-eyed gaze wandered there again. "No, I want *you* to model them for me." David brought his attention back to her and released her hair. He pulled the box in question from the shelf. "And these Ben-Wa balls. I think you will love these."

"What do you do with them?" Joanie whispered as she studied the large marble-type balls, attached to each other by a long white string.

"You put them inside you."

David lowered his gaze, and she just knew he could sense the heat growing in between her legs. Joanie had taken to not wearing any panties under her mini-skirts when she went out with David. From the first she savored the knowledge that she drove him wild by being almost naked, more naked than a passer-by may realize.

David moved his hand so it rested on her hip, and turned her to face the items shelved on the end-cap. As he stood behind her, his other hand brushed her bare leg, and then moved up underneath her skirt.

Joanie sucked in her breath, and then looked over her shoulder at the handful of people shopping around them.

"Relax," he whispered.

She turned her head to meet those intense blue eyes. David slid one finger along her shaved lips, and instantly she felt the release of heat and moisture when his finger traced the innermost folds of her pussy.

She felt the rumble of David's groan against her

back.

"They both go inside me?" Joanie turned her attention to the box, needing to stay focused before she ended up putting on a show for the shoppers nearby. "And the string? Is it there so they can be pulled out?"

"Yes." David watched her. "Would you use them?"

"Yes," she whispered, wanting to find out how they would feel as pressure built inside her.

"Then I'll buy them for you." David held the box, and led her over to the lingerie. "Now...let's get you a new outfit."

* * * * *

Joanie grinned as David opened the car door and she slid across the black leather seat of his Datsun 350Z. A two-seater. Cozy. Sleek. The dark windows only added to the feel of being in a world made for only the two of them, and when he climbed in next to her, his musky scent enveloped her. Joanie felt safe and protected, and very pleased with her new toy and outfit.

"Have I told you how beautiful you are?" David started the car, but left it in neutral as he slid his arm around her, and turned so his seductive gaze was inches from her.

Joanie felt a warmth travel through her when he leaned forward and kissed her.

He slid his hand under her waist length tank top, and cupped her tit, then pinched her nipple with two fingers, tugging as he did.

She gasped, and he ravished her mouth, shoving his tongue down her throat.

Joanie whimpered into David's mouth, and let the orgasm he'd brought to a peak ride through until she felt the moisture at her crotch. She squirmed to let him know he had made her cum.

"Put the balls in you, Joanie," David ordered, and moved back into his seat, although he continued to play with her nipple.

"You want me to do it here? Right now?" Joanie looked around the parking lot where they sat, as a quickening tightened her gut. She felt a wave of nervous excitement move through her, and sucked in her breath as her heart pounded faster and she wondered if someone would notice what they were doing.

David could do that to her, with his sexual demands. He liked to dominate her and although often she protested, as she thought of lectures she might give on why a woman shouldn't let a man control her, deep inside, it excited her.

Joanie watched a customer leave Priscilla's Adult Toy Store—where they had just been—and get into a BMW parked beside David's Datsun. The lady never even noticed her and David, hidden behind the dark tinted windows as they sat in his idling black sports car.

David twisted her nipple, and Joanie quit looking out the window, recognizing his hint for attention.

"Ouch." She squirmed, but smiled as the tingles of pain quickened deep within her gut. "Okay, I'll do it."

David leaned forward and lifted the bag she had

placed between her feet. He slid the plastic sack between her legs and then slowly drew it open, reaching inside and rubbing her pussy through the material before grabbing the box and pulling it out.

Joanie felt her heart begin to beat faster, in anticipation, as she watched him open the box, remove the two large, silver balls, and hold them in the flat of his palm.

"Slide them in you one at a time, and leave the string out," he instructed as he held them out to her.

Joanie lifted one of the smooth round balls in her hand. It felt hard and cool to the touch. She stroked her fingertips over the slick surface, and then glanced at David.

He brushed his fingers over her hair, pulling it back from her face. "Do it, babe," he whispered. "For me."

Her insides tingled from nerves, and she bit her lip, turning her attention to the round balls in her palm. The thought of placing the sex toys inside her made her feel wanton, as if she were the most shameless woman on the planet, but at the same time, made her feel very decadent, very wicked. As she rotated one of the balls with her fingers, she wondered if having them inside her wouldn't make her feel hot, too. She sucked in a breath of air before pulling her knees up to her chest, and spreading her legs, so that one leg touched the car door, and the other leg rested over the parking break.

David leaned over to help, resting his hand on her inner thigh, and pushed so that her legs stretched open further, causing her to feel a sting in her inner

thigh. His hand seared her skin where he touched her, and his fingers moved in tiny circular motions, to caress her, calm her.

"Oh, the ball is cold." Joanie caught her breath as she placed the ball between her legs and let her moistness coat it before pushing the circular object inside her. Her body grasped the ball and her inner muscles flexed as she slid the ball inside her.

David sucked in his breath. "Oh babe...yes, that's it. Now the other one."

"It feels like some kind of mal-formed dick is inside me." Joanie giggled, feeling embarrassed and aroused at the same time as David leaned closer to watch when the second ball slid in as easily as the first. "I can squeeze my pussy muscles around them and feel each ball."

"Good girl." David ran his fingers up her inner thigh to her shaved lips, and coated his finger with her juices. The thought that she got so wet doing as he instructed excited him to a point of madness. All he wanted at that moment was to fuck her until she begged for release. "And you are absolutely dripping wet. You've got me hard as a rock, babe."

"I like how they feel inside me." Joanie looked down at his hand as she tugged on the string just enough to move the balls against each other.

David took over, sliding a finger in and out of her pussy, and moving the Ben-Wa balls sideways within her, caressing her inner pussy.

Joanie gasped, then let her head fall back, moaning, as the two balls moved within her and forced her inner muscles to tighten.

"Oh yeah. I'm going to like these." David chuckled, patted her leg, and then adjusted himself in his seat as he shifted the car into gear.

Joanie watched as David turned into the parking lot of the grocery store they frequented, since it was within blocks of their complex. She had expected him to turn on to the oak lined drive which lead to their apartment, but turned to stare at him when he entered the busy parking lot instead. "We aren't going home?"

"Oh no, darlin'," he said, then grinned, and watched the cars around them as he slowed, looking for a parking place.

She studied his ruggedly handsome profile. As always, she felt awestruck that such a man as David had chosen to be with her. The man had success, an incredible sex appeal, and an aura of self-confidence which drew him attention whether he asked for it or not. Joanie took in his long, straight nose, and square jaw line, as well as his smooth, tanned complexion. With black straight hair that bordered his face—which he wore just a tad longer than the average professional—she knew she didn't need these Ben-Wa balls to get wet for this man. Just the thought of him made her horny.

"We're going shopping. With those balls in that soaked pussy of yours, you will love the experience of walking in public with them inside you. They will make you cum and cum every time you move or bend over. I wouldn't deprive you of this."

Joanie stared at the busy grocery store. Over the year or so that she had dated David Thorn, she'd

learned that public domination excited him, and promised wonderful sex later. She admitted the thought of not knowing what David might try to make her do while in the grocery store made her nervous. It wasn't part of her nature to let go and let someone else control her. Joanie understood the amount of trust it took to allow one person to dominate another, and that trust sometimes called for a manipulation of the other's actions.

Over the months, David had shown her with every sexual adventure they explored, that he would protect her from danger, and prevent her public embarrassment. Yet part of her wanted to beg to go home, to the safety of her own four walls, so that she could further discover the possibilities of her new toy. But another part of her felt a thrill of anticipation, wondering what might happen once they entered the store, with the balls inside her, knowing she would cum while out in public. Joanie felt certain if she relaxed, and trusted David not to do anything that would harm her, she would be granted a sexual experience she would remember in her dreams.

David found a stall on the outer edge of the parking lot, where he often parked in order to prevent door dings. He took her hand as they walked together through the lot, and offered a gentle squeeze, as if sensing her nervousness, and reassuring her that she would be fine.

"What do you want for supper?" David asked, as he grabbed a cart and pushed it toward the aisles.

Food hadn't crossed Joanie's mind. She glanced down every row they passed but the balls clicked

against each other inside her, and slid around as she walked. Joanie fought the sensation to collapse on the floor and groan out loud as she felt her inner pussy walls caressed and stroked. She wanted to reach between her legs and rub to ease the growing pressure.

They passed an older couple, discussing the ingredients of different soups. A young mother with a toddler at the helm in the cart blocked their path for a moment. Joanie didn't notice any odd looks from any of them, and although she felt certain that cum was running down her leg, she realized she wasn't the center of attention to anyone.

"Hey Thorn, haven't seen you in a while."

Joanie pulled away from her private thoughts, and looked beyond David to see a tall man, with thick blonde hair pulled neatly into a ponytail, approach the two of them.

"Drake, how's it going?" David smiled and shook the man's hand.

Joanie watched as the two men focused their attention on her.

"You remember Joanie, my girlfriend?"

"How could I forget?" Drake offered a gallant bow of his head to Joanie, and then exchanged a few comments with David.

She looked down when she noticed Drake lower his gaze to focus on her tits, not wanting him to think she had any interest in him. Joanie smiled as Drake gave her a parting glance before continuing on his way.

David pushed the cart to the next aisle and Joanie

found herself enjoying her steady pace next to him, which allowed the balls to move rhythmically inside her. She found if she kept moving they seemed to stroke the itch she yearned to appease.

"Would you do him?" David asked after dropping a couple of steaks in their cart.

"What?" Joanie met his gaze, pulled out of her self-indulgence and not sure she had heard him correctly.

"I bet he would do you if he had the chance."

"David." Joanie glanced around her, then lowered her voice to a whisper. "But what about your friendship?"

"What if I told him he could do you?"

Joanie stared at David's blue eyes as they watched her. He waited for her reaction to his question, and for her response. But what should she say? To fantasize about David telling her to have sex with another man was one thing, but him proposing the question in public made it feel so real. Drake had given her a once over, but men did that. Joanie knew she looked good. David had to know she wouldn't cheat on him though. But if he told someone else they could take a stab at her, maybe he wasn't as interested as Joanie thought he was; a pang of disappointment rang through her. Even after a year she didn't fully understand his domination.

"Why would you tell someone that?" She looked away so he wouldn't see her lip quiver.

"Haven't you ever given thought to doing two men at once?"

Joanie jerked her head to gawk at him, but David turned the cart and walked toward the produce.

She had no idea what they purchased for supper. Her thoughts remained in a jumble as she followed the man who had just put ideas in her head that she'd never had before.

She could feel her cum on her inner thighs, and wished she could wipe herself with her fingers.

CHAPTER TWO

Several months after they first started dating, David had insisted when they went shopping together, the time was for the two of them, and no one else would interfere. Joanie had been impressed when she realized that meant their cell phones stayed home too. Although her work didn't bother her off hours as much as David's did, she wasn't surprised to see she had messages waiting when they returned to their apartment.

While David returned calls in the other room, Joanie collapsed on their bed and pushed the necessary buttons to retrieve her own messages. Her free hand went to the string in between her legs while she listened.

The door bell startled her, and she jotted down the number of a client who wished to reschedule his appointment with her, before scooting to the end of the bed, and pushing against the bedroom door with her foot, so that it almost closed.

Joanie reached for her new outfit, and pulled it free from its bag. The black lace teddy and matching thong looked so sexy, and she couldn't wait to jump David's bones while wearing them. She dropped them next to her on the bed and continued pushing

the buttons on her phone.

The next message caught Joanie's attention, and she listened as the mother of one of her teenage clients began speaking.

"Miss Anderson, this is Lisa Turnbull. I'm sorry to bother you off hours, but I'm afraid Teresa has run away again. She didn't come home from school yesterday, and when we called the police they told us to call them again if she didn't come home by last night. A detective just left, and he said they will search for her. But I thought maybe she would contact you. Please call me."

Joanie played back the message and wrote down the number, then looked at her clock to verify how long ago the call came through.

"That girlfriend of yours leave you unattended today?"

Leroy had a noticeable baritone, and Joanie recognized who he was as she overheard the two men in the other room. Leroy was David's office manager, and when David didn't go to the office, it was a guarantee they would see Leroy at least once before the day was out.

"No. She's in the bedroom; probably playing with herself," David said, and the two men chuckled.

"You're lucky to have such a live one. My old lady is good to me if she puts out more than twice a month."

"You're right, man. I'm one lucky son of a bitch. That woman would go all day if we didn't have to earn a living. It's all I can do to keep up with her ass."

"Well you let me know if you ever need any help,"

Leroy said, and laughed.

Joanie remembered their conversation in the store. She held the phone in her hand, but couldn't help focusing on the men's conversation. Her thoughts drifted from the wayward teenager to what it would be like to be with more than one man at a time. David had mentioned it, but had he been serious?

Joanie shook her head and looked at the slip of paper that had Lisa Turnbull's number on it. Teresa had run away before, and from their sessions, Joanie knew the girl ran with a rough crowd. It would be impossible to find her until the girl wanted to come home. And Joanie knew she couldn't offer the mother any information that would reassure her, but she would return the phone call. Many counselors didn't offer consolation out of the sessions, but Joanie didn't have the heart to ignore families when they sought her out in distress.

"I bet Joanie could handle at least two men at once. We've actually talked about it before." David's comment halted Joanie's thoughts, and her breath. Her heart began pounding and she breathed quickly to keep up with the rapid beating in her chest.

"Shit man. You set something up and I'm there. You've got a hell of a lady in there, and if you're willing to share, you just say the word."

Joanie couldn't believe their conversation. David sounded serious, and Leroy appeared more than willing. Her fingers reached for the string attached to the two balls, and she tugged gently and began stroking her smooth lips as the moisture coated the string and her fingers.

Leroy was a good looking man. Joanie had never considered flirting with him; after all, he was one of David's employees. But she had noticed his muscular body more than once. Although she had never been with a black man before, Joanie had fantasized about it. She figured most women had. And there was nothing wrong with a good fantasy. But David sounded like he wouldn't mind turning the fantasy to reality.

She imagined David, Leroy and Drake, David's friend they had seen at the store, all doing her at once. Her mind didn't readily offer her examples as to how it would play out but the thought sent erotic shivers down her body. The string between her fingers dripped with cum as she allowed her thoughts to drift.

None of the scenarios she conjured in her mind as to how they would begin appealed to her, so Joanie simply jumped to three naked men with their hands on her all at once. She and David enjoyed watching dirty movies, and so she used scenes she remembered to fill in her lack of experience as she roll-played in her mind.

David would be kissing her. Joanie fell back on the bed, closed her eyes, and pulled the strings enough to force the balls to stroke her as she imagined his kiss. While he kissed her, one of the other men would pull her shirt up, and expose her tits, kneading her, then rubbing her nipple between his fingers. Joanie dropped her phone and reached under her shirt to play with her tit while imagining it.

David would instruct the men. "Take her clothes

off," he would say.

Joanie worked the balls inside her, using her fingers to push them deep inside, as she felt her body begin trembling with the force of her climax.

More hands would touch her as her skirt was pulled from her body and her shirt was slid over her head. Joanie felt her inner heat reach the boiling point at the thought of being naked and exposed in front of all those men.

"Damn babe. Glad to see you like your new toy." David's laughter brought her out of her fantasy, and Joanie jumped then curled into a ball to try and continue with the orgasm she'd been so close to having.

David sat on the bed and Joanie looked past him through the open bedroom doorway as she pulled down her shirt. David slid it right back up and sucked on her hardened nipple.

"Oh yes," she murmured and let her head fall back as his sucking allowed her to explode.

"You heard us talking in the other room, didn't you?"

Joanie opened her eyes and watched David as he rubbed her tit with his chin. He watched her, and his expression remained serious.

"I think you need to be with several men at once." David watched her. "You would really like that."

"I'm not sure I could do it." Joanie felt her fantasy drift from her thoughts as the idea of making it a reality put a rock in her gut.

"Sure you could. You would love all the attention. And God knows you're more than enough woman to

satisfy more than one man."

"And this would be exciting for you?" Joanie still didn't understand why he would want to share her with his friends.

"Hell yes, you're my girlfriend. But watching another man fuck you would be so hot." He must have noticed her reaction to the idea didn't match his because his tone softened. "It's not like you would be out doing some guy I didn't know about. I would set it up. And I would be there. These men I would choose would know they couldn't touch you without my consent. And I would be very careful to choose men who wouldn't try to get more from you on the side afterwards. Joanie, you are mine, and I want to show you all the pleasures there are in life."

"You're serious," she said, although she'd guessed already that he was. "But what if you set it up, and then I couldn't go through with it. What if everyone arrived and I panicked and ran."

David grinned, and then flicked her exposed tit with his tongue. "Then my darlin', we would come after you."

"Would you really?" Joanie widened her eyes, but couldn't keep the image of men stalking her with sex on their mind out of her thoughts. She about came from the mental image.

Joanie's cell phone rang, and she jumped since it lay on the covers next to her head. David picked it up and handed it to her.

"When you are off the phone, put on your new outfit." David scooted off the bed, and then left her alone in the bedroom.

* * * * *

Joanie shifted gears and merged into the on-coming traffic. David hadn't been pleased when she told him she needed to leave for a while. And she knew he didn't like the idea of her responding to her client's call by herself. But when Joanie had answered the phone, and Teresa had sobbed and told her she was stranded, Joanie couldn't sit by and do nothing. The teenager had insisted her parents couldn't see her in her current condition, and had told her she didn't know who else to call.

Joanie took the exit Teresa had told her to take and slowed as she entered a part of town she didn't know very well. Black bars covered most of the business windows, and small run-down houses with no yards broke up the business section. Joanie pushed the button to lock all her car doors. She could see why Teresa didn't want her parents to pick her up if she was stuck in one of these houses.

"Oh boy," she said out loud to herself, as she stared at a dilapidated house with boarded windows sitting with its edge up to an alley. This was the address she had written on her note pad. Joanie stared at the house, wondering how anyone could possibly be inside the place.

Joanie parked her car on the street and stared at the condemned house. It showed no signs of life, and in fact, the place looked as if no one had entered it in ages. Her heart pounded in her throat as she pulled on her door handle and then stepped out of her car.

She looked up and down the quiet street, and noticed several people sitting on a porch several houses down. They all appeared to be watching her with noticeable interest. Joanie let out a breath of air and swallowed. For better or worse, at least she had witnesses.

"You need somethin' lady?" The scratchy voice made her jump, and Joanie found herself answering before she even turned to face the person questioning her.

"No. I'm fine." Joanie stared into a young man's face, immediately noticing the hallow cheeks and chapped lips. Black eyes glazed over and dull, studied her face, then lowered to take in her body, and finally appraised her car.

"You're lost," the young man surmised.

"No," Joanie said again, and felt her heart race as her palms grew damp. She was out of her element and quite possibly in way over her head. Damn, she should have relented when David demanded to come with her. Joanie turned toward the house, deciding the best thing to do was to get Teresa, and get the hell out of there.

"Where you going?"

The man followed behind her, not next to her, and Joanie felt her nerves unleash when she could no longer see him.

She started up the cracked and uneven sidewalk toward the boarded house, and sensed the man on her heels. The porch steps were no more than rotted remnants of wood, and she hesitated as she studied the small porch, wondering if it could even hold her

weight. Could Teresa really be inside this place? Maybe she had the address wrong. But she wouldn't know without investigating, and it appeared she would be doing that with an unwanted escort.

The thumping of a car bass caught her attention, and Joanie turned her head to see a cream colored Lincoln, with gold hubcaps slow down next to her car. The windows were black, and no one inside the vehicle lowered them to make their presence known. She saw the man behind her glance at the car, then turn and give her his attention.

"Why you wanna go in there? Ain't shit in there."

This time when he spoke, he didn't bother to look at her face, but instead appeared to be focusing on her bare legs. Although Joanie had changed into shorts, she still felt way too exposed. "Someone wants me to pick them up here," she said, and wondered why she offered the man the information.

He reached for a beeper attached to a wide belt that did nothing to hold up very baggy pants, and studied it for a minute. "Who?" the man asked.

"Teresa called me." Joanie watched as the man slowly straightened the beeper on his belt, and then turned his attention back to her legs.

"How she call you? There ain't no fuckin' phone in there."

"She didn't say whose phone she was using. But she called me, and I am here to get her."

The man shrugged. "Well then go get her."

He didn't offer any further instruction, but instead turned and walked to the Lincoln, which idled on the other side of Joanie's car. She watched as a window

opened half way, but she couldn't see anyone in the vehicle. The man bent and spoke to whoever was in the car, and Joanie decided to get her mission over with.

She stepped on to the first tread, and grabbed her phone, pushing the speed-dial button to call David.

"Joanie, are you okay?" David said when he answered after one ring.

"Yes, I'm fine. I'm at the address Teresa gave me and should be out of here within a few minutes." Joanie glanced at the seedy neighborhood, as she looked over her shoulder. "I just wanted you to know I found the place."

"Call me as soon as you have her, and are out of there," he instructed.

"I will." Joanie said her good byes, and then slid her phone on to the clip on her shorts. "Teresa? Are you here?" Joanie tried tapping on the front door, but with the boards overlapping and nails stuck in awkward positions over most of the surface, it made finding a place to rap difficult.

Joanie tried the doorknob and found the house unlocked, which confirmed her belief that the place was abandoned. Not that she could imagine anyone living here.

"Teresa?" Her voice cracked, and she cleared it as she took a nervous step into the dark dwelling.

"Joanie, is that you?" Squeaking floorboards followed the timid voice in the darkness. Teresa appeared, wrapped in a brown blanket.

Joanie's gaze dropped to notice the girl had no shoes, and her feet appeared dark with dirt.

"They're out front," the girl whined. "I'm fucking done being here. They better not try and stop us."

"Are you here against your will?" Joanie felt a twist of panic in her gut.

But Joanie spoke to an empty room. Teresa padded across the floorboards, which popped and groaned as if not accustomed to being walked on in a long time, and disappeared through a doorway. Joanie hesitated, as almost no light disturbed the dark rooms in the abandoned house. There was no furniture in the living room, at least Joanie guessed that was the room she was in right now. She moved toward the doorway Teresa had disappeared through, and found herself in a hallway. She glanced both ways, trying to get her eyes to adjust.

"This way. Hurry up."

Teresa sounded cross, and Joanie felt an urge to reprimand the teenager. But she agreed silently that hurrying up was a very good idea.

What was Teresa doing here?

Joanie hurried through the hallway, but stopped when she reached an open doorway. A lamp burned in the room, and a decent looking double-sized bed stood in the corner. There were no sheets or blankets on the bed, although something that looked like bedding lay crumpled on the floor. A desk stood along the wall next to the doorway, and Joanie took in the contents sitting on it.

A large dark glass ashtray sat closest to her, full of cigarette butts to the point that some of them had fallen and rested on the desktop. There were several empty beer bottles lined along the back of the desk,

and then papers were scattered about in no particular order that Joanie could tell. The smell of stale smoke and alcohol filled the room, making it feel dirtier than the rest of the house. Unlike the other room, this room had a very lived-in appearance.

Joanie glanced around the room, noticing sheets stapled over the windows, which she guessed could hide windows covered with boards, as the windows in the front of the house were, or possibly to prevent chill from entering the room. A small bookshelf stood along the wall in front of her. There weren't books on it though, and Joanie took a step into the room to better see the contents on its shelves.

"Oh boy," she mumbled under her breath, as she recognized several sexual toys she had seen earlier that day for sale. A rather large dildo lay next to a smooth, purple vibrator, and tossed over both of them lay a cream colored blindfold. Several VCR tapes were stacked next to the toys. Joanie glanced around the room again, and in the corner on the floor was a small television with a VCR hooked up next to it.

"What are you doing in here?"

Teresa's question startled Joanie and she turned while covering her mouth with her hand, to silent her gasp. Regaining her composure, she asked, "What are you doing here, Teresa?" Joanie noticed how Teresa's hold on her blanket tightened, as the girl's lips formed a flat line.

"Can we leave now?"

Joanie nodded and followed the girl through the house to a back door that took some effort to open. Weeds half-covered the doorway, and Teresa's

blanket snagged against them.

"Damnit," Teresa grumbled and tugged the blanket free.

Joanie waited for the weeds to snap back before trying to leave the house. The fresh air made her realize how stale the house had smelled, and again she wondered why the teenager had chosen to come here, if in fact Teresa had come here of her own free will. The important thing, she realized, was that she would be able to return Teresa to her parents. The rest could be sorted out later.

CHAPTER THREE

Joanie slid her phone free from the clip at her hip, then called David. After one ring, she reached his voice mail, and she left a brief message letting him know she had Teresa. She then turned her attention to the teenager, who didn't look at her but stared, her concentration on something outside the window.

"Why were you there?" Joanie pulled away from the house and worked her way through the neighborhood back to the highway.

"No one lives there." Teresa shrugged. "My boyfriend set up a room there so we could have a place to meet."

"To have sex," Joanie suggested.

"Yes, to have sex." Teresa didn't hesitate with her response. "It's not uncommon for seventeen year old girls to be sexually active, you know."

"It looks to me like you were very sexually active," Joanie said, as she glanced at the teenager. Teresa was a pretty girl, although at the moment she looked extremely dirty. She still clutched the blanket around her, and Joanie had noticed Teresa's legs had been bare when she climbed into the car. "Are you wearing anything under that blanket?"

"I wouldn't be walking around in it if I had clothes

on," came the defensive answer.

Joanie flipped her turn signal to merge on to the Interstate. "Where are your clothes, Teresa?"

This time the answer didn't come as quickly. "I'm not sure," she finally muttered.

"Do you want to tell me what happened?"

"Are you going to tell all of this to my parents?" Teresa looked at Joanie, and Joanie turned in time to see worry sneak through the defiant expression on the girl's face.

"I think we need to discuss what happened, and then you can tell me what you want to share with your parents." Joanie wouldn't disclose anything she discussed with a client to their family members. But she felt Teresa would use Joanie against her parents if the teenager knew that.

"My boyfriend and I went there yesterday, but then he left. I wanted to come home, so I called you." Teresa shrugged. "That's about it."

"Your boyfriend left you stranded there?" Joanie made the question sound disapproving.

"He said he was getting food, but he didn't come back. His friends came over, but they wouldn't take me home." Again Teresa shrugged.

"And what about your clothes?"

"They wouldn't tell me where they were. I think they thought it was a good joke." Teresa let her head fall back against the seat. "Those were all his buddies hanging out front when you showed up."

"How did your boyfriend's friends know where your clothes were?" Joanie didn't like playing twenty questions just to get the story from Teresa, but she

feared that was how it was to be.

"They were there when I took them off."

Teresa added no more information, and Joanie's imagination went into high gear. She looked at the teenager. "How many of your boyfriend's friends were there?"

Joanie remembered her fantasy earlier of several men fucking her at once. In the grocery store, as well as the privacy of their bedroom, David's comments about making it happen had ripped at her nerves. Yet here this child spoke nonchalantly of group sex as if it were an every day occurrence. Joanie wondered if her straight-laced sexual upbringing would make it impossible for her ever to enjoy a more promiscuous sexual lifestyle.

Teresa grunted, and Joanie glanced at her in time to see the teenager roll her eyes. "Let me see," she paused, and tapped her chin, as if she counted mentally. "Two of them at first, but then a third stopped by."

"And they were there when you took your clothes off." Joanie merged through traffic, deciding the best place to go at this point was to her office. She needed to call Teresa's parents, but Teresa needed to talk about what had happened. Even though they played twenty questions, Joanie knew from experience that Teresa wanted the questions asked. She needed to share her experience, and Joanie began seeing it wasn't an experience she cared to share with her parents.

"You are such a prude, you know that?" Teresa scoffed. "Yes, they were there when I took my clothes

off. They helped me take them off."

Joanie ignored the rude outbreak "Did you have sex with all of them?"

"I had sex with all of them at the same time," Teresa said in a harsh whisper. "Does that terrify you, Joanie? Can you even imagine in your straight-laced brain what that would be like? Or do you even enjoy sex at all?"

Joanie could feel Teresa staring at her, but focused on the traffic as she turned on to the quiet street then pulled into a small lot next to a Victorian home that had been converted into offices. Teresa hopped out of the car before Joanie had it in park, and hurried up the brick path toward the front door. Joanie parked and then followed, imagining Teresa didn't want to be seen in her blanket attire.

"There is a shower inside you can use while I call your parents." Joanie flipped on the light in the once living room, now waiting area, and then led Teresa down an adjoining hallway until she stood outside the bathroom. She gestured for Teresa to enter. "I'll have to ask them to bring you clothes. While you shower you might want to decide what to tell your parents. They are very worried about you."

Several hours later, Joanie pulled into the parking lot of their apartment complex and parked her car. As she walked toward their apartment, she noticed her best friend Roxanne's car parked in the lot as well. Joanie combed her hair with her fingers, and picked up her pace, eager to share her day with her friend.

"David told us you were out on some adventure," Roxanne said, as she opened a beer and handed it to

Joanie when her friend entered the kitchen of the apartment.

"I needed to see a client." Joanie knew Roxanne wouldn't question her further. The two had been friends for over five years, having met while in college, and Roxanne understood Joanie's commitment to her work.

"Well I'm glad you are home." Roxanne leaned against the counter and brushed her bangs to the side. Her girlfriend turned to face her, and crossed one thin tanned leg over the other. "Jeffrey and David have been in there talking about something, and every time I go in there, they change the subject. I have felt so unwanted."

Roxanne offered a pouty look, and Joanie grinned at her before walking to the kitchen door and looking into the living room. Roxanne's boyfriend and David stood out on the terrace talking, but Joanie couldn't hear what they said.

"Well let's go break up their party." Joanie led the way through the living room, and slid open the glass door to join the men on the patio.

"There you are, sexy," David said, and slid his arm around her waist, then squeezed her rear end. "We were just talking about you."

"Roxanne told me she was feeling very unwanted," Joanie scolded with a smile.

"Never," Jeffrey said, and reached for his girlfriend. "We were actually discussing the both of you."

"And what was this conversation about?" Joanie accepted the spot on David's lap after he sat down in

one of their matching terrace chairs, and pulled her down on him.

"We were discussing having a party of sorts this weekend," Jeffrey offered. "Possibly out at the cabin I have by the lake."

"A party of sorts?" Roxanne sat in the other chair, and pulled her knees to her chest. "What kind of party?"

"Now that is what you two will find out in good time," David said.

Both women questioned the men, but they would offer no further explanation.

* * * * *

Joanie finally had the opportunity to try on her new outfit later that night after Jeffrey and Roxanne left. Her nipples strained through the lacey material, turning to hardened points from the texture. The top ended at her belly button and her thong rode high to her hipbones. Immediately upon trying on the outfit, she felt hot, wet, and horny.

Joanie walked barefoot from the bathroom to the bedroom, but as she reached for the light switch, strong hands grabbed her from behind, pulling her own hands behind her back. David pushed her to the bed, and then crushed her underneath him as they fell on the satin bedspread.

"I'm going to fuck the shit out of you," he whispered in her ear, and at the same time she felt the Velcro handcuffs he loved to use on her slip around her wrists.

"Oh, I need that so bad," she moaned, and he rolled to the side of her, then flipped her on to her back.

"That's what I love about you, you always need it so bad." David grinned and then grabbed one of her tits, squeezing it hard through the lace.

Joanie sucked in her breath as David pulled on one of her nipples with two of his fingers. She loved the glazed look that appeared on his face when he played with her. He rose to his knees, and she realized he had already undressed. Her fingers itched to travel through the rough curls of black hair that covered his chest, and she squirmed trying to free her hands.

David loved making her his captive, and he smiled at her futile attempt to be free. His hands pushed her teddy up over her tits, and he began kneading them as he slid down to lie over her. She could feel the hardness of his cock next to her leg, and tried rubbing it with her thigh.

"You can play with me when I tell you it's time," David growled, and pressed his body on hers to prevent her movement.

"Whatever you say," she whispered, as he lashed at her nipple with his tongue and then rubbed it between his teeth.

David bit her nipple and she yelped as heat raced through her body and turned to liquid between her legs. His hands grabbed her sides, long fingers wrapping around her as he sucked as much of her tit as he could into his mouth.

Joanie arched her back, feeling the thong grow soaked as it stretched between her pussy lips. The

pressure grew inside her and she ached to cum, but knew David well enough to know he would control when, and how she came.

His mouth slid to her other tit, and he began his intimate torture once again. His tongue swirled around her nipple, and he blew on it before placing his hot mouth over the hardened nub, rubbing it with his tongue.

Again Joanie squirmed, but his grip on her tightened, reminding her to remain still and endure his torment.

"What do you want?" He spoke with his mouth full of tit.

"Fuck me," she begged.

David laughed, and ran his tongue down her tit. "That simple? Just spread you open and fuck you?"

Joanie groaned as her heart pounded in her soaked pussy. "Oh David," was all she could think to say.

David's hands moved down the side of her body, until he reached her hips. He adjusted his body, so that he could lift her ass from the bed.

Joanie took the opportunity to wiggle her hands, but the furry, Velcro handcuffs held tight.

David squeezed her ass, and ran kisses around the thong. "I can smell that pussy of yours."

His breath felt hot through the lace thong, and bubbles of cum tickled her pussy. "Please David," she begged again. "Please. I need to cum."

David let go of her ass and reached around to spread her legs. "Oh, I know you do baby." David pulled on her thong so that it rode high into her pussy. "You've soaked this thing." David slid the

soaked material to the side of her shaved pussy, and slid a finger inside her.

She was so soaked that he had no problem sliding in and out.

“Don’t move, or I’ll stop,” he instructed.

Joanie fought to hold still. She watched her lover in the darkness as he focused on his task, the hallway light casting shadows against his well-chiseled features. His black hair hung around his face, shadowing his expression. Muscles moved in his broad shoulders as he slipped a second finger in her and began moving his hand back and forth as he finger-fucked her. Joanie squeezed her eyes closed, exerting all of her energy on not moving her body, when all she wanted to do was thrust her hips to meet the movement of his hand.

When the third finger entered her, David spread his fingers, stretching her pussy, and his lips found her clit. He sucked gently and Joanie thought she would go over the edge. Waves of sexual desire rushed through her and she fought to relax so she could complete her orgasm. David licked at her pussy juices and Joanie gasped as she exploded and clenched her legs. In spite of his instruction, she tightened her leg muscles around David’s head and shook her head as cum released through the broken dam of lust.

David pulled his fingers out of her, grabbed her legs, and forced them apart so far she felt the strain in her inner thighs. His nose and tongue dove into her pussy and he lapped at the cum she released.

“Oh my God,” Joanie screamed, and arched her

back as she shook her head from side to side. Before she had a chance to come down from her orgasm, David pulled away, and he flipped her over. When he slapped her ass, it was hard enough to sting.

"On your knees," he ordered, and Joanie hurried to pull her knees up, sticking her ass in the air, with her head remaining on the bed.

Her hands remained clasped behind her back, and her thong rode up her ass. Joanie's cheek smashed into the bedspread, and her hair fell over her face. With her hands bound, she couldn't push it out of her way, and she blew, but couldn't move the strands.

David grabbed her ass, squeezing and stretching, as his long fingers kneaded and pushed, while his thumbs pressed against her asshole.

Joanie wiggled her ass, and he spanked her.

"Be still," he whispered, and she moaned.

And then he thrust. With no warning, he slammed his cock deep into her soaked pussy, slamming that spot that craved relief. He slammed again, and again, and Joanie exploded as she screamed.

His grip on her ass was rough, pulling as he pounded her with his cock.

Joanie forgot to hold still.

David maintained his death-grip on her ass and rode her hard. His cock slid in and out of her pussy with such vengeance that she slid back and forth on the bed. Tangled hair fell in her face, as her cheek rubbed against the bedspread.

And then he pulled free of her pussy, lifted her ass, and flipped her so she landed roughly with her fingers digging deep into her lower back. Her hair

flew away from her face, and she grinned at him, enjoying the way he treated her rough. He grabbed the sides of her head, and pulled her face toward him. Joanie opened her mouth on instinct, and his cum soaked cock slipped past her tongue, and down her throat. She closed her eyes, loving the taste of her cum on his cock.

"Suck baby." His voice sounded rough, as if it had been him doing the screaming. "Don't lose a drop." His thick cock thrust in and out of her mouth, driving deep into her throat and then pulling back so the tip of his dick touched her lips.

And Joanie did her best to suck and lap her tongue over every part of his cock she could get to during his quick movements. When she felt him swell, and veins thicken along his rock-hard dick, she sucked hard, tightening her mouth around him. This time David howled, throwing his head back as he slammed his body into her face.

Strands of hair stuck to Joanie's cheeks, but she no longer cared. David's cum tasted real good; she had always thought so. As hot, thick cum poured into her mouth, Joanie swallowed, but kept her tongue moving to taste every drop.

David finally fell next to her, leaving her lying in the middle of the bed, looking up at him and smiling as his intense look slowly relaxed into a satisfied expression. His cobalt blue eyes met her gaze and he smiled and chuckled. "Even when I bound you, you can do me in." He sat up and reached around her, then freed her hands with a gentle tug.

As soon as she was free, Joanie reached for his dick

and sucked him back into her mouth.

David jumped and grabbed her, then pulled her up to lie next to him.

“You aren’t done for the night, are you?” she teased, grinning at him.

David laughed and shook his head. “Now this is why I’ve decided we should get away this weekend.”

CHAPTER FOUR

Joanie rolled over—frustrated—and punched her pillow. Try as she might, David wouldn't offer any further information on the upcoming weekend, and instead, cuddled with her just before he fell asleep. When his breathing deepened and slowed, which took a matter of minutes, Joanie had rolled from his arms.

She couldn't sleep. She had still been horny, and even though David had made her feel good, when she teased him about being done he had made some flippant comment about this weekend. She let her mind drift to the conversations earlier that day. David had mentioned another man joining them, and then made that comment about this upcoming weekend. So if David and Jeffrey had made plans for the four of them to have some sort of sexual playtime, why wouldn't he tell her about it?

David more than satisfied her, and he always had, but she hadn't really expected his response to be a comment about their getaway. So Joanie lay there in the bed, with her eyes wide, staring into the darkness. Somehow she knew sleep wouldn't be easy with fantasies of sucking dick and being fucked, at the same time tormenting her.

Would David really plan such an escapade for her? And if he so, why wouldn't he tell her so she could mentally prepare herself? She hated his calm stubbornness yet loved that quality in him at the same time. What that man did to her!

She tried to push thoughts of gorgeous men catering to her every whim to the back of her mind. She would never fall asleep at this rate. Yet she couldn't help remembering how earlier Jeffrey had said something about meeting at his cabin and the guys *had* been discussing something that they didn't wish to share. Try as she would Joanie couldn't think of what else David's comments might mean. She knew David well enough to know that he liked adventures, and would go to the extreme of planning something erotic if he thought she would enjoy it.

Although it scared her to death, she had to admit the thought of having more than one man playing with her turned her on. But it was a fantasy. Would the real thing be as exciting? Joanie sighed, knowing she could think about it all night and never have her answer.

David could be very stubborn, and he wouldn't enlighten her of his plans until he was ready.

The best thing she could do would be to clear her thoughts and go to sleep.

Easier said than done.

* * * * *

"You're distracted." Roxanne sat across from Joanie, as they munched on sandwiches over the lunch hour

later that week.

"What?" Joanie blinked her thoughts away, and put her half-eaten sandwich on her plate. "I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"I said that Jeffrey told me today that he had the cabin cleaned for this weekend." Roxanne bit into her ham and cheese, and stretched her tanned legs in front of her. "He called me at work this morning and told me that he drove out there last night. I guess we're going to go shopping tonight to stock the cabinets for this weekend."

"Did he say anything about what we would do out there?" Joanie wouldn't admit her distraction, but her thoughts had been preoccupied all week with the upcoming weekend.

When Roxanne had called her earlier this morning to see if she had time for lunch, and then suggested they meet at Joanie's house since it was conveniently located between where they both worked, Joanie had thought it a good idea. Her thoughts had been so consumed with the possibilities David might have planned that she felt talking to her best friend might help.

"Just have fun, I guess," Roxanne swallowed another bite of her sandwich. "I know I'm really looking forward to getting away."

Joanie leaned back on the couch and stared at her friend.

Roxanne turned her attention to the television, engrossed in the soap opera.

Her friend had always been a looker, and the two of them out together could turn a head or two. Joanie

liked the way Roxanne was long and lean, with a flat tummy and large full tits that looked good through snug-fitting shirts. The lady was sexy, no doubt about it. And although Joanie didn't have her friend's height, or naturally tanned skin, she knew that she looked just as good.

David had told her he would enjoy watching another man fuck her. But how would she feel about watching David fuck another woman?

She imagined David fucking Roxanne and realized the thought made her wet.

Joanie had seen Roxanne without clothes on before, being best friends over the years they had changed in front of each other more than once. And Roxanne had a body any man would enjoy.

Joanie knew, however, that a fantasy enjoyed didn't necessarily mean the experience in reality would be pleasurable. Trust entered in as the primary factor. Joanie realized this immediately.

Did she trust David?

Yes.

And what about Roxanne?

Of course she trusted her best friend.

Joanie had thought lunch at her house today would be the perfect opportunity to talk to Roxanne about this weekend. And Joanie wouldn't want to discuss such an intimate topic if she didn't trust Roxanne.

"David won't tell me what we will be doing while we are at the cabin," Joanie began, suddenly feeling nervous, in spite of her mental pep talk. "So I wondered if maybe the two of you had discussed any plans."

"Huh?" Roxanne turned her attention from the soap, and then smiled. "Sorry. What is this about plans?"

"Well," Joanie cleared her throat, and made a show of wadding her paper napkin and tossing it over her mostly eaten sandwich. "David has made some suggestions lately. And well, then he tells me we are going to Jeffrey's cabin with you two."

Joanie paused, and Roxanne offered a blank expression.

Suddenly Joanie felt foolish for trying to bring up the subject. She needed to either say exactly what was on her mind, or drop it now before her friend wondered what the hell she was talking about. Joanie took a deep breath and blew through puckered lips.

"What suggestions has he made?" Roxanne turned her back to the television, and pulled her knees to her chin, then crossed her arms around her legs. She offered her complete attention.

"He thinks it would be hot if someone joined us sexually." Joanie stared at her friend for her immediate reaction, but Roxanne just stared at her. Joanie felt heat spread from her cheekbones to her collarbones, and grabbed her plate, then stood so fast she almost tripped over her own coffee table. She turned for the kitchen, grasping for something to say so she didn't offend her friend. "I mean, he hasn't come out and said that something like that might be in store for this weekend..."

She hurried toward the kitchen, knowing she had just made a fool of herself and wishing she had kept her mouth closed.

"Jeffrey hasn't said anything about *that*," Roxanne said.

Joanie turned in the middle of the kitchen, realizing her friend had followed her and stood in the doorway. She didn't look upset. "Okay, well that's good," Joanie muttered. "I just wondered."

"Is David trying to force you into doing something that you don't want to do?" Suddenly Roxanne sounded concerned.

"No. Oh, no. Not at all." Joanie dropped her left over food in the trash, and then put her plate in the dishwasher. "I guess it embarrassed me to bring it up," she mumbled.

Joanie opened her eyes wide when Roxanne suddenly stood behind her, her large tits pressed into Joanie's back. Her best friend slid her arms around Joanie's waist, and squeezed, offering an affectionate hug. Joanie put her hands over Roxanne's and looked down.

"Now come on counselor," Roxanne teased. "You know it's best to discuss your feelings instead of harboring them. And who else than your best friend should you turn to?"

"I hate it when you throw my job up in my face." Joanie giggled, but felt instant relief that her friend made the topic easier to discuss. "You're right, of course. I thought all the way over here that this would be the perfect time to talk to you about this."

"So let's talk." Roxanne let go of Joanie and backed up a step, giving Joanie room when she turned around. "What did David say to you that has you so worried?"

"I'm not worried." Joanie chewed her lower lip, and then met her friend's gaze. "I think it's more like curious."

"Okay." There was a sparkle in Roxanne's eyes, and she looked like she now had images in her mind too, of what had been preoccupying Joanie's thoughts for several days. "What has you curious? You said David mentioned someone joining you sexually."

"Yes." Joanie leaned against the counter, suddenly feeling this conversation would be as easy to discuss as the weather. "He has told me that he would like another guy to join us."

Roxanne frowned. "That would include Jeffrey, but what about me?"

"Does the idea appeal to you?" Joanie had seen the spark in her friend's beautiful dark eyes, and had to know what she thought.

"Well I don't want to be left out." Roxanne pouted. "If we get together this weekend and David and Jeffrey have discussed doing something, I want in on it too."

"You do?" Joanie grinned.

"I've always thought it would be hot to be with another woman," Roxanne admitted. "And who better than you to try it out on. After all we are best friends."

Joanie didn't have time to react before Roxanne stepped forward and kissed her—right on the lips. Joanie felt too stunned to respond immediately, but Roxanne's lips were so soft, and full, not like a man's. Joanie relaxed, and kissed her friend back. She put her hands on Roxanne's shoulders, feeling her

friend's bones through her thin frame. Their lips parted, and then Roxanne kissed her again, this time angling her head just a bit, and moving her lips, but keeping it chaste. Joanie felt the innocence of the kiss, as though it was a first time. But she felt the heat between her legs, although she couldn't make her mind work to figure out what to do beyond returning the kiss.

"Holy shit!"

Joanie felt her friend jump, and her own heart almost explode as David walked through the back door.

Roxanne jumped away from Joanie, and Joanie felt they had both been caught doing something naughty. The heat returned to her cheeks with a vengeance.

"Um...hi, David."

Roxanne sounded as sheepish as Joanie felt.

"I got to go." With that, Roxanne darted past David.

That left the two of them standing alone in the kitchen.

CHAPTER FIVE

“Dammit,” David said, after Joanie filled him in on the conversation that had transpired right before he walked in the kitchen door. “God only knows what I would have walked in on if I had just waited five more minutes.”

“You beast,” Joanie teased, but she couldn’t help grinning. He was right. God only knew what he might have walked in on.

“So what do you have planned for this weekend?” Joanie hoped he would be more willing to talk, since she had just enlightened him of her conversation with Roxanne.

David grinned, and tweaked her nipple through her blouse. “Well now, looks like you and Roxanne will just have to wait to find out.”

Joanie felt like smacking him as she melted into his arms.

* * * * *

Friday afternoon finally arrived, and Joanie and David left in his car for the cabin.

Neither of them had been there before, and Joanie played navigator, reading the hand-written

directions, while David drove. Other than commenting on what road to turn on, or how long they would take their current road before the next turn off, there wasn't much conversation. Joanie thought of how to bring up the topic of the evening more than once, but never had the nerve to broach the subject before time came to tell David which way to turn.

It hadn't taken long to get out of the city, and it seemed now that they were criss-crossing their way across the county via backcountry roads. Joanie didn't mind the drive. The river bluffs surrounding the city were beautiful, and with summer not quite over, the shades of green offered by the variety of trees, and native grasses, were breath-taking.

"It'll be a star-filled night," David told her with a smile, when she had taken the time to comment on how rich of a blue the sky was.

The sports car cruised along the curving, two-lane highway, and David kept one hand on the leather steering wheel, while his other hand rubbed her inner thigh until his fingers worked their way inside her pussy lips. His gentle strokes had her soaked in no time, and she worked to remain focused on their directions, when all she wanted to do was lay her head back and let him bring her to an orgasm. His fingers moved in and out of her, and she adjusted herself in the seat to allow him better access.

"County road eleven fifty should be your next left," she said, and then gasped when he pulled his hand free.

David licked his fingers as he slowed the car.

"Looks like we are here," he said, and slowed more to accommodate the gravel road they had turned onto.

The cabin sat off of Lone Star Lake on private property. The lake wasn't that big, but had a public side, although the side they were on had been broken into lots. The cabin was an A-frame style, with a front porch, and an upper deck. David pulled in next to Roxanne's small Probe, and parked.

When they got out of the car, Joanie could smell the mixture of trees and the near-by lake, although the water was barely visible through the vegetation. Behind the house, the yard didn't look like it went very far before bluffs blocked any further view. Evergreen trees, mixed with large Ash and Maples, surrounded the small yard, offering plenty of privacy almost as if the cabin was completely isolated from all civilization; anything could happen here, and no one would know it. Joanie wondered if that thought hadn't just crossed David's mind as he stood on the opposite side of the car and smiled.

"This is perfect." He turned to Joanie, still grinning. "I'll grab our bags, why don't you go find Roxanne."

Joanie crunched along the gravel on her way to the front porch. The heavy smell of wood hit her senses the second she climbed the front steps.

"Anyone home?" She called out through the screen, and pulled on the door, which opened with a friendly squeak.

"It's about time you got here." Roxanne grinned from ear to ear as she walked toward the door wearing cut off blue jean shorts and a blue tube top.

Her nipples were hard and the stretchy material showed off the fullness of her tits. The shorts fell well below her belly button and her flat hard tummy added to her sexiness. "I've had enough time to peel potatoes and get the gas stove lit. Jeffrey should be out here within ten minutes or so. I just talked to him on the phone."

Joanie looked around and realized the cabin consisted of one very large room. She stood in a living area, with several couches sprawled against opposite walls, and two enormous reclining chairs facing a wall to wall fireplace. Joanie guessed in the wintertime, a fire in a fireplace that size could very easily keep the entire cabin warm. The floors once had probably glowed from fresh wax, but now appeared dull but clean. Large throw carpets were scattered throughout the room.

"I'd give you a tour, but as you can see, this is all of it." Joanie laughed as she gestured with her arm. "You've got the living area, and then the kitchen is over here." She pointed along the wall behind her, and Joanie saw a full kitchen, with cabinets reaching clear to the high ceiling.

"You would need a step ladder to reach all those cabinets." Joanie smiled as she wandered further into the room and ran her hand over the damp counter. A large soup pot full of water and sliced potatoes stood on one of the burners on the gas stove.

Roxanne moved to stand next to her. "So what did David have to say when he walked in on us the other day?" she whispered.

"He wished he had shown up later to give us more

time alone," Joanie whispered as well.

"Would anything have happened?"

Joanie turned to look at her friend, who studied her in return. "I don't know," she answered, and could tell by Roxanne's curious gaze that she didn't know either.

The two turned when the screen door slammed.

"Don't let me interrupt anything," David yelled, as he carried two backpacks over his shoulder.

"Oh, we won't," Roxanne coo'ed, and wrapped her arms around Joanie's shoulders.

Joanie hadn't noticed a flight of stairs until they creaked under David's weight. She realized he had either been out here already, or had instruction from Jeffrey as to where to go.

"What's the loft like?" Joanie turned to look at her friend, who had dropped her arms from Joanie's neck when David had disappeared. She still stood quite close though, and Joanie could smell her perfume. Roxanne smelled erotic, which suited her.

"I haven't been up there yet." Roxanne glanced at the ceiling. "Jeffrey called me while I was driving out here, and told me to start potatoes and he would be no more than ten minutes behind me."

As if on cue, gravel popped outside announcing another car had just pulled up to the cabin.

Joanie had fun preparing supper with Roxanne. The two of them laughed as they drank wine and searched cabinets until everything was ready.

Steak off the grill, with buttery mashed potatoes, green beans, and grilled Texas toast, proved absolutely sinful and Joanie knew she hadn't tasted

food that good in a long time. Joanie and Roxanne laughed and joked about things from their past while cleaning the kitchen, then searched the cabinets further to determine what would be served for breakfast.

Joanie placed an unopened can of coffee on the counter, and set a can opener on top of it, when she heard a pop. She turned, and smiled, as Roxanne sniffed the cork from the bottle of wine she held in her hand. "I'd love some," she said, and watched her girlfriend fill the first of four wineglasses.

"I've given the matter a lot of thought," Roxanne said.

"What matter?" Joanie leaned against the counter, crossing her arms, as Roxanne filled the glasses.

"Tonight isn't the night for you and I to have our first bi-sexual experience."

"Oh." Joanie felt color rise to her cheeks, but returned the smile when Roxanne handed her a glass of wine, and grinned at her.

"You sound disappointed." Roxanne sipped at her own glass.

"Oh, no." Joanie took a sip, and then another, longer swallow. "Not at all. I mean we can whenever we want to, right?"

"That's right," Roxanne agreed. "And I discussed it with Jeffrey, and he explained a few things about this weekend, and I decided it best to wait."

Joanie choked on her next swallow, and coughed. "Explained some things? What did he tell you?"

Roxanne's smile grew, and she picked up the other two glasses.

"Joanie, come on out here," David yelled from the front yard.

"I think you are about to find out." Roxanne turned and headed for the front door.

Joanie looked at the blackness beyond the screen door. Her stomach twisted into a knot, and a thrill of excitement made her knees weak. She took another gulp of her wine. "Wait a minute." Joanie hurried after Roxanne, and grabbed her friend's arm. "You can't leave me in suspense like this. What am I about to find out?"

"I'm not supposed to tell you," Roxanne whispered, and then offered reassurance with a smile. "You're going to love it. Jeffrey said he would talk to David, and I might get it too."

"Get what?" Joanie couldn't stop the knot in her tummy from climbing to her throat.

"I can't tell you," Roxanne insisted. "Now come on, they are waiting."

"They?" Joanie allowed Roxanne to drag her to the door. "Who is they?"

David stood on the front porch, and put his hands on Joanie's shoulders as soon as she stepped outside. "I've got something for you," he whispered in her ear.

Joanie felt a chill run through her, even though the night air felt warm. Several torches had been lit around the front porch to keep bugs away, but it still took a minute for Joanie to adjust her eyes to the darkness.

"What do you have for me?" She could hardly speak as adrenaline rushed through her.

"I think you already know that, don't you?"

David walked her toward the porch steps, and Joanie looked over her shoulder at him suddenly confused. "Where are we going?"

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes," she whispered, not wanting him to know how nervous she felt.

David's eyes glowed a deep cobalt, the way they did when he was very aroused. He walked her around the side of the cabin, and Joanie had to look down a couple times to make sure she didn't trip.

"David, what are you doing?" Joanie couldn't handle it any longer, and stopped in her tracks, then turned to face him.

David held her shoulders, leaned into her, and kissed her long and hard.

Joanie fell into him, and he wrapped his arms around her, holding her, while he covered her mouth with his, and lashed at the inside of her mouth with his tongue. When he pulled his head back, Joanie let her cheek rest on his chest.

"I wanted to talk to you alone, so I brought you over here." David's breath tickled the top of her head. "Jeffrey and I have talked about giving you a threesome. He's discussed it with Roxanne, and she told him about the other day, when I walked in on you two."

"She told me inside just now that she isn't ready." Joanie remained in his arms, with her cheek against his chest. His strength seemed to feed her, and she felt glad David took the time to talk to her about this—finally.

"That is what she told Jeffrey, too. But she is

content with him joining you and me, and said she would like to watch."

"So you want me to go inside and strip so you two can fuck me?"

David chuckled and Joanie felt her insides grow warm.

"Is that how you want to do it?"

"I don't know how to do it." Joanie sighed, and pushed her hands against his chest so that she could see his face. "I'm getting nervous."

"The whole point is to have fun." David brushed her cheek with his fingers. "I love you, baby. If this makes you happy, I want to give it to you."

"I love you, too. And I know it will be fun. I'm just a little nervous."

David pulled her into his arms again, and then turned her toward the porch. When they reached the front door, Joanie realized that Jeffrey and Roxanne hadn't waited outside for them. They entered the living room and found the two of them cuddled on one of the huge reclining chairs together, talking and sipping on wine.

"Save any of that bottle for us?" David headed for the matching recliner, and pulled Joanie on to his lap as he sat. His hand instantly slipped under her sleeve and cupped her tit, which he always did, just never in front of anyone else before. Joanie didn't stop him.

"There are two more bottles chilling in the fridge." Roxanne smiled, and offered two full glasses to them. Joanie noticed the bottle next to Jeffrey and Roxanne's chair was almost empty.

Joanie accepted both glasses, and handed one to

David, then sipped at hers. She noticed Roxanne watching David's hand, and smiled.

"Damn, watching this is going to be fun," Roxanne whispered, and licked her lips.

"You're more than welcome to be part of it," Jeffrey said, as he snuggled his face into her hair and reached under her shirt as well.

"Not this time." Roxanne jumped up. "I think you all should come upstairs. I want to watch."

"She is horny as hell." Jeffrey chuckled and stood, stretching.

Joanie noticed an enormous hard-on through his jeans, and decided upstairs was a good idea.

CHAPTER SIX

The loft consisted of two rooms, and they entered one of them, which apparently would be their room since Joanie noticed their bags on the floor next to the bed. The bed, with its headboard up against the center of the wall, allowed a small amount of walking space around the other three sides. There weren't any wall hangings, and no windows. A stool sat along the wall inside the door, and Joanie guessed it might have been brought up for this evening, because Roxanne perched on it now, with her feet on the edge of the bed.

David entered behind Joanie, and before she could stop him, he slid her shorts down to her ankles.

"Oh damn, you are hot," Jeffrey said when he noticed her shaved pussy.

"I told you she was," David said, and pulled her tank top over her head, then crawled on to the bed, still clothed, and pulling her by the hand to join him.

"Oh hell yes," Roxanne said, and Joanie turned, sitting, and faced her friend who was grinning from ear to ear. "You are going to get such a treat, girl. And I get to watch the whole thing."

"You are such a voyeur," Jeffrey laughed, as he stood next to Roxanne, and then willingly lifted his

hands when she tugged at his shirt so she could slide it over his head.

David pulled his shirt off as well, then slid his shorts down and tossed both to the floor. "Come on baby. Show these two how well you suck dick."

David held his hard cock in his hand, and reached for Joanie's head with his other hand. She willingly turned to take his large cock into her mouth, sucking it eagerly, and feeling good that she had something to do, and wouldn't be in charge of instigating anything. Her body tingled with anticipation however, wondering what everyone else in the room was doing.

"I want to watch you suck her pussy, sweetheart," Roxanne said.

"Do you? Will you watch me?" Jeffrey sounded excited.

Joanie felt his hands touch her leg and she realized this was actually going to happen.

Two men were going to do her at the same time, and she couldn't wait. She squirmed her ass on the bed, and darted her tongue around the throbbing dick in her mouth. When she let her legs fall open, her pussy lips spread, and she could feel how soaked she was.

"Oh yes, I'll watch everything," Roxanne said, and sounded out of breath.

"Lay down on the bed, darlin'," David instructed, and held her head in place, while his other hand slid down her back.

Jeffrey placed a hand on either of her legs, and helped Joanie slide to a lying position on her back,

while keeping David's cock in her mouth.

"That's it baby. Damn you suck cock so good." David slid in and out of her mouth, and she opened her eyes to see that he knelt next to her head, and held his body over her, supporting his weight with one hand on the bed, while his other hand began kneading her tit.

Joanie groaned and spread her legs, feeling Jeffrey's body getting comfortable on the edge of the bed, in between her legs. She anticipated his mouth on her pussy, and came just thinking about it.

"Oh, what a beautiful pussy," Jeffrey said, and she felt his fingers spread her pussy lips, then one finger ran along her opening, spreading her cum over her clit, and then down towards her asshole. She lifted her hips, suddenly greedy for his attention.

"That's a horny pussy." David laughed, and then squeezed her nipple at the same time that Jeffrey's lips covered her clit.

Joanie let David's cock slide from her mouth. "Oh, hell yes," she cried, and then ran her tongue over his cock, before sucking it deep into her mouth until she gagged.

David grabbed her head, holding his cock deep in her throat for another second, before sliding it out, and then diving back deep into her throat. Jeffrey's tongue licked her clit, as his fingers spread open her pussy hole, and then his tongue dove into her, fucking her eagerly.

"Damn, this is fucking hot." Roxanne sounded more out of breath than before, and Joanie wondered if she were masturbating. "Rub your face up and

down her pussy, babe. That's it, fucking do it."

Joanie spread her legs as far as she could, while holding her head in position so David could fuck her face. His thrusts in and out of her mouth grew more aggressive, and he held her head in a firm grip with his one hand tangled through her hair. Joanie lifted her ass off the bed, enjoying the hell out of how Jeffrey made her pussy feel. The man had one talented tongue.

Joanie felt the strain on her inner thigh muscles from her legs being spread almost flat, but she didn't care. Jeffrey went back and forth from sucking her clit to fucking her with his tongue, and she felt her climax build. She wanted to explode on his face, and pictured Roxanne licking her cum from his face, even though she doubted that would happen. The thought excited her more, however, and she thrust her hips so that her pussy covered his face. David pounded her face, his cock going in and out of her mouth. She sucked so hard she tasted blood, and he pounded so deep her gag reflexes made her eyes water, and again she didn't care. She held on to his cock with all the suction she could manage and darted her tongue around to keep up with his thrusts.

"I want to fuck you," David groaned, and his words made Jeffrey pull away, leaving her pussy aching for his mouth.

"Turn her over on her knees," Jeffrey suggested.

"Good idea," David agreed, as Joanie flipped over to her hands and knees. "Why don't you let her suck your cock for a bit? You are in for a treat, my friend."

Joanie managed a glimpse at her friend on the

stool, before opening her mouth to accept the new cock. Roxanne had her hand in her shorts, and her other hand appeared to be playing with her nipple underneath her tube top. The two women smiled at each other.

"That's it, babe. Show the man how good you suck dick." David spoke as he slid his cock into her pussy. "Good God, you are soaked."

"I think she is having fun." Jeffrey didn't hold her head the way David did, but gently placed his palm over her hair, and slid his cock in and out of her mouth. He wasn't as thick as David, but long and thinner. She had no problem sucking him, not having to open her mouth as wide, but he was able to slide his dick further down her throat, and she gagged, which made him not slide as far with the next thrust. She wanted to tell him to fuck her face the way David had, but didn't want to stop the action with instruction. So she let him fuck her face the way he wanted.

David dove deep into her pussy, making her explode immediately. Wave after wave of orgasm ripped through her, and Joanie felt limp for a minute, as she almost collapsed to the bed on her stomach. But not wanting either man to stop what he was doing, she quickly regained strength, and straightened her arms so that she once again presented herself doggy-style to the two men.

"That's it babe, cum for us." David rubbed his hand over her ass, and then gave her a swat that made a crisp slapping sound.

"Oh hell yeah," Roxanne murmured, and Joanie

smiled with dick in her mouth.

"Like that, do you Roxanne?" David asked, and chuckled as he slapped Joanie's ass again.

"Yeah," Roxanne whispered, and Joanie guessed her friend had just cum.

David pounded Joanie's pussy, reaching deep inside her, while she arched her ass up to him, allowing him as thorough a penetration as possible. He gripped her ass with both hands, and slammed hard and fast, the way no other man could fuck her. She knew he could do that for hours if he wanted, and still not cum. That quality was one of many reasons she loved him. Joanie groaned as she ran her tongue over this new cock in her mouth, exploring it, learning about it, as she sucked and released, allowing it to slide in and out of her mouth.

"Dear God, I'm going to cum," Jeffrey moaned.

"Well then let's let you have at this pussy, man." David grabbed Joanie's ass with more force, and the next thing she knew, she was sitting on the bed, neither dick in her any longer, with her vision blurred and hair covering her face. Before she had time to recover, firm hands grabbed her shoulders, and she fell backwards on to her back. Her head slid off the edge of the bed, and two other hands grabbed her legs and opened them like scissors, while the long, thin cock which had been in her mouth, slid into her pussy.

Because of Jeffrey's length, he had the ability to hit a spot that David hadn't hit, and she squealed when he dove into her, even though he didn't fill her as well as David did.

Both men chuckled their satisfaction, then David palmed her head like a basketball, with a hand covering each of her ears, held her so that she saw the room upside down for the briefest of seconds, and then slid his cock, dripping thick with her cum, down her throat.

Joanie gagged but couldn't move her head. Her legs stretched open and the other cock rammed into her, reaching yet another spot. But when she tried to scream, her mouth filled with cock, and she choked before swallowing, which enabled David to thrust deeper down her throat. She balled the bedspread underneath her with her fists, and held on for dear life as both men bashed her with their cocks. Joanie exploded again.

"This is one hot little lady you've got here," Jeffrey moaned, and Joanie guessed he would cum within seconds.

"Uh-huh," David groaned. "Want my cum down your throat baby?"

Joanie couldn't answer him, not even a groan, and she couldn't nod her head with it hanging over the edge of the bed, and his hands holding her steady. So she just kept her mouth open as wide as she could, and hoped he guessed her answer.

"Holy fucking shit," Jeffrey wailed.

He slammed deep into her pussy, making Joanie certain he had bruised her deepest pussy walls. He relaxed as soon as he had exploded within her, and released his grip on her legs. They fell lifelessly to the mattress, and she made no attempt to move them.

David grabbed her hair so hard it stung her scalp,

and blasted his hot cum into her throat so that she choked. She ran her tongue over her numb lips when he pulled out, not sure if any cum had escaped or not.

David collapsed on to the bed, and pulled Joanie up into his arms, wrapping her close to him, and kissing her forehead.

"Thanks you two, that was incredible." Jeffrey made a show of staggering toward the door, and Roxanne jumped from the stool to steady him. "I think I'm headed for a hot shower. I'll see you two tomorrow."

"A hot shower sounds good." Roxanne reached down and scooped Jeffrey's clothes off the floor. "I think I'll help you with that."

Jeffrey laughed and the two of them headed through the bedroom doorway to the hall. "I think I can handle that," he said.

David laughed. "Good night, you two," he called, and Joanie opened her eyes in time to see Roxanne wave, as Jeffrey pulled the bedroom door closed.

"I love you," Joanie whispered as she cuddled into David, and allowed him to free the blankets beneath them, and then pull a sheet over her soaked body.

"I love you too, sweetheart, very much."

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

All my life, I've wondered at how people fall into the routines of life. The paths we travel seemed to be well-trodden by society. We go to school, fall in love, find a line of work (and hope and pray it is one we like), have children and do our best to mold them into good people who will travel the same path. This is the path so commonly referred to as the "real world".

The characters in my books are destined to stray down a different path other than the one society suggests. Each story leads the reader into a world altered slightly from the one they know. For me, this is what good fiction is about, an opportunity to escape from the daily grind and wander down someone else's path.

Jade Roe grew up in the northeastern corner of Kansas. She is a graduate from the University of KS with degrees in Political Science and English. The ink was barely dry on her degree when she signed a marriage license. Less than a year later she gave birth to her first son. The marriage lasted ten years and she has three wonderful boys to show for it. Today, she works nights and spends the days with her boys and writing. The stories she produces flow with action and conflict. The reason could be that Jade is surrounded by just that daily when she sits down to write with her young children at play around her.