

Loose Id

Rites of Spring

**SEDONIA
GUILLONE**

**THE
SATISFACTION
OF CELIA FLYNN**

An erotic interlude with the characters
of *The Completeness of Celia Flynn*

THE SATISFACTION OF CELIA FLYNN

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THE COMPLETENESS OF CELIA FLYNN

Sedonia Guillone

Loose Id.®

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This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations some readers may find objectionable (m/m/m/f ménage).

The Satisfaction of Celia Flynn

Sedonia Guillone

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“I propose a toast.” Robert held up his wineglass and stood. The ruby liquid shone from the hearth fire behind him. “To our great fortune.”

Celia held up her glass in agreement, as did Freddie and Patrick. The sting of happy tears rushed to her eyes. Good fortune, indeed.

She watched Robert’s gaze move from one of them to the next. His usual mischievous grin tugged at his lips and his dimples creased the planes of his cheeks. “We have much to be grateful for this night,” he went on. His dark eyes shone and the firelight glinted off the rich brown color of his short hair.

“We three lads returned from war alive and basically whole. Celia was here, ready for us, wanting us to love her again.” He inclined his head toward the nearby cradle, which sat close enough to the fire for warmth, yet far enough for safety from sparks. “And there’s a healthy, ruddy-cheeked babe in that cradle, one year old today, Tommy is, a product of my and Ceil’s love.” A sparkle came into his eye and he shot a look at Patrick and Freddie. “God willing, there’ll be more of those by you two lads down the road.”

“Here, here,” Patrick and Freddie answered in unison.

Celia laughed softly. Her cheeks tingled pleasantly, both from Robert’s comment and from the bit of wine she’d had during their celebration dinner.

Robert’s grin widened. “And,” he continued, a suggestive note in his voice, “Our mother-in-law, the lovely Margaret Flynn, is in Dublin until tomorrow evening.”

“Here, here,” Patrick and Freddie piped in again, their voices a male chorus that made the tingle in Celia’s cheeks spread lower, flush through her breasts and down, into her sex.

Celia knew precisely what Robert meant.

Robert raised his glass higher. “So tonight, we drink to good fortune in all its faces. Not that we don’t appreciate Margaret and how hard she’s worked to accept all three of us loving her daughter at once, but ...” He shot a devilish grin at Celia. “On a night like this when we have the house all to ourselves, we can descend upon our lass, all three of us, rather than hold to the compromise we have made for Margaret’s comfort.”

A delightful shudder of warmth passed through Celia’s entire body. The lads’ concession to Celia’s mother had been that each man would each take his turn in Celia’s bed. One man, one night at a time.

Robert leaned in and clinked his glass against all the others. The four of them sipped their wine and set the glasses down. Celia’s head swam now, not from the drink but from the prospect of loving all three of her lads at once. It had been a long time since the last and no doubt, Robert would have something fun planned to heighten their pleasure.

“Celia.” Robert was gazing at her. Desire darkened his face. “I suggest we leave the dishes for the morrow and not put off our celebration a moment longer.”

His look and words sent a frisson of lust through her sex. She nodded. “Aye. I agree.”

Robert grinned. “I thought ye might. And so, I have our special place all prepared. Lady and gentlemen, follow me.” He pulled Celia’s chair out for her. When she rose to her feet, he took her hand and pressed his lips into her palm. His eyes simmered into hers with promise.

Celia's body tingled wildly at Robert's mere touch. She caught her breath. Robert always had the most delightful and pleasurable activities planned for her, even when it was just the two of them.

He released her hand. "The lads and I guarantee your satisfaction this night, Ceil." He winked and turned, starting for the door. He still limped from the shrapnel he'd taken in the hip, but he no longer needed his cane to walk.

Anxious to begin their interlude, Celia picked up Patrick's hand and placed it on her shoulder to guide him. Patrick had been blinded by mustard gas in the trenches, but even though his green eyes were sightless, he swore he could see her face when he looked at her.

Together, they trailed into the back parlour.

With a flourish, Freddie opened the door for her. Celia stepped in, Patrick close behind her. As soon as she saw the room, she stopped and stared. Her heart thumped. Now she understood why Robert had spent so much time in the parlour that afternoon with the door closed, forbidding her to enter. "Robert!" she breathed.

Gauzy white lengths of cloth hung from the ceiling, draping down create an intimate space in the center of the small room. Boughs of Scots fir rested on the window seats, tabletops and mantel, giving the room the appearance of a small forest glade. The scent of pine permeated the air and burned in the hearth, which crackled pleasantly and made the room cozy.

Robert had cleared the center of the rug and set down a luxurious-looking pile of blankets and cushions. "I hope you'll be comfortable here, Ceil," he said as he set the cradle down in a warm, safe corner of the room.

Celia's heartbeat sped up and tears rushed to her eyes. She was most definitely the luckiest lass in all the world. "Robert, it's splendid!" Her voice came out in a breathy rush. "I can't believe you went to all this trouble. Thank you."

Robert came up beside her and kissed her cheek. "I only want the best for our lass," he said softly. He picked up her hand and tugged gently. "Now, come this way, to the center of the glen." He grinned and led Celia to the middle of the clearing.

Celia slipped off her shoes and let her stockinged feet sink into the bedding. Immediately she found herself surrounded by Robert, Freddie and Patrick. Their closeness sent a thrill through her. It had been a very long time since the three of them had all been this close together. She swallowed hard as her heartbeat sped up.

"Now, lassie," Robert said, mischief in his tone, "The last I looked, wood faeries weren't wearing skirts and blouses." He reached up and undid the top button of Celia's blouse.

Celia took a deep breath. Robert's fingers brushed the skin of her throat. He undid several more buttons and Celia felt the warm air touch her skin above the lace edging of her camisole.

"Ahh, so beautiful," Robert murmured. "Look lads, skin like fresh cream." He brushed the fingertips of one hand across the top of her chest. His touch sent delightful shivers through her and her nipples tingled.

"Aye," Patrick said softly. "The softest thing in the whole world." He ran the pads of his fingers down the side of Celia's neck. "And her neck is so graceful, like a swan." He leaned in and pressed his lips to the side of her neck.

She sighed and tilted her head.

Patrick responded by pressing in closer. He parted his lips and Celia felt the moist warmth of his tongue brush her sensitive skin.

She sighed and parted her lips. Suddenly, Robert kissed her, claimed her mouth in that special way he had. Celia always knew Robert's gentle yet commanding way with her. Knew it blindfolded ...

Robert swiped his tongue across hers, teased and coaxed Celia to hot arousal. Freddie picked up her hand and suckled on her fingers. One by one, he licked the exquisitely sensitive pads of Celia's fingers. The wet heat of his tongue weakened her, made her moan.

Celia's eyelids shuttered. Her body felt languid, and her sex pulsed with gathering need. Her three lads always left her weak and breathless, unable to do anything except let them take possession of her. Hands moved all over her, over her breasts, her bottom, her back and stomach. Fingers here and there finished undoing the buttons of her blouse and the fastenings of her skirt. The clothing dropped to the floor around her feet, leaving her in only her camisole, drawers, garters and stockings.

Robert lifted his lips from hers. His dark eyes simmered more than ever and his full lips looked as swollen and moist from kissing as Celia's felt. He grinned. "Now one of the best parts," he murmured and pulled the string at the top of her camisole.

The lacy material fell open, revealing the tops of Celia's breasts.

"Celia," Robert breathed, "Ye are the prettiest thing." His eyelids lowered in a sensual way and he took her mouth again.

The other lads continued to caress her. Patrick stole under the camisole with both hands and cupped her breasts. Celia moaned softly and sagged back against him. His lips remained pressed tenderly on the side of her neck and he feathered the tip of his tongue on her skin while he squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples, teased them lovingly into taut peaks.

Freddie knelt before her. He loved her thighs very much and always told her so. But Celia knew that anyway because whenever they were together, he spent much time kissing and stroking them as he did now. With teasing fingertips he caressed her inner thighs and rained soft kisses on the supple skin there.

He pulled the string of her drawers and let them fall around her feet with the rest of her clothes. Her bare sex was a mere few inches away from his face now.

“Celia,” she heard him whisper in a throaty voice. His hot breath passed over the front of her moist core. He slid his fingertips up one of her thighs and then grazed them down the length of her slit.

Celia threw her head back. She was absorbed, mind, body and soul in the touches and kisses of her three lads. Thank goodness Patrick stood behind her, supporting her sagging weight because she could barely stand up now from the erotic bliss invading her body.

Back and forth, Freddie caressed the moist crevice of Celia’s sex. He ventured a bit deeper inside with each gentle swipe until he brushed over the hard swollen nub at the center.

Celia cried out softly, the sound muffled by Robert’s deep kiss. Robert swiped his tongue across hers and then pulled away.

“Come, lads,” he said.

Obediently, Freddie and Patrick ceased touching and kissing her. Celia’s eyes flew open and she nearly went dizzy from the sudden cold absence of hands and mouths on her body. Her gaze fell on Robert who, of course, was grinning like the devil himself.

He held out a hand. “Freddie, your tie, please, lad.”

“Aye.” Freddie quickly undid the knot in his tie and worked it open.

Celia’s heart thumped and a frisson of heat passed through her.

“Patrick,” Robert said, “Remove Celia’s cammy.”

“Aye.” Patrick was still behind Celia, the heat of his body close to hers. Gently, he felt for the hem of her camisole and lifted it. His fingertips grazed her skin deliciously as he slid the flimsy material up, past her breasts.

Celia lifted her arms for him and let him pull the article all the way off. Patrick dropped it aside. “May I touch her again, Robert?” he breathed.

Robert chuckled. “Soon, mate.”

“Here’s my tie.”

“Thanks, mate.” Robert took the tie from him and grinned at Celia. “Hold out your hands, lassie.”

Another ripple of erotic heat passed through Celia’s body. She obeyed and Robert gently bound her wrists.

“Remember that night back in the inn in Edinburgh, when we fetched Freddie from the hospital?” Robert said in a husky voice.

Celia nearly went breathless. “Aye.”

Robert chuckled. “I would have thought so. Well, tonight, we’re going to play the same game of *Guess Who?* only with a twist.” He reached out and brushed his fingertips across Celia’s cheek, trailed them down the side of her neck and pulled away. “Last time, Ceil, you had to guess by touch which lad was which. Tonight, you will try and guess who is touching you ...” He traced the swell of her right breast with gentle fingertips.

Celia caught her breath.

“Tasting you,” he went on. As he’d done earlier, he picked up her hand and held it to his lips for a brief kiss. “All while blindfolded and bound.” He kissed her hand again, feathered the tip of his tongue on the sensitive inside of her wrist. “How does that sound, lass?”

Celia breathed heavily. Whispers of tingling heat spiraled through her body and she felt how wet and open her sex already was. “That sounds wonderful.”

Robert squeezed her hand. “Very well then. Lie down here and we’ll prepare you for the game.” He helped her to lie down on the cushions on her back. Freddie and Patrick helped stuff the pillows underneath her so that her breasts and her lower body were raised. “Are you comfortable, Ceil?” Robert asked when they’d finished.

She nodded. “Aye. Very.” Her voice came out breathless and every inch of her body was weak with desire.

“Excellent. Now, you have a choice. Before the blindfold goes on, do you wish to watch us undress?”

“Oh, aye.” The mere suggestion sent another jolt of heat through her sex. She loved watching the lads undress, loved seeing them uncover their beautiful masculine bodies bit by bit.

“Very well. Get on with it then, lads. Give our lady what she wants.” Robert’s grin widened as his hands went to his tie, which he loosened slowly, as if to tease Celia.

Celia looked at Freddie. He’d already unbuttoned his shirt. The firelight glinted off his short golden hair and pale skin. A surge of heat passed through her middle. Freddie had a sleekly sculpted body, slim yet hard. His muscles flexed as he lifted off his undershirt, revealing the sprinkling of dark golden hair on his chest and tawny nipples.

Celia swallowed hard and looked at Patrick. He too, had stripped off his shirt and undershirt and was undoing his trousers. Patrick’s build was between Freddie’s and Robert’s in musculature. Patrick was athletic and still loved to play football even though he couldn’t see. His love of movement was reflected in the rounded hardness of his shoulders and chest. He turned slightly to take off his pants and gave Celia a perfect view of his hard buttocks flexing against the tight material of his drawers.

A lustful shiver tore through her whole body. The sound and movement of clothing coming undone and falling to the floor was all around her.

She looked at Robert. His heavy lidded gaze was on her. He’d just finished unbuttoning his shirt and slipped it off. Celia nearly moaned at the sight of Robert’s torso, at the bulge of his farmer’s physique under the form-fitting undershirt he wore. The dark, silky hairs of his chest peeped over the top and Celia licked her lips. He unbuckled his trousers as slowly as he’d worked off his tie. Mischievous glinted in his dark eyes and Celia remained captured, watching him undress until his whole muscular body was naked, thick erection and all.

As a matter of fact, all three of them no longer wore a stitch ...

Robert picked up a scarf and knelt by Celia's head. "And now, for the blindfold ..." He covered her eyes and tied the scarf firmly but gently. That done, he took her bound wrists and lifted her arms above her head. "Now, we can begin. Remember, lads, the only rule of this game is that no one gets Celia off." He chuckled. "That is, until the last bit when all three of us get her off at once. *If* she wins the game."

Celia caught her breath. Oh, God, she was already in heaven and they'd barely touched her.

"Ready, Ceil?" Robert said.

She nodded. "Aye."

"Very good. Round one begins. I'll let you know when to give your answers."

Silence fell over the room, the only sound being the crackle of the fire. Celia's body tingled in anticipation.

The heat of a male body filled the space around her and she felt someone kneel between her spread legs and hover over her. He leaned into her, breath warm on her face and lowered his lips to hers.

Celia sighed. She immediately recognized Robert's earthy musky scent. From the moment their lips touched, she knew for sure it was him. He took her mouth in that commanding yet gentle way of his, slipped his tongue past the seam of her lips and tasted her with strong passion. The kiss didn't last long, for he pulled away and rained a trail of kisses down her neck and chest.

Strong, tender hands palmed her breasts, drew them upward together. Robert's touch. No doubt in her mind, and body.

She sighed again, her whole body warm and melty under his possession. He licked and suckled her nipples, squeezed her breasts together before he released them and moved lower. The same gentle yet commanding touch landed on both thighs and slid upward. He slipped his thumbs between the soft folds of her sex and spread her open.

Celia's breath caught. Robert swiped his tongue over her clit, teased it with small flickers. He pushed one finger inside her at the same time and made her cry out softly from the invasion of pleasure.

That was definitely Robert.

Then he was gone.

The second man replaced him between her spread thighs and leaned over her prone body. His yummy scent of aftershave and soap gave him away immediately.

Celia murmured happily and strained lightly against her bonds, stretched her body upward in anticipation of the next touch.

First his kiss. Mmm, just as she'd known -- Patrick. She could never mistake the worshipful, sweet way he kissed her. First he brushed his lips across hers, back and forth several times as if begging her to open. When she did, he dipped his tongue in and swirled it sensuously around, so obviously trying to please her. Celia loved kissing Patrick and moved her tongue against his in that sweet dance they had.

He groaned softly. He tried to suppress it, by the sound, and pulled his lips from hers. He slid his hands to her breasts, caressed the soft swells with his heated passion. Sex was still rather new to him -- Celia having been his first and only lass. Celia felt the coiled up energy in his hands. How gentle he was. His touch radiated tentative sweetness and made her feel so worshiped and beautiful. He slid his hands to her back, cradling her and licked her nipples, suckled them so lightly at first then with increasing pressure.

Celia arched upward, lost in the pleasure. She moaned softly as Patrick lifted away from her breasts and moved his feast to her sex.

His large hands cupped her buttocks, gently lifted her, and he pressed his mouth to her inner sex. He closed his lips and tongue over the hard, sensitive nub and suckled gently, as if he were drinking her essence.

Aye, this was Patrick and no other.

As Robert had done before him, Patrick pleased her only long enough to leave her panting, her back arched in a plea for more, and then he, too, was gone, replaced by her third delicious lad.

Freddie, unmistakable by his clean scent of maleness and, oddly, paper, lowered his slimmer form between her legs. His breathing was light and quick and Celia sensed his ever-present concern to pleasure her. Freddie made love to her as he lived, a mathematician at heart and by trade. He kissed her slowly and precisely, making sure he didn't miss a spot of her lips and tongue.

He kissed a soft, intent trail over her jaw and down her neck, a nearly perfect straight line to the valley between her small breasts. He rounded each taut nipple with his tongue, traced the exact shape of the dusky puckered skin and dark red tip before continuing his perfect line down the center of her stomach to her sex.

Celia giggled softly, both from delight and from the light ticklish feeling of Freddie's perfect kisses. His perfectionism delighted her and also inspired her compassion. He'd come a long way in less than two years of having suffered shell shock from the war.

Freddie spread Celia's sex open with gentle fingers and kissed the center. He swiveled his tongue around her aching clit and up and down the opening of her sex.

Celia cried out softly. Freddie's precise loving brought her body brought to a pitch of arousal.

Her three lads were torturing her, pure and simple. Aye, it was the most delightful torment, but her body needed release now, so desperately.

Freddie pulled away and then he was gone.

She heard Robert chuckle. "Well, Ceil, who was who?"

"Robert, Patrick, Freddie," she breathed. Her body coursed with need, her mind dizzy.

"Very good, lass. Now for the second round. Get that right and you'll have your satisfaction."

Celia felt more than one pair of hands slide under her and lift her. Gently, her lads turned her over until she was on her knees, supporting her front with her elbows. Someone stuffed cushions under her hips and belly, giving her extra support.

“Ready for the next round?” Robert said. Delightful mischief laced his tone.

“Aye,” Celia said, nearly breathless.

A moment passed and one of her lads knelt behind her. His male warmth pressed close and large gentle hands closed on her hips. Celia knew Patrick’s touch immediately. He nudged her opening with the head of his cock in the way he always did, as if asking for her permission to take her.

She pushed back against him. Her sex was so slick and open he slid right in. Patrick’s cock fit her just right and his gentle yet passionate thrusts reminded her always of their first time. He panted, moaned softly, as he’d done before. His cock reached deep inside her, touched all the delicious paces that made her cry out with delight each time. When his cock twitched inside her, she knew he was about to come. She squeezed her lower muscles around him and heard him groan in response. Another squeeze and he came, filled her with his warm seed.

He collapsed over her back, caressed her hips for several moments, then slipped out.

Her next lad took Patrick’s place. He closed his hands on her hips.

Robert. Celia recognized his firm, tender touch. Her body always relaxed in his hold because he made her feel so safe, so held.

She felt him guide the head of his cock to her opening. He slipped in and gently pushed.

Aye, there was no mistaking that thick meaty part of him that filled her.

He thrust gently but firmly, an even rhythm that touched her deep inside. She wanted to come so badly and lifted her hips, but even though he was large, Robert’s cock didn’t hit the spot that would give her release. Each time their bodies met a jolt of pleasure shivered

through her sex. The torture built. Celia cried out each time, completely, utterly lost in this whole enchanting night.

Robert moved faster and faster, rubbed her soft insides with his thick cock until he, too, came. His hands tightened on her hips and he held her to him until he'd emptied his climax.

He slipped out moments later, left her body wanting and unfulfilled.

Freddie replaced him only moments later. His erection was slimmer than Patrick's and Robert's, but no less amazing, no less filling as he thrust inside her. Of course, he followed an even, precise rhythm, his breath matching the tempo of his movements. He held her hips gently, caressed them, and made certain to stroke her thighs too. His attention to her thighs was what would have given him away if Celia hadn't already known so well the feeling of his cock inside her.

All too soon, Freddie climaxed. All three lads had come sooner than usual, probably wound up as they were by the intense eroticism of their activity. Celia, however, hadn't even come once and her body ached so much she was at the point of begging for release.

"All right, Ceil. Who was who?" Robert said in his wicked tone.

"Patrick, you, Freddie."

All three lads laughed. "Aye, that's our lass," Patrick said.

Someone pulled her blindfold off and someone else unbound her wrists. Celia blinked and focused on the three handsome faces hovering above her, at the contrast of their hair, Robert's dark, dark brown, Patrick's chestnut and Freddie's golden tone. She smiled at them, still panting. "Well, now, please?"

They grinned down at her and leaned forward. Hands all over Celia turned her onto her back and arranged the cushions as before. In the next moment, Robert leaned down and claimed her mouth. His skin was hot and damp and his tongue swirled hungrily against hers.

Celia sighed and surrendered to the kiss. In no time, Patrick leaned over her breasts and licked and suckled her nipples the way he'd done before, one hand caressing her stomach at the same time.

On instinct, Celia wound her fingers into his hair and moaned into Robert's mouth.

Then Freddie knelt by her sex. He kissed the inside of one thigh and caressed the other with gentle fingertips. His kissed moved upward, dangerously close ...

Celia felt the hot moist press of his tongue on her clit.

Oh! She closed her eyes as pleasure tingled in every inch. All three men were kissing, suckling and caressing her at once and her whole existence distilled to these sensations.

Freddie spread her thighs wider apart and slipped two fingers in her passage while he licked her clit in wild circles.

In seconds, Celia burst. Her orgasm plowed through her sex in wave after wave. Her lads never stopped their licks and caresses until her body went limp and sagged underneath their mouths and hands.

Robert gave her one last peck on the lips and settled down beside her, one hand caressing her cheek. Patrick snuggled against her, his arm draped over her middle while Freddie used one of her thighs as a pillow.

"Well, Ceil, how was that?" Robert asked softly. "Special, I hope, for you as it was for us."

Celia smiled and covered his hand with hers. She sighed a deep breath and felt deliciously cocooned by the heat emanating off the masculine bodies surrounding her. "Ahhh," she said, hearing the utter contentment in her voice, "when I float back down from Heaven, I'll tell you."

 THE END 

Sedonia Guillone

Sedonia Guillone lives on the water in Florida in winter and on the rocky coast of Maine in summers with a Renaissance man who paints, writes poetry and tells her she's the sweetest nymph he's ever met. When she's not writing erotic romance, she loves watching spaghetti westerns, cuddling, and eating chocolate.

Visit Sedonia on the Web at www.sedoniaguillone.com.

To read more about the characters and their world, check out *The Completeness of Celia Flynn* by Sedonia Guillone:

One afternoon in Robert's barn, Celia got her first taste of erotic passion with him...and Freddie...and Patrick. But "nice" girls don't give their body to even one man outside of marriage, much less three, no matter how brawny and deliciously masculine they are. And no matter how much they love you. The abundance of eroticism frightened her away and she attempted to live a quiet life, acceptable to her mother and to society, if not exciting or true to her own heart.

No sooner had she done so, however, than the war took all the young men from the village, including her acceptable fiancé. Two years of loneliness make Celia realize how much she needs and loves the three men she once ran from and vows that if life gives her a second chance, she'll take it. When her prayers are answered and Robert, Patrick and Freddie return, each needing the love only she can give, Celia gives it, body and soul...

Publisher's Notes: This book is an edited and revised edition of a previously release. It contains sexual content that may be offensive to some readers: m/m/m/f menage.

The Completeness of Celia Flynn is available at Loose Id®

<http://www.loose-id.net/detail.aspx?ID=317>