

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

Callie's
Sexy
Surprise

TRISTA ANN
MICHAELS

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Callie's Sexy Surprise

ISBN # 9781419909597

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Edited by Ann Leveille.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: April 2007

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CALLIE'S SEXY SURPRISE

Trista Ann Michaels

Chapter One

It ought to be against the law for two men to look so sexy, Callie thought as she stared at her two roommates over the screen of her laptop. Would there be men like them at the resort she'd arranged to visit?

Hayden was an exclusive island resort that catered to fantasies. Unfortunately, her fantasies were sitting right across from her—one sipping coffee while the other flipped through the paper before handing half to other, both totally oblivious to her and her secret dreams of a ménage à trois.

Derek was the oldest. His black hair and deep blue eyes suited his deeply tanned complexion, giving him a slightly Mediterranean appearance. Brian was next with dark blond hair and deep green eyes that, more often than not, sparkled with mischief. Both were muscular and fit and more gorgeous than they had a right to be.

They'd been together since college and even though they had all three graduated and all three had successful careers, they chose to remain roommates.

Lately she'd been fantasizing about them. Both of them. It had become increasingly difficult to look at them without imagining one or both of them between her thighs. Despite how innocent their intentions, every time they touched her, she shivered. It had gotten ridiculous.

She couldn't count the number of nights she'd awoken from a hot dream featuring none other than the hunks seated at her table. Both of them pleasing her, making her scream in pleasure as they fucked her senseless.

Just thinking about it now made her wet with need. She really needed to get laid, hence the internet search for sex resorts. One in particular she'd researched extensively. Hayden.

Her fingers clicked across her keyboard, checking again the email she'd received, confirming her visit and her fantasy. Maybe this would help get the whole ménage idea out of her system and things could go back to the way they were before she'd begun having sexual fantasies about her roomies.

"What did you drag the suitcases out of storage for, Callie?" Derek asked, his gaze wandering through the stock pages of the paper. "I almost tripped over them this morning in the hall."

She almost jumped in guilt, quickly closing the laptop. "Sorry. I put them there and forgot to take them to my room."

"Going on a trip?" Brian asked.

"The Caribbean," she lied with a slight nod. Well, it wasn't really a lie. She *was* going to the Caribbean. "I thought I might check out one of those nude beaches," she said, her lips twitching in amusement when Derek almost choked on his juice.

"Nude beach? And why wasn't I invited?" Derek asked as he wiped his chin with a napkin.

"Yeah, me too? I wouldn't mind lying on a beach full of beautiful nude women."

"You wouldn't like it, Brian. Your cock would get sunburned," Callie teased, trying to hide her grin.

Derek snickered and returned his attention to the paper. If only they were serious. She would love it if they went with her to a nude beach, but they weren't able to get away from work this year. Brian's architectural firm was handling the new high-rise going up in SoHo, and Derek was in the middle of a huge corporate takeover and since he was head financial advisor for the invading company, he wouldn't be able to get away either.

As a web designer who could work wherever she had internet access, she could travel whenever she pleased. Unfortunately, that left her to take their usual summer vacation alone or just not take one. But after months of no sex and wild dreams that left

her panting, she needed this trip to Hayden, so part of her was glad they weren't able to get away.

"I'm going to jump in the shower and get ready for work," she said as she stood and pushed her chair back under the table. This morning would be a good time to make use of her handheld shower massager.

Brian nodded and stood to get more coffee. Derek raised his juice glass in salute, but didn't look her way, instead leaving his gaze glued to the paper. *Men*, she thought, and headed to the shower.

* * * * *

As soon as Derek heard the upstairs bathroom door shut, he glanced over the edge of his paper toward Brian. "Did you get everything set up?"

"Yeah. Tickets are upstairs as well as our resort confirmation. She's going to kill us, you know that, right?"

"No she's not," Derek said with a grin. "She's going to be too busy getting her brains fucked out to be angry."

"Talk about a stroke of luck," Brian said, a sideways grin tugging at his lips.

Derek silently agreed. He'd come home early, but Callie hadn't heard him enter their SoHo apartment. When he went upstairs to let her know he was home, he'd overheard her phone conversation. She had been making reservations at Hayden and describing in detail the fantasy she wished to request, right down to the descriptions of the two men she wanted to pleasure her.

The descriptions sounded a lot like him and Brian. Later that night he told his friend, and together they decided that if she wanted a ménage, then by golly they'd give her one.

So they'd cleared their schedules and made reservations. Derek had spent over thirty minutes on the phone trying to explain to the manager of the resort what they wanted to do. He'd finally had to fax a copy of his lease agreement to prove he and

Brian really did live with Callie, as well as copies of his driver's license. He'd even sent pictures of the three of them just for good measure. Once he'd eased her initial fears, she'd found the whole thing to be quite romantic and promised to handle everything.

Callie would never know. Until, that is, she walked into her suite and found her two roommates, ready and willing to grant their little Southern belle any fantasy she desired.

Brian folded his morning newspaper and set it aside. "Why do you suppose she never said anything?"

Derek glanced at him over his paper. "About having fantasies about us?"

"Yeah."

Derek shrugged. "Probably for the same reasons we didn't. We didn't want to screw up a friendship over something that may or may not happen. But now that we know she wants us..." A smile twitched at Derek's lips. "Game's on."

Brian chuckled. "I've wanted that little spitfire in my bed for so long, I'm liable to come before I even get all the way inside her."

One of Derek's eyebrows raised in amusement. "I wouldn't say that too loudly if I were you. Callie might not appreciate it."

"Kiss my ass," Brian snapped playfully as he lifted his cup to take a sip. "Have you gone to get the toys yet?"

"No. I thought I would do that today."

"Figures. I should have known you'd wait 'til the last minute."

"Then why are you so surprised?" he drawled. His gaze moved to the top of the stairs as movement caught his eye. "Here comes Callie."

Brian nodded and took another sip of his coffee. Derek tried to ignore Callie, in her white satin robe that barely covered her ass. Her long legs were firm and the color of creamy cappuccino, her waist trim, her stomach flat. Perky breasts about the size of grapefruits jiggled beneath the thin material as she came down the stairs.

Her long blonde hair was held on top of her head with a clip, a few tendrils escaping to hang down around her ears. As she jumped onto the last step, she stopped to stare at him, a frown of confusion creasing her brow.

"What?" she asked, then glanced down at herself to make sure everything was in place.

Oh yeah. Everything was definitely in place.

"What are you doing?" he asked, unable to think of anything else past the massive hard-on he carried behind the zipper of his suddenly too-tight jeans.

She waved a hand toward her MP3 player lying on the table. "I forgot the MP. Sorry."

"No need to apologize, hon," Brian said with a sideways grin. "Derek's just a little loopy this morning. Today is the first day of his 'no more caffeine' nonsense."

Callie snorted and walked into the kitchen to snatch the small red device. "I don't know why you bother. You know you can't live without coffee."

Derek put his hand over her MP3 player and pulled it toward him with a grin. "Like you can't live without this thing?"

She put her hands on her hips and glared down at him. "Don't even go there."

Oh he would definitely go there, and a whole lot of other places once they got to Hayden. *Two more days*, he told himself as he fought to keep his gaze on her face and not those damn perky tits. Her blue eyes narrowed into tiny slits and Derek had to bite back a grin. She was so adorable when aggravated.

With a grin, he continued to toy with the small device, wiggling it between his fingers. "So how about we make this interesting?"

"How about you give it back?" she said and tried to snatch it.

He jerked his hand back, causing her to miss, and she glared at him in exasperation, but not before she caught him staring at the opening of her robe, which showed an

enticing bit of breast. She glanced down and quickly pulled it closed, her cheeks turning a light pink.

Derek and Brian both chuckled at her modesty. "We've seen you nude before, Callie. Why are you being so modest now?" Brian asked, his voice dripping with amusement.

She shrugged, her face darkening to a deeper shade of red. "That was an accident. You weren't supposed to be home."

"If I had known you were going to dance around in the nude, I would have come home much sooner...enjoyed the full show," Derek said with a teasing grin.

"I need to get in the shower. I'm going to be late for work."

With that she turned and practically sprinted back up the stairs.

"You work at home," Derek called after her, laughter shaking his shoulders.

"This weekend," Brian said, his lips spreading into a full, devilish smile, "is going to be a hell of a lot of fun."

Chapter Two

Callie stood on the deck of the small ship the resort used to take guests from the San Juan to the small island about forty-fives miles to the east. The resort of Hayden occupied the entire one mile island. Privacy was their biggest selling point. That and of course the variety of fantasies they offered their customers.

Tilting her head, she watched the ocean lap against the side of the ship as the bow cut through the waves. White sails flapped in the breeze above her head and salty spray moistened her cheeks and cooled her sun-heated flesh. It was such a beautiful day and she wondered what her two roommates were doing back in New York.

Where they missing her? Thinking of her? Or where they having some wild orgy now that she was out of the way? With a sigh, she decided to try to not think about them for the next three days. According to her trip liaison, she would have her very own Derek and Brian satisfying her every desire. She could finally live out her wet dreams and her roommates would be none the wiser.

The ship slowed as Hayden came into view and she remained at the railing watching the hustle and bustle of the dock as the ship pulled into its slot. In the distance sat a huge gazebo beneath the grove of palm trees, where hostesses and hosts waited to greet the new guests and help settle them into their fantasies.

Her fingers gripped the railing, holding tight as she watched the other passengers disembark. Her stomach fluttered with nerves and for the first time since she'd boarded the ship she began to question if she could go through with it.

She bit down on her lower lip and looked down to stare at her gold sandals and painted red toes. She was about to have sex with two complete strangers—men she'd never met. What if she didn't like them? What if they looked nothing like her roommates?

"Callie?" a soft voice asked and she looked up into a pair of gorgeous brown eyes.

The woman smiled softly as she hugged a manila folder to her chest. A red flower held back one side of her black hair while the wind whipped at her wraparound skirt. Big Hawaiian flowers dotted the material, giving it a very tropical look, and on her lapel was a pin, marking her as one of the hostesses.

"Yes," Callie whispered.

"I'm Nina. Are you excited?" she asked, her lips lifting in a slight grin.

"Nervous," Callie said with a slight nod, recognizing the woman's name. Nina was who she'd spoken with to set this whole thing up.

Nina smiled. "It's to be expected. But I promise you, the gentlemen that are here to fulfill your fantasy have been thoroughly checked out, just like you. They're clean of disease and have been briefed on what it is you require."

Callie snorted softly. "It all sounds so businesslike."

"But that's exactly what it is," Nina said with a giggle and took Callie's hand, pulling her from the railing and down the gangplank to the dock. As they strolled along the path, Nina continued to allay her fears. "You're completely safe here, but if you have any trouble with the men just let me know and we'll take care of it."

Callie nodded, really only half listening. She couldn't take her gaze off her surroundings. It was beautiful and green and the landscaping alone must have cost a fortune. There were flowers everywhere in all varieties of colors and sizes. Their scents floated on the breeze, mingling with the salt of the ocean, and she inhaled deeply, thinking how different all this was to the heat and congestion of New York.

"Your suite is on the far side, in a private cove," Nina said as she slid into the driver's seat of an electric golf cart.

"I'm sorry?" Callie said. "I can't afford that, Nina. I requested a beachside room."

"I know dear, but the gentlemen who will be with you requested a more private location. Much more romantic."

"But I thought I was paying for this." With a frown, Callie slid into the seat next to Nina, adjusting her skirt so she sat on the material and not the hot leather.

"The gentlemen picked up the slack," Nina replied with a smile. "I think you'll be pleasantly surprised. It turns out the gentlemen know each other so that should work out great for you. Men that are familiar with one another make much better ménage partners."

"Really," Callie said and clasped her fingers in her lap to stop their trembling. Her nerves were jumping full force again.

"Don't worry. Relax. I promise you'll be pleasantly surprised."

If Callie hadn't been so nervous she would have wondered at the sly smile the woman sent her way, but at the moment she couldn't think of anything beyond her stomach butterflies. She needed a drink, and as though reading her mind Nina pulled up to a small thatched-roof bar nestled within a grove of trees.

"I thought we would stop here and get you something to help settle your nerves," Nina said with a grin.

"God bless you, Nina."

Callie jumped from the cart and followed Nina to the small bar, where a gorgeous Hispanic man with dark hair and eyes smiled a welcome.

"What's your poison, ladies?" he asked with a Cuban accent.

"Something strong," Callie said with a sideways grin. "And fruity."

The bartender chuckled. "One strong, fruity drink coming up."

"Nothing for you?" Callie asked and Nina shook her head.

"I'm working. So why such vivid details when it comes to the men?" Nina asked as she flipped through the file.

"I wanted them to look like my roommates," she said and smiled a thank you to the bartender as he handed her a glass full of blue liquid with a tiny yellow umbrella sticking out of the top. "What's this?" she asked.

"It's a Tropical Fusion. Enjoy, sip it slowly," the bartender advised.

Callie nodded with a grin and followed Nina back to the cart. The drink was cold, but the alcohol made warmth spread through her body. She winced and repositioned the straw within the glass. Well, she'd wanted strong and she certainly got it.

As they slowly made their way down the path, Callie took in more of the scenery and a few of the other guests who had come to experience what Hayden had to offer. Her gaze caught the heated stare of one very nice-looking thirty-something man and she smiled, waving her fingers as they drove by. He was tall, probably well over six feet, with a deep tan, dark hair, gray eyes and a body any muscle magazine would want on the cover. He was stunning and she practically strained her neck trying to keep him in view as they drove past.

He tipped his head up slightly in response, turning so that he could watch them continue down the narrow concrete road. Callie couldn't stop the laughter that bubbled up despite her anxiety over the weekend to come. It always felt great to have such a good-looking man show interest, and it gave her the little boost she needed to face the two strangers she was about to entrust herself to.

Halfway through Callie's drink, Nina pulled the cart to a stop below a white archway covered with fragrant wisteria. A cobblestone path began at the archway and curved through the thick landscaping of shrubs and dwarf trees toward a small thatched-roofed cottage nestled under a canopy of trees at the edge of a private beach.

She sighed in awe as they made their way to front door of the small, private cottage. It was like something off a movie set. *A porn movie*, she thought with a soft giggle.

Nina glanced at her with amusement and Callie held up the glass with a grin. "The bartender was right. It's strong."

Nina's smile widened as she dug through her pocket. She pulled out an old-fashioned metal key and Callie stared at it in surprise.

"No cards?" Callie asked.

"Not in the cottages."

"How quaint," Callie said as she took the key from Nina and unlocked the front door.

The cottage was round with cool tile floors, exposed beams and thatch, and large, open windows that allowed light and warm ocean breezes to flow through. Out the back was a small deck with a hot tub and gorgeous view of the ocean beyond.

To her left was a small kitchenette with a wicker table and chairs. All of the furniture was wicker, and she turned in a circle looking for the bed, wondering if it was wicker as well. Once she found it, her wondering was replaced with utter shock.

On the huge king-sized bed were two men, each dressed in only a pair of jeans, their chest muscles bulging as they leaned back against the brass headboard. One dark, the other light, and both smiling as though they'd just pulled off the biggest stunt in history. Her heart pounded frantically in her chest and she blinked, wondering if the alcohol was playing tricks on her.

Derek and Brian?

"Welcome to your fantasy, Callie," Derek purred in his deep sexy voice, and the glass slid from her trembling hand to break against the tile.

Chapter Three

Brian couldn't stop the chuckle that shook his chest as he watched Callie's face turn as white as the sundress that clung to her curvy frame. He put his hands behind his head, smiling at her, as Derek stood and thanked the young woman who'd brought her here.

"The three of you enjoy yourself, and Callie." Nina stepped forward, placing her hand on Callie's arm to get her attention. "If you need me for anything, just call."

Callie nodded, then flicked her gaze back to Brian as Derek cleaned up the mess of her dropped glass. She looked like a deer caught in someone's headlights and was unsteady on her feet. Brian jumped from the bed and reached her side just as she was about to slither to the cold tile floor.

"Whoa, I got you, sweetheart," he said and helped her to move to the bed so she could sit down. Her big doe eyes stared up at him in shock and for a split second he almost regretted their little surprise. Almost, that is. "You okay, Callie?"

"How did..." She swallowed and turned her stare toward Derek as he shut the door and twisted the lock into place. Nina had already left, allowing the three of them to begin their fantasy. "How..."

Derek shook his head with a chuckle. "I can't recall ever seeing you quite this speechless before."

"Is this a joke?" she snapped.

Derek snorted and moved to sit beside her on the bed while Brian went to pour her a glass of water. They'd made sure the suite was stocked with all her favorites, but water was what she needed right now.

"This cost too much money to just be a joke," Derek said with a sideways grin then nodded his head to the glass of water Brian held out to her.

She took it with trembling fingers and grasped it tightly while bringing it to her lips. *Her full, kissable lips*, Brian thought with an inward growl. His cock was getting way ahead of them and he was sporting a hard-on to end all hard-ons. He sat down, tugging at his jeans to try to ease some of the pressure building in his balls.

He'd started fantasizing about Callie over a year ago and one drunk night admitted it to Derek, who had also been having dreams about their luscious little roommate. They'd both agreed to stay away. Until, that is, Derek overheard her fantasy.

"How did you even find out about this?" she asked, her discomfort obvious since she wouldn't even look at them. Instead she kept her gaze on the floor or her glass.

Derek put his finger under her chin and forced her to meet his stare. "I overheard your conversation with the resort." He shrugged. "Thought it sounded like an excellent idea."

Callie swallowed and turned to glare at Brian. "Then I suppose he dragged you into this?"

Brian sent her a sheepish grin. "Well, we have shared before. Made sense to share you." Leaning forward, he brushed the backs of his fingers across her cheek. "And just for the record. He didn't have to *drag* me into anything. I jumped at the chance."

"What are you saying?" she whispered, her big blue eyes widening in a mixture of excitement and anxiety.

His gaze dropped to the edge of her sleeveless top, where he could see her breasts rising to the rhythm of her quick breaths. His fingers traced that edge, enjoying the feel of her skin as it heated beneath his touch. "I'm saying I've wanted you for a while now." He raised his eyes and stared into hers. "And so has Derek."

She spun around to stare questioningly at Derek, who grinned devilishly. "Guilty," he said and reached out to pop the top button of her blouse loose.

She gasped and glanced down at her top before jumping from the bed as though shot. Brian sighed and leaned back on one elbow. He wanted her, but was more than willing to give her whatever time she needed.

He and Derek shared a glance as she paced back and forth, periodically bringing the glass of water to her lips. The skirt of her dress swirled around her thighs about midway up, giving him a perfect view of her long, tan legs.

"You realize that this will change everything, right?" she asked as she turned to glare down at them. Brian mentally shook himself and turned his attention back to her face.

"For the better," Derek said.

"And you agree with him?" she asked as her gaze moved to Brian.

"Yes," he said with a nod before standing and walking toward her.

Reaching out, he took the now empty glass from her grasp and set it on the wicker dresser. With a hold on her elbows, he turned her so she faced him. Her head barely reached his shoulders and she had to crane her neck to look in his eyes. Her blonde hair fell around her shoulders in soft curls that smelled of lavender and felt soft as silk. He knew. He'd felt those tresses numerous times. Every chance he got, he would run his fingers through them, imagining how they'd feel brushing his chest or his thighs as she rode his cock long into the night.

He kept his gaze locked onto her uncertain one as he slowly skimmed his fingers up her bare arms and across her shoulders. Her skin was smooth and warm despite the goose bumps that rose under his touch. A slight tremor shook her body and her eyes closed on a soft sigh.

"I want you, Callie," he whispered close to her lips. She smelled of wine and fruit and he licked his lips in anticipation of sliding his tongue into her mouth to taste her. "I have these dreams of you and I entwined, my cock inside your hot little body."

Callie could hardly breathe as she listened to Brian tell her what he wanted to do to her. She'd never imagined he felt the same lust she did. He'd hidden it well. Derek moved in behind her, putting his hands at her waist. His lips felt warm and soft as they gently kissed the exposed skin of her shoulder.

“So do I,” Derek murmured in her ear. “When I heard you describe your threesome fantasy I wanted to bust down that door and take you right then.”

“Why didn’t you?” she whispered, tilting her head to give his lips on her neck better access.

“I didn’t want to scare you,” he answered in amusement.

“How could you scare me?” she asked, her lips twitching to fight a smile. She wanted to shout from the rooftop. They wanted her!

“Let’s just say I wanted you so bad I wouldn’t have been gentle,” he murmured then sank his teeth onto the sensitive spot behind her ear.

Her whole body shivered as they moved closer, pinning her between their massive physiques. The two of them had worked out for years and it showed. Oh boy did it show. They had muscular chests, thick thighs and tight asses even Adonis himself would be envious of.

Derek’s hands moved upward, cupping her breasts through the thin material of her dress. Her nipples hardened as he flicked his thumbs back and forth across the little nubs, sending hot little shocks of pleasure straight to her core.

Brian’s hands took a different path, moving behind her to cup her ass and press her stomach into the hard ridge of his cock. She moaned and wiggled against him, sighing her delight as he gently bit down on the side of her neck, his teeth scraping a path across her flesh.

She was in heaven—utter, glorious heaven. It was just like her dreams. They were slow, gentle and had her so turned on already she wanted to scream.

“We’re not overwhelming you, are we, Callie?” Brian asked, his lips moving like butterflies along hers.

She could only shake her head for her voice had completely failed her. She couldn’t have uttered a sound of protest at the moment if she’d wanted to. And she definitely didn’t want to.

Brian pulled away from her long enough to undo the buttons that ran down the front of her dress. One by one they popped free, exposing her naked breasts to their hungry stares. Derek cupped them, holding one up as an offering to Brian. She watched as he leaned down and circled her nipple with his tongue in slow, teasing circles.

Biting down on her lip, she buried her hand in his hair, holding him close while Derek pinched at the other nipple, making it hard and tender.

"That's so sexy, Callie," Derek whispered, and shivers ran down her spine. "Seeing him lick your breasts. I can't wait to see him taste your pussy." She moaned, arching her breasts further into Brian's hot mouth. "Are you wet, Callie?"

She nodded as Derek slowly slid his hand under her skirt and between her legs. The second his large palm cupped her she cried out, bucking her hips against his hand. She was glad she'd chosen to not wear underwear under her dress. Wetness coated the inside of her thighs, making her slick and ready. Derek moaned and dragged his finger along her slit, separating her labia so he could stroke her opening with maddening skill.

Her knees almost buckled and if not for Derek's other arm around her ribs she would have fallen flat on the floor. Every part of her was on fire as Brian moved his lips to lick at the other breast, his free hand sliding to her pussy to join Derek's. Together they played with her, stroked her and drove her mad with need.

Brian pushed two fingers deep inside her wet pussy and she moaned, thrusting her hips forward to take him deeper. He removed his fingers so that Derek could slide his inside, thrusting them hard and deep from behind. Her pussy clenched at the invading digits, wanting more, wanting it harder.

With a moan, Derek pulled his fingers out and slid them along the cleft of her ass. Slowly he circled the tight hole to her anus, spreading her juices, while Brian gently fondled the entrance to her pussy.

"Oh wow," she sighed as they continued the teasing movements. Derek thrust his fingers back into her pussy only to remove them and go back to her ass after a couple of short strokes.

Brian dropped to his knees and spread her legs wider. She panted, desperate now for the feel of his mouth on her aching mound. His breath was hot and harsh as he leaned forward, flicking his tongue out to circle her clit. Two of his fingers plunged deep into her pussy and she shuddered, holding fast to his shoulders to keep from falling. Derek's rough breathing vibrated against her back as he too plunged his fingers into her pussy from behind.

She groaned, laying her head back against his chest. "Like that, baby?" he whispered and she nodded, completely beyond any speech.

"How about this?" he whispered and thrust those same two fingers deep in her ass.

She jerked, startled by the sudden full, burning sensation. Brian kept licking at her clit and fucking her pussy with his fingers while Derek plunged deeper into her ass with his.

"Am I hurting you?" Derek asked, his voice strained and deep.

"No," she whispered and moved her hips experimentally with their fingers.

They moved together as though one and the dual sensation of them fucking each of her holes had her dangling precariously on the edge of release. She'd never felt anything so wild, so erotic—and she wanted more. Needed more, but at the same time didn't want them to stop. If they did she was sure she would die.

"Oh god. It feels..." She moaned as they changed their strategy, this time thrusting opposite each other, and the constant brushing of the thin wall that separated her passages sent explosive pleasure straight to her womb.

She panted, desperate for air as her pussy convulsed, tightening the walls of her anus around Derek's fingers. Brian groaned and increased the pressure of his tongue on her clit as his fingers fucked her harder, putting more pressure on that sensitive spot she never knew existed. With a wailing scream her body tensed then exploded into a million tiny pieces.

Derek and Brian kept moving within her, prolonging her pleasure until she cried out again, screaming for the both of them to not stop. Her nails buried within the flesh

of Brian's shoulders, leaving half-moons on his skin as her release crested, tightening her womb.

Every part of her shuddered as she relaxed back against Derek, his hard chest supporting her weak and sated body. Brian groaned and pressed his forehead to her stomach, his breathing as erratic as her own.

"Oh god," he moaned. "You taste so good, Callie. So fucking good."

His fingers continued to stroke her pussy as he slowly stood before her. His green eyes were as deep as emeralds as he stared at her with such rare hunger it made her heart flutter wildly. Derek removed his fingers as well and she shivered at the loss of contact there, which caught her off guard. She'd never had anal sex and the pure pleasure she'd felt when Derek slid his fingers inside that tight passage had surprised her.

Brian's mouth captured hers in a kiss she felt clear to her toes. Her taste covered his lips and she licked at them, intrigued and more than a little turned on. Even now her body still craved one of their cocks and ached to be filled. Behind her, Derek removed his jeans and pulled her from Brian's arms to turn her and kiss her himself.

She moaned as Derek's demanding kiss dominated her mouth. It was very different from Brian's gentle one but no less fantastic and she sagged against him, returning his kiss with some hungry passion of her own. He broke the kiss much sooner than she would have liked and pulled her with him to the bed.

"Are you still on the Pill, Callie?" he rasped as he sat on the bed then turned her to face Brian.

"Yes," she whispered, her gaze glued to Brian's thick cock jutting out from between his nude thighs. He must have undressed while she was kissing Derek.

"Good. I don't think I could take the time to find a condom right now anyway," he ground out then pulled her down onto his lap, nestling her aching pussy against the length of his engorged shaft.

With a moan, she began to tease both of them along his length, spreading her juices as Derek lifted the dress over her head and tossed it to the floor. He still hadn't entered her and she wanted him to so badly.

The warm ocean wind blew across her skin through the open window, cooling her heated, sweat-covered flesh. The smell of their sex mingled with the tropical scents within the cottage and she inhaled deeply, committing it to memory. Even if this was their only time together as a threesome, it would be one she remembered always.

With growing desire she watched Brian move to stand before her, his cock right in front of her face. Reaching out, she gripped him at the thick base and brought him to her lips. She had to taste him—had to slide her tongue along his steely shaft and give him the same scorching pleasure he'd given her.

With deliberate slowness she circled the purple head with her tongue, all the while watching the muscles in his cheek twitch and jerk. He groaned and buried his hand in her hair, holding her head steady as he gently pushed his cock past her lips. She sucked and nibbled with her teeth, enjoying the pained expression on his face as she licked her fill of the pre-cum that had escaped the tip.

"Derek," he growled. "I'm not going to last long."

"Neither am I," Derek growled. "I never imagined watching her suck your cock would be so damn hot."

Inwardly she smiled, thrilled that she could get them that wild. They'd been getting her that wild for over a year and they hadn't even been trying. Or at least she didn't think so. For all she knew they'd been deliberately doing little things to make her hot—to make her secretly wish for this with all her heart.

She kept her eyes on Brian's face as she gently scraped her teeth across his head. He groaned, narrowing his eyes at her with devilish intent.

"Minx," he murmured and she smiled. Removing Brian's cock from her mouth, she turned to glance at Derek over her shoulder.

Derek placed a soft kiss on her cheek then gripped her waist. With a grunt, he lifted her and settled the head of his long, hard shaft at the opening of her pussy. *Finally*, she thought, and pressed down, taking his cock inside her weeping pussy. His thick shaft stretched her tight and she gasped for air as he slowly pressed upward, filling her so full she thought she might burst. A long, low growl left her chest as he pushed even deeper, filling her balls-deep.

“Oh fuck,” Derek groaned in her ear as she slowly began to move, sliding up and down along his length.

It felt so good, so incredible, that she had to fight the building of her release as it snaked through her. She didn't want to come yet and tried to find something to take her mind off it to just be able to enjoy the feel of Derek's cock sliding in and out of her sensitive walls.

Her fingers clenched around Brian's cock and his balls drew up even tighter. He was as close as she was. Leaning forward, she wrapped her lips around Brian's cock with an animalistic growl. Brian sighed his pleasure and held a tight grip on her head as she sucked him hard and deep, her mouth and tongue keeping tempo with Derek's forceful thrusts from beneath her. Her jaws ached but she ignored it, wanting to taste his cum as he lost himself in her mouth. She wanted it more than she wanted her own release.

Gripping Brian's hip with her free hand, she leaned forward slightly, taking Derek deeper into her pussy. At the same time she relaxed her throat and swallowed Brian's cock. Brian shouted and with a jerk of his hips released his cum in hot jets of thick liquid that coated her throat.

She swallowed, enjoying the salty taste of him as she licked his cock clean. Derek cursed, his fingers gripping her waist in a way she was sure would leave bruises, but she didn't care. She was too close to release, too ready to explode around his massive cock.

Over her shoulder, she begged for more. "Harder, Derek," she groaned. "Fuck me harder."

Brian fell to his knees and lifted her breasts to his mouth, suckling hard at her nipples. "Oh god," she gasped and fell back against Derek's chest, panting and grinding her hips.

With his other hand, Brian used his thumb to massage her clit, making her entire body shudder, and she screamed as everything around her blurred into a white haze of rapture.

"Damn it," Derek shouted and fucked her harder, sending her spiraling out of control as her body fell into its own blissful heaven.

Her pussy tightened around his cock, pulling him deeper as she moaned and jerked her hips against him. With a shout, Derek lost control, spurting his cum deep inside her with one final thrust of his hips.

Panting, she leaned forward and put her forehead on Brian's shoulder, her fingers gripping the flesh of Derek's thighs for support. Derek and Brian covered her exposed flesh with soft touches and tender kisses as her mind slowly floated back down from the clouds.

If this was a ménage, she couldn't wait to see what else they had in store for her.

Chapter Four

Derek fell back with a sigh as Brian pulled Callie from his lap. Damn, that had been one hell of a ride. He didn't think he could move. Rolling to his stomach, he crawled to the head of the bed and lay next to Callie, snaking his arm around her waist to hold her close.

She'd been everything he'd expected. Open, trusting and so damn tight he knew he'd be sore in the morning. But it would be worth it. Her body curled instinctively against his and he closed his eyes, letting his breathing slowly return to normal.

He felt the other side of the bed sink as Brian crawled in as well, encircling Callie's waist from the other side. She moaned and reached out to laid a hand over Derek's arm, holding it in place against her. He could spend every night like this—waking in the morning to find her smiling at them.

He and Brian had shared before, numerous times, but none of them had been like this. Was it because they were such good friends? They knew everything about each other, all the little things that pissed each other off, or made each other smile. Was their connection what made it so good—so real? He didn't know and wasn't sure he wanted to examine it too closely. He would hate to ruin a great friendship by mistaking lust for love and breaking her heart.

Of course, that was assuming she loved either of them. This could just be a fantasy to her and nothing more.

Derek sighed and placed a soft kiss on her forehead. She squirmed, moving closer, and he opened his eyes to stare down at her sleeping face. She was so pretty. He'd always thought she was pretty, even when she'd put on that extra weight after her boyfriend dumped her. But she'd quickly rebounded, going to the gym and losing the extra pounds he thought had given her curves more luscious appeal.

"My hair's a mess isn't it?" she whispered and glanced up at him through one eye. "Is that why you're looking at me so strangely?"

"I'm looking at you strangely?" he teased.

With the tip of one finger he brushed her bangs from her eyes. Her blonde hair looked more yellow against the white of the sheets. Her skin appeared darker and sparkled when the light hit it just right, and with a light touch he skimmed the back of his fingers down her arm. Brian stirred behind her, grumbling under his breath.

"Do the two of you have to talk right now?"

Callie giggled and rolled slightly so she could look at him. "Did we wear you out, Brian?" she asked with a grin.

"No," he said then took Callie's hand and placed it over his partially hard cock. "I could definitely go again."

"I see that," Callie purred and slid her hand down to squeeze his balls.

Derek's heart raced wildly in his chest as he watched her delicate fingers work Brian's balls, until his own tightened in response. He couldn't remember having this strong a reaction to the other women he and Derek had shared. He definitely liked this whole friends-sleeping-together thing.

His thoughts were interrupted when Callie's stomach growled loudly, proclaiming its demand to be fed. A blush moved up her cheeks, making Derek and Brian laugh. Why was she so shy now? They'd seen her naked, angry, overweight. Basically, they'd seen her at her worst.

"How about I go get us some dinner?" Derek said, his shoulders still shaking with laughter.

"Yeah, I guess that would be a good idea," she said, her lips fighting a smile despite her embarrassment. "But we could get dressed and all go."

"True, or I could go over to the phone and order room service."

"In the meantime," Brian murmured in her ear, "you and I can stay here and finish what those fingers of yours started."

Her tiny pink tongue darted out to lick at her lips and Brian's cock twitched. "Without Derek?"

Brian grinned and reached up to tweak the nipple closest to him. "He can watch."

"Watch?" she croaked and Derek leaned down to place soft kisses along her neck.

"I like watching," he whispered in her ear and smiled at the goose bumps that rose along her flesh. "I will enjoy seeing Brian fill you up with his cock, making you scream his name as he fucks your sweet little pussy." His hand slid between her legs, cupping her already wet mound. "Do you like that idea, Callie?" he asked, his lips lifting in a lopsided grin.

He didn't even need to ask. He knew she did by the wetness coating his palm, and his excitement rose a notch. She was perfect for him and Brian. Along with the million other reasons he could name, she was responsive, open to new and unorthodox things, just like he imagined she would be.

She nodded her head and sighed as his fingers softly separated her folds to fondle her clit.

"Let Brian please you while I get dinner," he whispered, then removed his hand.

Callie's heart felt as though it would burst, it was pounding so fast and hard. Having sex with Brian while Derek watched was a scenario she hadn't thought about, but the idea was certainly intriguing and one that left her panting. With heavy-lidded eyes she watched Derek leave the bed and stroll across the room to grab the menu Nina had placed on the small kitchen counter.

He pulled out a chair and made himself comfortable as he flipped through the pages. Beside her, Brian placed gentle bites down the side of her neck, making her squirm and tense with a burning desire that caught her by surprise. "Do you guys do this all the time?" she sighed and turned slightly so that she faced him more.

"We've done this a few times," he answered with a devilish grin.

"Is it always Derek that watches?"

"No." He leaned his head down and circled her nipple with his warm tongue, sending little tingles of pleasure to her pussy. "Sometimes I watch. But he got to fuck you last time. So now it's my turn."

His lips opened to engulf her breasts with his hot, wet mouth and she arched her back off the bed, thrusting it further into his mouth, encouraging him to suckle her harder.

He groaned in response and separated her thighs to gently slide his finger along her sensitive slit. Opening her eyes, she caught Derek's fiery stare from across the room and her heart picked up tempo. She loved the way he looked at them. His eyes narrowed in lust. His cock strained and erect. He looked dangerous and sexy and that made her feel even hotter, even more turned-on.

Two of Brian's fingers thrust into her pussy and she bucked her hips, her eyes closing on a loud groan. They stretched her, preparing her for the invasion of Brian's thick rod. He was just a tad shorter than Derek, but thicker in girth. If Derek had been tough for her to take in one thrust, how would Brian be?

Juices poured from her pussy to coat the sheet beneath her as she imagined Brian's cock pushing his way to her womb. She needed him, now, and she bucked her hips with his movements, taking his fingers even deeper as he fucked her slow and steady.

Rising above her, Brian leaned down to capture her open lips in a deep, possessive kiss. His tongue invaded, making her even crazier as his tongue mimicked his fingers, fucking her mouth with the same slow intensity that his fingers used to fuck her pussy. She moaned against his lips, hardly able to breathe now as her body came ever closer to that heavenly pinnacle she'd experienced earlier.

She wanted it again and tore her mouth away from his. "Brian," she gasped and bucked her hips harder, faster against his fingers.

"Do you need me to fuck you, Callie? Fill your wet little pussy with my cock?"

His sexy words sent a firestorm of heat through her belly and she shivered, desperate for him to do just that. Fill her full of his cock.

"Yes," she groaned.

Brian moved away from her long enough to stand at the side of the bed. Despite the heat of the day, the ocean breeze blew across her exposed, sweaty skin and sent a chill down her spine. While Brian grabbed her hips and scooted her to the edge of the bed, she glanced over to catch Derek's stare. He sat in the chair, his hand slowly pumping his engorged cock.

She smiled coyly as Brian lifted her legs over his shoulders and used the head of his cock to toy with the opening to her hot sex. She ached so badly that the second he thrust his full length into her she screamed, arching her hips upward to meet his.

Derek growled from across the room as he pumped his cock in time with Brian's slow, deep thrusts. Every one going just a little deeper, brushing against her cervix and sending shots of heat up her back. She moaned in sheer ecstasy as Brian pulled almost out then with painstaking slowness thrust back into her, letting her feel every inch of his cock as he pushed his way inside, burying himself balls-deep.

"God that feels good," he hissed as he pressed deeper, grinding himself against her clit.

She moaned, her fingers gripping the sheet beside her hard—so hard she could feel the bite of her nails into her palm. She wanted more. She wanted it harder, damn it.

"Brian," she groaned and ground her hips against his as he pulled out then thrust back in with that same slow movement of his hips. "Please. Harder. I need it harder."

With a growl of his own, he pulled out then thrust back in with one powerful hard thrust. She gasped, gulping for air as he repeated the movement, each pounding thrust coming at her harder and faster. Her hips began to scoot across the bed and he gripped them, pulling her back and up until she thought he'd go so deep he'd hit her throat.

Every part of her burned and tingled with her oncoming release as he continued to pummel her willing body. “Oh yes,” she hissed as the pressure and heat built inside her, weaving its way out in a trail of hot lava that took over every part of her.

Pussy muscles spasmed, tightening around Brian’s cock as she exploded with shards of pure pleasure so good it hurt. With a shout of his own, Brian exploded as well, emptying his seed inside her with one final hard thrust that sent her headlong into bliss.

Through her blurred vision, she could see Derek above her, pumping his cock. With a shout, he spurted his seed toward her lips and she opened them, welcoming the warm salty taste of his cum.

“Did you order dinner?” she asked, her eyes drifting closed.

“Yeah, sweetheart,” Derek murmured and placed a soft kiss on her forehead, while Brian pulled free of her body. “It’s on its way.”

* * * * *

“Damn. A few more like that and I’ll fucking lose my mind,” Brian sighed as he dropped onto the wicker couch by the window. It cracked beneath his weight and he glanced down with trepidation, convinced the damn thing would fall under his weight. “Couldn’t they put heavier furniture in this place?” he grumbled, making Derek chuckle.

“As much as we paid for this, they probably replace it after every customer leaves.”

“Yeah, but it was worth it.”

With a half grin, Brian turned his head to look at Callie, who slept soundly beneath the thin sheet of the king-sized brass bed. She looked so small in it—so fragile. But she definitely wasn’t fragile and had proven it by taking everything he gave her and begging for more. He and Derek could be a little overpowering when it came to sex, but Callie seemed to handle them well. At least so far.

"They'll be here in a couple of minutes with the food, so you should probably get dressed," Derek said with a sideways grin.

Brian raised an eyebrow and stretched his arm along the back of the couch. "You think they haven't seen a naked man in this place?"

Derek snorted. "Good point."

Brian's gaze moved back to Callie, who hadn't moved since she fell asleep. "She seems to be handling things well."

"Yeah," Derek said with a sigh and glanced toward Callie as well, his usual hard features softening as he watched her sleep. "I knew she would though. After all, how many times over the last few years that we've been roommates have we heard her complain about lousy lovers?"

"Who would have expected her to want a ménage though."

"Was it just any ménage she wanted? Or was it us?"

"I'm going to be a little arrogant here and say it was just us she wanted," Brian said with a snicker. "After all, didn't she ask for men who looked like us?"

"Yes. I just don't want to hurt her, Brian."

Brian's eyes narrowed as he stared at his friend. "Are you having second thoughts?"

"No," Derek replied with a firm shake of his head.

"Then what?"

Derek opened his mouth to answer, but was interrupted by a knock at the door. "That's dinner," he said, and since he was the only one with pants on, he went to answer the door.

With a worried frown, Brian watched Derek escort two men into the cottage so they could place numerous trays of food on the table. Grabbing the pillow next to him, he placed it over his cock then turned to make sure Callie was still covered. He wasn't sure

that it mattered. The men in white vests and slacks never even glanced in their direction. More than likely they were used to this sort of thing and just ignored it.

His friend seemed awfully uptight for some reason and Brian wondered what it was all about. Did his friend have feelings for Callie beyond friendship? Did he have feelings for her? Hell, he wasn't sure. All he knew was the sex was the best he'd ever had. She was the most responsive woman he and Derek had ever run across, but there was still so much they wanted to do to her. Would she balk at some of their ideas or embrace them, knowing they would never do anything that would hurt her?

He shook his head with a sigh and decided to just enjoy the weekend. Everything else would fall into place if it were meant to. If not, then hopefully their friendship would survive it.

The servers left the room and Brian stood to examine what lay beneath the silver covers. Trays laden with lobster, shrimp, vegetables, salads, fruit and, Callie's favorite, chocolate cake. "Damn. We'll gain twenty pounds if we eat all this," Brian said.

"We'll work it off," Derek said with a half grin, finally showing signs of his usual self.

Brian smiled just thinking of all the things they could do to work it off. The sun had begun to set outside, casting shades of orange and red across the floor. It would be dark soon and he dug through a few drawers until he found candles and matches. Setting several around the room, he lit them, casting light to the corners that were beginning to grow dark as evening approached.

Derek leaned over Callie, softly shaking her shoulder. "Wake up, sweetheart," he whispered. "Dinner's ready."

Callie stretched her tired body along the cool sheets and smiled up at Derek. His dark hair was mussed, his eyes a deep blue and dreamy as he brushed his fingers along her jaw. Just looking at him made her skin warm and tingles move along her thighs. When they were roommates in college she'd never noticed how sexy his smile was or how sensual his walk.

Then they'd moved to New York, all three of them taking jobs there. It wasn't long after that, she'd started having the dreams—the sexual fantasies. The more time she spent with them, the more she wanted them. And not one more than the other, but both of them equally. How in god's name would she ever choose if she had to?

"Are you hungry?" he asked, his deep voice rolling over her skin like honey.

She let her gaze wander down his chest to the jeans that hugged his lean hips. Oh yeah. She was definitely hungry. But not for food. She wanted him again. Both of them.

Licking her lips, she grinned devilishly and almost laughed at the smoldering heat that filled his gaze.

"Dinner, minx," he said. "We'll give you desert later. You probably need time to recoup anyway."

"The hell I do," she murmured, making Derek laugh.

"Woman, you're the answer to my prayers."

"Are you going to eat or am I going to have to come over there and take a stick to the two of you?" Brian teased as he lifted a silver lid and waved his hand, sending the scent of lobster and melted butter in her direction.

Her stomach responded with a loud growl and she jumped up, grabbing the sundress that was lying on the floor. Derek took it from her hand and tossed it back onto the tile.

"While we're here," he said, "no clothes. At least in the cottage." His face moved close to hers and her gaze remained glued to his full, sensual lips as they moved. "I want to be able to get to you whenever I want you."

A shiver ran down her spine as she imagined him doing just that. "I see," she said, then licked her lips as her eyes wandered down his form to his jean-clad hips. "Does that apply to you, as well?"

"Are you saying you want me nude?"

"Oh yes," she purred playfully and watched, mesmerized, as he undid his pants and slowly slid them to the floor. His cock stood proud and thick against his stomach and she fought the urge to reach out and squeeze his velvety rod with her fingers.

"Dinner," Brian reminded them with a shake of his head.

Rolling her eyes, she strolled over to the small table and pulled up a chair, only slightly self-conscious about being naked in front of them. It felt right, as though they'd been doing it forever.

"Party pooper," she pouted toward Brian.

He snorted and took the chair to her right. "You'll think party pooper later when you're coming down Derek's throat while I watch."

"You're just going to watch?"

"Oh I'm sorry," he said, his face the picture of pure innocence, "did I forget to mention I'd be buried in your ass at the time?"

She giggled. "Yes. You did, but thank you for clarifying."

Her whole body shivered at the mention of him fucking her ass. To take her mind off the image she glanced around the room, now bathed in candlelight. "It's beautiful," she sighed. "What time is it?"

"Close to eight, I think," Derek said as he lifted the lids to the platters full of food and began to dig in.

Callie followed suit, filling her plate with a little of everything. Even though she was on vacation, she was still careful about what she ate. It had taken her too long to lose those extra pounds and she didn't want to risk gaining it back. As they ate, they talked about their trips to the island and the plans for later that night.

Callie ate quickly, her chair already wet from the juices that were leaking from her pussy. Swallowing, she shot each of them a grin. "I noticed the hot tub outside. How about a little...outside sex?"

"Sex in the hot tub," Brian purred, the light in his gaze evidence to the erotic wheels turning in his mind. "Just thinking about that makes my cock twitch."

"Twitch?" Derek joked. "Makes mine hard as a rock."

Callie giggled. "You two are insatiable."

"After living with us for over six years, you just now figuring that out?" Brian teased. "Just wait, baby. You haven't seen anything yet."

Chapter Five

Callie sank into the bubbling hot tub with a smile of utter satisfaction. The hot water felt good against her sore vagina and she wiggled to find a more comfortable position within the bend of the seat. The beach was dark, the lights of the stars twinkling on the horizon and she smiled, wondering if she would ever see anything so relaxing again. It was so peaceful and quiet, not at all what she expected from such a popular resort, and she was so glad the guys had sprung for the more private cottage.

"I have something for you," Derek said from behind her. She glanced at him in surprise.

"What?" she asked, intrigued.

"Stand up."

She did and waited as Derek climbed into the tub with her. Brian quickly joined them, a white tube in his hand. Callie frowned, wondering what it was they were up to until she saw the long butt plug in Derek's hand. Her pulse skipped a beat and excitement began to build in the pit of her stomach. She knew they were doing this to prepare her. She'd never had anal sex before and would need to work her way up to something as big as one of their cocks.

"I'm looking forward to this," Brian purred as he used his fingers to spread the cold lube around her tiny rosebud entrance.

She shivered in anticipation as Brian gently toyed with her, circling but never going in. She was already turned-on from their playful conversation at dinner. Derek moved to her front and gently fondled her slit. She gasped, her lips parting against his as he leaned down to kiss her. He tasted of butter and garlic, wine and fruit, all of it such a heady combination her knees felt weak.

Reaching out, she gripped his shoulders, moving her hips in time with their slow ministrations. Derek quickly switched hands and pushed the butt plug into her pussy. She moaned softly into Derek's kiss, thoroughly enjoying the tiny, teasing thrusts of the toy. Brian used his fingers to push the lube further into her ass and she jerked her hips backward, toward his hand.

He moaned and bit down on her shoulder. The slight pain sent heat spiraling toward her center. A burning need began deep inside her and she whimpered as Brian reached for the toy and slid it in her ass. The sharp bite of pain quickly passed, to be replaced with searing pleasure.

Gently he moved it in and out, thrusting the toy just like he would his cock, and she broke away from Derek's lips to groan loudly toward the sky.

"There's so much more, Callie," Brian whispered and she leaned forward slightly, thrusting her hips back as he pressed the toy forward.

"Show me," she whispered and Derek lifted her with a growl, putting her legs around his waist.

The warm water continued to lap around his legs, sloshing up to splatter across her hips. The air although warm, made her shiver as it blew across her wet skin. But the warmth of the water was nothing compared to the flaming passion in Derek's gaze as he thrust his cock deep into her pussy. She screamed, holding her arms tightly around his neck.

Brian moved behind her and thrust the plug in time with Derek's thrust. The plug wasn't that big but the fullness intensified the sensation in her vagina, making her tighter, more sensitive. Pressing his hands under her hips to hold her still, Derek pulled out of her pussy and allowed Brian to enter her pussy from behind.

Callie could hardly catch her breath as Brian and Derek sank to their knees in the middle of the tub, allowing the water to help support her weight. Brian's cock rubbed against the back of her vaginal wall, stroking some hidden sensitive spot that made her crazy. Sandwiched between them, she couldn't move and held tightly to Derek's

shoulders as his chest supported her weight from the front. After a few seconds, Brian pulled back out, allowing Derek to thrust back inside with a groan of pure pleasure.

“You’re so damn hot, Callie,” he murmured against her lips.

She covered his mouth with hers, sliding her tongue inside to explore and tease. They repeated the switch several times, overloading her senses as they both fucked her from opposite directions.

Her clit rubbed against Derek’s stomach but every time she got close to coming he would pull away, allowing Brian to take his place. She was a massive mound of sensation hung helpless between them, her pussy and ass so full they ached.

“I need to come,” she whined, almost desperate now for her climax. “Please.”

Brian sat back on the ledge inside the tub, spreading her legs wide as he seated himself deeper inside her. She sighed, throwing her head back against his chest as she pressed down to take even more of him. Derek moved in front of her, his hand at the base of his cock. She opened her lips, ready for him to fill her mouth with it and come down her throat like Brian had.

Planting his feet wide, he tilted her head back and slid his cock inside. She engulfed him, licking away her slick, musky taste that coated his cock. His balls were drawn up tight and she reached out to fondle them, massaging them with her fingers.

Every orifice of her pulsing body was filled as they pleased her, gave her exactly what she didn’t even know she needed. Derek’s eyes closed as she worked his cock with her tongue and teeth. Brian’s cock slowly thrust along her pussy, hitting her womb as he pressed upward, but still she wanted more.

As though sensing how close she was, what she needed, Brian slid his hand around and pinched her clit. Instantly she exploded and in reaction, she swallowed Derek’s cock, making him shout in surprise and pleasure.

With every throb of her pussy, her ass contracted around the plug, sending a mixture of pleasure and pain screaming through her. Every part of her body shook as she sucked harder at Derek, drawing his release out of him.

Brian kept thrusting in time with Derek's thrusts into her mouth until finally they both shouted in unison, each spilling their seed deep into her body. Derek fell back into the tub, pulling her off Brian to settle on her his lap, straddling his now-soft cock. She moaned, burying her face in his neck and inhaling the scent of his sweat-covered flesh. He smelled salty and musky. He smelled of sex. With a contented sigh, she snuggled closer.

Brian dropped down beside them and let out his own sigh of satisfaction, his gaze glued to the star-studded sky above them. The water was hot and felt good against her sore pussy and leg muscles, helping them to relax.

"Would one of you please get the plug out of my ass?" she asked softly and felt Derek's chest shake beneath her as his laughter rumbled through him.

"I'm afraid if I touch you, sweetheart, I'll want to fuck you again."

"But you are touching me," she said with a slight grin. "I'm on your lap."

"Yes. And I'm sure I'll want you again as soon as I catch my breath. Damn, woman. Where the hell did you learn to swallow a dick like that?"

"Oh." She grimaced. "That was so crude."

Brian laughed as well before sitting up to gently pull the plug from her bottom. She winced as it slid out then relaxed as Derek raised his arms to hold her to him, his heart beating a rhythm in time with hers. "I'm a man, sweetheart. I can't help but be crude. You've lived with me for years. You should know that about me by now."

She giggled and turned her head to face Brian. "I guess it's different when you're talking to me instead of each other."

Brian smiled and touched her cheek with the back of his finger. "We'll try to refrain."

"Please don't," she whispered with a grin. "Don't tell Derek, but I like it when you talk dirty. It turns me on."

"Derek heard," Derek said with a growl and Callie giggled. "You like it when I talk dirty, huh?"

"Yes," she whispered, watching the breeze ruffle Brian's hair.

"A horse fell in a mud puddle. A cow stepped in shit."

She rose up and frowned at Derek before what he'd said registered, then she laughed. The two of them had always been able to make her laugh. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she hugged him tight wishing they could hold onto this forever.

* * * * *

Callie awoke early the next morning, just as the sun was creeping over the horizon. She smiled, thinking about the day before and the two men on either side of her now. Both were still asleep, the thin sheets doing nothing to hide the powerful physiques beneath the white cotton. For a second she studied them, wondering what went through their minds while they had sex.

Were they thinking of taking the relationship beyond this weekend? Or was this just a fling to satisfy a friend's fantasy? She had no idea and really didn't even know herself what she wanted. She lusted after them, desired them, enjoyed their company, but did she love them?

Her heart fluttered as she imagined both, or even one of them, professing those three little words to her. She knew neither of them took women seriously. Brian hinted that Derek had been hurt by a girl he'd really liked back before college, but Derek himself had never talked about it.

Brian just wanted to have fun. He never got close enough to a woman to fall in love. Callie was probably the only woman who'd been in his life longer than a month and she'd always thought he considered her a sister. Yesterday had certainly blown that idea out of the water.

With a sigh, she eased from the bed and dug through her suitcase for a bathing suit. As quietly as possible, she dressed and headed outside for a swim. She loved the ocean

and wasn't about to pass up an opportunity to dive into the warm waves of the Atlantic.

The air was already warm despite the early hour and she took off for the shoreline at a sprint. She ran into the waves, laughing as the water splashed around her ankles then her calves as she ventured further out. A wave crested before her and she jumped, diving headfirst into the crystal clear water.

Surfacing, she raised her face toward the rising sun, enjoying the feel of its heat. With a smile, she fell backward into the water and floated along, her arms outstretched beside her.

Her mind again returned to her two friends, sleeping just a few feet away. Was she crazy to want both of them? Would something like that really work? And what would happen once they get back home? God, this was something she should have thought about before going this far.

In that instant, she realized her feelings went beyond friendship for both of them. Which would she choose and did they even want her to choose? And if they didn't, would she be able to stand back and say nothing as they both went on with their lives, dating other women? The very idea made her sick.

* * * * *

Derek awoke with a start and immediately realized Callie wasn't in bed with them. He glanced around, brushing his fingers through his hair in impatience. Where had she gone?

"Callie?" he called, but no answer.

"What's the matter?" Brian asked groggily.

"Callie isn't here."

Throwing back the covers, Derek jumped from the bed and threw open the bathroom door. "Callie?"

"Relax, man," Brian said with a yawn. "She couldn't have gone far. Her luggage is still here."

With a nod, he pointed to the suitcase by the couch. Derek sighed and glanced around the room for any sign of where she might have gone. But when he saw the open sliding glass door he relaxed slightly, realizing she must have gone for an early morning swim.

"Boy, you were in full panic mode there for a second," Brian teased.

"I was not," Derek said as he turned to glare at his friend.

"Come on, Derek, at least be honest with me even if you can't be honest with yourself. Where did you think she'd gone?"

"I don't know. I thought maybe we'd scared her."

"Scared her?" Brian asked, then laughed. "Come on. She's taken everything we've thrown at her and begged for more. We didn't scare her."

"She's probably out there swimming. I think I'll join her," Derek mumbled and quickly left the room, not wanting to delve too deep into his feelings with Brian.

He found her quickly, her small figure diving in and out of the waves as they crashed toward shore. He smiled, watching the sunlight sparkle against her wet skin and the muscles of her legs bunch and flex with her movements. He quickened his pace, the soft sand shifting under his feet as he moved toward the water.

Just as he got knee-deep, she spotted him and gasped. "Derek! You're naked!"

He glanced down at himself with a wicked grin. "So I am," he drawled, then chuckled at Callie's exasperated stare. "It's a nude resort, sweetheart, remember?"

"Oh," she sighed, then nodded with a smile. "I forgot."

"What's the matter? Afraid someone else will see what I have to offer and steal me away from you?"

"Nobody else would have you," she teased, avoiding his question altogether.

"I'd agree with that statement," Brian teased from behind him and Derek turned to sneer at his friend.

"You are such a smartass, you know that?"

"How can I forget? You remind me at least once a day."

"All right, to your corners," Callie called with a giggle. "It's too nice a day to fight."

"What should we be doing instead?" Derek said as he crossed his arms over his chest and tilted his head to study her.

"Oh I can think of a thing or two," she replied with a grin that made Derek's cock spring to life.

Brian's did too and he laughed, nudging Derek on the arm. "Damn woman has a talent for making a man rise to the occasion."

Derek grunted. "That she does. What do you suppose we should do about it?"

"To quote what Callie said a second ago, I can think of a thing or two."

Chapter Six

Both men stalked toward her with a hungry gleam in their eyes. She stepped back and was almost knocked over by a wave as it crashed into the small of her back. With a laugh, she staggered then squealed as Derek bent to grab her around the waist and throw her over his shoulder.

She put her hands out, flattening them against the hard muscles of his back. They bunched and flexed as he took long strides through the waves toward shore. She could see Brian behind them, but only his legs. His massive tree-trunk legs and that impressive cock standing thick and proud between them that had given her so much pleasure the night before.

Just thinking about it made her all wet again and she squirmed against Derek's shoulder, trying to push herself up more.

"I'm getting dizzy," she laughed, then pinched Derek's ass when ignored her.

"You think you're dizzy now, just wait," Derek said, his voice dripping with amusement. His hand slid up the inside of her thigh and cupped her pussy through the wet material of her bathing suit. "We'll have you dizzy with desire."

Callie snickered then craned her neck to look at Brian. "He's awfully sure of himself, isn't he?"

Brian only smiled and her gaze wandered down his smooth chest and abs. She'd always loved his abs. They were rock hard and full of ridges that went from below his bellybutton all the way up to his ribs. Moving her gaze a little further down, she noticed his cock had thickened even more and her skin heated at the sight of his long, velvety length jutting from between his legs.

Derek trudged through the small cottage and into the bathroom. He set her on her feet and she wobbled slightly, reaching for the wall to steady herself. Derek gave her a

wink then turned on the water for a shower. Steaming water sprayed down from a rain faucet in the ceiling, hitting the ceramic tile in the shower with a steady rhythm. She was anxious to get inside and wash off all the gritty saltwater that clung to her skin and hair.

Brian stepped in first and held a hand out to her. With a raised eyebrow, she glanced down at herself. "I still have my bathing suit on."

"So," Brian said with a shrug and an oh-so-sensual smile. "Come in here and I'll take it off for you."

She turned toward Derek, who stood to the side of the shower stall door. "Are you coming too?"

"I wouldn't miss it," he drawled in a deep, sexy timbre, and her flesh prickled with heat.

Without a second's hesitation, she stepped into the warm spray of water, Derek right behind her. Brian turned her to face him and used his finger to trace the edge of her bathing suit top with slow intent. His fingers dipped, lowering the top to expose her breasts and she shivered. Warm water from the showerhead beat softly against her nipples and she gasped at the dark heat that simmered just under her flesh.

Brian's thumbs brushed across her nipples, wiping away the water and making them bead like pebbles, while Derek loosened her top from behind. It fell to the floor, forgotten, as Brian leaned down and softly bit at the undersides of her breasts. Derek's hands massaged her shoulders and neck, watching over her shoulder as Brian feasted upon her sensitive mounds.

She arched her back, leaning against Derek as his lips moved along the side of her neck, gently biting that sensitive spot just under her ear. She never wanted this to end. Her fantasies didn't even come close to the reality of two men smothering her with attention and sensual touches. Every part of her was on fire as they gently slid her bathing suit thong to the shower floor.

She stepped out of it and kicked it aside with her toe. Derek pulled her backward a little, putting her more directly under the spray of the shower. Her eyes closed as warm water splattered across her head and down her trembling body. She was so turned-on even the shower water felt like a caress.

The scent of vanilla filled the shower and she knew one of them had opened her shampoo bottle. Derek's hands massaged her scalp from behind while Brian scrubbed her skin with a soap-filled sponge. Spreading her legs wider, she braced one hand against the tile wall as Brian slid the sponge between her legs. She gasped as his soap-covered thumb brushed across her clit, sending tingles of pleasure down her legs.

Tilting her head back, Derek grabbed the handheld sprayer and rinsed the shampoo from her hair. Then Brian took it, spraying the soap from her skin. He stopped to linger on her breasts and she giggled as the water beat against her nipples with a slight sting. The shower head above her continued to spray across her shoulders and she mentally made a note to get a system like this in her own shower.

He moved the sprayer lower, teasing her already throbbing clit with shots of hot water. She gasped, reaching out to grab Brian's shoulder for support as her legs began to tremble and her hips bucked toward the handheld device.

"Does that feel good, Callie?" Derek whispered in her ear as he gently slid two fingers into her pussy from behind.

She nodded and swallowed as a low groan built from deep inside.

"You're so wet, sweetheart," Derek murmured, low and sexy. His voice alone could make her shiver in need.

"You're making me crazy. What did you expect?" she asked, her lips twitching slightly.

His fingers moved from her pussy to the tight hole of anus, gently probing and smearing her juices around the entrance. "Do you have an idea how much I want you right here?" he asked.

Brian kept circling her clit with the sprayer, bringing her so close to release she could taste it. "Then what are you waiting for?" she groaned as her need built to a thundering demand.

Brian shut off the handheld sprayer, throwing it to the floor with a growl, then stood. His strong arms lifted her and she immediately wrapped her legs around his waist. Her lips covered his as she ground her pussy against him, rubbing her slick slit along his length.

"Hurry the fuck up, Derek," Brian growled against her lips, then captured her mouth in another soul-stealing kiss that made her head swim.

Every part of her hurt she wanted them so badly. Even the muscles of her ass convulsed in need as Derek probed the opening with slick, cold fingers.

"I don't want to hurt her, Brian. I need to make sure she's good and lubricated."

With an impatient growl, Brian shifted and thrust his cock deep inside her aching pussy, deciding not to wait for Derek. She gasped against his lips, her hips grinding hungrily against him as he held himself still inside her.

"Damn you're hot, Callie." His lips moved against hers as he spoke. "So tight and hot. Like lava around my cock."

She moaned, then drew in a deep gulp of air as Derek probed at the opening to her ass. He pressed forward gently, filling her from behind as Brian slid out. The initial spark of pain made her shiver, but not from fear. She trusted them and knew this would be incredible.

Relaxing her muscles, she pushed out slightly and he slid in balls-deep, surprising both of them. She groaned, throwing her head back against his chest. The warm water sprayed against her face but did nothing to cool her ardor. She wanted more. She wanted both of them inside her.

"Damn," Derek groaned and took two deep breaths. "She's so fucking tight."

Gently he began to move, thrusting in and out in short movements to get her accustomed to his thick girth. Brian slid his length along her slit, spreading her juices with the head of his shaft. She sighed, clenching and unclenching her fingers against the muscles of his shoulders. She was tired of their patience. She wanted them now.

"Brian," she gasped as the head of his shaft circled her clit in teasing strokes.

"Hmmm," he murmured in her ear.

"Please," she whimpered trying to move her hips with both of them.

"Are you sure, baby?" he asked softly as he poised his thick cock just inside her opening.

She nodded, swallowing her sudden anxiousness. She was so hot, so turned-on and needed him there so badly. Derek stilled so that just the head of his shaft was inside her and waited for Brian to press forward. As he did, Derek did as well, the two of them thrusting inside her as one.

She screamed, her nails digging into Brian's shoulders as they stretched her beyond what she thought she could take. Searing heat engulfed her as they pressed further still, both going impossibly deep. She stiffened, afraid that she couldn't take both of them after all. Derek soothed her with soft words in her ear as they made their thrusts shallower, more gentle.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Derek whispered. "You feel so good, Callie."

"Relax, baby," Brian whispered against her lips.

Derek's fingers moved between their bodies and gently stroked her clit, sending a jolt of fire straight to her womb.

"I can do this," she groaned and pressed her palms against Brian's shoulders in order to grind her hips, making both of them shout in pleasure.

"Ah, fuck, Callie. Don't do that, sweetheart, unless you want it hard and rough," Derek growled, holding her hips still. "Tell us what you want."

"I want you both to fuck me," she whispered, and moaned as they both slid deeper into her.

Brian covered her mouth with his, swallowing her cries of delight as they thrust in and out. Slowly at first, then harder and deeper. The more they gave her, the more accustomed she became and the more she wanted. Harder they pushed into her, sending her senses reeling into overload, and she exploded into a mass of pleasure and pain. Screaming, she held tight to Brian and gave in to the bliss that washed through her.

Brian and Derek followed right behind, each spilling their seed deep inside her as their own releases made them shout loudly.

"I love you," they said at the same time, instantly awakening her from her euphoria and Callie's eyes widened in shock.

"What?" they snapped and stared at one another in surprise over Callie's shoulder.

"Oh my god," Callie said.

* * * * *

Callie sat on the bed watching both men pace back and forth, periodically studying each other. She'd remained quiet, afraid to say too much. When she'd first heard them her heart had soared, then reality had come crashing in. It had only been the moment. After all, they'd just done something pretty intense. Once the bliss wore off they'd realize they'd spoken out of passion and not their true feelings. But as she watched them, she began to wonder and hope stirred in her heart.

"Why didn't you say something?" Derek snapped.

"Me? Why didn't you?"

They both began to pace again and Callie sighed—apparently loud enough to be heard. They stopped pacing, their questioning gazes locking on her as she sat on the mattress, wrapped in a towel.

"Don't look at me," she murmured.

There was no way she could choose between the two, if that was what they were about to suggest. She loved them both. Had for a while, but only just realized it this weekend. They had one more night and she definitely didn't want this revelation to turn into a full-blown argument between Derek and Brian, destroying their vacation and a fantasy she may never have again.

"I have an idea. Why don't we forget it was even said and move on," she said, her lips lifting in hopeful but hesitant smile.

"No," Derek said with a shake of his head. "We've got to figure this out. We can't both have you."

"Why not?" Brian and Callie asked at the same time.

Derek stared at Brian with an incredulous expression that was almost comical. Apparently, he hadn't heard her. "You can't be serious."

"Why? We already live together," Brian reasoned.

"Well yeah, but..."

"But what?" Brian asked, his eyebrow raised in question.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

"I'm game. What about you, Callie?" Brian asked, and both men turned to stare at her expectantly.

They were offering her everything she'd ever wanted on a silver platter. She would be stupid to walk away from it. But could they really make this work? The three of them in a serious relationship?

She licked her lips and smiled suggestively. "Why don't the two of you come over here and convince me properly," she said. "Then we'll discuss it."

Epilogue

One year later

"Good morning, beautiful," Brian murmured softly in her ear and she stretched as best as she could between the two male hunks that squeezed her between them.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Derek whispered from the other side and placed a soft kiss against her temple.

Opening her gaze, she caught a glimpse of the picture on her nightstand—the one of the three of them taken on their last day at Hayden. She smiled remembering the past year of their lives. It had taken some work and some trial and error, but their ménage relationship had been the best thing they'd ever done.

They each still had their own rooms, but they all slept in Callie's. The first thing Brian and Derek had done on their return from the resort was buy a huge king-sized bed so they would all be comfortable sleeping together. They'd certainly made use of that bed, and her flesh heated just thinking about all the kinky things they'd tried.

The three of them had even made a return visit to Hayden to repeat their vows to one another in a private beach ceremony. It wasn't legal, but being legal wasn't what had mattered. They'd just wanted to speak the words to one another. In their hearts they were married and that was all they needed.

"I love you," she whispered to each of them as they began to wake her in the way she liked best.

She was one lucky woman, and wouldn't have her life any other way.

About the Author

Trista penned her first ghost story at the age of eight. She still has a love of ghosts, but her taste and writing style have leaned more to the sultry side. She started writing erotic romance two years ago and with the help of her critique partners was soon published and she's been running full steam ever since.

Raised an Air Force brat, Trista surprised her family by marrying a Navy man. But just as she knew he would, her husband won them over despite his military choice. Together they've had three children, and she attributes their successful marriage to the fact he's away flying a lot. Separation does make the heart grow fonder. After all, if he's not there, she can't kill him.

All joking aside, her family and writing partners are her biggest form of support and encouragement. Trista's a big believer in happily ever after and although she may put her characters through hell getting there, they will always achieve that goal.

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

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