

# **Give and Take**

## **Kira Stone**

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2006 Kira Stone

**No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared by any electronic or mechanical means, including but not limited to printing, file copying or sharing, and email, without prior written permission from Changeling Press LLC. Willful violation of this policy will result in suspension of account privileges and will lead to prosecution.**

**WARNING: Illegal files may contain viruses.**

ISBN (10) 1-59596-358-8  
ISBN (13) 978-1-59596-358-1  
Formats Available:  
HTML, Adobe PDF,  
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:  
Changeling Press LLC  
PO Box 1046  
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046  
[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)

Editor: Connie Alberts  
Cover Artist: Bryan Keller



This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

## Chapter 1

*Give and take, baby. You gotta know how to give and take in this game, or you're going to lose every time.*

Stomping back to her office in Earth Prime's Legal Counsel Complex, the arrogant words of opposing counsel's lead defender echoing in her ears, Hannah Baird fumed. Who the hell did Dennis Rafferty think he was offering *her* advice?

So she'd blown her best shot at getting a plea bargain by refusing to budge on the deal she'd offered his client. Why should the bastard get off easy for sexual misconduct, just because he happened to be one of the most famous sports stars in Galactic Prime history? And they'd only touched the tip of the comet when it came to tax evasion. The guy was major bad news, and he deserved every punishment she now had to fight for in Earth Prime High Court.

*Give and take, baby.*

Oh yeah, there was something she'd like to give that Rafferty. A punch to the ego.

The few beings she encountered in the halls darted out of her way, perhaps warned to steer clear of her by the way her Old Earth style stiletto heels pounded the shock absorbent floor. Despite the cushion, each step jarred her whole body. She was tense as hell and felt another migraine brewing at the base of her skull, courtesy of Dennis Rafferty.

The egocentric prick.

She breezed past her secretary and entered her office, closing the door behind her. Platinum blonde curls -- natural, thank you very much -- fell from the tightly coiled arrangement atop her head to float about her shoulders as she pulled loose the band that had been holding them in place. She kicked off her shoes, planted her feet in the

thick, soft carpeting and let loose with a primal scream. The soundproofed walls absorbed the sound, but nothing could absorb her anger.

Hannah was wound too tight. She knew that. She'd let the case get to her, let the outcome *matter*.

*Give and take, baby.*

Give and take, indeed. She was giving this case everything she had, and it was taking her soul in return. What she needed was some time off. And a man to get off with. Given her ball-busting reputation and her lack of a social life outside of the Halls of Galactic Justice, that had about zero chance of happening.

*Might as well get to work then.*

The athletic bastard's trial would start in less than a week, and she had a lot of material to organize, arguments to prepare, witnesses to contact. She might not have the slam-dunk of a plea bargain to seal this guy's fate, but she was determined to see him incarcerated. Permanently.

She'd barely gotten started on the pre-trial paperwork when her secretary buzzed her. "Yes? What is it?"

"A meeting just appeared on your calendar. You have three minutes to reach Chamber M."

It was a room Hannah had never heard of before, nor did she recall arranging to meet anyone else today. That didn't preclude a member of registered counsel from viewing her public calendar and adding to it. "Thank you. I'll check it out. And, Sandy? I didn't mean to snap at you. I'm sorry."

Her secretary chuckled. "I figured Rafferty had done something to rile you. It seems to be his trademark with all Galactic prosecutors. You'll beat him in the end, or at least give him hell trying."

Hannah repeated her thanks, and then brought up the details of the new meeting. The invite was for her only. No sender listed, other than an automated reminder. The subject read, "Negotiating Session."

Ah! So she'd worn down Rafferty and his morally challenged client after all. Or maybe the arrogant lawyer thought that by now his little message had sunk in, leaving her eager for another round of discussion. Well, it had. She'd give him hell and take no crap from the likes of him!

After getting the coordinates for the meeting location, Hannah slipped on her shoes. This time she took the short-range teleport instead of walking. Nano-seconds later, she arrived in a curiously comfortable area outfitted like a doctor's waiting room. She was still trying to get her bearings -- teleporting made her feel as if she'd been sucked up in a mini-tornado, which is why she often chose to walk instead -- when a very pleasant male voice behind her said, "May I help you?"

Whirling around so soon after arrival did bad things to her equilibrium. Off-balance, she pitched forward.

He caught her around the waist and steadied her. "Easy, now. Relax."

Honey had never flowed so thick and sweet from a man's tongue. Hannah could get happily drunk just by listening to his voice. If only she had the time...

Unfortunately, she had a meeting to attend.

She broke away from his gentle hold, realizing with some distress that she'd neglected to corral her wild hair before leaving her office, and assumed her most business-like expression. "Chamber M, I presume?"

A hint of a smile flickered about the receptionist's mouth, deepening the little dimple in his chin. "Yes, Counselor."

"I have a meeting in --" she darted a glance at the digital time display next to the transporter -- "thirteen seconds. Will you please inform opposing counsel that I've arrived?"

"Certainly, Counselor."

Though she should have been marshalling her arguments to use against Rafferty's bogus claims of his client's innocence, Hannah couldn't help but notice the receptionist's hands. How long his fingers were, how capable they appeared to be.

What they would feel like cupping her ass as he pressed his hard cock against her pussy and --

Hannah gave herself a hard mental shake. Now was not the time to delve into sexual fantasies, even if the receptionist looked like something out of her wettest dreams. Her libido was as healthy as the next liberated, modern woman. But unlike many of the disreputable dogs she prosecuted, she could appreciate a nice body without losing her higher brain function.

A soft *swoosh* drew her attention to an opening portal. Still smiling, the receptionist said, "If you will please come with me?"

Definitely not a hardship Hannah decided as she followed him into a darkened room. He had the smooth gait of a dancer, and the muscles flexing beneath his form-hugging, red body suit were a joy to behold.

He touched a spot on the wall which brought up ambient light around the perimeter of the room. "Please take as long as you need to prepare yourself. When you're ready, lie down upon the massage table and your attendant will be with you immediately."

Hannah glared into the dimly lit space. What she'd initially mistaken for a conference table was in fact a bio-bed. She'd seen the ads for them while browsing for her groceries on-line. They were supposed to be the ultimate in comfort, morphing to anticipate a body's needs before the body itself knew what it needed.

But what was one of those beds doing here, in Earth Prime's Legal Counsel Complex, masquerading as a negotiating arena? Was this another one of Rafferty's tricks?

"What am I supposed to do with that?"

"It's a massage table," he replied as if he were mildly concerned about her mental health because she had to ask.

"Massage table?"

"Yes, Counselor."

When she spoke, her voice dripped icicles. "I'm not amused."

"I beg your pardon?" He stepped back a pace and regarded her warily. "You had an appointment, a meeting, in Chamber M, did you not, Counselor?"

"Apparently not, as I seem to be the only negotiator at the table," she pointed out. "Although what, exactly, I'm supposed to be negotiating here is beyond me."

The receptionist's smile returned. This time she didn't find it quite so charming. "Give us your body, Counselor, and we'll take away all your stress. That's the only deal to be had here."

*Give and take, baby.* Was every man on the freaking planet obsessed with that concept?

Hannah crossed her arms under her breasts. "Look, I don't know who put you up to this, but the joke's over."

"There's no joke, only relaxation," he insisted.

"I don't have time in my schedule to relax." She started for the open door.

He stopped her with a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Maybe you should."

Sexual heat rolled through her. His touch seemed to trigger that reaction. Curiously, it also made her reluctant to leave.

Apparently he sensed her hesitation and pressed his argument. "You've accepted the invitation to negotiate. Why reject it now just because the venue -- and the terms -- don't meet your preconceived ideas?"

He had a valid point. Unfortunately, she had a case to prepare. "It's not a productive use of my time."

"Sometimes you can accomplish more by doing nothing." His hand slid up to her neck and started rubbing the taut, corded muscle that never seemed to soften these days. "Won't you be more productive later if you take a little time to clear your mind and relax your body now?"

Hannah couldn't decide if he was feeding her a line of crap or if he truly wanted to help her. She was too busy paying attention to the messages her body was sending. That small area of skin he touched had never felt so good. The next best thing to sex. What would happen if she permitted him to explore?

"Fifteen minutes," she said. "I can give you fifteen minutes."

"I think you'll be very pleased with your decision. And should you choose to extend your stay, I'll keep your reservation for the full hour."

"I won't, but thank you anyway." With her eyes closed, the warm feelings set off by his touch lingered. Therefore it was a few seconds before Hannah realized the receptionist had left her side. "Hey! I thought we had a deal."

He paused by the door. "We do, Counselor."

"Then where are you going?"

"To summon your relaxation specialist."

She didn't want someone else. They might not have his magic hands. "Can't you do it?"

"I've barely begun my training. Our most-skilled attendant has been reserved for you. I'm sure you'll be completely satisfied."

*Not completely.* She had needs that weren't going to be met by anyone working in a legal center, no matter what their job title might be. The standard employment contract prohibited sexual encounters from occurring anywhere on Earth Legal Counsel property. Shame. If the new guy was half as good as the receptionist claimed, it would have been one hell of an orgasm.

Left to her own devices, she started stripping off her clothes. Almost immediately her thoughts derailed to what would happen next. If she became aroused - and Hannah knew herself well enough to admit she probably would -- she couldn't expect her masseuse to do anything about it.

Over the years, she'd become an expert at self-gratification. She never named her fantasy lover, never even gave him a face. In her mind, all Hannah saw was the point at which their bodies joined. His rock-hard, thick shaft pulsed with the same desire burning inside her as he plunged into her pussy hard and fast...

That line of thought was getting her nowhere. She'd take what comfort she could get from the attendant and not dwell on what she was missing by spending every



waking moment prosecuting the worst criminals Galactic Prime law enforcement could bring to her door.

She finished undressing and slipped into a silk robe that had been provided for her use. Hannah then approached the table. She let the robe fall open so her bare skin would be pressed to the table. That was how the high-tech machine worked best according to the ads she'd read. She stretched her arms out and pulled herself over the gel-filled surface, on her belly, until her entire body was cradled. There was a gentle pressure as individual pockets reacted to her physical topography, terra-forming a surface suited only to her.

As she waited for her masseuse to arrive, Hannah let her mind drift in a blank haze. She was half asleep when the polite rapping on the door startled her. "Hello?"

## Chapter 2

The position she was in made it impossible to see who entered. She heard no footsteps but could feel his presence as he moved around the room.

“Allo, my name is Anton. I shall call you Señora, you permit?”

She loved his accent, something not quite Earth Prime, but she couldn't place it. “Ah, sure. Why not?”

“Is there some point at which you must go?” His words flowed in a musical way, like the deeper end of a harp. Still masculine, but very soothing.

With a mountain of legal paperwork awaiting her, the answer to that question was easy. “Oh, yes. Fifteen minutes. No, make that thirteen minutes and forty-one seconds.”

“Anton will note when such time has gone.” He moved again, remaining outside of her field of vision. “You are to relax, Señora. If Anton says or does that which makes you... with tension... you will say so, yes?”

He spoke the words as if they were unfamiliar to him. Hannah drew a mental picture of a confident male who didn't wish to make a linguistic mistake, so he chose his words with care. Perhaps he was from another solar system, not having much time to practice the Galactic Standard Language before he arrived.

“Yes, I will.”

“That is perfection.” The lights dimmed a notch and Anton said, “We will begin now, yes?”

“Sure.” She was eager to see if he lived up to the receptionist's claim.

“The arm, it is in the way. You permit I remove?”

“Oh, the robe. Sure, let me --”

He laid a restraining hand on her shoulder to keep her in place. “No, no, Señora. Anton will do.”

He slid the silky fabric off, over her fingertips. Hannah briefly worried about how much skin would be exposed, but as soon as her arm was free, he adjusted the robe so it covered her back as if she were still wearing it.

His long fingers, warm and sure, caressed her skin from shoulder to wrist. “Anton will do the work, you dream. Okay, Señora?”

“Very okay.”

Perhaps she shouldn’t be quite so *okay* with Anton, but he was respectful, pleasant, and early indications said he had the right touch. If this very nice man wanted her to fantasize while his hands were on her, who was she to argue?

He started with her shoulder, rotating the joint, tracing over the muscles in her upper arm with enough pressure to border on pain. He repeated the motion again and again, drawing out of her what she’d been unable to surrender on her own.

When his hands moved down to her forearms, the process started anew. He invaded pockets of stress and forced them out of hiding. Then he came to her hand. The bones in her wrist flexed under his expert guidance. The base of her thumb yielded to his pressure. Her palm had never been so thoroughly caressed. The concentrated ministrations left her feeling warm and pliant, and more than a little aroused.

As he tugged stress from each fingertip, he asked, “Give it up to Anton, yes? This tension you do not need.”

She hadn’t realized how much tension she carried around in her little finger until Anton milked it out of her. When he finished the last one, he started over using only a fraction of the pressure he had before. The feather-light sensation compared to the previous deep manipulation was a pleasure all in itself. It was... arousing.

Once the thought entered her mind, it stayed there with all the permanence of a life-sentence upheld past its last possible appeal. Anton was sexy. Not only his actions, but the man himself. She couldn’t see much of him, but his waist periodically brushed

against her as he worked. His abdomen was as hard as hers was soft. She wondered how hard the rest of his body might be...

"You keep tension from me, Señora. This must not be. You must give all to Anton."

She couldn't believe her body was stirring to orgasm when the guy hadn't touched anything but her arms. If she gave him any more, she'd come on his nifty table. The only way she could currently articulate that thought was with a long, sensual moan.

"That is it, Señora. That is what Anton wants from you." He switched sides and began again. "So soft, so sweet. Anton must make the Señora be without stress."

Her nipples plumped as if they were preening under his attention. If she wasn't careful, both of them might end up in a very tense place. An illegal place.

"You take the tension back. Bad, Señora," Anton chided her.

"Sorry." It wasn't his fault that she'd become a purring sex kitten under his care.

"No, no, do not be. You must tell Anton what you need."

Hannah tried to lift her head to do that. She didn't get very far before a gentle pressure at the back of her skull guided her back down.

"Anton is here. Speak to Anton."

"I'm not... I don't mean to..." She wriggled, gathered her thoughts and tried again. "I don't want to cause *you* tension."

His low chuckle pierced her like the first deep thrust of a fully aroused lover. "Anton has no tension, Señora."

"But you will if I keep..." There was no way she could force the rest of that sentence through her lips and still maintain her dignity.

He stroked her hair, over her skull and down to the base of her neck. His caress was gentle, as smooth and comforting as his voice but with the same underlying sensuality that kept her libido humming. "There is no shame in being woman."

The quiet understanding in his voice only increased her guilt. "It's not fair to you."

“Let Anton worry about fair. Señora should worry not.”

She had another argument to present, but his thumbs went to work at the juncture of her shoulders and she lost all desire to articulate it. His fingers wrapped under her collarbone, so tantalizingly close to her breasts yet not soothing their sexual ache. She shifted, hoping to “accidentally” bring them into contact with her heated flesh.

Another low chuckle told her that her restlessness had not gone undetected. “Hush, sweet Señora. And relax. Anton will take care of all.”

He circled around her, keeping in contact with her body the entire way. “Now the legs, yes?”

Anton slipped his hand under her thigh and separated it from the other so he could slide a hand in between. He gripped the muscles with steady pressure and drew his fingers down. Hannah purred with pleasure.

The gel surface shifted, giving her breasts room to swell. It also provided the most delicious bit of resistance between her legs as he pressed her into its warm surface. Perhaps it was her imagination, but it seemed as if the table stroked her in return, the pressure of a hot tongue toying with her most sensitive areas. A gasp of pleasure escaped her lips.

“You like?”

To hell with propriety. To hell with her ball-busting reputation. It was just the two of them in this room. Who would ever know? “Hmmm... very much.”

Anton moved down to her calf, and then her foot, setting off a blaze of heat that radiated to the very center of her being.

“That’s good. That’s very good,” she told him.

He manipulated her toes, rolling each digit between his hot, sure fingers. “You give to Anton now. This makes all things right.”

Damp heat seeped out of her core. Hannah wished there was a sheet to absorb what she couldn’t hide, but it was too late. To ask Anton for one now would only draw more attention to the problem.

"To your back now, Señora, yes?"

Oh, by all the rings of Saturn, yes. Those talented fingers dancing along her spine... heaven. "Yes, yes."

The robe fell perhaps an inch. "You permit?"

"Yeah, sure, Anton. It's all yours," she moaned with anticipation. She certainly wouldn't be the one to scream ethical misconduct if he happened to cross the line from merely sensual to completely sexual.

Hell's red bells, she might even end up begging him to do it. It felt that good.

If only she could see his face. She had a faceless lover to satisfy her when she was alone. Here, she'd rather know the man who was bringing her so much pleasure.

The weight of the robe disappeared entirely, then a different texture settled over her waist. A sheet, cool against her heated skin. He fussed with it, running it slowly from side to side over her buttocks. Just as it was driving her crazy, Anton let the sheet fall and trailed his hand up her spine, returning to her head. His fingers tunneled through her hair, massaging the scalp. He skimmed over her ear, along her jaw, always working front to back.

"Señora? Thirteen minutes and forty-one seconds have passed."

Hannah was so lost in her sensual fog that it took a moment for his meaning to register. "That's it? My time is up?" She felt so... unsatisfied.

"No, Señora. Anton promised to say when the time is gone. That is what Anton has done." He went back to work on her neck, squeezing her flesh with just the right amount of pressure to make her purr.

She weighed the decadence of continuing with the rest of her session versus her demanding docket schedule. This time, the scales of justice were anything but balanced. "I still have the full hour if I want it, right?"

"If you wish."

"I wish." She wished for a lot more too, like a sexual experience that would leave her gasping and *completely* satisfied. Anton's ministrations had her pussy pulsing with promise. The only thing that could heighten her pleasure would be to know the face of

the man administering to her needs. His hands were certainly all the receptionist claimed. Would his appearance be that much better too?

"Anton will make it so."

Hannah's heart beat double-time with anticipation, but he wouldn't let her glance up. She realized then that he'd been replying to her verbal statement, not her mental one. Why was it so important to hide his face from her?

The topography of the table shifted again as Anton chased tension down her spine. The gel pumped up under her hips and held her there, presenting her ass to him. She moaned, driving her pussy against the firm foundation, and all her curiosity about him fled before a hailstorm of lusty need.

"Ah, sweet Señora. This is good, yes?"

"Oh, Anton, I've never had it this good." If she'd known about Chamber M sooner, she could have saved herself a lot of long, lonely, *horny* nights.

A cool wave caressed the front of her body, like a lover running an ice cube down her sternum, bisecting her belly and slipping it into her liquid core. She shivered, delighting in the wicked sensation.

"Do that again," she begged him. She didn't understand how it was possible when his hands were running over her back at the same time, but miraculously it did happen again. "How?"

"Anton's secret."

That might be one he could keep, but the one in his pants beat against the zippered prison, demanding her attention. Occupational hazard, Hannah supposed. If she was going to act like a slut puppy, she couldn't criticize him for responding. In fact, she liked knowing he was becoming just as aroused as she was.

Anton massaged the muscles along her side. Hannah considered lifting up a bit to see if he'd take the hint and slide his hands under her, where her breasts ached for his attention.

As soon as she tensed to make the move, he said, "Not yet, Señora. Let Anton do the work."

The censure in his tone was enough to have her abandon the notion. For now.

He worked at the small of her back, lifting her up and pressing her down in a rocking motion. Hannah spread her thighs so her clit came more firmly in contact with the surface of the bed. He had to know how wet she was, but he didn't seem offended. Could it be that he actually desired such a response from her? How much further would he allow her to go?

She felt it only fair to warn him. "If you keep doing that, Anton, I can't be held accountable for my actions."

"Of course not, Señora. It is all Anton."

The temperature of the gel around her breasts turned chilly. Not the ice effect, but a concentrated cold environment. Hannah fantasized about what it would be like to have a shaft of similar temperature invade her body. Would it feel just as good? Better?

But Anton was asking another question. "The tension, she goes lower. You permit Anton to chase?"

"Yes, of course."

"You must tell Anton what feels good. What you want."

Hannah wanted to find out if he knew how to use his cock as well as he did his hands. But that wasn't the service he was here to provide, and she couldn't come up with a way to ask that wouldn't get both of them in big trouble. "You're doing just fine."

His hands dug into her ass, mimicking the same motion he'd begun at her waist. Hot, wet passion gathered between her thighs. The only thing missing was an object for her internal muscles to cling to through the physical maelstrom.

"You can lose the sheet if you like," she told him.

In the next instant, the sheet was gone.

The table's topography shifted once more, creating the form of a fully aroused male. Her breasts flattened against his chest. His hot, erect cock rested against her clit.

She moaned loud and long when Anton's palm landed on her bare skin with a playful slap. His hands then grabbed her ass as if to ready her for a deep thrust.



The coil of sexual tension inside her strained against the breaking point. She took control of the rocking rhythm, speeding up. Hannah murmured, "Oh, yes. Yes, yes, yes."

And then, in a burst of color so extraordinary it took her breath away, Hannah climaxed. Her fingers gripped the ridge of gel simulating a pair of masculine shoulders. She rode her phantom lover hard as her orgasm tightened her body into a fireball of sexual heat.

Anton never let up until she was completely spent. Then and only then did he remove his hands from her body. As if the table sensed its job was done, it resumed its original flat state.

Anton returned to her head and took up the long, lazy stroke she found so soothing. "That was good, no?"

Hannah lay limp and sated, although her pussy still ached to be filled. "Uhhh... yeah. Very good, Anton. Spectacular, even."

"But Anton thinks there is yet more tension to work out."

Of course he did. Why shouldn't he expect her to perform a similar service for him, given the way she'd acted?

But what was she going to do about it? That was the real question. She could storm out, turn him into the Ethics cops, but what would be the point? She wanted what he was offering. Every delicious inch of it.

"I wouldn't object to more relaxing, if that's what you want."

"It is not about what Anton wants. It is about what Señora needs."

Hannah ran the back of her hand over the front of his pants to make her meaning clear. "I want to get rid of all the tension in the room. Every last bit of it."

He arched into her touch. "Sweet, sweet Señora. You relax, and let Anton do the work."

"Feel free to use your *whole* body, Anton. Whatever it takes."

"You honor me, Señora." The sincerity in his voice had her believing he meant that. "Anton will take very good care of you."

"I have every faith that you will."

"Relax, stay. I need to adjust, you understand?"

Hannah did as he bid her, ready to go with the flow. Her feminine center craved more of his attention. She wanted to be filled, completely. Anton had the right tool for the job. She hoped she'd convinced him to use it.

"Anton is here," he said, surprising her with his silent return.

"I'm ready for whatever you have in mind."

"Remember, Señora, if Anton makes you with tension you will say so, yes?"

"Yes, I'll remember." Not that she had any intention of stopping him. Yes, she'd be sacrificing her career if they got caught, but she was willing to take that risk.

"Then we begin again."

## Chapter 3

Hannah wasn't sure what he was doing until she felt his hands guide her legs apart. Something wet and warm landed on her bare ass. Without looking she couldn't be certain, but it felt like a bathing cloth. The fabric brushed over her bottom before it followed the cleft down to her pussy.

Anton washed her thoroughly. The occasional rough swipe over her clit kept her on edge, wondering what he'd do next. However, if cleanliness was his goal, his actions guaranteed he would fail since her cream continued to drip as he toyed with her ass.

The table slowly morphed as he worked, supporting her hips as if propped up by a firm pillow. It should have arched her back into an unnatural position, but at the same time the table had adjusted to support her abdomen. The only exposed part of her was that empty channel she most wanted him to fill.

But something didn't seem right. Anton still had his pants on. It wasn't going to be very enjoyable for either one of them with the fabric in the way. "I don't mind if you make yourself more comfortable, Anton."

"Do not worry. All is well with Anton."

The table finished its own set of adjustments, providing a manly chest under hers. It wasn't only the contour of muscle and bone. She could actually feel the hair covering his pecs and the hard nubs of his male nipples. It was one heck of a table. It had to cost the price of mineral rights on Mars, but maybe if she won a few more cases she could buy one for herself...

"Tell Anton what you want, Señora."

"Touch me. Make my tension go away." That sounded like she had a migraine. If she was going to go through with this, she ought to be able to ask for what she really wanted. "My breasts. They need your attention."

"You permit me to touch, yes?" His accent had grown thicker, his voice deeper.

"Yes, Anton. Touch my breasts."

He ran his hands along her sides where he could just scrape the edge of them.

"Like this, Señora?"

"More, Anton. I need more. Maybe if I turn over --"

Strong fingers held her against the bed. "No, no, Señora. Lay still and let Anton do the work."

The gel loosened its composition so he could slide his hand under her breasts. Her clit hung over open air. Throbbing. Waiting. Aching for Anton's touch. But her breasts were sending her brain happy messages. She didn't want to distract him or ask him to stop rolling her nipples between his fingers.

"Oh, Anton, you have no idea how good that feels."

"Ah, but Anton does, Señora. Your body tells him so." He exhaled, directing the rush of air over the crack in her ass. She shivered with pleasure. "See? You tell Anton with your body. That is very, very good."

"I need more, Anton. I need penetration. Deep penetration. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, Señora. Anton does." His hands withdrew, caressing her curves as they moved lower. "You must promise to let Anton do the work."

"I promise."

"Then let me show you what else Anton can do."

He slowly traced the line between her butt cheeks, starting at the back and working his way to the front. He didn't stop until he had skimmed over her clit, bringing more moisture to it. The sensation of being so close, yet so far from her goal was maddening.

"You're playing with me, Anton," she told him crossly.

He chuckled, a wicked note to his soothing lilt. "You like it."

Maybe. Just a little. Only a court order would get her to admit it aloud though.

He ran his finger over her again, retracing his original path. She tried to catch him by surprise, thrusting down to impale herself on that elusive digit. She missed, damn him!

"You cheat, Señora. You must relax and leave everything to Anton."

He was smiling. If she could only see his face, she was sure to find a cocky male grin. And she wanted, more than anything, to wipe it away with a few tricks of her own. But Anton was in control, and he wouldn't let her move. *Why?*

"Tell me what you want, Señora. You must tell me."

Frustration and desire hit the boiling point, and she let her needs spill out in a rush. "I want you to fuck me so hard I'll be sore from it tomorrow. That's what I want, Anton. Right fucking now!"

*Uh-oh. Did I really say those things aloud?*

Apparently so, for Anton stopped playing games with her clit and brought a blunt object in contact with the opening of her tight channel. Using extreme care, he slipped the first inch of it inside.

"Deeper, Anton. All the way."

Anton obeyed her command, but so slowly. Her hips wiggled, her internal muscles clenched, but he wouldn't be hurried. He rotated the hard, solid object, defining the size and shape of her intimate space.

"Fill me completely. I want it all."

His maddening response was to allow the object to swell, stretching her a fraction more. Wider, but not deeper. Better, but still not enough. She wanted his cock, that fully loaded, prime tool, pumping in and out of her pussy. She wanted to feel his hips slam into her ass, to reduce him to the same animal instinct currently driving her.

His left hand forced her pelvis down, and the object started to move faster. In and out, stretching the muscles of her vaginal walls. "Yes," she encouraged him in a slow hiss. "That's what I need. More of that."

Hannah gripped the edge of the table with both hands. "Help me, Anton. Make me come."

"As you command, Señora."

The object twisted deep inside her. It swelled and twitched. Although she'd never heard him remove his clothes, she could easily imagine that it was his cock now buried within her wet channel. One hard, simulated cock under her, riding over her clit. Another solid erection -- real or not -- fucking her pussy. Never before had Hannah felt so wanton.

"Oh, fuck me, Anton. Hard and fast and never stop..." She ran out of words at the same time she ran out of breath. Her whole body seized in one intense, joyous spasm. "Oh... oh... oh!"

Anton thrust into her with no concern for her delicacy, just the way she wanted it. She heard him groan as well, and a pair of hands gripped the flesh of her ass to keep her impaled on the thick, hard column.

She jerked and thrashed through the remaining tremors, only to jolt again as the dual pulsing cocks turned cool. The orgasm rolled on as a fresh storm of sensations swept through her body. She cried out once more before her muscles turned to jelly and she sagged into a boneless heap on top of the now dormant bio-table, completely spent.

She felt him softly stroke her from the inside out. "Very good, Señora. You gave all to Anton," he whispered.

"You certainly know how to take it out of a woman," Hannah decided as she drifted in a post-coital haze. A small point needled her conscience. That temperature changing cock in her pussy couldn't have been real which meant she was still the only tension-free person in the room. "What about you, Anton? Surely you have tension."

"That is not for the Señora."

"What's the problem? I'm willing, in case you haven't noticed."

The missing sheet suddenly reappeared, drifting down to cover her body from shoulder to toe. "It is no permission. The rules make it so."

"To hell with the rules, Anton. We've broken most of them already."

He paused. "You insist that it is so, Señora?"

"I do. I want to share my pleasure with you." Anton had been more considerate of her needs than most of her ex-boyfriends. She wanted to give him something special in return.

"It is very... on the edge. But this Anton will do if you insist, Señora."

"I do."

"You must obey me. You must not move. Anton will stop if you do."

"I understand." Hannah didn't. Not really. She was dying to see the face of the man who'd brought her such pleasure. But since he'd yielded to her request, she'd comply with his wishes.

"I will adjust. You wait."

This time he placed a small, plain chair near her head. If he were to sit in it, his lap would be directly under her nose. Close enough to touch. To taste. To suckle.

"You will watch, no touch, yes?"

"But I *want* to touch you, Anton."

"It is not permissible. You will watch only, yes?"

"If that's the way you want it." She tried to keep the pout out of her voice. She wasn't very successful.

"Want, yes, your eyes on Anton. Now watch."

He dropped into the chair, his legs spread to either side of the table's broad base. She watched as his fingers peeled back the flap covering the zipper. She licked her lips in anticipation of what she was about to see.

He tugged on the tab, apparently having trouble sliding the zipper over the bulge concealed beneath it. Finally he navigated that step and used his right hand to pull his stiff cock free. "Ahh, Señora, this is what your giving does to Anton."

The size and shape of his erection were about what she'd expected. Impressive. He wrapped his fist around it, and there were inches to spare. His plump cock head already glistened with a pearl of moisture.

Slowly he brought his hand up, then slid it down. "You like, Señora?" His voice slurred in a sexy drawl.

"Yes, give it to me."

He made a chiding sound. "Only watch. See what you do to Anton."

He settled back in the chair, thrusting his hips forward. His free hand somehow got lost in her hair, as if urging her to take a taste. Her forehead rested against the brace as it had since she'd first mounted the table so she couldn't actually lick him. But Hannah very much wanted to.

His thumb circled the soft tissue around the slit, spreading pre-come over it. "This is you licking Anton," he told her.

With the intimate scent of him in the air, she could almost taste him. His skin soft as velvet against her tongue. Hard and warm against the pressure of her lips. "Hmm, you taste better than clotted cream."

Anton extended his index finger so that on a down stroke his fingers dipped into the opening of his pants and caressed his balls. "They are heavy. You know how this feels?"

"Oh, yes." She didn't expect to be tempted to climb back into that sensual pit so soon after her last earth shaking climax, but her body had higher ambitions. Anton was doing it to her again, and this time he wasn't even touching her.

"So tight. So hot." Lust thickened his accent into a dialect almost totally unrecognizable as Galactic Standard.

"Yes, Anton. Yes."

"My fist, your mouth. Is this not so?"

"Yes, yes. So big. So hard. I can barely take you all in."

"One little kiss. One little kiss."

She couldn't tell if he was asking or merely fantasizing out loud, but it didn't matter. If he'd just come a little closer, she'd do more than give him a kiss...

"Anton hurts, Señora. Give him one little kiss."

His fist continued to pump his shaft, but he arched up, out of his seat. His cock now hovered within reach of her mouth. She brought the tip to her lips and gave it the



one little kiss he'd asked for. Then she swirled her tongue over his hot, satiny length before she took him fully into her mouth.

"Oh, have mercy, Señora," Anton cried out.

Hannah could feel the vessels delivering the blood to his shaft, drawing the smooth skin so tight that it had to be uncomfortable. She sucked him with great delight, moaning every time she wrung the smallest sound from him.

She could see at the periphery of her vision how his big, strong fingers gripped the chair. He used those powerful arms to thrust into her mouth until her lips brushed the thatch of dark curls at the base of his sex.

"Too much. Too much. Anton must --" He tried to pull away.

Though the edge of the table got in her way, Hannah was able to grab his pants that still hugged his waist and kept him right where she wanted him.

"Señora, no," he panted. "Anton is... coming!"

When his come hit her tongue, she continued to suck him until his legs trembled, causing him to collapse into the seat. She watched his talented hands tuck his semi-rigid penis back inside his white pants, feeling proud of herself as well as extremely satisfied.

"You are too good to Anton, Señora," he said. "You give Anton much joy when it is his job to take only tension from Señora."

*Give and take, baby.* Dennis Rafferty's advice was beginning to grow on her. Hannah giggled.

"Señora?"

"Give and take, Anton. It's the only fair way to work things out."

"Shall I take that to mean you've had a change of heart, Counselor Baird?"

Hannah whipped around, still somewhat reclined on the table, to confront the intruder. Dennis Rafferty, robed in the same Chamber M attire she'd been given and looking damn smug, stood in the doorway she'd come through earlier. "This is a private session. How dare you intrude!"

"Anton, will you give us a few minutes alone, please?"

Switching her focus, Hannah turned back to the man who'd brought her so much pleasure, hoping for a glimpse of his face. But he'd already started for the door, leaving nothing for her to see but his retreating back. That was yet another criminal count against Rafferty's black soul!

The door slid closed behind him with a soft *swish*. Before she could get out a scathing remark, her opponent closed the distance between them. His gold-flecked eyes were dark and dangerous, and suddenly reminded Hannah that she wore even less than he did.

"You were saying?"

"How dare you barge in on a private meeting like this!"

"I have far more right to be here than you, Counselor."

Hannah scooted off the table. She took the sheet with her, and then wrapped it around her body, toga-style. Her gut was churning at the thought of being caught in a compromising position, by Rafferty of all people. No doubt he would use it to destroy her career and have her thrown out of the Justice League entirely.

Until she could come up with a better plan, she decided to stall. "What are you talking about?"

"You assume that I've manipulated you into coming to Chamber M under false pretenses, tricked you into engaging in a compromising position and plan to use your interlude with Anton as blackmail to benefit my client or get you tossed from the case. Correct?"

Hannah reviewed his statement and didn't find much he'd left out. "I'd say that's accurate."

"Then you'd be wrong. The truth is rarely as black and white as dry facts seem to suggest."

Hannah sighed heavily. "For example?"

"Chamber M isn't part of the Earth Prime's Legal Counsel Complex."

A shiver of dread coursed through her. "Then where am I?"

"A property adjacent to the Complex, a property that I own."

So she hadn't violated her ethics agreement after all. Even as that wave of relief washed over her, anger bubbled to the surface. "What the hell --"

Rafferty held up his hand. "I'm not finished. You accepted my invitation to this private club. The fact that you didn't recognize it as such isn't manipulation on my part, but rather a lack of curiosity on yours. There are any number of ways you could have learned about it."

He was right, damn him. Hannah continued to fume as Rafferty went on presenting his case.

"Blackmail was never a motive. I was hoping Anton would help you ease up a bit. That's all."

"If everything was as innocent and above-board as you claim, why wouldn't Anton permit me to see his face?"

"Since you don't seem willing to take me at my word -- any word -- perhaps it would be better if you heard the explanation from him." Rafferty turned toward the door Anton had exited. "Anton?"

She watched as the man entered, letting the dim light shine upon his face. And gasped. His face was terribly scarred.

"Exactly, Señora," Anton said sadly. "This brings tension to all who see it."

"Not all," Rafferty said as he put his arm around the man and hugged him close.

Anton returned the embrace. "Anton is lucky to have a man as fine as his Dennis to love him."

Hannah had suffered too many shocks in the last few minutes to be able to keep up with them all. "If you're gay, then why did you let me..." She wasn't going to say it. She couldn't. Especially not in front of Rafferty. His lover.

When Anton didn't seem inclined to answer, Rafferty spoke up for him. "Upon rare occasions, Anton shares his body with his clients. He must have considered you quite special."

"As do you, my Dennis, or you would not have brought her to Anton," he said, his voice back to that low seductive timbre that made Hannah wet just by listening to it. "However, there is only one with whom Anton shares his heart."

Rafferty gave his lover a long slow kiss before he turned his attention back to her. "So you see, Counselor Baird, I had only the best of intentions by bringing you here. Perhaps you will feel more relaxed now, and maybe you even learned something. If not, at least I have the satisfaction of having tried. Regardless, your hour is up. It's time for you to go."

Hannah realized she'd been wrong about Rafferty. Like the other lawyers who'd faced him in court, she assumed his bank balance meant more to him than his moral one. But he had hidden depths, hidden motives. Ones that weren't all bad. And if he did, maybe his client did too.

"What about your client? Don't you want to renegotiate?"

Rafferty shook his head. "Feel free to schedule another meeting with us if you think it would be more productive than the last one. Now, however, it's my turn with Anton and his wonderful table. We'll give you a few minutes alone to dress and depart."

She couldn't help but watch them leave -- arm in arm, so much in love. Then she hastily got dressed.

As she stepped into the tube that would whisk her back to her office, Rafferty's words echoed once more through her mind.

*Give and take, baby.*

Next time she'd be more flexible, Hannah vowed. She'd beat Rafferty at his own game. And maybe then she'd teach him and Anton a thing or two about giving and taking in a much more personal way.

## Chapter 4

**Eight galactic standard months later...**

Hannah polished off the last bite of the Ancient Rome-style meal Rafferty and Anton had provided as congratulations for a recent judgment she'd won. She licked the crumbs from each finger in turn, prolonging the moment she would have to get up and leave them.

When she'd arrived, she'd stepped inside a special room in Chamber M to find a place decorated in a feast for the senses. None of the typical furniture remained except the massage table, which had been lowered to floor level and expanded to double the size. The remaining space had a series of low-lying lounges, covered with soft white fur. Holographic images were cast on the pale walls, images of the old Coliseum in the place that was once called Greece, as if they were in the sporting arena.

It had been an exotic setting drawn from elements of the horrible old Earth black and white films she loved. If only she didn't have to leave...

But she had no reason to linger. From the glances the men were casting at each other, three would *definitely* be a crowd before long.

She looked up and found Rafferty's amber eyes glowing with unspoken mysteries, gazing at her. "A little smug today, Hannah?"

Well, yeah. After months of trying, she'd finally bested him. His slime ball client was going away. For years. And all it had required was a little give and take. "Perhaps."

Dennis reached over and squeezed her arm. "Good. You earned it."

Immediately, Hannah's body went on red hot alert. It was a strange new yearning she'd recently developed. Though she visited Anton often and sometimes

stayed for a meal, Dennis rarely joined them. When he did, they'd talk about common things. Anton forbade them to speak of litigation matters.

Well, after the second food fight, anyway.

But for the past few weeks, even when they were facing each other across the courtroom, she found her eyes kept drifting toward him. Mentally stripping him. Wondering what it would be like to have his hands on her, instead of Anton's. Or, better yet, in addition to Anton's.

Which was all the more reason she should go now, before she started pining for things she couldn't have. "I think it's time for me to say goodnight, gentlemen."

Anton darted a glance at his lover, who rested against the curved couch behind him, his arms crossed. An arrogant, defensive posture she now knew meant Rafferty was less than confident about his bargaining position. "Are you in a rush? I have a new proposition for you to consider."

"I'm surprised, Counselor." One dark eyebrow rose in askance, so she went on to explain, "I'm surprised that you're willing to enter another negotiating session with me so soon after your abject defeat."

Dennis chuckled, the expression lighting up his face in a way that made her pussy clench with desire. And her heart squeeze with... tenderness. Despite her best efforts to the contrary, she was falling for The Evil Defender, and there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it.

"What do you want of me now?" she asked her former nemesis.

"Your company for dessert, if you feel like staying for it."

Odd that he would be so formal about asking her to stay a little while longer. "And what are you offering in return?"

"That I'd rather let Anton share with you."

Curiouser and curiouser. "I need full disclosure, Counselor, before I agree to any deal."

"Give and take, baby," he said. "Give me a break, take a chance."

Okay, she still occasionally wanted to slug him for using his favorite line. But this time she was inclined to do as he asked since the only thing waiting for her at home was a stack of paperwork. "Okay, I'm in." Before he could gloat too much, she added, "But I reserve the right to submit a formal complaint to the court if I'm not completely satisfied with the terms of the deal once they're disclosed."

Some of the smart-ass attitude left his face. "I hope you'll be satisfied, Hannah. This is one bargaining session I'd really hate to lose."

The sincerity in his words trickled down her spine, making her shiver with anticipation. She had the same positive feeling she'd had that morning, when she realized she was about to win her argument. Only this time, she wasn't sure of the prize.

She turned to the man who was quickly becoming her closest friend. Anton was wearing a short toga, circa 1969 classic movie style. He had a wreath of golden leaves pushed down on top of his mop of blue-black curls to cast his disfigured face in shadow. The whole look would have been amusing in and of itself, but the front of the fabric was tented at the waist. *Very* tented.

"Anton?"

He stroked her bare arm -- they'd had a short toga for her too -- with the tip of his finger. "Señora, Dennis and his Anton... we have much affection for you."

She couldn't doubt that, not after all the trouble they'd gone through to make this occasion so special. "I have great affection for you too." She cupped his jaw where she'd learned he could feel her touch, and kissed his cheek.

"And me?"

She turned to Rafferty, prepared for a teasing glint in his eye, but she found none. He was serious, and what she'd chalked up to sexual tension for his mate earlier had bubbled to the surface. All the moisture left her mouth and drained into the panties she wore. "Yes, you too."

"Prove it," he demanded. The words were soft, but there was little gentleness in them.

Still not quite sure what the rules were for this new game they were playing, Hannah leaned toward him, intending to kiss him as she had Anton. Rafferty turned at the last second, causing her lips to land on his.

When she would have jerked away in surprise, he opened his mouth under hers and said, "Kiss me, Hannah."

By all the stars in Orion's Belt, how she'd longed to hear those words!

With a moan, she fell into him. He caught her around the waist with his strong, bare arms and gathered her against him. Their lips pressed firmly together, hungrily seeking the moist depths beyond that barrier.

A warm presence on her exposed side indicated that Anton had joined them. She felt his familiar touch caressing her back, and assumed his other hand was busily engaged doing something similar for his lover. "The Señora... she is perfection. And my Dennis, he defines perfection."

Rafferty laughed, breaking the kiss. "Love is truly blind."

Anton pouted, as much as his scarred cheeks would allow.

"Oh, get over here," Rafferty said, raising the arm that wasn't cradling Hannah in invitation. She tried to wiggle off of his lap as Anton made his way around, but Rafferty held on tight. "You aren't going anywhere just yet."

Anton slid over, next to his lover, and scooped up Hannah's legs to rest them over his. His rampant cock brushed against her knee, as Rafferty's rising erection bumped the curve of her ass. Was she dreaming again? She'd wanted this for so long... "You'd keep me here against my will?"

Both men unconsciously tightened their grips. "I know the laws as well as you do," Rafferty growled. "I won't break them."

She'd needed to know she had a choice, and in doing so, hurt him. She slowly stroked the tension from his jaw line. "I want to be here, with you." She glanced over to Anton. "Both of you. I'm just... nervous. I don't know if this is a one-time deal, or something serious."



"Ah, beautiful Señora, Anton has talked much with his Dennis about you. We have decided we want you to give us all of yourself, and in return we will take care of you."

Give and take. So Anton subscribed to Rafferty's mantra too. She had to admit, it'd been pretty effective so far.

"Consider this a pre-trial hearing, Counselor. If you like what happens tonight, we move into the trial phase and come to a verdict. Right now, all you have to do is decide whether or not you're going to spend the night and let us make love to you."

Bright hope hammered in her chest. "Equal partners, the three of us?"

"Yes," said Rafferty.

"Yes, Señora."

"Yes," she said on a ragged breath. "Yes, I'll stay."

Anton practically glowed with happiness. "Anton was certain the Señora would."

The Señora... he always called her that. Rafferty once told her it had to do with the story behind his scarring, and his unusual past. A story he would tell her himself when he was ready. And once he did, he'd be free to use her real name. Until then, Señora was the term of endearment he used only for her.

"Anton knows his Señora well," Rafferty said affectionately.

"Anton knows his Dennis, too." He leaned over and kissed him.

From her close vantage point, their kiss was far more erotic than she could have predicted. Their obvious passion for each other fueled her need to somehow be a part of it. She added open-mouthed kisses to Rafferty's neck, reaching out with the other hand to pet the shoulder and arm of the other man that held her close.

Anton's hand slid up the back of her thigh, pushing the material out of his way as he went. The wide arm openings of her Roman-style tunic gave Rafferty's hand easy access to her left breast. His fingers squeezed the firm globe until he was pinching just the nipple. She gasped with pleasure.

Dennis broke away from his lover to dot kisses over her forehead. "Too rough?"

"No, I like it."

"Anton and his Dennis have been practicing."

Rafferty turned a guilty shade of pink. "The bio-bed," he explained. "Anton programmed it to map your responses to him. So we could play them back later and learn how best to please you."

Hannah's mind boggled. That was a heck of a lot of trouble to go through. She couldn't count the number of times she'd come on that nifty table under Anton's talented hands. Never true intercourse, but close enough that the results would be telling. "Show me."

Anton scrambled to his feet, and then reached down to help her up. Rafferty quickly followed them. Anton used a foot interface to bring up the contour map and feed the shape into the bio-gel. Hannah watched with fascination as her own body morphed into being. It wiggled and jiggled in response to unseen hands manipulating her flesh. She'd often wondered how Anton had become so proficient at pleasing her. Now she knew.

"It's part of the training module," Rafferty explained. "Anton uses it to help his students perfect their art."

"And apparently to perfect his love-making skills," Hannah added. She watched her hips undulate with the pressure of Anton's deep tissue massage. The sight was so fucking erotic. She could almost feel his hands on her ass...

No, that much was real. Anton manipulated one butt cheek, with nothing between them but the thin scrap of her panties. "Well, gentlemen, do you want to put your skills to the test?"

Rafferty opened his mouth to respond, but Anton beat him to it. "We did, Señora. Anton has been testing different resistance morphs on you for weeks."

"Oh, my. You mean..." Hannah raised her hand to her throat, feeling a hot flush rising.

Anton nodded eagerly. "Señora likes Dennis's cock best, but prefers Anton's pussy-licking --"

Memories of the mechanical cold tongue licking over her clit, knowing now that it was somehow Anton's, produced a moan from deep within her that cut off his findings. The input was too much. Her cream had soaked through her panties to the point that moisture was spreading down her thighs, and she literally shook with the need to feel these men around her. She no longer wanted to talk about fucking. She wanted to *do* it.

"I was thinking more of a live demonstration." Using both hands, she grabbed the neck of Anton's tunic and jerked down, hard. The material gave at the shoulder, and fell to the floor in tattered pieces, leaving all of him revealed. "Beautiful," she breathed.

"Whoa, none of our simulations did that," Rafferty said with a chuckle. She turned around, prepared to perform the same stripping service for him, but he caught her hands and held them away. "Uh-uh, Hannah. Next it's your turn."

She expected an equally savage rending of the fabric. Instead, he forced her to stand still while he slowly drew the tunic off over her head. From behind her, Anton's hands traced the curves that were revealed. He cupped her breasts and offered them to Rafferty's eager mouth.

The first touch of his hot tongue had her swaying into Anton for support. Anton's chest pressed against her back, his thighs supported hers. His cock arrowed up between the narrow crack of her ass. She felt the sticky wetness of pre-come spreading across her lower back.

Anton kissed her shoulders, her neck. She shivered against him, even as she wanted to press her breasts further into Rafferty's mouth. She threaded her fingers through his hair, holding him in place. With her other hand, she lightly scratched over the trim muscles in Anton's thigh.

Rafferty licked his way up the length of her body, following the curve of her breast to the curve of her neck, then finally biting down lightly on her earlobe. "Turn around," he growled.

Two pairs of hands guided her, and then she was leaning against her former adversary, unable to imagine how she'd once thought him so cold and immoral. His

hand fondled her bottom. At first, she couldn't figure out what he was trying to do. Then, she felt his cock slide between her thighs, high enough to graze against her pussy. "Oh, yes."

He placed his hands flat against her hips and pulled her tightly to him. His fingertips slipped under the edge of her panties to spread her pussy lips wide open. Anton was on his knees before her, just waiting for that opportunity to lap at the wealth of juices soaking the scrap of fabric. His arms brushed the sides of her legs and she realized he was stroking the backs of his lover's thighs. A slow bump and grind started between the three of them, with Rafferty thrusting between her legs and Anton grinding his mouth into her pussy as he did.

Hannah slipped her thumbs under the strip of lace over each hip that kept her panties in place. She snapped them and drew the material from between her legs, eliciting a groan from Rafferty.

"Bad Señora," Anton admonished. "That was for Anton to do."

"You were taking too long. I want to feel your mouth on me. *Now*."

Surprise quickly shifted to hot lust in his blue eyes. He then leaned forward and licked her clit in one long swipe.

Hannah cupped her breasts, tugging on her turgid nipples, as she watched Anton turn cunnilingus into an art form. Not only did he lick her so thoroughly she thought she might faint from the sheer pleasure of it, he also included the tip of Rafferty's cock when he thrust through her legs. His pre-come blended with her cream and Anton's spit, creating a sexual cocktail that was more intoxicating than any fermentation process could produce.

Orgasm blindsided her, sweeping through her system in a tidal wave of pleasure. She cried out and bent in half from the sheer force of it.

"Hannah!"

"Señora!"

She felt hands grabbing at her and gently lowering her to the floor. For that, she was grateful. Her legs couldn't have held her up much longer. She panted, trying to catch her breath.

"What's wrong? How can we help?" Rafferty asked.

Hannah gave them a shaky smile. "That, gentlemen, is a first class climax."

"The Señora does not come like that on Anton's table."

She turned her attention to her best friend, their blend of juices still evident on his lips. She kissed him deeply, loving the taste she found there. "Sometimes a pleasure shared is stronger than a pleasure achieved alone."

"The Señora was not alone," he protested. "Anton would never leave her alone on the table!"

His indignant tone brought another smile to her face. "I see I'll have to show you what I mean."

Though visibly baffled, Anton followed her directions. He lay down on his side, one leg up. Hannah and Rafferty settled beside him, facing the other way. Hannah lightly stroked his thick, hot cock between her fingers. Rafferty watched her face as he licked Anton's balls. She couldn't believe how amazingly beautiful that sight was.

"I'll share," he murmured softly.

## Chapter 5

Hannah joined him, sucking the sweet, soft skin at the root of Anton's cock. Not much more than an inch from her face, Rafferty licked his sac. Occasionally he missed and got a swipe of her cheek instead, but Hannah didn't mind.

Anton loved the attention. He rocked his hips back and forth. Kittenish sounds issued forth from the back of his throat. "Anton wants... Anton wants..."

Rafferty smoothed his hand down his lover's side. "What is it, baby? Tell us what you want."

"Wants to give... wants to come... wants to fuck. Wants to *be* fucked."

Rafferty tweaked his nipple. "Don't we all?"

With a fierce, frustrated growl, Anton lowered his face to Hannah's pussy and continued to dine on her cream. No longer content with licking, he sucked hard on her clit. His tongue fucked her tight channel. For a few seconds, she forgot to breathe it felt so good.

Then she returned her attention to his cock. The plump head squeezed past the perfect O of her lips. She sucked down the length of him, loving the way she could feel the throbbing of his blood through the thick vein running along the side of his cock.

Anton's hot breath was melting her core. Hannah spread her legs, trying desperately to find something, anything, to fill the empty, aching cavity between her legs before she went completely crazy. "I need you. Both of you. So *badly*."

Rafferty's brown eyes darkened with concern. "Can you take both of us? Anton wasn't sure..."

"I've never... I don't know."

"Then I'm not going to attempt it for our first time. Which makes me the lucky bastard in the middle." He rolled away and sat up. "Anton, will you form the bench please?"

Hannah felt bereft when Anton abandoned her pussy and she was forced to relinquish his cock. However, she was quickly distracted by the forms shifting in the bio-gel. The "training" simulation melted away and a low, rectangular shape took its place. One end was higher than the other. The lower section had a series of posts around it in a semicircle. It looked more like a torture device than one designed for pleasure.

"What is that thing?"

Rafferty crawled over to her and stole a kiss from her before answering. "It has no name. Anton recently created it."

"How is it used?"

Rafferty stood up, then reached down to help her stand too. "We'll show you."

Passing by Anton required another exchange of heated, passionate kisses. While they approached the strange bench, Anton grabbed a bottle from a storage bin built into the side of the erotic machine.

Rafferty sat on the higher end, then reclined. It turned out that his head fit neatly between two of the fat pegs, so that his shoulders bore his weight. "Anton?"

Though Rafferty's feet easily reached the floor, Anton raised them to rest against his chest as he knelt at that end of the bench. He slathered a generous dollop of lube over his cock, then prepared his lover's hole with the same deft attention. He dropped the tube beside the low bench, then pushed his lover's knees back to spread him wide open.

Hannah couldn't stop herself from fingering her clit as she watched Anton push his way into Rafferty's ass. From the looks on their faces, one might think the process was painful. Their lusty groans said otherwise.

Anton rocked his hips, slowly fucking him. Rafferty jacked his own cock in time with his lover's thrusts. Their deep bond was obvious in the way they moved. Each

seemed to know what the other wanted without having to say a word. She ached to be a part of it... and feared she never would. Not on an emotional level.

"Hannah, we're ready for you," Rafferty said.

Anton held his hand out to her. The lust that had started to cool returned at a full boil when she realized his expression hadn't changed. He wanted her just as much as he wanted Rafferty.

"The Señora will sit," Anton told her when she melted into his embrace.

"Where?" His lap was... otherwise engaged.

"Here." Rafferty fingered his erection. "Facing me."

With guidance from Anton, the plump head of Rafferty's cock slipped into her channel with a tight fit. Anton's hands on her hips kept her well positioned, so her butt fit snug against his lower abdomen. She let gravity pull her down, seating him deep inside her.

All three of them groaned when she let her full weight settle on top of Rafferty.

"Hannah, you feel incredible," he said, running his hands up and down her legs.

"The Señora is incredible," Anton agreed. "As is my Dennis."

Hannah wanted to answer them, wanted to share with them how magical this connection was. With Anton wrapped around her, Rafferty inside her... she felt wanton, sexy, complete. But the only sound that escaped her throat was a few needy little mewls.

Anton started flexing his hips, fucking his lover while rocking Hannah on top of him. She caught the tempo, and lightly raked her nails over Rafferty's stomach which caused him to arch deeper into her. The room that had been comfortable while sharing dinner now caused her to sweat as her body strove for climax.

Anton licked the back of her neck. "You must give all to us, Señora."

"He's right," Rafferty said. "Don't hold back. Don't hold anything back."

Hannah leaned forward, intent on bringing her clit in alignment with Rafferty's tufts of pubic hair. Their abrasion over the ultra-sensitive nubbin heightened her pleasure. Anton ran his hands over her lower back. So familiar, and yet so new. She no



longer had to guard against her attraction for these two men, and that knowledge had a special seduction all its own.

The first throbbing pulses of orgasm pumped through her. She moaned loud and long. "I'm gonna... come. Make me come."

Her breasts were now within Rafferty's reach. He gave each pebbled nipple a hard twist. "Absolutely."

Anton sped up his thrusts. She swore she could feel his cock sliding in and out of his lover's ass underneath her. That odd, anticipatory numbness spread through her belly. Anton drew his hands down, over the curve of her ass, and rubbed the pads of his thumbs across her puckered hole.

Hannah gasped. Writhed. And came so hard she thought her body might break into a million pieces like the light behind her eyes.

"Oh, fuck." Rafferty bowed under the strain of his climatic contractions.

Though her own body continued to shudder with powerful sensations, she knew when he came inside her. She gripped him tighter, ground down harder, and renewed the intensity of her orgasmic tremors. She reached behind her and grabbed Anton's meaty thigh. "Now, Anton. Now!"

He dug his fingers into the flesh of her hips, holding her in place as if she were the one receiving the force of his hard, deep thrusts. Then he jerked back, going rigid. He let out a growl that seemed to vibrate right through his chest and into her. Into them.

Not wanting the crest of orgasm to wane, Hannah continued to ride Rafferty's cock as long as she could. But her tired limbs overrode her brain's directives and her pace gently slowed.

Hannah slumped forward, over Rafferty's chest. It was an awkward position, but Anton rubbed the small of her back in light circles. The same kind of gentle caress that Rafferty was using on her shoulders.

"So fine, the Señora. So soft and sexy," Anton murmured.

"You're not so bad yourself," she replied.

"As much as I would love to stay like this, I'm developing a headache. Can we move this celebration over to the couches?"

Getting up was a lot harder than getting into position in the first place. Anton toed the control which reduced the bench to the bio-gel's restive blue puddle state. Rafferty sat up, but almost immediately flopped back down. Apparently he'd spent too long in that position, and the change in blood pressure was making him dizzy.

With some assistance, he managed to make it to his feet. Anton put an arm around his waist and Hannah huddled close to his other side, supporting him as they walked him over to a long divan. They settled him in the chair, but when Hannah moved away, Rafferty tugged on her hand and tumbled her into his lap. "You too, Anton. Pick a lap and cuddle up."

He found a spot between Hannah's legs and rested his head on her belly. She curled against Rafferty's chest, one arm over him, the other resting on Anton's chest. Together, they hovered on the edge of sleep.

*Give and take, baby.*

The line, in Rafferty's sex laden voice, continued to swim through her mind in her post-coital haze. She'd given them her heart, and planned to take whatever they offered her in terms of a commitment. She simply couldn't go back to her cold, lonely, driven existence now. There was more to life than courtrooms and paperwork. She hoped Rafferty and Anton would show her just how much she'd been missing out on.

*Give and take, baby.* After all, it was the only way to win.

## **Kira Stone**

Kira Stone lives in a warm, many-chambered cave tucked away in the Scottish Highlands. A small band of ever-changing heroes keeps her company. As they relax in front of a roaring fire, devils dance and angels sing her bawdy songs. Faerie folk often stop in for a cup of mulled wine and to listen to her spin a yarn or two. When daylight turns to dusk, they somehow find a way to keep the cold, uncaring world at bay for another night...

Okay, maybe not. LOL. When Kira isn't living in a fantasy world, she's writing about one from her ordinary house in Ohio with a few feline companions (who don't sing nearly as well as the angels do). Is it any wonder she prefers the cave? Check out Kira's website at <http://www.kirastonebooks.com> or join her Yahoo Group at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/kirastonebooks>.