

Taken by Surprise

Marteeka Karland

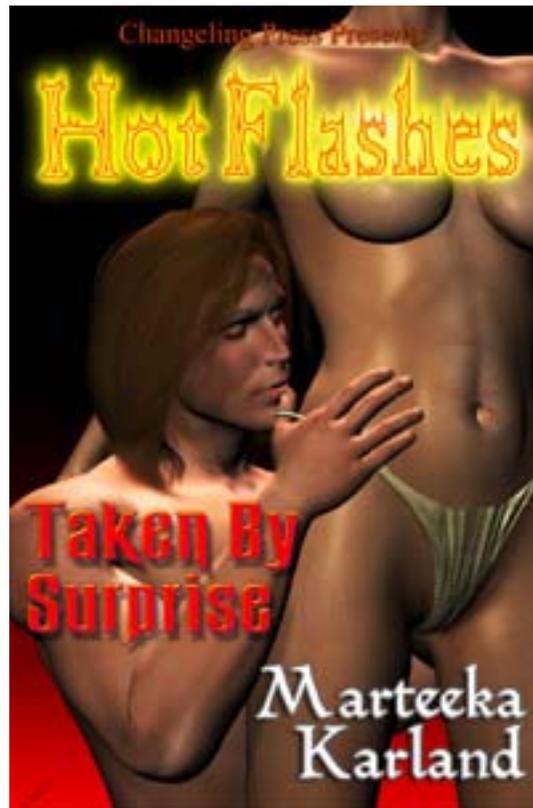
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Hot Flash: Taken by Surprise

Marteeka Karland

When Erin comes home, she doesn't expect her boyfriend to be looking at pictures of her with other men. Realizing immediately Mike's jumped to the wrong conclusion, Erin expects their yearlong relationship to be over with. But Mike has an alternative...

Chapter One

Erin

The second I walked in the front door and saw my boyfriend's face, I knew I was in deep shit. He was sitting in a plush, crimson chair beside a small table in the foyer with several pictures scattered around him. His face was an emotionless mask. It was the face he used when he was about to move in for the kill.

"Those aren't what you think, Mike."

"Save it, Erin." He spoke quietly, but it didn't take a genius to figure out he was pissed as hell. Dressed smartly in gray slacks and a white shirt, he looked professional, but when you looked at the wildness in his eyes, there was a sense of controlled feral animalism. Taking off his wire rimmed glasses, he tossed them on the table.

It was pointless to argue with him. He always won. Quite frankly, if he didn't want to hear my side of things, I shouldn't waste my breath by trying to explain. Still, I had to get in one shot.

"Those weren't taken while we were together."

He flipped through the photos until he found one in particular. "This is my best friend, for crying out loud!" It was the first time I'd ever heard him raise his voice, a testament to his degree of upset.

I sighed. "I suppose I should get my things and get out." No sense beating around the bush.

"You could." He nodded, his composure back in place. He held another picture up to the light and looked at it, as if he didn't care if I was there or not. "Or you can stay. It's up to you, really."

OK. This wasn't what I expected at all. Mike wasn't one to yell and scream normally, but him not kicking me out was the last thing I expected.

"You'd let me stay? After seeing those and assuming the worst?"

"Of course." He looked at me, his expression unreadable. "There would be conditions, however. You'd no longer live the lifestyle you've been accustomed to, unless I say so." His smile was not unkind, merely matter-of-fact. Like everything else he did. "I'd say you've forfeited that right, wouldn't you?"

How could I disagree? For the past year, Mike had let me live in his house as if it were my own, bought me clothes, taken me to the most exclusive clubs, given me money, and never asked for anything in return. For all intents and purposes, I'd been freeloading off him. If he saw this as an opportunity to point that out, who was I to disagree?

When I didn't say anything, he picked up a picture and walked toward me. "You have quite an appetite for... unusual things, don't you?" He did that a lot -- ended his sentences with questions he already knew the answers to. It made arguing with him difficult because I hated being defensive.

"Apparently." I had to tilt my head back to look him in the eye, but I did. I wasn't proud of what I'd done, but I wasn't about to back down from him, either. He intimidated people for a living, and not being intimidated by him was what attracted him to me in the first place. He really got off on women who stood up to him.

But he *always* got the upper hand. Eventually.

"When did you start fucking other men, my dear?" He maintained his cool unemotional tone and implacable expression. It was beginning to drive me mad. Why couldn't he just yell and scream like everyone else?

Knowing nothing would work with Mike once he made up his mind, I decided to turn the tables on him. "When you *stopped* fucking me."

Finally, I'd caught him off guard. He turned his head slightly as if he wanted to turn away from me, but stopped himself before he broke eye contact. "I never stopped fucking you. We had sex just the other day."

"When?" I challenged. "Tell me, when was the last time we had sex?"

He stood there, not moving a muscle for a few seconds. He ran his hand through his silky black locks. "Damn."

"Been a while, huh?" I couldn't believe I'd actually gotten this far with him. I knew his job was distracting, but had he really been that involved in his work?

"That doesn't excuse *this*." He advanced on me with the same photo. The fact that he showed any emotion at all proved I was getting through to him.

"That might be true if it had happened *after* we got together."

He rolled his eyes as he shook the photo at me. Turning, he strolled a few steps away. Obviously, he wasn't going to believe I'd been faithful to him. When he turned back to me, his composure was fully intact. "So." His smile was almost menacing. "What are we to do with you?"

It didn't seem like a question I should attempt to answer. In fact, given the look on his face, I didn't want to *touch* that one.

He let me squirm a little, simply staring at me, sizing me up. "You have two choices." He took a step closer to me. This was it. "You can leave. You can take everything I've ever given you -- clothes, the car, jewelry, everything -- and leave tonight. Or you can stay. But if you do, you do so on my terms. After that, if you decide to leave, you go only with what you came with. Nothing else."

Now, that might seem like a no-brainer. Take the stuff and split! At some point, I'd simply have to cut my losses and call it quits. But the thing is, I love Mike. Deeply. I also knew he could be brutal to his enemies. Did he consider me an enemy now?

I knew he'd never hurt me physically, but if I said I wanted to stay, would his terms be so horrible that I'd *have* to leave? Did I even want to stay given the fact that he didn't trust me? Of course, if I'd found pictures like that of him, I'm not sure I wouldn't have jumped to the same conclusion. I looked at him closely, carefully. What was that gleam in his eye? It looked almost like... lust.

I took a deep breath. What did I have to lose, after all? If, when he'd taken his revenge to his satisfaction, he still didn't believe me, I could always leave then. "What do I have to do?"

“No.” His response was immediate. “You either agree or you leave. That’s the deal.”

It was all or nothing, I supposed.

“OK.” I breathed out. “I want to stay.”

Chapter Two

Mike

After seeing those pictures, I knew I'd underestimated Erin. I wasn't really sure why she'd taken pictures of herself with other men, but once I found them, I couldn't simply pretend I hadn't.

To make matters worse, she was right. It had been probably three months -- maybe more -- since I'd made love to her. All of this combined to keep me up several nights trying to figure out what to do.

I'd had the pictures for at least a week before I confronted her. I never do anything without thinking it out first. That's how I've created such a successful company and made so much money. Finally deciding on a course of action, I had set the stage for tonight.

"You'll agree to stay on my terms?"

"Yes."

"No matter what they are?"

"Yes."

"You must want my money really badly." I won't lie. Even though I expected that, it hurt to know my money meant more to her than I did. I really loved Erin.

"No, Mike." She looked me in the eye when she spoke. "I don't want your money that badly." I wished she'd say more, clarify what she meant, but she didn't. "What do I have to do?"

"Have a seat." I gestured toward the chair where she'd found me. Without waiting to see if she'd do as I asked, I left the room to get the device that would begin her punishment.

She was dressed in jeans and a black t-shirt, her long red hair wrapped neatly in a bun at the back of her head. I loved her hair. When she got hot and sweaty during sex, it always curled around her face. Well, tonight she'd definitely get sweaty.

I couldn't help but smile. She might leave me after this was over, but I'd get my revenge *and* live out a fantasy with her I'd secretly obsessed about for several months.

Porn videos. Ya gotta love 'em!

When Mike brought out that odd looking contraption, I almost changed my mind. At the same time, I almost came all over myself. It was a padded bench, raised off the ground about six inches or so, with a bar at waist level. Two rails extended behind the bench with cuffs on the end. If a person knelt on that bench, they would have to reach way out to even touch the cuffs.

It would put the person locked into those cuffs in a helpless position. Perfect for fucking.

I shivered.

If Mike wanted to put me on that bench, I wouldn't object.

"Do you know what this is for?" He leaned an elbow against one rail nonchalantly.

"I have a pretty good idea." I tried not to sound nervous, but I'm not sure I accomplished my goal.

"Then get undressed." He turned and walked out of the room.

I recognized an order when I heard one. It didn't take me long to remove my clothes, but for some reason, I didn't want to face him naked. I left my bra and panties in place -- my shield.

He returned with what looked like a red velvet sack. I could only anticipate what surprises he had. "You're not undressed." His tone was stern. "Perhaps I didn't make myself clear. Either you do as I say, or you leave."

"OK, OK. I'm sorry. I just felt --"

"Exposed?"

"Well, yeah."

"Good." He smiled. "It'll get worse. I promise." We stared at each other. "Want out?"

"No."

"Then *strip*." He barked the last word. Clearly, his infinite patience had worn thin.

I hurried out of my underwear. Before I could straighten from removing my panties, he grabbed me by my hair and dragged me to the bench.

"When I tell you to do something, you do it!" It was the first time I'd ever heard him speak in such a harsh tone of voice. Fear shot through me. In his mind, I'd betrayed him. What reason did he have to keep his anger at bay? Since I'd agreed to stay, I'd given him permission to do anything he wanted to me. Would he actually hurt me physically?

"Mike, I --"

"I did not give you permission to speak." His tone was as rough as his movements. He forced me to my knees on the bench. I bent at the waist and he stretched my arms out in front of me so he could clasp a padded cuff around each wrist. I had to really reach for them and I was so stretched, my knees almost came up off the padded bench. My ass was high in the air, my hands and arms effectively immobilized which pulled my shoulders almost painfully. To complete the "hog-tying of Erin," he shoved a cool metal spreader bar between my knees, wedging them apart almost uncomfortably. There was absolutely no way I could move my legs together.

I was completely exposed.

I looked over my shoulder at him. The smirk on his face told me I might be in for more than I bargained for.

"Before we begin, I'm going to give you one last chance to back out -- all material possessions I gave you, you can have."

I didn't say anything. I merely looked at him. I was afraid he'd hear the nervousness in my voice. I absolutely did not want him to smell blood in the water.

“You have some... unusual tastes.” His voice was low, heavy with lust. Mike looked at the pictures again. I knew what he was referring to and my heart beat faster. “Spankings. Pain, too. It seems you have quite varied taste as well. Multiple partners. You’re just a veritable fountain of good ideas.” Hearing it laid out there so boldly made me feel like a cheap whore.

“Here’s what I’m going to do to you tonight.” He stood directly in front of me, legs slightly apart, arms crossed over his chest. “I’m going to do everything you’ve already done. I might even throw in a few things of my own for good measure. The only thing I promise is not to break your skin, or do anything that you’ve not proven you can handle. Here’s your chance to back out. Your *last* chance.”

“You won’t hurt me, right?”

“I didn’t say that!” he snapped. “I plan on hurting you quite a bit, actually. But I’m going to use these pictures as a guide. If I don’t have proof here you can do it, I won’t take that step without your permission. Do you want to leave? Quit?”

Chapter Three

Mike

I thought Erin would back out at this point. Honestly, those pictures left nothing to the imagination. I doubt she had anything on the most seasoned porn star, and I was determined to push her as far as I could, but I didn't think she had it in her to do this for me. Our sexual relationship was pretty well established.

Was I pissed? Hell, yeah! But not for the reasons I'd led her to believe. I didn't really think she'd cheated on me. In all fairness, the more risqué stuff happened a few years before I met her. At least, that was what the date stamp on the pictures said. I was pissed because she'd never given me any inclination that she was into that kind of stuff! We'd wasted over a year on dull, boring sex when she was as perverted as I was.

Looking at her now, spread out on my little contraption, she'd never looked more delectable. Walking around her, I trailed a finger up her arm, down her back.

"I'm going to fuck you until I've had my fill of you." I tried hard to keep the excited quiver out of my voice as I walked around her in a full circle to stand before her once again. I removed a ball gag from the velvet bag before I spoke again. "And when I'm through, I have a few friends who'd like to have a go at you."

Her indrawn breath and the beginning of a screech was all she got out before I gagged her. Tightly. OK, so not *that* tight, but I wanted her to think I was just slightly out of control. This was as much for her as it was for me. Holding back such a sexual appetite couldn't be healthy.

She looked at me with angry eyes. I could just imagine all the things she was calling me about now.

I chuckled. "I gave you three chances to back out. You knew what you were in for. Deal with it."

I've faced determined businessmen with literally billions of dollars on the line before. But all of that paled compared to the fire of resolve in the eyes of my Erin.

"Good." I reached for the velvet bag again and removed a pair of nipple clamps linked with a diamond and ruby chain. "First things first, though. I want to see those pretty pink nipples of yours pucker. If you're good, I might even let you keep the clamps to remember this by."

Fastening them securely to her, I watched as, before my eyes, her nipples filled with blood and turned a beautiful shade of red. I let my fingers play with the dangling chain, tugging gently. She moaned through the gag, closing her eyes.

Seeing her obvious pleasure from that simple touch almost brought me to my knees. I wanted this woman like no other. I loved her with all that I was and I couldn't let her go. She *had* to enjoy this experience. I'd have to keep a close eye on her. I'd stop everything at the first sign of discomfort. I simply had to make sure she didn't realize that.

Stooping in front of her, I took a nipple in my mouth, twirling my tongue around the cool gems and her flesh. "You want kinky?" I nipped the underside of her breast and tugged the chain. "I'll give you kinky." She quivered above me. "You want hardcore? I'll give that to you, as well."

I almost wished she didn't have the gag in her mouth. I would have loved to hear her cries. She'd never been vocal during sex, but I knew this time would be different. No matter. Once this was done, she'd scream for me plenty.

But only for me.

I'd dreamt about fucking her like this -- spread out at my mercy -- for far too long to delay this. I wanted in that sweet pussy, and I wanted in now!

I stood and removed my clothing, her hungry eyes devouring my bared flesh. She'd never looked at me like that before. This really *was* getting her hot!

"You like the thought of what's about to happen, don't you?"

She nodded, the only response she could give.

I grasped my erect cock and stroked myself as she watched. "You want this cock. I can see it in your eyes." She never raised her gaze when she nodded. "I just bet you can almost taste it." Again, she nodded.

As much as I wanted to remove the ball gag and gag her with my dick, I knew there was no way I'd last. And *I* wanted to fuck her first.

First. And last.

Chapter Four

Erin

If Mike wanted to torture me, he was doing a good job of it. The sight of his perfectly muscled, rock hard body was driving me nuts! I never knew he could be so *kinky!* To think, I'd been missing out on this wilder side of the uptight business executive. I knew that, no matter what happened from this point on, our relationship would never be the same.

Mike reached into the velvet bag of tricks and removed a condom package. Removing the little latex wonder, he sheathed himself and I sighed. I was really glad he didn't want to take his time about this. I wanted that big cock of his buried balls deep inside my cunt.

Now.

Ten minutes ago!

Stepping around me, Mike clasped my ass cheeks with one hand, and the fingers of his other hand moved to stimulate my clit. Without any other preparation, he slammed into me.

Ohmigod!

My pussy contracted around his cock in my first orgasm seconds after he entered me. I wanted desperately to meet his thrusts with my own, but I absolutely could *not* move. I had to settle for squeezing him as hard as I could, riding out every contraction of my body. Making him feel it as I did.

"You like that, don't you, slut?" His words came out in staccato grunts as he pounded my cunt unmercifully. "You like being used for my pleasure." His grip on my ass got impossibly tighter until I was sure I'd have bruises. But I could feel him swelling inside me already and I knew it wouldn't be long before he came.

“Oh yeah! I’m coming!” Five more short, deep thrusts and he howled his orgasm, lodging his cock as deep inside my cunt as he could.

He’d never come so fast or so vocally before.

He stayed like that for a few seconds before pushing himself away from me. When he stood in front of me once again, still breathing hard, he removed the used condom and threw it on the floor in front of me.

“One down.” He grinned. “Several more to go.”

That was demeaning and *disgusting*! But somehow, that was what made it erotic. It was sweaty, nasty, filthy sex.

And I loved it.

I wanted more.

“Consider that a preview.” Mike again dipped into the bag of tricks, bringing out a pussy clip this time. Kneeling between my legs, he fastened the thing around my labial lips. “Tonight, you’re going to be fucked more ways than you can count. Every hole you have will be stuffed full of cock. And if you don’t cooperate, you’re out of here.”

As if I’d do anything *but* cooperate! I was anxious to see what he had in mind. Besides, part of me got a perverse thrill at the idea of having my body used solely for the pleasure of a man. Of *many* men. I almost came again thinking about it. And the jewelry in places I’d never had jewelry before was sexy as hell.

Just when I was beginning to feel secure in what was happening, he reached into the bag and brought out a blindfold. I would have protested if the ball gag hadn’t prevented it. As it was, I watched helplessly as he fastened it securely over my eyes.

Contemplating my near future, I almost missed the click of the door opening. I couldn’t see what was going on, but I could hear sounds of more than one person entering the room.

“Holy fucking shit! Who the fuck is that, Mike?” I couldn’t see the entryway, but that was definitely another man. His deep, resonant voice sent shivers down my spine.

"Gentlemen." The ultimate oxymoron. "This is my girlfriend, Erin. It seems," Mike continued, "Erin has a taste for kink. Take a look at the pictures and help yourselves to her. You know the rules."

There were murmurs -- one voice I thought I recognized -- as the men viewed my unique portfolio. It didn't take long before I felt a set of hands on my pussy, fingering the little piece of jewelry brushing my clit so erotically.

"Damn, Mike." The unfamiliar voice was deep, arousing. "Now I know why you keep this little piece away from us. You want her all to yourself."

"Not anymore." Mike's voice again. "She wants cock and I'm giving it to her."

"Hey." Another voice, the familiar one. "Sign me up. I'll give her cock. Why don't you take out the gag so I can use her mouth?"

"Sorry, men." Mike chuckled. "That's all for me."

A finger entered my cunt. Then another. "Ooo's" and "Ahhh's" and "fuck, yeah's" accompanied touches and it wasn't long before I had fingers in my pussy *and* ass. First fingers, then tongues.

Oh man! The tongues were *everywhere*! They tugged on my chained nipples and my clipped clit, as well as erogenous zones I never knew I had. When one guy nipped the back of my knee, I thought I'd come unglued.

My feet are one of the most sensitive parts of my body, which makes them the most ticklish part as well. But when one of them sucked my big toe into his mouth, laughing was the last thing on my mind. He proceeded to nip and lave his way all over my foot. The sensation shot straight to my clit, which was being pulled and teased by the little piece of jewelry dangling from my nether lips.

Could this get any better? They might be there for their own pleasure, but they were sure giving me loads of my own.

Chapter Five

Mike

Watching my buddies touch my girlfriend was the most kick-ass erotic thing I'd ever seen. I'd told them to be sure to give her as much pleasure as they could because I really wanted her to enjoy this. I knew Donovan knew how to push her buttons. It was him in the pictures, after all. I just never thought I'd enjoy it this much.

"Yeah!" Jim was still working her cunt with his fingers. "That little pussy likes this. Look how wet she is!"

I could see her cunt glistening. When Jim removed his fingers to bring them to his mouth, a drop of her intimate moisture slid from her pussy and dropped to the floor between her legs. I watched it fall, as if in slow motion, and something inside me snapped. I wasn't sure I could let either of them actually fuck her, but I had an assortment of her favorite toys they could use on her.

That was something I had to see! And if that drop of moisture was any indication, Erin was having a good time.

Still, there was no harm in making sure. After all, this was as much for her benefit as it was mine. I love Erin with all my heart, but I had neglected her. She deserved to have all her fantasies come true.

I walked around to stand in front of her once again. Removing her blindfold and gag, I shoved my semi-erect cock into her mouth. Erin sucked with all the power of a Hoover vacuum, and that semi-erect cock became a raging hard on in a matter of seconds.

"Are you enjoying yourself, my dear?"

She mumbled an affirmative around a mouthful of cock and I was sure she'd suck my toes through my dick. She'd never been this enthusiastic about giving head

before. Hell, *I'd* never been this enthusiastic about *sex* before! I was about to come again, and that hadn't happened since I was in my twenties.

I gave Jim the OK with a nod. He moved to a nearby table, opening the drawer and coming out with a slim, smooth vibrator. It was Erin's favorite.

Now, I admit, we rarely used toys in our sex play, but sometimes I watched her. She never knew I was there, but I'd watch her get herself off and this little vibe was one she used often.

I'd also had a peek at the movie collection she'd started in recent months, and they had gotten more and more explicit and exotic in the last few weeks. I think that was the turning point. But it wasn't until I found the pictures that I began to fear it might be too late.

Jim switched on the vibe and I pulled out of Erin's talented mouth to watch him. Jim ran the silver, buzzing vibe around Erin's pussy lips, coating it in her own moisture. Finally, satisfied that he had it slippery enough, Jim slid the tip into Erin's cunt.

She squealed and bucked, trying to push herself more fully onto the vibrator.

"Please, Mike! Untie me!"

"Why should I? I have you right where I want you."

"I want to move. Please." She was begging. Not to avoid any of this but to be an active participant.

How could I argue with that?

It didn't take long for the three of us to get her untied. The rug in the middle of the room wasn't the most comfortable place to be, but it was close. Right now, close was all that mattered.

Erin lay on her back and I immediately guided my cock back to her mouth. She spread her legs and Jim slid the vibe deep inside her again, lowering his head to lick and nip at her clit. Donovan continued to tease her breasts.

Then, my gaze happened on a picture that had fallen to the floor. Erin. Sandwiched by two men while she sucked the cock of another. Did I really want to do that? A few moments ago, I thought not.

Now...

"How about it, my sweet?" Oh, God! I couldn't believe I was actually getting ready to suggest this. "Do you want to get stuffed full of cock?" I was afraid my voice was shaking. I know my knees were. She'd always had a talented mouth, but *damn!* It felt like she'd just swallowed my dick!

She didn't stop deep-throating my cock, but her eyes widened and she nodded her head as much as she could. One hand was wrapped around my balls, the other was in Donovan's hand while he sucked each of her fingers into his mouth and kissed his way up her arm.

I nodded to Jim and he removed the vibrator and stood, removing his clothing. Donovan, too, stripped and it wasn't long before Erin had a cock in each hand and one in her mouth.

"Oh, yeah!" Donovan thrust his hips at her. "I want to fuck her ass, Mike. I remember how nice and tight it was."

"Does that mean I get her pussy?" Jim grinned. I just bet he was remembering all those times the three of us talked about doing something like this. Jim being bisexual, I bet his imagination was taking him places mine wasn't.

"Yeah." I smiled. "I guess it does. Condoms are in the same drawer as the toys and lube."

Chapter Six

Erin

I couldn't believe this was happening. I was so hot I wanted to explode! Still, I about died when I saw Donovan. Mike was really going to let his buddies fuck me. As much as I wanted the thrill, I couldn't stand to think this was punishment. If he wanted this, I was all for it. But not as a punishment. Not so he could pass me around like a cheap whore before discarding me.

When he pulled out of my mouth, I retained my hold on his cock. "Mike, wait." My voice was husky, breathless.

"What's the matter? Thinking of backing out?" His smirk didn't look quite genuine. He almost looked hesitant.

"No. Not if this is for fun." I looked him in the eye. I hoped he understood what I meant, but I couldn't tell.

Until he winked at me.

I let out a breath I didn't know I'd been holding. He always did that when he wanted to reassure me. It would do, for now.

I pulled him back to my mouth and he seemed only too happy to let me. He always loved it when I sucked him off. I relaxed the muscles of my throat to take him as deeply as I could, swallowing so the sensitive head of his cock was squeezed and caressed even more.

I felt the cool sensation of lubricant being squirted all over my pussy and anus. The other two men were obviously preparing me to take whatever they chose to give me. I shivered just thinking about it.

"Look at that puckered little ass." Donovan had the sexiest voice I'd ever heard. It was how he'd convinced me to have sex with him before. He'd literally talked me out

of my pants. Neither of us was looking for a long-term relationship at the time, or we might still be together. "I can't wait to be inside it again." He slid in one finger, then two. I sighed and arched myself into his hand.

"Yeah," Jim said. "But that pussy's all mine." Jim brushed my clit with a fingertip before inserting two fingers into my pussy.

The men didn't move together in any rhythm -- rather each moved to his own cadence. Three different men. Three different tempos. Each in a different orifice.

"I want her," Donovan rasped out, his voice filled with lust. "Now. Put her on top of me."

He lay on his back next to me, slipping on a condom. Before I could move to do as he'd asked, Mike and Jim picked me up and laid me on my back on top of his chest. Donovan thrust my legs aside as he positioned me where he wanted me. Then he guided his cock into my ass.

He stretched me deliciously. It took a few moments and a couple of gentle strokes before he was fully inside me, but we managed. Once I was impaled, he pulled out until only the head was still inside me. In one smooth thrust, he slid the entire length of his cock into my ass until my butt brushed his stomach.

"Fuck her ass good." Mike knelt down to kiss me, diving his tongue inside when our mouths met. Sweat dotted his upper lip and he trembled. Donovan merely grunted and increased his pace.

It wasn't long before Jim nudged my cunt with his latex-clad cock. Donovan stopped his movement until Jim was settled inside me. We all adjusted our places, trying to find our comfort zone. It didn't take long and the guys were soon pumping into me in an ever-increasing pace.

I was full! So wonderfully full of cock!

Mike pulled away from me and stood. Watching the three of us, he stroked himself leisurely. I wondered what he intended to do.

I didn't get to ponder the question long because Jim pulled himself from my body and lay next to Donovan and myself, while the other man pushed me off his cock.

Jim pulled me on top of him and slammed his dick back inside my pussy and Donovan got to his knees behind me and rammed himself back into my ass. Now, I was on my knees and able to move a little easier. I was more of an active participant now, and it felt good.

But I wanted Mike to join us.

I reached for him, but he shook his head. Instead, he reached for the open table drawer and pulled out two condom packages, sheathed himself, and tossed the other one to Donovan. Donovan pulled out of my ass, and removed the used condom as he walked to the bathroom. I heard water running and looked over my shoulder just as he came back -- putting on the condom as he walked -- and lay on his side, supporting himself with one hand on the floor beside my bent leg.

Wondering what was going to happen next, I was still completely taken off guard when I felt Donovan probe the entrance to my pussy. I was even more surprised when he actually worked his girth in to join Jim's.

"Omigod!" I was full to bursting, but oh, man, did it feel good!

Mike had moved behind me and grasped my hips, gripping them tightly.

"If it's too much," Jim spoke into my ear, "just say so and we'll stop."

Oh, my! Would Mike really do this? Could *I* really do this?

Jim put a hand on the back of my neck and pulled me to him. He kissed me deeply with lust filled intensity. "Relax, Erin. Try not to push out against Mike if you can help it. Let him do the work," he said, his breathing deep and rapid.

I felt a cool sensation enter my ass as Mike squeezed some lube inside me to prepare me for the ultimate invasion. A few seconds later, I felt him push against my ass. It took everything I had not to push against him, to welcome him inside, but I managed. I knew Jim was afraid I'd push out the two men currently imbedded in my cunt and I probably would have. Neither of them could be in very deep given the awkward positioning, especially Donovan.

"Now, my dear --" Mike sounded more strained than I'd ever heard him. "-- you will be well and truly stuffed full of cock. Are you ready?"

“Ohmigod, yes!” I couldn’t believe this was actually happening!

I felt stretched, full. It burned a little, but not painfully so. After a brief pause, Mike slid part of his shaft into me and the burning increased, this time in my ass, but there still wasn’t much pain. Any discomfort there was only served as an erotic stimulant.

“Fuck, yeah!” Donovan cried as he began to move again, very slowly. “She was tight before, but I swear she’s choking my dick!”

“Sonofabitch!” Jim drew in several shallow breaths. His hips flexed and he drove deeper inside me.

It was all I could take and an orgasm exploded through me. I screamed and drove myself back against them. The slight pain served to heighten my pleasure and I seemed to come forever and ever. I didn’t think the contractions of my pussy would ever stop. I bore down, pushing with my lower body and the pleasurable sensation increased. Cum expelled from my body and I knew I’d drenched the balls of the two men inside my cunt.

I lay on top of Jim, exhausted, stretched, and totally satisfied. Donovan and Jim must have been forced out of the tight fit of my body by my orgasm, or had retreated on purpose because neither of them was inside me any longer. Mike, however still pounded at my ass until I felt him swell and he shouted. His cock pulsed and he pulled me to him tightly.

“Fucking hell! That’s good.” Mike’s hands on my hips squeezed reflexively as his orgasm faded. Finally, he pulled out of me and sat on the floor. “Son of a bitch, I’m too old for this.”

We all laughed.

Mike stood and lifted me from Jim and swung me into his arms. “Take a hike, guys. It’s my turn, and I don’t need any help.”

Donovan and Jim’s laughter followed us up the stairs and into the bedroom.

Chapter Seven

Mike

When I got Erin to our bedroom, I didn't waste any time. I pulled off the old condom, slipped on a fresh one and crawled between her legs. I sank into her with ease. Her pussy gripped me when I pulled out only to slide back inside.

"I've wanted to watch you with another man since I first met you."

"Why didn't you say something?" She lifted her hips to meet my lazy thrusts. I was perfectly content to stay like this for a long while.

"How do you tell your girlfriend you want her to fuck other guys? Most girls I know would have slapped me."

She giggled. "OK, you have a point. But I'm not most girls."

"So I found out."

"How long did you have those pictures?"

"About a week."

"Couldn't decide what to do?"

"Well, it wasn't something I wanted to rush into."

We moved together slowly for a while, simply enjoying the feel of one another. Her face was flush and her hair mussed. She was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

"I'm so sorry I've been ignoring you these last few months, Erin. It took thinking I was losing you to make me realize how much I've taken you for granted."

"Oh, Mike." She caressed my cheek. "I know how busy you've been. I never thought you did it on purpose."

"Still, I don't ever want to lose you." I kissed her slowly, leisurely. Her tongue danced with mine. When I pulled my mouth from hers, I looked straight into her eyes.

“I always want to make your fantasies come true. If there’s something you want to try, all you have to do is tell me and I’m there.”

She grinned wickedly. “There is this one thing...”

Marteeka Karland

Marteeka makes her home in Kentucky with her brat husband and her darling son. (Or is that the other way around?) Family has always and always will be her passion in life. She works as an Emergency Room Technician and has for the past eight years. She has been writing for most of her life, but has only recently realized her potential when she found erotic romance. This genre opened up a whole new world of possibilities for Marteeka and she is thriving on the endless promise of what is to come. Science Fiction has been her favorite topic since she saw her first episode of *Star Trek*. Now she combines sci-fi with erotic romance and feels she has found her place in the writing world. You can visit her website at <http://www.marteekakarland.com>.