

ESCAPE



Island Dreamin

Kate Douglas

Changeling Press

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Teri has had it! She's tired of fighting for accounts in her job with the city's largest advertising firm, but Brad and Steve are making her life miserable. After a frustrating day, she takes her drink and her disappointment into the bath for a long soak. The dream that follows is anything but frustrating. Brad and Steve, both bound and under her control, and does Teri ever take control! But is it all a dream? And what is it with those two guys? She had no idea they lusted after one another as much as they wanted her. *Island Dreamin'* by Kate Douglas is every woman's fantasy.

Island Dreamin'

Teri threw her purse at the wall and burst into tears. Damn Brad and his ego and double-damn his stupid assistant. Her proposal was good! It was the best thing she'd ever done, and she should have had the account, but no-o-o-o. It wasn't good enough to present. But gee, here's one, Mr. Turner. Leave it to Steve to have something ready to go. She stomped into the kitchen and ripped open the refrigerator door. That slimy bastard Steven had done everything he could to screw her out of the bid. He and Brad made a good pair.

Two drop-dead gorgeous guys with the integrity of a pair of carnival shills -- and the new Hainesford account. She was out of wine, damn it, and the leftover Chinese didn't look remotely edible.

Climbing up on a chair, she shoved aside an ancient box of cereal. There it was! Ted, an old boyfriend, had stashed a bottle of Wild Turkey up there. She wrapped her fingers around the neck. Too bad it wasn't Brad's neck, or even Steve's. She'd squeeze until their eyeballs popped.

Climbing down, Teri poured a shot of the booze into a glass and took a sip. After she quit choking, she grabbed a can of soda, poured it over ice and added a good-sized shot. Drink in one hand, Wild Turkey in the other, she headed for the bathroom. A hot bath and a good drunk might just help her decide what to do next.

Should she stay on the job at the most prestigious advertising agency in the city, or call her own bluff and walk away? She was tired of fighting, tired of Brad and totally fed up with Steve.

The apartment might be small, but she had a bathroom fit for a queen -- larger than her bedroom. The tub had heated jets and held enough water to swim in. She sipped at her drink, realized she was down to ice, and poured more booze into the

glass. The room spun in a nice lazy pattern. She lay her head back against the cushioned pillow and let the jets work their wonders on her body.

She especially liked the one shooting right between her legs. It made it easier to think of Brad and Steve without wanting to scream. Why did they always win? It wasn't fair. Not fair at all. She sipped at the drink. The soda was mostly gone, but it didn't taste half bad. Of course, she'd have one hell of a headache come morning, but at least the anger and frustration had eased. It was just so blasted discouraging, always having to fight both guys on every project. This had been the biggest prize yet. She couldn't believe she hadn't even been allowed to make her presentation.

If only they weren't both so gorgeous. Brad was the epitome of tall, dark and handsome. Steve was almost as tall, but blond and well-built. Too bad they were both jerks. What would it be like, to get them away from their office fortress? Just her and the two of them, off on some deserted island? Some place where she had complete control... and all the time in the world to exercise it.

Teri awoke, disoriented and naked with a mouth full of cotton and a steady pounding in her ears. She blinked, licked her lips and gazed at her surroundings, but nothing made sense.

The noise sorted itself out as the ocean's waves rolled up on the beach and then slid back down the sand. The sky was so blue it hurt her eyes. She sat up and realized she was under a perfect palm tree that swayed gently in the soft breeze.

"This is so not San Francisco." She struggled to her feet. She'd been sitting on a pale blue caftan, just big enough to wrap around herself. Amazing how much better she felt, wearing something more than her skin. She had to be dreaming. That was the last thing she'd been thinking of, wasn't it? A quiet vacation on a desert island?

Or something like that.

"Help! Help us!"

Frowning, Teri headed toward the sound. She pushed aside the thick ferns growing along the beach. A small hut made of grass and palms stood in the middle of a sunlit clearing.

"Help!"

Teri raced across the open ground to the hut. She slipped through the open door. And just about fell over. No doubt at all. She was dreaming.

Brad was chained to a large brass bed. Steve had been tied to a nearby chair. Both men were naked, completely restrained and absolutely gorgeous. She should have rushed to free them both, but she stood a moment and gazed at Brad's long, lean, perfect body stretched out on the bed. His hands were shackled to the headboard, his feet tied with stout cords at each corner of the footboard, and the parts she'd fantasized about -- when she wasn't thinking of killing him -- stood upright in pure, male defiance at his situation. Teri swallowed, reached for the restraints holding Brad's feet, then pulled her hands back at the last moment. "What are you doing here? Where are we?"

"How the hell do I know? Untie me!"

Well, obviously nothing had changed, even if it was her dream. "And what if I don't?"

"What'dya mean?" Steve growled. He rocked the chair back and forth on the legs, as if for emphasis.

"You heard me. What if I decide to leave you both tied up? Serves you right, after the crap you pulled on me today." She glanced at Steve again and had to catch her breath. Maybe getting pissed off made him horny, but she'd never seen a cock like his before. Long and full and ready to burst, it bobbed against his belly, glistening with the first drops of pre-cum at the tip. Too bad he was such a jerk. Unfortunately, her pussy didn't seem to mind. She felt her inner muscles clench and release. Irritated with herself, she consciously squeezed them to a stop. "Actually, you're both exactly where I want you. For now, anyway."

Teri strolled over to Steve and stood right in front of him. His eyes were level with her breasts beneath the soft silk. When she pulled the caftan down to her waist, his

pupils contracted and expanded. When she let it slip to the floor, he let out a gasp of air. She reached up and pinched her own nipple. Steve's eyes practically crossed. As if it were the most natural thing in the world, Teri realized she knew what he was thinking!

His mind spun with all kinds of wonderfully kinky things. He wanted her nipple in his mouth, wanted to suck on her, until she screamed. He wanted her hands on him. Wanted to taste her between her legs, lick the damp crevice between her buttocks... and take her there, his cock inside her ass, pumping slowly in and out.

Teri felt a heated flush spread across her breasts. She turned away before she gave in to the desire clawing at her body and crawled into Steve's lap. Teri looked at Brad. He'd been cursing constantly since she'd turned her back on him. Now he glared at her and she felt more naked than ever. She stared right back at him. Just like Steve, Brad's thoughts popped into her head.

Bitch. You are such a bitch and you're so damned hot. I knew you'd look bitchin' naked. Come a little bit closer. I want that hot snatch of yours in my mouth. Just a little closer, sweet cheeks. I want your hands on my balls and your tongue in my ass.

His eyes narrowed. Teri got another image. One she hadn't expected. Brad didn't just want her tongue. He wanted Steve. She turned and glanced at Steve. He tugged futilely at his restraints, but his cock, if anything, looked even larger.

The idea of these two men having sex left her weak in the knees. She sat down on the edge of the bed, close enough to touch Brad's cock if she wished.

She wished.

Idly, as if she wasn't even aware of what she was doing, Teri reached over and ran her fingers along the solid length of his cock. Brad groaned, but he lifted his hips to her touch.

"Like that, eh? If I'd fondled your cock this afternoon, would you have thought twice about screwing up my proposal on the Hainesford account?"

"That was business. I worked hard on my proposal." His voice cracked on the last word as she found the sweet spot where his cock and balls connected. Teri lightly stroked him. Brad practically whimpered.

"So's this. I bet you let Steve do all the work, and you took all the credit. Again." She glanced back at Steve. He was totally focused on Brad's cock. "Right, Steve?"

Steve nodded. Two sharp jerks of his chin. "Yeah. I do the work, and Brad gets the credit."

"Why is that, Steve? You're smart. You have the education and the skills. Why let Brad take the credit?"

He stared at Teri for a long time. "I don't know. It's always been that way."

"Maybe it's time for things to change." Teri stood up and walked over to Steve. "I might untie you, but only if I have your promise you'll do as I say." She leaned close and kissed him. Her tongue slipped between the seam of Steve's lips, touched the sensitive flesh just behind his teeth, tangled with his tongue. His thoughts poured into her mind. She knew the moment she had him.

For a little extra insurance, Teri knelt between Steve's knees, leaned over and took his cock in her mouth. She worked the smooth crown with her tongue and listened to his mental litany. Stroked the sleek length of his shaft and heard his silent whimper. Sucked first one ball, then the other between her lips, licking and nipping the taut sac, and he was all hers.

When she untied him, he followed her like a puppy, straight to Brad.

Brad stared at Teri for a long, long time. She stared back. His eyes shifted to Steve. She noticed his cock twitched. She tested her newfound mental abilities and checked to see if they were lovers.

They weren't. Yet. But Brad had known Steve for years and he'd always taken the dominant role in their relationship. That much she was able to learn. Maybe it was time the tables turned.

There was a small bedside table with a drawer. Teri opened it. Lube and condoms. Way too convenient, but who was she to complain. This was, after all, her dream.

She handed a condom to Steve. He looked at her with a question in his blue eyes, but when Teri took the lube out and squeezed some into her palm, he quickly tore the wrapper on the condom and slipped protection over his cock.

The lube was cool and slick in her hand. Teri crawled up on the bed and knelt between Brad's legs. His eyes flickered from Steve to Teri and back to Steve, but when Teri reached beneath his balls and stroked his ass with her fingertip, Brad's attention zeroed in on her.

"What the fuck are you...?"

Teri just smiled. "Well, you fucked me over today. Big time. I figure it's your turn." She glanced over her shoulder at Steve. "What do you think, Steve? Is it Brad's turn to take it in the ass? He's so good at giving it."

"That's the truth." Steve stroked his latex-covered cock. Teri glanced at him and had to blink. He was almost twice as large as Brad. She added more lube to her fingers and found the tight ring of muscle protecting Brad's ass. He jerked his hips, as if to avoid her touch, but somehow he managed to impale himself on her fingers.

She laughed and added two more fingers, slowly stretching and retreating.

"Untie my legs."

Startled, Teri glanced at Brad's face. His mouth was contorted. His eyes closed. He was definitely getting off on her digital penetration. "Please?" he added.

She nodded toward Steve. "Go ahead. Untie his legs."

Steve fumbled with the ropes for a moment, but managed to free both of Brad's legs. Brad immediately bent his knees and lifted his hips. Teri felt his need in her mind, felt his amazing response to her penetration. He was more turned on than he'd ever been... and as surprised as she was!

Teri pulled her fingers free and crawled out of the way. Steve took her place. He knelt between Brad's legs and lifted them upright until Brad's calves rested over Steve's shoulders. His hands were still restrained, his cock standing at attention.

Steve took his thick shaft in one fist, pressed it against Brad's well lubricated ass, and pushed. Brad groaned, Steve cursed. Teri moved up to the head of the bed. She knelt over Brad's face, turned so she could watch Steve. "Eat me, Brad. You owe me."

He didn't question her order. Instead Teri felt a hot tongue stroke between her swollen labia. He licked her from clit to ass and back again, diving deep inside her sex, then suckling her aching clit. Almost lost in sensation, she watched, mesmerized, as Steve slowly and methodically fucked Brad. Brad's thoughts spilled into her mind. He'd fantasized about this on countless occasions. He wanted to make Teri come with his mouth, wanted to fuck her with his cock, take her in every way possible. Most of all, he wanted her with Steve.

Steve pressed harder, deeper, rolled his hips faster with each downward stroke. Brad's tongue swept over Teri's ass, into her sex, around her clit. She felt the growing heat, the spiraling pleasure, turned on as much by Brad's mouth as she was by Steve's sexy body thrusting deep inside Brad. She reached out and grabbed Brad's cock, squeezing and stroking it in rhythm with Steve's rolling hips and powerful pelvic thrusts.

Her dreams had never been so explicit, the sensations so real.

Steve leaned over and managed to suckle one of her nipples into his mouth. It was as if he'd created a circuit among the three of them. With Brad's tongue in her sex and Steve's lips wrapped around her nipple, Teri gave in to sensation. She squeezed Brad's cock and felt the sharp coil of desire, the clenching spasm in her womb, a rush of cream from her sex. Brad moaned and speared her with his tongue, lapping up all her juices. Steve made one final thrust and released her nipple as he cried out. Brad's lips clamped down on her sensitive clit and his cock shot a fountain of ejaculate over her fingers. Squeezing him tighter, body spasming, lungs heaving, Teri screamed and surrendered to the most overwhelming climax she'd ever experienced.

She awakened to warm jets of water tickling her clit and the realization she was still in her oversized bathtub in her undersized apartment in San Francisco's North

Beach. Her clit throbbed and her womb still clenched from the aftereffects of a most amazing orgasm.

One she'd obviously given herself with a well-directed jet of water.

"Oh, fuck." Teri rolled her head to one side and saw the empty bottle of Wild Turkey on the floor beside the tub. Well, she'd had one hell of a dream, though the last people she'd have expected to see in her fantasy world were Brad and Steve.

Crawling out of the tub, Teri dried herself off and pulled her flannel nightgown over her head. Dream or no dream, she'd come to the only conclusion possible. Tomorrow she'd hand in her resignation. There was no point in fighting a battle she was constantly fated to lose.

Teri'd written out her resignation and packed paper bags in her briefcase so she could clean the stuff out of her office. She hadn't expected to run into both Steve and Brad before she even got in the door. It was almost as if they'd been waiting outside for her.

Brad held out his hand. Teri eyed it, warily. "Congratulations, Teri."

"For what?" She clasped her briefcase tightly and put her free hand on her hip.

"For nailing the Hainesford account." Steve smiled at her. She noticed he was standing really close to Brad.

"But... I thought you and Brad got it." Stunned, Teri looked from one man to the other.

"After you left, well..." Brad glanced at Steve.

Steve shrugged. "We felt like crap after what we pulled. I'm sorry, Teri. We both are. Brad turned your proposal over to Hainesford's rep. They loved the ideas you came up with."

"Yeah," Brad said. "A lot more than they liked ours. You get the account. And our apologies."

Steve reached out and touched her shoulder. "And, about last night?"

"What?" Teri's briefcase hit the floor.

"You were there, weren't you?" Brad licked his lips. "I thought it was just a dream, at first. Except my ass hurt like hell." He grinned at Steve. "Still does."

Steve laughed. "Brad called me about three o'clock this morning, when he woke up." Steve glanced at Brad. "We started comparing notes. I had the same dream." He stared at Teri. "We're hoping you did, too."

She felt a steady clenching between her legs. The sudden tightening of her nipples. Her panties felt damp but her throat was dry. "Did it have something to do with a big brass bed?"

"And restraints," Steve said.

Brad nodded. "And the three of us, in a rather compromising position?"

"Oh, yeah. I had the same dream." Laughing, Teri picked up her briefcase and headed toward her office. The Hainesford account was waiting. "My place," she said, opening her office door. "Six o'clock. Don't be late."

Then she closed her door behind her and left Steve and Brad standing in the hallway, grinning like fools.

Kate Douglas

Kate Douglas really likes to write hot. She's a mom, a grandmother and a wife of 35 years to a really terrific guy who puts up with all her "writer-related" idiosyncrasies. Still, her fantasy world keeps her smiling as she creates off-the-wall stories with sexy heroes and kick-ass heroines.

In January 2007, Kate had her very first brush with death when a large oak tree came down while she was standing beneath it. She made it as far as the kitchen before the ceiling crashed down on her, but it's changed a lot of the ways she looks at life. The rules have gone out the window... life is short and it's time to make the most of it!

Check out Kate's "tree incident" at www.katedouglas.com/fallentree and be sure and "friend" her at www.myspace.com/katedouglas_wolftales. You can read excerpts of all of Kate's books at www.katedouglas.com. Just click on the erotic romance link, and if you're interested in winning the occasional free book, join her newsletter at www.groups.yahoo.com/group/KateDouglas.