



# CAITLYN PLAYTIME WILLOWS

**PLAYTIME**

**by**

# CAITLYN WILLOWS

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## Playtime An Amber Heat Book

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**Prologue**

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If the rest of the neighborhood knew what they were doing, there'd be hell to pay. But they didn't need the rest of the neighborhood. All they needed was each other.

How many women could say they'd been friends for almost forty years? Of those, how many could say their husbands were also best friends? Their children, too--eleven among the four couples. As far as Dinah Moore, Mona Fields, Sally Jackson, and Jane Greene were concerned, it was all they needed.

They'd been together through braces and acne, first periods and first sex, marriage and childbirth. They'd cried on each other's shoulders, nurtured each other during sickness. Speculated on the mysterious wonders of the male body during slumber parties, then compared notes when those particular blanks had been filled in. Considering all they'd done in their lives, all they'd been through, this just felt like a natural progression.

Who would have thought that an I'll-show-you ploy to teach the husbands a lesson would have turned into an experience to bond them further, not to mention revitalize their flagging love lives. It wasn't that they did this all the time. That would have made things stale, common-place, eventually boring. Instead, they planned the liaison, working out the details that would fire up their men and play out the fantasy afterward. The after-effects of those play-dates lingered for months.

If their mothers only knew...

The thought made Dinah smile, not for the first time. As experimental girls, the four of them had...well...experimented. Their mothers had paddled their asses good for that one. Yet, here they were. Amazingly, they hadn't gone blind or insane. As for being sent straight to hell...at least they'd have each other for company.

Dinah saw her husband pull his car into the driveway. At times like these--and other times as well--he still managed to take her breath away. Rod might have a desk job, but hadn't let himself go. Oh, he'd added a few pounds along the way...they all had. But all the husbands kept active enough to keep their guts in check.

He lifted a wave to Clint Fields as the other man trotted over. God, she loved Rod's smile, the tenderness in those long fingers. A breeze ruffled his gray-brown hair. How many times in twenty years of marriage had she watched him like this--outside, letting the elements have their way with him?

Rod smoothed his hair down in back to cover the growing bald spot. He'd still be sexy as sin if he lost it all. Clint had been without his since shortly after the birth of

his and Mona's first child. Mark Greene was in second place with thinning blond hair he swore he might as well shave off. The only man who looked like he might keep his was Jack Jackson. The trade-off there was being prematurely gray by age twenty-eight. The four now stood at the head of the Moores' driveway, glancing at the house as they huddled.

"The guys are here," she told the other women over her shoulder.

Jane Greene came to stand beside her for a look. The petite brunette topped out at five feet. "Think they know we're up to something? Or do they really think they're going to play poker tonight?"

Mona Fields stretched on tiptoe to look over Dinah's shoulder. She had a heck of a time keeping the lush terry towel tucked around her bosom. "It's been a while since we surprised them. They know, but they'll act innocent."

Sally Jackson snickered as she secured her long auburn hair atop her head with a clip. Like Dinah, she hadn't bothered with a towel. Both stood naked in Dinah's living room. "I can see Jack's hard-on from here and I'm not even looking."

Everyone's gaze shifted to their respective spouse's crotch. Sure enough... They loved being "surprised." Anticipation and planning fired up everyone's libido to the boiling point. More intriguing was how the husbands would reciprocate afterward. It made Dinah's clit thrum just thinking about it.

"Let's go play." Mona whipped off her towel with one hand and gave Sally a sharp slap on the ass with the other--a whack that elicited a muffled groan from the other woman.

Staging the peep show took more timing than set-up. The men would play poker at the dining room table, situated in front of the sliding patio doors, with a clear view to the hot tub when that privacy door was opened. They couldn't help but notice their naked wives in it...playing...with each other.

Giggling, the women scampered toward the door, nearly plowing into each other when Dinah couldn't get the door open fast enough. They were laughing so hard, they didn't see the one--or rather four--obstacles barring their path.

"Going somewhere, ladies?" Rod asked.

Dinah's gaze was drawn to the mischief in his brown eyes. Then she saw the black silk scarves in each man's hand.

## Chapter 1

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### *Dinah and Rod*

Dinah's heart thudded against her ribs. She clutched her towel around her, waiting to see what Rod would do next. The other three couples had left in mere seconds after the men waylaid them. Surprise was now in the men's court. Dinah quivered just thinking about it. She loved the sense of play and adventure these trysts had spawned. A year ago none of them would have considered it. Now it was second nature...on those infrequent occurrences when the kids were gone for the night.

She sat on the edge of the sofa watching Rod pace slowly before her. A heavy erection bulged in his dove-gray trousers. His red-and-gray tie was loose around his neck. His belt buckle was undone and jingled with every step. And there was a decided gleam to his eyes as he threaded those black scarves through his long, thick fingers.

Her nipples were rock hard, scuffing the toweling in a desperate attempt for some kind of touch. Her clit was just as hard and wet and pulsing. She longed to press her fingers to it for relief. Instead, she crossed her legs.

"Uncross them now," Rod quietly ordered. "I'll take care of you as I see fit."

God, she could come right now just from the tone of his voice. Dinah swallowed hard and did as he said.

Rod smiled his approval. "I'm going to double-check the locks. When I get back, I want to see you haven't moved. But since I can't trust those nimble fingers of yours not to go wandering..."

He shifted around the coffee table so she faced the short end. "Straddle it and lie facedown...and lose the towel. I want you naked for the rest of the night. Maybe for the rest of the weekend. I kind of like the idea of you nude, the scent of your pussy calling to me, ready to be fucked in the blink of an eye."

His breath tickled her ear as she pressed her body onto the cool maple. "Don't you?" he whispered.

She bit her bottom lip to suppress a moan.

"I thought so. I know my baby good, don't I?"

A "yesss" escaped her lips as silk slithered down her spine, tickled the crack of her ass, then dangled at her swollen labia. He let it puddle there, heating her, reminding her of the pleasure that awaited...at his discretion. Warm hands danced down her thigh, over her calf, right to her ankle. She felt the kiss of silk as he bound first one ankle, then the other to the table legs. When she twisted around to look, he gently forced her back in place.

"Don't make me have to spank you yet."

The implications sent fire racing across her skin. *Yet*. Which implied he fully intended to do so...and thoroughly since they were all alone. Her cunt contracted at the thought, sending a gush of wetness to her smooth crotch.

"Arms down."

When she did as instructed, he tied her arms to the table legs, too.

"Very, very nice." His whisper against her ear raised goose bumps. He feathered his tongue down her backbone to the very tip, ending with a pat to her butt.

"I won't be long."

It felt like an eternity before he even stepped away. Dinah closed her eyes on a shuddered breath and listened as Rod made his way slowly through the house. She counted his footsteps, padded by the thick carpet as he crossed the room and drew the drapes over the patio door. Monitored the tap of his leather soles as he checked the lock on the garage entry. Held her breath as he came back to the front door, then felt her heart jump when he seated the deadbolt.

Still he kept her waiting, wandering back to their bedroom. When he returned, he was naked, his full eight inches jutting out and up, bobbing with each step. He squatted down before her and raked his fingers deep into her hair as he nibbled his way into her mouth. Dinah's breath caught. His tongue slid around hers, beckoning, teasing, insisting hers dance with him. All too soon he sealed the kiss.

"Where do you want my cock first, sweetheart?" He kneaded her shoulders. "In your mouth..." Pulling back the curtain of her blond hair, he caught her ear lobe between his teeth and flicked at the flesh. "In your hot, slick pussy..." The tip of his cock brushed her lips as he stood over her. "Or here..." He dove his finger between the cleft of her buttocks and tapped her anus.

Dinah arched her head back on a deep groan.

"I think we have a winner." His voice was deep, husky. "But I'll bet what you most

need right now is to come. And what I need is to fuck you hard and fast. But here..." He plunged two fingers deep inside her cunt, rubbing her G-spot hard as he did so.

Her clit perked up more. She squeezed his fingers when he started to pull out, desperate to keep them where they were.

"Not here..." He eased inside her rectum. "Here I want to fuck you nice and slow, make you come real good. Easy and sweet, so it'll feel good enough to make you come for weeks just thinking about it."

Listening to him was foreplay all by itself. Each word a caress against nerve endings ripe for satisfaction.

"Are you ready, baby? Ready to come? Ready to be fucked hard and fast, then slow and sweet?" He scissored her pussy lips between his fingers.

"Yes." *God, yes!*

"Think this table can hold both of us?"

"Hell, I'll buy a new table," she gasped out.

"I like your thinking. In fact"--he loosened her arm restraints a little and scooted her hips a little further over the end of the table--"I love it. But not as much as you." He cupped her pussy, chuckling when she wiggled against his hand. "Smooth. You and the ladies have been busy today. Did you do this with each other or alone?"

"A-alone." How could she think with him kneading a U-shaped around her crotch?

"Think of me while you did it?"

Her response was cut off by a strangled moan when he thrust his fingers deep into her again. Dinah pressed her hips back, trying to ride the finger-fucking. Rod indulged her, adding a third finger to the two inside as his thumb slipped into her ass. She wiggled against her restraints in wild abandon, seeking his little finger against her clit. He flicked it with every down stroke. Enough to tease her to a frenzy, but definitely not enough to come.

"God, honey, please," she pleaded. "This is torture."

"Mmmm...sorry." Chuckling, he pulled free.

She smacked her forehead into the table. Before she could utter a "Damn you," he tugged her hips to the edge and tunneled his tongue deep into her pussy. Pleasure rippled through her muscles. Gentle nips along her smooth labia shot tiny pulses to her core, swelling her already ripe clitoris. Speaking was impossible. Dinah was all



feeling. He echoed her deep moans with feral grunts of pleasure and massaged her pubis a fraction from where she truly needed it.

Then, when she thought she couldn't bear the wait much longer, Rod captured her clit between his teeth and lashed his tongue against it.

Dinah shuddered from the impact of her orgasm as it quaked through her. Before the after-effects waned, before she could give in to the need to melt into the table, he dug his fingers into her hips and slammed his cock home.

She gripped the table legs in her fists as he fucked her deep, hard, fast. Each plunge aimed for her G-spot before spearing her, drawing out her orgasm in mind-numbing wonder. He felt like stone inside her, pounding with the intensity of a piston. Frantic fingers reached around. He pinched her clit, rolled it back and forth. The heat in his cock demanded she come again. *He* demanded it.

Orgasm yanked Dinah out of her body. Rod reared back and thrust hard, screaming like a conquering hero as hot jism spurted from him. He withdrew, only to plunge in again and again, until he draped his body over hers, panting.

There was a tug to her wrist bindings and then the scarves at her ankles. Dinah just dangled there, too sated to move. He dotted kisses to her shoulders, down her spine, to her butt, and back again until his lips were next to her ear.

"I'm going to the bathroom. Why don't you meet me in the bedroom?"

"I don't think I can move," she mumbled.

"There's a present for you on our bed."

Dinah levered herself up when he moved away. "You bought me a present?"

He smiled, cupped her chin, and dropped a kiss to her lips. "I did. Something you said you'd like to have."

Intrigued, she raked her hair back and walked to their bedroom. Sure enough, there in the center of their king-size bed was a white box with a red silk scarf tied in a bow around it.

Rod patted her backside as he passed by on his way to their bathroom. "Open it."

Dinah crawled onto the bed. One tug freed the bow. The red silk slithered down the sides. She pulled the lid off, peeled back the red tissue paper...and froze. A wooden hairbrush. Her breath caught. Thought squealed to a halt, to be replaced by a pulse-quickenning fantasy she'd confessed only to him.

As girls they'd been caught laying in a circle on their sides, faces buried in each other's crotch. Punishment had been swift. Before Dinah could form what sounded like a plausible excuse, she was facedown on her bed with her mother whacking a wooden hairbrush over her bare bottom. It was definitely punishment, but it had done other things to Dinah as well. Things she hadn't dared tell Rod, until that quick summer getaway in Colorado. Since then she'd been over his lap on more than one occasion, always when the kids were gone.

*But this?*

It represented a lot of things to her--trust and love being at the forefront. He'd gone to the effort to find just the right one. She trusted him to use it...appropriately. Rod would never hurt her, only work to arouse.

He slipped his arm around her waist and kissed her shoulder. "Ready?"

She was so excited she'd thought she'd pee herself. "I...I need to go to the bathroom first."

"I'll be waiting. Don't dawdle."

The hint of disciplinarian in his tone set her legs to quivering. It was the fantasy she'd asked for and he was giving it to her. A word--virgin--would stop it all at any time.

Her nipples were like pebbles by the time she returned, and her clit acted like she hadn't come in years. Rod sat in the bed, pillows propped behind him, a new erection swelling his cock. The hairbrush rested beside him; the red scarf was draped in his hand.

"Come here." He patted the mattress.

Slow steps took her across the room. She quivered with every one. *One word, that's all it would take.* She knelt next to him and presented her wrists. With slow precision he wound the silk around them and tied it in place. Dinah's heart pounded in her ears as she slid into place over his lap.

Rod caressed the curve of her ass, warming her flesh with his hand. "You've got the sweetest looking ass of any woman I know, baby." He nudged her thighs apart, indulging in the slick juices pooling at her crotch. "Hot and wet. Full of your honey and my cum."

He shifted. Next she felt the soft hairbrush bristles dance up one leg and down the other, each pass growing closer to the apex. She parted her thighs a little wider. The bristles kissed her clit before Rod flipped the brush over and moved to her bottom. The cool wood warmed rapidly as he circled over and over. One hand anchored her

to him. She could smell her arousal, feel his dick throbbing against her hip.

"I'm going to spank you, baby. Then I'm going to make you come and spank you some more. When I'm satisfied you've had enough..." He slipped the handle between her butt cheeks and toyed with her hole.

A tiny whimper of need left her throat, followed by a hard groan as he smacked one cheek. A rush of heat pooled there, only to zero straight to her clit in a blink. She lifted her ass for more, twitching with every stroke that hit her flesh. He punctuated the slow, steady rhythm with a hard whack. She writhed on his lap, seeking something, anything to rub her aching crotch against. Faster spanks put her back in place. Her reward? The handle massaging her clit to rapid orgasm.

Dinah sagged over him as the sensation dropped her back to earth. Within seconds he fired her up again, raining soft taps on her ass until he knew she could take harder. Waiting until she was desperate for relief to let loose...and bring the handle back where she needed.

Rod let her rest, rubbing her heated bottom, plunging his fingers into her pussy, her ass before he lifted the brush again. He drew out the spanking this time, giving swats in rapid succession from one cheek to the other, slowing to softer, speeding to harder. Dinah wiggled her crotch to his knee. Hard whacks pulled her back. She parted her legs for the handle against her clit. Instead, he untied her wrists.

"I think it's time you got that fucking."

She scrambled for the pillows, shoving them under her stomach as she spread her legs and lifted her ass. The cool lubricant was a stark contrast to the fire across her backside. She raised her hips higher, biting back a moan as she felt the head of his cock breach her tight sphincter muscle. He slid in, pulled back, and slid in a little deeper each time, until his balls kissed her clit. They stayed locked that way, pulling in deep breaths. Then he moved.

Dinah closed her eyes and reveled in the moans he rained down on her. He thrust into her as slowly and easily as he'd sworn he would, rubbing her warm bottom, teasing her clit back to attention. She felt the tension in his climax. His cock twitched with release as he arched into it and pressed his fingers hard against her. Her orgasm rolled over her from deep within.

He pulled free and drew her into his arms. "I think the hot tub has our names all over it. There's a bottle of wine chilling in the ice bucket beside it."

"God, I love you," she said on a rush of breath.

Rod raked his fingers deep into her hair. "I love you, too, baby."

## Chapter 2

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### *Jane and Mark*

Jane Greene stepped through their back door the second her husband opened it. Heat radiated from his body, holding her to him without Mark having laid a finger on her. On their short walk from the Moore house he'd been barely a step behind her. Jane didn't pause to see what he'd do. The fiery gaze he'd passed over her nude body as he'd handed her a towel had said it all--the game was on.

His blue eyes glowed while she gathered her clothes. He slowly took possession of them, draping each article over his arm as that laser stare silently transmitted was what to come. Short breaths rattled though her. The ache between her legs intensified, swelled. Each step rubbed her labia against her pulsing clit adding to her dilemma. How could she possibly wait? From the hard-on she knew he had to be sporting, how could he?

Long, hot fingers slid down her back as Mark grabbed the towel. One jerk and she was standing naked in their dining room. Instinct made her want to cover herself. She stopped the movement too late.

"Now that won't do." His low voice rumbled against her ear as he seized one wrist and wrapped it in cold steel. He ratcheted the handcuff in place and grabbed her other wrist. "That's better."

Smiling, he walked around Jane. With his handcuffs locking her arms behind her, her chest thrust out. Hard nipples jutted out even further, begging for his attention. Mark caught each between his thumbs and forefingers. He twirled, lightly at first, then harder, pinching and pulling until a groan ripped from her of its own accord.

"You've got beautiful tits, sweetheart." He kept rolling her nipples back and forth. Jane's thighs quivered from the effort to keep upright. "I love how they fit into my hands." He palmed them both. "How those hard nipples nudge into my palms like little clits." He kneaded the soft flesh, plumping her breasts for a taste. "And you still have that tight, little killer body, even after four kids. I'm the luckiest man I know."

Bending down, he sucked her breast deep into his mouth. She cried out, collapsing

against him. One strong arm around her waist kept her upright. Jane twitched around, trying to get him to take the other breast. Instead, he pulled back. Fingers traced a line from the valley of her diminutive cleavage down to her soaked pussy. She parted her legs as far as she could.

Mark chuckled. "A little anxious, aren't you?"

"I need it, honey," she gasped out. "God, I need it now."

"So do I, and since you're the one in handcuffs..." He set her upright. "On your knees. I want my cock in your mouth. Show me how well you can use that deft tongue of yours."

One hand on her upper arm helped Jane keep her balance until she was eyeball to crotch before him. Legs astride Mark combed both hands through her hair, cupping her head in place. She licked her tongue slowly around her lips as she studied her target. The quiver in his arms made her smile inside. She nudged her nose against the erection beating behind the fly of his tan pants. He thrust his hips forward as a growl of pleasure rumbled in his chest. Glancing up, she saw his eyes were closed.

Jane caught his leather belt between her teeth and pulled it from the buckle. Another tug freed it from the prong. As it jingled loose, she grabbed the leather just behind it and slowly hauled the belt from its loops. It fell to the floor beside them. Mark kicked it away.

Indulging in a naughty smile, Jane looped her tongue around his fly button. She toyed with it, making sure her nose brushed him just above the waistband, that each warm exhale permeated his pants. She might be the one locked in handcuffs, but he was the one held captive.

He released her head long enough to tug his shirt over his head. She rewarded him by nuzzling her nose into his naval as she thrust her tongue under the waistband. A quake shuddered through his body. She wiggled her breasts high against his thighs, teasing the package still tucked away. His fingers flexed on her scalp, fighting to keep them in place.

Jane flicked his fly button through its hole and caught the zipper tab between her teeth. Mark's breath came in hard pants as she eased it slowly down. When she reached the bottom, she burrowed her face into the heat that greeted her. She teased his cock with tongue swipes through the opening in his boxers, before she wedged her chin on top of the waistband of his trousers and pushed them down.

It was a tricky and time-consuming maneuver. Jane didn't hurry. She reveled in the loss of control sweeping over him. She nipped the fabric around his legs and tugged. Then she aimed for the crotch. Mark whimpered in need. Drops of pre-cum moistened his white boxers. She slithered her tongue into the opening and feathered

it up his cock. Hands fisted in her hair.

Her chuckle morphed into a purr as she grabbed a mouthful of cotton and yanked the underwear down. His dick sprang free like a hungry breast, its dewy eye searching for a portal. She wedged her knee on the clothing while Mark pulled his legs free and resumed his stance--hands in her hair, legs spread, eyes closed, lips parted with each rapid breath.

Jane started at his right ankle, licking and nipping at the blond hairs as she worked her way up. It seemed like the more hair he lost up top, the more he gained elsewhere. She loved to soap him up in the bath, to sculpt patterns through the forest on his chest with a path leading to Mount Nirvana below.

He had the best cock of any man she'd ever known, not that she'd known that many. Not too long, and definitely not too short, with a girth that let a woman know she'd really gotten hold of something grand. It awaited her now, a dutiful soldier at full, hard attention. She ached to have it pounding inside her. Rubbing her thighs exacerbated the throb in her clit, soaking her pussy all the more.

Deep groans and sharps gasps drifted over her head as Jane reached the apex of his thighs. His sac was tucked up tight against his body, hard and ripe for plucking. She traced her tongue around his balls, across them. Once. Twice. A third time. Then she sucked his balls into her mouth.

Mark's knees buckled with his cry. His cock thrust against the top of her head with each pivot of his hips. She released him slowly and stroked her tongue around his stiff cock. Back and forth. Up and down. Around the swollen cap. Nipping at the under-ridge.

"God, honey, please," he gasped out. "You're killing me."

"Now I wouldn't want to do that." She rocked back to her heels and looked from under her eyebrows at him with a naughty smile.

A low growl tore from his throat. In one swoop he tossed her over his shoulder. Pounding strides took him to the bedroom, where he dumped her facedown on their bed. Grabbing her hips, he hauled her to her knees.

"God, look how wet your pussy is," he said in wonder. "I want to fuck you and eat you at the same time."

Jane spread her thighs as wide as she could. With her hands bound, she couldn't get the balance she needed. "Uncuff me, please."

Mark didn't hesitate. In seconds she was free.

Wedging her hands under her, she lifted her hips, wiggling them in invitation. "Give it to me."

Before the last word died, one hand guided his cock, while the other drifted around to her sopping clit. Both found home at the same time.

Jane arched back on a hard moan that Mark echoed. Her cunt was spread to maximum capacity, wrapped around hot steel. Contractions rippled along its length as he circled her clitoris with maddening slowness. She writhed against him, pleading with whimpered moans for him to fuck her. He answered with a grunt and pushed deeper.

He eased back, pulling her with him. Braced against his thighs, his cock buried deep, his fingers teasing and taunting, she ground her hips against him. A pinch to her nipple reverberated down to her cunt. Mark pressed the heel of his palm against her and rocked forward. Orgasm raced like lightning through her. Suspended at the pinnacle, she sank to the bed. He hauled her hips up, pounding hard thrusts against her G-spot, drawing out her climax until he could join her.

Pleasure rippled out in ever-increasing waves from where they were joined. His cock got harder and harder. She felt each throb, each pulse. Answering them was impossible. Orgasm had her in too tight a grasp. Faster he pounded, taking what was left of her breath away. His low groan built to a roar. A final thrust seated him deep. Fingers blurred over her clit, bringing her to a blinding finish.

Jane felt like she'd melted into the mattress. Mark eased his weight from her, then flopped down beside her. She expected him to doze off. That's what she most needed to do right now. It'd been ages since she was this relaxed. Instead, he brushed his hand over her shoulders, back, and down to her buttocks. Gentle kisses followed behind before he left the bed. She tucked her pillow under her head and nestled down for a nap. She'd just drifted off when she felt something soft and cool drift up her body.

"Now this is what every husband likes to see--a well-fucked wife." Mark's breath was hot against her ear. "But we're not exactly done."

She peeled one eye open when he looped the soft material around her wrist. One of the black scarves she'd seen him with earlier. He tied it in place, then rolled her gently to her back. He looped the scarf through one of the spindles on the bedpost and secured her other wrist.

"Mind if I just lay here?"

He laughed. "I'd like to see you try. There's no way you can be still, especially when you know how every wiggle makes my dick hard."

"Especially when you know every inch of my body and play it so well," she amended.

"Could be." He lifted another black scarf and danced the tip of it over her nipples. They came right to attention.

"See?" she whispered.

"Mmm." He took one in his mouth and suckled.

Jane closed her eyes on a contented sigh. Mark alternated between breasts, ensuring both were worshipped and neither was neglected. Then he continued to trail the silk over her body. Goose bumps lifted despite the heat building beneath her skin. Her legs parted of their own volition when he dangled it between her thighs.

"I like when your pussy is smooth like this."

Two fingers spread her labia for his lips. He sucked at her clitoris as he had her nipples, with gentle adoration that splayed her knees wide. His tongue mapped the valleys on each side, looped around the peak in the center, pulling gasps from deep within her chest.

She strained against the bindings, wishing she could grab his head and lock it just where she needed. He lay off to the side, so nailing him in place with her thighs was impossible. All she could do was lift her hips for more.

One finger tunneled deep and pulled free. Two fingers returned and, again, pulled free. Something else replaced them. Something very hard, very long. Jane lifted her head. The nightstick he'd used when he'd been on patrol. He eased it in and out on a slow glide.

"Like that?" he asked in a husky voice.

It wasn't as thick as his dick, but... "Yesss."

"And this?" He flashed his tongue against her clit.

"God, yes!" She thrashed beneath his mouth.

Held captive by the silk, the stick, and his skillful tongue, she lay there helpless with pleasure. An orgasm rushed over her, shooting sparks across her vision. He let her rest, gently thrusting the nightstick in and out, readying her for more. This time he sucked harder, yanking the climax quickly to the forefront. Her body quaked from the impact. She sank into the bed, nothing more than a wet noodle now. And still he fucked her with the stick.



"There's still that little matter of you and your friends we have to deal with, honey."

Oh, God! After all this he was going to spank her? Her clit came alive at the thought. He left her laying there, stick still deep inside, as he retrieved the leather paddle from the top shelf of their closet. When he turned back toward her, his cock jutted out hard and heavy before him.

"It was a big risk to take, the four of you heading naked to the hot tub." He sat down beside her and rolled her over his lap. "What if the neighbors had seen and word had gotten back to the precinct?" He rubbed the leather hard over her ass. "Or the kids' schools?"

Jane tossed back her head as the first spank heated her bottom. Fire pooled to her crotch. She rasped her clit over his thigh and fucked the baton as he peppered her ass with one smack after the other. She came once, then again, and was heading for yet another when he rolled her to her back.

"No, no, no," she pleaded, lifting her pussy for attention.

But he only pulled the nightstick free.

"You'd better be replacing that with something good," she said.

Mark smiled. "I am. How adventurous do you feel?"

She was tied up, spread open, had come more times than she could count and still needed more. He had to ask?

"Whatever it is, do it," she said on a rush of breath.

Her eyes widened when he retrieved the tube of KY from the nightstand drawer. They widened further when he spread the jelly over the end of the nightstick. Her heart thudded in her ears, yet she didn't hesitate to raise her hips when he moved to stack pillows beneath them. A flick of his wrist released the scarf that bound her arms. Jane caught her knees, lifting and spreading so he'd have good access.

Mark dropped a long lick to her pussy, then gently aimed the stick. The tight muscle eased around it. She'd never thought the sensation would be this fantastic. Mark's size precluded anal sex, but this...

"Ready for my cock, sweetheart?"

*More than ready.* She gave him a quick nod.

Inch by sweet inch he eased inside her. She'd never felt fuller, more complete, more ready to come. Long thrusts sent shudders rippling through them both.

"Play with your clit," he rasped out, then groaned when she slipped her hand between them.

Steady pivots slid into her. Her muscles tightened around his cock and the baton below, setting up an explosion like none before. Jane felt the wave begin deep inside. She held it there, waiting for him. His dick grew warmer, a sure signal. Then, with his deep thrust, she let loose. They clutched each other as the climax rattled through them. Hard pants punctuated the aftermath.

"Now that's well-fucked," she said as she gasped for breath.

He eased the baton from her and followed with a kiss to her pussy. "My sweet love."

Jane dusted her fingers through his thinning blond hair, smiling when he cuddled beside her. He snapped the covers over them and tucked her body into his.

## Chapter 3

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### *Mona and Clint*

"We have dinner reservations at La Fave at seven. We'll have to hurry if we expect to get there on time."

Mona Fields stared at her husband's retreating figure in slack-jawed shock. *Where's the fantasy sex play? The legs-in-the-air fucking? The over-his-knee ass warming? The--*

"And wear that slinky black number that shows off your luscious boobs," he said as he poked his bald head out from the hallway. "I want every man there looking at you and lusting over what I've got that he doesn't."

That got her smiling.

Doffing her towel, she wandered back to their bedroom. He stood naked just inside the walk-in closet. Ten inches of hard cock sprung out from the nest of dark curls as

he casually selected the suit, tie, and shirt he'd wear tonight. How he could ostensibly ignore the erection was beyond her. It was a shame to let such a lovely hard-on go to waste.

"There's a present for you on the bed."

She glanced that direction and saw the black velvet box in the middle of their bed. How could she have missed it before? Ah, yes...distracted by *bigus erectus*.

Cradling the hand-sized box in one hand, she lifted the lid and gasped. A strand of pearls nested on a bed of creamy satin, a large teardrop pendant of onyx dangling from the middle.

"Oh, Clint, they're beautiful! Help me put them on."

"My pleasure."

She pulled up the curtain of blond hair as he came up behind her. After tracing his tongue across her shoulder, Clint picked up the pearls...and fastened them around her hips. The pendant pulled them down to the V of her crotch.

"See how nice it looks against your smooth pussy." He grasped the gem and flicked it over her clit. He caught her as she fell back into his arms.

He slid one arm around her waist, pulling her close as he tucked his cock between her legs, then deep into her cunt as he crawled onto the mattress with her. The gem heated as it absorbed the fire in Mona. Clint buzzed it over her clit as he pumped breath-taking strokes deep inside her. Thinking was impossible, so was moving. All she could do was hold on to the rumpled bedspread and take the delicious fucking, brace herself for orgasms to slam into her--both his and hers.

That thick finger of onyx whirled over her, bringing a climax rapidly to the--

"Wha..." Half dazed, Mona whipped her head around as Clint pulled her hips up.

He merely smiled and turned the pearls backward. They dangled over her butt, coming to rest between her thighs. Clint buried himself again on a hard thrust. The pendant bounced against her clit from behind this time.

"Oh...yesss!"

She pivoted on his erection, making sure the onyx hit exactly where she needed. Long fingers welded them together, while she writhed like a horny teenager on the board of his erection. Muted groans rained over her. Climax built in slow degrees, threatening to disappear should her clitoris not get the full attention it needed. Mona wiggled hard, growling as the gem beat the slick nub back and forth.

"Oh, honey," he gasped out. "You don't know what that's doing to my balls."

Smiling, she wiggled again, noticing the fire and hardness in his sac for the first time, hearing the delicate clatter of the jewelry.

"God...I'm coming." He thrust deep with his climax, those hard balls wedging the pendant just where she needed. Orgasm washed through her in a sweet rush.

Mona sank into the bed. Clint circled his thumbs down her spine as he relieved her of his weight. "Now that was really thoughtless of me." His voice held that rich timbre indicating he was far from done with her. "Now you'll have to deal with my cum soaking the crotch of your pantyhose all through dinner. I'd hate for you to be uncomfortable."

Before Mona could assure him she was better than fine, he rolled her into his arms and stood. Deep kisses melted her into comfort as his slow steps carried her into the bathroom. The rattle of the shower curtain rings pulled her head up. They were in the bathtub.

"You might want to change those reservations, sweetheart. Wet hair will add thirty minutes to my prep time."

Clint smiled as he reached for the shower massage. "You don't have any hair down here."

One twist turned the water on. Warm spray dusted her legs and puddled around their feet. As he sat against the rear of the tub, he nestled Mona between his thighs, then used his knees to part her legs. Jets of water pulsed against her pussy, forcing her clit to full and upright attention. She clutched his knees and quivered as one orgasm after the other swarmed her. When her third left her sagging against his chest, Clint turned off the water.

"Nice and clean." He gently rubbed her crotch. "Not only will I be the envy of every man tonight, but all the women will wonder about your contented smile."

"One look at what's in your trousers should answer that question."

"And it's all for you, honey."

Mona was content to have him blot her dry. The plush blue towel felt like a caress all its own in Clint's hands. She would have loved to have worked him over with the shower massage. There'd been more than a time or two he'd come under its magic fingers. It might be a fun way to spend the rest of the night. But there was that dinner reservation. They weren't easy to come by at La Fave. That meant he'd had this little surprise planned for a while.

*What a guy.* Smiling, she reached for the clasp on the pearls.

Clint touched her hand. "I want you to leave them on."

He adjusted them so that the pendant dangled in the front once more. Then he tucked it deep into her cunt. Mona sucked in a sharp groan. The pearls were now nestled on either side of her clit. She'd feel every step she took, every shift of her thighs. She'd definitely be ripe for plucking by the time they got home. One regret, though--that the pendant wasn't a little bigger.

"I bet I know what that naughty little smile is all about." He gave her a quick kiss, then a sharp swat to her ass. "Got to hurry. The limo will be here soon."

"Limo?" *He did go all out tonight.* "I'm feeling extra spoiled."

Clint smiled as he pulled on his briefs. "Good. Nothing but the best will do on a night when fantasies are fulfilled. I want no distractions, just you."

The doorbell rang before Mona could beg for more information. He shushed her question with a finger to her lips. "That'll be our driver. Why don't you let him in?"

Mona shoved her arms into her velour robe and tried to hurry to the door. Each step rasped the pearls over her clit, swelling it to slick proportions. She had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from moaning. A quick glance out the front window revealed a young man in black suit and cap standing at the door. He twirled one red rose in his leather-gloved hand.

"Do you like my selection?" Clint rubbed his hand over her butt. She hadn't heard him follow her to the door

Her eyes widened. *That* fantasy? There were going to do *that* fantasy? She studied the man with new appreciation. Broad shoulders filled out the jacket. He had a trim waist, a deep tan. As if sensing her perusal, he glanced her way. Startling blue eyes sparkled back at her.

"We...we aren't going to dinner, are we?" she asked breathlessly.

"We are. That's your dessert."

"Where...how did you find him?"

"That's not important. Let the poor man in."

Every part of her quivered as she did so. The man's smile knocked the wind from her. He extended the rose with a polite, "Ma'am."

Mona's hand shook. She sniffed the delicate fragrance, then dusted the velvety petals down her cheek. "Please, have a seat. We're a little behind."

"No problem, ma'am." There was that smile again.

"What's your name?" she somehow managed to ask.

"Dave. Just call me Dave."

Mona nodded and hurried back to the bedroom. The friction from the pearls cranked her libido up a few more notches. There was no way she'd make it through dinner, not knowing what was going to happen afterward. She wouldn't be able to get food past the throbbing pulse at her throat.

She was surprised to find Clint sitting against the headboard of their bed. He was naked and drawing a black silk scarf through his fingers. "I took the liberty of changing the reservations to a later time. Come here...and lose the robe."

Mona dropped it around her feet and crawled onto the bed. When he patted the space between his thighs, she sat there and closed her eyes. With slow precision, he knotted the scarf over them as a blindfold and pulled her against him. His cock was hard and hot, beating a pulse of its own into her lower back.

Clint wrapped his hands around her breasts, plumping the full flesh, tweaking her nipples onto pebbles until she writhed against him. Her pussy acted like she hadn't come in days, instead mere minutes ago. Then she felt a brush against her leg. *He* was with them.

Dave sucked at her ankle and worked his way upward. Mona draped her legs over Clint, letting him spread her wide. And still Dave took his time reaching his goal. She wiggled against her husband, forcing the pearls to flick over her needy clit.

"Now that's cheating," Dave's deep voice rolled over her. Seconds later his fingers pulled the pendant free and shoved the pearls away.

Her muttered protest cut off on a hard groan as his lips replaced it. Clint pinched her nipples hard. She reared her hips, offering more to Dave without realizing it. He seized her clitoris between his teeth, rolling it back and forth before his tongue flickered against it. Clint tweaked afterward. Electric shocks skimmed her flesh with her climax. As she plummeted back to earth, she lay splayed and spent between the two men.

"Better not fade out on us yet, sweetheart." Clint turned her to him, lifting her hips astride his.

Mona could barely move, much less fuck at this point. Then *bigus erectus* slid deep inside her. With a contented sigh, she rested her head on her husband's chest. Cool lubrication against her anus pulled it back up. Parts of her Mona swore couldn't be aroused woke up. The telltale sound of a condom package being ripped open alerted her to what was about to happen--her greatest fantasy played out.

She nuzzled her face against Clint's neck. "God, I love you."

"I love you, too, sweetheart." He dropped a kiss to her cheek and girdled his hands around her ribs. His cock throbbed inside her. Then she felt the head of Dave's penis probe the tight muscle.

Her breath caught in short pants. Millimeter by millimeter he eased inside. Three groans echoed in the room. She'd never felt this full. Clint shoved the pearls against her clit. Her body tensed with her soft cry, rewarding her with more deep groans from the men.

"Good God, just fuck me," she told them.

And they did. Mona watched stars behind her blindfolded eyes as they found their rhythm. They'd alternate with their thrusts, then push in together. Quick, short bursts were followed by long, deep pivots. An orgasm rolled out of her, shuddering Mona between them. They froze, fighting for control before working their magic all over again. She felt another climax building, harder this time. She wiggled against the pearls, trying to make it come.

"Be still," they ordered and each popped a sharp whack to her backside.

Fire spread from the hand spank straight to her crotch. She arched her back, squeezing both cocks as hard as she could as she came. A deep, simultaneous growl was her only warning. Two pairs of hands nailed her hips in place as they pistoned into her. She clutched Clint's shoulders as she pulled to the edge once more, gloried in the feel of having herself fucked hard and fast by two men at the same time. Their cocks felt like molten logs of steel, growing hotter and harder with every stroke.

And then they all came, freezing together in a quaking finish that rattled the bed against the wall.

At some point Mona must have dozed off. She came awake at the feel of someone gently tugging the knot on the blindfold loose. Too spent to move, she let it slide to the bed.

"You've got time for a quick soak in a bubble bath, if you like," Clint said softly against her ear. "I have it all ready."

Now that sounded heavenly. "I don't think I can move."

He chuckled and dotted kisses to her bare shoulder. "Want me to carry you?"

Mona smiled. "Not if you expect to get to dinner on time. Besides, I do have my limits and I think those were reached tonight." She shoved her hands under her and pushed upright. "We alone?"

"Yep." He patted her bottom. "Just as you requested."

"Not many husbands--"

"Nor would many wives," he said quickly. "It was something we both wanted, never doubt that."

Another kiss, another pat, and he walked on to the closet.

Mona stretched the kinks out and wandered to the bathroom. Not only did he have a hot bubble bath waiting, but also a glass of wine. Only thing better would be him sitting on the other side.

"I don't suppose you'd consider canceling those reservations and ordering pizza, would you?" she called out.

Clint poked his bald head through the door. "I thought you'd never ask."

With a smile as wide as his face, he drew his arms around. The rest of the chardonnay was in one hand, a box from the Pizza Palace in the other.

"So...we were never going to La Fave?" she asked.

"Yes, we all have reservations for tomorrow night. You didn't notice there was no limo outside when you answered the door?"

Mona laughed. "I was distracted."

"I'll bet." He set the box on the floor by the tub.

"What would you have done if I hadn't suggested pizza?"

"I have many inventive ways to distract you and wear you out. Want me to show you what I can do with an empty wine bottle?" He stepped into the bubbles across from her.

"Aren't you the naughty one? I might have to spank you for a change."

"I might have to let you." He topped off her glass and filled his. "To us."



The clink hung in the air. Legs twined together, they sank into bubble bliss.

## Chapter 4

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### *Sally and Jack*

Sally Jackson ducked her husband's attempt to snag her waist. "It hardly seems fair. Me naked as the day I was born, you fully dressed. Seems like you need to catch up...fast. I've shown you mine. Now you show me yours."

Jack's deep laughter echoed in the room as he yanked his blue shirt over his head. She loved to hear that laugh, loved to watch those deep blue eyes sparkle with mischief. They were expressive, those eyes of his. All his emotions reflected there. And right now they said one thing, "I'm going to fuck you good."

She didn't doubt it for an instant, but she had a few surprises of her own tucked up her...

"Mmmm...nice." Sally tickled her fingers down his bare chest, then raked her nails around the heavy cock bobbing before him. Long strokes brushed everywhere but where he most wanted.

She cupped his hard sac and gently kneaded her thumb behind it. A sharp inhale flared his nostrils. Spying the black silk peeking from his trouser pocket, Sally snagged it with her toe to retrieve it.

"Where are the rest, love?" Using the scarf as a sling, she captured his dick, gently sawing from side to side, then tip to root until she'd teased a pearly drop of pre-cum from him.

"You didn't answer me." She bent down and blew against the swollen cap.

"Bedroom..." He choked the word on a gasp as she flicked the pre-cum away.

"I'll flip you for bondage rights."

"You'll lose." He snapped down, grabbed her around the waist, and hoisted her over his shoulder.

Sally squealed with laughter as he ran down the hallway. One flip tossed her on their bed. She hooked her heels around his legs and tipped him down beside her. A fast roll and...

"Looks like I win." She looked down into those laughing blue eyes and wondered if he hadn't planned this all along.

"My loss," he said with a shrug and tugged the black scarves out from under him. "Just remember two things... Turnabout is fair play and be gentle with me. After all, these are doctor's hands."

She looped the first scarf around one wrist. "I anticipate having the favor returned. And I wish all babies could enter the world in your gentle hands."

"Aww, honey, you're going to get me all choked up." He spanned her back with his free hand and kissed her. "No one loves me more than you." Then he flopped his arms and legs spread-eagle.

She took her time tying him to the bedposts, rubbing her breasts just beyond his lips or over his legs or tucked around his cock. Each tease garnered her a growl of appreciation. His cock was stiff enough to raise a flag on. It was all she could do to keep from mounting him. To feel her cunt crawl over the length as she pulled him deep inside. He'd take control then, even if he was bound, bucking himself deep and fast, while Sally held on tight for the ride.

"Let me taste your pussy." His voice rasped with passion.

And she wanted it, too. His tongue lashing her clit, burrowing deep into her pussy, traveling a lazy circuit through the valleys of her labia. Her knees trembled just imagining the orgasm.

"Soon," she forced herself to say and sat astride his hips.

His erection stood sentry in front of her crotch, a menacing giant that guarded the treasure inside. A dark forest of curls interspersed with gray surrounded him. He had a full head of hair that had gone prematurely gray in his late twenties. Looked like the rest of him was starting to catch up. He was still the best looking man she'd ever met.

She tucked closer until her pussy lips cradled him. Her clit kissed the tag of flesh between shaft and cap. They sighed in unison.

"God, you're wet."

She smiled. "And you feel like hot lava."

He wiggled his hips. His cock rolled against her clit. Sally closed her eyes and pressed closer. God, he felt good.

"Take your hair down, sweetheart. I want to see those coppery curls lick your nipples."

Lifting her arms high, she released the clip. The mass fell down her shoulders. She captured tendrils and flicked them over her already hard nipples. Jack's eyes glazed, enraptured. He licked his lips. Tempting as it was to bring the treat to his mouth, Sally slithered down his body until she could cradle his cock between her breasts.

Jack thrust eagerly into the valley, groaning each time she looped her tongue around his glans. She cupped his testicles, kneading the area just behind it, toying with his anus. Then she captured his cock on an upstroke and sucked.

His hips reared off the bed as she breached the tight anal muscle and pressed into his prostrate. She dragged her tongue along the stiff under ridge of cock until she sucked. He thrashed beneath her, thrusting like a wild man. She felt the twitch that signaled orgasm, heard the telltale catch in his breath, and...stopped.

Jack sagged against the bonds that held him in place. Unintelligible whimpers of protest fell from his lips. Sally merely smiled and retrieved the vibrator from the nightstand. Mounting him backward, she flicked on the device and pressed the tip against the base of his cock, the length against her clit. Her cunt tightened around his diamond-hard erection. They felt welded together, two pieces perfectly forged.

A groan thrust him deeper. Sally answered with her own and pivoted. She could already feel the orgasm swelling within. Each stroke he beat into her teased it closer to the surface as the vibrations wiggled through them. Orgasm swooped over her, shooting fireworks of white behind her eyes. Jack cried out as he came, too. She felt each beat of his pulse as he emptied himself into her.

Hard breaths brought them back to the present. Sally flicked off the vibrator and eased away, returning almost immediately with a warm wet cloth to clean away the evidence of their lovemaking from his flaccid penis.

"I still want to taste your pussy," he said. "Untie me."

"Soon...for both," she said with what she hoped was a sensuous smile. Placing the cloth on the nightstand, she retrieved the tube of KY jelly and lubed the vibrator.

Jack actually stopped breathing. His eyes widened when he realized her target. Sally turned the dildo back on and nudged the tip against his anus. His penis lifted with

interest, then bloomed to full staff as she passed the tight outer muscle. His eyes rolled back in his head.

A blast from the phone shattered the moment.

"No! No! No!" he shouted. "Not now!"

Still, they both knew they had to answer. Someone could be in labor.

Sally picked up on the second ring. "Jackson residence." She let her gaze wander over her husband, all laid out for her pleasure. At least they'd come once tonight. She'd be lucky if she saw him again before he went to work tomorrow. "He's on his way."

She was already reaching for the first tie as she hung up. "Mrs. Hopkins went into labor."

His sigh said it all. "No telling how long I'll be. Sometimes she delivers fast, sometimes not. This one's a big baby, too." He flexed his fingers, then helped with the ankle ties.

"I know." It was a fact of life being an OB/GYN's wife. They'd accepted the necessary interruptions long ago.

"If I don't see you before nine, I'll bring coffee and bagels to your office."

"You're just about the best wife ever." He sealed the statement with a tonsil-tickling kiss before he hurried to dress.

Maybe he deserved a little more than coffee and bagels waiting for him. A lot more. It depended on two things--her bravado and his daring.

*Nothing ventured...*

\* \* \* \*

Sally awoke to soft, warm lips against her cheek. Smiling, she stretched, then jerked apart when she realized she wasn't home in her bed. She'd fallen asleep in the maternity ward waiting room.

"Imagine my surprise and intense delight when I heard you were waiting for me." He lifted her fingers to his lips.

"Mother and baby well?" She indulged in another stretch.

"Very...and you aren't wearing a bra." He inhaled deeply. "And I'll bet no panties

either."

Laughing, she gave him a playful shove. "You can't know that."

"No, but with that short skirt and you splayed wide open, sound asleep..."

Eyes wide, she glanced down, then punched him again when she realized he was teasing.

Jack laughed and tugged her to her feet, pulling her close. He'd changed back into his street clothes. Considering the erection throbbing against her belly, that was probably a good thing.

"It's still early," he said. "Not even midnight. What should we do with our time?"

She glanced up and down the hallway. Having sex in a linen closet didn't seem like such a good idea now, even though foot traffic had lessened. He did have a reputation to maintain. If they were caught... "Go home and finish what we started?"

"Somehow I don't think you came all the way down here for that. Am I going to have to take charge?"

A tiny smirk lifted one corner of her mouth. "I'm thinking you just might."

"Hmm...let's see if I can match your earlier standards." He cupped her butt, feathering his fingers down the crack beneath her skirt. She might as well have been naked.

With her tucked under his arm, they said good night to the nurse on station and walked into the elevator.

Sally felt a tug at her waist seconds before his hand dove for her crotch. Nimble fingers flashed over her slick clitoris. It came to life, nudging its little head from beneath her folds. She sagged against him, draping one arm around his neck as she wantonly parted her legs for more. He dared a finger deeper, probing for her opening while he toyed one nipple to life with his other hand.

A shift in the elevator signaling a stop pulled them apart. Still Jack waited until the very last second--when the doors started to open--to remove his hand. Sally's pussy wept at the loss.

Four people boarded. She wedged tight, her back against him, smiling to herself when he lifted her skirt and tucked his free erection between the cleft of her ass. She didn't dare move...or breathe...or look at anyone else in the elevator. Finally they reached the ground floor. Jack readjusted his clothing as the others stepped off. Arm around her waist, he led her outside.

"Where'd you park?"

"Fifth row, center."

That brought a big smile to his lips. In no time, they were standing beside the family van. A press of the remote slid the side door open.

"Climb in and sit." Jack pulled the lever on the bench seat, reclining it as far as it would go.

"Aren't there security cameras? What if someone--"

He stroked his hand up her leg. "It's dark. The windows are lightly tinted." He flicked his thumb over her pussy, ending any argument she might have given.

Once she was inside, Jack climbed in behind her. Sally hooked her legs around him.

"Not this time, sweetheart." He lifted her arm. "This is my game now."

One yank pulled the seatbelt down. He wrapped it around her wrist, tied it, then let it go. She lifted her other arm for him.

"Glad to see you're so agreeable," he said, reaching for the restraint. "I'd hate to have to spank you in public."

Fire licked her body at the mere thought. Despite the temptation, she kept her arm in place. She glanced at the belts holding her in place, at the fire reflected in his eyes from the parking lot security lights...and spread her thighs as far as she could.

Hot hands swooped under her blouse. He tweaked and tugged her nipples into elongated points while she writhed beneath him. Soft whimpers drifted from her throat. She didn't dare cry out. If someone walked by...

She tried to still her movements to keep the van from rocking. If someone walked by... If someone peeked in...

"Oh, Jack, we're going to get caught," she gasped out.

"Someone should've thought about that before she came to the hospital without panties or bra." He jerked up her skirt and buried his face in her pussy.

Sally's hips lifted of their own volition. She pressed her lips together in a vain effort to keep quiet. Jack was just as determined to see she didn't. He suckled at her clitoris, demanding her body release the climax. Just as she was sure she'd explode, he shifted away, nipping at her pussy lips, tunneling his tongue deep inside. Then he

was back to the source, pumping his fingers into her cunt, up her ass, thrusting hard like he would with his cock. Orgasm exploded through her. Teeth clenched, she thrashed against her bindings, then sagged.

She parted her legs, waiting for the delicious fucking sure to come. Her eyes flashed open when she heard the van start.

"You wouldn't!"

He smiled over his shoulder. "I would. You might want to be very still and very quiet. I don't want to have to explain our playtime to a cop."

Heart pounding, she watched the scenery drift by in a series of streetlights, stop lights, and the headlights of passing cars. Finally, he pulled into their driveway.

Jack stepped between the front seats, unzipping as he did so. His erection sprang free. Grabbing her legs, he hoisted them over his shoulders and slammed deep. He stayed there, letting her muscles ripple along his length. Smiling, he lifted his thumb and circled her clit as he started to thrust.

Sally met him stroke for stroke, each one making him harder than the one before. The van rocked with the intensity of a six-point earthquake. Every squeak echoed a lusty parallel to the groans inside. She felt the flex in his cock and let her own climax go. They arched their bodies together on the searing release, hovered there, then sank into each other's arms.

"I...I dare you to carry me inside caveman style now," she panted out.

"I can't believe you doubt my powers," he said on a gasp for breath. "Tell you what..." He released her arms. "I'll flip you for it. If I lose, I'll let you finish using your little toy on me. If I win, I'll let you finish using your little toy on me."

Laughing, she slid the door open. "I like those odds."

## Epilogue

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*Dinner at La Fave.* Dinah didn't know which husband had come up with the idea, but it was definitely a winner. Considering how hard reservations were to get, they had to have had this planned for some time. That made it extra special. Having a

limo driver also meant they could relax and enjoy without having to worry about getting home.

The eight of them lifted their merlot in a silent, communal toast. They all knew what it meant--love, consideration, devotion, each other--the words didn't need to be spoken.

That's when she spied the couple across the room--Tom and Marie Sinclair. The newlyweds lived two houses down from Mona and Clint. Both smiled and nodded, then started their way.

"Tom and Marie are here and headed this way," she told the others.

All turned to greet them. When the men began to stand, Marie waved them back in their seats.

"We just wanted to say hello," she said.

"And to ask you a question," Tom added.

"Anything," Rod told them.

Well, almost anything, Diana thought.

"You've all been married a long time." Marie glanced at each couple. "And you always seem so happy."

"That's what we want for our marriage." Tom wrapped his arm around his wife. "What's the secret? How do you do it?"

They all smiled as they grasped hands. "We make the time to play."

## **Caitlyn Willows**

Caitlyn Willows is the pseudonym for award-winning author Catherine Snodgrass, who wanted to flex her writing muscles in the erotica genre. Readers will find the same quality from "Caitlyn" that they have come to expect from "Catherine," but the stories will be more over-the-top and more steamy. Sometimes the novels are written singularly, and sometimes they are a collaborative effort with award-winning author Paris Dixon. Always they will be action-filled...in more ways than one.

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***Don't miss Love Potion #9, by Caitlyn Willows, available at [AmberHeat.com](http://AmberHeat.com)!***

*They are best friends. They grew up right next door to each other. They think alike. They act alike. They are perfect for each other. So...why can't they see that? What's a frustrated mother supposed to do?*

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