



DESTINATION ECSTASY

Tina Bandoni

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Chapter One

“So, Maia, anything new?”

Maia Johnson looked at her doctor. Over the last fifteen years she had become as much a friend as anything else, and Maia knew the question wasn’t an idle one.

“Jack and I broke up.”

“Oh, honey, I’m sorry, when?”

“When he found out I was barren.”

Dr. Hill glared at her. “You are not barren, Maia.”

“Come on, Colleen, you know as well as I do, that I might as well be. I’m thirty-seven years old and have gone through nearly every single infertility treatment there is available, and still I don’t have any children.”

“You know there’s still time.”

Maia sighed. “Colleen, I know you’re trying to make me feel better, but after ten years of marriage with Bill and nothing, even with all the treatments, you know as well as I do that I’m never going to have children.”

“Was it serious with you and Jack? Were you talking about a future together?”

Maia thought for a minute before answering her. She knew she needed to be truthful, if only for herself. “He was. I kind of agreed to it all. Ever since Bill and I split, there hasn’t been anyone else that I’ve wanted to spend my life with. Jack seemed as good as the next guy.”

“Bill’s been gone for five years, Maia.”

Maia smiled. “I know. And I’m okay with it, really. It’s actually a good thing we never had kids. I don’t know if it was the struggle, or just inevitable, but by the time it ended, we were both ready to part. I think maybe we’re all destined to find one love in our lives, and if it doesn’t work out, we have to wait ‘til next time around.”

Colleen smiled as she leaned back against the wall, and Maia had to snicker. “Well, you are the exception, oh great sex goddess.”

“Oh, come on, Maia, you know you’re dying to know what it’s like.”

Colleen had been in a triad for as long as Maia had known her. Not that she had known about it when she first started coming to see Colleen, but as they became friends, and Maia started having problems with Bill, Colleen had opened up to her. Colleen’s two men had given her three beautiful children, and the biological father seemed unimportant to any of them.

Over the years, Maia had learned a lot about living in a triad, but nothing about how to keep her and her husband together when they started drifting apart. For the past five years, Maia had spent her time dating losers in an attempt to find someone who suited her. Someone who fit her as well as Colleen’s men did her.

“Meet me in my office after you get dressed; I have something for you.”

Maia finished getting dressed and had her blood drawn before knocking on her friend’s office door. At the acknowledgment to enter, she walked through in time to see Colleen hang up the phone with a big smile on her face.

“Okay, it’s all set.”

“What’s all set?”

“Your summer vacation.”

“Colleen, what the hell are you talking about?” Maia was a teacher, so she technically had a summer vacation every year. This was the first year in a while that she wasn’t teaching summer school or had classes of her own to attend. She and Jack had planned on spending some quality time together before they took the next step in their relationship. Maia had fully expected to return to work in the fall with a ring on her finger.

“You’re going to Menat Island.”

“Menat? Where is that? And what do you mean I’m going there?”

“It’s all arranged. You’re scheduled to leave a week from Friday.”

Maia shook her head and put her hand up. “Stop. Explain.”

Colleen smiled. “I just talked to Tom. His cousin runs a private island resort in the Caribbean. They’re usually booked up months, if not years, in advance, but we always have an open invitation. We haven’t used it in a while, and well, he’s not comfortable with me flying right now, even though I’ve assured him it’s okay. So we’re going to pass this year, too.”

“You’re pregnant, again?” Maia plopped into a chair in front of the desk.

“Yup, just found out. And since I am, you get to have our vacation.”

“Colleen, I can’t do that.”

“Yes, you can, and you will. You can even bring a friend.” Colleen’s eyes narrowed. “A female friend.”

“This isn’t a place for swingers, is it?”

“Maia, you know the three of us are exclusive.”

“I know, I know.”

“But in answer to your question, yes, they’re very open in their groupings there. I don’t expect you to have a problem, though, so if you bring a friend, make sure they’re okay with it, too.”

“Not sure who I would get to go on such short notice.”

“Well, if you want to go alone, that’s fine, too. But you *are* going. So get your things in order, drop off your house key so I can check on your cat, and get ready to have the time of your life.”

Chapter Two

“So, tell me again what this is about?”

Maia sighed as she looked over at her friend sitting beside her. “I already explained it to you.”

“Yeah, but why the hell would she give up a vacation like this? This is the chance of a lifetime.”

“Apparently not to Colleen and her husbands. The health of the baby is more important.”

“They couldn’t get a refund?”

Maia shook her head. “Dawn, just take it and shut up, okay?”

Dawn laughed. “Okay, okay. I’m done. I just can’t believe it.”

“I know.” Maia settled back into the plush seat, and relaxed for the first time in months. She needed this vacation more than anyone knew. Nothing was going to get in the way of her having some relaxing fun. Not even her.

“Welcome to Ecstasy.”

Maia looked around as she exited the jet. Even at the airport, the tropical atmosphere was obvious the second she stepped off the plane. The heat, tempered by a cool breeze from the ocean, warmed her body almost as much as the appearance of her escort.

A Nubian god stood in front of her, wearing a white uniform. His pants fit loosely, and his shirt was open to the waist, baring his smooth chest to her gaze.

“My name is Brant, and I will escort you to your rooms.”

“Rooms? But I thought we were sharing.”

Brant smiled. “If you two would like to share, that’s perfectly acceptable, ma’am. But each room only has one bed. We weren’t informed you were a couple.”

Maia blushed as she remembered what Colleen had told her about the place. Of course, they wouldn’t think badly about them for wanting to share a room, even with one bed.

“Oh, no, sorry. Two rooms are fine. We aren’t a couple.”

“Definitely not.” Dawn’s voice came from behind her in a sultry purr. She stepped around Maia and held out a hand to the sexy escort as she introduced herself. “My name is Dawn, and though I don’t swing that way, I definitely swing in your direction.”

Brant extended his hand, but Dawn cleverly maneuvered it so she was hanging on to his arm, her body snug against his. “So, tell me more about my private room.”

Maia bit her lip to keep from laughing. She knew Dawn wouldn’t have a problem with the open sexuality Colleen said would be present, she just hadn’t realized how quickly Dawn would jump into the fun.

Brant, obviously entranced by her friend, led the two of them to an open Jeep as he assured them their luggage would be waiting for them by the time they got to the resort. He proceeded to take them around the island, showing points of interest like hiking trails, secluded coves, and other amenities the resort had to offer. The trip took about fifteen minutes, allowing them both to acclimate after the long plane ride.

There was no check-in procedure. Brant assured them that they were all set, and he told them of the keypad system installed at their rooms. They would each have to pick a four-digit number, and program them into the keypads at their doors.

“We here at Ecstasy strive to meet all your needs. Part of that includes not having to carry around a key card wherever you go. This way, you can give each other your numbers if you so choose, but can also enable the do not disturb feature, which will render the keypad inoperative.

“Miss Maia, your suite is right here.” Brant opened the door for her after he had her program her code into it, and then continued with Dawn to the next room.

Maia nodded to Dawn as she walked into her room. They would meet up after they got a chance to look over their rooms.

She walked into the most elegant space she had ever seen. She had a suite, not a room, and it was huge. The main area was bigger than her living room at home, with two separate seating areas, one with four comfortable chairs around a table, and the other, a grouping of low chairs and couch. They were covered with a light, breezy fabric, a perfect match for the rest of the room’s calming colors and tropical furniture.

The entire back wall consisted of windows and a pair of French doors that led out to a patio. She was on the ground floor, and the room was less than fifty feet from the beach. Trees and ferns surrounded the balcony, creating a wall of privacy around the plant-strewn area.

Deciding she would investigate the patio later, Maia turned to the first door in the room and opened it to find a luxurious bathroom. White stone, mottled with gray flecks covered the flat surfaces and the back of the clear glass shower. Maia stepped in to get a better look. The shower was huge, big enough for four, and had at least five showerheads coming from different directions. They obviously weren’t worried about water conservation here.

Stepping closer to the edge of the huge tub, she realized it, too, was big enough for a small party, with benches built into the sides and jets interspersed throughout. Exotic bath gels and bubble baths sat along the back of the tub, with scents like sandalwood, jasmine, and others she would give closer inspection to later.

The vanity had a double sink with a large mirror over it, reflecting the rest of the bathroom. Opulence was the only word Maia could come up with as she walked out of the other door in the bathroom, only to stop in shock as she reached the bedroom.

The first thought that crossed Maia's mind was decadence. The bed was front and center, and there was no missing it. Larger than a king---sized bed, it was covered in pillows. Silk, satin, and brocade. All were thrown across the bed to create a cozy little nest. Unable to resist, Maia took a running leap onto the bed and landed gently, cupped by the softness surrounding her. She lay back into the heap of material and inhaled the glorious scents of the island.

Definitely decadent. She moaned.

"Colleen told me you liked to have fun, but I didn't expect to see you rolling around the cushions like a gorgeous kitten."

Maia sat up quickly and looked in the direction the voice had come from. Another set of French doors, these open, led out to the beach. The voice came from the man standing in the doorway. An incredibly hot, gorgeous man. Her mouth watered at the sight of him.

He was over six feet tall, with dark brown hair. She guessed him at about two hundred ten pounds, all solid muscle. A pair of fitted swim trunks clung to him like a second skin, leaving nothing to the imagination. Maia swallowed hard and quickly moved her gaze to the rest of him.

Well-tanned, he had a sprinkling of hair on his chest that led her eyes back down to where she had just pulled them from. His pecs were firm and well-defined, and she had a

sudden urge to run her hands over them. To tease his nipples until they were as hard as hers were now.

His legs were strong and sculpted beautifully. And from the growing bulge in his swimsuit, he seemed to be enjoying the view.

Maia looked down at herself with a scowl, and saw her silken tank top was twisted from playing in the pillows, and had pulled up to reveal her stomach. Her too large stomach. She blushed as she pulled her shirt down. She wasn't truly fat, just a little chunky, and she wasn't comfortable letting a man, a complete stranger at that, see her without clothes.

Unfortunately, given her awkward position she yanked too hard and her scooped neck shirt plunged, revealing more than the top of her large breasts to his gaze.

Pulling a pillow from the bed, Maia held it in front of her like a shield. She realized her panties were wet, and she prayed to all the gods in heaven that he wouldn't come any closer. If he did, she might be forced to jump him, just to relieve the ache that was forming between her legs.

Visions of the two of them rolling around on the bed, naked and sweaty in the hot summer heat flashed through her brain. Her body flushed and her breathing picked up.

What the hell was wrong with her? She'd never had this kind of reaction to a man before. And definitely not at first sight.

Take control, Maia. "Um, excuse me?" *Well, yeah, that showed him you're in control of the situation.*

He smiled even wider, showing gorgeous white teeth, and stepped further into the room. "I'm sorry. My name is Kale. I'm Colleen's, well, cousin-in-law, I guess you'd call me."

He stretched out a hand for her to shake, and she finally got a chance to see his eyes. Gorgeous, dark blue eyes that she felt herself get sucked into, as though caught in a riptide. She didn't want to fight her way out, though. The feeling was heavenly.

Pulling herself back to the situation at hand, she climbed off the bed and extended her own hand to shake his. At the touch of his skin, however, she was instantly transported to a beach where she could see the two of them making hot, hard love. The waves were rolling in over them, but they didn't care. She felt him inside her, his thick cock pounding away at her as she screamed in ecstasy.

The vision was so strong she was practically thrown back onto the bed. Her breaths were coming in gasps, her pussy dripping wet.

When she regained the ability to think, she looked up at Kale. He looked as shocked as she felt, but his smile widened. She took a deep breath and introduced herself.

"It's a pleasure you meet you, Kale. I'm Maia."

"Oh, trust me, Maia, I hope it'll be much more pleasurable than either of us can imagine."

His wording struck her as strange, but she decided not to follow up on it. There were other, more important things to address. And she could and would get her lust for this man under control.

"Are you the owner of Ecstasy? Colleen said you ran the place, but she didn't tell me much of anything else about it. Or you." Maia struggled to restrain her body's reaction, pulling her hand from his and walking to the far side of the bed. Oh, great, now she was looking at him over this huge hulk of furniture that was made for sex for three, or four. Damn Colleen and her men. Why did she have to think of Colleen's two hunky husbands now, of all times?

Because Kale reminded her of Tom, one of Colleen's husbands. He was taller and better built, but had similar facial features. She'd never lusted after Tom, though, so why this sudden desire to jump his cousin's bones?

Before Kale could answer, her attention was pulled back to the French doors as another man stepped within view. Her knees buckled and she would have fallen if she hadn't already been leaning against one of the four posters of the bed.

Taller than Kale by about two inches, this man was just as cut and ripped as Kale. His hair was black where Kale's was brown, and long where Kale's was short.

Her already-wet pussy started pulsing at the sight of him. What the hell was wrong with her? She never reacted like this. Hell, even when she was married, it had taken a lot to get her aroused. This was freaking unbelievable.

The tall, black-haired man turned to face her fully, and she inhaled sharply. His eyes matched Kale's perfectly. Without a touch, she once again felt her spirit sucked into a man's eyes, this time to an alien world. They were standing on a cliff, looking out at a sea in the middle of the night. The stranger stood behind her, arms wrapped around her waist as he nibbled on the back of her neck. The two moons were full, bathing all she saw in a silvery glow.

Warmth grew in her heart, as she cuddled back against him with a sigh. A feeling of coming home settled deep within her soul.

"Maia? Maia?" The sound of Dawn's voice penetrated the sensual fog surrounding Maia and the men in her bedroom. Suddenly eager for the distraction, Maia backed away and quickly turned to her bedroom door. She walked through to the main room, where she found Dawn waiting for her.

"Honey, are you okay? You look as white as a ghost!" Dawn exclaimed as she rushed over to Maia. "Sit down. What happened?"

What happened? How did she tell her friend she just met two men, one of whose name she still didn't know? Two men who pulled some emotion from her she had never felt before. Men who not only turned her on instantly, but dragged her into a fantasy world she had never even imagined.

“Nothing. It’s probably just the heat.”

Dawn looked over at the French doors. “No wonder. You haven’t even opened up the window or anything yet. Here.” She walked to the wet bar, got Maia a bottled water, and handed it to her. She then walked to the glass doors and opened them wide. “Trust me, after breathing in some of this air you’ll feel much better.”

Maia smiled weakly. “You’re probably right.”

“That and something to eat. We haven’t eaten since we left Boston, and that was over six hours ago.”

“We ate on the plane.”

Dawn smiled. “Yeah, but there wasn’t the eye candy on the plane that there is here.”

Eye candy. Maia thought of the men in her bedroom. Oh, gods, her bedroom. Were they still in there? Were they listening? What would she do if they came out and Dawn saw them?

“You have a much nicer room than me. Although to be honest, I sure as hell can’t call mine shabby. Did you notice that your clothes are unpacked and put away? Talk about fast, efficient service. I don’t know how they got the stuff here and unpacked in the right rooms before we got here. Oh, well, I bet the airport is only a minute away, and they took us the long way to give the workers time.

“Now, let’s go see what you’ve got to wear tonight. I, for one am gonna start my vacation with a bang, and you are gonna have fun, if it kills you.”

Maia was only half paying attention to Dawn’s rambling and barely caught anything she said. She got up to chase after Dawn when she realized Dawn was walking through her bedroom door.

“Damn, woman. Talk about lucky!” She heard Dawn exclaim as she entered the room. She must have found the men, but why they were still hanging around, Maia had no idea.

Maia entered to find Dawn standing, gaping at the huge bed. The men were nowhere to be found.

"I thought mine was impressive, but damn. You could fit half the Bruins on that bed and still have room for a member of the Red Sox or two."

"Oh, yeah. Um, it is kind of big, isn't it?"

"You told me they were open about sexualities here, but do they expect everyone to have orgies their entire vacation?"

Maia thought about the two men from just a few minutes ago. Orgies? With them? Oh, yeah, she could definitely see it. She chuckled. "I guess we wouldn't have much need for water sports then, would we?"

Dawn smiled back at her. "At least not public ones. You think Brant would be willing to give me a shot?"

"From the looks he was giving you all the way back here, Dawn, I'd say there's no doubt about that."

"Okay, let's see what you brought."

Maia had surprised herself. Normally she wasn't one for clothes, caring very little about how she dressed, other than looking professional at work. Her casual wardrobe normally consisted of jeans and T-shirts. But Colleen had insisted they go shopping together before Maia left, and had picked out some rather nice clothes for her. Maia smiled. Colleen had even insisted she pack everything, as though she couldn't trust Maia to bring them all.

"Woo hoo, what have we here?" Maia's attention was pulled back to Dawn, who was going through her closet. She pulled out a gorgeous blue dress that Maia had never seen before.

"Where did you find that?"

"Right here, in your closet."

"That's not mine."

“What do you mean, it’s not yours? It’s here in your room.”

“They must have messed up and unpacked the wrong suitcase.”

“That’s impossible, Maia. Brant told me we were the only guests arriving today.”

Maia approached the closet to see what else was in there, when Dawn exclaimed, “Oh, look, this was on the hanger.”

Dawn handed her an envelope with her name scrawled across the front of it. She opened it to see Colleen’s writing.

Maia

I love you dearly, sweetie, and you deserve to have the time of your life. Please take these outfits as a thank you for all you have done for our family over the years. You won’t find any of your old jeans or T-shirts here. It is all the new stuff you bought with me and some other things you weren’t expecting. You deserve the best, and you’re going to have it whether you want it or not.

Have fun.

Love,

Colleen

Maia and Dawn looked through her new clothing with awe. Colleen hadn’t lied; there wasn’t anything from Maia’s closet at home. Even the styles were different. Everything was clingy or draped the body, nothing that let her hide her figure.

“I can’t wear this stuff.”

“Well, you’re gonna have to, unless you want to go naked for the next two weeks. Because even you won’t be happy wearing the same clothes for two weeks straight.”

“Were you in on this?”

“Me? What gives you that idea?”

“Damnit, Dawn, why didn’t you warn me?”

“Because Colleen is right. You deserve better. You spend all day during the school year taking care of kids. You worry about them every day, making sure they have everything they need in order to learn. Hell, you even spend your own money to make sure they have decent shoes, coats, and the like. You deserve something special. This vacation is that something special for you. So shut up and take it.”

“I suppose I have all new under things, too, huh?”

Dawn grinned. “Yup, why do you think Colleen made you go to the specialty shop that measured you? She wanted to make sure everything was perfect.”

“No one is gonna see my underwear, Dawn.”

“Tell me that after a day or two here, Maia, and maybe I’ll believe you. Now, time to get dressed for dinner. Wear this.” She pulled out the blue dress again and handed it to Maia. “I’m gonna go change in my room and will meet you back here in thirty minutes.”

Maia watched her friend leave and then took a good look at the outfit she held in her hands. Saying it was blue was an understatement, as it encompassed shades from navy to turquoise, all blended together to give a sense of movement. It reminded her of the various shades of the ocean they’d seen from the plane on their way here.

Rummaging through her drawers, she found matching thong panties, obviously purchased with the blue dress in mind. Maia couldn’t imagine what other clothes the baby blue lingerie would go under. There didn’t seem to be a matching bra, so Maia skipped it for the time being. Taking the clothes into the bathroom, she put them in the dressing area before she climbed into the shower.

Twenty minutes later, Maia twirled in front of the mirror trying to get a good look at herself. The dress had a halter top that plunged down in front, showing her ample cleavage,

and the back dipped to the bottom of her spine. Maia realized why she hadn't found a bra with the panties; a bra couldn't fit properly under it. The halter had built-in support, so she should be safe to go without. It would be the first time since she'd been twelve that she went out in public without wearing a bra, though.

The skirt was more a collection of strips of material that draped her body than a full sheath. If she moved too quickly, she flashed parts of her body that no one but her lover should see. Somehow, it gave her a sense of freedom. As though she were about to embark on an exciting, unknown journey.

Maia had found instructions attached to a variety of the clothes, telling her what to wear together. The few pairs of nylons were prohibited for daily use, her instructions telling her to go barelegged for the most part. Not one to go against orders, Maia had put on the thong and then the four-inch strappy sandals that went with the dress.

Colleen's makeover didn't include Maia's accessories, but she was able to find jewelry on her own to suit the dress perfectly.

"Slowpoke, you ready?" Dawn called from the main room.

After one last spritz of perfume, Maia headed out to meet her friend for the first night of their vacation.

"Damn, that woman really knows how to pick clothes, doesn't she?"

Maia smiled. "Yeah, she's always had a knack for it."

"Well, if you don't turn heads in that get up, I don't know what the men of this world are waiting for."

Chapter Three

“What is this place, really, Maia? A stud factory?”

Maia giggled into her second margarita of the night. Dawn was right. It seemed they staffed only gorgeous hunks of manhood at Ecstasy Resort. They had yet to see a man who wasn't tall, studly, and handsome. There was someone for every woman's tastes. Men of every skin tone, race, and body type. There seemed no end to the perfection in sight.

And the women? Well, they were as varied as could be. All seemed to be having fun, and none sat alone. Whether it was the blonde who looked like a model three tables over, or the plus sized brunette at the edge of the dance floor, they were all smiling and laughing with their companions.

Maia assumed some of them came to the island together, but most seemed to be on the brink of fresh love. Hell, even the ones that had obviously been together for a while were acting like newlyweds. They all reminded Maia of Colleen and her men.

That wasn't to say that each woman had two men, not at all. Some tables had couples, some triads, and some large groups. It seemed regardless of what they wanted on this island, all the other guests had found it.

“Colleen assured me there’s nothing illegal going on. She said none of the staff are paid to accompany any guest, but they’re not discouraged from being friendly, either. Apparently, they go by the idea that it makes a fun time for all.”

She knew even before Dawn’s eyes grew wide. She could feel him behind her. His energy stroked her skin, raising goose bumps up and down her arms. Shivers ran down her spine, straight to the spot between her legs, and her nipples hardened in anticipation of that glorious voice.

“And wouldn’t you agree, Maia?”

Dawn’s eyes widened further as she glanced back and forth between the two of them, as though to say, “Why didn’t you tell me you met a gorgeous hunk of a man?”

“My companion certainly agrees, Mr. -- I’m sorry I didn’t get your last name.”

Kale walked around to sit between the women at the square table. “We don’t use last names here at Ecstasy, Maia. We believe it enhances the experience to have everyone on a first name basis.

“My name is Kale, and you must be Dawn.” Kale turned to Dawn and put out his hand. Maia waited to see Dawn’s reaction to his touch, and was immediately disappointed when she saw nothing other than basic appreciation on Dawn’s face.

“Pleasure to meet you, Kale. I’m sorry, but Maia didn’t mention meeting you before.”

“It was a very brief meeting. In her room, earlier today, in fact.”

“Really?” Dawn arched an eyebrow at her friend, a habit Maia had always disliked intensely. Mainly because she wasn’t able to do it herself.

“He’s Colleen’s cousin by marriage. He was just checking up on me.”

“Hmmm, interesting. And did you find her satisfactory, Kale?”

Kale smiled as he answered in a seductive purr, “Most definitely.”

Just then, Brant took it upon himself to approach the table. “Dawn, dear, may I have this dance?”

Dawn's face lit up with pleasure. "I'd love to, Brant." She put her hand in his as she stood up. She whispered back quickly as he started to lead her away, "Don't wait up for me."

"It seems your friend has gotten into the swing of things rather rapidly, Maia. Are you not as uninhibited?"

Uninhibited? Who was he kidding? All he needed to do was crook his finger and she would be on his lap riding him for all she was worth.

He leaned forward. "I find you incredibly attractive, Maia, and I think you feel the same attraction for me."

He reached out his hand to touch hers, and immediately she was bombarded with lust, desire, affection, need. Visions of him making mad, passionate love to her on the beach, again, but this time, they weren't alone. This time, the tall, dark stranger she had seen for mere seconds before was with them.

He was caressing her body, kissing her as Kale rammed into her again and again, driving her body to orgasm.

Maia came out of the vision with her eyes closed, breathing heavily, body flushed with desire. She snatched her hand free. What was happening to her? Her thong was soaked, and her crotch pulsed as though she had really been on that strange beach.

She opened her eyes to ask Kale what was happening and saw *him*. The other man from earlier. Standing beside Kale, his hand on Kale's shoulder, both of them stared at her as though she was a tasty morsel and they were dying of starvation.

"Come with us." It was the first time she'd heard him speak, but the voice seemed so familiar. It tugged something deep down inside her, forcing her to obey. Making her want nothing more than to hear it again.

"I don't even know your name." She was out of breath, her body still recovering from what she had just seen -- experienced.

"Are names truly necessary between the three of us, my heart?"

He was right. They weren't. It didn't matter what his name was, it only mattered that he was here, now. And he wanted her. They both wanted her. And so help her, she wanted them, too.

His smile lit up his face as he assured her gently, "My name is Danté, my sweet. And I only ask that you accompany us for a walk on the beach."

He put his hand out to her. Not forcing her, just waiting for her response. What was wrong with her? Had they cast some kind of spell on her? Hypnotized her?

She shook her head. No, that was impossible. Even if they had hypnotized her, she knew from her own studies that no one could force someone to do something against their will, even hypnotized.

Then what was it? What was the fascination these men held for her? She had seen men just as attractive. Well, almost as attractive. And she hadn't been so hot for them. What was it about these two that did it for her?

Did it matter? Did it *really* matter why she suddenly wanted these men more than she had ever wanted anything in her life? Wasn't she on vacation? Wasn't this a time to let her inhibitions fly and have some fun? What would it hurt?

Her heart. That's what. She was afraid deep down that it wouldn't be just an uncomplicated bout of sex, that tonight, the next two weeks, would mean so much more.

What had she ever gotten by playing it careful? A husband who had stayed with her for ten years because he felt sorry for her. A string of unexciting lovers who were barely able to rouse any interest in her, never mind bring her to orgasm.

To hell with it. Colleen was right. It was time to let go. Let go of the past, of the pain. Time to live her life for herself, the way she wanted to. The way she was meant to.

Taking a deep breath, she placed her hand into the one waiting for her, and stood up.

The electric surge traveling up her arm was as strong as it had been with Kale. Heat shot through her body as visions of the three of them making love flashed in her brain. On

the beach, in a tub, in a bed, on the cliff. The three of them, in sync, making glorious love to each other.

Somehow, she managed to keep upright as Danté's arm went around her for support. Neither man said anything about her reaction. Instead, Danté eased her away from the table, and the three of them walked out of the building and down to the beach.

No one talked as she walked between them, touching neither one, until they finally reached a secluded cove. Far away from prying eyes and ears that would be able hear what needed to be said.

"Maia," Kale started as they stood, her facing the two of them. "I want you more than I have ever wanted another woman in my life. I can't explain why, but it's true. And I know it's true for Danté, also. If you only want one of us, the other will walk away, but we want you to know that we want you together.

"But you have seen what happens when one of us touches you. You need to be prepared for both of us to touch you at the same time. You had a taste of it when Danté was connected to you through me, but it will be stronger with a direct touch from both of us."

Maia had thought of that on the way down the beach. So far, each time they'd touched her, she'd barely retained consciousness. What would happen when the two of them touched her together?

"What are you two? Some kind of psychics?"

"In a way," Danté answered her. "We have an ability to project feelings, sensations if you will, to some people. Usually, we're able to control it. But when the desire is this strong, it's not always possible. Your desire and ours combine to create a vision that can be unexpected, to say the least. That is what you experienced earlier today, and then again tonight when you touched each of us. When the three of us touch, it will be even more powerful."

"What's the worst that will happen to me?"

She could see Danté's smile by the light of the moon. "You'll pass out into our arms."

Somehow, she knew they would catch her. That they would catch her for the rest of her life if that was what she wanted.

"Will it happen every time?"

"No." She turned toward Kale as he rejoined the conversation. "After the first time, the sensations will diminish. At least the psychic ones. Hopefully our touch will never cease to excite you."

Maia took a deep breath. Oh, God, she was agreeing to have sex with two men with some kind of weird psychic ability, and she couldn't remember looking forward to something this much in her entire life. She looked at the two of them, side by side.

She knew nothing about them other than their names, and that one of them was a cousin of Colleen's husband. Somehow, though, it didn't matter. She felt she could trust them, knew that she wanted them, that she needed them. Here, now. Tomorrow she would worry about the rest.

Unsure of what to do, she nodded slowly. "Yes." And she stood there waiting for one of them to make a move. Kale was the first one.

He took a step closer, so he was only a hairsbreadth away from her, and whispered, "Thank you, *carimta*," before his lips met hers.

She barely had time to register it as a term of endearment, one unknown to her, before she was lost in his kiss. No mental slamming of her body into another place. This time, she stayed where she was, with Kale's lips on hers, gently kissing her. His arms wrapped around her as he deepened the kiss, his tongue probing against her lips for admission.

She wasn't aware of Danté moving behind her until he brushed her long hair out of the way. His breath caressed her as he bent down to kiss her neck. At the touch of his lips, his hands clasped her waist as electricity stronger than before shot through her body like a lightning bolt.

Her legs went weak as she was once again transported by their desires to another time and place. She felt them making love to her, kissing her, caressing her, sucking at her, their hands everywhere, driving her insane. She saw a child nursing at her breast, the two of them looking on, then just as quickly, the three of them again, looking out a large window as stars cruised by. Crazy thoughts, all of them, impossible thoughts, but all directed toward her, of them together, before she blacked out.

She came to in their arms. Both of them supporting her, holding her protectively even as they, too, came out of the trance. She reached a hand up to each of them, caressing their faces. The faces of her two men.

Danté bent down to take her lips. His kiss wasn't a gentle quest; no, this was a demand. A demand for entrance, for all she had to give and more. And she did. Opening up she allowed him in, his tongue tasting her, feasting at her mouth. He picked her up, turning her toward him, her back to Kale. Danté left a hand on her hip as the other cupped the back of her head, keeping her against him as he ate at her.

Kale's hands worked their way around her waist, under her dress. Her skin felt hot against his, feverish at his touch. He moved his hands up to tenderly cup her breasts as he sighed against the back of her shoulder.

They stood there together, no one moving anything other than their lips. Danté's against hers, Kale's against her shoulder, until the desire built, forcing more from them. Kale squeezed her breasts, fingers moving to pinch her nipples as he whispered in her ear, "I wanted to take you today against your bed of pillows. Fuck you hard enough to make you scream. The sight of you purring there among the fabrics made me hard enough to burst."

Danté tore his lips from hers to blaze a trail down her neck, to her shoulder where he nipped at her. He pulled at her dress, eager to get to what was underneath. "By all that is holy, I want you, Maia, I need you like I do breath."

With Kale's help, Danté managed to get a breast free of her constricting garment and swooped down to take her in his mouth. Again, her knees buckled; the only thing keeping her upright was the hold the men had on her. Sparks shot through her body as Danté sucked and teased her nipple to hardness.

Kale had found one of the many slits in her skirt, and he wrapped his hand around her thigh, reaching for her sopping wet pussy. He pushed the scrap of fabric that was her thong to the side and stroked her most sensitive spot.

She barely had time to register he was there, playing with her, before he thrust a finger inside of her. She moaned as her body sucked at him. Another finger, and then a third joined the first as he began to pump her body, thumb hovering at her clit.

Danté nipped at her breast, tearing her attention back to him. Her hands were wrapped in his hair, holding him tight against her breast.

"Off," Danté growled.

She didn't know what he meant until he reached for the clasp at the back of her neck holding her halter top in place. He released it and immediately recaptured her breasts in his hands, his head going to the one that he had yet to taste.

Maia held on to Kale's wrist and leaned back against him for support, her legs no longer able to hold her. Still he pumped her with his fingers, in and out, thumbing her clit, as the tension built within her. Her body started shaking, quivering as she neared the first orgasm she'd had in years that she hadn't given herself. She could feel it, sensations running from her clit, chasing down her legs, up her stomach. He forced his fingers in deeper, pulling her against him, away from Danté, who latched onto her breast with his teeth, and bit hard. Simultaneously, Kale flicked at her clit, biting her neck, and she was gone. Her world exploded in rapture as her orgasm crashed through her body, ripping a scream from her throat.

When she came back to herself, she realized she must have lost consciousness. She was in her bed, with both men, one on either side of her. A nightlight was shining across the room, just bright enough for her to see them.

“What happened?”

Kale smiled brightly. “We were too much for you, darling, you passed out on us.”

“Oh, my God. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t worry, *carimta*. We wanted you back here where we could take good care of you.” By the grin on his face, Danté’s version of taking care of her did not involve chicken soup and bed rest.

She barely had enough time to notice that they were all three naked before the men started again.

Kale turned her head toward him and took her lips with his. His kiss wasn’t as gentle as it had been before, nor was it as forceful as Danté’s. He gave and took at the same time, savoring her like a fine wine.

She couldn’t see Danté, but she felt him crawling between her legs as he pulled them open. “Oh, *carimta*, such a beautiful sight.”

His breath brushed across her wet slit, and she jerked against Kale. He snickered as he reached a hand up to her breast.

Danté ran a finger down from just below her clit, to her ass, before stroking it back up. She squirmed her hips and he grasped hold of them, immobilizing her.

“Oh, no, you aren’t going anywhere,” he promised, as his hands dug into her hips and his tongue laved her from bottom to top. Apparently, that wasn’t enough, because he buried his head into her pussy and licked her again and again.

“A little help here, Kale.” Danté took his head away from her long enough to ask her other lover for assistance. *Help? He needed help?* Maia didn’t know why he thought he needed help.

Without moving his mouth, or his hand from her breast, Kale's other arm snaked down to Maia's crotch, straight to her clitoris. He flicked at it with his finger, sending Maia's hips rocking again.

Danté held her down tightly to the bed, not letting her move an inch as he fucked her with his tongue. Meanwhile, Kale's fingers were still on her nub, tapping, flicking, pinching her.

Danté moved his hands, one arm still holding her down, and the other hand going to her pussy where he stroked her wet lips. His tongue still dove in and out, a finger joining it in teasing motions. In with the tongue, out with the finger. In with the finger, out with the tongue.

Slurping sounds reached her ears, and she realized how wet she had become and that Danté was lapping it all up.

Again, the tension built throughout her body. Small shivers ran through her limbs, tiny tremors, as her body got ready to send her over the edge. "Yes! Yes!"

Danté thrust three fingers inside her, sucking at her clit as Kale separated her lower lips, at the same time biting her nipple hard. Her body convulsed and released as her throat let go a scream of ecstasy she had never heard herself make before.

What seemed hours later, but was really only seconds, Maia lay there, breathing hard, panting as her body slowly relaxed. Danté still lay between her thighs, licking leisurely as the tremors passed. Kale was at her breast kissing her gently, laving the nipple he had bit so sharply.

"Oh, Kale. You have to taste her. Like ambrosia."

Kale pulled back to smile at Maia. "Do you mind?" he asked her. At the shake of her head, he, too, moved down to her crotch, his hand never leaving her breast.

Instead of reaching for her, though, Maia was surprised to see him reach across to kiss Danté. She watched as he licked her juices off of Danté's chin, before their lips met in a kiss.

For some reason, Maia hadn't expected this. It gave her quite a surprise. But not a bad surprise. Her vagina tightened against Danté's fingers as they kissed each other deeply.

They pulled back and looked at her for her reaction.

"Mmm, I think she's turned on by that."

"Really? Are you sure?"

Danté wiggled his fingers in her channel, causing Maia to squirm her hips once again. "Ask her. Her pussy tightened against my fingers awfully sharply for someone who didn't like it."

"Maia?" Kale's gaze met hers, begging for an answer.

It didn't cross Maia's mind to prevaricate. She was in bed with two men; who was she to mince words? "I never thought about it before, but yeah." She smiled. "I liked it. I'm glad you take pleasure from each other, too."

"Only with you, Maia. We've shared women before, but never each other. You make us want to share every bit of you there is to share." Kale moved up to kiss her gently as Danté's hand slid away from her. One last lick of her clit, and Danté was also at her mouth to take a kiss from her lips.

"We want to make love to you, Maia," Danté said as he pulled away from her.

She laughed. "Isn't that what we're doing right now?"

Danté smiled. "We want all of you, *carimta*. I can promise we're disease free, but if you want us to use condoms, we will."

Condoms? She had no fear of getting pregnant, that was for sure. But diseases? There was that possibility. Did she go on the word of two men she'd just met, regardless of how they made her feel? Could she trust them? She laughed at herself. If she couldn't trust them, she had no business being in bed with them. Both. At the same time.

Danté nodded and reached behind him for the bedside table. Maia laid her hand on his shoulder. "No. I don't want that. I want to feel both of you inside me."

“Are you sure?” Kale asked from where he had moved between her legs.

“Yes, I’m sure. I want you inside me. Now. Without any barrier.”

Kale reached down to her nether lips and stroked her gently. “You are definitely ready.” He stroked his long, thick penis, then he played it against her clit.

“Grrr.” She growled at him.

Danté laughed from her side. “I don’t think she likes your teasing, cousin. Maybe you should either be man enough to fuck her or get out of the way for someone who will.”

“Oh, trust me, I’m man enough. And I’ll prove it to you both,” Kale answered Danté with a smile on his face, before positioning the head of his cock against Maia’s slick opening. Slowly, excruciatingly so, he inserted himself into her, centimeter by centimeter.

She bucked her hips to take more of him into her, faster, but Danté held her down with an arm while nibbling on her neck. “Unh, unh, unh. It’s his turn to have some fun.”

“Aargh” She felt like screaming again, in frustration, until finally Kale must have decided he’d had enough slow and gradual, and rammed all the way in.

“Aaah!” Maia gasped. He was big. Long, and thick enough to stretch her.

He grabbed her hips and held himself there, buried to the hilt inside her. “Oh, Danté, she’s so hot and tight. I don’t know how long I’m gonna last. She’s pulsing around me already.”

Kale pulled back, slowly. As gradually as he had begun entering her, he pulled back, and pushed back in. Slowly he moved, in and out, building up the tension in her body once again. Danté continued nibbling her neck, rubbing her chest, squeezing her nipples. She reached for him and stroked his hard penis.

He looked thicker than Kale, and just as long. The thought of taking his cock into her sent her pulse soaring even faster. Slower this time, increment by increment, Maia climbed to the top of the peak, ready to jump off.

“Oh, baby. I’m sorry, I wanted to go slowly to make it last, but I can’t. I can’t.” Quickly, Kale thrust into her once, twice, then a third time as he groaned his release, setting off yet another orgasm in her.

Kale lay panting across her body, one of Maia’s arms wrapped around him, the other holding Danté tight when she heard a slap against Kale’s ass, the shock going through to her body.

“Sorry, cousin, my turn.”

Kale smiled and kissed Maia before he slowly pulled out of her and lay at her other side.

“Cousin?” Maia asked, confused about the kiss, and finally able to concentrate on what they called each other.

“Only in name,” Kale assured her gently.

“Maia, I know you must be tired. Can you still handle me?”

Maia smiled. “Yes. Definitely.”

“Let’s make it a bit easy on you, okay? Roll over.”

Roll over? Did he want to go up her ass? She hadn’t had that in years, and the only other man to do it wasn’t nearly the size of Danté.

At the look that must have crossed her face, Danté rushed to reassure her. “No, sweetie, not anal. Not tonight, unless you want it?”

She shook her head. Not tonight. Not their first time together.

“Then just roll over and climb on to your knees, okay? Kale will climb between your arms and support you.”

She did as her lover asked, with her second lover cushioning her head against his chest. Danté climbed behind her, and tested her readiness once again.

She felt his penis resting against her as he prepared to enter her.

“You ready, Maia?”

This was going to be easier? She certainly hoped not. Hell, yeah, she was ready. She wiggled her ass in invitation.

Danté slapped an ass cheek lightly. “You little minx. You got her Kale?”

“Yes, I’ve got her.”

Maia didn’t know what she expected, maybe the same slow gradual insertion Kale had given her, but other than the first placing of his head at her opening, there was nothing slow or gentle about Danté’s possession of her.

Once positioned, he shoved his long, thick cock straight up her pussy in one quick thrust.

“Aaah,” she cried out.

“Are you okay?” Danté froze.

She tried to get her breath back, to tell him it was a cry of joy, not pain, but she couldn’t, she was breathing too hard. Instead, she nodded her head forcefully.

“Trust me, partner. If the look on her face is anything to go by, you just gave her exactly what she wants.”

“Hard and fast? Is that what you want, Maia, hard and fast?” As he waited for her to answer, he pulled out slowly, taking as long as Kale had, and then worked his way back inside just as leisurely.

She wiggled her ass again, pushing against him, but it wasn’t any use. He slapped her ass again, harder this time, and then harder still. “Tell me what you want, woman. Tell me how you want it.”

Her ass was stinging from the spanking, but it felt so damn good.

“Fuck me.”

“What? I can’t hear you.” Another tap on her ass, this one gentler.

“Fuck me, damn you. Hard and Fast. Fuck me as hard as you can.”

With that, Danté growled as he once again rammed into her pussy from behind, sending her immediately back over the edge with a gasp. Still, there he was, pushing his way in, demanding full entrance. Again and again he thrust into her, faster and harder than any lover she had ever had before. Kale held her head down against his chest, her teeth within easy reach of his nipple. She bit him as Danté thrust into her again, and had Kale arching up.

“He’s right, you are a little minx,” she heard Kale murmur before he reached his hand down to her pussy.

There wasn’t any slow buildup this time. Her body was so primed she still hadn’t come down from the last orgasm, and she needed so little additional stimulation that the instant his fingers touched her clit, flicked at her, she exploded into a million tiny pieces. Her body pulsed and pushed at the man still fucking her as she tried to take more and more of him harder and faster inside her.

It was too much for him. Her pulsating walls squeezed him tightly, only to instantly release and repeat, milking him for all she was worth. With a cry of ecstasy, Danté shot his cum into her hot, waiting canal as he came with one final thrust.

Chapter Four

Maia buried her face in the pillow as the sun hit her eyes. Stretching out, her hand hit something hard. Hard and smooth. Opening her eyes, the events from the night before suddenly came crashing back. Oh, my God. She'd really had sex with two men. Two incredibly hot, sexy and inventive men. She closed her eyes again. It wasn't a dream. It had really happened. And it had been unbelievable. All night.

And they were still here in the bed with her. What should she do? Should she try to sneak out? Run to the bathroom? Run to Dawn's room? But Dawn was sure to have company, too, if her plans last night were anything to go by.

Shit, shit, shit. She lay there on her stomach, eyes closed, without moving. Maybe if she pretended to be asleep, they would go away.

Yeah, right, like that was likely to happen.

A light touch on the back of her thigh made her jump. A warm, smooth hand rubbed its way up her thigh to her ass, massaging all the way. Rubbing gently, it strayed up to the curve of her lower back, on to her shoulder blades.

From the other side of her body she was conscious of an arm across her shoulders, pinning her down. Damn. Who was moving? Who was sleeping? Could she convince the one that was awake to let her up?

If it was Kale, possibly. If it was Danté, not a chance. Did she dare turn her head and take a peek? The nibble at her shoulder decided it for her. *Best to just lay here and take it.*

She smiled. *Oh, yeah, that would be such a tragedy.* She'd have to force herself to just take it.

The mouth worked its way past her arm, back down to the small of her back, where he kissed and licked her. A hand kneaded her ass cheeks. She felt him readjust his body between her knees as he continued laving attention on her backside from hip to hip. A quick nip on her left hip left her breathing a bit too hard and her body creaming between the legs. *Calm down, Maia, or he'll know you're awake.*

How long would he continue to make love to her while he thought she was asleep? Would he stop? Did she want him to stop?

The mouth moved down, past her hips, down to her ass. Hands kneaded her, lips kissed her, a tongue licked her. Her pussy leaked fluids with every touch. Her entire body throbbed with need by the time he moved down to where her thighs met her ass cheeks. More nibbles there.

"Aaah!" She couldn't be quiet any longer as his tongue delved into her pussy from behind, licking her in one deep stroke.

She turned her head to look into the bright blue eyes of her black-haired lover.

Danté smiled. "We wondered how long you would lay there without response. You lasted longer than I expected."

Kale, between her legs, took that moment to insert a couple of fingers inside of her and nip at her ass once again.

“Aaah.” Again, it was all she could say for a moment as he pumped into her. Suddenly, he pulled out. Bereft, Maia didn’t even have a chance to complain before he draped himself over her and thrust his long, hard shaft into her.

Her body arched back, and Kale pulled her back toward him, allowing Danté just enough space to move his hand to a breast and squeeze. He reached for a soul searing kiss from her, before saying, “Good morning, *carimta*.”

Maia debated answering him, but Kale had picked up the pace already. Her body was responding to him faster than possible, her orgasm building almost instantly. Danté’s eyes met hers as with one final push, Kale sent her over the edge, collapsing on top of her with a groan as he finished, too.

He kissed her neck, her shoulders, everywhere he could reach. “Oh, darling, you’re incredible.”

Maia gave a shaky laugh as Kale pulled out of her and rolled over. “Good morning to you, too.”

Kale grinned widely. “Oh, trust me, it’s a very good morning.”

“Breakfast will be here shortly. Would you like to bathe first?” Danté asked her, brushing hair away from her face.

“Um, yeah, I think I would.”

“The bathwater is already drawn, and should be just the right temperature by now.”

Maia raised her eyebrows at that. Danté had already gotten up and drawn her bathwater? Interesting. Although she’d been planning on a shower, a bath might help with the aches she was sure to experience from the previous night.

Ever the gentleman, Danté placed a gentle kiss on her lips as he extricated himself from her and allowed her to sit up.

“I think I’ll just stay here for a couple minutes,” Kale said from his space on the bed, sounding exhausted.

Maia smiled and accepted Danté's hand. He pulled her up and off the bed. Once again, he kissed her and then pushed her toward the bathroom. Maia sighed. She was afraid he would try to follow her, and after their night of sex, she had things to do that she'd prefer privacy for.

Easing herself into the hot bubble bath a few minutes later, Maia was extremely grateful for Danté's consideration. The bath was the perfect temperature to soak and think for a while.

Last night. What the hell had overcome her? She had never acted so wanton with even one man, let alone two. And she didn't feel the least bit guilty about it, either. Instead, she remembered something Colleen had once told her. "When I met the guys, there was something about them that just called to me. They pulled me out of myself and into a world that was so full of sensuality and love that I had no choice but to be with them. I realized my life would be stale and empty without them in it, and that wasn't something I wanted."

Maia had experienced much the same thing with her two men last night. No one had made any promises or set expectations, but she was okay with that. She didn't know where they were from, or anything other than the fact they worked at the resort -- or at least one of them did. And she was okay with that, too. If it was only last night, or if it lasted her entire two-week stay, she was perfectly okay with it either way.

Eyes closed, and leaning back against the cushioned neck rest, she wasn't aware that one of the men approached her until he started to climb into the tub with her.

Snapping her eyes open, she watched Danté, in all his glorious nudity sink down into the bubbles. Danté was the only one that hadn't had any, um, fun that morning.

The same thought must have been going through his head, because his eyes lit up with intent as he looked at her. Moving, he tugged her toward him, and squeezed in behind her so

she was leaning against him instead of the back of the bathtub. Maia could definitely see the benefits to making the tubs so large at the resort.

“Mmm.”

“Have you ever been bathed before, Maia?”

“Unh, unh.” She was so relaxed she couldn’t even form words.

“Well, then, this will be an experience for you.” As he spoke, he reached for a soft sea sponge and one of the scented gels. Jasmine. Her favorite scent.

After applying soap to the sponge, he gently washed her shoulders, rubbing carefully, working his way down her body. He reached around to her breasts, skimming her once again erect nipples as he lathered them.

Despite the loving they had received all night, her breasts ached for the attention, nipples perking up and twitching with each swipe of the sponge. He lathered her arms all the way down to her hands, taking particular care with each individual finger, then back up her arms, down her chest to her stomach.

“Bend your legs.”

Maia did as ordered, and with Danté’s long arms he was able to scrub her entire body. All but the part of her that ached for his touch once again.

Finally, he reached down between her legs and brushed the soft sponge against her engorged clit. Her hips bucked up against his touch.

An arm held her around the waist as he whispered, “Easy, sweetheart. Take it slow.”

Slow? Was he nuts? After last night, and this morning, her body was so pumped and primed for action, slow was no longer part of her vocabulary.

Torture. That’s what it was, he was trying to torture her into submission. Whatever he wanted, she would gladly give him. She whimpered.

Finally, his hand touched her. His fingers slid smoothly into her as his thumb teased her clit. She moaned as he moved in and out, slowly, gradually bringing her to yet another orgasm.

This one, however, was different. The incremental, gentle build up opened into the most relaxing, calming orgasm she had ever had, leaving her body limp with contentment.

“What about you?” she asked quietly, nearly asleep as she leaned back against his chest.

He kissed her gently behind the ear. “That was plenty for me.” His arms tightened around her before pushing her up to stand. “Besides, I like to take showers in the morning.”

He climbed out of the tub and reached for an oversized towel, holding it open for her to walk into. She did, and let him wrap her in it before he kissed her once again and headed to the shower stall.

Maia grinned. Suddenly the overabundance of showerheads made much more sense to her. Dropping the towel, she followed Danté into the overly large glass enclosure.

“Maia, breakfast is getting cold.”

“Let it. I see what I want to eat right here in front of me.”

His body was glistening from the water beating down on him, each muscle and curve enhanced with trickles of water. She had never seen anything so beautiful.

Last night, the men hadn’t given her much of a chance to touch anything; they had been in control. Now, it was her turn.

She reached for the sandalwood scented soap and rubbed it between her hands. No cloth was going to get between her and this man.

She started with his chest. His glorious, hard, smooth chest. She rubbed it down, feeling every inch as she lathered him. He was so hard, she felt as though he were living, breathing stone. His arms were next, and then around to his back. Her hands worked their way down to his hips, to his nice, taut ass cheeks. She couldn’t help herself, she needed to bend down and take a nibble.

“Maia.” His voice had the distinct sound of warning in it, and she smiled as she continued to soap his legs. Finally, as he had done to her, she had only one place left to go.

She turned him around to face her, or rather, so she could face what she wanted. She couldn’t resist -- her hands, now free of soapsuds, went up to cup his thick member. She’d read the description “hard as steel encased in silk” in all her romances and had never really understood it until today.

He was glorious. Hard and stiff, but yet so soft and smooth. She ran her hands down the shaft, one hand going further to cup his balls. Licking her lips, she raised up on her knees to take him into her mouth. She drew him in slowly, savoring each inch.

“Maia.” This time it wasn’t a warning, it was a plea, as his hands twisted in her hair.

He tasted divine. All male and hot water, all traces of their earlier activities cleansed off of him. She could feast on him for hours but knew he wouldn’t be able to last long.

She pulled back from him, letting her tongue play alongside the running water, lapping it off of him, teasing him, licking the underside of his cock from base to the tip, then the top of him back down to the base.

She kneaded his balls gently as her other hand ringed as much of him as she could around the base.

Finally done teasing, she once again opened her mouth. This time she engulfed him as far as she could in one fell swoop. His groan was all she needed to encourage her further.

She sucked him and stroked him, gently at first, then harder and faster as his hands tightened in her hair.

“Oh, gods above, Maia, I’m gonna come. Stop.”

Maia ignored him. She wanted him to come. She wanted to taste him as he had tasted her. She drew her mouth tighter as she sucked him harder, urging him on.

With one last “Maia!” he shot his load into her mouth, straight down her throat. She swallowed him eagerly, gulping all he had to offer.

Once he quit shaking, he pulled her up to face him. “You didn’t have to do that.”

“I wanted to.”

“There was no need. I was fine.”

“Danté. Shut up.” She kissed him quickly on the lips and left him standing under the pelting water.

Chapter Five

Maia walked along the beach, alone, for the first time in what seemed like forever. Danté and Kale had been with her almost every minute of every day since the first night she'd arrived at the resort. They had loved her until she couldn't handle any more. And she'd reveled in it. But she needed some down time. She had only gotten this time away from them by telling them she and Dawn wanted some alone time together.

And they had. But after a while, Maia had begged off from Dawn, too.

It wasn't as though the guys were suffocating her. Far from it. They gave her time away, but it seemed one of them was always within shouting distance. And it was because they wanted to be with her. They seemed to enjoy being with her. And she enjoyed being with them.

But there was something going on below the surface and Maia wasn't sure what it was. She had to be honest with herself. A couple times they had both acted like they wanted to talk, like there was something they needed to tell her, and she'd avoided it. She always managed to change the subject. Whether by suggesting they go shopping, or dancing, or by starting another marathon round of sex, she was the one that always changed the subject.

But she was leaving in a couple days and needed to think.

Maia sat down on her favorite part of the beach, next to an old dock that framed some ruins further down the shore. She found the spot relaxing and a place where it was easy to think.

No one had talked about their future. If there even was one. They'd told her of their lives growing up in a small town isolated from others. Talked about their families, their mothers, their fathers, just about everything Maia wanted to know about them.

Oh, she knew they were hiding something from her. They were obviously bi, but with a hetero preference. They never touched each other in a sexual manner like they did her, but they never flinched away from each other, either. They really were two men that were perfectly content to share one woman.

But for how long?

Maia thought about Colleen and how she managed to live with two men. They had been together for over fifteen years and still acted like newlyweds. There was a bond there between the three of them that Maia had never experienced or seen with anyone else before. At least not until now.

She felt that same kind of bond with Danté and Kale. But did they feel it? And if they did, what kind of future did they have? She couldn't go back to small-town America with two men in tow and teach.

Small-town America? She snorted. Boston wasn't exactly small town, but still. Although it wasn't like she lived in the same suburb she taught in. There wasn't any reason to think anyone would ever know. Look at Colleen. The only ones who knew about her living arrangements were people she trusted and who were comfortable with her lifestyle choice.

Of course, that was assuming Danté and Kale wanted the same thing she did. And that they were willing to move to Boston with her. Who would want to leave a place like this? Would they want her to stay here? Could she?

Maia sighed as she sat on the sand. Whatever the outcome, she needed to talk with them. Regardless of what she wanted, the time had come.

It didn't take them long to find her. She hadn't expected it would.

Her body reacted to the site of them the way it always did. Blood rushed to her skin, flushing her with a healthy glow, as her pussy moistened in preparation for whatever they had planned for her. Her heart longed to have them here, beside her, and sped up with the thought they soon would be.

What did come as a surprise was that neither of them was smiling.

"Are you ready to talk now?" Danté asked as he sat down beside her.

"How'd you guess?" She gave him a half smile as Kale sat down behind her, wrapping his legs around her waist and his arms around her chest.

Danté frowned at Kale, before continuing. "We have some things we need to tell you. Things you're going to find difficult to believe."

"We aren't from around here, Maia."

Maia laughed at Kale's understatement. "I think I could figure that out with your middle America accents, Kale. You sure as hell don't sound like you're from the Caribbean. Anyway, you told me that already."

"No, not just that, Maia." Danté's frown grew as she looked back at Kale again. "Kale, let her go. You know the rules."

Kale sighed, giving her one last squeeze and a kiss on the top of her head before moving to sit beside her.

"Rules? What rules?"

"We aren't from America, either, Maia." Kale reached out to her, but dropped his hand, as though afraid of another reprimand from Danté.

"Okay, so where are you guys from? What are you trying to tell me?"

“Maia, we love you. And we want to spend the rest of our lives with you.”

Maia felt her heart grow ten-fold with Danté’s pronouncement. They loved her? Both of them? She turned to Kale for his input.

“Yes, both of us.”

“But there are things you need to know about us before we ask you to agree to accept us.”

“Okay, I can understand that. After all, we’ve known each other for less than two weeks.”

“No, Maia. We’re not talking about whether we put the seat down, or if we leave our socks lying around the living room floor.” Danté shook his head.

“We’re talking about important, life-altering matters.” Even Kale looked serious. More serious than she had ever seen him.

“You guys are starting to scare me here.” She hadn’t seen them this intense the entire time she’d known them, except for when they were making love. “Are you trying to tell me you’re mass murderers wanted in the States or something?”

Kale snorted. “Nothing that simple.”

Maia didn’t like the way the conversation was going and scooted back a little so she wasn’t between the two of them. This way she could see them both without feeling like she was watching a tennis match.

And so I can get away a bit easier. She squashed the sudden fearful, irrational voice in her head. They hadn’t done anything to her in all this time, and they’d been in more secluded spots. They weren’t about to hurt her now.

Danté trapped her gaze with his. “There’s no simple way to say this, Maia. We aren’t from this planet. We’re from another galaxy.”

Maia laughed. She'd thought they were being serious. "Right, another galaxy far, far away. Is your best friend a Wookie, too? I would expect something like that from Kale, but not from you, Danté."

Neither of them laughed with her. They just looked at her.

"He's serious, Maia. We're from another world."

"That's impossible."

"Our planet's name is Ardra, and it's light-years away from here."

Maia shook her head, still laughing but willing to play along. Maybe it was some kind of role-playing game they wanted to try out. "There's no proof aliens exist. And if they did, they wouldn't look anything like humans."

"I'm not going to get into a scientific or religious discussion with you right now, Maia, but we do exist, and we do look exactly like humans."

"Yeah, right, and you have the perfect thing to fit into my hot, wet pussy, don't you?" Maia smiled seductively.

"She's not getting it, cuz. She thinks it's a game."

"Dammit, I didn't want to do this to her."

"Looks like we have no choice."

Maia stared at the two of them. What the hell were they talking about? Hadn't they just been getting ready to have some fun?

The two of them reached out to her and grabbed her arms. The next thing she knew, she was standing at the end of the dock, fifty feet out from the shore.

"What the hell?"

The men let go of her so she could turn around and look at where she was.

"We told you, Maia, but you wouldn't believe us."

Maia wanted to still think it was some kind of joke. Some kind of trickery. But she knew it hadn't been. She had been on the beach ten seconds ago and now she was on the dock, nearly fifty feet away.

She started to sway, and they both put their hands out to steady her.

"No. Don't touch me." She knew it sounded harsh, but she needed the space right now. "This can't be real."

"Think about it, Maia. How are we able to do the things we've done? Our little island here? All the extras? The unexplainable things?"

"Electronics, remote controls, good planning." Maia's voice sounded weak even to her own ears. She'd seen some incredible things the past twelve days. Tubs that seemed to fill themselves and always be exactly the right temperature. Favorite foods that tasted exactly as she remembered them from restaurants or vacations she'd had years ago, her clothes delivered dry cleaned and pressed minutes after she put them out the door. Everything where she wanted it, when she wanted it, never waiting for anything.

Even her suitcase being emptied and clothes put away, all before she'd gotten to her room. They'd gone by the airport a couple times, and there was no shortcut; it was on the other side of the island. The road Brant had taken them on was the only way to the airport and back.

Hell, even their ability to anticipate her every desire and react to each other's movements as though they knew what the other was thinking wasn't normal.

"Maia, you know it was more than that. Open your eyes and see. Remember the first night we were together. How do you think we got to your room?"

"I fainted, you carried me."

Danté didn't say anything, he just looked at her. As though waiting for something.

Maia looked down. She did know it was more than that. She'd seen things she'd chosen to ignore. She hadn't been out that long. Could they be serious? Could aliens really exist?

Which was more plausible? That or else the disappearing trays, appearing clothes, the almost magical ability of everyone that worked at the resort were just her imagination working over time.

“That’s why...the first --”

“The first time we touched. Your mind was transported to our home world. Through our memories. And our hopes.”

“Then why hasn’t it happened since?”

Kale shook his head. “It’s a sign for us that we have found a potential mate. We can’t control it the first few times we touch. Once we claim her, we regain the ability to control it once again.”

“Claim her? Me?”

“Decide we want you, acknowledge our mutual desire, if you will.” They definitely desired her, there was no denying that. And she desired and wanted -- no -- needed them.

“Then there really is a world with two moons?”

“Yes, and it’s quite beautiful,” Danté assured her softly.

“So why are you telling me all this?”

“We don’t have many women born to our race. For the last hundred years or so, we have been finding mates here on Earth. Some of us stay here, some go back to our home world.”

“And what if you don’t find a mate?”

“Same choice. Many opt to stay here in the hopes of finding the one woman for them. Others opt to return home to friends and family.”

“And you guys aren’t really cousins?”

Kale shook his head. “Not in your terms. We consider all people of Ardra cousins. As we told you before, Danté and I grew up together, and have always been the best of friends.”

“So where does that leave us?” Maia knew she shouldn’t believe them. They had to be crazy. There had to be another explanation for what had just happened. But deep down she knew they weren’t crazy, and there wasn’t another explanation.

A memory of something Colleen once said filtered through her mind. She’d mentioned her men not being from around Boston, and that they only saw family every few years. That they’d all searched a long time to find each other.

“Colleen’s husbands?”

“From our world as well.” Kale nodded. “And yes, Colleen knows. It’s why she sent you to us.”

Maia barked a laugh. “I couldn’t find any humans to love me, so she thought I’d have better luck with aliens?”

Kale winced. Danté raised an eyebrow. “She said she thought you deserved some happiness in your life, and felt that maybe you could find it here with someone.”

Maia knew her outburst was unfair. To them and to herself. They had done nothing but desire and love her. Make her feel complete. “Do all of you live in triads?”

“No, some are couples, some are in foursomes. We have no rules on our world about how love is supposed to be.”

Was it possible? Could both of these men really love her? She’d already come to the realization that she was in love with them, and not just a holiday fling kind of love. The kind that made her feel desolate without them. But was she willing to believe they loved her the same way?

Please let it be so. Let it really be true that they want me. That they love me. She could accept that they were aliens, given everything she had seen, it wasn’t too difficult. But did they truly love her, for herself?

“Why tell me? What if I don’t believe you, or I threaten to tell the world about you?”

Danté took a step closer to her, to rub the back of his hand against her arm. “You need to know what you’re getting into before you make any life altering decisions. We wouldn’t be worth your love if we held something this important back from you.”

“And if I still say no?”

“There are ways to erase what we’ve told you from your memory. Like Dawn, you will go home remembering you had the time of your life, and little else.” The hurt in Danté’s eyes was visible even to her.

Did she want that? Did she want to go home and not remember them? No, it would kill her. She’d always feel as though something were missing from her heart. The big piece that they had filled for her with their love. She knew she could never live without them again, no matter where they were from, or why they had come.

“One thing I don’t understand, though. You said you come to Earth to look for women. But why? You’re obviously comfortable with each other sexually. You don’t need a woman.”

“But we do. We both want to have children.”

“No.” Maia felt all her dreams crash in an avalanche of pain and despair. To have the love of such wonderful men dangled in front of her, only to have it pulled away like some cruel joke. It wasn’t fair.

She backed away, out of their reach and shook her head. “No. Sorry.” Tears streamed down her face as she ran off the dock and down the beach. Away from them. Away from her almost chance at happiness.

Maia let herself into her room with a sigh of relief. Setting the “Do Not Disturb” signal on the keypad, she stripped as she walked to the bathroom, tossing her clothes onto the floor, tears coursing down her face. The pain in her heart was unbearable. To be promised such love, only to have it cruelly ripped away, was too much. She couldn’t handle it right now.

She knew she owed them an explanation, but that would have to come later. After she came to terms with what she had lost.

She walked to the shower, no longer fazed by the way it knew she was approaching and set the water at the perfect temperature for her body. And when she ordered it to go hotter, it increased the temperature by five degrees.

She closed her eyes and let the water wash over her as she cried loud, heart wrenching sobs.

The arms that came around her and pulled her against a hard chest were almost a relief. She didn't know what to say to them, but knowing they were with her again, at least until she told them the truth, made the pain bearable.

"Shh, *carimta*, stop crying. There's no need for tears." Danté brushed the hair from her face as she sank back into Kale's arms.

"Yes," *hiccup*, "there," *hiccup*, "is."

"Darling, whatever it is, we can make it better. Please, you're breaking our hearts. Tell us what's hurting you so much. Is it us? Do you want us to leave?" Kale held onto her tightly, not loosening his hold even with his offer.

"No, no. It's not you." Maia grabbed his arm and pulled it tighter around her. Her eyes rose up and met Danté's. "It's me. I can't be -- give you what you want."

"And what do you think that is?" His hand stroked her face with love.

It was time. After she told them, they'd leave her, just like Bill had. "I can't be the mother of your children. I can't have babies."

Danté smiled. "Who told you that?"

"The doctors. All of them. Even Colleen knows it."

"And if she thought that would be a problem, do you think she still would have sent you to us?"

"No, but you said yourself you wanted children."

“We do, *carimta*. And if you want them, we want them to be yours.”

“But I just told you, I can’t. I can’t get pregnant.”

“You can’t get pregnant by a human, darling. No one ever said anything about not getting pregnant by one of us.”

A faint sense of hope, a tiny seed, started to grow in her chest.

“What do you mean?”

“We have an advantage. Certain difficulties that women have can be overcome by us.”

“But then why don’t you let everyone know about it?”

“Because it takes the energy of very specific individuals to make it happen.”

Maia shook her head. “I don’t understand.”

“Getting pregnant with us is slightly different than with a normal human, darling. We perform a ritual of sorts. One that brings the fertility energy of our world into our bodies.”

“You’re not making any sense.”

“We are different in some very important ways from humans. None of us are fertile until we perform this ritual. Historically, our people used to pray to our god and goddess for children. Even though we now understand the science behind it, we still call it a ritual.”

Even upset as she was, Maia was conscious that Danté had shut the water off and was drying her as he spoke. He seemed to be taking an awful long time to explain the situation. She shook her head again, more confused than ever.

Danté sighed. “Pregnancy is never gone into blithely on our planet. It is contemplated carefully. It is a deliberate choice on the behalf of the parents.

“We have a core of energy inside our bodies. The same energy that enables us to transmit emotions and thoughts or to transport ourselves across short distances. That energy is shared between us when we desire to have children. It is how three or four of us can share in the creation of one child.”

“But I’m human. I don’t have this core of energy.” Maia followed Danté as he pulled her out of the bathroom to sit on the side of the bed.

“It’s worked with human women before, Maia. There’s no reason it shouldn’t work with you.” Kale knelt at her feet, holding her hands in his.

“Did those women have difficulty conceiving with humans, too?”

“Some of them, yes.”

Danté took hold of her head and turned it to him. “Honey, it doesn’t matter if it doesn’t work. We love you, and want to spend the rest of our lives with you. With or without children.”

“But you want them.”

“Then we adopt. Or not.” Kale squeezed her hand held firmly in his. “What matters is that we have you. That we, the three of us, are together.”

“Will that be enough? You came to Earth for a woman who can give you children.”

“We came to Earth to find our other half. In you, we found that. Children would be nice, yes, but they’re not required.”

“We love you, Maia. Regardless of anything else. We love *you!*”

“The question is, are we enough for you?”

Maia sat there as she contemplated the question. Before coming here, she’d had no one but herself. Now she was between two men, one kneeling at her feet, the other wrapped around her body, tenderly holding her. Both comforting, caring, loving *her*. Did she love them? Could she love two men at once?

In answer, she reached out for Danté, placing her hand on his cheek as she looked down to Kale and back up at Danté. “Yes. You are both exactly what I need. Today and forever. Please, be mine.”

Danté took her lips in a searing kiss. Vowing without words what she needed.

As they parted, Kale rose up to stake his own claim on her as he promised, “Always.”

The heat built almost immediately. Kale thrust his tongue into her mouth. He tasted of hot sex. Suddenly, she wanted them inside her, both of them, now, hot and hard.

“Oh, gods, Maia, I need you. Now.” Kale tore his mouth away to rasp out his demand.

“Yes, please. Now,” her response was breathy and quick. She wanted them. She needed them.

Danté lifted her and placed her in the middle of the oversized bed. He quickly took her lips in a possessive kiss. Kale was with them instantly, his hand around her waist, holding her tight as he nuzzled his face in her breasts with a sigh.

“I want you both, together.”

“We are here, *carimta*, together with you, always.”

“No. Right now. At the same time.”

Danté leaned back. “Are you sure?” They hadn’t done anal yet, and they both were rather large men.

“Yes. The lube is in the drawer.”

Kale moved back with a smile, reaching for the bedside table. After all, they both worked here, they knew that the resort had the place well stocked for any sexual pleasure their guests could ever want.

As Kale moved to get the lube, Danté worked on Maia. He kissed her gently on her lips before running a trail down her body, to her breasts. He stopped there and tugged one nipple into his mouth; the other he caressed until Kale knocked his hand away.

Maia lay there, one man at each breast, sending shivers throughout her entire body. She held their heads in her hands, running her fingers through their still damp hair. A perfect pair, all for her.

Both stroked a hand down her body, reaching her pussy at the same time. One hand played at her entrance, the other teased her clit with a light touch.

Maia arched into them. She writhed as they made love to her with their hands and mouths. The hands grew firmer, one pushing its way into her, three fingers probing her canal, the second hand moved away as the first took over strumming her clit, thumb flicking at it and pressing hard. Maia moaned as Danté let go of her breast with a popping sound.

He smiled up at her before shifting his body to lie between her legs, his hand never losing its place in her pussy. His tongue stroked her clit as he took it in his mouth, sucking on it as he thrust his fingers into her, fucking her again and again.

Maia felt her first orgasm build quickly. She knew her men wanted to make sure she was ready for them, but she also knew they enjoyed the foreplay as much as she did. When the climax hit her, it was strong, arching her off the bed as sparks shot through her body.

Kale nibbled on her shoulder as she shook, slowly pushing her onto her side. Danté rolled with her as Kale nipped his way down her back to her ass. He ran a finger up and down the crack of her ass, waiting for her to relax once again.

She felt a wet sensation at her anal opening and realized Kale had placed some lube on his finger. He pressed against her gently, easing his finger in to the top knuckle.

Danté twitched his fingers, curling them inside of her in a “come here” motion. She gasped and jerked, sucking Kale’s finger further in with her movement.

“Easy, darling. I want this to be smooth for you. You said you haven’t done this in a long time.” Kale ran his free hand down her ass cheek.

“Yesss,” Maia hissed, enjoying the pressure in her ass.

A second finger joined the first, and Kale started pumping her as Danté continued working at her pussy. Kale scissored his fingers, stretching her out, readying her to accept him.

“I think you might be ready for me, darling.” He pulled his fingers out slowly, and immediately Maia missed them. He moved up to whisper in her ear, but she was certain

Danté heard him. “I’m gonna let Danté fuck your pretty little pussy while I take your beautiful round ass. He’s a little wider than I am, so let’s take it a bit easy the first time.”

Maia nodded her head, just aware enough to be grateful that he had thought of that. Danté gave her clit one last lick before moving back up the bed. He rolled on his back and pulled her on top of him.

She brushed his long, black hair back from his face and leaned down to kiss him. She leaned back and ran her eyes over his face. She still couldn’t believe he was hers. That both of them were hers. Forever. How had she gotten so lucky?

A thrust of his hips made her realize she had been lost in thought as she saw his twisted grin.

“Hey, she’s enraptured by my beauty.”

A snort came from Kale, behind her. “Yeah, right. More like she can’t believe she has just agreed to spend the rest of her life with someone as ugly as you.”

Maia smiled. Life with the two of them would never be dull. She turned to kiss Kale. As she was twisted, Danté lifted her and placed her over his cock. She gasped into Kale’s mouth at the sensation of Danté piercing her.

She turned back to see a self-satisfied grin on his face. “I didn’t want to wait any longer.” Danté’s impatience made her smile, and Kale chuckled.

Shaking her head, Maia braced herself on Danté’s chest and rose up, feeling his cock slide against her walls as she pulled him out almost to the tip before slamming back down onto him.

His hold on her hips tightened as he moaned with her every move. She rode him for a few minutes, before falling forward onto his chest. Kale was behind her, rubbing her ass.

“Are you sure about this, darling?” Kale played with her hole, his fingers coating it with lube inside and out. He thrust three fingers in her, stretching her once again.

“More.” She groaned against Danté’s neck. “I want more, I want it all.”

Kale slid his fingers out, and she felt the tip of his hard, thick cock against that tiny opening. Instinctively, she loosened her muscles, eager to have him inside her buried to the hilt.

She felt pressure at her rear entrance. Danté grabbed her head and kissed her deeply, distracting her from the first sensation of entry. A whimper escaped her lips at the pressure of Kale's cock in her ass.

Immediately, he stopped moving. "Maia? You okay?"

"Yes," she ground out between her teeth. "Don't stop."

"Are you sure?"

With a frustrated groan, she pushed back against him, taking more of him. "Yes, dammit!"

Danté and Kale both chuckled at her eagerness. Kale slowly pushed into her until she had taken all of him.

"Oh, gods, Maia. You feel so good."

Danté had stopped moving, allowing her to get used to the feel of both of them inside her at once.

"How's it feel, *carimta*?" Danté's eyes searched her face.

"My God. It feels so good, so full. I can feel you both, stretching me. Oh, Danté, I feel so...so complete."

She laid her head against his chest for a moment to take it all in. She couldn't describe it with words. Feeling complete was the closest she could come to describing how she felt. She felt as though parts of her that had been missing, that she didn't even know about, were now filled. Tears leaked out of her eyes.

Danté lifted her head. "*Carimta*?" Concern was evident on his face. He glanced back at Kale. She felt Kale pull back.

“No!” She practically yelled it. Then softer. “No. I’m all right. I feel wonderful. I can’t explain it. Please, I need this.

“Kale.” She glanced back and smiled at her lover. “Please, love, I do want this. Don’t stop.”

Something must have convinced them she was serious, because Kale moved forward, seating himself in her anus once again, and Danté pulled her close as he thrust his length into her pussy.

They moved, slowly at first, and then picking up speed. One in, one out. Rubbing against her inner walls. She felt them against each other with only her thin interior barrier between them. Each movement rubbed against her nerve endings, sending her climbing higher and higher.

Maia urged them on, moaning, screaming, whimpering in delight as they grunted and groaned their own pleasure. Maia felt her orgasm building, knew it was going to be unlike anything she had ever felt before. Nothing could compare to this. To her two men loving her like this.

“Yes! Yes! I’m coming!” It was all she could get out. Her body tensed around both thick cocks, twitching furiously as her world exploded into ecstasy. Both men screamed her name as they, too, came at the same instant, shooting their cum into her body, sharing all they had to give.

Maia’s consciousness was ripped to another place as they came together. She felt the light patter of drizzling rain on her skin and realized she was once again on Ardra. Kale and Danté stood beside her as they looked out onto the sun setting into the ocean. Voices came from the darkness behind, singing and humming a tune of joy and acceptance. A sense of belonging and welcoming engulfed her, leaving her more content than ever in her life.

Just as suddenly, she was back on Earth, her two men surrounding her. She stayed conscious only long enough to see the tears on Danté’s face before she blacked out.

She woke cuddled in both their arms, one on either side of her. Holding her tight.

"Does one of you want to tell me what the hell that was?"

"That was completion," Kale murmured contentedly against her shoulder.

"Excuse me?"

"It's something we've heard about, but never experienced. It happens when we've found the one we are meant to spend our lives with. When all involved love and accept fully, then, and only then, does one experience complete fulfillment. We call it completion."

"And neither of you thought to warn me about this?"

"We didn't know. We'd all three been together and hadn't experienced this before. We both just assumed the feelings we had were what people had meant."

"No, Kale, we've never had her at the same time before," Danté pointed out.

"That's not true. We've all been together before." Maia shook her head.

"Yeah, but maybe one of us in your mouth doesn't count?"

"I don't think it was that, Danté. I think it was the fact we've finally told all there is to tell, there are no more secrets or fears. Everything is in the open."

"I was on Ardra."

"Yes, that stretch of beach is a sacred area for us. One where many of us celebrate our unions."

"So you were there, too?"

The men looked at each other before nodding. "Yes."

Maia shook her head. "Even before that, though, there was something else. It was..." She was at a loss for words. "It was more, somehow. Every nerve ending was alive, and I felt as though the three of us were truly one."

Danté nodded his head. “It’s something akin to the energy sharing a grouping experiences when they go through the fertility ritual. A blending of selves so that none is ever truly alone again.”

“And to think, the fertility ritual is supposed to be even more intense.” Kale snickered.

“More intense than that? I don’t think I can survive it.”

All three chuckled in a satisfied tone.

“Now *that* won’t happen again, will it?”

“I don’t think so. Kale?”

“No, not as far as I know. At least not the mystical part of it. The rest, I certainly hope so.”

“Oh, most definitely, you have my word on it.” Maia cuddled deeper into their arms. “Anything else you two have to tell me before I fall asleep?”

Danté kissed the top of her head. “Just that I love you with all my heart, *carimta*. And I will never let you go.”

Kale kissed her on the shoulder as sleep tried to overtake her. “I, too, love you with all my soul, and vow to always be there for you.”

“Mmm,” she murmured as she fell asleep, contented. “I love you.”

 THE END 

Tina Bondoni

Tina Bondoni has been writing as long as she can remember. From a play in 4th grade, to the more adult books she now writes, stories have always been part of her life. Ideas hit her in the strangest places, and she tries to keep a piece of paper and pen handy with her wherever she goes. She was raised in Massachusetts, went to college in Wisconsin, and now lives in rural Missouri with her very supportive husband and very demanding cat.