

PHAZE
HEAT SHEET



LEIGH ELLWOOD
Double Dare

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A novella of erotic romance by

Leigh Ellwood

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One

Las Vegas

The bride wore sequins, as she had once threatened. Cal Briscoe, as best man, opted for more sober attire, choosing an outfit similar to the groom's—black slacks and matching jacket, long-sleeved white shirt, no tie. Earlier, while getting ready for Brady Garriston's wedding, Brady joked to his best friend that he didn't want anything binding him...the wedding ceremony would take care of that.

Ellie Shaw had been checking the hem of her sleeveless white minidress as he said that and punished Brady with a jab to the shoulder, her miniature bouquet clutched in her tight fist. Paper petals fluttered to the asphalt. "I'll show you *bound*," she warned, her anger betrayed by the wide smile on her face.

"You better," Brady growled back and winked at Cal. In their suits, they might have resembled morticians on call if not for the silly grins on their faces. Their dark colors stood out among the gaudy, neon exterior décor of the 24-hour wedding chapel sandwiched in the Strip between two casinos. The small wedding party, fueled by a few pre-nuptial martinis, had laughed uproariously at the chapel's neon sign depicting two flamingos wearing a top hat and veil respectively, their necks intertwined into the shape of a heart.

"There's a picture for Mom's scrapbook," Ellie said wryly.

Cal smiled as his best friend drew Ellie into a light embrace and guided her into the building. To think, a few months ago his stomach had turned at the thought of witnessing this event, watching his only chance with Ellie disappear with the exchange of vows and rings. He had loved Ellie, or thought he had, but came to realize what he had felt before was nothing more than infatuation. Love was what existed between Brady and Ellie.

Now, Cal wished only the best for his friends. He had love of his own.

He turned toward the parking lot, eyeing appreciatively the voluptuous figure approaching him: the woman who now held his heart in her hands. "You coming?"

Sue Carmichael wobbled toward him on an unsteady heel, bathed in the bright pink light of the chapel's sign. As she walked she tugged on the faulty shoe, trying to right her gait, and looked straight at him with a devilish grin. "You realize that's a loaded question," she said. One last awkward step had her tumbling into his arms with a wild cackle, and Cal responded in kind.

"Well, are you?" he asked, his voice husky.

"Soon, I hope." Sue winked.

"You have *got* to stop drinking," he teased. "When are you going to learn that you can't hold your liquor?"

"I can so hold my lick," Sue giggled, "by his ears."

"Funny. Save it for Amateur Night at the Tropicana Lounge, eh?" Cal kissed the tip of her nose and walked backwards into the chapel, Sue wrapped around him. He was about ready to come himself with the way her body was pressed against his, and looking down at those sumptuous breasts about to spill from her scoop-necked dress did little to assuage his desires.

He patted his jacket pocket for the ring boxes. "Hold that thought," he told her.

Sue brushed a hand against his hardening cock. "You know, you're right. I'd rather hold this than hold my liquor," she said.

Cal groaned at the contact and was sorely tempted to let Sue continue, but it wouldn't do for the best man to have a huge cum stain soiling his pants. Never mind that photo-editing software might take out the mark in the official wedding portrait, it wouldn't erase his embarrassment. Not only that, Ellie would never let him hear the end of it, and she would crow forever about how right she was about setting up the two of them in the first place.

Let her gloat, Cal thought with a more intense kiss on Sue's parted lips. Ellie had been right, after all.

The bride and groom were waiting in the main sanctuary before a podium draped in white and pink bunting. The room was compact and painted in bright pastels, with a few empty folding chairs offered for witnesses. It was a calmer environment than the outside sign advertised, Cal noticed, but as long as everything was legal, he doubted Brady and Ellie would care. Ellie didn't even seem disappointed when the presiding official emerged from his office in horn-rimmed glasses and a dark blue Seersucker suit, looking absolutely nothing like Elvis. More like Elvis's accountant, perhaps. Ellie's attention was focused elsewhere to care, Cal noticed.

The best man and maid of honor reluctantly separated and took their places. After a mercifully short ceremony, Brady and Ellie were pronounced man and wife. The minister had barely congratulated them when a jubilant Brady scooped up his wife and devoured her in a searing kiss.

"Yes, you may now kiss the bride," quipped the staid little man as he pushed his glasses to the bridge of his nose and watched Brady slip his hand under the neck of the dress and palm Ellie's breast as if stuff like that happened in his chapel all the time.

When the two finally came up for air, they gathered Cal and Sue in a group hug. Ellie was bubbling over with joy. "Thank you so much for being here, you guys." She took Sue into a tighter embrace, crushing the bouquet between them. "You don't know how much it means to me to have you here."

Cal pumped Brady's hand. "Thank you for having us," he said, "and for paying our way."

Brady chuckled. "No, you don't get off that easy. You'll be working off all those buffets and room service charges this winter in the studio." He draped an arm around Ellie and pulled her closer. "I got a batch of new songs ready to record. I need a bass player."

"You got one." Of course, Brady had more songs written. With inspiration like Ellie, there would be no end to Brady's creativity. He would be making records until the day he died. "Just as well you have work for me in the winter," Cal said. "I should be free by then."

"Oh?" Ellie raised an eyebrow. "What're you doing until then that's so important?"

Cal stood taller and drew his own bright-eyed woman beside him. "I'll be on my honeymoon. Of course, I have to get married first."

Brady and Ellie looked at each other, then at the smiling couple intertwined before them. Sue's grin nearly touched her ears.

"And wouldn't you know it? We have a minister right here. All we need now are a couple of witnesses," she said, snatching Ellie's bouquet. "Shall we?"

Mr. and Mrs. Brady Garriston looked at each other, and smiled. "We shall," they said in unison.

Two

"We did it, guy."

Cal leaned against the stucco exterior of the chapel, flicking the dead ash from his cigarette. He hadn't seen Brady appear at his side, and turned only when he was addressed. Brady's tie was loosened now, the top buttons of his shirt undone. Relief highlighted his friend's face...or was that the glare cast from the neon flamingo lovers?

"Yep." Cal drew out the one word for a few seconds and patted his jacket pocket for his soft pack. He offered a cigarette and light, both of which Brady took. He was taken aback by the enthusiasm with which his friend thanked him. "What? It's a cigarette. You don't even smoke regularly anymore."

"I know that," Brady said. "I meant thank you for letting me witness something I thought I'd never see: your wedding. We should call Hell for the weather report, see if Hitler's ice skating down there."

"Shut up." Cal snickered, yet inside he still felt a bit numb. After decades of confirmed, debauched bachelorhood, he thought he'd never see this day either. He certainly had never *planned* it, back in the day, anyway. Now that it was here, it felt great indeed, if not a tad surreal. "The girls still inside?"

"Yeah, they'll be out in a bit. Don't see why they need to bother, 'putting on their faces.' The second I get Ellie in that limo I'm only going to mess her up again."

"Can I watch?"

"You're riding with us, like you have a choice." Brady grinned, and Cal laughed along with him. "Watch all you want, unless you plan to be busy with your lovely lady, of course."

"I plan, of course." The prospect of limo sex excited Cal. The thought of Sue spread-eagled on a bench seat as he kneeled before her, eating her pussy, caused his cock to stir in his pants. That Brady and Ellie would be mere inches away engaged in some heavy-duty lovemaking only enhanced his mood. It wouldn't be the first time Cal had an audience or dabbled in group sex, either. At the peak of Brady's career, when the two toured the world as a couple of horny bachelor musicians, both had partaken of a number of interesting sexual activities and combinations, in the most interesting of places. "Gonna be just like the good old days, but much better."

Looking at his friend's smiling face, Cal wondered if Brady was reliving a few of those memories as well. "Hey," he nudged Brady, nearly jostling the cigarette from his friend's mouth, "What's with you, reliving the good old days?"

"Planning good old days to come." Brady exhaled a ribbon of gray smoke and dropped the smoldering butt to the ground, then smashed it with his heel. His face turned suddenly serious, and Cal felt suddenly guilty. Had he said something wrong to upset Brady? Ellie was very much aware of her new husband's checkered past, and had even encouraged reenacting some of his stories with her, so Cal couldn't imagine what was bothering his friend.

He didn't have to ask, however. Brady cleared his throat, and his skin flushed. Highly unusual behavior for his normally bold friend.

"You planning to give Sue a wedding gift?" he asked Cal.

Cal shrugged. "Actually, I hadn't given it much thought. I knew I wanted to marry Sue, and when I proposed I told her we could do it any way she wanted. I figured she'd want a big wedding." He smiled at the memory of that night. He had taken her to the nicest restaurant in Sue's native, small town Dareville—actually, Dareville's *only* restaurant—and had the waiter smuggle the ring in the *crème brulee*. He had given Sue the works, got down on one knee and embarrassed them before a dozen diners, all of whom erupted with applause when Sue happily accepted.

That Sue had assured Cal that a quickie Vegas wedding would suit her surprised him as much as his proposal surprised her. And here he was now, smoking a cigarette and clutching a paper-framed Polaroid wedding snapshot, embossed with the chapel's flamingo logo. It was cheesy, yes, especially considering that Sue was a professional photographer. Certainly she could have arranged for a statelier portrait. She loved the snapshot, though. It was what she wanted. *This* was what she wanted.

And Cal wanted it, too.

Definitely, though, he would have to give Sue something special for their wedding. He wanted to ask Brady for suggestions, but his friend seemed lost in thought.

Brady shifted his weight, and bent one knee. He seemed to be mentally searching for the right words to say, and when the words finally came, Cal tried his best not to laugh out loud.

"Ellie's giving me a three-way...what?"

"Nothing." Cal held his breath for a few seconds and exhaled his laughter. "No offense, but that hardly seems like a unique gift." Like Brady, Ellie had an incredible sexual appetite, and Cal was especially aware of it, having joined the couple in threesomes before he met Sue. He wondered which of their hotel's hunky stewards managed to hit the jackpot tonight, so to speak.

"Yeah, well, this is different. Another woman this time," Brady said, and Cal nodded. Far as he knew, that had been the one border the couple had yet to cross. As for this event happening on their wedding night...most people might find the notion odd, but Cal understood. His friends were highly sexual. What would seem like an unnatural act to some was quite commonplace for the Garristons. As for the choice of date, it did make some sense. Brady could only take so much time off his current tour, and more than likely Brady had taken his time in finding the right woman, rather than pick up some groupie in a strange town.

"You know I've told you that Ellie had once expressed interest in it, being with another woman, but the one time we were about to do it she called it off. I guess she wasn't ready to be with a woman yet, and that's why I'm conceding now." Brady sighed and shifted his hips. Cal could see his friend's loose slacks tenting, and he turned away with a chuckle.

"Conceding? Guy, I'd hardly call two women at once *conceding*."

Brady shook his head. "That's not what I meant. Ellie is conceding to this, for me. Nothing would turn me on more than watching Ellie going at it with another woman. Just the thought of watching her kiss another woman, eating her pussy..."

Cal groaned. Yeah, that would be a nice sight. Beautiful, blond Ellie, naked and curved in all the right places, crouched over a faceless woman and tapping at a swollen, pink clit with her tongue. Maybe Ellie would be reaching underneath to stroke her own slick labial folds while she was doing this...

Great, now he held the image in his head of Ellie going at it with another woman. Cal felt his cock twinge when the other woman in his fantasy took on a face, Sue's.

"God, I'm getting hard right now just thinking about it," Brady continued. "I need another cigarette."

Cal stiffened. He really needed a joint to calm himself after this vision, but he didn't partake anymore. Used to be a few hits helped him get in the mood, but he didn't need any extra stimulation with Sue. This new development, however...he surmised he needed the hit to calm down.

"Shouldn't you wait until after the sex for the smoke?" Cal joked. He was close to melting in the dry, desert heat. "Anyway, she's conceding to your desires. What's *your* big sacrifice?" Cal hoped for something to supplant the erotic image in his head, but knew if what his friend said next made him even hornier, Sue wasn't going to have a chance to breathe once he got her in the limo.

"Ellie wants..." Brady paused with a sigh, smiling foolishly, "to *do me*."

"Well, there's a news flash." Cal brought his cigarette to his lips for one last drag.

"With a strap-on."

Cal paused. The cigarette smoldered in his hand, a line of ash growing as he lowered his hand. "So she wants to...ah."

"Ah," Brady echoed. He looked like a little boy next to Cal now, having committed a grave sin and awaiting his turn in the confessional.

"Why so apprehensive? You've had men before." Cal knew this, as he had been one of them.

"Not this way. Done oral, yes, and I've topped. That's it. I don't bottom." Brady leaned closer to his friend, his hands shaking slightly as he patted Cal's shoulder. He really was nervous. "I mean, I've never even considered it. What if...what if..."

"What if you like it?" Cal suggested with a smirk.

"What if *she* likes it, too much?" Panic filled Brady's eyes. "What if I don't like it and she does? What if she wants to do it every night from here on out?"

"Guy, relax." Now who needed the joint? "You're thinking too far ahead. The way you're acting, it's like Ellie's threatening to pound you with a linebacker's forearm. I'm sure it's not going to be like that. She just wants to try something to enhance your sex life, like it needs further enhancement." He laughed as Brady frowned. "And Ellie loves you, and she won't do anything to make you uncomfortable. You're not going to end up being her bitch, if that's what worries you."

"Thanks," Brady said, his voice drier than the surrounding desert. "I can't help but wonder if she wants this to get back at me for arranging the threesome so soon. Knowing her, she'd wait until the tour was over."

"Or," Cal suggested, "maybe it's something she really wants to try. It doesn't necessarily have to be about getting even. Some men like it, maybe she thinks you will do, if you give it a chance." Cal could see the apprehension in his buddy's expression, however. More than likely Brady was thinking of the experience as an exchange of power, or a lessening of his manhood. It wouldn't be the case, Cal knew. Ellie loved Brady, and wouldn't do anything to humiliate him.

Brady looked at his friend. "What about you? Would you take it up the ass from Strap-on Sue if she asked?"

"Maybe." Cal tried to sound non-committal, but his voice quaked slightly. He didn't know why, as Sue had never suggested anything out of the ordinary in bed, though Cal assured to fulfill her every fantasy. He knew she felt a bit apprehensive earlier about being seen by Brady and Ellie in the limo, but a few drinks and few more kisses dissolved some reserve.

But fucking him with a strap-on? Cal had to wonder if Sue ever considered it herself.

He extinguished his cigarette into the dirt. Perhaps that explained the apprehension he had felt in recent weeks. His past sexual experiences had been the stuff of pay-per-view television specials, whereas Sue had done so little. Could it be he was feeling guilty

that he had taken away Sue's opportunity to walk on the wild side? She might have found it in Dareville without him. If she looked hard enough, anyway.

But she married you, reasoned his inner self. *She loves you. She wouldn't be here now if there was something else she wanted.*

Cal knew that well. So why did that nagging feeling in his stomach remain?

Brady's sharp jab to his forearm woke him from his reverie.

"Girls are here. Let's move," Brady said. He had just turned but looked back to question the goofy look on Cal's face. "What?"

"You're cute when you're nervous."

"Fuck you," Brady laughed just as his cell phone chirped. Cal watched his friend take the call and guide both women toward the waiting limousine.

Cal loped behind them, hands in pockets, hoping a nickel bag had materialized. God, he needed a hit. It helped him to think, and he needed all the help he could get in giving Sue everything she wanted.

Three

"It looks so...real. Can I touch it?"

"Sure. Take it, hold it. Twirl it like a baton if you must." Ellie giggled and held out the open box.

Sue cautiously extracted the dildo and tested its heft in her hand. It felt so real, from the raised veins along the shaft to the spongy circumcised tip, which she brushed with the pad of her thumb. It wasn't very large or thick—Sue guessed six inches—but she imagined it would feel as good as a real cock. She closed her eyes momentarily and smiled at the idea of sliding this silicone shaft in and out of her wet pussy. It seemed like a suitable alternative for when Cal had to make trips to New York without her.

Of course, nothing could replace the sensation of Cal's hard eight inches pounding into her.

"Okay, that's enough, you're drooling," Ellie mock scolded her, and took back the dildo. "Your hands are probably so hot from touching it, you'll melt all the skin off."

Sue blushed. "Sorry. Is Brady really going to let you use that on him?"

Ellie nodded. "Not without a concession on my part, but he promised." She replaced the dildo in its box and slid it into the oversized bag hanging from her shoulder. "I can't wait. I don't know why, but I just get so hot thinking about doing it. I'm gonna come right here."

"Save it, girl. Breathe." Sue turned back to the scuffed mirror on the ladies' room wall and checked her lipstick. She had to admit, her friend's turn-ons had become rather uninhibited since high school. Who would have thought prim, honor student Ellie Shaw, rumored never to have let a boy reach second base, could become aroused at the thought of strapping on a silicone wand and fucking her husband's ass?

For that matter, who would have thought that Simple Sue Carmichael would wind up in Vegas, married to a magnificent sexual beast who could make her come with only a wink? Sue pursed her lips and smiled at her own good fortune. She couldn't wait to return to her husband—her *husband*—and begin the honeymoon. Much as she wanted to see Vegas, she doubted she and Cal would see much past the foot of their bed, and that suited her fine.

The way Cal looked at her as they exchanged vows, though, Sue knew they weren't making it past the limo. Brady and Ellie had made that perfectly clear without saying a word—they were going to be busy as well. The anticipation of all that sexual energy in such a compact space excited her.

Lost in thoughts of an orgasmic time to come, Sue heard only detached words from Ellie's continuing monologue. It wasn't until the word *chick* bounced off the concrete walls of the cramped bathroom that Sue turned her head. Ellie's voice had taken a sudden downturn.

"Beg pardon?"

Ellie rolled her eyes and straightened her dress about her slim hips. "I mean, yeah, I'm curious, and I think I'm over the jitters that got me the last time we planned this. But, to call up a total stranger for sex?" Ellie shook her head. "It's unnerving, and it's not like Brady."

Sue blinked. "Total stranger?" She tried not to look too confused, and let Ellie catch on that she hadn't been paying attention.

"Well, she's not a *complete* total stranger, but she is somebody who advertises in the back of those sex magazines," Ellie said. "Brady knows her from a couple of times he's been here over the years. She's entertained at a few parties he attended, and she agreed to do this for free. But still, she's basically one step up from a hooker. Honestly, I'd feel more comfortable if it was somebody we both knew joining us, not just Brady."

"I agree," Sue nodded, relieved. So this wasn't difficult to figure out: Brady and Ellie would be entertaining a third party. An interesting event to occur on a couple's wedding night, but Sue wouldn't judge. She could, though, understand Ellie's reluctance to follow through with Brady's request.

"You can't find anybody you know?" Sue asked, and bit her lip when Ellie shook her head. An odd response, considering that the Garristons socialized with a number of openly sexual people. Ellie could be quite frank about her adventures, too, regaling Sue with stories of "play" in the city, though Ellie claimed to limit her participation to voyeurism and two-male *menages*. Finding another woman with whom both would be comfortable didn't seem like a difficult task, so why would Brady insist on an escort? Anonymity?

Impossible, Sue decided. Brady's career was on the upswing, people had been bugging him for autographs since they touched down in Vegas. A stranger would be on the phone with the tabloids right after everybody got dressed. Maybe Brady actually trusted this person.

Sue snapped her purse shut and followed Ellie out of the building. Maybe Brady wanted to keep this three-way experience as detached as possible, something that couldn't be achieved with somebody they knew very well. Sue knew about the couple's experiences with Cal, and how Cal had become attracted to Ellie as a result. Maybe Brady didn't want that happening with a woman, having Ellie realize she preferred women to men.

Don't be silly, Sue told herself. Ellie was probably just curious, nothing more, and wanted this experience to have meaning and not be cheapened by sharing it with somebody she would likely never see again..

Curious. She had been curious herself.

Unbidden came the memory of a photo shoot Sue had been hired to do for her friend, Lauren McKenna. Images of scantily clad Lauren romping in bed, limbs bent in soft core poses, floated in Sue's mind as they approached the limo. Lauren had made her hot then and curious to know a woman sexually. She wondered if she would ever have the chance now that she was married.

Did she want that chance, though? She and Cal had never discussed the status of their marriage, whether or not there would be concessions for extra-marital activity like Brady and Ellie enjoyed. Would Cal want that sort of thing?

Would she concede if he did? If she did, would he place restrictions on her?

She saw Brady approaching, cell phone in hand. They were mere steps away from the limo when Ellie suddenly executed an about face and touched Sue's shoulder.

Oh, my. Sue felt her skin erupt, and her heart pounded. Never before had she experienced this kind of reaction with Ellie...she felt *aroused*. It had to be residual memory of her brief infatuation with Lauren. Yes, that was it.

Was it? Was it something more?

"Isn't this exciting?" Ellie squealed just as Brady took her by the waist and led her away.

"Yeah." All she could see were Ellie's lips, stretched into a smile. All she could think of were Ellie's lips wrapped around one of her nipples, tugging gently. Ellie's hands

cupping her bottom and squeezing gently, Ellie's hips grazing against hers in an attempt to come closer...

Whoa..

Sue shook the thoughts away, but the excitement lingered and prickled her skin. She could feel her nipples tightened from the imagined touch.

Where was this coming from, this sudden desire to be with Ellie? She and Cal just got married! She should be looking forward to being with him.

"Hey, babe." The touch to her own waist made her jump. Cal laughed at her skittishness and drew her closer.

"Don't tell me you have the wedding night jitters," he teased.

"No, how could you think that?" Sue slapped him playfully, and screeched when he grabbed her ass. Her voice lowered an octave when his touch rounded her hips and slid up to her breasts. Her pussy flooded, wanting more of his touch.

And more of Ellie's.

Four

"What? No, no, *no*! Don't tell me that!"

Cal ducked into the limo after Sue just as Brady's voice lowered. Brady and Ellie snuggled on one corner of the back bench, while the Briscoes took the opposite bench. Sue had wasted no time stretching her long, shapely legs across the seat, blocking Cal from any possibility of sitting. Undaunted, Cal knelt before her thighs and slipped a hand under her dress. Prying her legs apart, he wiped away the patch of her thong panties that covered her mound and zeroed in on her clit, stroking it in small circles.

"Can you get us something else? Anything?" he heard Brady asking the other party on the phone. "I mean, c'mon, this is Vegas. You can't swing a cat without hitting a hotel room."

"Swing a cat?" This got Cal's attention and he turned away briefly. Before he could ask anything more, a grunt from Sue ordered him to return his attention to rubbing her clit, which he did with renewed vigor.

"Fine. Call when you get something." A sharp *click* later and Brady pocketed his phone. "That was Jen," he announced, referring to his tour assistant. "Bomb scare at the hotel, they found some nutball wandering the casino with dynamite strapped to his chest."

The ladies gasped in horror, but Cal found the notion amusing. "That's ridiculous. Why would anybody want to do that?"

"Seems some national gay/lesbian activist group is holding a convention there, and this guy was none too pleased." Brady's voice had an edge.

Cal shook his head, then eased up Sue's dress to expose her askew G-string. Her bare pussy looked absolutely delicious, more deserving of the attention the EunuchBomber was getting. "Does he own the hotel? If not, he has no right to complain. Just haul his ass to jail so we can start the honeymoon."

"It's not that easy. Jen says they had to evacuate everybody, there's people all over the place. Nutball claims to have hidden bombs all over the damn hotel. Said it could take hours until we can go back."

"Well, that's insane," Cal said. He could only imagine the owners of the hotel were furious to think of how much business this was going to cost them, to say nothing of hundreds of people being inconvenienced due to one man's prejudice.

"What? That's terrible," Ellie cried. Cal heard her shift behind him. Fleetinglly he wondered how far she had undressed, but he couldn't turn away from Sue to check. Her gaze held him fast, her arched hips begged for more. To hell with waiting for the bomb squad, he'd start the honeymoon now.

He dipped low and lapped Sue's cleft with one broad stroke. Delicious. She tasted of lavender and her own enticing musk. The white noise of Brady and Ellie kissing and talking gradually faded as his focus centered more and more on his wife's pussy, yet as he sucked her clit and nibbled her pussy lips, he could still piece together their conversation. He heard a smacking sound as the couple behind him quickly tapered off a kiss.

"Brady, all our stuff is at the hotel. What are we going to do?"

"Don't worry. Allie and the crew got everything out. She's looking for another place."

"From what I heard on the other line, she didn't sound too confident."

Cal raised his head, gaze still fixed on Sue's swelled pussy lips. "Lot of people in Vegas this weekend. They heard Brady was in town."

"Cute," Brady chided him. To Ellie, he said, "She'll call when she finds us another place, don't worry. Shit, I just remembered."

More kissing, presumably Ellie somewhere on Brady, then the fluttering chirp of Brady's awakened cell phone. Cal tried half-heartedly to hear the one-sided talk but Sue's sighs of pleasure drowned out the words. He twisted his body for leverage for better access to Sue's pussy and reached underneath to ease three fingers in and out of her soaked cunt. She was warm and wet and beautiful, and lost in his loving her clit. Ellie's giggling in the background offered an excellent critique to his oral skills.

"Damn," Brady said. The phone snapped shut again. "I can't get in touch with our girl, El. Looks like that'll have to wait."

"Okay."

Cal couldn't help but detect that Ellie didn't sound too disappointed.

Brady buzzed the intercom on a panel on one side of the limo and ordered the driver to cruise the strip until further notice. The car launched smoothly, and Cal felt Sue writhe with the new movement. Feeling the limo floor rumble underneath enhanced his arousal as well; his cock strained in his pants, aching to be free.

"And," Brady continued, "since your stuff is at the hotel, we'll have to wait for that, uh, other thing, too. Sorry, babe."

Cal had to stifle a laugh mid-lick. Now it was Brady's turn to be relieved!

"Well, actually..." Ellie's voice was quickly muffled by more kissing, loud and sounding wet.

Cal couldn't resist this time. He stopped eating Sue's pussy and turned around to see part of his suspicions confirmed. Ellie's dress hung low around her hips, her beautiful breasts exposed, and Brady's pants were undone, the flaps spread to either side. Brady idly rolled one of his wife's thick nipples between his fingers while Ellie stroked the long, thick cock jutting from a nest of fabric.

"Now, come on," Cal scolded. "This is Vegas. You can't swing a cat without hitting a hooker or a 24-hour sex shop. And since everything's drive-through here, we don't even have to get dressed."

Sue cackled, bent forward, and reached to slap Cal's behind, missing by inches. "You guys need to stop abusing that poor cat."

Cal crooked one finger deep inside Sue's pussy until he found her G-spot. "I don't like cats, but I *love* pussy."

Brady's hand trailed down Ellie's stomach and slipped under her dress. Ellie obliged by spreading her thighs apart so Brady could touch her pussy.

"Me, too," he drawled, and leaned over to suck a nipple.

"Me, too."

All at once, the giggling and heavy breathing ceased.

And everybody looked at Sue.

Five

Sue wanted to turn as black as the leather seat upholstery and fade away. Did she just admit out loud that she loved pussy? Why would she say such a thing...how would she know, anyway? She'd never kissed another woman, much less buried her face between another woman's thighs.

Her mind was clouded, and it just slipped out. That was it. Cal was driving her to ecstatic insanity with his touch, and she just got caught up in the emotion of the moment. That, and she had been fantasizing about a woman licking her slick folds in Cal's place, but she wasn't going to admit that!

She loved Cal, she married Cal. She wanted Cal eating her and fucking her and kissing her every day until she died. Fantasy was fantasy, best reserved for the quiet recesses of her mind, for her inner visions only, unless Cal wished for access. That was inevitable, too, considering how open Cal was with her. He would want to know what she felt and thought in order to better please her.

As faces around her studied her with varying degrees of amusement, Sue's gaze fell on Ellie's spread pose. Ellie's pussy was bare and beautiful, shadowed in her dress. Sue wondered what it would taste like, wondered if Ellie's juices tasted any different than a man's cum. Sweeter, maybe?

She looked away. She wondered how Ellie might react, how everybody might react, were she roll off this bench and go straight for that pussy. She could always claim later that too many martinis and the haze of an almost orgasm warped her judgment.

She felt a hand massage her breast. "Sue, love," Cal's voice prickled her skin; it sounded far away. "You wish to share something with the rest of the class?"

She canted her head back to the group and smiled, but smile turned to shock when she saw it was Ellie's hand squeezing her over the thin slip of dress, while her other hand brushed against her own breast. Cal, his pants and boxers pooled around his ankles, sat next to Brady. Each stroked his own cock, watching.

How had Ellie come over to this side of limo without her realizing it? *I can't be that out of touch*, Sue thought.

Sue locked eyes with her husband. "You have something to share yourself?" she challenged. *Someone?*

"You both know what Ellie and I had planned for ourselves tonight, I'll presume," Brady said. "It's something we've talked about for a while, and we considered coming to you both first because you're our best friends. We love you both."

"It's mutual," Cal said quickly.

"As such, we weren't sure how to broach the subject. Cal..." The words didn't need to be said, Sue understood completely. She knew the history of Cal and the Garristons, of his past occasional participation in their sexual activities. She knew Brady had been uneasy with Cal at one point, not so much for Cal's attraction to Ellie, but because of Brady's protectiveness of the woman he loved. He wanted to indulge Ellie's fantasies, yet wanted her to himself. It was a conflicting situation, yes, and Sue wondered if Brady had since realized that the way to please Ellie was to loosen his grip on her.

"It's different now," Brady said.

"How so?" Cal asked. "How is it different?"

"We're married."

"We're married to each other, yes," Cal said, "but we all love each other, don't we?"

"We do," Ellie said. Brady echoed.

"So." Cal leaned closer and brushed his lips softly against Brady's. Sue felt her pussy twitch at the contact, and judging by the sharp squeeze to her breast she could tell the gesture aroused Ellie as well. Cal had been very open about his bisexual adventures—all of which exclusively involved Brady—but Sue had never been witness to it. Now, she wished for more.

"Let's love each other," Cal said, his hand seeking out Brady's cock. "Let's give the EunuchBomber something to really scream about."

Brady snorted. "What? The Eunuch—"

His protest was muffled as Cal claimed his open mouth in a gentle kiss. Soon the two commenced a heavy liplock that left no room for words to escape. Just the sight of it made Sue want to come.

She wanted to hold off on doing that for a while, however.

"That is so fucking hot," Ellie said. She stopped rubbing Sue's breast and her hand glided down her body.

"You know what would be hotter?" Sue asked.

"Yes." Ellie turned back and smiled, leaning over Sue's face. "I do."

Six

The limo rolled quietly and slowly past miles of animated neon and sweating tourists, around the block and back again. The driver's retinas surely ached from the glare, and his boredom from repeatedly passing the same landmarks might have given way to a desperate, sharp left turn from the Strip onto the next interstate ramp had not Brady's generous tip bought his loyalty to stay the course. So the long, white sedan continue to crawl in circles, unnoticed in blaringly loud Las Vegas.

The occupants in the back couldn't have cared less what was happening on the outside, and took no notice through the heavily-tinted windows. Outer and undergarments draped the seats and mini-bar, bare skin covered what space was left as the orgy rolled around the block once more.

Cal tried to remember the last time he had indulged in such wanton activity. Had it been on Brady's tour bus, heading toward Nashville, so many years ago? From what he recalled of that pot-hazed ride, every mile yielded an orgasm for somebody. The Cal of yesteryear might have imagined his wedding night—had the Cal of yesteryear desired to have one—would be no different.

The Cal of right now was a bit surprised, but as he craned his neck to better rim the pinched, pink asshole hovering over his face, he decided not to complain.

He did, however, have to momentarily steer his gaze elsewhere so he could see who exactly it was he was licking. He lowered his eyes to see a lovely pair of swollen pussy lips waiting for equal attention. He obliged them one broad lick. *That narrows it down a bit.*

A mouth then closed around his cock and he looked further down in time to see his shaft disappear down Ellie's throat. The pressure she applied, sucking him deeper and deeper, was incredible.

They had formed an oral chain that coiled around the floor of the limo and overlapped one bench. Ellie sucked Cal's cock, and Cal resumed eating Sue's ass and pussy as Sue ran her lips up and down Brady's swollen shaft. Brady, slouched on the seat, wasn't in a position to reach Ellie's pussy from her reclining position. Cal saw the man had to be content with massaging his wife's calves while Ellie fingered her own clit.

"Mmmm." Brady's vocal approval inspired some pride in Cal. As often as Brady had boasted of Ellie's oral skills, it did please him that Brady might acknowledge Sue was equally gifted. The thought inspired him, too, to focus more on Sue's pussy. He opened his mouth wider to take as much of her as possible, lapping at her pussy lips with broad strokes and swallowing her juices. She trembled all around him, more so when he finger-fucked her ass.

After all the times he had fucked her ass, she remained tight. Keeping the forefinger lodged, he slipped his thumb into her other opening and found it no different, just very wet. His cock was going to suffocate inside her, and he welcomed that notion.

He arched back and watched Sue continue her loving oral assault on his best friend's cock. She was clearly enjoying herself, and it warmed him to know she was so pleased. A twinge of jealousy passed momentarily at the thought of sucking Brady's cock himself, but as far he knew the limo had a full tank of gas and they had all the time in the world...at least until Brady had to resume his tour.

"You liking that?" he asked Brady, his voice husky.

"Oh, yeah," Brady groaned. "You?"

Cal licked Sue's essence from his lips and watched Ellie at work. She kissed the base of his shaft, then pinched the thin, sensitive layer of skin between her lips. Tracing a raised vein with her tongue, she circled the ridges of his circumcised tip before taking him whole again. It took all of Cal's willpower not to come right there; he imagined he could have shot a steady stream down to Ellie's feet.

"I'm good." The ecstatic cracking of his voice betrayed any attempt to act cool. He needed to be inside a pussy soon, but which one? Sue would be the obvious choice, but Ellie's pussy was just as sweet and tight, as he recalled. He had only fucked her that way once, and ceased in deference to Brady's discomfort when he met the couple for later threesomes.

Brady, though, certainly looked comfortable fucking Sue's mouth, Cal noticed.

Brady ran his free hand through Sue's hair as she continued to suck him, smiling as his eyes met hers. "I have to confess...the first time we met in New York, before I knew you were Ellie's friend...remember that?"

Sue released her oral hold on Brady and nodded. She rapidly tugged at his cock, all the while grinding her hips back. Cal sped up his fingers, twisting them inside her.

"That night," Brady sighed, "I dreamed about fucking your ass. I would love to fuck your ass, Sue."

Cal realized he would love to watch his friend do just that; he smiled his approval when Sue craned back with a questioning look.

"He can fuck your ass while I fuck your pussy," Cal told her. "Would you like that?"

This got Ellie's attention. She stopped working on Cal and looked up expectantly. Sue looked as if she'd won the lottery, then a bit jarred when Brady moved underneath her.

"First, though," Brady said, "I want you to do something for me, something I'm sure your husband would appreciate as well."

* * *

Brady wasn't kidding. Everybody present definitely appreciated it, if Sue could correctly discern the chorus of pleased moans and deep chuckling wafting around her. The men, sitting on the opposite bench, stroked themselves as they enjoyed the view. Ellie kneaded her breasts together and gasped and writhed, her knees nearly at opposite ends of a straight line as Sue kneeled before her, lapping at Ellie's slick labial folds with broad, upward strokes. Sue's heart pulsed with every lick; her own pussy felt flooded and ached for reciprocal attention. For all the years she had envisioned her wedding and honeymoon, the last thing she had imagined she'd be doing when the time came was eating another woman's pussy, but here she was putting on a show for her and Ellie's husband.

Enjoying every damn minute of it, too. Ellie was delicious, not quite the same taste as a man's cock. She was unique. Sue couldn't believe she was doing this, that she was tickling Ellie's delicate inner pussy lips and tapping her clit, driving the other woman to a twitching orgasm. She was amazed Cal had conceded to her fulfilling this secret fantasy of being with another woman, one she had held since Lauren goaded her into photographing that steamy private session.

Only one thing could make this moment complete, and Sue felt that completion was imminent when a familiar tapping at her backside prompted her to widen her half-stance. She bent slightly and relaxed her channel to allow Cal to effortlessly slide into her.

So good. She loved the way his thick cock filled her.

Cal's hands gripped her waist as he slowly undulated his hips to create a rhythm that nearly distracted her from Ellie. No matter, anyway. Her lips held fast to Ellie's pussy as

the other woman came in a shuddering frenzy that eventually dislodged Sue. She gazed upward, admiring the heaving, glowing landscape that was Ellie's beautiful naked body, still amazed that she had done that. *She* had put that smile on her friend's face.

Now Ellie was putting a smile on Brady's face. The other man had quietly slipped next to his wife, and Ellie happily obliged him by impaling herself on his cock. Knees pressed into the seat, Ellie rode him slowly, hypnotizing Sue with the smooth movement in which Brady's cock disappeared into his wife. She inhaled their scent, mingled with her own, and Cal's. It filled the cab of the limo and made her giddy.

This must have been how Cal felt when he used to smoke pot, she decided. This high, though, she'd take over any vice.

"That was so fucking hot," she heard Cal behind her. He leaned over and trailed kisses down her spine. "Thank you, babe."

"Indeed." Brady's head lolled from side to side, inciting Ellie to laugh. Ellie's breasts bobbed as she fucked him, but the giggles soon dulled into one long moan when she shifted to what had to be a more pleasurable angle. She truly loved what her husband's cock was doing to her, and Sue suddenly couldn't wait to feel both of these marvelous cocks inside her, prompting her to cry out as Ellie was ready to do.

Brady nipped at Ellie's shoulder and kissed her neck. "You gonna do the same thing?" he asked Ellie. "You gonna let me watch you eat that sweet pussy Cal's fucking right now?"

"Sure, if you'll eat mine while I'm doing it," Ellie said.

"I'd love to see that," Sue said. She wanted, too, to feel Brady's skilled tongue exploring her pussy lips and clit as well. She wanted to suck Cal's cock while she was doing that, and finger Ellie's pussy while he was doing *that*. She wanted everything, all at the same time, but didn't know how to make that point. She was so new at this, and everybody else seemed to know what to do. She couldn't think of anything to say, didn't know in which direction she should turn. She just wanted to keep up with everybody.

Relax, she told herself, just fuck when they fuck.

So she did.

Cal pulled out of her pussy just long enough to slip to the limo floor. Positioning Sue over his hips, he easily thrust his cock back into her slick core. "Now," he said, and before Sue could acknowledge the command Brady was behind her, stroking more life into his cock.

"Bend over just a little more, babe." Brady's words tickled the inside of her ear. His hand caressed her buttocks and probed her anus, testing its elasticity. Sue twitched at the first touch of lubricant on Brady's hands, and wondered for a moment where he had managed to find a bottle in the disheveled cab.

Further thoughts faded, however, as one finger, then two, slipped in and out of her ass. Brady's touch set off the delicate nerves that, coupled with Cal's girth, stoked the fire that signaled another pending orgasm for Sue.

"Nice and tight. This is gonna feel nice," she heard Brady grunt, then all sound and other senses ceased as Brady's cock eased into her. The sensation overlapped everything else going on in the limo. Sue felt her body go limp, and she collapsed onto her husband's damp chest.

"Easy, babe. It's okay, we'll take it slow." Cal shushed her. Sue blinked; she hadn't realized how loud her scream had been. Ellie looked fleetingly alarmed, but her expression relaxed with a smile of understanding. She'd been there herself, Sue knew. Double penetration would take some adjustment.

To say nothing of double penetration in a moving car.

Seven

Cal might have enjoyed the sight of his wife writhing with pleasure as two cocks probed her at either end. The temptation to eat Ellie's pussy as this was going on, however, was too great, and he willingly obliged when the other woman eased gently off the bench seat to hover over his face. Long, broad swipes between her pussy lips up to her clit quickly sent Ellie into an orgasmic frenzy that caused her to nearly topple on top of Cal's face and suffocate him.

What a way to go. He hadn't realized how much he missed eating Ellie. Meeting Sue had changed his affections for his best friend's girl, however. This was only in fun, nothing more.

Oh, what fun...

"Sorry," Ellie giggled. She slipped to one side and grabbed at Sue's breasts just as the other woman cried her own release. Sue rocked back and forth, riding her orgasm with such a force that Brady toppled backward, banging his shoulders against the opposite bench. Peals of exhausted laughter erupted as Brady struggled to right himself in the moving vehicle.

"Break anything important?" Cal called as he continued to thrust into Sue's pussy.

"Hope not." Brady stretched his long, bare legs before him and offered a lopsided grin. He looked incredibly handsome just lying there. The sight gave strength to Cal's libido as the thought of sucking that limp, yet still impressive, member resting between Brady's legs.

Sue's enthusiasm, her pussy clamping tighter around his cock, drove him to further madness. It wasn't long before Cal's hold on his self-control slipped away, and he came with a trembling roar.

Seconds later, something cold brushed against his cheek. Sue remained straddled over his hips, and held a dewy soda can close. Her breasts swayed invitingly overhead. "Liquid courage for round two," she said with a wink.

"Two?" The word came out as a strangled croak. Another round would kill him if he didn't get something more substantial than soda first. Pussy was only so filling. "Fine," he conceded, "how long do I get to rest?"

Sue leaned in one direction, peering through the darkened partition window. Ellie obliged her by wiping away the condensation. "We're about to hit a red light," Sue said. "That long enough?"

* * *

Cal's libido would thank her. Later. The break was still in effect, long after the limo passed the same gigantic, waving neon cowboy for the fifth time.

Each couple lay across a bench seat, still naked, caressing and kissing each other. Sue lay, content, in her husband's arms, watching the reflections of the Strip glide across the tinted windows. She wondered if the driver had been aware of the orgy he chauffeured, or if anybody in the passing cars were the least bit curious about the limousine that stayed its repetitive course. Surely they weren't the first to fuck in a limo on the Strip; nevertheless, Sue couldn't help but be curious. Things like this never happened in Dareville.

Would they ever, though?

Her gaze fell upon the couple before them. Brady and Ellie appeared well on the way to another round, with the way Brady fingered Ellie's clit as she pursed one of his nipples between her lips. Given the way man and wife looked at Sue and her husband, too, gave Sue the immediate impression that they would be called back into service.

"You know what they say about Vegas?" she asked Cal.

Cal was rolling one of Sue's nipples between his thumb and forefinger. He stopped in favor of her clit, easing his fingers between her pussy lips and stroking lightly. "Come for the slots, but I'd rather cum in your slit."

"Classy." Sue elbowed him in the ribs. "They say what happens, stays."

"Well, that's too bad." Cal's ministrations stretched lower, and his fingertips traced the slick edges of Sue's core. "I wouldn't mind taking back a few souvenirs."

"Me, too."

"Me, too."

Sue looked at her friend. Ellie leaned in the far corner of the cab, one leg stretched before her while the other dangled off the seat. Brady lay stretched across the bench, his face low between her thighs. Ellie stroked her husband's hair as he kissed the soft flesh of her inner thighs.

"As I recall," Sue said to Ellie, "you were going to do that to me."

Brady rose from his position, smiling a sticky grin. "You're absolutely right. I can certainly wait." He eased back into the bench, one foot tapping in time to the lengthy strokes of his cock. With his other hand, he patted the spot left behind when Ellie launched toward Sue. "Saved you a front row spot," he told Cal.

"Thanks."

Bodies jockeyed for position, giggling as they blocked each other *en route*. Sue perched, knees spread to reveal parted pussy lips as Ellie bowed before her, and trembled with the other woman's curious touch. Ellie was studying her, it appeared, tilting her head left and right to gauge the better view of her swollen labia and aching slit. One finger ran up and down her inner lips, the nail just brushing skin, but it was enough to cause Sue's juices to flood her.

"Absolutely beautiful," Ellie said, then looked into Sue's eyes. Her finger delved deeper into Sue's pussy and spiked upward to her find her clit. She rubbed it lightly, up and down, applying very little pressure in deference to the treatment it had already received. "Did you ever think in high school that we'd be doing this?"

"To each other?"

"To any woman."

"No." Sue had to laugh. Ellie and Sue had spent high school mooning over movie idols and jock classmates, sharing typical heterosexual fantasies. Polyamory had never been a consideration. Oh, what they had missed! Would they be having this much fun hadn't their husbands introduced them to such an extraordinary sexual feast?

Sue wasn't given the opportunity to answer. Words stretched into a line finer than any of Cal's bass guitar strings, and the sensation of Ellie's tongue against her clit strummed a note so high Sue thought she might shatter the tinted glass around them.

As it was, the cab remained unharmed, and Sue's moans deepened as Ellie continued kissing and sucking her pussy. Watching her work was a beautiful sight; Sue loved to see the gentle canting of Ellie's face as she her lips moved over Sue's mound and the delicate skin inside her thighs. Sue pinched her own nipples and peered across the cab through her fallen bangs, certain the men were enjoying the show.

Brady was, at least. Sue had to wonder what he was enjoying more: the sight of his wife eating another woman, or the feeling of another man sucking his cock.

Too hot. It was too much to bear, seeing Cal work Brady's shaft. The orgasm that should have simmered and bubbled gradually to the surface instead exploded in another

high-pitched wail. Brady was close behind her, apparent by Cal's sudden sucking motion as he swallowed the evidence.

Exhausted, they slithered to the floor of the cab, one by one. Hands grasped hips and shoulders, cheeks nuzzled into necks, and heavy breathing synchronized into a calm rhythm that matched the gentle rumbling of the rolling tires. Sue lay between her husband and her best friend's husband, smiling and satisfied.

For now.

* * *

"What happens now?"

Cal looked at his wife in earnest, accepting the filled champagne glass she held out to him, then smiled. "Whatever you want, will happen," he answered. "What would you like to happen?"

They were seated upright on the floor now, items of clothing draped partially over body parts, the contents of the honor bar strewn across laps and seats. Candy wrappers crinkled, champagne glass clinked together in silent toasts, and despite the calm, the sexual aura remained strong. Cal watched his wife's breast wobble as she fumbled with a snack-size bag of potato chips, and felt the familiar stirring of another erection underneath the shirt he was using as a napkin.

"Hey!" Brady swatted his shoulder. "Easy. I gotta put that thing on when we get out of here."

"Oh," Ellie moaned between bites of a candy bar. "I wish we didn't have to leave. I like it here."

"I know, but the driver can only be content for so long, and I don't have that much cash to appease him. Speaking of which..." Conversation stilled as the party searched for Brady's cell phone. Two minutes later, he rang off with a wide grin.

"Bomb scare's over, we can move this party," he announced.

Party? Cal raised an eyebrow. "What are you saying? That you would like to continue the pleasure..." he let that word hang in the air, "of our company?"

Brady and Ellie looked hopefully at each other, then at their friends. Cal had to admire the boldness of their smiles. It spoke volumes of their frank dispositions, how they could discuss sex as easily as one might about the weather. It also interested him to see how Sue, despite having leaped into the night's orgy with both feet, now looked demurely away. How could there be any inhibitions left to breach with her, this woman so casually eating potato chips with a group of people in various states of undress?

"We know you two would like some alone time," Brady was saying, "but, and I have to tell you this is something Ellie and I have discussed before, we were also hoping the four of us could make, ah, *arrangements*..."

"Arrangements," Cal echoed. "You want to swing?"

Ellie made a face. "Not anymore. We tried that in New York. We've met nice people doing it, but we've had more than our share of pushy people and just plain weirdos." She rested her head against Brady. "We would rather be exclusive."

"With us?" Cal sounded wary.

"With you."

Cal sipped from his glass. His nose wrinkled at the light aroma of champagne and the threat of stinging bubbles. It was certainly more unpleasant than contemplating group sex, yet something niggled at Cal. True, the evening had been enjoyable for all, and Cal attributed Brady's relaxed demeanor to one martini too many. He seemed willing now to accommodate the Briscoes in future romps, but would he change his mind? Would his protectiveness of Ellie get in the way of a good time, and flare into an argument or much worse should he perceive Cal looking at or touching his wife a second too long for his taste?

Would he feel the same way about Brady and Sue? Much as he enjoyed watching Sue's sexual awakening, would he question her loyalty? He shook his head; the bubbles were getting to him.

"Are you saying no?" Brady asked, and Cal's head shot up to disappointed expressions.

"No, I wouldn't give you a definite answer in this state. The euphoria is pushing me to say yes." Everybody chuckled at this. "But this is not entirely my decision to make."

He put his arm around Sue and drew her close. "I have to know that you would be one hundred percent comfortable with sharing our time with other people, even if they are our best friends," Cal told everyone, but trained his eyes on Sue. "I have to know, too, that this is a decision we're going to make seriously, not under the influence of martinis and too many cigarettes, or potato chips, and definitely mind-numbing sex."

Sue nodded. "I can accept that."

Cal was relieved to know Brady and Ellie shared the same sentiment.

"So we can table this discussion until, say, breakfast?" Brady asked.

"Sure. I'd like some time with my wife, and I know you do as well," Cal said. He plucked a bra from his lap and handed it back to Ellie.

"I'd like some time with your wife, too," Ellie cracked, snatching the bra.

"Cute. Ready to tell the driver to change course?"

"I guess," Brady drawled with mock disappointment, and the party set about sorting their clothes. "But let me say first, this is the best honeymoon ever. I'm almost sorry we're getting out of the limo. I can still think of some things I'd like to do."

"I can think of one thing in particular," Ellie said. Sue elbowed her husband in the ribs and tried not to laugh.

"Yeah...that." Brady shifted uncomfortably in place. "Too bad we didn't have the time for that, or the equipment."

"I wouldn't say that." Ellie stretched her lithe, half-nude body across the cab and grabbed her bag. "You never gave me the opportunity to tell you..."

She plucked the dildo from the bag and waved it under her husband's nose. The gesture spoke more than words could have, to say nothing of the look of shock on Brady's face that slowly gave way to acquiescence.

Brady swallowed. A smile crawled slowly across his face and he removed the shirt he had yet to button before assuming an all-fours position, bracing his palms against the edge of the far bench seat. His balls hung low as his legs spread to accommodate his wife, who gleefully adjusted the strap-on's holster around her hips.

Cal guided his wife to the opposite bench to watch, smirking at the expression on Sue's face that said, *You're next*.

Right. Whatever the lady wanted...

He had to smile as Brady arched his neck in response to the dildo's head stretching his anus for entry. Ellie was gentle as the lubricated rod slid deeper. Gentle with the first thrust, anyway.

"You know," Brady said on a gasp, "this isn't so bad."

"Good to know." Cal picked up the limo phone and requested a change in directions. "Once more around the park," he told the driver, "and keep your eyes on the road."

About the Author

Leigh Ellwood is the pen name of a writer of mysteries; the name she has chosen for the purpose of writing romance (be it chaste, sensual, or spicy) is derived from the names of two favorite entertainers (close to it, anyway—she doesn't want to give away too many secrets). She lives and writes in the sweltering South and seeks inspiration in the many people she has met and loved over the years.

Having found moderate success in writing mystery and suspense, Ellwood decided in 2004 to try her hand (and pen) at romance. Her first two attempts resulted in shelved projects that, after some time away, were combined together to produce one full-length novel. This book would eventually become the Phaze release, MUSE. Ellwood's first attempt in the romantica genre is Phaze's TRUTH OR DARE, the first of Ellwood's Dareville series. The inspiration for the contemporary romance TRUTH OR DARE evolved from many a day browsing a message board dedicated to one of Ellwood's favorite music groups...and the strong feelings of one particular member as evoked by his female admirers! The meaning of the name Dareville is two-fold: Dare is a name commonly seen around Virginia, as Virginia Dare is the first known born on US soil among the original Plymouth settlers, and of course each book in this series is quite daring, as you will soon read.

The second book in this series, DARE ME, is now available, and the third Dareville book, DARING YOUNG MAN, will soon be released. You are welcome to read up on the progress of this and Ellwood's other romances at her website: <http://www.leighellwood.com>. Ellwood also welcomes comments from readers at kspatwriter at yahoo dot com.