

III

# Full Circle

Adriana  
Kraft

Cups



FULL CIRCLE  
TAROT: THREE OF CUPS

BY

ADRIANA KRAFT

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Full Circle - tarot - Three of Cups

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## THE THREE OF CUPS

*Bounty, abundance, celebration, fruition... all have  
come full circle*

## CHAPTER ONE

The sheer shock on the faces of her former college roommates proved more satisfying than Barbra Atkins had even dared hope. Tingling, she blew kisses at the rest of her audience, mainly men but with a nice smattering of women present.

Her fans began chanting *Tam-my, Tam-my, Tam-my*—her stage name. She stretched to her full height, rising on the toes of her high heels, lifting her long curls off her shoulders, knowing full well how that simple gesture accentuated her breasts. Without checking, she knew her nipples had swollen to nearly twice their normal size and jutted against the sheer peignoir top, suggesting a little mystery. Many of her fans didn't care about mystery. Barb blew another series of kisses and rotated her hips. A little mystery fed the fantasies, bringing her customers back for more, encouraging larger tips, and generating more lap dance opportunities than she could fit in between dance numbers.

She'd honed every move of the body, every

glint of the eye, every twist of the smile to enhance the fantasy. She'd studied hours and hours of tapes of her routines and had rearranged them with a critical eye. Grinning at a beefy man waving a fist full of bills, she danced confidently toward him, knowing that she'd left little if anything to chance.

It was her attention to detail, her work ethic, and her desire that had made her one of most highly sought after exotic dancers on the national private club circuit. She peered out through the haze at her former roommates, Ruth Nelson and Desiree Rogers, who clearly remained thunderstruck to see their former shy and somewhat nerdy roommate confidently turning on a room full of men and women.

Barb pirouetted and shrugged off the peignoir. She cupped a breast in each palm and then pulled and twisted her rosy nipples to cheers. She grinned broadly at Ruth and Desiree.

They'd all been good friends in college—none of the backbiting competitiveness that caused problems for so many roommates. Ruth and Desiree had been the party girls, often leaving Barb to her studies.

Barb turned her back to the audience, bent over, grabbed her ankles and shimmied her ass. She chuckled at the hoots and yells of delight. She knew perfectly well that the single thong strand

running up the crevice of her buttocks concealed almost nothing.

She lost herself in twisting and turning dance movements. Above all else, she loved dancing. On stage she could think. On stage she could be whoever she wanted to be. She stopped to thrust her hips suggestively—stage right, center, stage left and back to center. She knew there were men and women in the crowd pretending to be making love to her as she gyrated before them. She smiled at a redheaded woman in the near corner fondling her own breasts, mimicking Barb's moves. She often replayed her favorite lovemaking moments while performing, to intensify the experience for everyone. Intense passion—*that's* what she was selling. No more. But no less. The audience deserved the best she could create for them.

Barb pulled the thong away from her body and let it snap against her belly. She gave her patrons a startled look of fright and surprise. How many wanted to leap up and protect her?

She peered over at Ruth and Desiree, who still gawked. Barb wanted to purr when she saw that they'd joined hands as if trying to garner strength to comprehend what they were witnessing.

They'd accepted her invitation to join her for their tenth college reunion. Both had gone through recent divorces. While the three of them exchanged Christmas cards every year, Barb

hadn't spoken with either since they'd cleaned out their living quarters right after graduation. Both women, however, had eagerly accepted her invitation to stay with her for the reunion. The campus was a quick twenty miles away. Staying at her house would give them plenty of time to catch up on what had been happening over the past decade.

Her two friends had shown up looking just as chic as they had in college. Both had been amazed by her expansive, plush surroundings. Most importantly, they seemed genuinely pleased for her success.

Kneeling near the front of the stage, Barb raised her arms toward the ceiling and smiled broadly, languidly swaying from side to side. Keeping time with the beat of her favorite music, she sat back on her heels and widened her knees. Slowly, she dragged a hand along one inner thigh and then the other, drawing all eyes to the tiny strip of fabric covering her mound. More than one fan smacked their lips together, lost in the web she spun.

She peeked at her former roommates. If she wasn't mistaken, they, too, were getting caught up in her performance. They'd moved beyond shock. Ruth slumped back in her chair as if she couldn't quite believe what she was witnessing. Holding Ruth's hand in her lap, Desiree leaned forward in



her seat, making no attempt to conceal her fascination. Desiree's smile warmed Barb's entire body. She had waited years for this moment to see that kind of raw lust on Desiree's face.

While the three of them had been buds, it had been Ruth and Desiree who had been lovers. And they'd made little effort at being discreet—not that a college room for three offered many such opportunities. Barb rocked back and forth on her knees, sliding her fingertips under the edge of the thong. The crowd cheered loudly as she vividly recalled watching Desiree crushing her dark vulva against Ruth's in a similar fashion. Desiree's dark, tawny skin had contrasted so elegantly with Ruth's alabaster flesh.

Barb slid her tongue through her lips and curled it at her fans. She'd lost count of how many times she'd watched her friends eating each other.

With a single movement, Barb shot straight up to stand with her feet spread far apart. She flexed her hips and pelvis, mimicking the fantasy everyone had joined her in. That Ruth and Desiree were lovers had never bothered her. That they'd never invited her to join them had wounded her badly. That exclusion still frustrated her, like a sliver she'd never been able to extricate.

She smiled, nodded, and waved as the CD ended. She beamed at her college friends who now looked at her in open awe. Barb choked back

emotion. They thought they'd joined her for their college reunion. She'd invited them so she could do some extricating.

Barb quickly bent down to pick up her peignoir and slip into it. Her fans expected her to mix with them. They knew she'd be back on the stage shortly to put on a show with the gleaming brass pole.

Picking her way through the crowd toward her friends, Barb smiled comfortably, making small talk with the regulars, pausing long enough for them to slip bills in the elastic of her thong. Working private members-only clubs meant she typically knew or at least recognized most patrons, giving her and her fellow dancers a sense of security and familiarity.

"Dance for me, Tammy girl."

Barb shook her head at the handsome man who had probably received more lap dances than anyone in the club. "Sorry, not tonight. I'm already spoken for."

"Not even me?"

Barb shook her head at the pouting dark haired tall woman with high cheek bones and distended nipples. Although she didn't know the woman's name, she had to admit she probably enjoyed doing private dances for her more than for any of her other regulars. "Sorry," she said softly. "Next time. I have a long overdue rendezvous."

The woman smiled, showing very white teeth. "I'll be here next week. You are one hot bitch, Tammy."

Coming to a halt before the small round table where her friends sat in curved swivel chairs, Barb stood with her hands calmly at her sides. "Well?" she asked demurely.

"Why didn't you tell us?" Ruth failed to keep her cat-grey eyes from shifting from Barb's smile to her pouting nipples.

"I didn't want to shock you. I didn't know if you'd even believe me."

"Shock," Desiree piped in. "You don't think that act," the dark skinned woman glanced quickly back at the stage and wet her lips, "wasn't shocking?"

Barb shrugged, not wanting to get into explanations at the club. "Have you ever been inside a club like this?"

Ruth and Desiree shook their heads. "I'm surprised there are other women here," Ruth blurted out.

Flashing an eyebrow, Barb said, "I thought *you* two knew that women can also admire women's bodies."

"Yes, but..." Desiree stopped mid-sentence, as if lost in thought or memories.

"Between routines, I'm usually booked solid with lap dances. Would you two like me to

perform lap dances with you?" She scowled. "If you don't, I'll have to find some other paying customers."

"How much?" Ruth asked.

"For old time's sake, I'll give you a deep discount, but the house will want theirs. Fifty bucks."

"Fifty," Ruth squeaked. "And that's a discount?"

Barb smiled as Ruth dug into her small purse. Apparently not to be left out, Desiree reached for hers also.

"No wonder you're living so well," Desiree said.

"I've worked extremely hard for my success," Barb replied, holding her thong band out for them to tuck in their money. Whenever possible, she avoided touching the money. Money might be the bottom line in her business, but touching it before she was finished interfered with her own fantasies.

"Simple rules," she instructed, straddling Ruth's knees. "You can talk to me. You can move about. But you can't touch me with your hands. Understood?" She stared hard at Ruth, looking for agreement.

Ruth swallowed and nodded. "Damn, I don't remember you being so sexy, so in your face."

Barb chuckled and slid along Ruth's thighs.

"You haven't seen anything yet," she said, leaning forward to shake her tits under Ruth's nose.

Ruth started to lift her arms. Barb shook her head. "Just lean back and enjoy. I'll do all the work. Well, most of it."

Barb held back a laugh when Ruth nearly slid out of the chair. Knowing what she wanted, Barb shifted her weight until she could grind her crotch against Ruth's.

Usually at this point in her routine, Barb would close her eyes to better tune into the music and into her fantasy. Tonight she kept her eyes wide open, because one of her most special fantasies was rapidly becoming a reality. She began to grind in earnest. She doubted Ruth had ever come before so many spectators. And many patrons *had* paused to watch. Even the normally deafening chatter and laughter had softened.

Barb knew immediately when she'd tripped Ruth's trigger. Ruth's moans became shriller and her thighs jerked beneath her. Smiling, Barb maintained her tempo until Ruth was beyond holding back.

Satisfied, Barb stood and grinned down at Ruth, who curled in her chair. Her whimpers matched her ragged breathing. She never opened her eyes.

Barb shifted her attention to Desiree, whose eyes had rounded hugely. "You're next."

"I..." Desiree stammered, "I don't want to come with people watching."

"That never seemed to bother you in our dorm room..." Barb straddled Desiree's thighs and opened her peignoir to pull on her own nipples. "See how my nipples are extending for you? They always did, but you didn't notice."

Desiree nodded hesitantly.

"I always loved to watch your small dark nipples pebble with desire. Maybe it's because you're so petite, but I've never seen nipples swell like yours. They're doing that now, did you know? You seldom did wear a bra."

Desiree covered her breasts with her small hands—whether out of protection or lust, Barb couldn't tell.

Barb eyed Desiree as if she were a novice. "You don't have to come. As you may have noticed, I didn't come with Ruth." She slid suggestively along Desiree's bared thighs, pushing her friend's short skirt higher. "Ready for more?"

Desiree gave another tentative nod.

"Say it."

"Please. More."

Barb nodded and shifted closer onto the smaller woman's lap. She leaned forward, and holding both breasts in her hands brought them within an inch or two of Desiree's mouth. Desiree puckered. "Just look," Barb warned. "Don't touch."

Desiree smacked her lips and slouched lower in the curved chair.

"Better," Barb murmured. "You want me to ride you like I rode Ruth?"

"Please."

Barb squirmed on Desiree's lap until she found what she'd been searching for. Her pubic bone ground against Desiree's. Barb smirked at her old roommate, knowing that she was only moments away from coming, and coming hard. Would she squeal and scream as loudly as she used to?

Barb increased the pressure on Desiree's clitoral region. She rocked faster. Desiree arched her eyebrows and gasped her name. Barb leaned low, bringing her mouth close to Desiree. "I've got you, girl. You do want to come, don't you? I could leave you hanging."

"No." Desiree's thighs quaked beneath her.

"I thought so," Barb murmured, grinding harder and faster against Desiree's crotch until the girl emitted one shrill scream, stuck a fist in her mouth, and thrashed about.

Ignoring the applause of her fans, Barb stood and pulled the peignoir snug. She glanced over at Ruth, who looked on with more than curious interest.

"You know exactly what you're doing, don't you?"

"Preparation and planning is the key to success,

don't you think? You may want to hold Desiree's hand." Barb winked. "She may need it to find her way back." She glanced toward the stage. "I've got to get back to work. See you later."

She never looked back to see if Ruth took her advice. Instead, she held her head up high and walked triumphantly back toward the stage. At least part of her evening's fantasy had gone exactly as planned. Surpassed her hopes, actually.

Barb hummed a tune as she mounted the stairs to the stage with heightened anticipation. The night was hardly over, and there was the entire weekend for the three of them to share old memories and forge new ones.

\* \* \* \*

Ruth squeezed Desiree's warm fingers as her old friend and former lover blinked her eyes and looked frantically around, trying to find her bearings. "It's okay," Ruth whispered. "Barbie is dancing again. Goodness," she breathed, watching Barb wiggle out of her thong. Barb cupped her mound and played hide and seek with the hooting crowd. She clamped her teeth down on strands of her long blond hair, making everyone watching wish she was chewing on *them*. Where had this aggressive, sexy siren come from?

Desiree's jaw dropped when Barb did two back



flips. "She's incredibly flexible."

"She's incredible, all right." Ruth crushed her thighs together, still unable to stop them from throbbing. "Did you have any idea she was an exotic dancer?"

"Not at all. I thought she was a ballerina."

Ruth chuckled. "I doubt many ballerinas can climb firehouse brass poles like she's doing."

Desiree clutched Ruth's fingers tighter. "Look at her inch back down that pole. She's squeezing and humping it between her thighs for dear life – like it's a huge cock or something."

"Doesn't look like she's rushing to put out a fire."

Desiree giggled. "I believe Barbie is more interested in starting fires than in putting them out."

"Hi ladies, may we join you?"

Ruth looked up abruptly and blinked at three strapping spectacular hunks. The tallest one, a blond, had spoken. She ran her appreciative eyes up and down him. He wore a black pullover and dark slacks. His smile displayed the confidence of a man who was used to getting his own way. The somewhat darker haired man had a barrel chest stuffed in a gray tee shirt, and his jeans might as well have been painted on. He could easily pass as a wrestler. It was the black man's eyes, however, that bore into her soul. She blinked and he smiled.

He wore a brown sport coat with a shirt open at the collar. He seemed to dare her to look lower and check him out like she'd done with the other two, but she refused to.

She had no idea what Desiree was thinking, but it was too bad these guys had showed up when they were already committed to going back to Barb's after the show. "We're...with her," she said, pointing toward Barb.

"We know that," said the black man, easing into the chair next to her. The blond sat next to Desiree and the wrestler man stood at the side, crossing his arms over his chest as if keeping guard. "Barb asked us to take care of you two so you wouldn't get lonely while she finishes her routines."

"You know her real name," Desiree said, flashing an eyebrow at the blond.

"Of course," the sandy-haired man said. "We're her bodyguards and roommates."

"Bodyguards," Desiree echoed.

"Roommates," Ruth gasped.

"That's right. We know who you are," the black man added, nodding at them. "We should introduce ourselves. I'm Jack. Nice to meet you, Ruth," he said, squeezing her bare knee with his long fingers.

Ruth gulped, hoping she didn't look too wild-eyed.

"The fellow next to Desiree," Jack continued, "is Brad, and the guying standing beside me is Sampson—long for Sam."

"So is there anything we can help you with?" Jack asked, grazing her thigh with his soft fingertips.

Ruth smacked her lips and tried to focus on Barb, who was gyrating buck naked across the stage. What had she gotten them into? "Barb asked you to join us?"

Jack leaned over to whisper in her ear. His warm breath caused her heart to skip a beat. "Your pleasure is our mission."

Ruth clasped his hand, which had begun crawling up her thigh.

"A little now," he teased, mocking her, "might tide you over until later."

She looked sharply at him. Later? His eyes were laughing.

A low moan from her right caused her to glance toward Desiree. Her lap was covered with a nondescript lap robe, but the telltale signs of the blanket moving made it clear that Brad, who leaned into Desiree, was bringing her off—apparently expertly. After Desiree covered her mouth and her eyes rounded in delight, Ruth turned back to Jack.

"Why do you suppose they provide lap robes?" he asked. "It's not all that cold in here. You're

sitting on one, if you think you might be a little chilly."

Ruth chewed on her bottom lip and watched Barb squatting on stage, palming her pussy. Ruth pulled the lap robe out from under her. Jack helped her spread it across her lap.

Without saying another word, Jack settled back in his chair, remaining focused on Barb's stage antics. The two of them might as well be sitting at the movies eating popcorn, except for the fact that his right hand was palming her pussy.

"You really did come for her."

"I never fake coming," Ruth huffed between clenched teeth as he slipped a finger between her folds, seeking entry. She shifted slightly and his long finger easily bore into her.

They sat for a moment as if gathering their thoughts. Ruth blinked, hoping there were no undercover cops about. They might not be overtly obvious, but anybody watching closely knew what was happening beneath the lap robe.

Jack did all the work. She didn't have to move at all. He worked his finger probing from side to side and then rhythmically in and out of her. Soon the butt of his palm grazed her clit and she gave up watching Barb or thinking about who might stop them. And then she was again sliding over the top. She whimpered softly as he maintained a steady, languid pace, turning her to soft butter.

They both seemed satisfied with her coming slow and easy. Her eyes blinked wide open and then quickly shut. Perhaps they *were* saving something for later.

After giving her sufficient time to recover, Jack eased out of her and sniffed his finger. "Nothing better than the scent of a woman," he said, grinning at her. She watched him suck his finger into his mouth. "Other than the taste of a woman."

He glanced back toward the stage. "Show's just about over. Barb will go backstage and dress. It won't take long for her to join you two."

Jack stood and Brad rose from his seat. "We'll see you ladies a little later. We've got several things to do to close up here."

Ruth watched the men strut away from them.

"I'll bet," Desiree whispered, "they're the bouncers at this place—at least when Barbie is working."

Ruth nodded her agreement. "Looks like. No wonder they weren't too worried about being noticed."

"They seemed like nice enough guys," Desiree said dreamily. "I did feel a little sorry for leaving Sampson out. Do you suppose Barbie takes on the three of them at once?"

"Why not? Nothing Barbie does would surprise me anymore."

"Do you think we're safe with her?"

"Of course we are. She's not going to harm us. We might be in for a long weekend," Ruth flashed an eyebrow, "but I don't think we have to be afraid of her." She glanced in the direction of the three men. "Or anyone else."

## CHAPTER TWO

With pleasure, Barb watched her two guests cast furtive glances around her spacious stainless steel and glass kitchen. The kitchen held every helpful gadget she could locate. She had always enjoyed cooking.

She sipped green tea while Ruth and Desiree drank wine. Barb had learned along time ago from an alcoholic stepfather to avoid liquor and drugs—another trait that set her apart from many of the girls who worked in her profession.

She hadn't changed from the sweatpants and loose top she'd worn home from the club. She doubted either of her guests could quite put together the sexy dancer and the casual hostess who now held court.

She tried to exercise patience, giving her guests time to ask questions before setting up the next phase of her fantasy.

Desiree blinked at her with a coy smile and

shook her head. Her bushy dark curls swished provocatively. "You are something else, girl. Who would've thought? You had that crowd by the shorthairs. Damn. Where were you when we were in college?"

"I was there," Barb said softly. "But you didn't seem to notice, not in that way."

"I'm sure noticing now." Desiree tilted her head and winked. She covered Barb's hand that rested on the glass table top. "And I didn't have a chance to return the favor at the club." She pouted. "It wasn't fair that I couldn't touch you."

Barb interlaced their fingers and smiled warmly. "We have the entire weekend—around reunion events, of course. We may yet find a way for you and for Ruth to repay me. I'm glad you enjoyed our little interlude back at the club."

"How could we not?" Ruth said. "Do you think many people were watching?"

"Enough," Barb replied. "Many come to the club to try and spy what's going on in the crowd more than what's happening on the stage—except when I'm performing, of course. I hope that wasn't a problem for either of you. When we lived together, you both seemed to be quite fine humping each other knowing I had a ringside seat."

"To be honest," Desiree admitted, "knowing you might be watching turned me on even more."



Tell us about the guys. Are they really your bodyguards, your roommates?"

Barb smiled at the catch in Desiree's voice. "That, and much more." She grinned when neither woman balked at her inference. "Brad has been with me longest. He handles my investments."

Ruth raised her eyebrows. "Really?"

"That's right. He has an MBA. You might call Jack the proverbial Jack of all trades. He's my business manager. He's also good at publicity. And can talk anyone into most anything I need or desire."

Ruth sucked on her upper lip. "So I noticed."

"Sampson." Barb dropped her gaze and smiled. Glancing over at Desiree, she added, "Sampson is exactly what he appears. He wrestled in college and is equally good with his fists, a knife, or a gun. And he has the widest damn cock I've ever known."

She laughed as both women gasped. "Speaking of, I'm not opposed to sharing. In case you're wondering, everyone in this house routinely goes through health checks." She narrowed her eyes. "And my boys know better than to try picking up anything on the side unless I give permission. If they did, they'd be looking for a new employer before they could get hard again."

Desiree and Ruth appeared equally tongue-tied. "Consider them on loan for the weekend." Barb

yawned and politely covered her mouth. "I'm really tired. You'd probably be surprised how much energy is required to perform before a crowd like that. I need to take a shower and get some rest.

"Why don't I show you your sleeping options? This is a huge house, as you can see. There are seven bedrooms in total."

"Seven," Desiree squeaked.

\* \* \* \*

Barb opened the door to a bedroom and led her friends in to point out a rather modest room with two queen beds. She turned to smile at her guests. "I didn't want to presume the sleeping arrangements you'd prefer. As you can see, this room offers two queen beds. Through that adjoining door is a smaller room with a single queen. My personal favorite is on the other side of this next door."

Since neither woman seemed to have a voice, Barb opened that door and drew her guests inside. Their jaws fell. "This," Barb beamed with pride, "is what I call my passion pink bedroom." She winked at her friends. "Of course I usually just refer to it as the playroom."

She swept her hand around the huge bedroom with a sunken oversized oval-shaped bed. The

room was tastefully decorated in a soft rose-pink. The bed coverlet matched. The pale blue carpet set off those color patterns. Mirrors hung on every wall. Barb smiled as both women raised their eyes to view the ceiling mirror over the bed.

"This is your bedroom?" Ruth asked softly, as if she were in a church. "The sunken bed looks like a large bowl, or a cup."

"Heavens no," Barb chuckled. "This is a room for play, more than for sleep."

"Oh."

"Not that you can't take this room for the weekend, if you want."

"A playroom," Desiree echoed. "The bed looks like a huge tilted bowl." She glanced quickly at Ruth and then at Barb. "This should be perfect. We could be tasty morsels in a bowl."

"Or a cup. The curved headboard does give that illusion. You'll also find most any toy you might want in the dressers." Barb pulled open a drawer. "Vibrators. Dildos—single and double. Strap-ons. Lubes. Anal toys, and so on. Explore whenever you want. I clean them after each use and before using again. You'll find plenty of cleaning lotions and batteries in the smaller drawer.

"If you prefer," Barb threw open a closet door, "you'll find a good selection of switches, whips, collars, and paddles." She grinned at Desiree's

widening eyes. "Or if you prefer dress up games," she opened another closet, "you'll find many period clothes that'll help you be a harem slave, a princess of England, a nurse, a kick-ass business executive, or a cowgirl or saloon girl of the late 1800s." Barb smiled demurely. "Whatever you prefer."

"Incredible," Ruth muttered, running her fingers over a blue paddle. "And I used to think you were a prude, judging us behind our backs."

"I'm sure I've grown some since our college days. So do you want to try out this room?"

Desiree gave Ruth a hungry look. "I'd like that if you would." She winked at Barb and then cast her pleading gaze back to Ruth. "For old time's sake, if nothing else. Let's do it. Who knows how long it will be before we're together again?"

"I haven't been very active since Jeff left me." Ruth folded Desiree's hand in hers. "Maybe it *will* be good to go back in time—if only for a couple days."

"Well, if that's settled," Barb said, trying not to smirk, "I've got to take a shower and get some sleep."

"Won't you at least give us a kiss," Desiree asked, extending her arms out wide.

"Of course." Barb cradled the petite woman in her arms and settled her mouth softly across Desiree's lips. Inhaling her friend's scent and

tasting her butternut lips, Barb stepped away before Desiree had a chance to use her tongue. She turned to Ruth and accepted her hug. Again she kissed with enough passion to suggest, but not promise. There was no need to be premature.

"Enjoy." Barb winked. "I'm sure you will. Sweet dreams."

Before she reached the door, Desiree called out, "One more question."

Barb turned around. "Yes?"

"The boys—Jack, Brad and Sampson—" Desiree stretched to her full height—"do you do them singly, or all three at the same time?"

"Depends on my mood." Barb waved at the shocked women. "Sleep tight."

\* \* \* \*

Inhaling deeply, filling her nostrils with the cleansing aroma of sage, cedar, sweetgrass and mistletoe permeating the bathroom, Barb lifted a suds-covered leg above the water of the sunken bathtub to wash it thoroughly and massage her aching calf. She supposed few if any of her patrons had an idea how many girls danced while nursing injuries. Twisted ankles, bruised shins and pulled hamstrings were part of her profession.

Fortunately, she'd never missed a night from injury. But Brad had seen to it she had a rainy day

fund set aside in case an injury did sideline her. As she grew older, that possibility loomed ever larger. And she was an independent contractor. There was no employer offering her health insurance, or a pension plan, for that matter.

Barb lowered her leg and rested her head back on the rim. Independence. That and the applause were the two major benefits of her work. She could essentially set her own schedule. And she'd earned more money in the past several years than she'd ever expected to make in a lifetime. Club booking agents liked her professionalism and the fact that she'd become a name in that subculture of men and women who preferred their nightlife with a healthy dose of spice.

By employing Sampson, she'd also taken care of one of the more distasteful and sometimes downright dangerous aspects of being an exotic dancer—unwanted advances by customers who took the fantasies she wove too personally and too seriously.

She grinned and inhaled the scent. With three live-in guys, she hardly ever sought any additional male diversions. And when she was in the mood, she had a small cadre of female admirers to draw from.

Sitting up to scrub her breasts, Barb hoped that by now her former roommates had reestablished their bonds. They had seemed mesmerized when

she left the playroom—mesmerized by the room and by each other. Had they come to the reunion hoping to hook up again?

From what she understood, they hadn't seen much of each other during the past decade, either. Of course during that period they were marrying and divorcing, as well as apparently doing quite well in their careers. She'd learned from Christmas letters that Ruth had been promoted to vice-president of a bank in charge of consumer loans, and Desiree had launched a small boutique catering to New Age adherents and now had a half dozen stores handling her special perfume products.

So they all had done quite well for themselves. Barb blew suds from her fingertips—though apparently *she'd* done best with her love life.

Barb climbed out of the tub and toweled herself thoroughly. She blew her hair dry and ran a brush through it. She brushed her teeth. She added a touch of perfume. Hopefully, Desiree would approve of the scent.

Slipping into a thick robe, Barb tried not to be hasty, even though her heartbeat had quickened. It was time to be sure her guests were enjoying themselves. She did want to be a considerate hostess.

\* \* \* \*

Barb entered the anteroom, from which she had a complete view of the playroom and its occupants.

Jack nodded at her when she closed the door. "We hoped you'd get here soon."

"Sorry to keep you waiting," she said to Jack, grinning at him and Brad and Sampson. The men were dressed in matching dark green robes. Her wide grin almost hurt when she saw Desiree and Ruth nestled in each other's arms. Desiree had a leg draped over Ruth's legs. They continued kissing lightly, as if they didn't trust themselves to stop. "Looks like they've been busy."

"Very," Brad said. "They do know how to tongue a woman."

"That Desiree," Sampson added, "screams like a banshee when she comes. She startled us the first time she came."

"So they're expecting a post coital nap, I imagine. What did they have to say about me?"

"Not a lot." Brad brushed her cheek with the back of his hand. "Hope that doesn't disappoint you too much. They are amazed at what you do for a living and how wealthy you are, but I didn't detect any jealousy or judgment."

Jack chuckled softly. "Each of them recognizes success and apparently appreciates it."

"And considering how they're glowing in each other's arms, they're not exactly in a position to



judge me." She smirked at her men. "You've waited long enough. Why don't you go on in and show the girls how much more fun they can have?"

"Will you be joining us?" Brad gave her a curious look.

"When the mood strikes me, of course."

Barb snickered at the look of sudden amazement on Desiree and Ruth's faces when the three men entered the playroom. It pleased her to see that neither woman shrank away or appeared to want to flee.

To the contrary, both women scrambled on their hands and knees to the end of the bed where the men stood. "Do you come with welcoming gifts?" Desiree asked coquettishly, looking left to right from Brad, to Jack, to Sampson, who stood directly in front of her.

It was Jack who spoke. "You might want to untie some sashes and find out."

"You go first, Ruth. Let's take our time unwrapping these gifts."

Desiree's patience surprised Barb. She didn't remember her being that patient. Maybe that was a factor of age.

She could see Ruth break into a wide smile when she parted Brad's robe to find his cock standing rigid and more than ready for play. Ruth gripped it with both hands and bent down to kiss

its soft crown. "My, you *are* a nice looking package."

"Don't get ahead of me," Desiree complained. "Now it's Jack's turn." She pulled on one end of Jack's sash and his long dark cock juttied out between the green folds. "My, my," Desiree moaned, caressing his shaft lightly. "I have someone who will want to meet you."

She tipped her head up at Sampson. "And now you." Desiree parted his robe, gawked and gasped. Tentatively she reached out to touch him. "Barbie was right. This is the widest cock I've ever seen." She gave Jack an apologetic look. "Sorry, but I have to start with this fellow. I'm sure I'll get back to both of you before the weekend is done. But I have to have this guy now."

Desiree swallowed several times and then slumped down to take as much of Sampson's width into her mouth as she could manage. She raised her head and shook it. "Damn," she muttered, working her jaw back and forth. "He is a challenge."

Barb watched Desiree return to her task, confident that her petite dark-skinned roommate would ultimately prevail. Ruth, however, wasn't waiting to find out. She bobbed up and down Brad's cock, taking him deeper into her throat with each bob while skimming Jack's shaft between her thumb and forefinger.

Satisfied that she'd planned well for their little reunion, Barb could no longer ignore the hum beginning in her breasts. Still, she waited. She wanted the girls to get comfortable with the guys before joining them. She giggled softly. Neither girl looked a bit distressed.

"That's as much as I can manage," Desiree acknowledged, shaking her head at Sampson. "Maybe I can take more of him later. I have to relax my jaw." She grabbed Sampson's hand and tugged on it. "Why don't you join me on the bed, big guy? I know I have another place where you'll fit."

Sampson grunted something inaudible but clambered on to the bed as Desiree scrunched back up the large oval. Amused, Barb counted herself lucky again for having had that bed custom made. A half a dozen couples could fit in that recessed oval quite comfortably. She knew that to be a fact.

Desiree was not into wasting time. When Sampson joined her, she raised her legs high in the air and palmed her bare pussy – another thing she and Desiree had in common.

Ruth, on the other hand, had a neatly trimmed dark nest of curls. Barb smiled at her. Right now that trimmed pussy was being thoroughly explored by two fingers – one of Brad's and one of Jack's.

"Good God," Desiree yelled. "I've found heaven at last."

With great care, Sampson was easing his thick cock into Desiree. Her light chocolate skin contrasted beautifully with his paler tone. Even from the anteroom, Barb could see Sampson's brow bead with sweat. Desiree must be extremely tight for him.

She pummeled Sampson's back with her heels. "I won't break. Oh yeah," she exclaimed, hugging him close when he finally settled into her.

They lay without moving, giving each other time to adjust. Ruth apparently had no size problem with Jack, who was already gliding in and out of her glacially, as if he was taking as much time as needed to get acquainted. His dark skin did set off Ruth's alabaster flesh, just as Barb had imagined.

They looked good together. But then Ruth must have a difficult time watching, given that Brad was kneeling by her side and had filled her mouth with his cock. Although she was doing double duty, the look of triumph on Ruth's face didn't suggest dismay.

The long remembered screeches of Desiree drew Barb's attention back to her and Sampson. Desiree was already flailing and Sampson no longer seemed overly concerned that he might hurt her. Instead, he leaned over and kissed her

mouth roughly, swallowing her screams while driving into her at a frantic pace.

“Oh hell,” Desiree screamed. Sampson hesitated. “Don’t stop. Good God, don’t stop.”

Sampson laughed and quickened his tempo until Desiree crashed beneath him. Her panting turned into screeching. Her screeching turned into whimpering. Sampson paused, letting her find her way.

Barb nodded her agreement. She knew she didn’t have to worry about her men spoiling the evening by coming too soon. Each of them could come more than once in a short time period, and each of them was also an expert at prolonging their own climaxes in order to better satisfy a woman.

Barb pulled on her nipples that were aching for attention. She tossed aside her robe and wrapped the sash around her midsection.

Wearing only the sash, she entered the playroom. Still gulping in deep breaths, Desiree saw her first. Her eyes rounded and her lips parted. What had she expected? Did she expect Barb to be angry, to chastise—for tonight, or for the past?

“You came for us,” Desiree said, her voice shaking.

“I will,” Barb pointed out. She glanced over at Ruth and her two men. “Don’t stop on my

account. I tired of just watching."

Barb climbed onto the bed and knelt beside Desiree. She nodded at Jack and he resumed fucking Ruth, who wrapped her legs around him and stuffed Brad back into her mouth.

"I thought you might want to unwrap me," Barb said, looking down at Desiree, handing her an end of the sash. "I know you can already see your gift, but this way you can claim it for yourself."

Desiree didn't hesitate. She beamed a smile and tugged on the sash. "I can't tell you how often I wanted to do this back in the dorm, but I was sure you'd reject me. And then I'd have to find new roommates."

Barb straddled Desiree's head. "I desperately thought I wanted you to seduce me. I was jealous." She shook her head. "But who knows. You may have been right. If you had tried to turn my fantasies into reality, maybe I would've tossed you out."

Desiree caressed her butt with longing. "Now you're here," she murmured. "Maybe we should try to make up for lost time."

Barb grinned at the pressure Desiree's fingers applied to her butt. She showed her concurrence by lowering her torso until Desiree's tongue laved at her vulva. Barb threw back her head and keened. Desiree was as good as she'd expected

and hoped.

Barb closed her eyes and focused on the tongue so patiently playing with her folds, never quite approaching her portal. She whimpered when the girl chewed gently and then inched lower to tongue that sensitive ridge between pussy and anus.

Barb wiggled. She couldn't help it. She wanted more. She needed penetration. But Desiree ignored the hint. Instead, she shifted toward the head of the bed until she could nibble on Barb's clit.

Barb fought to stay focused. "Tongue me, girl. I've waited so long for this. I want your tongue in me." She reached down and laced her fingers in Desiree's thick curls. She hunched over and rocked back and forth on her knees. "Ah." At last, Desiree's curled tongue had found its way into her channel. Barb held on, thrilled with the ride as they rocked back and forth.

"Oh," Desiree grunted.

Barb smiled as she felt Sampson reestablish his role in their little tryst. Given Desiree's gasp, Sampson had likely reminded their lover that he indeed remained lodged deep inside her.

Blinking back surprise, Barb tried not to flinch when Sampson's large hands settled on her lower back and butt, encouraging her to bend forward. And then he was biting her rump. She gasped as

he spread her cheeks and his tongue wet the crease of her ass. And then his tongue rimmed her asshole and without warning it plunged inward.

Her head threatened to explode. She gripped the headboard and rocked back against both tongues. Neither lover backed off. They must know they had her climbing toward the ceiling. "Yes," she shouted. Both tongues worked their exquisite magic. Neither partner let up when she began to cream. Desiree giggled trying to catch her flow. When she couldn't take anymore, Barb pulled away, crashed to the mattress and hugged her knees to her chest. She rocked softly. She sobbed quietly. She fought for breath. Her pussy and asshole vibrated satisfaction.

She felt Desiree's arms enfold her from behind. When she could open her eyes, she saw Ruth reaching out for her hand. She took it and arched an eyebrow. "My, you look like you're being well fucked."

"I am," Ruth groaned, lying atop Jack with his cock still churning in her depths. Only this time, Brad also drove the length of his cock in and out of her asshole.

Barb giggled. "Looks like you're enjoying your sandwich."

"Im...mense...ly."

"A first?"

Ruth nodded. "Hopefully not my last."



Barb watched Brad wind his fingers in Ruth's hair and pick up his tempo. Apparently not wanting to be outdone, Jack bucked beneath her. The two men tossed Ruth about like she was a child's rag doll.

Panting, Ruth dug her fingernails into Barb's palm. Barb saw her clench her teeth as if she were intent on holding something in. Barb knew that would be futile. It couldn't be done, not with two cocks having their way inside her.

Giving up, yielding to the forces pressing for release, Ruth shook her head wildly. Her screams nearly matched the pitch of Desiree's.

Both men slowed and then ceased moving as it became clear they'd succeeded in transporting Ruth to another sphere. Carefully, but without fanfare, they withdrew from her. Whimpering, Ruth turned to face Barb, hugging herself.

Barb leaned over to kiss her forehead. Half dazed, Ruth moved into her arms and Barb cradled her and rocked her softly while Desiree continued nestling against her backside.

When Ruth's breathing slowed, Barb nodded at the men and they quietly and discreetly left the room.

In very hushed tones, Desiree said, "That was awesome. I've never witnessed that kind of raw sexuality on Ruth's face. And I've been with her lots."

"I know," Barb said, patting Desiree's dark hand that rested on her ribcage. "Believe me. We can make a sandwich for you, too, if you want. Later, of course."

Desiree shivered against her back. "I'm not sure I can. I've never taken a cock in my ass."

Barb didn't turn to look at Desiree. Apparently that hadn't been a problem for Ruth, or if it was, she'd never voiced a concern. "You don't have to," she murmured at last.

"I know." Desiree's lips slid along her shoulder. "But if I don't do it with the boys this weekend, when will I ever have another chance?"

"The horns of a dilemma," Barb snickered. "Though in this instance, you don't have to choose between two horns. You can have both."

"That did look amazing."

"Amazing." Ruth yawned rejoining them. "Amazing doesn't come close to describing two cocks at once. And there was a third one I could've had if you hadn't been hogging it."

"Whoa," Barb chided. "You've not been living a sheltered life."

"My husband and I got to the point where we couldn't stand being around each other, but neither one of us ever suffered from a narrow sex life. If it hadn't been for the sex, we probably wouldn't have lasted a year. As it was, we made six, and I haven't found an adequate

replacement—until tonight.” Ruth stifled another yawn and stretched. “Damn, I’m sore all over.” She winked. “A delightful soreness. Thanks,” she whispered, brushing her lips across Barb’s.

“You’re welcome. It’s nearly daybreak. We’d better catch some sleep if we’re going to make the reunion by noon.”

Desiree heaved a huge sigh from behind. “Do we have to go?”

Ruth’s eyelids snapped wide open. “It would be much more fun staying here and renewing our friendship.”

Barb pursed her lips. “Why not? I wasn’t looking forward to a bunch of dry speeches anyway. You were the only two I really wanted to see.”

“And to get to know better?” Desiree wagged her smooth pussy against Barb’s butt.

“Exactly.”

“Those paddles and switches in your closet.” Ruth eyed her suspiciously. “Did you plan on punishing us for neglecting you while we were in college?”

Barb shrugged. “I’ve fantasized about it. Depends on my mood, I suppose.”

Desiree giggled into her back and wrapped her arms tighter around her mid-section. “You do seem to have some intriguing moods and fantasies.”

## CHAPTER THREE

“Do you prefer one of the boys over the others?” Ruth asked Barb as they sat on her veranda overlooking the Sound the following afternoon.

Barb studied a large yacht heading out to sea and took her time answering. She’d expected the question, but that didn’t make it any easier to answer. She gave the answer she’d carefully formulated earlier. “Not really. Each guy has his pluses and minuses. Together they make for a very nice mix.” She peered over her sunglasses at Ruth. “In and out of bed. We’re all close friends. It’s hard to imagine my life without any of them, but if someone decides to leave or they all do, I’ll survive.”

“Are they bi?”

Barb chuckled at Desiree. “If you want to know that, you’ll have to ask them yourself.”

“But they can choose to leave,” Ruth insisted.

"Of course they can. They are hardly slaves." Barb cast Ruth a quick smile. "Why, are you planning on taking one or two of them back with you?"

"That would be nice, but I expect I'll have to find my own playmates. You are doing very well, Barb. Do you ever wonder how you got so lucky?"

"I've worked very hard for what I have," she responded, perhaps too quickly. "Oh, I know you have to be lucky to be in the right spot at the right time or come across the right guy when he's available, but I never shy away from luck or opportunity. Besides, I believe we've all been quite successful over the past ten years. How many stores do you own by now, Desiree?"

"Eight, with two more opening within the year," she said excitedly. "Who would've thought, huh? I didn't know I had a spiritual bone left in my body until I visited a young Tarot reader. She fascinated me."

"I bet," Ruth interjected.

"Not just sexually. She touched my soul. And then I began to read and go to some small groups. And then I had a brainstorm about setting up a funky store as a meeting place where people could come and buy tarot related merchandise. And then *voila*—the idea exploded. Astral became my business partner, my hubby Mike took a hike, and the business has been expanding every year." She

smirked. "We're not only not in the red, we're in the green—the deep green." She rubbed her hands together. "There is something exhilarating about making money—almost as fulfilling as good sex."

"Yes," Ruth said, "money can buy a degree of independence."

"Speaking of good sex," Desiree continued. She paused, waiting for Barb to look her way. She rolled her skirt up her thighs. "How long do I have to leave this butt plug in my ass?"

Barb quaked with laughter at Desiree's plaintive scowl. "As long as you can stand it. If you must take it out, do so very slowly. It will be drier than when I inserted it."

"I'll wait a little longer," Desiree said, tugging her skirt back down. "Ass fucking better be as good as you two claim it is." She raised an eyebrow. "And as fantastic as it sounded. I'd never heard Ruth howl like that."

"Not everyone likes it," Barb cautioned. "You won't know until you try."

"It may be an acquired taste," Ruth interjected. "I didn't know what all the fuss was about the first time. But later? Wow!"

"You may be right," Barb murmured. "Hang in there," she said, squeezing Desiree's hand and admiring her determination. After they'd awakened and had continued where they'd left off the previous evening, Desiree had been insistent

on wanting to take a cock in her ass in order to experience a sandwich with the guys. Barb knew better than to rush such matters and had suggested trying out a butt plug as a transition object to prepare her for something a bit more fleshy.

Desiree had proven to be a real trouper and had kept a butt plug of one size or another in most of the day. Though determined, she'd increasingly lost patience. Barb grinned to herself. *This* was the impatient Desiree she remembered from college.

They'd get around to that, but she had other plans for all of them before tending to Desiree's anal desires. The men were preparing the playroom for their next little adventure.

\* \* \* \*

Ruth's eyes strained as she peered into the semi-darkened space when she, Desiree, and Barb entered the playroom again. It had been redecorated to suggest the atmosphere of being on a ship. Netting hung over the curved headboard of the bed. Several trunks, like storage chests, cluttered the room. One was open with several orange, blue, red, purple and yellow fabrics draped over its sides. Soft sounds of waves lapping a shoreline and shrieking gulls echoed from wall to wall. She swore the air had a briny

mist to it. They had stepped onto an old ship.

Before she could take more than a half dozen steps, strong hands grabbed her from behind. None too gently, her arms were raised and the top she wore was yanked over her head. Then one of her wrists was bound to Desiree's on her left and the other to Barb's on her right. One set of hands tying the knots was white, the other was black.

Trying to remain calm, Ruth glanced quickly around, looking for some sort of assurance. Desiree screamed and jerked on their joined wrists, seeming determined to fight their abductors. Ruth, while a little frightened, knew better than to try to resist. She'd be quickly overpowered, and besides, this had to be some sort of fantasy Barb had concocted for them. What struck her as most strange was that Barb, too, was being bound and dragged toward the bed. Maybe this hadn't been her idea after all. Barb was as much a captive as she and Desiree.

Their captors were three in number. That hardly surprised. They wore masks, red kerchiefs around white blousy shirts open at the neck, and baggy dark pants. Each man was barefoot. They rivaled every image she'd ever had of pirates.

The three women were half dragged, half carried across the room to the oval bed. Ruth grunted at being slung over the edge of the bed with her knees on the floor and her face buried in



the mattress. With her wrists bound to the other girls on either side of her, she must look like some mythical bird spreading its wings trying to fly. She hurriedly peeked at Desiree and then at Barb.

Sounds of whips cracked in the air. She blinked at Barb, who stared wide-eyed back at her. She clenched her butt. This could get dicey yet. "Why are *you* being punished?" she asked Barb, her voice straining.

"I don't want to be left out any more. I share whatever happens to you and Desiree."

"No talking, wenches!"

Ruth recognized Jack's authoritative voice from behind her. And then someone slipped a bandana or some sort of blindfold over her eyes, roughly knotting it behind her head. Her skirt was flipped over her back. Strong fingers shredded her panties in seconds. "Oh hell," she groaned, trying not to shake.

"I knew she was going to whip us good for excluding her," Desiree wailed next to her, seemingly resigned to their fate. "She's going to really enjoy this."

"Barb is played out on the other side of me just like us. She'll take whatever we're going to get."

"Oh."

"Hey, we said no talking." Jack's fingers twisted through Ruth's hair. His body pressed her to the mattress. His breath warmed her ear. "Do

we have to stuff something in your mouths, too?"

Ruth shook her head at Jack's question. He released her hair and stood. She concentrated on his male scent, remembering how much she'd relished his cock the previous evening. She calmed. This wasn't going to be all that bad. It did help to trust your captors. She tried not to giggle.

"You think this is funny, wench?" Jack's thunderous voice startled her more than his hand slapping her quivering butt. This could get interesting very quickly. She'd never been able to convince her husband to spank her.

Ruth heard the falling whips. Desiree yelped beside her and Barb grunted softly. She clenched her butt again, waiting for Jack to resort to the whip instead of his hand. When the whip did strike, she jolted forward—not because of its force, but because it wasn't really a whip.

It must have been made of felt or something soft like that, because it didn't cut into her flesh at all. It stung like hell, and she'd love to use the whip on her captor's tight dark ass, but she now knew for sure she had little to fear. "Whip my ass good, pirate man," she taunted, lifting her head, still unable to see.

"Bitch." She received another swat with the whip. "These damn things are useless," Jack grunted. She heard him toss it aside and then his palm smacked her ass again, this time more

vigorously than before. "Much better," she breathed. "My ass is trembling for you. Again."

His palm warmed her bottom in staccato fashion. She lost track of what was happening for her friends. She had all she could do not to melt before her pirate. "The other cheek," she groaned into the mattress. "Don't forget the other one."

She didn't have to wait long before he began tending to that cheek. She wiggled, trying to encourage his efforts the best she could, but she was starting to lose it. Tiny fissures of electricity scooted across her bottom. She ground her pussy against the bed seeking some sort of friction, some sort of release. She curled her fingers into the mattress. She panted in time to Jack's hand slapping her bottom. And then she disintegrated.

The spanking stopped. Wet kisses covered her buttocks. "Good God," she moaned. "So soothing." She couldn't decide which had her falling apart most—the spanking, or those lovely kisses. Belatedly she tried to tune into what was happening with the other girls.

She couldn't detect the sound of any whips. Desiree whimpered on her left. Her words were garbled, but Ruth smiled when she sorted them out: "Did you have to stop so soon?"

Ruth knew better than to let Jack hear her giggle, but it was nice to know that Desiree had gotten into the fantasy. She heard whispering to

her right. It sounded like Brad and Barb, but she couldn't make out what they were saying.

Jack's lips settled on the base of her tailbone and Ruth couldn't listen any longer to the others; she couldn't stop shivering. She sensed Jack shifting and heard the rustling of clothes. She chewed on her lower lip in expectation. She was at his mercy.

She smiled broadly and tossed back her head when she felt the length of his long cock nestling in the crease of her ass. Delicious. And then she was being tickled by more than a dozen tiny fingers—across her shoulders, down her backbone, across her rump. She tried to discern what Jack was doing between her shivering. His cock hardly moved. It just rested in her crease as if satisfied to wait its turn.

Her eyes popped wide. Even though she couldn't see anything but muted darkness, she knew Jack was washing her with the strands of the whip, sending a labyrinth of tiny sparks throughout her body. She couldn't believe it. He had her climbing toward another orgasm, and his cock had yet to move.

"Oh yes! Fuck me, pirate." Ruth blinked at the familiar sounds of glee coming from Desiree beside her. Apparently Jack had more patience than Sampson did.

She wiggled her butt and Jack leaned over and

chuckled in her ear. "Pirates decide when to fuck their wenches—not the other way around." His words were soft and teasing.

Ruth stopped squirming, yielding to him. She could be compliant if she had to. If that's what it took to get him to impale her with his hard cock, she could do compliant extremely well. Hell, she'd even beg if she had to.

The mattress to her right began to shift. "Very nice, Brad. Welcome home."

Ruth smiled at the familiar sound of flesh slapping flesh. So Barb didn't have favorites, Ruth mused, lying perfectly still and waiting for Jack to make up his mind. She didn't really care if he took her pussy or her ass, but he needed to do something quickly or she was going to die of deprivation. She was the only one not getting fucked.

Ruth giggled to herself at the thought of dying from lack of a cock. There hadn't been many since her divorce, but she'd grown quite fond of this one very quickly. Hopefully she wasn't growing dependent on it—because eventually she'd have to escape this pirate ship and go back to her world.

She was jolted back to the pirate ship with the sudden awareness of Jack's cock widening her vagina as he entered her deliberately and slowly. Ruth gasped and pressed back against him until

he plunged in, seating himself fully in her heat.

"Damn," she heard him mumble. "So damn hot."

She smiled, happy that this wasn't all just a game for him to choreograph. She had him where she wanted so she squeezed her inner muscles and began rocking on her knees.

"Damn woman," Jack yelled, driving in and out of her without any attempt at finesse.

"Yes," Ruth called out. "You've got me, pirate. And I've got you, too."

"Fuck her good—you big bad pirate." Barb's words only spurred both of them on and over the precipice they'd been dancing back and forth since he'd begun spanking her.

Jack's long fingers curled over her shoulders and dug into her flesh. Pinned under his weight, Ruth couldn't move, but she didn't have to. Jack's strong strokes were long and rhythmic.

She swallowed hard as his tempo switched to short jerky strokes pounding her hard against the foot of the bed. "Shit!" His bellow ricocheted around the room. His spurting deep in her womb triggered whatever she had left. She didn't cry out. She didn't soar. She just sobbed, breaking up beneath him.

Reflexively, Jack continued slamming in and out of her. She fought to stay open for him. She received. And she continued to sob.

Ruth shuddered a huge sigh. Jack's hips stilled and then he kissed the nape of her neck, rubbing his nose through her hair. She was surprised by the warmth spreading from his body across her tingling flesh. She welcomed the fingers working on the knot of her blindfold. They weren't Jack's.

She blinked against the light. With her wrists still bound she couldn't rub her eyes. Her vision cleared to see Barb beaming at her. Her blindfold had been removed and Barb was now untying their wrists.

"You two are incredibly well matched. You took the fantasy much farther than the rest of us." Barb nodded at Desiree, who had successfully unknotted their wrists. "Why don't we leave Jack and Ruth alone for awhile? It may take some time before they're ready to play again."

Ruth didn't know about that. She closed her eyes, not wanting to move, convinced she *couldn't* move, and certainly not wanting Jack to move. She wouldn't know what to say to him if she looked at him. *Wow* seemed so hollow, so inconsequential. That was the most spectacular fucking she'd ever known.

When she heard the playroom door close, she cracked an eye open. Jack was studying their reflection in one of the wall mirrors. He smiled when he caught her peeking.

"Not bad, huh," he quipped.

"Hmm," she whispered, unable to stop smiling. "I didn't know it could be like that."

"Me either." He rotated his hips and she felt his soft cock hardening.

She arched an eyebrow. "I'm not sure I can take any more."

"It's okay," he said, kissing her shoulder. "He'll wait for you. Maybe in time you'll surprise yourself by the number of orgasms you can have."

"I wish I had more time."

She groaned when he pulled out of her. Had she ever felt so alone?

Ruth blinked in amazement when Jack easily lifted her from the bed, cradled her close and headed for the door. She laced her fingers behind his neck to secure her position. She was hardly petite like Desiree, but Jack tossed her about as if she weighed little or nothing. "What are you doing?"

He kissed her forehead. "Taking my captive to the shower. Isn't that a pirate's prerogative?"

"Oh." She kissed him soundly and then pulled away. "I didn't know pirate ships had showers."

"Shows what you know. This one does."

"So are you trying to wake me up enough so you can fuck me again in the shower?"

He chortled and looked askance at her as he carried her out into the hallway. "Now that's a thought. Why didn't I think of that?"



She tapped his chest with a fist. Maybe she *was* perking back up.

\* \* \* \*

"You want to watch the late night news?"

Barb nestled under the covers of the bed she shared with Brad, cozying against his warm body. She smiled at him holding the remote, waiting for her response. "Of course. Don't we usually?"

"Thought maybe with the girls here you might have different plans."

"Not tonight." She watched images flicker across the screen, but Brad kept the flat screen TV on mute. "I wanted them to have some time alone away from me and away from the playroom. Did it surprise you that Ruth naturally paired with Jack and Desiree with Sampson?"

Brad chuckled and dropped a kiss on the tip of her nose. "Absolutely not. You, Ms. Matchmaker, had them paired off before you even invited them to join us."

She shrugged and gave him a half-smile. "I know those two women much better than they know me."

"Both of them seem quite curious, innovative and adventurous."

"They have been for as long as I've known them. If they could see us now, they'd think we

were an old married couple."

Brad laughed aloud. "Well, they wouldn't be far off." He flashed an eyebrow at her. "How long?"

She poked his shoulder. "You know we've been married eight years and two months."

"That probably doesn't qualify us as an old married couple, but we have made it past that traditional seven year itch."

"Umm. Jack and Sampson may have had something to do with that."

"Along with a few women who have join in from time to time—but nothing surpasses what you and I have. So are you going to tell them we're married before they leave?"

"We've always been a good team," Barb said, lightly tapping his pecs under the covers. "I don't want to tell them yet. That might spoil the mystery, and I don't want us to be the focus of their attention." She dragged a fingernail from one male nipple to the other. "Do we really want to watch the news?"

The TV flickered off. "Two bad the other bedrooms don't have observation windows."

She chuckled and nibbled on his ear. "Guess we're left to our own devices, husband."

"Do you really believe either Sampson or Jack will move out soon?"

"Perhaps." She slid her hand lower to rim his

belly button. His gasp caused a smile to creep across her face. "Jack and Ruth really seemed to hook into each other this afternoon. And I think Sampson and Desiree are smitten with each other."

"Maybe you missed your calling," he said, interlacing their fingers to move their hands lower.

She squeezed her favorite cock. "It's time," she said. "If I'm going to retire within the next three years and help you with our investments, then the boys will be better off with other jobs and their own women. But they will be hard to replace." She skimmed her fingers along his rigid length.

"They won't live with us, but I'm thinking that if your matchmaking yields those kinds of results, we're merely adding Desiree and Ruth to our intimate circle. We're all wealthy enough to travel pretty much whenever we want."

"You *are* perceptive," she said, grinning broadly at Brad before slipping under the covers to take him into her warm mouth.

Brad massaged her butt, her back and then her shoulders. "I saw that devious smile. That was your plan all along, wasn't it—to take care of Sampson and Jack and to ensnare your old roommates."

She saw no need to respond other than to increase her tempo, sliding him farther down her

throat until she had all of him.

She chuckled at Brad's grunt and at the TV remote hitting the floor. With glee, she began milking her husband as he moaned his pleasure. Maybe they didn't look like a typical old married couple after all. But then she'd hate to be mistaken for anything typical.

## CHAPTER FOUR

“Are you always so quiet?” Desiree asked. Sampson lay stretched out beside her on the bed, his breath shortening as she increased her assault on his nipples. She tried to wrap her fingers around his very stiff cock that was jutting into space. “Maybe you’re like Teddy Roosevelt. You speak softly but swing a very big stick.”

Sampson blinked at her and watched her hand gliding up and down his cock.

“Don’t you like me?” she said, pouting at him.

He grabbed her wrist and she held on to him without moving. “You’re so beautiful,” he stammered.

“What?” She knew her eyes must be growing huge.

He lifted a hand and palmed a smallish breast. She must look like a midget next to his brawny body, but she didn’t mind. She rather liked him. Most men never treated her like a lady. Sampson

did, maybe too much so.

She released his cock and curled her fingers over his bicep. "You're so hard and strong."

"I don't frighten you, do I?"

She placed her balled fists on her hips and glowered at him. "Do I look at all scared?"

He shook his head. "I scare a lot of women."

"They're stupid. I'm not them." Desiree straddled his barrel chest and slid up to peck at his square jaw. "I adore all of you. Not just your big fellow. But you. You're strong, yet you've been totally sensitive with me. You treat me like I'm something special."

"Well, you are," he grunted, lacing his fingers through her hair and bringing her up to kiss her mouth.

She reveled in his lips and broke away giggling. "You're a fabulous kisser, too. You even taste manly." She slid forward to offer him a breast.

He gave her a bright smile and took half of a breast into his mouth. She shuddered as he worked at taking in the rest of it. She watched his lips nibbling and felt him swallowing more and more of her. Whimpering, she tugged on his ear and marveled at her dark breast disappearing into his mouth. He winked up at her and began suckling as if he might never have another chance.

She slipped a hand down to palm her mound. He squeezed her butt. "So nice," she purred. "You

like my little ass."

His eyes shot wide. He nodded without yielding her breast and she laughed easily.

Gingerly, she leaned away, reclaiming her breast. "You can do that anytime you want," she said, "but I'm on the verge of coming. I thought you might enjoy a little treat I'm warming for you."

Scrunching up his body, Desiree didn't stop until she straddled his face and lowered her pussy so she could smear her wetness across his lips. "Just for you," she whispered, beginning to flex against his tongue. "A little hot chocolate." She yelped when he cradled her butt and impaled his tongue as far as he could.

"So good," she said, raising her arms above her head and swaying from side to side. "Can you play with my ass, too?"

Her pussy muffled some incoherent response. Quickly, she felt his finger slide down her crack until he found what she hoped he'd find.

She swallowed hard and his finger penetrated her lubed asshole. "Isn't that something," she moaned, as he waited for her. "Bigger than my butt plug."

She felt herself widen taking more of him in. She grinned when his wiggling finger stretched her interior while his tongue continued probing her pussy. "Oh hell," she yelped. "I'm over the

top. Drink your fill, big guy. Drink your fill."

Desiree held onto the headboard and Sampson swallowed. His tongue lapped at her folds as if he thought he might've overlooked something. At last he eased out of her butt and she fell to the bed beside him, shaking with pleasure.

He peered down with a look that warmed her soul. "I doubt I could ever drink my fill of you."

She brushed the back of a hand across his sticky lips and his cheek. "What do you do when you're not protecting Barb's back?"

Sampson flinched only a little at the huge change of subject. He sighed before answering. "I'm a security consultant. I specialized in criminal justice in college."

"Really." Desiree stretched. "Personal security, or property – like stores?"

"Both."

"Maybe I should call you sometime. Security for our stores is one of the biggest headaches I have." She peeked down at Sampson's cock that still strained for release. "Oops, we forgot somebody."

"He'll live."

"Nonsense." Desiree hopped off the bed and rummaged through the bedside drawer of toys Barb had told her about when she'd shown them their bedroom. "Could you help me a little more?"

Sampson tilted his head to the side. "Whatever



you want.”

“Come over here,” she said, waving at him. She tried not to laugh when he clambered off the bed and walk towards her with his cock swaying like a divining rod.

She lubed the medium sized vibrator, turned it on slow and handed it to him. Ignoring his dropping jaw, she bent down and grabbed her ankles. “I’ve been working on trying to get my asshole ready for a cock. Could you get this vibrator in my ass? I should still be fairly open because of your finger.”

“You really want me to try?”

She twisted her neck to look up at him. “That’s what I said. I doubt I’ll ever be able to take your cock there, but I’m sure as hell not going home with a virgin ass—not after what I’ve witnessed this weekend.”

“Okay,” he grumbled. “I doubt I’ll ever understand a woman like you.”

“Oh yeah,” Desiree groaned as Sampson brought the vibrator to bear against her puckered anus. “Wow. Go ahead. I’m ready.”

She closed her eyes and winced a little as the head of vibrator entered, widening her opening. Sampson paused.

“More?”

She nodded. She smiled as she felt the vibrator slide through her outer ring deep into her channel.

"Damn, that tingles something fierce."

She reached out and grabbed his cock. "Now if we could just figure out a way to get this guy in my pussy."

"Can you hold the vibrator in place?" Sampson growled.

"I think I can," Desiree whispered, grabbing the end of the vibrator and straightening.

"If you can manage that, I'll take care of the rest."

She nodded. She gasped. Within a blink, he'd cradled her in his arms and was raising and lowering her butt, sliding her pussy over his cock.

"Wrap your legs around me," he said huskily. "Hold on to my neck with your free arm."

She was getting the picture, and she liked it very much. She hooked her ankles together behind his back and curled her arm around his bull neck. Sampson was indeed taking care of the rest.

He clutched her thighs in his large hands and began seriously working his cock into her vagina. She held on tight with one hand to the vibrator buried in her ass. She kissed the perspiration forming on Sampson's brow.

"So damn tight," he mumbled. "That vibrator is driving me nuts."

"You can feel it, too?"

"Of course I can." He lifted her hips and brought them back tighter to his body. "There.

You've just about got him."

She kissed the cord bulging on his neck. "This is some damn fantastic," she squealed. "It may not be a sandwich, but damn close."

"You okay?" he asked, when her loins settled against his.

"Doesn't it sound like it? You'd better fuck me while you can hold me."

Sampson's laughter reverberated between them. "You're as light as a feather, but my guy has waited quite a while."

He did all the work, lifting her hips and slamming them against him. He bent down and pulled on a nipple with his teeth. Desiree squeezed her eyes tight. She gave up on the vibrator and dug all ten fingers into his shoulders. The vibrator landed on the carpet with a thud. Unaware that it was no longer needed, it continued to hum.

Sampson widened his stance slightly and rocked his hips, meeting hers. He continued propelling her back and forth with his hands.

Desiree yelled and bit down on his shoulder. She thrashed in his arms trying to take more of him.

"Let me," he ordered. "I'm almost there. Changing...the angle...slightly. There. Jesus."

His jerking became frantic. She felt him spraying her interior. She squealed, yelped and

laughed. She ground her body against his, as if she could capture a lasting imprint of this moment. Her juices mingled with his. She leaned back to grin at him. His eyes remained glazed over. Did he even know she still caressed him with her vagina?

She kissed his cheek, his jaw, and then his mouth. His eyes smiled at her as she licked his lips. "What a ride!"

Slowly he backed them toward the bed. He sat down, still careful not to disconnect their joining. They slid like that up the bed until they were both securely on it. He drew small circles on her back, obviously trying to slow his breathing. She could feel his heart still pounding in his chest.

"A very strong man," she murmured against his neck. "I could sure use a fulltime security consultant."

He said nothing, but wrapped his arms around her in a bear hug. She squirmed against his cock and then let him drift off to sleep. He had certainly earned some rest.

She hadn't thought seriously about having a man in her life since her divorce. Her eyes misted. What would Barb say if she knew her ungrateful roommate even allowed herself to fantasize about stealing her Sampson?

Desiree rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. She should feel guilty for having such thoughts,

but she never had been into guilt trips. Cuddling closer to Sampson, she grinned, not knowing quite why she was so happy.

\* \* \* \*

"I trust you both had an enjoyable night's rest," Barb said, beaming at her two guests the following morning at her kitchen table. She doubted either woman had slept much. She'd already greeted Sampson and Jack. Neither of them had looked very rested, either.

"It was delightful," Ruth said softly, accepting a mug of steaming coffee.

"Never felt better," Desiree chirped, lifting a cup to her lips.

Barb busied herself setting out toast, cereals, and fruit. She wasn't surprised that neither woman asked about *her* night. They were basking in themselves.

That used to bother her, but not this morning. She very much wanted them focused on their delightful evenings—but that didn't mean she couldn't have a little more fun playing with them at their expense.

She cleared her throat and both women looked up blinking, as if remembering she was there. "I suppose we should at least drive over to the campus this morning and stroll around. That

might take a couple hours or so."

Barb smiled sweetly at the two scowls greeting that suggestion.

"Can't we just hang here?" Desiree asked. She looked at Ruth, who nodded in agreement. "We each have early evening flights."

"We'll probably have to leave mid to late afternoon to get to the airport in time," Ruth grouched. "Security takes so long these days."

Barb glanced sideways at Desiree, who was tittering something about security being slow. Oh well.

"And I still have to squeeze into a sandwich, remember?"

"How could I forget?" Barb said, rubbing the back of Desiree's hand. "So you think you can handle that? You haven't used a butt plug very long."

"Sampson's been helping me."

Barb scowled and Desiree flashed an eyebrow and laughed. "No, no. Doubt I'll ever be able to fit *him* in." Desiree looked quite demure. "But we found other ways for him to help with my goal." She tossed Barb a fierce look. "I do want to try."

"Okay. We'll absolutely make time for you. And with practice I have no doubt you'd be able to take Sampson, too."

"Really. You take him in your ass?"

"Certainly. But that would take much more

time and practice for you to accomplish than you have this weekend."

Ruth sighed. "Time. Why did we take ten years to get back together?"

Shrugging, Barb offered, "Maybe we shouldn't take so long the next time."

"Let's set a date before we leave," Desiree suggested, "or it may get away from us."

"We'll compare calendars after breakfast." Barb feigned a yawn. "I guess we could try to get together annually."

"Or sooner," Ruth murmured.

"Couldn't we get together sooner than that?" Desiree chimed in.

"I travel a lot, but I'm sure we can work things out." Barb paused and grinned at both women. "Sounds like you two had a good time with our reunion."

"And it's not done yet," Desiree insisted. Desiree wet her lips. "Were you serious?" she asked, forging ahead, "about not being upset if one of the boys wanted to leave for a while?"

Barb's heart tripped at Desiree's hesitant smile. "That's what I said. We've all been together for a long time now. It's past time for them to make their own way."

"Good," Desiree responded, nodding her agreement. "I'm thinking about inviting Sampson to my place as a security consultant. My business

could certainly use some help in that area."

"And how long do you think that assignment might take?"

Desiree gave her a blank, innocent stare. "I have no idea. A week. A month. Depends on how much Sampson finds to do, I suppose."

"I suppose," Barb agreed, turning to Ruth. "And how about you—do you have a need for Jack?"

Ruth wet her lips. "I don't suppose he'd like working at a bank." The corner of her mouth turned up. "But I could sure use a handy man around the house and gardens. And I've wanted to develop a real estate business on the side."

"Jack is very able at management, and I do think you'd find him quite handy."

"I already am," Ruth admitted softly.

"If the two of you can convince the guys to spend some time with you, it's okay with me. You have my blessing if you want it. Of course, I can't speak for them."

She grinned broadly and pushed her chair back from the table. She walked over to the counter and picked up her personal calendar. "I'm thinking we may want to get together in a month or so to see how things are going for all of us."

"Perfect," her houseguests said in unison.

"Do you want to come back here, or should we meet at one of your places?"



"I don't have a playroom like yours," Desiree said.

"Me either," Ruth agreed. "Though if I can convince Jack to spend some time helping me, I'm going to build one. It has to be large enough for a bed like you have in your playroom. I want it curved into a cup, just like yours."

"Jack should be a big help. The boys built the one upstairs. Though I hadn't thought of it looking particularly like a bowl or cup until you two arrived. So we'll plan on meeting here until we change our minds. I may find it easier to come to you if I'm booked in one of your regions. But we can play that as it comes." She arched an eyebrow at Desiree. "Speaking of play?"

"I'm ready," Desiree squealed. She hopped up and brushed her lips across Barb's. "Come play with me. Won't you, please? I hope the guys haven't gone far."

"You always were persuasive," Barb murmured, returning Desiree's kiss, nibbling on her lips and reveling in a faint taste of cinnamon. "And don't worry about the guys. They're available when and if we need them. I have them on a very short leash this weekend."

\* \* \* \*

"You sure you want to try this?" Barb asked, lying

on the playroom carpet next to Desiree, who was gripping her fingers tight.

Desiree nodded. Her nostrils flared with excitement. "I do. I'm positive." She squirmed atop Sampson, whose cock was already up to the hilt in her pussy. Desiree reached back to slap her own butt cheek. She gulped and gave it another loud smack. "I can't beg much more than this."

Barb grinned and glanced up at Brad, who stood behind her petite friend lubing his cock. He gave Desiree's other cheek a friendly pop.

"Oh yes," Desiree moaned. "Help me out here."

Brad chuckled and bent over to kiss the quivering flesh he'd just smacked.

Barb sighed her approval. He wasn't only going to take Desiree's ass. He would take his time to let her know, in his own way, that she'd bestowed an honor on him. Brad had been her choice for this task because Desiree was right; she wouldn't be able to safely take Sampson in her ass until she had more experience with anal play. And Jack was unnecessarily long.

Brad was more average in size, but he was also the most talented. She wasn't about to exchange him for another man—though she didn't mind lending him out now and then for a good cause. Taking Desiree's virgin ass and giving her a sandwich experience definitely qualified.

"Okay. Relax and enjoy." Barb nodded at Brad.

"Our girl is quite demanding. The rest of us will wait for you to get in position. Be good to her."

Brad cast her delicious grin. "I will. You enjoy yourself."

"I intend to," she muttered, lacing the fingers of her free hand through Ruth's hair. Ruth lay between Barb's open thighs, nibbling on her pussy. Barb winked at Jack, who was kneeling behind Ruth's raised ass. "I trust you're where you want to be?"

"Oh yeah. Couldn't be better," he said with a broad grin. Jack rocked back and forth giving Ruth a quick, short stroke with his cock. "She's blazing already."

All the dancers were in place. It was time for the final elements of the choreography. Barb squeezed Desiree's fingers as she watched Brad rim the tawny ass with lube.

"Here we go," he announced, his voice two octaves lower than usual. Barb watched him tap his penis against first one butt cheek and then the other. And then it disappeared from view between Desiree's cheeks.

Barb gnawed on her lip. They were all a little on edge for this one.

"Oh," Desiree groaned, as Brad pressed his cockhead into the virginal asshole.

"It's okay, girl." Brad leaned over Desiree, his voice raspy. "You've got his head already. We'll

wait for you."

Barb watched Desiree nod, wince and catch her breath. Desiree turned and gave her a brave smile. "It's happening," she murmured through clenched teeth.

"It'll be easier if you can relax more. Don't fight it," Barb coaxed. "Let it be."

"You don't have to do this, babe," Sampson said, brushing Desiree's brow. "We love you the way you are."

"I want to," Desiree insisted. She pecked Sampson on the mouth. "But I do love that you're concerned for me." Desiree sighed and visibly relaxed. "We're going to be okay."

Barb caught Brad looking to her for guidance. "You ready?" she said to Desiree.

"I am."

Barb nodded to Brad. "She's ready for more."

He blinked and stared hard at his cock. His hamstrings bulged from the strain of being so patient. His eyebrows shot up as he pressed forward.

"Good God," Desiree purred, "here he comes." She beamed down at Samson, who seemed much more in pain that she did. "Can you feel Brad?"

Sampson nodded.

"There," Desiree breathed, when Brad's hips settled against her buttocks. "I've got both of you." She turned and winked at Barb.

Barb winked back. "You sure do. How does it feel?"

"So full. This is easier than I expected."

Barb decided it wouldn't be wise to point out that it hadn't looked so easy only a few minutes earlier, but then each time would be easier than the previous.

Desiree's mouth bowed into a smile. "I feel like a piece of dark meat squished between two hunks of white bread."

Ruth lifted her head to quip, "Hopefully they're not heels."

"They're not," Barb said, pushing Ruth back onto her pussy. "The guys will take care of Desiree. My pussy could use a little more tongue." She nodded at Jack. "And I expect Ruth wouldn't mind a little more action from you. We've all watched Desiree long enough."

Jack didn't require any more instruction. He pistoned in and out of Ruth with an increasing sense of urgency.

"That's right," Barb said, tilting her pelvis to better receive her former roommate's tongue that now twisted and probed rapidly, as if she were a cat desperate for cream. Ruth's moans increased as Jack's cock hammered into her, but clearly she wasn't going to settle for less than cream from Barb.

"Oh hell, hell, hell, hell..."

Barb glanced at Desiree through half shut eyelids. While Desiree kept her eyes tightly shut, she'd relaxed her lower torso sufficiently to accommodate the movement of two cocks. Brad was gliding now easily but purposefully in and out of Desiree's ass. Barb was familiar with the strain on his face; he wouldn't last long at this rate.

Barb laughed softly watching her husband grab Desiree by the shoulders and then begin to jerk into her. He threw back his head. "So fucking hot. So fucking tight."

Brad pulled out of Desiree and knelt back gasping for breath. "Son of a bitch," he yelped, casting her a wary look.

Barb curled a finger at him and he crawled over to her. She pulled his head down to her mouth. She whispered in his ear, "I love you, you know."

His response was a kiss that seared.

Finding a second wind, Desiree kissed Sampson and pushed back to a sitting position. "Thank you," she murmured to him. "Your turn."

Barb left them be and tried to focus on her own needs. She smiled down at Ruth's head shifting from side to side, her squeals becoming more frequent. Barb look up at Jack whose eyes were ablaze as he repeatedly pummeled Ruth.

Barb giggled. How could she concentrate on her own needs when so much was happening around her?

And then she gulped for breath. Her eyes turned moist. Brad was massaging her clit and blowing on it at the same time. She lurched beneath the three lovers. Brad shifted to cover a breast with his mouth.

His teeth nipped at a nipple and she shot off like a rocket ship. She soared. She banked. She tumbled. She floated. There might not be a tomorrow.

She clung to Brad as if he were her tether.

\* \* \* \*

Later. Much later, Barb opened her eyes to glance around. Only she and Brad remained in the playroom. She blinked her question.

"The other four went for a last walk on the beach," Brad explained. "I didn't want you to wake up alone."

"Thank you." She pursed her lips and he kissed them lightly.

"That one shocked me." She sat up, testing her equilibrium. "Is Desiree okay?"

"She's fine. Plotting her next sandwich. Something about a month from now. I didn't quite understand what she was saying."

Barb laughed, thinking back to their earlier conversation. "She's already looking forward to our next reunion." Barb laced her fingers behind

Brad's neck and kissed him soundly. "So am I."



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Adriana Kraft is really two people, which may be why she so passionately enjoys reading and writing erotic romance. A married couple, “she” has four children and teaches college, specializing in human services and criminal justice. She’s lived and worked in many parts of the US and has traveled widely, providing her with a wealth of settings for her books. She hopes readers will relish her novels at least half as much as she has relished writing them—and she highly recommends sharing the sizzling fiction with a partner. It may take longer to finish the book, but Adriana believes a good book is meant to be savored!