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nineteen
Rachel Cade

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BY

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NINETEEN

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Rachel Cade

Dedication:

To all the ladies at IMRR,
Love Rachel

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Chapter One

Cold, hard, and expensive.

Asia Bingham stared down at the five-carat wedding ring she wore on her finger. It was a good phrase to describe the jewelry. It was also a good phrase to describe her marriage. She had been married to Richard Bingham for a year. And in that year, she had been the perfect, smiling, and thoughtful trophy wife, while he globe-trotted, hung out with his friends, and concocted million dollar deals from his architecture business. He also dabbled in other things that brought him home six figure incomes but she would be hard pressed to name them.

At the moment, she was hosting lunch with all the ladies it was appropriate to be friends with. She nodded and giggled at just the right time as they gossiped relentlessly about who wore what, who was fucking who, and how much their latest plastic surgeries had charged.

“You know Jessie and Monique are getting separated.” Brandy Holloway, tall, gorgeous, and married to NBA MVP Irvin Holloway said. She could be a bitch in a heartbeat, but boy could she dress.

“Oh you just knew that was going to happen.” Lisa Cooper sighed, putting down her drink, her third glass of Moet at 10 a.m.

“Still, you have to feel bad,” Asia chimed in right on cue.

“She told me he can’t eat pussy.” This elegant sentence was spoken by the newest addition to their tribe, Tonya Vonsett. She was the youngest at twenty-two, and still very much a hood rat. Which they had all been at some point, perhaps hers would wear away like theirs had after a few vacations in St. Tropez, but then again maybe not.

Her statement brought a raucous amount of laughter from Brandy, who had taken to her more than the other two. “What fuckin’ use is he then?”

Asia tucked her newly dyed dark red hair behind her ear. She kept her opinion to herself.

Lisa shrugged. “Well you know black guys don’t really do it.”

“Oh that’s bullshit,” Tonya said, rolling her eyes. “I get it all the time.”

Lisa tilted her head. "Consider yourself lucky then. But you're new. He'll stop soon enough."

"Especially since he knows you hang with us now." Brandy's eyes held a mischievous gleam as she lit her cigarette.

"Yeah," Lisa added in a low voice, "they're scared you'll tell and it'll get back to their *boys*."

Tonya's mouth dropped realizing she made a major faux pas. "You guys wouldn't tell would you?"

"No."

"No, of course not honey."

"I wouldn't dare!"

Asia crossed her legs as she sat back, knowing the girl's secret was as good as scrolling down the bottom of CNN.

A few more minutes into their mindless chatter and they heard a crash that made them all lurch.

"What the fuck?" Tonya asked, whipping her head to the sound of the noise.

"Oh, that's the construction guys; they are doing something with the pool."

Tonya scratched the top of her head with long, manicured acrylic nails. "You better go make sure they're not breaking your shit, girl."

The others looked at her in question as well. Sighing silently, she stood, figuring they were right. She hoped they hadn't broken anything Richard held dear. God, she wouldn't hear the end of it.

She went to the sliding doors and reluctantly opened them, emerging from her cool environment into the blazing temperature of southern California. She peeked from side to side and spotted the two handymen that were working outside.

"Hi," she said, "what's going on out here?"

One of them raised his hands up. "Sorry ma'am, we had an accident with some glass. It's our stuff, we'll clean it."

Her eyes immediately dropped to his bare chest before going back up to his face. "Try to be careful please."

He nodded. "We will. Sorry for the disturbance."

She went back inside, sliding the door closed behind her.

"Jeez man, you sound like a fucking cop." Zack lifted his head up from the magazine he was reading to look at Travis.

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“Well, you wanna get in trouble?” He shaded his bright blue eyes against the sun, looking down at his lazy boyhood friend.

“Oh please, these chicks are hopped on so much Vicodin and shit they couldn’t give a fuck about what we do out here.”

Travis rolled his eyes. “She’s not hopped up on anything. And if she sees we are fucking around out here and tells her husband, it will be our ass.”

Zack closed his magazine with a sigh and put it on the ground next to his bag. He stretched his long body from the many hours he had been sitting reading through the latest issue of Rolling Stone as if it was a bible instead of a music magazine. He didn’t need Travis to remind them of their predicament yet again. They were barely holding down their shitty apartment with their three other band members. They certainly didn’t need to get fired from this -- their third job since moving to California from Austin, Texas six months ago.

“Did you see her though, Jesus God, she has got to be the finest looking woman I have ever seen.” Travis shook his head as he looked at the closed glass doors where she had been standing. “I can’t believe an old bastard like that would land someone like her.”

“His money landed her—that’s about it,” Zack sneered as he moved toward the pool, already missing his shaded area. “The guys with the money get the chicks’ man, how many times do I gotta tell you that shit?”

“That doesn’t mean I can’t look.” Travis dusted his brown cowboy hat off against his sweat shorts before placing it over his curly blond head.

“That’s all your gonna do is look too, dumbass.”

Travis nodded and said with mock conviction, “Yeah, and whack off at home.”

Zack’s lips curled into a smile before he gave a thunderous crack of laughter.

Brandy was in Asia’s kitchen when her eye sensed movement; she pulled the curtain back that led outside to the backyard. Upon inspection, her mouth turned up in a way that could only be described as a cream-licking smile.

“Who is this Grade A beef back here?”

Asia walked into the kitchen and stood behind her. “Grade A beef?” She repeated as if ignorant, and immediately knew that Brandy was talking about the two guys working on the pool.

“Yes,” Brandy said, tilting her head as she watched one of them bend over to pick something up. “The construction help around my house is usually fat and grossly unattractive. You seem to have lucked up.”

“Brandy, will you close the curtain before they see you.”

Brandy made no motion to stop gawking. “And do what? What could they possibly do to me?” She laughed. “That brings some interesting pictures to mind.”

After sighing, she let the curtain fall back. “Enough of this, I have to go. I have an appointment at Nadine’s.”

Asia’s companions all parted company with her at the same time, all rushing to make it to their urgent, insignificant appointments. Ladies of their sort only made appointments to get nipped, waxed, or dyed. Asia had no such appointments that day.

She was staying at home to welcome her husband back from his trip abroad. Why he required it of her to make such a fuss about his returns was a mystery to her. Especially since it was usually only a matter of days until he was gone again.

At least unlike most housewives, she didn’t have to cook for him. Their regular chef would be there later in the day to start dinner.

Asia winced when she heard another loud bang come from outside. What in the hell were they doing? She got up from the couch and started toward the glass sliding doors again. Her annoyance heightened at the thought of having to go back out into the wretched humidity.

She pulled the glass back none too gently and stood out on the concrete with her hands on her hips. “What was that?”

Zack stood up from trying to straighten the toppled over equipment. His gaze was filled with an almost six-foot cinnamon-skinned black woman who looked like she had been peeled from a fashion ad.

“Sorry about that.”

Asia’s squinted her eyes against the sunlight. The heat was so intense she instantly felt her shoulders burning. She also felt a bit over dressed in the long linen pants she was wearing. The man before her wasn’t the same one she had seen earlier. Of their own volition, her eyes went to the sweat trickling over his pecks and down his stomach. He was wearing a pair of thin, white, sweat shorts that were loose about his waist in that baggy way young boys wore that annoyed her. Not today however, as she tried her hardest not to stare at his ripped stomach muscles or the iliac crests at each of his hips.

She took a quick breath before she stared him in the eye. “I can’t stress how careful you guys have to be around here. If my husband finds out anything went wrong—just trust me, if you want to keep your jobs, you *will* be careful.”

Asia watched as he lifted his eyes up from her chest. “We do construction work. It’s noisy.”

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Was he getting smart with her? She shifted in her stance. "All I was asking is that you be careful."

"You don't seem to care what we're doing out here until it makes noise."

He sucked both his lips in and released them, staring at her in what she suspected was a challenging way. She realized staring at his face wasn't really much safer than looking at his body. He had dark auburn hair, which was a little spiky and reckless looking on the top. His eyebrows were wide, thick, and arched over creamy jade-green eyes framed in lashes that were thicker and longer than any mascara bottle could achieve.

His nose was thin and long, and his nostrils were angular and pronounced. In an attempt to look older, he had a thinly trimmed goatee that wrapped around lips, which were now turned up in the corner in a cynical way. Two small silver hoops in each ear rounded out the package.

"What's your name?" She asked.

He frowned. "Zack."

"Hmpf." Was her reply as she assessed him one more time before turning around and heading back in the house.

Travis came into the backyard with some supplies from their truck and noticed Zack standing by some toppled over equipment resting his hand on his hip. "What's up?"

Zack turned around not sharing the suspicion that they soon might be looking for job number four. "Nothing."

They worked in silence in the intense heat they were getting more than used to when Zack said, "You're right, she is beautiful."

Dolce and Gabbana, Chanel, Narciso Rodriguez, what did the evening call for? Asia wondered as she stared at the various thousand dollar dresses that flanked her closet.

A funeral shroud? The thought came from the cynical girl she'd tucked into her subconscious. Always ready with some quick repartee. Particularly for her long neglectful husband. Not that she wanted him to actually be attentive. They hardly shared anything in common. In fact, a conversation between them usually consisted of him talking and her nodding -- *off* that is.

She decided on the red Narciso mini. She hadn't worn it in a while and loved the way the material felt against her skin. She was wearing it more for herself than she was for him. She was sure he wouldn't notice anyway.

Tossing the dress on the bed next to her, she fell back onto the plush mattress and

stared up at the ceiling, darkened by the black shades she always kept pulled.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Travis asked as he tried to shade himself against the house.

Zack was at the glass doors of the house with his hands coned over his eyes looking inside. “You should see the shit they got in here man. Their bar is made out of glass. This shit is *hot!*”

“Will you stop with that peeping Tom act, you seem like you want to get us fired!”

Annoyed, Zack pulled away from the window. “Fine, fuck it.”

He stared out over the hills into the valley below that made up L.A. This was just one of the amazing homes that littered the prime real estate around them. Owned by A list actors, producers, and the just plain filthy rich that got off knowing they lived near the A list Hollywood elite. Every day on the drive up here, winding through these hills and seeing the homes that were mostly gated, he would just stare endlessly wishing that he owned one of those homes. But reality was they didn’t even have a record deal. That was a long way from MTV Cribs.

Travis drained at least half his bottled water before he pulled it from his lips. “Damn it’s hot out here.”

Zack plopped down next to him. “Gimme some.”

Travis instantly pulled the bottle away from his friend’s hand. “Get your own.”

“I said gimme some.”

“I ain’t drinking after you.”

Zack made a face. “What? You’ve known me since I was nine.”

Travis nodded as if thinking about it then said, “Who gives a shit?”

Zack rolled his eyes and grunted as he stood; sweat was making his shorts stick to his body. He went to their small cooler and pulled out a bottle of water. As he put it to his lips he stared out at the long horizon in front of them. “I can’t wait ‘til we hit it big. I’m gettin’ a house just like this. Shit, I’ll buy this house. Throw that snotty bitch out on her ear with her old bastard husband.”

Travis stopped silently giggling to ask, “I thought you said she was beautiful?”

“And I’m adding snotty bitch to that description.”

“She’s snotty based on the reason that she’s rich?” Travis was more than amused at Zack’s love/hate idea of rich people.

Zack shook his head as he thought about seeing her earlier. He secretly wondered

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if she had ribs removed to have a waist that small. He could probably put both his hands around it and have them touch. Then he remembered the tint in her eyes as she watched him. "She looked at me like I was a piece of shit, Travis."

Travis was draining the last of his water when he pulled it from his lips. "Wait a minute, when did this happen?"

At six thirty on the dot, Asia was staring at the array of delicacies that adorned their dining room table. Their chef, Raul, had really outdone himself this evening. Everything smelled wonderful but she didn't even move her hand toward her glass of white wine until Richard came home.

Ten minutes later, at the exact time he said he would arrive, Asia heard their front door open. A series of swears followed by a long sigh signaled her husband's return.

She pushed back from the table and walked toward him; her Jimmy Choo's clicking with every step she took. A false smile was plastered across her face as she approached her him. "Honey, your back, how was Prague?"

Richard Bingham was almost six feet tall, about an inch above his wife. Although she was sure he didn't have any Italian blood in his family tree, he looked and acted like a Brooklyn gangster. He looked haggard. His usually slick hair had strands coming down in front of his face. He had gained some weight since they were married, giving him a bulkier look around his shoulders and neck. His dark blue silk shirt had a sweat stain on the front of it, and annoyance was clear in his dark brown eyes.

"Fuckin' airports make me sick!" He began as he kicked the door closed with his foot. "If I see another skinny, prick, flight attendant I'm gonna cut off his balls and shove em in his eye sockets."

Asia stood ever quiet and attentive. She was used to her husband's colorful phrases. If there was anyone in the world that came up with new ways to rearrange the human anatomy, it was Richard Bingham.

He tossed his suitcase on the white leather couch and stretched. "I just want to take a God damn shower."

"Raul made Calamari."

"Yeah," he said sniffing, "Sounds good."

She turned as he walked toward their bedroom. "I opened the white wine, would you like red instead?"

Asia had to yell the rest of the sentence because his long stride had already put him in their bedroom.

“A pint of Jack Daniels, that’s what I need after the week I had.”

Asia rolled her eyes as Richard began shouting various grievances it seemed he had with his contractors, and apparently the rest of the world as she pulled out the red wine and placed it on the table.

Richard came back to the table ten minutes later wearing a fresh shirt and slacks. He sat down and began unceremoniously digging into the food. Asia prepared a plate for herself and sat mute, rolling her ring over her finger. She listened to the sounds of Richard’s loud chewing and swallowing as he devoured the food as if he hadn’t had a perfectly edible meal on his jet. She had a feeling he would eventually balloon to Marlon Brando proportions, opting to have plates of food instead of her on the left side of his bed at night.

After about twenty more minutes of hearing things she didn’t want to know, yet had asked about his trip overseas, he asked, “What are those assholes doing with the pool back there?”

Sitting up, she cleared her throat, placing her fork against her half eaten plate. “They are doing fine. They filled the pool today before they left. I think tomorrow they are going to redo that other stuff you wanted.” She felt a bit embarrassed at the fact that she didn’t know exactly what they were doing out there.

He only grunted in response sucking in the last bite off his plate. Dropping the fork with a clatter, he sat back holding his stomach. Richard rubbed his tongue along his teeth wishing he had a toothpick. He stared across the glass dining room table at his wife who was wearing her usual jaded stare.

Richard’s mouth folded down in the corner. “So what did you do while I was gone?”

Asia’s expression went from indifference to surprise the second the words were out of his mouth. When did her husband bother to ask her what she was doing?

“Well I-”

The cell phone ringing at his hip thwarted any attempt at conversation. Asia promptly closed her mouth as he reached down for the phone, growling a response as he answered. Not because he wanted to hear what she had to say, rest assured, but because Richard Bingham always answered the phone like a proctologist with big hands was probing him.

“So, you never told me when it happened?” Travis asked as he stood next to Zack at McDonald’s.

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Annoyance clear in his voice Zack answered, "When what happened?"

"When the wife 'looked at you like a piece of shit', end quote."

"Am I supposed to appreciate your sarcasm?"

Zack moved up to the head of the line and gave an order long enough for three people but it was all for himself. "You're avoiding my question, not like you."

"I don't want to talk about that bitch, all right."

Travis puckered his lips. "Oooh, two bitch references' in one day, I haven't heard that since you last had a girlfriend."

Zack rested against the counter as he turned back to his friend. "Man, if you don't shut the fuck up..."

Travis laughed heartily.

"I'll just be glad when we finish this job so we can stop going up there." He said frowning. "Won't you?"

Travis shrugged. "I don't know, kind of like it. They got a great view of the city. I ain't seen nothin' like it since we been here."

Zack's lip curled in disgust at his friend who smiled in that bright Texas boy way that made him look like he should do advertisements for Stetson. That smile that made him want to sock him in the nose. He rolled his eyes skyward and turned away as he heard the plastic tray with his order of grease and calories hit the counter.

Zack clenched his teeth as he felt a hard poke in the center of his spine. "*Relax* motherfucker and try that shit."

He ignored Travis' words, but he was right. He had been stressed lately. He had been working so hard writing songs, sending out demos, and getting rejected, that he was about to break. He hated this job they were doing. Hated going up through those hills and watching that bitch slink around all day entertaining her equally lazy friends who were living the high life solely based on who they were fucking. Chicks' had it so easy.

Asia rubbed lotion along her body as she sat at the end of her bed. It was eleven thirty and she'd just gotten out of the shower. After supper, Richard had spent most of his time in his office, working. Asia had talked to Brandy on the phone, neither had too much gossip so they kept the conversation brief.

She was lying in bed, flat on her back looking up at the ceiling when she heard Richard come in. He mumbled something under his breath as he went to their walk-in closet to change into his pajamas. He shut off the light before he got into bed. Asia felt strange when she felt the mattress dip as he got inside, realizing then she had become

quite accustomed to sleeping alone.

Laying in the darkness, she thought of nothing in particular as she waited for sleep to claim her. Richard's light snoring enveloped the room and she wondered if he was asleep before his head hit the pillow. Sleep never came that easily for her unfortunately.

An hour later, she turned over away from Richard, welcoming the sleepy sting that encroached her eyes. In moments, she was well into a blissful dreamless sleep.

Asia unconsciously moved her head as she felt pressure on her neck. Something wet was on her. What was it? Half dazed she turned, moving her hands to push it away.

She whimpered and her hand hit something hard.

"Ah, damn it, Asia."

It was Richard she realized. Feeling his body crushed next to her now and hearing his voice, she recognized her husband in the dark. He moved over her and buried his face in the crook of her neck. When she felt his tongue moving over her skin, she let out a deep breath, staring up into the black emptiness of the room.

He wanted sex.

She opened her legs as she felt his hand move up her thigh lifting the red satin nightgown she was wearing. With one finger from his other hand, he pulled down the front of the nightgown exposing her perky breasts. His mouth all but devoured her nipple and he lapped around it in the ravenous way she guessed he thought felt good to her.

His fingers found her, she wasn't really ready for him, but he placed two wide fingers inside of her anyway. She gasped at the intrusion and felt his hard cock pressed against her hip. His breathing had changed as he pulled his mouth away from her breast and looked down into the darkness as his wife's hips writhed under his fingers. Richard pushed his fingers in and moved them out over and again until he felt her grasp his shoulder, digging her fingers into his arm.

Asia pushed her feet into the mattress as she felt her climax building. Richard's thick fingers were pulsating inside of her. She moaned as she clenched tightly around his fingers.

Just as she was about to come, he pulled his fingers out and yanked her legs apart moving on top of her at the same time. He pushed inside, stretching her and began to ride her hard. He pressed his hands at the side of her head and she heard him grunt at every thrust he sent into her slick body. Asia's breath came out in harsh pants as he continued to ram into her. So many times she just wished he would take time with her and really

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make love.

But he wanted sex.

A few more minutes of harsh thrusting and the sound of the bed moving filled the room. Just when she started to get into it, he pushed once then again and moaned, falling on top of her.

The next day Asia was outside by the pool. She was dozing on and off under the shade as the cool breezes crept over her body. It was warm out but not as humid as the previous day. Not too many days had been like that this summer so she made one of her few ventures outside that didn't include immediately heading to her air conditioned Mercedes.

Travis and Zack came around the side of the Bingham's space age designed house, and headed to the backyard, their heavy construction equipment dragging behind them.

"At least it's a little cooler today," Travis began, "we were going to make it on the evening news from getting heatstroke if we had to work out here today in that weather again."

Zack chewed hard on his gum. "Us on the evening news? Please, the only way we'd get on there is if the rich bitch cracked a nail trying to dial 911 to get us the hell out of her backyard."

Laughing at his joke as they entered the backyard, Zack stopped directly next to Travis as the object of his animosity sunned herself by the pool.

Where Travis' mouth hung open, Zack's dark eyebrows fell heavy over his eyes and his mouth grew flat as they both stared at the bronze goddess that was stretched out in front of them across the cool, wet pool. The cool temperature of the breeze was meaningless because both of them felt as hot as Death Valley as they took in each inch of Mrs. Bingham.

She was wearing one of those white designer swimsuits that looked too expensive to swim in. Her breasts were perfect. They weren't too big or too small. Sitting on top of her chest, they begged to be touched, kissed, and stroked. Her trim waist led down to wide hips that drifted to legs that were long, oiled, and glistening. She was resting back and wearing wide sunglasses that almost covered up half of her face. Her dark red hair was resting over her shoulders in gentle waves. She was too perfect to be real, but she was.

Zack pulled his gaze away so forcefully he had to turn completely around to the wall of the house to keep from staring at her. "What the *hell* is she doing out here?"

Travis flipped the brim of his cowboy hat down an inch as he tried to steady the grin on his face. "Well, this is her house."

"I mean what is she doing out *here*?" He waved his arms hysterically, still staring at the wall of the house. "What is she trying to do, get a tan?"

"Aww Zack, I'm sure plenty of black women enjoy the benefits of the sun without the desire to make their skin darker like the white one's do," Travis said, dropping his accent to use the east coast reporter's voice he favored when being extremely sarcastic.

He took the hat off his head and hit his friend gently with it. "Come on man, just enjoy the view."

As if on cue from a director, Asia shifted in her seat, drawing her legs up under her. The action caused her breasts to jiggle in the cups of the swimsuit.

Travis let out a sigh that turned into a groan deep in his throat, Zack heard him clearly. "Ooh--oh they're real, *shit*."

When it got past noon, Travis eased his way around the pool to get a closer look at Asia. Zack saw his pathetic excuses to get over there which included pretending to do bullshit. He figured he would make sure he kept his back to him until he heard his antics got him cussed out and or slapped.

Travis continued to make his way around the pool until he was no more than a foot away from the sleek Amazon. Her body had permeated every cell of his brain since he first laid eyes on her. In that almost obscene swimsuit -- perhaps it wasn't the swimsuit that was obscene but her body. It was a full piece after all, and not a bikini. But the way it clung to every curve like an eager hand and the patches of skin it did reveal made it more scandalous than any string bikini he'd seen since coming to California.

He kept his eyes focused on the rippling pool of water that was reflecting the sun by his feet. He'd give anything to just let himself slowly fall over and be engulfed by the coolness of the water. His cock was so hard he new the only thing that would ease it was having a mega dose of cold water tossed on his body. Or he could just turn and pull the strip of bikini that was covering her snatch to the side and bury himself into her until his balls crushed against her ass.

The thought pleased and tortured him at the same time. But he was sure that would grab Zack's attention. His friend had been sulking ever since they'd arrived and

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caught the woman in what had been their domain to joke and work in for the past week. Travis wondered how Zack would feel if he finally turned around and saw him fucking the shit out of Mrs. Bingham by the pool.

Her voice drew Travis out of his thoughts and he turned his head to her. She was still in the relaxed pose as she asked him what his name was. Shocked, he cracked open his lips to reply when she added that he should be famous. That made him look around to see if she was talking to someone else.

“And I can barely take it. Could this be what fate is?” She whispered in a sultry voice that made him wonder if Zack really was about to see him on top of her.

“Cause I’ve seen you more than twice. *Damn* you’re my delight.”

Travis felt his cheeks redden as he pulled up the side of his white shorts. “Well, gee thanks I—”

“Can I get your number?”

Blue eyes widened at her request, he stammered a bit before answering, “Wha—yeah!”

He moved over to the chair she was sitting on when he heard her begin to sing a chorus. On closer inspection, he saw the iPod she had laying next to her with the headphones in her ear. She wasn’t talking to him, he realized feeling embarrassment heat his body; she was just singing a song. Travis shook his head moving away, feeling like a damn fool.

Zack would be laughing his ass off if he had seen the display.

When her song went off, Asia pulled the headphones from her ears, and pulled her Bottega Venetta sunglasses up over her forehead. She squinted hard as the bright west coast sunlight poured into her vision, briefly blinding her. As her vision cleared, she caught the profile of a man standing near her. His back was to her and he was looking down at some small gadget he was trying to fix. She really had no idea what they were doing out here. She would have to remember to ask Richard. Her eyes drifted down his profile. He wasn’t the same one that had tried to get smart with her the day before. It was the blond one.

Brandy’s words came back to her as she took in the wide, tanned shoulders of the guy standing in front of her. Grade A beef was right, this guy was around six three and, although he wasn’t rippling with muscle, he had a beautiful naturally athletic body that was cut in all the right places. Her gaze drifted down to his bottom and she felt a rush of desire that shocked her. She couldn’t recall ever seeing a white boy with an ass so round

and full.

It stuck out from behind him and led down to lightly hairy legs that were lean and muscular. They were bowl shaped and looked like he had just hopped of some wild horse; she swallowed the wetness that had grown in her throat. Her eyes drifted back up his profile, found and locked with the tiny bit of moisture that had built up in the curve of his spine just above his delectable butt.

“Hello,” she said, leaning toward him. “Hello?”

He glanced back once then again when he realized she was actually talking to him.

Clear blue eyes locked with hers. “Hello—Hi.”

Asia cursed; she should have left him alone. Now she was staring into the most wondrous-looking blue eyes she had ever seen. They balanced their way between clear and smoky at the same time. They had a mysterious quality to them that you wouldn’t expect from someone with blue eyes.

His eyes darted around as if realizing where he was. “I was just working on this, I’ll move back over to—”

“No it’s all right.” She shifted in her lounge chair, drawing those long legs over the side. “I know you guys aren’t finished. Am I in your way?”

Travis shook his head quickly. “No--no. You’re *fine*. I mean it’s okay for you to be here. You’re not in the way or anything.”

Asia’s eyes wandered over his chest. It was hairless and perfect. His shoulders were a little spotted with light brown freckles that she immediately thought adorable.

With her gaze trailing to his hands, she saw that they were long, tapered and covered in the same tan as the rest of his body. His fingernails were clean and not bitten down to the quick like most of the guys she knew that didn’t bother to manicure. Squirming in her chair, she tried not to acknowledge what a man with nice hands did to her.

“It’s just such a nice day today I thought I would come out.”

He nodded. “Yeah.”

“You guys did such a nice job with the pool.”

“Thanks.”

She put on her thin, white robe and pulled her hair out of the back, standing she slid her feet in the high white mules that were resting by her chair. With heels on, she stood almost head to head with him. She watched as he took a slight step backwards.

“I’m Asia.”

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His wide-eyed stare made him look younger than he was.

She asked his name.

“Huh?” He asked with his mouth open.

“Your name. Just asking your name.”

She watched as he visibly swallowed and licked his pink mouth, showing two deep dimples before answering. “Travis.”

Asia’s eyes dipped from that gorgeous face, the dimples were just too much.

“Okay Travis, you have a good day.” She closed the flaps of her short robe. “Try not to work too hard.”

He made an inaudible sound as she walked away.

She made her way to the glass doors to go back into the house staring at the bare back of the one that had sassed her the previous day—Zack.

He tried to make himself look preoccupied with the wiring he was doing, fighting with it like it was resisting him. He didn’t look directly at her as she walked up, but she saw him dart his eyes at her as she passed.

Did these guys just come in shirtless, she wondered.

Travis fanned himself with his hat. The hell with a slightly cooler day, being around that woman would bring up the fire of Hades. And that’s just what he felt like - flame was coursing up between his legs. His dick seemed to be on radar, and Asia Bingham was the beacon. He caught himself before trailing behind her as she walked around the pool with a runway model’s swagger. Enjoy the view, that’s what he had said earlier. Had he known the view was going to keep him rock-hard to the point of wanting to jerk off in public to relieve the stress, maybe he would have chosen a different phrase.

Travis leaned against the cool wall of the house and looked over at Zack still fanning himself with the hat. “It’s hot out here ain’t it?”

Staring at his friend with narrow eyes, Zack said, “You’re pathetic, you know that?”

“What?”

“I’m gonna get us fired?” Zack’s eyes dipped below his waist. “Why don’t you put a rein on that thing?”

Travis didn’t bother to look down at the erection that wanted to be released from his pants instead, he grabbed a bottled water from their cooler. “Put one on yours too.”

Zack stopped fighting with the wiring and looked down at himself.

Travis heard him curse.

Chapter Two

Later in the evening just before they were going to wrap things up for the day, Travis caught Zack staring into the house again.

“Why are you so damn nosy?”

Zack didn’t answer him, and continued to stare inside.

Travis almost dropped his Payday when he heard a click, and watched Zack enter the house. “What the fuck are you doing?” he shouted hoarsely running up to him.

Zack turned around. “Just want a closer look - you coming?”

“No!” Travis whispered, “You can’t go into these people’s house! We aren’t only going to get fired we’ll get arrested! You don’t even know who’s in there.”

“Nobody,” Zack answered calmly, “her Sopranos reject husband’s been gone since mornin’, and I saw her leave when I went to the truck.”

Even as Travis gave a hoarse warning from the door, Zack went in leaving the door open behind him.

Zack had to admit it felt exhilarating being in this house knowing he wasn’t supposed to be. He hadn’t done anything like this since he was fourteen and well into being a juvenile delinquent. He looked around the house and saw all the stuff that he had only seen in magazines and on MTV cribs. Even though the house was decked to the nines, there was something kind of cold about it. It didn’t feel lived in. Everything was in the exact place it should be and he couldn’t find a spec of dirt or dust to save his life.

Down a short hall that extending from the living room, he found their bedroom. It was equally pristine with black dresser and king size bed. Everything was neat and perfect like it was waiting to have its picture taken.

The room did smell like perfume though.

It wound its way through his nose just as it had when he was out at his truck earlier. The scent had caused him to stop in mid motion; when he looked up, he saw her. She was wearing a green dress that flared out into ripped shards at the bottom. He caught glimpses of brown leg with each step she took. Her long, red hair blew softly in the wind

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behind her as she made her way to her silver Mercedes, which was parked at the edge of the path. She was wearing the wide sunglasses again. Her mouth held no smile nor did it look grim. She carried herself like a woman that always had known she was the best. The best looking and the most wanted. He could've stood there all day and watched her walk back and forth from her car to the house, and never complain. But a woman like that wouldn't look at him for a second. Not some broke guitar player fresh from Texas that was staying in a one-bedroom apartment with four other people.

She was after someone who could give her all this.

"Zack, let's go now." Travis' voice startled him. Even though he knew it was a reasonable, not to mention smart request, the stubbornness in him refused to cooperate.

He sat on the bed and laid back. When he came face to face with his reflection on the ceiling he smiled.

"I guess she likes to watch herself."

Travis moved closer annoyance in his tone. "What?"

Zack pointed up to the ceiling and Travis looked up.

"*Ohh shit.*" Travis' mouth dropped as he saw himself and Zack reflecting from the mirror with the black satin background of the comforter behind them.

His voice almost cracked as he whispered, "Could you imagine looking up and seeing her on this bed?"

Zack's shuffling caught his attention away the mirror, Travis watched as his friend began to buck his pelvis off the bed. "Ugh, oh Travis," he said, heightening his voice in a poor attempt to impersonate Mrs. Bingham. "Fuck me! Fuck me with your big white cock!"

Zack giggled looking at his reflection as Travis stared at the scene. "Trust me if I was fuckin' her, she wouldn't care anything about my cock being white, blue or green."

Shuffling in the bed until his head rested on the pillow, Zack looked at his friend through the mirror. "I don't think she'd fuck you if your cock was green." He crossed his foot at the ankles as Travis simultaneously grabbed them. "Come on, you had you're fun let's go."

Zack kicked his hand away. "Actually I haven't."

Travis ground his teeth and he reached for his foot again, and soon they were fighting.

Travis had a few red marks on his chest where Zack's sneakers had made hard contact. Travis had twisted Zack's foot, and he had given him several punches on his calves and thighs.

“Fuckin’ dickhead!” Zack grunted, stopping. He was out of breath. When they were younger, he was always easily able to beat Travis up. But after Travis turned fifteen, he always gave as good as he got - sometimes better.

“And you’re a fuckin’ asshole.” Travis’ face was red as he hit Zack one more time for good measure. The fight was pointless, he still hadn’t left, and now they had messed up the bed.

Zack moved his hand up under the pillow and pulled out a book that had a thin leather string bound around it. Flipping the book over in his hand, he looked up beyond it to Travis who was wearing the same curious stare. “We wouldn’t have a *diary* here would we?”

“Zack no, don’t read the woman’s diary.”

With that imploring request, Zack flipped on his stomach and bent his knees crossing them at the ankles. He ripped the leather bind, opened the book, and read aloud with a feminine lilt to his voice. “*April fifteenth, two thousand five. Richard’s gone again. This time to Indiana, or was it Ohio? Can’t seem to remember. Guess he’ll be back at some point. He didn’t say when. April sixteenth, I was looking in the mirror today and wondered if I should get lipo on my thighs.*”

“No!” Travis said as if the woman were actually there.

Zack rolled his eyes and kept reading. “*Brandy came by today. She even walked different; she must’ve gotten laid the previous evening. Maybe right before her visit, I don’t know. She was full of gossip as usual and just had to share that Carly Morris had got caught by a photographer snorting coke off another woman’s breast at ‘24’ the other night. She had other juicy tidbits that I don’t even feel like writing. I love Brandy, but sometimes I get sick of her chatter. Always so worried about what the rest of the world is doing. And getting caught doing. She should just worry about her own business. If she did, maybe she would know her husband was cheating on her with Nieva Longoria.*”

“Nieva Longoria-isn’t she that-”

“Chick from that show. Yeah, there’s only one Nieva Longoria.” Zack flipped through the pages. “Let’s get to something more recent,” he paused, “ah, here we go.”

He went back to the voice. “*Richard came back last night, left early. Last night we had sex. Or should I say he had sex. I woke up and felt him slobbering over me. He fingered me, and just when I was about to come, he stopped. Asshole.*”

Zack laughed and looked over to see Travis standing right next to him. “Thought you didn’t want to hear this?”

Travis sat on the edge of the bed. “Just keep reading.”

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Zack went back to where he left off, reading in the high voice. *"The next thing I knew, we were fucking in the dark. I didn't have my eye on the clock so I don't know how long it lasted. He is usually the ten minute guy."*

Zack's brows lowered as Travis said, "Ten minutes?"

"The next thing I knew he came inside me. Then rolled off and was back to sleep before I could close my legs. Four months, and that's all I get? I got woken up out of my sleep for that? I couldn't have at least gotten my pussy sucked?"

Travis groaned and got up from the bed.

Zack put the book down. "So Richie Rich is a lousy lay, what a surprise."

Travis barely heard him; he was too busy imagining her opening her legs for him. If she wanted her pussy sucked, he would gladly drop to his knees and do it. He would suck and lick her until she came fully in his mouth, and more besides, for hours on end.

And ten minutes? Ten minutes in the dark? What was wrong with Richard Bingham? Was the old bastard insane? He had a wife like that in his bed and he's going to fuck her in the dark?

"I met one of the pool guys today—he said his name is Travis—"

Whipping his blond head to Zack, he rushed over to the bed. "What? You're lying right?"

Zack licked his mouth. "No."

"What else does it say?"

"Nothing it just stopped."

Snatching the book from his hand, Travis read over the same words.

"Why did she stop?"

Zack felt jealousy wash over him. "Maybe she had to go," he answered tightly.

"I can't believe she was going to write about me! Do you think she thinks I'm cute?"

Zack leaned over to straighten the covers on the bed. "Babies are cute."

After he finished the bed, he walked by Travis. "Come on let's go. It's getting late."

Chapter Three

The house was quiet except for the sound of her running her fingers through her newly trimmed hair. Antoine, her hair stylist for the past year was a God with the scissors but she could do without the intimate details of his personal life. But just as she dealt with Richard and Brandy she always sat mute as he had a conversation with himself, basically.

Asia had been dying for a layered cut she'd seen in a hair magazine, and Antoine had been right on the money when he'd executed an exact duplicate for her. She continued rubbing her hands through her hair and brushing it into various styles. She had been at the mirror for over an hour but she just couldn't take her eyes off it. It was so light and moved in each direction she tossed her head. Doing a few more bad-model poses in the mirror, she stopped and looked at her reflection holding the brush in her hand.

She was wearing one of Richard's black silk pajama shirts. It came about halfway down her thigh and the first button started way below her breasts. Unconsciously, she squeezed them together and up so they looked as if they were in a bustier. She held them there staring at herself, and then released them letting them drop back to their normal place on her body. Maybe she should get some implants. Making a face, she reneged the idea, what if she got a botched job and they reattached her nipple on her back like the woman she'd heard about. That got her to thinking. If someone had a nipple on their back and it was sucked, would they still feel it?

Frowning she said, "You got *way* too much time on your hands Asia."

"Twenty times before we leave I ask you if we got all the equipment and you tell me yeah," Travis said as they pulled into the front of the Bingham house.

Zack turned off the engine without saying anything. He got so sick of Travis and his hovering mother shit.

Zack had opened the door to the rusting old Ford when the hovering mother grabbed his arm. "Wait, don't you think we should honk or something? It is almost ten o'clock."

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Zack's squinted his eyes. "For what?"

"So you want them to catch two strangers wondering around their property in the middle of the night?"

Zack sighed letting his head fall back on the ripped leather headrest of the seat. "If it makes you feel any better I'm sure anybody that saw us drive up in this out of place piece of *shit, this late at night*, has already called the cops."

"Real comforting."

"Thought so." He got out of the car and slammed the door even harder than usual. The sound cut Travis' ears, frowning he got out of the truck and walked behind him around the house.

When they made it to the backyard, they both slowed their quick pace to a stop. The pool was glowing from the underwater lights. Los Angeles and beyond shown like a blanket of stars in front of them stretching as far as the eye could see.

Travis crossed his arms over his chest. "Wow."

Zack felt the same way but just grunted as he moved across the backyard to where he left their extra tools and equipment. He turned his head to the well-lit living room where he saw Mrs. Bingham's red head poking up from the white leather couch. A huge Plasma TV was in front of her and he could see she was watching *Purple Rain*.

Having seen the movie himself like a thousand times, he couldn't help but stand there and watch. Soon Travis was standing beside him. They both stood there watching the movie unbeknownst to her until the part where Apollonia started to perform. That's when Asia threw her hands up and stood. Snapping her fingers, she began to gyrate and swivel her hips to Prince's soundtrack. She mimicked the sensual pelvic thrusts Apollonia did until she looked like a missing member of their group. Each move of her hips sent the silk pajama shirt higher up around her thigh. When the song was over, Travis and Zack both glanced at each other, eyes marred with disappointment.

Then they watched as Asia lift a remote control to the TV, and Sheila E.'s 'Glamorous Life' began blasting clearly through the house. With a barefoot hair-swinging spin that was stripper worthy, she moved to the middle of the room. She had a hairbrush in her hand and proceeded to lip synch off key to each of Sheila's words.

Travis giggled at that but it soon vanished when she squatted down on the floor and wound back up. The sudden drop had given them both a glimpse of her French-cut black bikini underwear.

"Boys with small talk and small minds really don't impress me in bed. She said I need a man's man baby, diamonds, and furs, love would only conquer my head," Travis

whispered along with the lyrics.

As Asia began to really get into the music, she stopped singing and just began to dance. Although her dancing would probably get her kicked out of a club, or put on TV.

Holding her legs straight and slightly apart, she bent over her hair cascading forward.

Travis leaned over into Zack as if losing his balance. The sight of her barely covered crotch had sent whatever control they had on their hormones packing. As she turned, they both zeroed in on the fact that one of the buttons on her shirt had come undone. The opening was now halfway to her navel. Both of their eyes widened as they wondered if they were going to get a view of her breasts.

She moved to the kitchen counter arching her back against it and shimmying those wide brown hips of hers to the quick beat of Sheila's drums.

Zack and Travis both stood transfixed, each sported a raging hard-on, and knew the second they got home they were going to jerk off.

The song ended and they watched Asia hold her hand over her heaving chest, a small smile touching her lips.

Zack's cock had so much blood coursing threw it that it twitched as he turned to Travis; he had to clear his throat before speaking, "We better go before she catches us out here."

They moved quietly and quickly getting their things. They didn't say a word to each other as they headed back for their truck. Quietly and safely, they were about halfway to the truck when they saw a squad car in front of the house. Before either had time to react, a brilliant white light was shone in their faces and a deep voice asked, "What the hell are you two doing back there?"

Zack and Travis were trying to hold the light away from their eyes.

"Put your hands down," the officer said loudly.

"We work here!" Zack yelled as he shoved his hands by his waist.

"We'll see about that."

He dropped his flashlight as he approached. Zack rolled his eyes looking away. He was one of those cops that took his job way too seriously. Zack could tell by the stern look on his face and the pristine way he wore his uniform. He had a part in his black hair that was coifed to perfection and he could probably clip his nose hairs in the reflection of his shoes.

The officer practically dragged the two reluctant bodies to the front door of the

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Bingham house. Both had to resist the urge to run back to the truck and drive off. Travis looked at Zack and vice versa for just that reaction, so the other could follow.

The bastard rang the doorbell and it was a few minutes before anyone came to the door. In a long, simple black robe that was pulled together and tied at the waist, Asia opened the door. Even without makeup, she looked flawless. Zack hadn't expected that.

While Travis on the other hand just wished for an earthquake only below himself, so the earth could swallow him up, possibly regurgitating him near his apartment.

"Hi ma'am, I'm sorry to bother you this late. I'm Scott Lancaster from Briggs Security."

Both men made a face. "You're just a security guard?" Zack asked in disgust as he tried to break free of the grip the man had on his arm. Unfortunately, he was a big security guard and he didn't have plans to release his arm.

"Mrs. Bingham, we're sorry," Travis pleaded with genuine fear in his blue eyes.

"I got a call about a suspicious truck driving through the neighborhood about ten minutes ago. I found these two coming out of your backyard."

Asia covered her mouth with her hand as she stared in turn at all three men. She looked rather innocent at that moment. Almost like a teenage girl, a far cry from the vamp they had just been watching mere minutes ago.

"They say they work for you, is that true?"

Both Travis and Zack looked pretty sad as they waited for her to respond. "Yes, they work for me. They are doing some landscaping work. They came back because they forgot some—equipment."

"Oh." The officer said as he relaxed his grip.

Zack snatched his arm away.

"We're gonna go," Travis said stepping back.

They got in the truck and Zack tore off, the wheels squeaked as he backed up and flew down the hill away from them.

The officer shook his head. "Kids. Sorry for the disturbance ma'am."

Asia nodded and quietly closed the door as he headed back to his car.

They couldn't have possibly seen her. *No*, she thought shaking her head. Then she remembered how Zack had stared at her as he backed up. Even from that distance, his gaze had been intense. He didn't break eye contact until he was turning down the road.

Travis had tried to avert his eyes but she saw he watched her too until the car was over the hill.

Rachel Cade

Asia leaned against the door with her hand still on the knob.

“She saw us man, you know she knows we saw her! We are fired. You know that! Fired. And if she tells her husband he’ll prob’ly hire guys to kick our ass.”

“Just shut up,” Zack said trying to remain calm; still he wiped a sweaty palm over his mouth. “I thought you were supposed to be the calm one.”

“Calm? I’m not fucking calm, I’m paranoid!”

As they made their way through the L.A. traffic, Travis felt the need to add, “This is all your fault you know. You’re the one that forgot our shit. It’s your fault that we went back there.”

Zack pulled over harshly, causing the car behind him to blow its horn viciously. He immediately threw his hand out of the window to flip the car off. “It’s also my fault that we caught her half naked again.”

Sighing Travis turned his head away trying not to picture her body or those hips or that hair.

Zack spoke in a voice that might as well have been his own. “When she bent over man, it was like she was doing that shit just for me. I could have just walked right through those glass doors and made her stay just like that ... I would’ve made her hold her ankles and just fucked her.”

Zack and Travis sat silent in the truck after that. Each consumed by his own thoughts. Each thinking of the different ways he would like to bang Asia Bingham.

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Chapter Four

The next day was Friday, the last day of the week and their last day to work at the Bingham's. They weren't quite sure if they should show up. But since their boss hadn't called them to chew them out early that morning, they guessed they still had jobs. They both were reluctant to see Asia again not sure how she was planning to treat them.

Going into the backyard, they once again stopped dead in their tracks. Instead of being gifted with the sight of a bathing beauty, they were forced to look at the grotesque figure of the out of shape Richard Bingham. He was on a floating device turning slowly in the center of the pool wearing Gucci shades with a frozen daiquiri in his hand. The waist of his black shorts was just under his slight protruding gut.

Zack and Travis groaned under their breath.

Just then, Richard pulled off his sunglasses and looked at both of them. "Eh, you the two assholes they got fixin' this place?"

Zack's hand turned into a fist by his waist. His t-shirt was already sticking to his chest and sweat was pouring down his neck. This had to be the hottest day since they had been in California, which was saying a lot. What was it like a hundred degrees? He surely didn't need this old bastard's shit today. Look at him lying out in that pool, he probably made his money by the second not the hour. And married to a chick like Asia Bingham.

A pig with a diamond collar. "Did he just call us assholes?" Zack asked without moving his lips.

Travis repeated the gesture. "Yep," then raised his voice, "Yes sir that would be us."

Richard's pinky ring glinted in the sunlight. "My wife said you're doin' a good job." He took a long hefty sip of the daiquiri, "She's always been too nice."

"You're the one that hired us," Zack mumbled, setting down their supplies.

"We're just doing our best sir," Travis said, pulling his lucky brown cowboy hat over his eyes.

Just then, like a scene from a movie, the serene surface of the pool in front of them exploded. And from that explosion came a dripping wet Asia Bingham, she

smoothed back her wet hair and wiped the water from her eyes. When she spotted Zack and Travis she averted her eyes, quickly pulling herself up out of the pool.

They both watched as the water cascaded over her swimsuit. This time she was wearing a two-piece, and both guys gave a silent thanks to God as she stood to her full height dripping water onto the concrete. The patches that covered the secret places of her body were the only barriers to their sight of her nakedness. Her flat stomach and wide hips combined with her long legs made her reminiscent of the Bond girl's from the sixties.

Travis was the first to regain motor skills as he stumbled over to her robe, which was lying on their patio table. He reached toward her with it in his hand, holding it awkwardly. She all but snatched it out of his hand and covered her body, drying herself off.

"Thanks," she mumbled.

Zack came back to planet Earth and searched out Richard's expression behind her, wondering if he was about to try and break their necks for gawking at his wife. But he was busy shouting various obscenities into his cell phone. Who brought their cell phone into a pool?

She stared at both of them before turning swiftly to head back into the house.

Zack bent down into the concrete as the blistering heat seared his shoulders and back. If he didn't see one more piece of decorative tile for the rest of his life it would be too soon. It was as if the abstract pieces were laughing at him.

Record deal Zack? Where's your record deal? He shook his head; he had been in the sun too long. The pieces looked like they were voicing the words of his conscience.

Sweat was streaming down his face and he had to lift his arm to wipe his brow to keep the salty substance from going in his eyes. Still, a small droplet dripped from his nose.

It landed on the tile in front of him with a soft plop. A few inches in front of his face a brown foot in a pair of hot-pink heels pushed at the tile in front of him. He didn't look up, just stared hard at her French polished toes.

"This isn't right." He heard her say. "Richard wouldn't have picked this color. He hates it." She continued to press into the tile with her foot, and Zack's fingernails dug into his palm trying to suppress his urge to scream at this woman.

"We're almost done," he said through gritted teeth.

There was silence for a few moments until she said, "Well I guess you're going to

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have to do it over.”

She started to walk away as if she had just asked him to rearrange a vase instead of tearing up and redoing six hours work. Zack wound his head slowly like a man possessed as he stared down into the tile. He listened to those heels, each click as she moved across the yard.

Click.

Click.

Click.

As she smoothly closed the glass doors behind her, Zack lost it. He scrambled up from his position and tore after her, yanking the glass door open so hard it almost shattered as it hit the door pane.

Asia whirled around obviously shocked by his actions.

“Listen lady,” he snarled, “if you think I am taking up that tile today in this heat you got another thumb up your ass! We’ve been working out there all day. Your *bullshit* excuse for a husband was out there too. If either of you had a problem with what we were doing you should have said something then!”

Travis heard the shouting and groaned hard. He rushed to the open door where it emanated from just in time to watch Zack explode on Asia.

Asia stepped back, grabbing the collar on her thin pink button-down shirt, shocked at his words. But it was only a matter of minutes before venom shown in her eyes. “Do you think you’re going to stand in my house and talk to me like that?”

Mimicking her, he wound his neck around in a circle. “I *am*. And what are you going to do about it?”

Asia’s eyes narrowed so hard that you could barely make out the dark brown and white. Her jaw clenched and she said through gritted teeth, “I want you to take your attitude and all your shit and get the *fuck* out of my house!” She threw her arm out as she shouted, pointing her finger to the front door when all she wanted was to kick at the smart mouth bastard.

She started to turn away when Zack grabbed her forearms sending a squeal from her as he pushed her against the glass bar.

He turned her to face him and covered her lips hard with his own. She fought at first, trying her hardest to pull away, but he was much stronger than she was and wouldn’t relent. After a few minutes of this and her heavy breathing into his mouth she started to return his kiss. Her arms snaked around his back and he groaned, pulling her

body closer to his.

Travis stood in the doorway with his mouth about to hit the floor. What the hell was this?

Zack pulled her closer still until she was so close her rib cage was crushing his. His tongue wound around hers. Her cool hands felt so good against his back. Her pert breast felt even better against his chest. Asia's mouth was soft, warm, and velvety. Her tongue matched his move for move until he began sucking it was his lips. Warm breath bathed his face with the soft pants she made as he continued to suck on her tongue adding more pressure. He moved his hand, lifting up her mini skirt and his fingers made scorching contact with her lace-covered crotch.

Asia stiffened when he pushed his fingers between her folds. He deepened the kiss to the point where her back was arched over the counter. He felt so hot against her, so strong. His chest was like a rock and it pressed hard against her breasts, making them ache and tender at the same time. Simultaneously his lace-roughened finger made contact with her clit; he stroked the flesh with long, languid strokes that sent fire through her whole body. She dug her fingernails into his neck bringing him closer. Zack moaned deeply and she whimpered against his mouth as he continued to touch her.

His fingers were long and moved over the caverns of her mound caressing her labia, her clit, and the slit beyond. Unfortunately, the lace panties kept his fingers from moving only so far.

Zack pressed his quivering erection against her hip as he pushed deeper into her through the fabric. He just wanted to get inside of her. To trade places with his hand and rub himself over her soft, wet, pussy. Instead, he would settle with mimicking that action with the kiss as he repeatedly thrust his tongue into her mouth; letting it slide over hers and feeling the warmth of her breath as it bathed his face. Her mouth was hot and delicious, with those full seductive lips. She didn't shy away from his growing eagerness and the kiss had got even more wild as she spread her toned legs to give him better access.

Moving from the doorway Travis still couldn't believe his eyes. Zack had his hand practically imbedded between Mrs. Bingham's legs. They were kissing like two people who hadn't had sex in years. Asia's hips were undulating over his hand in a way that made his cock throb like it had its own heartbeat. Why was Zack the one to have all the fun? *He* was the one that she had written about in her diary. Travis moved toward the

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scorching scene and in a move that was so unlike him, he snatched Asia's head from Zack's and began to deeply kiss her himself.

Asia gasped as she felt another hand come behind her neck and pull her from Zack's warm lips. She saw Travis tilting his head to put his mouth on hers, about a thousand thoughts coursed through her conscience at once. When his mouth slanted over hers he began to kiss her so thoroughly, so smoothly her knees almost buckled. He had both of his strong, perfect hands on her face just below her cheekbones holding her still as his mouth stayed fused to hers. Inside her lips, his tongue was everywhere, over her tongue, her gums, and her teeth. As his tongue bent and swirled, she couldn't help but wonder how it would feel between her legs. As he kissed her, one of his hands made its way around to the back of her scalp, where he caressed her hair gently bringing her mouth closer to his.

As Travis crowded toward her, she realized Zack was still stroking her through her panties. The pressure was harder now as she felt his strong fingers circle her nub. He moved it down and back up, down and back up. Her toes curled, in her shoes as she felt tremors pulse through her. The pleasure she felt wet his fingers through the thin fabric. She didn't know what felt better, the roughness of the fabric pressing against her skin or the way he was moving his fingers so sinfully over her sensitive flesh. Unexpectedly, his fingers broke through the lace and went inside of her.

She gasped at the intrusion and pulled her mouth from Travis'. She hunched over sideways panting. Zack didn't miss a beat. As soon as his finger was inside, he added another, ripping the fabric more and started to pump them in and out of her over and over. It was very deliberate at first; his fingers moving in a timed pace then grew hard, the base of his fingers were slamming into her. Her heartbeat quickened with each stroke. Travis held the top of her body and watched her with those smoky blue eyes as her contorted expression revealed her pleasure.

Gently he leaned over and licked her warm, wet lips whispering against them, "You like that?"

Asia gasped hard and reaching for Travis shoulder's to hold her up as Zack kept up his pace, repeatedly pushing his fingers in and out of her at lightning speed. A low squeal came from her throat as she twisted her head to stare at the floor. Zack's free hand had a hard grasp on her leg as she lifted it just above his waist. The potent smell of her arousal rose up in the air between all three of them.

Travis gently eased her head back toward him and leaned down smoothly

bringing her lips to his mouth. The contrast of Travis' soft kisses and Zack's thick fingers rushing in and out of her made her eyes roll back. She clawed at Travis' shoulders as he whispered against her panting mouth, "You like the way that feels? You like how his fingers feel inside you?"

Asia bent her neck forward, pressing her head against Travis' chest. She tried to talk but her mouth just held open until a grunt escaped as a hard orgasm wracked her body. As it tore through her like a violent storm, her leg muscles gave out and Travis caught her thigh, just under her bottom to keep her upright.

"Oh shit! *Oh shit*," she whimpered as she felt the pad of Zack's thumb slowly circle her clit. She buried her face into Travis' chest, and he smirked at her muffled cry.

He looked down and saw Zack's fingers glistening as he pulled them in and out of her flesh. His own fingers itched to touch her. To run his fingers deep inside her and feel what Zack was feeling. Instead, he held onto her as she yelled out her release, spilling even more wetness over Zack's fingers.

Zack pulled away from her, his dark eyes satisfied as she slid down Travis' hard body into a heap on the floor. Her skirt was high up around her waist as she tried to catch her breath. Spasms still seeped over her body like low tide. Her body felt tired, yet so alive. She leaned back against the bar as she stared with half-closed eyes at the two sets of feet in front of her; one wearing run over Nike's and the other had on a pair of unlaced construction boots.

Both led up to well-muscled calves and extraordinary bodies that were glistening from the sweat of the humidity outside. They each stared at her in a way that made her feel like a mouse in a cage of cats - one sea blue gaze and the other jade green; both equaled one thing - fire.

Zack pulled his shorts down first and stood up, staring at her as his long, veiny shaft jutted out from his body.

Travis pulled his shorts down next, and soon she was in between two of the longest, largest cocks she had ever seen up close. Travis placed his hand on the tip of his shaft and glided it down to the base. She looked up at him, seeing the need in his eyes, and hearing the breath hiss between his slightly parted lips. She felt an equal need throbbing between her legs.

He stared at her with those intense blue eyes. "Come here."

On all fours, she crawled over to him with the cold marble pressing into her legs, stopping in front of the blond-haired cowboy, and sat between his open legs. His cock was only an inch from her mouth; it pulsed as her warm breath eased over it. Sitting on

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her haunches with her hands pressed to her thighs Asia Bingham looked like she was in some pornographic temple. She looked at it, and then back up at him with dark seductive eyes.

“Kiss it,” he whispered through flushed lips, he was so horny he could hear his blood coursing through his ears. At the sight of Asia’s full lips so close to his dick, he had to use all his willpower not to just cum on her face.

Asia moved forward and put her mouth on the tip of him. Her cool, moist tongue came out and ran over the unseeing eye of his shaft. She moved closer and took the whole tip in her mouth, sucking and twirling her tongue. A kiss, just like he asked.

Travis grunted leaning forward slightly as Asia’s tongue expertly darted over him. He bent his knees back slightly as he placed his hands into her hair, letting it spill through his fingers, just as he imagined doing a thousand times. Asia continued to take more of him into her mouth sliding her lips up and down over him. She made small sounds as she did it, actually enjoying what she was doing. God knew he was enjoying it. The way the pressure of her mouth felt, the soft smoothness of her tongue as it stroked his taut flesh. She twisted her face and he felt the shift in her mouth. He groaned fisting his hand into her hair. He made sure he didn’t hurt her. She just kept moaning and her mouth moved over him sucking and pulling at his skin.

Travis tried to hold his eyes open to watch that succulent mouth easing up and down over him, moistening his cock, but his eyelids dropped closed as the sensations gripped him. Her hair felt like silk rubbing through his fingers. When her soft hands caress the back of his thighs then grabbed his ass, it was all he could do not to explode in her mouth. Still, he was gasping in a way that was similar to the way she had been moments ago.

Zack silently moaned as his hand moved up and down his own cock. Watching Asia give his friend head was hotter than any porno he had ever seen. His tall, blond leanness combined with her regal dark beauty was something to see. The way she moved her mouth over Travis, he could only wait in anticipation until it was his turn to feel those sexy sinful lips on him. Travis’ face had turned red as he began to pump into Asia’s moaning mouth. He stared down at her as boyish sighs escaped his lips. She pulled away from him suddenly; the slurping sound her mouth made filled the room. Travis had yet to come and was leaning over, looking like a man on the brink of insanity.

“You’ve had your time.” She wiped her mouth staring up at him with a glint in her eyes that told she knew exactly what she was doing.

Travis could only stare as Asia crawled over to Zack. She stared up at him, meeting those creamy jade eyes with a narrow gaze. "I shouldn't even suck your cock. The way you talked to me before."

Zack reached for her, grabbing the back of her head and fisting her hair, bringing her toward his dick. "You loved every fucking minute of it."

He pushed her head forward and her mouth covered his cock. In moments it was glistening with her saliva as he repeatedly shoved her face forward and pulled it back, fucking her mouth at his own desired pace. His teeth pressed down on the tip of his tongue as his breath wheezed out. In one swift moment, Asia took control as her tongue added pressure, sending his dick to the top of her mouth. He let go of her hair as he came in her mouth. Shouting out, he thrust his pelvis toward her even as she moved her mouth to take more of him in.

She started sucking him so fast and hard it was as if she wanted him to come again. In one quick motion, she opened her mouth wider and took him in all the way to the base.

Zack's mouth cracked open and only a high sound came out. His eyes whipped open as he looked down and saw Asia's beautiful dark brown eyes staring up at him.

"Shit!" He heard Travis say.

She continued sucking on him, holding her thumb under the base of his wide dick.

Zack watched his own cum dribble over his cock as Asia slowly pulled her head back. Her tongue slicked over his throbbing cock, which was jerking from the fresh release. When her warm mouth left the tip a long string of cum clung to her mouth like a piece of elastic.

Zack's white teeth showed as he bit his bottom lip. "You nasty bitch!" he growled.

Asia offered him a seductively innocent glare as she moved her fingers to her mouth, the tips going inside her bottom lip pulling it slightly.

Zack plucked her off the floor and threw her over his shoulder like a rag doll.

He moved to the back of the house toward the bedroom. Travis followed. As they all walked to the back of the hall, Asia pushed herself up, propping her hands on Zack's sweaty back until she held Travis' gaze. He walked behind them looking like a Roman statue come to life. His eyes held hers. "Travis," she began breathlessly, "aren't you going to protect me?"

He ran a perfect finger down the center of her throat. "Of course." Those deep dimples showed themselves right before he kissed her again. Their lips fused passionately

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as Zack kicked the bedroom door in.

He stood and waited for them to finish kissing. When he heard Asia moan and felt her body twist in his grip, he pulled her into the air despite her yelp.

“That’s enough of that you two.”

He let Asia’s body slide down his profile all the while looking intensely into those deep brown eyes.

Travis reached over for her shirt and Zack started to pull down the skirt. She tried to keep from stumbling as they clumsily, eagerly shoved and pulled at her, wanting her as naked as they were.

After Travis had all but tore the shirt from her body, he took his forefinger and yanked at her bra cup, revealing her soft brown breast, and the hardened, pebble nipple he had imagined since day one. Moving closer, he cupped her breast gently in his hand and pulled the nipple into his mouth. Closing his eyes, he reveled in the fact that he was actually sucking on her soft perfumed skin. He sucked on the baby-soft flesh, paying particular detail to the dark skin around her nipple, running his tongue slowly, and sinuously, feeling her hand in his hair pulling him closer. He still refrained from letting his tongue touch her nipple, hearing her breath catch, and knowing she wanted him to do just that.

Not one to be left out, Zack yanked the bra up on his side, leaving her breast to fall from the bottom as the lacy cup bunched above her perfectly round tit. Instead of softly pulling though, he began gentle bites along her breast. Each time she felt his teeth sink softly into her flesh it seemed her nipple grew more taut at the anticipation that it would soon be vised between his gleaming teeth.

The feeling of two men sucking her breasts was sensory overload for her; each used his own technique to bring her pleasure. It sent even more wetness between her thighs. As Travis’ hand caressed her bottom, Asia moaned, rolling her head back and caressed the backs of the two loving her.

Travis pulled his mouth away leaving her glistening and wet from his tongue. He smoothed her aroused skin against his cheek and the cool sensation made her sigh. Standing to his full height, Travis moved his hand to her panties as Zack continued to lick and bite her nipple.

Travis pulled the material upward causing an erotic shock to reverberate through her body as it cupped her throbbing flesh. He whispered deeply in her ear before running his tongue along her earlobe, “Is she ready to come out for the evening?”

Asia closed her eyes. “Yes.”

Even if Zack had been preoccupied with her breast he must have heard because just as Travis grabbed one side of her panties, he grabbed the other, yanking the panties down off of her hips. Just when they pooled at her feet, Zack took both of his hands so that his fingertips rested against each breast and shoved her back onto the mattress.

With knees bent and her legs closed so tight her calves covered his vision of her pussy Asia asked, "Are you always so rough?"

Zack eased one of his knees on the bed and bent forward. His back stretched like a tiger about to strike, both his hands locked around her ankles. Slowly he spread her legs open like a velvet curtain, "Not always."

She felt as if her skin was going to sear off her body as two sets of eyes stared for a long time at her mound.

Zack dipped his head toward her, cupping his mouth to her soft, scented flesh and teased her with a long, twisting tongue. Running it along her tight labia and over her clit, until he was taking deep laps along her slit like a starved stray cat. He heard her heavy breath and felt her pelvis begin to grind against the mattress, slowly. Did she know how it looked? Did she know how sexy and hot she looked doing that, with her half-closed eyelids and wet nipples stabbing up toward the ceiling? Zack pressed his mouth deeper until the hair on his chin began grazing the flesh between her pussy and anus.

Travis licked his lower lip as Asia's gasps filled the room. His eyes followed her pelvis as it lifted from the mattress and fell down like an erotic exercise. Zack's head followed each movement, stuck to her like a human leech. He listened to the lapping sounds Zack's mouth was causing as he licked and sucked on her juices. Her head whipped to one side as a long low moan came from her throat. Her legs were glistening with the fine sheen of sweat. Both of her breasts were still damp from their tongues as the nipples projected from her body, they bopped and swayed with each movement she made.

Zack pushed her right thigh open until it pressed against the mattress of the bed and held her left ankle upright and bent against the bed. Now Travis had an excellent view of his friend's tongue probing Asia's flesh. She squirmed under his tight hold, panting as she bent her neck to watch him as well.

She started to lift her shoulders up from the mattress, her teeth gritted as she reached down to Zack panting. "B- Baby -"

Travis pushed her shoulders back down on the bed with one hand while the other snatched her forearm before her touch reached his friend's head. She looked up and could barely see Travis beyond the huge appendage directly in her face. "You ain't done with

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this.” She heard Travis say.

Asia sucked air in through her lips. “I’m not?”

With reddened cheeks, Travis slowly shook his head. His hand poised his dick at the entrance of her mouth and she opened it. Her warm lips didn’t take him in, but instead began to run over the under length of him. His eyes almost shut as the cool air emerged from her nostrils to cascade over his inflamed skin. She stared up at him with those gentle brown eyes as her lips opened and closed over the skin that was pulled so tight you could make out the veins as they coursed blood through his cock.

Travis started rotating his hips back and forth letting her warm tongue slide up and down the length of him. The tip was red and he felt like it was going to burst. She stopped briefly, gasping as her eyes rolled shut. Travis glanced down and saw Zack had now spread both of her legs until her thighs were pressed against the black satin sheets of the bed. He was bent down over her with his ass in the air, munching on her drenched pussy. His jaw worked up and down as she twisted her pelvis violently underneath him.

Asia swore loudly in between her barely contained screams. Travis wet his lips as he turned away from the scene back to her face. Her cupped her chin in his hand and forced her mouth open, muffling her loud cry with his cock. She gripped it in her hand and began to suck fiercely on it, meeting her thumb with her mouth as she groaned in her throat.

Travis threw his head back; her mouth was vacuuming him in. Her moans making her tongue and the inside of her cheeks vibrate deliciously. He flexed his ass muscles as he pushed forward wanting her take him deeper. Just when he felt himself on the edge, he grabbed her sweaty hand yanking it off him.

Still deeply imbedded in her mouth, he spoke in a guttural tone, “Deep throat it.”

Even as she was about to come in Zack’s mouth, she did as he asked, opening her mouth wide and absorbing his shaft to the very base. The pleased sound he made; ecstasy mixed with shock turned her on even more. Several times, she dragged on him from tip to length, until he was crying out almost like a woman. His face was red and gleamed with sweat when she finally released the tip.

Asia’s glistening mouth slowly spread into a dazzling smile. He could hardly breathe; she was still stroking his engorged flesh in the palm of her hand. He grinned back down at her.

She saw Travis’ blue eyes slowly scale down her body to Zack, and then he looked back at her. Like a stream of lightning he moved, the bed shifted and soon he and Zack were in a tongue battle for space on her pussy.

She gasped and half screamed from shock and pleasure.

Her body arched off the bed as both tongues swirled over her softness. Zack's tongue was hard and fast as it stroked up and down her slit. Travis' strokes were slow and languid as it explored around Zack's tongue, sucking her labia into his mouth. Then he moved it over the soft perfumed skin to her sensitive slit, he rolled his tongue over it, not moving, not stopping even as her pelvis jumped and twisted under him. He heard her loud sounds as she scratched at his back.

Travis started to lap his tongue over her clit hard as Zack twisted his head and stuck his long, stiff tongue into her entrance, fucking her hard like he wanted his dick to. Asia's leg lurched upward thrusting her pelvis at least a foot off the bed as she came.

Squeezing her eyes shut she shouted. "Fuck! *Fuck!*" she screamed again, letting the pent up air rush from her lungs. Her sweaty body dropped into a heap on the bed, as both their mouths remained fused to her, licking and swallowing up all her arousal.

Chapter Five

Panting, Asia crushed the back of her head into the mattress as two separate stiff tongues ran over her pussy, which still tingled as little aftershocks ran through it while Travis and Zack used their lips to slurp each side of her tight labia into their mouths. Her whole body felt heavy and light at the same time. Never had she felt anything as erotic as both of their mouths touching her so intimately.

Zack was the first to lift his head. Those intense green eyes looked directly into hers. His mouth glistened and was slightly parted as deep breaths emanated from it. She could make out the tips of his white teeth not recalling that they were so long. He looked menacing and she couldn't help but shiver as she eyed him.

Travis gave her one more lick before he sat up too, caressing his hand along her abdomen. He was running calloused fingers over her damp nipples when she looked up at him. "It's nice that you guys like to work together."

Travis smiled and dimples appeared on both cheeks. He stroked her face as Zack started to drag her body down to the corner edge of the bed. Pushing her legs apart, he held his muscular thighs astride around the corner of the mattress. Travis and Asia both looked down at the hard cock he had poised at her entrance. They watched as his long, ivory shaft slipped into her ready canal.

Asia's body twisted on the sheets as he filled her, stretched her, and then he began to pump. The mattress shook as Zack dipped his body weight down each time he thrust into Asia. Travis stared down into her face smirking as he watched the usually cool, collected goddess grit her teeth together, her eyes clamped shut as squeals and groans escaped her lips and resonated through the room. Zack's moaning soon joined hers as he picked up the pace. Placing his hands on each side of her pussy, he watched himself move in and out of her. Taking his thumbs, he rubbed them slowly up and down the outside of her slick labia lips.

Travis licked his lips, pulling his gaze away from the scene in front of him, knowing if he continued to watch Zack drill her, he would come on the mattress before getting his turn to feel her.

Instead, he moved down the shaking bed on his knees and began to tenderly lap at Asia's nipple. The hard bud made a groove into his tongue when he caressed it.

Her skin tasted so sweet.

Asia could barely take the feeling of Zack pounding inside her. He fucked just like his personality, hard and unrelenting. Her spine coned into the mattress as his strokes got deeper and faster. She clutched him with her secret muscles as orgasm after orgasm rocked her. She felt a long groan he was trying to suppress come forth as he grabbed at her hips.

"God dammit." She heard him ground out.

Sweat dripped off him as he shifted his stance. A soft sigh escaped her as she felt him move inside her. He was leaning over her now with one of his hands fisted into the mattress on the opposite side of her where Travis had moved up to kissing her under her chin.

He was grinding his teeth as he pushed harder and deeper within her, his skin smashing against hers each time he thrust forward. Her hands clutched at the soft bed sheets under her, tangling in them as her body shuddered, reverberating each shock he felt. Asia cried out again at each deep push he slammed into her, his moan followed hers as Travis kissed gently at her neck.

She had no idea Travis was sliding his whole body over the sheets just to offer his body some kind of relief, trying to keep himself from coming. The sounds that Zack was drawing from her were driving him over the deep end. The mattress continued to bounce as Zack dived into her body, sending shouts of ecstasy from each of them that must have echoed through the whole house. Zack dipped into her again and again and one more time before he pulled out, growling. Asia whimpered trying to catch her breath as she felt Zack's hard length leave her. She looked down at him along with Travis, both seemed a bit surprised.

Zack smiled as sweat dripped from. His cock was still hard, jutting from his body like a spear. He tried to catch his breath as he spoke, "I have to share."

Travis started to laugh as a low exasperated breath left Asia. Zack backed up until he was sitting in the black leather recliner chair directly across from the bed.

Travis laughed as Asia continued to struggle with catching her breath. She felt empty and wanted to be filled again.

Gasping, she felt herself being dragged up the bed, her sweat-stained body sticking against the sheets. Soon she was directly across from Travis who gently rested

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his head of blond curls against her pillow. She was positioned with her head on the other. They looked at each other lazily, like longtime lovers just marveling at how perfect the other was.

“Are you okay, Asia?” he asked, tilting his mouth up.

“Yes,” she whispered.

“You are so beautiful.” He spoke while he caressed the side of her face in wonder. “Your skin, it’s just perfect.”

She closed the space between them, covering his lips with hers. They kissed softly, languidly, gently until he pulled her on top of him and the kiss grew deeper. She pulled her soft mouth from his, staring down at his face. “I think you have the most amazing eyes.”

She watched as the corners of his eyes crinkled with laughter. “You do,” she giggled, “they are wonderful. So clear and endless, like you could just dive inside of them.” The last of her words were whispered because she saw those ocean-blue eyes lower seductively to her mouth even as his hands began to caress her full bottom.

Her breasts were tickling against his chest as he pulled her more fully on top of him until her thighs straddled his. He captured her mouth again, kissing her with an urgency that seemed like he thought it was the last time he would ever do it. He wanted to make her mouth swollen with his kisses. When she was in bed at night, he just wanted her to think about this. Inhaling deeply through his nostrils as his mouth moved over hers, their tongues played a sensual duel of strike and retreat, running over each other, pulling and sucking.

Travis’ head lifted to follow Asia’s back. Her lips pulled away from him like they were prying from glue. He opened his eyes slowly, feeling her warm center resting on top of his length. She placed both hands on his chest, rubbing up against his body until her head was over his. Nibbling against the side of his mouth, he tried to kiss her again but she pulled away. A gentle smirk was on her lips as she stared down at him. Looking so seductive with her layered red hair cascading over her shoulders and veiling her face.

He slowly guided it inside. Her breath caught as he slid in so slowly it was torturous. Travis’ mouth was open but only shallow breaths escaped. His eyes closed when he was nestled deeply inside her to the hilt. He had his hands on her hips but he didn’t try to move her, nor did he move. He couldn’t, she just felt so tight and warm and delicious.

Asia’s thighs tightened around his waist as she lifted herself from being impaled against him, only about halfway up before she lowered herself back down again. She bit

her bottom lip. He was incredibly thick and filled her to capacity. Doing it again, she moaned low in her throat, and pressed her hands into his chest, flexing her nails against his skin. Watching his neck stretch back into the pillows she heard Zack say, “You’d better take control of that shit man.”

Still in an erotic daze, she watched Travis’ eyes whip open at his friend’s remark. He looked right up into her face. Asia strained to keep her face composed as she leaned forward, slowly undulating her hips over him. “Are you going to do what he says Travis? Are you going to take control?”

Travis mouth opened but he couldn’t speak. She was staring down at him with the gleam of satisfaction in her eyes. Licking her bottom lip she continued to slowly hump him, her eyes dark with passion as her drenched pussy pulled him in and released him again and again. He looked down and watched his hands on her hips before letting his eyes zero in on his cock as it disappeared inside her.

Travis took a deep breath before bending his knees behind her. He grabbed her hips tighter before he pushed down into the mattress and thrust upward. She hissed in reaction, and he felt her thighs clench around him. Her hands moved up about a fraction against his chest, their eyes locked as he started to thrust up inside her.

He wanted to cry out but he didn’t, he just panted and sent his cock in her hard over and over. She continued to stare at him with those lustful eyes barely blinking until finally he grunted and saw her give in. Asia hunched over him screaming, letting her elbows rest against his chest. He continued to fuck her, releasing his own cries as she covered him and pulled on his dick like a vortex.

He grabbed the back of her neck with one hand and kept the other gripped against her waist. Pulling her face to his, he didn’t kiss her. “Is that enough control for you?” He grunted the question in a low voice against her lips while she wailed out, he asked again when she didn’t answer.

Asia’s face slid beside his and she buried her face in the pillow. Her muffled cries echoed into his ear. The mere sound of it turned him on just as much as the feeling of her tightness stretching and tugging him. He began to pump faster, moving both of his hands down to cup her ass.

From over her shoulder he saw Zack sitting with his legs wide, watching them while his hands caressed the arms of the leather chair. Travis attention flew back to Asia when he felt her tense over him, her back bending. Those warm, brown nipples skittered across his sweat-drenched flesh.

She screamed, bolting upward spasming around him like a boa constrictor going

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in for the kill. A low shout came from him as he bucked his hips up to meet her, trying to keep a hold on those perfect oval hips she had.

Her face was sweaty, flushed, and strings of auburn hair clung against her face. Through her labored breathing she swore loudly, it sounded like a woman shrieking from fear. It was quickly followed by an order for him to fuck her. He was trying to look at her, but he could barely keep his eyes open. He knew he was going to come - and he was going to come hard, deep inside her.

But when she rolled her eyes back, when his name moaned of her lips, like a woman begging for a few more moments on Earth, he knew he was done.

What neither he nor Asia, so caught up in the throes of passion, had noticed was Zack climbing up to them from the foot of the bed.

Asia gasped when he pulled her up from Travis' hard-on. Travis took a minute to gather his wits and register what was going on, he barely had time to grip under her knees. His hands and Asia's skin were both slick with sweat, and Zack pulled her free.

Travis watched as his friend placed Asia on her knees and pushed her down until her face was in the mattress between Travis' legs. She turned her head sideways as he saw Zack position himself to enter her.

"Zack, what the fuck!" Travis yelled from a flushed mouth.

Zack grinned just as he entered Asia sending a gasp that morphed into a moan from her.

"Poor Travis," Zack laughed, "I guess you'll just have to get sucked off."

Just as he was saying this, he thrust inside Asia so hard her face went into Travis' erection. Moaning she began to lick up the side of his shaft causing more pre-cum to gently ooze from his reddened shaft.

Travis opened his legs farther apart as Asia's long tongue ran around his base. She was having a hard time keeping it there because Zack was ramming into her so hard her whole body was jerking back and forth. The sounds coming from her were small panting grunts. The look on Zack's face showed he wasn't going to last much longer. Travis was getting even more frustrated. He wanted to come- he needed to and soon. Her eyes met his. He used his other hand to poise his cock at the entrance of her mouth. "You better suck it dry. Every drop." He spoke through gritted teeth just before he felt her heated, wet mouth open and vacuum his length inside.

Zack continued to thrust into Asia, letting his gaze linger over his massive length as it entered and withdrew from her perfect pussy. His eyes wandered over her round

cheeks to her tiny waist, settling briefly on the perspiration that gathered on her spine, finally letting his gaze stop on the back of Asia's head as it bobbed up and down on Travis' cock.

The way his friend was looking down at her with his mouth slightly agape, Zack could only imagine how he must feel. The way her head twisted from side to side as it moved up and down. Zack sucked in his breath.

He stopped moving in her briefly and could literally hear the smacking sounds her mouth made as she continued to give Travis head. Zack lifted up still imbedded inside of her causing a muffled groan from Asia. He began to drill into her like a jackhammer. Gripping her waist, he sank into her repeatedly, feeling her twitch and writhe beneath him.

She gripped Travis' thighs scratching the inside with her nails. Zack grabbed her arm as she fell forward until her breasts were pressed against the mattress.

Travis grinned as he watched. "I think she likes it."

Even as Zack felt himself getting closer to climax he pushed Asia's head back to Travis. "He told you to suck that shit."

Asia's face was barely constrained; she looked like a woman on the brink of great ecstasy or pain. She moved forward and began to suck Travis' balls. To his shivering delight, she took her other hand and vised his length tightly before running her hands up and down it at almost the same pace Zack was moving in and out of her.

Zack groaned as he started to fall over on her back as his climax consumed him. He came inside her like a tornado emptying, and still pumping. Asia's bottom bucked up as she screamed her release, her voice reverberating against the wet skin of Travis' sac. She fell forward still pumping Travis with her hand. He growled, sending his pelvis up to meet her in a jerky reaction as his white cum shot up through the air, landing on her arm, the sheet, and his chest.

Zack had collapsed on top of Asia and his erection was still quivering deeply inside her warm flesh whose walls still vibrated from her fresh climax.

Travis let his head fall back on the pillow his mind and body reeling. He opened his eyes to see Asia resting her head on his thigh. He let his hand move down to her wet hair, sliding it back from her face.

He caressed her face lightly before letting his exhausted head fall back to the pillow again, it seemed to weigh a ton at the moment, sighing he said, "O -oh *shit*."

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Chapter Six

When Asia woke, it was like it was from a long dream. In the first seconds of waking, she assumed that's what it had been. Some glamorous long fantasy she had about screwing both the pool guys. *How Dynasty*, she thought, with more of a porno twist.

She grinned at that until she felt a hard, steel thigh move under her face. Then realized another body was resting against her back. The grin left her face at her next inhale. She smelled potent sex lingering heavily in the air like smoke in a dark pool hall. She opened her eyes and her vision was filled with honey colored skin. She moved and looked up to see Travis open his eyes as if her movement disturbed him. The motion caused a lightly snoring Zack to wake as well.

Zack wiped his eyes yawning. "Shit dude what time is it?"

Travis didn't respond and Zack looked up to see Asia staring from one of them to the other. Zack stared at her; naked, just awakened, hair tousled; Asia Bingham was possibly even sexier than well-coifed designer dressed Asia. He wanted to lean over and kiss her until she was breathless. But instead, his mouth kicked up in the corner. "Come on, let's get our shit and get out of here before she has the pleasure of kicking us out."

Travis looked a bit surprised as Zack began to move off the tussled bed. But after a moment, he began to move too. Asia looked wildly to both of them before saying, "Wait, I'm not going to kick you out. You don't have to go."

Travis stopped first. Zack was sitting on the edge of the bed.

They were both looking at her, and now that she had their undivided attention, she wasn't sure what to say. "D- do you guys do this all the time?"

"No," Travis said, almost blushing.

"Do what? Fuck the same chick?" Zack stood up as Asia turned to him with narrowed eyes. "No - we don't. What about you, *Mrs. Bingham*?" He pointed a finger to the closet. "Is Mr. Bingham back there with a video camera and jerking off at the same time? I don't care how good it was - if you sell it, I want my cut."

Travis mouth folded down. "Zack would you shut *up*!"

He stared at Asia, his eyes crinkled slightly. "He's not really in there is he?" Zack scoffed.

"No!" Asia yelled, she got off the bed and stalked to the closet and whipped it open. It contained her clothes on one side and Richard's on the other. As with the rest of the house it was unnaturally neat. She turned back to them angrily gesturing toward the closet, "See!"

They most certainly did - every inch of her, from the round high breasts to the thin strip of waxed hair at the apex of her thighs. The two sets of eyes on her made her almost want to cover herself. Not because she didn't like being desired but because it was almost overwhelming. She pulled her eyes away from Zack; she hated the way he looked at her; how his eyes would draw her in.

Whatever desire shimmered in his green eyes evaporated when he said, "I gotta take a piss."

Walking passed her he stole a quick glance up the length of her body, and his sudden nearness made her lurch.

He slammed the bathroom door closed behind him.

"He's always been like that," Travis said as if guessing her thoughts.

Asia went into the closet and took out a white nightgown and pulled it over her head. It was heart-shaped around the bust and short enough to make one wonder if it was supposed to be a shirt.

"What about you?" he asked, as she emerged from the closet.

"What about me?"

He paused before saying, "Have you ever done this before?"

She shook her head. "No - I don't make a regular habit of things like... this."

Would you like to? The question was on his lips but that's as far as it got. Zack said things like that not him.

The man in question swung open the bathroom door and came out. His eyes landed directly on Asia. "What's that?" He was pointing at her nightgown.

"It's a gown," she replied, looking up at him defensively.

He scoffed as his eyes zeroed in on her breasts, which seemed poised to pop out of the top. "More like a stretched tube top if you ask me."

"Nobody did ask you," she looked passed him, "would you like something to eat...Travis?"

"Oh," Zack said sarcastically at the snub.

"Umm--"

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“How did you become friends with him?” She wasn’t really looking for an answer but Travis gave her one.

“We met in school - been inseparable ever since.”

“So I see,” she said sitting down, “you mean Zack went to *school*?”

Zack laughed in a fake news anchor kind of way. “*Damn* that shit was funny.”

Both he and Travis tried to ignore the way the already micro mini eased up her hips as she sat down.

“I wanted something to eat too, you know,” Zack said after a time.

“Fine!” Asia snapped, leaping from the bed like a spoiled child. Zack got a good view of her snatch as she whirled around and went to the kitchen.

Travis felt new life creep into his penis. He lowered his head, resting his arms on his bent knees as he said, “Does she know what she’s doing?”

Zack was leaning against the wall with his hands behind his back. “She knows exactly what she’s doing.”

A few minutes went by and Asia came back in the room carrying a huge glass bowl in her hand. The bowl was almost overflowing with peaches and its juice. It was so full it sloshed over the bowl even as she tried to carefully carry it to the bed. The cool nectar spilled over the side and rolled down the bowl covering her hands. She set it in the middle of the bed then stood up, satisfied at the surprised faces both of them wore.

“Eat up,” she said.

Zack walked to the edge of the bed, down at the overflowing bowl then back up at her. “You can’t possibly expect us to get full off of this.”

“Yeah,” Travis added even as he leaned forward and pulled a peach out of the bowl, not caring how the nectar ran down his hand and forearm. He sucked it down, giggling as the juice dribbled down the side of his mouth. “We’re from Texas, we’ve gotta have more than this.”

Asia watched as Travis licked the peach juice off his hand.

Zack leaned forward dipping his hand into the bowl all the way to the bottom. He pulled out a handful of peaches. Looking at them as if analyzing he said, “This is some L.A. shit ain’t it?”

She shrugged. “Could be.”

Zack took the peaches in his hand and threw them at Asia. “Then you eat it.”

He had good aim because most of them landed in the pit of her cleavage. She lurched at the sudden coldness as the cold nectar dripped down the front of her negligee. Travis sat there mouth opened until a small bit of laughter escaped.

Her eyes narrowed as she reached down to pull the peaches from her skin. "You have got the mentality of a three-year-old." She quickly lifted her hand to throw the peaches at him, but he dodged it in a swift movement.

"Asshole," she hissed.

"Pro ball player you are not Mrs. Bingham." Zack laughed.

"At least not in the technical sense," Travis added.

"Ohhh!" Zack grinning.

Travis' remark earned him a handful of peaches right on the nose.

"Hey!" he yelled, wiping his face, "what the hell did I do?"

Asia continued to try and get some of the nectar off her but it had already stained the fabric. "It seems your friend's bullshit sarcasm has rubbed off on you."

Travis continued to rub juice from his face. "All right then," he said.

Asia watched in horror as Travis reached into the bowl with both hands and pulled out two heaping fists full of dripping peaches.

She held her hands up as she began to back away. "Okay Travis, no - that would not be funny."

"I wuddn't intendin' that darlin,'" he answered, putting his drawl into overdrive.

"Oh my God Travis, look," she squealed as Zack started to skirt the bed chasing her. She made it to the outer hallway when he grabbed her. He turned her around, and she screamed, kicking her legs up when she saw Travis coming for her.

"Get her Travis!"

Asia could only scream as she was smothered with cold peaches. Travis slathered her with them.

"Ugh you bastards!" she screamed, but she was laughing. Laughing so hard, she could hardly catch her breath. Travis' hands continued to explore her body marking her with peach syrup, running his hands along her thighs. When his fingers reached the cleft of her ass, he felt her come alive under his hands. They backed up until Zack was pressed against the wall and she was sandwiched between both of them.

Travis licked from the center of her breasts straight up her throat to her chin. He heard her giggles subside and give way to a soft moan. He licked his lips unaware of how it made deep dimples emerge from the side of his face.

"Mmmm," he said against her mouth, "it's sweet. You wanna taste it?"

Asia took her hands and caressed his face. "Aww isn't he romantic?" He heard Zack say from behind her.

She jerked head toward his. "You're not."

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“No,” he answered, scanning her shoulders with creamy green eyes, “never that.”

Zack grabbed the neckline of her gown and ripped it in two. Travis took quick advantage and began to suck on her breasts, running his tongue from one mound to the other, sucking and licking the juice off her dark nipples. Asia let a breath hiss between her teeth and rested her back on Zack’s shoulders lost in the sensation.

She moved her hand up until her arm was resting around the back of Zack’s neck. She felt the roughness of his goatee against the inside of her arm before his tongue came out and licked the sensitive skin beneath.

Now she was straddled over Travis. His pulsing erection was pressed right against her pussy. He carried her to the bed just like that, his eyes locked with hers until he released her, and she fell back against the bed with a suddenness that made her gasp.

She raised herself up on her elbows but he splayed his hand over her belly, forcing her to lie back down.

Travis dipped his hand into the clear bowl and pulled it back out with nectar cupped in the palm of his hand. He slowly turned his hand so that the juice spilled between her breasts, trailing down her abdomen to make a small pool in her navel. She giggled softly, and he smiled too, right before he began to slowly lick the juice out of her navel.

She bit her bottom lip as Travis’ tongue swirled around her skin. Turning her head, she noticed Zack leaning against the doorway watching them, her gaze caught with his.

It had never occurred to her until that moment that it actually turned her on to have someone watch her having sex and giving pleasure. But Zack had seen everything. He had sat patiently and watched Travis ride her and he’d watched as she’d given Travis head. And Travis had in turn watched her do the same to Zack. And she loved it.

When he pulled away from the doorway, she found herself tensing up. She couldn’t believe how caught up she had gotten by his gaze. His mouth was twisted in that condescending way he had, but his eyes were darkened with a heat that made her begin to squirm over the sheets.

Travis’ tongue was making zigzag marks over her skin as she stared up at Zack. He was also rock-hard yet again, and standing on the end of the bed between her legs.

Asia smiled slightly before saying, “I have an idea.”

“That’s your fuckin’ idea?” Zack asked.

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Why not?” Asia whined, hitting her fist against the mattress.

They all sat on the bed; Asia by the foot and Zack and Travis sitting at opposite sides.

“You want me to kiss him?” Travis asked, pointing at Zack.

“Girl, you must be out your fuckin’ mind.” Zack rolled his head back.

“We don’t even share water bottles.” Travis looked appalled, and she thought it was hilarious, but somehow managed to keep a straight face.

“Why do you guys have to be such prudes?”

Zack frowned. “Prudes -- that shit is *gay*.”

Asia tilted her head. “How many porno’s have you seen when two girls fuck a guy and kiss one another.”

“A: this is not a porno --unless your husband really *is* hiding around here somewhere. And B: those are chicks and it’s different.”

“How?” she asked loudly. When Zack didn’t respond save folding his arms over his chest, she asked, “Why?”

“Because chicks do that all the time,” Travis answered relieving Zack.

“Professional Ho’s. I have never once in my life thought about kissing a man - and I won’t do it now.”

Asia narrowed her eyes. “Not even for a special surprise?”

There was a pause and Travis picked up on the bait faster, as she guessed he would. “What kind of surprise?”

She watched Zack’s lips curl, as he looked sideways at his friend. “The kind that’s a surprise, trust me you’ll like it.”

Asia stared at Zack then in her own challenging way as he looked pissed yet horny.

What a cute combination.

“You don’t want to know what my surprise is Zack?” She leaned over on the bed, bending her arm and resting her head against her hand. Playboy had never seen better.

“Give me a fucking hint,” he muttered not looking at her.

She smiled. “Are you going to do it?”

“Are you going to give me a fucking hint?”

Closing her eyes, she rolled onto her back and grumbled before saying, “It starts with S and ends with E.”

“What?”

“Starts with S and ends with E.”

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“What the hell kind of God damn clue is that?” Zack yelled.

“All your getting,” she said, unfazed, “now are you going to do it?”

Travis shrugged his shoulders before saying, “Fine.”

Zack snapped his head at the friend he’d called his best since he was nine. “I should have known your soft ass would give in.”

Travis gritted his teeth. “I wanna know what starts with S and ends with E! So pucker the fuck up!”

“I will *kick* your fuckin’ ass!” Zack said, jerking back.

Asia looked from one man to the other and tried to stamp down her laughter, she sat up though when she saw Zack’s temper flair. She didn’t want it to come to blows between the two friends.

Zack turned to Asia pointing at her. “You are a sick woman!”

With an almost animalistic gleam in her eye, she scrawled over to him. “S ... E,” she repeated, “are you going to do it?”

He stared angrily down at her then his hand lashed out and snatched behind her head dragging her to him. Just short of kissing her, he stopped. “This better be a good fucking surprise.”

Her brown eyes glanced down at his mouth before placing her hands on his shoulders. “It will be.”

His long sigh washed over her face in a single wave. “Alright,” he growled.

She giggled. “Whoo! Okay. You guys can’t skimp out either. One of you has to lie on top of the other one.”

“What!”

“Motherfuck.”

“How did I get on top?”

“Just shut up.”

Zack was lying underneath Travis who was trying to position his arms on either side of his friend’s shoulders. Zack was holding both his arms at his sides trying, she guessed to refrain from slugging his boyhood pal.

“I want five full seconds of lip locking please. And I *will be* counting.”

Zack looked at her and scoffed before turning his head back to face Travis.

Travis took a deep breath and started to lean down. Zack reached up and grabbed his shoulder stopping him. For effect, he gripped him painfully. “I swear to God if this gets out I will beat you into ICU.”

“Who the fuck am I going to tell?” Travis yelled, pulling out of his grip.

“Uh, uh, boys, play nice.”

“Just do the shit and get it over with,” Zack growled.

They were each looking at the other wearing expressions of disgust.

Travis started to lean down to Zack again when he stopped. Pulling up, he looked at Asia. “Excuse me, but why am I leaning down to him? It seems like *I* am kissing him.”

“Oh my God, dude, your cock is touching mine.”

“You guys are just being ridiculous.” She got up off the bed. “You must not want the surprise.”

Travis swore under his breath, leaned down and plastered his lips against Zack’s. Asia hooted and hollered in the background counting till five.

Travis yanked his lips away and they scrambled apart, not looking at each other, both wiping their mouths.

Asia was clapping as she said, “You two are a bunch of prudes. No tongues or nothing?”

“Kiss my ass!” Zack shouted.

She giggled, gradually becoming used to his manner.

Travis wiped at the rest of his body as if the sorry excuse for a kiss had wept into his skin.

Shaking her head she said, “Be right back.”

When she emerged back a few seconds later, they were still scrubbing at their mouths.

“Oh fellas, stop being childish - it was nothing,” she said in a voice of an overly patient preschool teacher.

“Nothing?”

“We should be able to cum in your eyes for that.”

The latter came from Zack, and she narrowed her gaze at him. “The eloquence of Kevin Federline.”

“Okay dammit,” Travis cut in, “S ends with E. What the hell does it stand for?”

Asia looked to the ground briefly before saying softly, “Sundae.”

She pulled two cans of whipped cream from behind her back. “Who wants to be chocolate and who wants to be vanilla?”

Travis and Zack were sitting side by side on the bed, with their backs against the headboard. In each of their laps were two large whipped cream covered mountains where

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their dicks used to be. Travis was chocolate and Zack was vanilla. She decided after finishing her creations that they needed garnish so she went back in the kitchen to get two cherries. So now, they had two cherry-topped whipped cream covered mountains in their laps. Zack was the first one to look down at himself then to her, then down at Travis, and back up at her. His features relaxed before a slow laugh came from him.

“This was the surprise,” he said, “Cock sundaes?”

Asia shrugged ignoring his sarcasm. “I didn’t have any nuts...”

Travis grinned, turning his head. “Oh my God that is so cheesy.”

Asia sat up on her haunches. “You two seem rather amused—”

They both started laughing.

Squinting her eyes, she moved up to Zack first, sitting on her haunches between his legs, she reached forward and plucked the cherry from its leaning perch at the top of his pointed erection. Not looking at either of them, she held the cherry by its stem and placed the bottom of it in her mouth, coning it with her lips and sucking on it. The laughter died shortly after that. She put it back on top of his cock, but instead of leaving it there, she swirled it around the tip until his flesh was visible beneath.

His thighs lurched and she grinned slyly.

She turned, and still between Zack’s legs, she leaned over provocatively and took the cherry she had placed on the top of Travis’ ridged hard-on. Not looking at him but knowing both of their eyes were intently on her, she slowly pulled the cherry up from the base of Travis’ erection to the top. Hearing his breath catch as the cherry lightly grazed his taut flesh while chocolate whipped cream piled on top of it. When she finally reached the top, she dragged the cherry over the tip gathering more whipped cream.

Asia sucked on the whipped cream until it was all gone.

“Mmmm,” she laughed, “I love chocolate.”

“Me too.” Travis watched as her mouth sucked in all the cherry.

Swirling the cherry around his base playfully, Zack said from behind her, “Hey, I’m melting here.”

Asia turned back to him. “Can’t have that now can we?”

On all fours in front of Zack, she could see he was right. The whipped cream had begun to melt.

“Who told you to get so hot?” she teased, not looking up at him.

She was actually looking at the line of cream that had begun to dribble between his balls. Kneeling down, she followed that line with her tongue watching his muscles clench as she did so. When her tongue wound around and her lips sucked in one of his

balls, he groaned. It was always particularly rewarding for her to undue Zack.

Asia started sucking away at the whipped cream, and Zack's thighs tensed at her sides. Here and there, her mouth made contact with flesh. It was a definite contrast against the soft, fluffy whipped cream. It was hard as stone and smooth as silk. Little by little more whipped cream was wiped away until a stiff cock with traces of topping remained.

Zack's cheeks were red, and he had started to squirm his ass against the sheets.

"I've been patient enough," Travis growled, pulling her by her arm.

Asia looked down at him, his whipped cream had melted considerably more, it was spread over the tops of his thighs and a little up his stomach.

"Look at you, how you've made a mess of your food," She scolded softly.

"I guess you're going to have to clean me up."

Grinning, she looked back down at him. "Where's your cherry?"

"Find it."

Zack's hands were running up her thighs as she pulled away and went up to Travis. Like a vacuum cleaner, she licked up all the whipped cream from his thighs first. One long dragging lick after another. She skipped his balls and made her way to his standing shaft. One long lick from back to tip was followed by another and another until she licked him clean.

He bent his legs at the knees when her mouth covered him and went down on his vein-covered hard-on.

As her mouth sucking him in, he begged her hoarsely, "Suck it all off, *please*." His hands wrapped around her head as she moved up and down over him, he moved her red hair to one side so that Zack could see what she was doing.

Travis gasped, spreading his legs further as Asia began to move faster, using her hand to tease his balls. When she yanked her mouth from him with a moan, cum was seeping from the tip. Travis groaned thrusting his hips into her hand as Asia's mouth moved down to suck his balls. His head hit the headboard as Asia's hand moved up and down his shaft. Slurping sounds came from her mouth as she continued to lick him.

Asia felt Travis stiffen under her, and she placed her mouth back over his cock. The way she slowly sucked it with her head bent sideways, the cock made an impression in her cheek. Her dark eyes looked at Zack's the entire time, never wavering. They seemed to say, *you want me to do this to you*.

Her cheeks were sucked in and deep muffled sighs came from her. A vein popped out on the side of Travis' neck and his face was flushed all the way down to his

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shoulders. He was going to pop any second.

His arm flew up grabbing the headboard behind him. “Aghh *fuck!*”

And there it was.

Asia pulled her mouth away in time to watch as cum exploded out of Travis’ cock like a mini volcano.

Travis slid down the headboard until he was lying completely spent flat on his back. His chest moved up and down with each labored breath. “Oh *shit* that was fuckin’ good.”

Asia was trying to catch her breath as she moved back over to Zack sitting between his legs; she glanced down at him then back up into his face. “Did you like watching that?”

His eyes said yes, but his mouth said, “Whatever.”

“Well that took a lot of energy -- as you could imagine,” she glanced over at a still panting Travis, “not sure if I have any left for you.”

Zack almost lunged at her but caught himself, the paranoid angered mix in his eye made her almost want to squeal with laughter. “You better! I kissed that goofy weasel too, you know!”

That caught Travis’ attention. “Goofy weasel? At least my face is smooth dickhead. That goatee is fucking gross—”

“Because I’m a *man*,” Zack said loudly, “that means I can grow one.”

Travis fluffed the pillow under his head. “I’m too exhausted to knock the shit out of you.”

Zack was about to get into an argument with Travis until Asia wrapped her hand around his now sticky erection. He turned his head back to her and she said, “I’m only doing this to shut you up.”

Asia went down on him, almost enveloping his whole shaft in her mouth in one stroke. Zack shuddered against her and she began to suck on his flesh in an excruciating slowness. She tugged on him with her mouth meaning it as punishment for all his smart mouthed bullshit. He groaned and his hand went to her nape. He applied no pressure, just held it there. She grazed his tip with her teeth before letting her lips run down the side of his length in one fluid motion. In a few moments all traces of the vanilla whipped cream was gone. All that was left was Zack’s pulsing member, and she was determined to make him scream out her name before the night was through.

Asia placed her open mouth over him but didn’t close it. Her breath eased over him, and occasionally as he squirmed, her teeth grazed his flesh. She heard him panting

above her, after a couple minutes of her teasing, she heard him mumble, “What the fuck.”

His pelvis thrust up, and she caught him in the warm vise of her mouth hearing his soft breath as he eased back down to the mattress, sliding through her mouth. He repeated it, and soon he was pushing up into her mouth and grunting as he did. He quickened his pace and she moaned over him, reaching out to steady herself against his chest as he repeatedly drove himself into her mouth. He dropped his butt to the mattress breathing heavily, her hand moved along his waist caressing the skin just above his navel.

A long sigh escaped through his nose and he lifted again. Glancing up briefly, she saw him grimace. He was biting down on his lower lip and sweat was trickling from his hairline. His feet twisted in the sheets, and like Travis when he was ready to come, he reached back for the headboard. A garbled sound rumbled from his throat. Cum dribbled down the side of her mouth, and she pulled back, gazing down as the rest of it oozed down his body.

She nestled herself in-between the two sweaty men. “Well that was fun.”

Neither man said anything for a while; they both lay blissfully contented until Travis broke the silence. “Can we get in the pool?”

Chapter Seven

“Cannonball!” The ancient yell came from Travis as his balled-up body flew threw the air and landed in the middle of the pool with the splash of a meteor.

Asia and Zack backed up as the water fell against the concrete in front of them. She was surprised that a guy so big could move so fast and jump so high.

Asia giggled as she watched Travis pop back up in the water with his hand raised and a smile as bright as someone who’d just won a gold medal. A smile tugged at Zack’s lips. “He’s always like that.”

“What? Happy?” she asked.

Zack shrugged.

“Cool.” Was all she said.

Travis bobbed in the middle of the pool running his hands through his hair to get it off his face. “Are you guys getting in?”

Asia shrugged. Zack was looking at her, and she suddenly felt a slap on her ass that sent her yelping face first into the pool.

When she came to the surface screaming bloody murder, Travis was laughing so hard his whole face turned red. He was insufferably cute but she still slapped at the water splashing it in his face before yelling, “Zack you piece of shit!”

He answered her comment by strutting around the pool, cool as cucumber with his nose high in the air. Grabbing the flotation device, he tossed it in the pool. Naked as the day he was born, he jumped in the water. Hopping into it, he pushed off the side of the pool wall with his right arm until he glided up to them.

“Who’s this?” He asked right before placing a very convincing sneer on his lips. “Eh, ah you two assholes they got fixin’ the place?”

Travis began to snicker as Asia gasped.

“My wife says you’re doin’ a good job—”

Zack stopped as he began to giggle as Travis burst out laughing.

“He doesn’t even sound like that,” Asia said quietly, before hiding a small grin.

“The fuck do I sound like then?” Zack said, continuing the impersonation. “Eh

you, tell Jimmy if he doesn't get the shit done by Friday, I'm gonna come down there and personally iron his balls!"

Travis laughed so hard he almost flipped back under the water. Asia tried to look mad, but she quickly started to stutter before she began laughing herself.

"Is that him?" Zack asked quietly, not looking at her. "Is that what he sounds like?"

Asia stared at his side profile for a moment as Travis' laughter muffled in the back of her mind. His lids were half closed over his eyes and the lashes that hung over them were so long she couldn't see his irises. His mouth puckered up in the center in that little defiant way he had. She waded over to him and pushed up the floating chair from the under side, sending it sideways and dumping Zack in the water with a huge unexpected splash.

"Oh you guys are sick!" Travis giggled as he began to backstroke in the water.

Zack emerged from the other side of the chair looking surprised and innocent. "Was it something I said?" he asked, running his hands over his dark hair now slick with water.

She ignored him, saying, "You wanna see my backflip?"

"I wanna see anything you have to show me." This came from Travis' whose grin disappeared to show total interest.

As the two watched, she emerged from the water and went to the end of the diving board. Naked, she stood at the end of it with both sets of eyes glued to her. She let her toes curl over the end of the board as the warm summer wind tickled at her body caressing her already sensitive nipples, making them tighten in a deliciously painful way.

As she used her body weight to bend the board, she watched as Zack let his eyes move in the same direction she knew her breasts were moving. Travis went so far as to let his whole head move up and down in time with her body. She hadn't done anything like this in years, and she had no idea why she was now. With a small yelp, she flipped off the board and the world swirled around her briefly until she submerged through the surface of the water cool and perfect, and she swam to the top.

Wiping the water from her face, she laughed sheepishly as she heard ragged clapping, it coming of course from Travis.

"Ten!" he said honestly.

Zack stared at her slyly before saying, "I've seen better."

"Oh really?" she gestured to the diving board, "You do it then."

"I said I've *seen* better, I haven't done it."

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“He hasn’t.” Travis chimed in, in a low voice as if his friend wasn’t right beside him.

“What do you guys do?” Asia sat on the side of the pool, letting her calves wade in the water.

Zack was coming out of the house after having raided her kitchen, wearing a long white towel around his hips. Travis had not yet come out of the pool, and Asia had warned him that he would just prune up.

“What do you mean?” Travis asked, floating a few feet in front of her.

She shrugged. “I don’t know. I was out here the other day and found a Rolling Stone Magazine rolled up against the wall. Figured it was one of yours. I just assume you have outside interests... so what do you do?”

Travis’ eyes glanced at Zack before he said, “We just--we’re just ordinary guys. We just hang out—party, go to work.”

She stared at him inquisitively as Zack sat down next to her munching chips. “Really,” she began, “two guys from Texas, hmm.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Zack asked, swallowing.

She shook her head. “Nothing. Texas is just so far away, that’s all. I just figure lots of people come from other places to L.A. looking for stardom. You know, actors actresses... musicians.”

She let the last word hang in the air as Travis gave her a vacant look.

“Well, if we were musicians,” Zack crunched down on another chip, talking around it, “we’d be in Nashville, because that’s where the *shit* is you know? Conway Twitty and Kenny Rogers ... you know the twang.”

Asia rolled her eyes. “Too bad, you guys would drive the girls crazy.”

Zack lay out on his back stretching behind her. “We do all right.”

“I bet,” she mumbled.

She pulled her legs up out of the water pulling them up to her chest, and then she wrapped her arms around them. Rubbing her hands down her calves, she let the moisture gather up and trickle down to her feet.

“What do you do?” Travis asked her suddenly. “Did you come here looking for *stardom*?”

Asia scoffed. “No, I’m from here. Born and raised.”

“L.A. woman.” Travis grinned.

She shrugged. “Guess so.”

He started to glide through the water toward her keeping eye contact with her.

“Well, I think you are absolutely beautiful.”

He was rewarded with a smile that was almost shy, about as shy as a naked woman could get anyway.

“Not just beautiful,” he added, “you’re perfect--perfection on legs.”

She began to laugh.

Already knowing Zack was rolling his eyes behind them, she was sure of it when she spotted Travis giving him a look.

She felt him shift behind her, trying to get more comfortable. “Perfection on legs.” She heard him mumble, chuckling.

Sighing, she lifted her head, cocking it to one side like she’d seen Zack do a thousand times, and looked up at the dark sky over their heads.

“Zachary Thomas Bainbridge,” she said distinctly. She felt him stiffen behind her but kept her gaze on Travis’ shocked face. “Who puts their middle name on a magazine subscription?” she asked flatly to know one in particular.

She heard him groan behind her, or it might have been a growl. But she knew she had gotten to him. She’d been saving that for the most opportune moment.

“The third,” Travis added quickly, wearing a look that showed he was barely containing his amusement.

“The third!” Asia squealed and whirled back around to Zack who was still laying down covering his eyes with his arm. An odd pose since there was no sun he was trying to shield his eyes from.

“Are you a third?” she growled and started tickling his abdomen. He promptly sat up and she felt his muscles clench under her fingers. He moved out of her reach and she smiled. “Ticklish too.”

Zack’s cheeks were red, and for once, he had no rude retort. “Why don’t you pick on him?” He thrust his fingers in Travis’ direction. “He’s the birthday boy.”

Asia’s head turned back to Travis, he already had his hands up, his expression weary. “It was yesterday.”

“Aww, don’t worry Travis, birthday’s are nothing to be ashamed of. One year is just the same as another in your twenties anyway.”

Zack adjusted the towel around his hips and crossed his legs. “How old do you think he is?”

Asia shrugged as she stared at him. “Twenty-three? Twenty-four?”

“He’s nineteen,” Zack said quietly.

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Asia laughed, tossing her head back slightly. "Yeah, right."

Neither of them made a move to laugh, but one was still plastered across her face. "You're fucking with me right?" Her smile slowly slipped.

"No," Zack said with the sarcastic edge back in his voice. "He's nineteen. Just turned."

Asia looked to Travis. There was no way this almost six-foot-four guy with those eyes and those shoulders was nineteen. Not the way he kissed, not the way he fucked.

Nineteen.

She couldn't believe it. In fact, she shook her head. "No. That's not true. You can't be."

Travis licked his lips. "I am." He admitted. "But so is he."

"Two months older thank you," Zack said smugly, "and I don't give a shit if she knows. I know I'm a man."

Asia's eyes squinted. "You're both nineteen?" Her face reflected her disbelief. "Y--you're not even old enough to drink."

She shook her head and started to stand, but Travis grabbed her leg, forcing her to sit back down.

Travis kept his hand pressed against her thigh. He wasn't about to just let her get up and leave. He saw the annoyed expression on her face but didn't release his grip. "Maybe it's hard to believe. But that still doesn't change what happened between us."

Zack moved up behind her and gripped her shoulders. "Yes Asia," he began tilting his head to her ear, "you did *not* rape us. It's alright."

She tried to shake his hands off but he didn't budge.

Travis stood up in the pool until he was almost eye-to-eye with her. "Please don't start getting all nervous and uncomfortable now," he said quietly.

"Too little, too late," Zack added against her neck.

Travis moved aside her leg which she had been holding up now as a barrier toward him. Leaning forward, he kissed the skin in between her breasts. It was cool and wet at the same time, but as his lips made lingering contact, her skin grew warm under his mouth. Rolling his tongue over her, he let the softer underside drag over her skin, down her abdomen to her navel. Trailing tender kisses along her thigh, he took in a deep breath before he began to stroke his tongue along the crevices of her pussy, laving it with his own saliva while calling forth her own natural juices.

Asia stiffened when the hardened tip of his tongue flicked over her clit, sucking her flesh. She gasped and lurched, but Travis reached around cupping her hips to keep

her positioned just as he wanted her. He moaned deep in his throat as he continued to taste her. He turned his head allowing his tongue to learn every inch of this secret part of her body. He pressed his body to the wall of the pool. The water that was once cool against his skin might as well have been fresh lava the way it seared into his pours.

Travis let his top lip rub against her clit, up then down before starting to lap at her again. He wanted so bad to suck on her until she came. But he wanted to be inside of her more. Zack had fucked up his opportunity to come inside of her once and he'd be damned if he let him do it again.

He lifted away from her and wiped two fingers down his wet mouth. Zack had both hands wrapped around her breasts and was playing with her nipples. Taking Zack's hands, he unwrapped them from around her, saying to his friend. "Give me a minute would ya?"

Giving him a surprised look, Zack pulled his hands away from Asia and settled back against the concrete, holding himself up on one elbow.

Travis grabbed Asia by the hips and pulled her down into the pool with him. Within seconds, he impaled her against his erection. She wrapped her legs around his thighs and let the heels of her feet settle behind his knees. They were pressed together and her skin heated his as the water bobbed up around them.

He cursed under his breath. She fit against him like a glove-inside and out. Staring into her eyes, he started to thrust in and out of her. She placed her arms on the edge of the pool to steady herself as she started to cry out softly. Her pussy began to throb around him mimicking the clenches her thighs made as they pressed against his. Her nipples grazed his chest as he moved against her, slowly pulling himself out of her and then gently reentering. Her eyes closed, and his almost did to. But he held steady and continued to push inside of her until finally he saw her coming undone. Her mouth opened wide and she reached up digging her nails into his biceps. Her head bent back as she groaned, and he used that as encouragement to push faster.

Her back began to move up and down against the wall of the pool in time with his thrusts. Biting his bottom lip, Travis pressed his knees into the wall. He reached under the water, grabbed her ass with both hands and began thrusting fiercely inside of her.

Asia's whole body contorted as he pumped inside her, and she cried out. Leaning forward, she wrapped her hands around his shoulders but soon Zack grabbed her, jerking her back. He laid her arms out against the concrete and held her down by her wrists.

Waves of water splashed up against their bodies as Travis ground into her.

He grunted loudly as she pinched at his cock with her vaginal muscles, and all he

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wanted to do was screw her harder. Asia lifted up in the water with a shout as she succumbed to an orgasm. She lifted her legs up until they were bent, her knees and shins pressed against Travis' chest. He pushed against her and continued to slap his body against hers.

Zack was rubbing his mouth down her neck and she looked into Travis eyes while he pushed deep within her. As her body jerked against the concrete, he saw her mouth form words between whimpers. At first he didn't understand but she did it again.

"Fuck me," she said. "Fuck me."

He felt desire surge within him and his grip tightened on her ass. He fucked her harder than he ever had anyone in his life until he felt like the blood in his veins was going to boil through his skin. She squirmed and shouted and so did he. But soon it seemed like the water was slowing him down, so he lift her from the water until she was sitting on the side of the pool. He pulled himself up and was once again inside her, thrusting and kissing her at the same time. He laid her back and leaned over her so he could watch himself move in and out of her. He placed both his hands on either side of her and continued to ram her, and she caressed her long, wet legs against his sides.

Her hand reached up and tugged the back of his hair. Grabbing her thigh, he whispered her name between breaths.

Asia closed her eyes and bit down as Travis drilled his cock into her at a frenzied pace. Water from the curls in his hair dripped down onto her skin. She scrubbed against the roughness of the concrete when he stopped, panting he looked down at her.

He grinned and lifted her until she was sitting on top of him. Zack moved to sit behind her on his knees just the same as Travis. He let her back caress against his chest as she bounced off Travis' cock. A few more hard thrusts and Travis pulled her off of him abruptly and sat her of top of Zack's dick.

She felt his fullness dive into her to the hilt and she gasped and lost her breath at the same time. Travis' mouth was on her neck as Zack grabbed her by the hair, not too harshly but enough to send her head back. He rubbed his length within her and soon her ass was smacking against his lap as he pounded her. Zack held her stomach and shoved his cock in and out of her. Asia screamed, grabbing Travis' shoulders. Travis moved his mouth down to her breasts and began ravenously licking at them as she held his head against her. Zack pulled her off his cock and she was riding Travis again. His lips pressed hard together and his blue eyes looked cloudy and hard. He opened his mouth and a long grunt came out. He paused and cursed over and over. She tugged at his flesh with her

female muscles secretly delighting as she watched his eyes roll back with pleasure.

Zack grabbed her again and stood, making her bend over by pressing his hand to her back. When she was, he began to thrust inside her holding her hips. Her fingertips scraped the concrete as she reached forward. He continued until her knees started to buckle slightly. She tried to keep her legs straight as squeals escaped her throat. Her pussy was throbbing` and Zack was relentless, thrusting and thrusting without stopping. She reached back to grasp his thigh but he grabbed it and pressing against her back.

After a few minutes, he pulled out, breathing heavily and smacked her ass. The cracking sound echoed through the air like the sound of a firecracker splintering the sky. Her high pitch gasp accompanied it.

Asia stood up as she felt the stinging against her right butt cheek. She looked back at Zack and tried to take a step but stumbled forward. Travis stood up with his still rock-hard erection bobbing in front of him.

He walked up to her and turned her around to face Zack, who licked his flushed mouth saying, "Lift her up."

Travis did and spread her thighs for Zack. He walked up to her letting those bright green eyes trail up from her exposed flesh to her face. The head of his dick was right at her opening. Asia tried to catch her breath as she felt Travis nuzzling her ear, his labored breathing reflecting her own.

"You like getting fucked by two guys, don't you?" The question was pretty much a demand; he'd said it all the while rubbing his weeping tip against her clit.

Her thighs trembled in Travis' hands, his hard flesh molded against her and she felt herself lift up toward him, still he didn't enter her.

"You want both of us right?"

"Yes," she whimpered, "I want both of you."

"Shit!" she cursed when Zack came inside her again. Travis gripped her thighs and pulled them father apart as his friend slammed against her. Asia knew she couldn't take much more of this. Travis took one hand and began to circle her nipple with his thumb.

Once again Zack came up short, stopping abruptly. Sweat beaded down his torso as he slid out of her.

Travis slowly lowered her to the ground.

Zack pointed to the glass doors. "Walk."

It was all she could do not to crumble to the ground, but she started with gentle steps to the doors. She went inside and they followed.

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Travis closed the doors behind them

Zack plopped down in one of the leather chairs. "Come sit on top of me."

She moved over to him and the leather creaked as she adjusted in the seat to position her drenched pussy over him. She lowered herself, sliding down on top of his flesh. He filled her completely and soon they were back to their former pace. Zack slid down in the overstuffed leather chair as Asia rode him until half his back was in the seat.

She didn't see him motion to an aching Travis with his finger. But she did feel Travis' hands on her hips.

"You want both of us right?" he asked, as the chair shook from their movement.

"Yeah but—"

He pulled out of her and Travis was inside of her again.

He moved inside her with an urgency that made her know he was close - she was too.

She dropped her head on Zack's chest as Travis's long cock filled her over and over.

"*Ugh* I'm gonna... I'm gonna come." He slowed down to a stop.

"No - No!" she wailed with her head still against Zack's chest. "Don't stop - I want you to come."

She felt his hand run slowly up the indenture of her spine in response.

"No." Zack stroked her hair "You want both of us."

She couldn't move. She was so spent, her legs started to go numb in the chair. But when she felt Zack position his cock to enter her, while Travis was still inside her, head whipped to him.

Her mouth opened but no sound came out as he entered her, stretching her until he was all the way in.

Travis and Zack were inside her at the same time.

Her eyes would have rolled back but instead they crossed over. Zack and Travis were both equally large but having both of them in her at the same time was like being penetrated by a fire hydrant. She froze over both of them, and neither moved, giving her time to adjust.

The only sound in the room was their harsh breathing and the squeaking of the leather.

Travis was the first to move, and the fraction of an inch he did, sent gasps from her and Zack. They were both an extremely snug spot and any movement was felt by them all. Then Zack moved. Travis sucked his breath and gripped the side of the chair.

He grunted and then started to move. Asia's face twisted and she grabbed at the arm of the chair, practically tearing the leather with her nails.

She made a sound like nothing she thought could come from her and felt Zack tense beneath her. She was spasming around both of them, and all three of them moaned, groaned, and shouted individually.

Travis leaned into the chair, resting his knee in the seat cushion as he humped Asia.

Then Zack started to move. Asia screamed as both of them moved at different paces within her overfilling her, her legs trembled between them. She fell on top of Zack fully, no longer able to hold her own weight. Travis held her waist holding her up as both cocks thrust harshly inside of her. Her cheek, damp from her own sweat slid over Zack's sweaty chest. His sounds of pleasure vibrated against her face. She could only feel and hear now. The sounds of the leather mixed with their gasps and shouts. The sound of their slick flesh sliding over one another as she doused both the erections that so deeply filled her with her natural arousal.

She screamed when she came, reaching out for anything she could hold on to, knowing if she grabbed one of them, surely she would draw blood. But would they even notice? Both bucked inside of her like madmen, and she felt them both. Zack and Travis climaxed almost simultaneously, filling her with their cum. Both of their voices got abnormally high as they found their own release, and she could do nothing but lay there as Travis fell forward, the chair held the weight of their three exhausted bodies.

Chapter Eight

Asia awoke. She was in bed. A blissful ran over her tired, sore body. On one side of her in the darkness she made out Travis, to her left was Zack. Both were sleeping quite soundly. This was so odd, yet she felt completely comfortable.

She wondered if Zack knew that he snored. If she told him, he would probably vehemently deny it. She smiled. She wouldn't have moved one inch except for the fact that she had to piss something awful.

So she wouldn't disturb them, she slid down to the edge of the bed. She crept into the bathroom and gently shut the door behind her. Flipping the light on, she used the bathroom. After flushing the toilet, she went to wash her hands. Upon catching her reflection in the mirror, she had to chuckle a bit. Her hair was all over the place, her eyes were red, and her lips were flushed. Her body was sore all over.

Here she was—Asia Bingham, Trophy wife, false friend to many, and now adulteress. She'd just done things with two men that would probably make Jenna Jameson blush. Okay... so she probably wouldn't blush. But she would smile and give her a thumb's up. Wasn't that enough?

The sound of a car coming into the driveway made her head lurch. It was well past eleven, who on Earth—

Richard.

Asia sucked in her breath in a heaving gasp that almost made her cough.

She yanked open the bedroom door. Running over to the bed, she kicked it causing grumbles from the two men sleeping there.

"Wake up!" she hissed and slapped Travis' ass, which was exposed as he lay on his back. "Wake up!" She yelled, "You have to get out of here, my husband's home!"

"What?"

Zack jackknifed in the bed. "Husband!"

"Yes!" Asia squealed. "Get your shit and get out! If he sees you here he'll kill all of us!"

Zack was already off the bed before she finished. Travis looked like someone had

just told him he was guaranteed passage to hell. “Oh my God where are my pants!” he whispered.

“In the living room!” She pushed him by his back as he went by.

The bed was mussed and the whole room smelled like sex and peaches.

She ran to the closet, got her robe, and turned to the bed stripping the sheets.

Zack and Travis ran back in the room in various states of dress. Travis just had one leg in his shorts and both of his unlaced construction boots in his hand. Zack looked wild and crazy as he ran past her, walking on the back of his sneakers.

“What the hell is he doing back here? I thought he was in Santa Monica with our boss!”

“The fuck do I know!”

“Our truck is out front, he knows we’re here!”

“Just go, I will figure out something.”

“The house looks like shit--he’s going to know some--”

She almost had tears in her eyes. “I’ll figure it out--just please--”

“We’re going.”

Zack pulled Travis by the arm, and out through the glass doors.

Travis stopped in the doorway. “Um—all right. Bye Mrs. Bingham.”

She licked her mouth. “Bye Travis.”

Travis nodded once and scrambled through the door. Zack stood there briefly with his bottom lip moving slightly like he wanted to say something.

She swallowed, saying, “I hate you too,” waved frantically, “now get out of here!”

And Zack was gone too.

After that, things went by in a blur. Consciously she moved, yet it didn’t seem like she was in her own body. She balled the sheets and tossed them in the washer then she opened the patio doors in her bedroom hoping the air would waft out the smell of sex. She sprayed neutralizer vigorously around the room, then moved to put fresh sheets on the bed.

When this was done, her robe was sticking to her back from sweat. She kept trying not to imagine Richard coming in the house and calling her name. When she came out it would be like a scene from *Goodfellas*.

Who the fuck was here! Huh? Then he’d grab her hair. So much pain would go through her body that she would fall to the ground.

I gotta come home TO THIS! I should fuckin’ kill you!

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Asia lurched and almost moved her hand to her hair. Running out of the bedroom to put the glass bowl back in the kitchen, she almost slipped on the peach juice in the hallway and fell on her ass. She almost ran into the refrigerator with her syrup slick feet before she managed to get the bowl in the sink. Grabbing two towels from a drawer, she ran back to the hallway to wipe up the juice.

As she scrubbed the marble floor, she had to voice the irony, "He's gotta come home early the one time I decide to fuck two guys!"

Travis and Zack stretched against the wall of the house as they listened to Richard yell into his cell phone. Both their hearts raced in their chests as they listened to him. They heard him click off the phone, and Travis risked a peek around the corner. Richard was looking at their beat up Ford truck. Then he looked back at the house. Mumbling he started up the walk.

"He's going into the house," Travis whispered.

"Good," Zack said, "when he gets inside we'll get in the truck and get the fuck out of here."

"But we left the place fucked up. She might not have straightened it out yet."

"But she will explain, even if she hasn't. The fact that we're out of the house puts her chances up to fifty percent."

Travis licked his lips. "If you were her husband and caught a truck here in the middle of the night and you go in your house and it smells like someone was just fucking, what would you think?"

Zack frowned. "That someone was just fucking."

"Exactly."

Travis took in two deep breaths and puffed his chest, it deflated, and Zack could only give a hushed yell as his friend rounded the corner.

Richard's hand was on the front door of his house when he heard. "Mr. Bingham?"

He turned around. "What the hell? Who are you?"

"We're the guys doing your remodeling in the back. We ended up having to go back and get more supplies so we're finishing up late, just wanted to apologize."

Travis heard a noise from behind him but kept cool and didn't turn around. Zack was dragging their equipment.

Richard scratched the back of his head with his keys. "Oh, yeah, I remember you two. The *assholes*," he said cheerfully as if they should be flattered or join in on the joke.

They didn't.

Zack stood beside Travis and said, "Yes sir that would be us."

Richard lowered his keys and dangled them in his hand. The clanking sound they made seemed like it echoed forever. "Alright, well, I hope you made sure you cleaned up all your shit back there. I don't wanna be headin' out for a swim tomorrow and have my foot impaled on a nail or some shit. That would piss me off -- I'd call Jimmy and tell him to skin your dicks and stir-fry them."

"We cleaned."

"No stir-fried dick, sir."

Richard scoffed and turned back to the door. He looked back, "Alright then, get outta here."

They both nodded and moved towards the truck.

When Richard entered the house Asia was sitting at the dining room table sipping coffee. She put the cup down as he closed the door behind him.

"Hey honey. I wasn't expecting you back so soon."

He shrugged. "Had some things to take care of back here."

Richard reached for the mail on the small table by the door, as he looked through it he said, "I saw those two assholes out front. They seem a little retarded don't you think? I wonder if—"

"No they don't."

She'd seen them too. They'd confronted Richard and they'd stalled him for her. They really didn't have to. It was the sweetest thing anyone had done for her.

As she watched, her husband continue to flip through the mail as if she hadn't spoken, she wondered if he had the slightest clue that she had just been wiping dried cum off his two-thousand-dollar leather chair.

When they'd gotten down the hill Travis was beating the roof with the top of his hand, hollering like he was at a rodeo.

"Tell me that was not the coolest thing ever!"

Even Zack had to smile.

"God!" Travis shouted, "I never thought when I woke up this morning this would be how my day would end! *Damn*. Asia Bingham is unbelievable."

Zack giggled at his friend's enthusiasm. "That was some Ferris Bueller shit back there. I didn't know you had the balls. You're the fuckin man."

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Travis grinned. "I am."

Zack pulled the van over as they reached the bottom of the hills.

They both sat there quietly for a long time. Zack's voice pierced through the silence. "You've gotta remember when shit like this happens. You've gotta always remember."

He turned to Travis who was looking at him intently. "Cause stuff like this only happens once in a lifetime."

Richard walked over to the glass doors and stepped outside.

"What the hell is this!" he shouted.

Asia swallowed and went to the door. Richard was walking around looking at the tile.

"This is all they got done? From all day?"

"Oh honey, leave them alone. You would not believe how hard those boys worked today."

Richard was already cursing under his breath. "Lazy hick teenagers. They are going to bring their asses back here Monday and finish what they started! That's for damn sure."

"But aren't you leaving for Miami on Sunday?"

Richard pulled his sagging pants up and passed her into the house. "Yeah," he growled heading to the bar, "But you'll be here. And don't be lenient on them, Asia. Make sure they do everything."

Asia leaned in the glass doorway. "Whatever you want, dear."

Rachel Cade

About the Author

Rachel Cade is a twenty-five year old writer that has enjoyed romance novels since the age of twelve. *Once Is never Enough* is her first novella, although since she has produced many more. Her love of romance and complex passionate characters drags her out of her constantly unmade bed to her computer each and everyday. She also enjoys reading many books print and electronic, and enjoys virtually any genre. In the meantime, you can enjoy her free read series: *Beyond Fantasy* where the latest installments appear on her blog www.RachelCadeRomance.com

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