

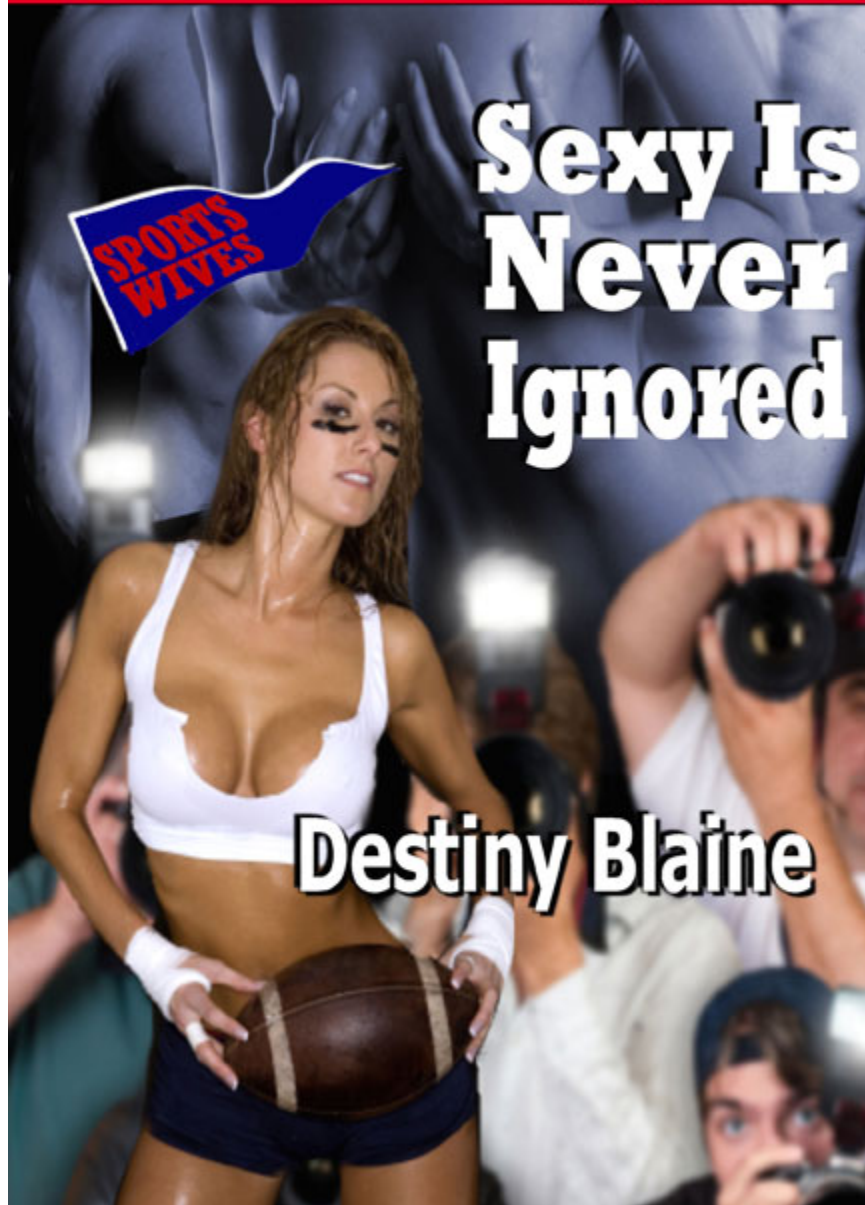
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Ménage Àmour



Sexy Is Never Ignored

Destiny Blaine



SEXY IS NEVER IGNORED

Sports Wives 3

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MENAGE AMOUR



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If you're going to play the game, any game, then play it to the best of your ability and always keep your eye on the prize—or prizes—because often winners find more than one just reward

SEXY IS NEVER IGNORED

Sports Wives 3

DESTINY BLAINE

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Prologue

Corby raised his glass and slowly tilted the rim in my direction. Our eyes held in a fixated trance across the crowded room. He brought the champagne flute to his lips ready to drink in the celebration.

He sipped and... he missed. Sometimes irony has peculiar timing.

I love two men. One took my virginity and the other is my husband, professional football player, Corby Teller. He's responsible, in a sense, for the mass confusion in my personal life.

Thanks to Corby's single-handed manipulation, Steve now lives with us. He's the one who snatched my purity and claimed bragging rights many years ago. Yes, it's an unconventional, if not kinky, arrangement. If some of the people I sit alongside tonight even suspected, they'd toss me out on my skinny ass. Instead, they shower kisses on my cheeks and fill my ears with compliments.

These are the same people who slandered my name only months earlier. The same men who wanted to grope me whenever they thought my husband and their wives looked the other way.

Before Steve moved in, the tabloids dubbed me the *gold digger*, an adulteress, a siren. Corby remains unscathed to this day. *If the press only knew the truth.* Of course, I'm not breathing a word to

anyone. One slip in these circles and a couple can kiss multi-million dollar careers good-bye. I have a stiff upper lip and the truth is, I'm somewhat amused. Somehow our private lives have gone unnoticed.

If the public knew more about our private lives, and our intimate arrangement today, the name-calling would gain some momentum. Tonight, at least for the moment, Corby Teller—my husband—is *Sports and Entertainment World's Man of the Year*.

The silent toast in my direction is symbolic. We've made it. We've arrived. We are the Tellers. The champagne spilled will go unnoticed but my very public affair never will. Because Corby Teller is Corby Teller, our threesome will never leak to the public, even if a reporter suspects it. Corby is flawless even with slight imperfections. People love him enough to look the other way.

Corby's beautiful green eyes carry me to the edge of escape and then lock me into a wager of sorts. Down deep, he knows he deserves everything he's receiving and at the same time, nothing at all. At least, not on this magnitude, most of those voting on *Man of the Year* might agree.

My name is Cassie Teller. My story is one few will ever believe, but most would move closer just to listen.

Chapter One

“You looked stunning tonight.” Corby glanced at me for a second, his hand caressed my cheek before he stared back at the road winding out in front of us.

“Thank you.” I studied him, tried to see him through the world’s eyes and view him, at least for now, as the man deserving of the title and recognition he earned.

Several men received nominations but ultimately Corby won and most agreed he secured the *Sports and Entertainment World’s Man of the Year* award on all five counts—integrity, great looks, athletic ability, philanthropy, and a family man—the whole package, the whole man.

I recognized the Corby Teller everyone in sports and entertainment wanted to see. He deserved such notoriety. I loved who he was in the public eye. In fact, while I helped him become a far cry from the man described at the awards banquet, I adored and craved the man I knew behind closed doors just as much.

The super-star quarterback of the Dallas Rascals kept a few dirty little secrets. If the press ever found out, they’d turn our lives upside down and have a true field day out of what they discovered. I didn’t care, not really. In a world full of phonies and social pimping, irony reared its ugly face and its favor. The spilled champagne when we locked eyes signified a bit of retaliation more or less.

It proved imperfection existed, even in the lives of those finely tuned to excellence. Those who want to find supremacy in others fail to see what is obvious sometimes. In this case, they only had to look.

“What are you smiling about?” I asked him.

“The nonsense of all this.” He sighed as he pulled his corvette through the back gates of our Dallas property. Pulling into the six-car garage, he moved the gear shift into park position and killed the engine. “Doesn’t any of this ever strike you as funny?”

“All the time.”

Corby leaned over the steering wheel. “Yeah. I’ve been called the world’s most eligible bachelor. I wore the title like a badge of honor and you suffered for it when you came into my life. Prejudices followed. People hated. Resentment reigned. You became public enemy number one the second you ran back to a man I pulled you from in the first place. Some *Man of the Year* I am.”

“Corby, stop it. You have nothing to feel bad about here, no reason to feel guilty.” I shot him a quick wink. “Besides, I loved you both and wanted you both. It worked out.”

“Yeah and I just received an award for being an honorable man. Damn. That’s sweet, huh?”

Corby occasionally had a problem with the sharing concept. For the most part it worked. Sometimes, we all questioned it. Corby more so than me or Steve, but he had the most to lose if our threesome ever made the news at eleven.

“You are an honorable man.” I reached over and touched his cheek. “Besides, I never left Steve behind in the first place, and Corby, I wouldn’t have left you either if the roles were reversed. So you’re off the hook.”

“Is that right?”

“Yes, that’s right.” I assured him.

“You’re naughty all on your own?”

“Absolutely.” I reached over and patted his thigh before I stepped out of the car.

He met me at the garage door and slid his arm around my waist before we walked into the main house. At six foot-three, Corby towered over my frame. His dimples were etched into smooth tan skin and his wavy black hair looked soft, wind-blown, and always sexy.

"I love you," I said as we stepped into the kitchen.

"Right backatcha, lady." His hands immediately cupped my ass and he pressed against me with a reminder of how much. By the length of his erection, it was a lot tonight.

I heard voices as we rounded the corner toward the family room and to my surprise, found Mark and Steve sprawled out on the leather sofas there. Since Mark and Steve rarely spent time together, it was unexpected and a pleasant surprise.

"Well lookie here," I drawled with a forced southern twang. I bent down and kissed Steve on the cheek before tapping Mark on the head. "Bonding tonight?"

"You wish," Steve hissed. He shifted his weight and then made room for me to sit beside him. I sat down parallel to his dick with my backside pressing against him. I'm not a dumb blonde, and the erection I found behind me didn't come as a surprise.

Mark sat up and watched Corby thoughtfully. Best friends, Mark and Corby played on the same Professional Football Confederacy team, the Dallas Rascals. He was the only one who knew about the bizarre relationship I shared with Steve and Corby.

Steve draped a protective arm over my waist and pulled me against him. "Did you have a good time tonight?" He kissed the nape of my neck sending darts of electricity through my body. It felt like he instructed each bolt on where to strike in order to gain the desired affect. He hit the bulls-eye. It worked well. My nipples perked to attention and my womb clenched in response. "I know you were the prettiest woman there."

"Are you kidding?" The emerald glimmered in Corby's eyes and pride, maybe even a little lust, poured through them. "If the dress scooped a little lower at the top and the slit up her hip gave just an inch closer to her sweet little ass, we'd have lots of company tonight." Instinctively, his hand swiped over the front of his tailored slacks. "Every man in the room knew she was there."

Mark licked his lips and his gaze immediately fell to my cleavage. “You don’t say?” Sarcasm oozed.

It wasn’t a hidden fact, we found one another attractive but so far, Corby and Steve adamantly refused sharing me with anyone else. Double the trouble, our relationship and our bed seemed pretty full. At least, according to the men populating it.

Anything but convinced, I watched Mark and noticed as his mouth twitched into his normal expression—the one he had whenever he gave me his best, ‘this alpha-male wants to do you’ look. Those, I saw often.

“We watched the toast, there buddy.” Mark tossed the remote control on the coffee table and kicked his feet up so his long, muscular legs stretched in front of him. “Missed your mouth, didn’t you?”

“Was it noticeable?” I asked.

“Not really, he played it off pretty good. *Men of the Year* pride themselves on how to make it through sticky situations and look good in the process.” He chuckled, waggled his eyebrows and licked those kissable lips again.

“You should know.” Corby tousled my hair as he passed by me. He sat down next to Mark before he finished, “since you wore the title *last year*.”

Mark grunted, “No offense buddy, but I’m starting to think that magazine only wants the worst of our kind. Remember, I won last year right when my life fell apart.”

I remembered well. The year was pure hell for Mark. I searched his face for an expression of sorrow. None existed there. Only an easy smile lingered along with acceptance in his tone. I never noticed it before. When he lived with his estranged wife, the reason his life turned upside down in front of too many cameras, sadness and bitterness often came through in every syllable he spoke. Not now. Tonight he looked and sounded content.

“Yeah, my wife was fucking anything with a hard cock—from rubber toy men to those who might as well have been sporting one of those generic cocks. Did she even have an age preference?” Mark asked me with a hint of humor in his voice. “Or a limit to the number of rides she allowed per day?”

“I don’t know Mark. Suzy never told me her secrets.” It was true. We were friends but she guarded the skeletons in her closet like Fort Knox. Perhaps because she needed a walk-in storage unit to house them.

Some of her men, we later discovered, already had one toe in the graveyard. The age thing really irked Mark. He tried to give Suzy everything and how did she repay him? She went to bed with rich eighty-something year old men. Okay, so eighty pushed it, seventy-five year old men with a dirty mind and soft cock. No wonder Mark left.

Steve released a guttural growl when he turned his body to curl around mine. Tugging a patchwork quilt from the foot of the sofa, he wrapped his arms around me and pulled me against his chest. He ran his hand through my hair as his blue eyes mockingly held mine in a seductive, meaningful gaze.

He was horny. Corby was horny. The night promised great things, wonderful events. Of course they wanted our company to make off like a bandit.

“So this is how uh...this thing you three have works then?” Mark nodded in our direction. Steve’s palm smoothed over my hip and thigh. I knocked his hand back causing the blanket covering us to move too much.

“Jealous?” I asked.

“You damn well know it.” Lust lingered in his eyes.

“Quit teasing him, Cass.” Steve swatted my ass and I whined.

Mark winked. “What goes on here stays here but damn if you boys don’t know how to make a man desire a woman.”

Corby narrowed his glare with one goal in mind. He wanted me to behave in the worst way. Corby did not want Mark in our bed, at all. It wasn't open for discussion and I brought it up often.

Mark relaxed his neck against the sofa. When he stretched, he made a woman stand up and pay attention. All right, so I wasn't exactly on my feet, but I was most definitely eye-level to one tight looking package.

The bulge between Mark's legs was a damn-right beautiful sight but I tried to avoid staring. It didn't happen without a lot of effort. At least I had distractions. My blonde hair, blue-eyed surfer boy rubbed all over me and with a few more strokes and pats, I might ask Mark to come back later, or tomorrow. Maybe never, though doubtful.

Corby released a loud frustrated sigh and this time, he nudged his friend. "Don't let the door invite you to use it now," he said with a wide grin.

"Sexual frustration must be a common thing around here," Mark whispered. No, it sounded out more like a grunt.

"You think so?" Steve kissed the top of my head and slid his hand up my inner thigh. "Damn," he breathed into my ear as he slipped one finger right into my pussy.

I swallowed tightly. "Watch the hands." I turned and whispered into his neck. I never quite understood Steve and Corby. One or both of them always had to touch me, often intimately, in front of Mark. Sure, they kept me well covered in most cases either by their manly bodies or a quilt but Mark wasn't stupid. The movement under the material typically gave a man a pretty good idea of what went on underneath the blankets.

"The hands, Steve," I snapped out over my shoulder again.

"Yeah, the fingers too. Those can be a bitch, man." Mark stood up realizing when it was time to go. "I meant to stick around for a bit, have a few drinks but I know when I'm not wanted."

"Oh, you're wanted." I reminded him of my own separate goals. I fully intended to have Mark one way or the other. The circle, the one I

created, wasn't going to feel complete until Steve and Corby caved inward, and allowed him to join us. He practically lived there anyway. I simply didn't understand why they refused to give the man a break.

"Hear that, Teller?" He slapped Corby's back, "I'm wanted. I can stay the night if I'm invited."

"Get out of here and go home to a cold shower. We have to hit the field early tomorrow," Corby said.

"Yeah, and I'd love to walk out there rather than limp. Blue balls present a few problems."

I pressed my ass against Steve's rising cock and felt the heat of his erection against my bare ass. After all, I seldom wore panties around these guys. It defeated the purpose, most of the time since when I did wear them, the guys ripped them from my body for easier access. .

"Blue balls are a problem, huh?" I stared at the gems in question.

"Corby and Steve wouldn't know anything about those." Mark locked eyes with me and a plan was suddenly set in motion. Mark didn't realize it but Corby caught on fast. He should have known this day was coming. In fact, after everything Corby and I lived through, he should have seen the drama unfolding twenty miles away.

"Well Mark, most of the time, I'd agree with you." I stretched my arms over my head and my breasts swelled against the thin black material. All eyes were definitely on my nipples. They were hard, round, pointed, aching. Damn it all. I wasn't going to let one man help out with the obvious. I knew how to keep myself entertained, especially when I went to bed alone which was the immediate plan, no thanks to Mark.

"Shew, okay, I'm going home and soaking in ice. Thanks, Cass. I really owe ya."

My feet hit the floor and I walked across the room, careful to sway as much as provocatively possible. "Oh, why don't you stick around, Mark. These two do not have better plans. In fact, since you've had to suffer through blue balls while watching your friends

grope me, I think it's only fair they understand the concept. Don't you?"

Corby set his jaw and glared at Mark. "Don't you say a damn word."

"Not one," Steve agreed.

"Cassie, I think you're on to something." Mark hummed with amusement.

I cocked my hip and stood in the doorframe with an inviting call I understood would go unanswered, at least for the night. "Oh darling, I know I'm on to something. You know why?"

They all waited. Corby looked like he'd choked on his Man of the Year award and Steve's upper lip curled in a silent protest. Mark's wicked smile appeared edible. I wanted to know the taste of it but didn't dare make the move. I'd received fair warning. Mark was off-limits.

"Why?" Mark finally goaded for an answer.

"Because these two," I kept a tight fist and wiggled my forefinger and middle finger at Steve and Corby before I continued, "Aren't coming back to my bed without you." I flashed them a confident smile and then added an oath to make believers out of them.

"And that is a solemn promise, boys." I blew them a kiss and headed straight for bed.

Chapter Two

“Did you sleep well last night?” I teased Steve as soon as he joined me poolside.

With a huff, he tossed a towel over the lounge and plopped down with his laptop. When Steve moved to Dallas, the stock market took a dip and he started a new career as a day trader and shorting stocks. Corby said he had a knack for it and apparently he did. His lifestyle changed dramatically overnight. He didn’t have trouble competing with the man I married, at least not financially.

“So you’re not speaking to me?” I started to pinch his cheeks and he shrugged my arm away. “Pouting, huh?”

“Cass, I’m only going to say this once.” Steve glared at me and I knew *that look*. I grew up dreading *that look*. Since Steve and I spent most of our youth together, it wasn’t the first time I’d had the pleasure of seeing it.

“Uh-huh,” I said sarcastically as I flipped my blonde hair over my shoulders and peered from under a few longer strands. I wanted to go for the uninterested or you-bore-me-to-tears impression but he didn’t notice. His beet red skin tone proved I’d provoked him on the wrong day. Amazing, blue balls slap a man with a lot of attitude first thing in the morning.

“That man. Is not. Coming into. Our bed.” He deliberately took one sentence and chopped it down to two word increments to drive his point home.

“Okay.” I resigned myself to agree with him.

“Okay.” He thought he won.

I rolled over on my stomach and tossed him the tanning oil. “Care to rub me down?”

“Not at all.” He sprayed the mist and massaged my entire body. I felt the heat of his lust tingle through his palms and fingertips but refused to get excited. After all, I knew what was coming and I fully prepared for a temper tantrum, a man’s rage.

After his touch and my oil thoroughly covered every inch of exposed skin, I simply added with a grin. “And Steve? You and Corby *are not* coming back to *my* bed without him.” I rested my cheek against the cushioned support and closed my eyes.

Wow that felt so good. I should’ve reached behind my neck and patted myself in between the shoulders. I even managed to get a sensual massage out of the ordeal and still stood my ground even with a hard cock pressing against my thigh.

Oh yes, this was a crowning moment, a true achievement. I felt rejuvenated and almost went to the pool house to retrieve one of my sex toys. Why not? This was power and I got off on it. Or rather, I wanted to.

I used to be a woman who sort of went along with the flow. The kind of person who didn’t rock too many boats for fear of swimming toward the current. Now, things were different. Loving two men and having their love and adoration returned, changed me.

A few minutes later, I heard the slap of Steve’s notebook computer and his heavy footsteps as he strode across the patio. Only seconds later, the terrace door slammed and the glass rattled enough to startle me. We’d replaced the same door several times when Corby slammed the glass right out of it.

I smiled to myself and then grabbed a sexy hot novel from under my chair. Yes, I planned to take Mark to bed and do things to all of them that most men only dreamed about. For now, the fantasies made for good company. I opened my book and turned the page. Soon, I’d slip into a new world of happily-ever-after. Until then, I’d read about those endings in black and white.

* * * *

“No! Absolutely not. N-o. She is not bringing your best friend to our bed. It’s not open for discussion.” Steve paced across the slate floor of the family room. “Damn it Corby, you do not have to give her anything and everything she wants. I promise, the woman has heard the word ‘no’ before and she survived. It won’t traumatize her to hear it again.”

“What’s wrong, Steve, afraid Corby and I might root you right out?” Mark bit out his accusation.

“No, I’m not. For the record, Corby just about lost Cass and if memory serves me correctly, it was your perverted wife who brought out this kind of behavior in Cassie in the first place.”

“What kind of behavior?” I walked into the room and tossed my beach towel across the leather sofa.

Three pairs of the sexiest eyes I’d ever seen fell immediately to my chest. Damn, I loved it when men noticed my great boobs. I had on a string bikini and I guess sort of commanded their attention..

“You know what I’m talking about,” Steve snapped.

“I seem to remember three consenting adult parties,” Corby noted.

“Me too,” I said. “I thought we all wanted what we have here, am I wrong?”

Steve looked from me to Corby and back at me again. “Yes, I want what we have here. Corby, you, and me. If you want another man, I can’t accept it.”

“Something personal against me, Steve?” Mark asked what I could have easily answered.

“Yeah.” Steve replied honestly.

“You don’t like me.”

“I don’t like you.”

“What don’t you like about me?” He folded his arms across his chest. He almost seemed willing to change, eager to know what to do to set things right.

Steve twisted his mouth. I wanted to hear this too.

"Well? Spit it out, boy. How can we get passed this if I don't know how to correct the problem you seem to have with me?"

"There it is. The problem."

"You called him, *boy*," Corby pointed out.

"I can attest to the fact he is anything but a boy, Mark." I didn't like the condescending way he talked to Steve but in truth, he talked to Steve the way he talked to everyone else.

"I call you boy, and a lot worse sometimes." Mark turned to Corby and shrugged.

"He does," Corby said before he moved to the bar and grabbed a water bottle from behind it. "It's a complex or something."

Corby and I laughed. Mark ignored us.

"So, this thing with Cassie, you two want me to consider this?" Steve asked.

"Oh yes, definitely." I spoke up immediately.

"Unbelievable." Through gritted teeth, Steve managed, "I know you're for it, Cassie. I'm talking to the men here."

"In that case, you three hunks decide what you want for dinner. I'm going to shower and then I'm going out on the town tonight."

"Like hell, you are." Steve looked at Corby and he rubbed his hand over his face.

"Corby, you're all right with her going out for a girl's night right now?"

"Might be good for her," Corby said. "She's going with the other PFC wives. They do this girl's thing every three months or so. She's just trying to make it a big deal. It's never been a big thing until now, when she thinks she can blow it out of proportion."

Like hell. Often the wives who cheated on their husbands did it on our girl's night out. They hooked up with the men they wanted to do on the side and several of them found plenty of willing men ready to participate.

Corby didn't make eye contact with me then. I understood he didn't like the idea of Mark in our bed any more today than he did the day before but Mark must have worked on him some at practice.

I bit my lip playfully as I walked by Mark. His body went rigid the second I brushed by his shoulder. If sexy-hot lust rang out with an alarm, the man set off all sorts of bells and whistles. In fact, with the heat coming off of his body and the erection he barely restrained under his khaki pants, he demanded more attention than a newly hit casino jackpot. Oh yeah, I knew where to find all sorts of rewards. Inside those pants—his pants.

His hard body barely moved but his eyes hazed over while he studied me with thoughtful consideration. Pure desire burned between us, if only for a second.

"See that." Steve all but barked at Corby, "Man, this is your fault. So it's Mark today, this week, maybe next week too if we're lucky and then who's next?" His voice rose as he spoke. "Huh, Cass? The question is for you, baby!"

"Enough." I turned around in time to see Corby's face blaze with fury. "You may have a long history with her, maybe you even popped her sweet little cherry but you are not going to talk to her like she's some cheap whore just because we like her best when she acts like one."

"Corby Teller!" I picked up a pillow and whirled it at his chest before turning around and running smack dab into a hard body, a harder chest.

Mark's hands fell to my waist. "Going somewhere?" He grinned and his straight white teeth seemed to sparkle, gleam really, with a hint of male mischief.

"Did I ask for your opinion?"

"Good damn thing I don't have a bad memory. I didn't give you my opinion, sugar, but I will. Are you sure you're ready to hear it?" Mark asked.

Corby grunted. I should have because I knew what was next. Mark and I often snapped back and forth at one another, particularly when he was married to Suzy.

I decided what the hell. "Sure, I'm ready when you are. Fire away, if you dare."

And bottoms up came easy, as if I asked for the sudden tilt and he only followed my request. "Don't you dare move," he pointed at Steve and then glared at Corby. "I know she's your wife but before the three of us have a chat about this, I think there are a few things Cassie and I need to get out of the way."

"Like hell you do," Steve blurted out and started to follow us but Corby stopped him when he extended his arm and said something to him. I didn't hear the words of warning but Steve joined Corby in an uncomfortable laugh.

I stopped wiggling and enjoyed the tingle I felt when Mark's fingertips touched me. He left chill bumps behind as he smoothed a wandering hand across my skin. He was a man left untouched for far too long.

"Careful, Mark, you may have to finish what you start with me since my men are on strike." We moved through the foyer and headed for the bedrooms.

"I seem to recall who put them there," he said. "And why."

He took the steps two at a time and nudged the guestroom door open with his foot. Once inside he playfully tossed me on the bed and secured the lock. I started to get up.

"Don't fucking move."

"Huh?" I was dumbfounded.

Slowly, he turned around and faced me. Lust poured from his hazy stare. "You're making me crazy and Corby knows it."

"Mark, I have full intentions..."

"Of fucking me? You're damn straight you do." He eased over me and braced his body with two palms on either side of my head.

I tried to ignore the words I kept hearing again and again in my head. Suzy's tiny voice pierced through my eardrums and I couldn't remember the last time I'd talked to her.

Mark drives me nuts. He's the horniest man to ever walk this earth. I swear, once we start fucking, hours later and he's still a walking boner. Words spoken several years ago, but lingering syllables all the same and what I'd give to find out.. Her revelation stayed with me and maybe I was curious. Hell yeah, I wanted to know what he was like in the sack.

"I'm not going to have sex with you." What a damnable lie.

"You're not?" he grinned as he kissed my neck and chin, traced my jaw line up with sharp little nips to guarantee of something entirely different.

"No." I pushed his body away from mine and then shot him my best practiced warning glance, "I'm serious here, Mark. If Corby says it's okay and Steve agrees, then we can but until then..."

"Oh I get it, you fuck two men but you do it on their terms." He arched over me again and his mouth fell open for a wet kiss he wouldn't deliver.

Rolling to the right, I moved off the bed.

After he ran a slow hand over his trousers, he reminded me, ever so gently with, "I know you want it."

"Maybe so but I won't take it unless it's okay to have. I love them, Mark. I'm not going to piss Corby or Steve off or worse, lose one or both of them over this.

I'm sure not going to take what we have and destroy it."

"Ahem," he cleared his throat in obvious mockery, "And what is it you *have* exactly?"

"This smug attitude of yours is the very reason they want to keep you out of *my* bed."

"You mean their bed?"

"It's our bed. His, mine, and his."

Mark studied me closely, his lips curved and a hearty chuckle fell from his lips. "Is that right. His, yours, and his?"

"Yes, it is."

Swiping his hand over my forehead, his hand weaved through my hair like an artist ready to use tiny threads for a creative masterpiece. "Cassie, I don't care. I still have to have you. It's like something I can't explain."

"Mark...:

"No, please...listen to me," his voice dropped low and his eyes held a sincerity in them I'd never noticed before. "You were always the one for Corby, maybe the one for Steve too, I don't know..."

"I do. He was my first love," I interrupted.

He closed his eyes and kissed my cheek before he released me with a sudden sigh. "Anyway, I've known since the day I first saw you in your wedding dress. You're with the wrong man unless he finds a way to share you with me."

His erection pressed against my thigh and I bit on my lower lip as I watched him, waited and planned. I wanted to close my eyes and imagine the three of them right then but I didn't dare. Good lord to even think such a thing right then brought consequences, moist ones. In fact, the puddle between my thighs felt like a dripping faucet.

"Cassie?" Featherlike kisses dropped over my lips. "Are you okay?"

"Huh?" Of course I was okay. "Not only am I okay, but I also slipped into one naughty fantasy with my eyes open and you had the audacity to shake me from it."

"Then move. Get up and go get ready for your girl's night out. Take your tempting fantasies out there with you tonight and see how far you get with them. I dare you."

"A dare?" I gritted my teeth. "You love to push my hot buttons."

His lips curled into a crooked smile. "Sugar, I know where to find all those buttons and just so you know, I don't have to push them. It's pointless when a man understands how to completely disarm them."

Without warning, he captured my lips and slipped his tongue inside of my mouth, the one I swore may have been drooling right before he decided to kiss me.

The man knew how to work his sweet lips and when his tongue slid over mine, I wanted him to stay awhile. Then, he nipped at my lower lip and used his tongue to swipe across the parameter of my mouth. The whole time, his large palms covered my cheeks. I'd read about these kind of smooches. Women climaxed to kisses like this and now I understood why.

"Oh my God, you have to stop this." I covered my mouth with my fingertips and he kissed around them, his penis pressed its strength harder against my leg. "Please..."

"Cassie, I'm sorry baby, if you want it to end, scoot on around me and walk away. Otherwise, I plan on taking you right here, on this great big bed without the other two around to watch."

"No..." I whispered as his lips crashed over mine again, a new kind of claiming, and a hungrier demand.

"Yes, just say yes." His tongue uncurled against mine.

"I want..."

"You want me. Forget saying anything at all. Let me have you and I'll deal with them, face the consequences for both of us. Once you have me, I swear it, you'll never want to let me go."

From what his ex told me, I knew it too. Once I had him, I wouldn't let him go. This meant something significant. I refused to take him without Corby and Steve's permission because if Mark was as great in bed as what I'd heard, I wasn't going to walk away. If it was remotely possible to commit adultery in my current relationship, I might end up considering it with Mark. I had to get away from him and do it fast.

"Don't," my hands flew against his chest, and my head rolled to the side to avoid more kissing, "Mark, stop or I scream."

"Scream?" Amusement danced in his eyes. "I'll make you holler, woman." He bit at my nipple through the soft, moist swimsuit.

I moaned with satisfaction. I was going to lose the battle because I craved Mark and since he knew it, nothing was going to stop this unleashed chemistry. I seriously fucked up by allowing it to go this far. My decision went back and forth and I lost the sense of reason. Nothing would stop us now.

A loud thumping sounded out against the door. “Open up now, damn it.”

Except maybe Steve and Corby.

Chapter Three

“I gave up a girl’s night out for this?” I marched in front of our wide theatre-style screen and propped my hands on my hips, refusing to watch the game behind me even though I wanted to see it. I had leaving on my mind, even if I drove to the golden arches and ordered a burger and fries.

“Move, Cassie. We’re almost done here,” Corby said with an edge of obvious irritation.

“Where’s Steve?” I asked.

“Ran out for beer,” Mark said.

“So the three of you more or less lied and promised a night out just so I’d stay home?”

“Yeah, pretty much. You caught on fast,” Corby said with a grin. “Move, baby. We’ll go out when we’re done here. Mark and I really need to watch these game films and if we don’t get through them this week, we’re going to miss something when we play the Sharks.”

They were going to miss something if they didn’t pay closer attention to me.

I wanted to go out and they were ignoring me like they didn’t have any plans to do anything more than watch games and drink beer. I so didn’t think so.

I loved watching football, but there’s a time and place for everything.

“How long will it take?” I placed my hands on my hips aware of my dark silhouette image dancing across the screen behind me. I moved just to piss them off more.

“Hon, can you move to the left some. Really, we need to get through this game and one more...”

“One more?” I turned and studied the screen for a minute and then twirled around to face them again. “Ten minutes left in the third quarter and you’re watching another game?”

“Yeah, we’ll be out of here by midnight. We’ll take you dancing.”

“I planned to go out with friends. If I’d gone, I’d already have at least three songs under my belt and a few men ogling over me rather than football.

Mark’s eyes damn near watered with the lust then. It was like a slow burn that finally caught the warmth found in an ignited flame. About damn time too.

“Come here, Cassie. I’ll tell you why these films are so important.” Corby exchanged looks with his long-time friend and I understood the words never spoken.

I dropped my hands to my sides and acted as if I intended to walk out. Nothing like walking away from a sure thing, and they understood my game.

“Cassie, stay.” Corby’s voice offered a hint of things to come.

“I’m going out.” Like hell. I wouldn’t miss this for the world.

Mark made his way to the bar. “Want a drink, Cassie?”

“No, thanks.”

“Come here, baby.” Corby reached for me and I took his hand allowing my lips to form one of those immature pouts. I knew what I was doing. I practiced it many times on Steve and it typically guaranteed I’d get my way.

Ignoring the screen behind him, Corby watched me from under hooded eyes. He lowered his forehead to mine and then kissed my lips lightly, something we’d done a thousand times with Mark in the room. Simple, light kisses, affection shown but nothing too intense. I started to pull away from him and in an instant, things changed.

“Where do you think you’re going?” He pulled me against him as his hands dropped to my ass and he cupped my bottom pressing me into the length of his erection.

“I’m going to go outside and wait for Steve.” I bit at his lips as I broke the kiss. “Maybe he’ll take me out if you two are so busy you can’t break away from these damn films.”

“Hmm...that’s what you want to do?” He nibbled at my earlobe and then drew back to look at me. His eyes were wild, the green sparkled with defiance and yet gleamed brighter because of it. He nipped at my lower lip with his tongue brushing over the swell of it before he pushed into the kiss with a hungrier approach. He’d never kissed me *like this* in front of anyone other than Steve.

Awareness spun through my body with a new understanding, comprehending where he planned to take us. My lower half responded with gratitude, one I didn’t even control now as I moved with him, rubbing against his cock as I enjoyed the moment, savored the excitement.

Breaking the kiss, his palm laid against my cheek. “You’re sure this is what you want?” he whispered the question against my chin.

I didn’t hesitate because it was what I wanted but I would’ve stopped if I’d found one hint of sadness in Corby’s eyes. It didn’t exist.

“Does Steve know?” I asked, keeping my voice low as if I thought Mark was unaware of what we were discussing.

“He’s joining us as soon as he gets back.”

Of course he is. I thought about the guidelines we’d set and the rules we’d made since the beginning—the ones I almost broke prior to the knock on the door earlier. Thank goodness, the interruption stopped us. The trust wasn’t broken, but it would’ve been. It would’ve been easy because Mark was beautiful. He looked at me like he thought he might break me if he so much as allowed an indulgent touch.

“You’re going to let me...”

Corby's kiss turned hungry when he stole another one from me. His lips parted and his tongue swept mine into a dance only we understand, two-thirds of an intimate relationship, a marriage of sorts, if only entwined by three beating hearts. The missing link—Steve—undoubtedly agreed to allow Mark to join us in our bed, our home, our family. He was there anyway, the four of us rarely separated. It made sense, perfect sense.

Corby wore denim jeans and Mark had on corduroy pants, the kind every woman wants to see on her man, at least the kind of man who deserves to wear them. Mark owned the rights to each and every thread. He sipped his drink, scotch I imagine, as he watched us from the bar. Slamming the glass against the smooth surface, he took a step forward, then one backwards, drunk on desire, the inebriated look of passion washing over his expression.

"There's no turning back for me, Cassie," Mark said.

Corby led me out of the media room, up the back stairs and into the master bedroom. Mark trailed right behind us. If I knew Steve, and I did, he'd join us as soon as possible, sooner if all of my foursome fantasies were about to come true.

The track lighting across the bedroom was connected to a dimmer but no one bothered to use it. Apparently, Corby wanted the lights on and after hearing Suzy boast about Mark's talents and his gifts, I didn't complain. A woman likes to see what she has in her bed, or at least, this woman liked to see, look, and watch. Bring on lights and cameras, for all I cared because I'd waited for this kind of action for far too long.

Corby turned down the soft sheets and fluffed the pillows before he stripped off his shirt. The smell of lilacs drifted around us with the fresh scent of a newly made bed.

Mark sat on the edge of the mattress and pulled me against him. Sitting on his lap, he touched my breast and then closed his eyes as he rubbed, then squeezed the bunched material. "Good God, I've dreamed about this."

“Me too.” I whispered, fearing Corby wouldn’t want to overhear such a confession.

With a slight push, he helped me stand in between his legs and watched as I undressed for him, for all of us. By the time I stood in my thong and bra, Steve entered the room with a wicked grin tugging at the corners of his mouth.

“Damn you, Cass. You’re going to be the death of me,” he said and then turned on Corby with an accusing finger. “This is your fault. Pay hell with the consequences because I’m here to tell you, there may be plenty.”

Steve didn’t seem angry. At least, his tone didn’t indicate fury or even jealousy but I realized he’d have some. I tried to put myself in his place and recognized a harrowing truth. If roles were reversed, the green-eyed monster would’ve paled in comparison to the jealousy I’m certain I would have felt watching either of them with another woman.

Mark kissed my stomach and my hand instinctively fell to his hair. In my peripheral, I watched Corby light tapered candles and then strip down to his boxers. All men present sported a boner in record time. With the right thought behind it, a dirty one no doubt, anything was possible with these three.

Mark’s mouth should’ve earned an award on its own. He lowered his head and blew hot air over the damp triangle pressing through the silky material of my thong. My panties felt like they were a hot commodity as he brushed his tongue up and down the slit underneath the covering.

I swallowed hard and tried to catch my breath. I gripped his shoulders and tried to brace myself against him.

Steve was nude when he moved closer. “Are you gonna try and tongue those pretty panties right off of her?”

I was barely aware of how quickly he stripped. His spectacular cock, and yes his dick was indeed beautiful, stretched forward in search of my attention.

“I love you.” I mouthed the words to him as I watched him watch another man snap the thin bands of my panties.

“Nothing like removing the barriers,” Corby said. I think there might have been an underlying meaning there. If not, maybe there should have been.

Steve once presented an obstacle in our marriage. Corby removed the problem by making room for him, not just in our home but also in our bed. Now, they were doing it again. I’m sure Steve and Corby realized after tonight, Mark wasn’t going anywhere. I felt light-headed as I thought about it. Mark didn’t have to go home tonight. Not now. Not ever. They were giving their consent, their permission, for Mark to step into our lives, and our relationship.

Corby stretched out on the bed and fisted his cock as he watched the events between three unfold. Steve cupped my neck and licked his way into my mouth with his honeyed tongue. He kissed me like he meant it. Oh sure, lots of men smooched like they were hungry but Steve’s lips crashed against mine with more than desire exploding between us. His mouth, as always, promised and reassured.

I literally tripped into a fuller kiss as Mark’s mouth covered my opening and with more certainty than anyone ever kissed my pussy lips, Mark took control and lavished my center with eagerness. He was ready to get down to business and I saw little room for any other negotiations. I wanted him right where he was and I hoped he planned to stay awhile.

Moaning into Steve’s mouth, he broke the kiss and grinned. .
“Good?”

I meant to answer, the question was meant for me, but Mark took the opportunity.

“Ah yeah, it’s good.” Mark mumbled against my flesh before his tongue stroked through the tight passage. I felt like an oral sex virgin as his mouth did things to me I never anticipated. Steve held me steady, bracing my body against an unforgettable delivery of pure

pleasure and on occasion, he pinched my nipples, rolled them into tight beads.

Side to side, Mark's tongue swiped. He rolled his lips over my clit and then so help me, he ate. Like a man starved for a woman, he smacked his lips over me and grabbed my ass cheeks before he drove his tongue deep inside my body with one goal—to satisfy a woman ready to take anything he had to offer.

“Oh God, don't stop,” I jerked forward and pulled back never noticing how easy it was to grind against his mouth and chin until Steve tried to keep me from bumping harder against his open mouth.

I became Mark's woman. Right there, riding into the throes of pure bliss, I belonged to him as much as any other man in my large bedroom.

“Oh help me...” I tingled from the top of my head to the soles of my feet and my knees buckled under me.

Corby winked. “Let him have you, baby. Give him what he wants.” He pumped his dick into his hand with stiffer pulls and harder jerks. I wanted his cock in my mouth. I needed to suck him, lick him, and just enjoy the hell out of him.

“I've gotcha baby. I always have you.” Steve mumbled against my ear as his fingers tightened around my nipples and softly caressed them into tighter beads. I stared down at his large hands and Mark's head. His long eyelashes barely allowed me to see him.

“God, you're so beautiful, Cassie.” Corby wanted to join us. I saw the lust fill his eyes as his fingers continued to thread his cock in a timed rhythm, slow and easy now. I knew why. He waited for me. He wanted the same ending I desired. An explosive one to guarantee we all went away happy.

With a few hard thrusts, Mark's tongue worked for the obvious, my hips swayed a few times before grinding out a pattern faster and faster. I moved closer, mashing my mound to his mouth. Before I knew what hit me, I was thumping against his face and lips,

everything in the room spinning and ecstasy coming to call in a major way.

Steve pulled me away from him. "Oh no you don't," he growled.

"Oh shit! You didn't just...oh damn." Breathless, I fell against his chest as Mark stood with an evil grin. My mouth opened and closed as I tried to regain some sort of balance. I tried to understand what just happened. A pending orgasm stalled, forever held in the wind. I wanted to choke a man, or two, maybe three.

They all smiled.

"Don't act so greedy, Cassie." Corby stated calmly before he motioned. "Come here. Now."

Corby's eyes followed me as I slumped away from Steve and Mark. After I made my way to Corby, I noticed Mark stripping down to bare bones and I nearly gasped in disbelief. No wonder the man was a walking hard-on. It had to be his natural stance.

Trying to concentrate on Corby, the man I married rather than Mark, the man I couldn't wait to have in between my legs, I eased over him and straddled his waist.

"That's it, baby. Ride me. It's just me and you right now," he said the words softly against my skin as he tugged me flat against his chest.

The tip of his dick slipped inside the folds of my pussy lips and with a growl, he pressed deeper. "God, you feel slick, so wet, Cassie."

He held my waist as he pushed up and slid in deep. "Feel me, Cassie." He watched me as I leaned back and before his hands were there to hold onto what my body provided for a natural grip, I felt new palms, unfamiliar hands fold over my chest.

As if an intruder stopped the flow of things, Corby slid out with a moan and then gave Mark permission to fuck me. No, he didn't say it in so many words but when Mark sat on the mattress, Corby rolled to the side and turned his back to us as if he didn't want to watch the first penetration.

Steve didn't have a problem.

Mark reached for me and brought me over his lap. “I swear, when they told me you liked spankings, I almost came in my own hand.”

Rather than turn bottoms-up for him, I licked my lips and eyed the thing he tried to claim for a cock. It stretched across his belly with a magnificent shine to the tip. The pre-cum oozed from the small slit. I wanted to taste him and yet the ride, the long awaited ride, tempted more.

After a second passed, only a moment taken to consider all options, I threw a leg over his hips and faced him. With my feet planted against the floor, I bent my knees and pressed against the bed and his hips.

“Look at you, so pretty and sexy.” His lips covered mine and I slid down, enveloping him in the wake of a new kiss, his kiss.

“Don’t move yet.” I whimpered when I realized I truly made an error in judgment. I felt confident my body was more than able to handle his size. What a silly thought all things considered.

I whimpered against his biceps when he tried to push all the way.

“Go easy, stud,” Corby said. “Remember, she’s not used to *the donkey*.”

Oh hell, I now understood the nickname. The cock was equivalent, without a doubt.

“Tight little Cassie,” he said as he shifted his weight.

“Oh God! Don’t do that yet. Sit still.”

“Not on your life, baby,” Mark knew what he was doing and it quickly became obvious he wasn’t going to take it slow. He moved my body over his. He literally lifted me up and down along his shaft until I wanted to try out the whole thing again, but he didn’t deliver it all. With his hands on the side of my torso, he offered only pleasurable assistance. He gave a partial thrust, lifted again and my body became an instrument for his pleasure, and mine.

“Oh so good...” I was so wet and consumed with Mark, I forgot about the bystanders and two men quickly reclaimed their positions—and they did it with vocal ownership.

“Share, Mark. It’s a concept you learn quickly around here.” Steve moved in behind me and he tilted my chin to his before he slanted his lips over mine.

He softly kissed me before positioning his cock against my lips. With Mark moving me over him and my body responding in ways I didn’t think I would control for much longer, my mouth opened but I didn’t latch onto the wide crest in front of me. Steve only grinned, that knowing smile sporting all sorts of recognition.

Mark must’ve thought Corby signed me up for pretzel aerobics. He maneuvered my legs in position behind his back and rather than tug me forward, he somehow pushed me back while securing my legs against his upper back.

“Oh, Lord, this is good.” It was good. He reached a spot I never knew a woman had. Maybe it was a spot marked as only his. “I’m...” I swallowed back the fear of telling them I was almost there but it was too late. Steve, jealous lover, yanked me back, pulled me away from Mark right as the climax rode in and damn near staked a claim once again.

“What? Are you out of your mind?” This time, I was pissed. I mean, good grief, Mark had everything under control, especially my pussy and the way he made me feel just gliding against his cock offered what sex should always guarantee—an earth shattering orgasm. I wanted to paddle his backside but Steve didn’t let me spank him. I giggled and then looked at his cute ass.

“Like me that much, do you Cassie?” Mark brought my attention back to his cock. Huge and straining for relief, the other two should’ve been ashamed to stop what we had in motion.

“Damn straight.”

“Don’t worry, sugar. You’ll have plenty of me, I promise.”

Yeah, I’d heard. The one who fucked for hours could screw me like that for days. I wouldn’t complain. I certainly wouldn’t be as stupid as his ex and broadcast his sexual skills to other women. Jeez, if I’d known what I was missing. Thank God I didn’t.

As Steve held and caressed me, Corby brought out our little toy doctor kit. At least, that's what I told them a long time ago, it resembled. A black satchel, the supplies inside were wide ranging. from vibrators to beads and butt plugs, anything and everything anyone might want in the bedroom.

"So she comes with a pleasure package too, huh?" Mark kissed a nipple and slapped my ass. "I want that perky little ass. I mean it. I can't wait to spank you." He gnawed at his lower lip and his eyes twinkled with pure devilment.

"I'm naughty enough to spank." I winked and wiggled from Steve's hold as Mark wrapped his fingers around my wrist and pulled me across his lap. His thick thighs supported me like boulders. Huge and hard, his cock pressed into my ribcage and his fingers slid across my bottom.

"Give me something wet out of that bag, Corb," he called over his shoulder.

I looked up at him and noticed everything from his chiseled chin to his high defined cheekbones. Mark's dark eyes were haunting, the man had his secrets. I only knew a few of them. I wanted to find out more, see the side of Mark he hid from the rest of the world.

"Go easy on that tight little ass," Corby said as he slapped a tube of lube in Mark's hand. "I mean it."

With a slap against my skin, Mark growled. "Heaven help me, her ass doesn't jiggle with the smack."

"Fine tuned, always has been," Steve said proudly. He should know. He kept me in shape when we were younger. Bedroom gymnastics, mattress cardio, backseat calisthenics, body building using my body as a *dumbbell*, or barbell which was actually his goal. Steve kept us both in great physical shape and often our workouts were very sexual in nature.

"I can see for myself. Maybe I need to thank you."

"You probably need to thank us both," Corby reminded him.

“Damn baby, you do have a great ass.” Steve fisted his cock and rubbed it over my lips.

“Yum,” I said as I smacked my lips.

“And she likes to suck cock.” Mark acted shocked at the discovery.

“Loves it,” Steve told him as he pressed between my swollen lips.

“I still can’t get over this pretty little bare bottom.” Mark’s fingers slid down the center but he didn’t break barriers, or cross them. Instead, he raised a hand, one he wanted to see come down on me with enough force to get the wiggle effect he apparently wanted. He popped my butt with a couple of ricocheted slaps.

“Ah yeah,” I choked out the words as I released Steve with a slight pop. My mouth went dry as soon as I said them but it was the only dry orifice. With a soaked pussy begging for cock, Mark slid his index finger inside and then moved it back to my rear.

“Beautiful, and so fucking wet. Damn it, I need to fuck this ass.” He slapped again. This time, I swear I almost came against the manual command.

As if he planned to engage Steve in conversation, he watched Steve’s cock disappear in between my jaws. Mark’s hands worked over my backside and his dick continued to nudge me in the ribs. I was so wet, dying from need and damn it all, they chose to continue the conversation about my ‘fine-tuned’ ass.

“Bet Corby likes to fuck this fine ass, doesn’t he?” Mark questioned. “Do you like to have Corby and Steve fuck you at the same time?”

“Uh-huh.” I only released Steve quick enough to respond and then I sucked him right down my throat again.

Steve grabbed my ears and pounded against my throat. “That’s my girl. Suck it, sweetie. Take it all. Lick the tip.” He pressed for what he wanted, right when he wanted it.

Corby’s hands stroked my ankles. He massaged my legs and calves as Mark raised another playful hand. “Oh Cassie, you are so

naughty. So naughty and..." his finger dipped again before he finished, "tight."

Running his fingers everywhere now, he left me for a few seconds and I knew what came next. My bottom clenched in denial and in acceptance. Steve withdrew and held his shaft tight, clenching his teeth as he stopped his pending spill. I'd know the look anywhere. His eyes were brighter, his jaw tight and his cock straining against his own hand until the purplish color of the head turned bright red.

Corby glanced up at him. "What's wrong there, buddy? Trying to hold back while Mark takes his own fucking time?"

Mark sneered, "You two are stingy. You kept her from me for a long time and I plan to enjoy this, every stroke and every groan. I'm going to savor it."

Steve threaded his cock as he watched me. "That's it baby, spread those legs for him."

My mouth dropped. I imagined Steve taking the hint and moving closer, maybe in time to let me drink him right in, but he didn't.

I shifted my weight and Steve dropped his cock so he could hold my hands in front of me. Mark's finger dipped inside the forbidden area, or at least the one I still thought of as such. He bypassed rings of pleasure as he plunged deep into the tightest hole and stretched the area to accommodate his size.

My pussy throbbed with a hot heat seeping onto his lap as he worked inside of me, I moaned as my back arched. "Please." I looked at Steve and begged. "I'll do anything. Somebody, all of you, fuck me." I felt like a submissive as I waited, arched, swore and promised.

"Oh, we're going to fuck you. Right here. Right now." Steve tugged me from Mark's lap leaving Mark looking dumb-founded and twice as hard as when he'd first sat on the comforter. He immediately jerked his own cock into his palm as he sheathed himself in lubricant. Two or three tugs later, he relaxed his grip realizing, I imagine, there was only one way to find pleasure—with me.

I wasn't entirely sure of positioning but soon, I realized either these guys knew what they were doing or they discussed it early on and maybe tossed a coin or two to reach a few decisions. Mark pulled me against him, into a bear hug of sorts.

Lying with my back against Mark's chest, I felt his mushroom head at my tailbone as his lips drifted across my shoulder. Steve knelt down and the springs under us gave some as his glorious cock was now close enough to suck. Corby mounted me from the top. He blinked as he sank into my heat and by the time he made it there, I couldn't deny the hot heat surrounding him..

"This is heaven, or mighty close to it." Corby's thighs bunched. He gritted his teeth and screwed his cock into my vagina tight and snug.

"Ah Cassie, this is it. Good...it's so good."

I don't know if I moaned or cried but either way, I fucked. God help me, I moved pretty well with them too.

With Steve bracing my upper back for support and Mark holding my torso, the only place for Corby's hands were my breasts and just so happened, I wanted him to touch me.

His fingers sent shivers down my spine. His gaze caressed me as much as his hands and with a quick nod, one I almost didn't catch, Steve tilted my chin upward and slid in place with a hard thrust while Mark penetrated my ass and Corby fucked me like he already had an orgasm with my name on it—his too, obviously.

"Are you okay, sugar?" I heard Mark ask as he fucked deeper, harder. "Good...good girl, take this cock and milk it, baby."

Was I okay? Hell no. They were going to break me in half and the upside down sandwich position wasn't going to be my all-time favorite tomorrow morning when walking might prove challenging. Right now, it was a different story. I sucked Steve deeper and fucked both men anyway they wanted to move me.

"She's okay. In fact, she says she loves it." He smiled as his cock slipped in and out of my mouth. Corby's fingers squeezed my nipples

and the first bead of sweat ran down his cheek. Mark just damn near came with the first of his strokes. His uneven movements and withdrawals told the tale.

After a few strokes between my globes, he withdrew, cursed and then returned again before withdrawing just as fast. I felt his knuckles against my flesh and a curse fell into the room with a carnal growl right behind it.

Corby's lips curved into a cute to-die-for grin and as if knowingly he understood and even related, he withdrew slightly as well. Steve fucked my mouth only harder. The tip touched the back of my throat before he pounded against the roof of my mouth, over and over again. The taste of him filled my senses and inspired the ending I'd tried to achieve.

I mumbled against his shaft and came. It wasn't too earth shattering but just enough for a few moans and quivers.

"That's it, Cassie. Let me fuck you. Let me have those sweet lips. Good... it's so fucking good." His thighs bunched. His eyes closed. He tried to hold my back tighter. His hands wedged between my body and Mark's stomach, he held on and supported me, helped me rise and fall against Corby's cock and Mark's hammering strokes. All the while, he tried to keep my focus primarily on *his dick*.

Mark held onto me with a different grip, more urgency, more desire as he pumped his cock harder into my flesh, the rings of pleasure giving way and taking more of him while never slighting Corby at all. Corby's hooded eyes were hazed now, sparkling with a warning I understood well, he bit down on his lower lip and tapped my pussy with precise beats, intimate knocks.

"Come for us, Cassie. Come on baby, let us have you." Corby whispered as he growled out his inner carnal heat.

Mark plunged his thick cock so deep I discovered a new realm of pleasure when his hot semen jetted into my ass. It was a new surge no one brought but the man giving me a new wave of unexplainable

experiences. Corby jerked with his release and Steve lost his spill straight down my throat.

“Good sugar, that’s it. Milk my cock for me. Milk it baby.” Mark twisted his length like a screwdriver as he shimmied inside of me with a workhorse’s strength and an animalistic dick.

Lord have mercy, the man had everything to offer a woman and he wasn’t the only one. Corby and Steve had long since won Man of the Year awards with me, lots of them, and for various reasons at different times.

“Suck me, baby. Finish me, Cass. That’s it.” Steve’s cock pressed against the roof of my mouth as he held the top of my head against his belly. Corby slid out with pure mischief on his face. “Damn, that was good.”

Steve withdrew, Corby kissed my forehead and Mark kept driving, kept fucking, and he kept coming. When he finished pumping his thick spill deep inside of me, he brought me up on all fours and reached around my waist. “Didn’t please you yet, did we Cassie?”

I shook my head. Of course they pleased me but since Steve stopped two orgasms earlier, it wasn’t the easiest thing in the world to get back regardless of the stimulation and the dripping need suggesting otherwise. Sure, I came but I didn’t explode. Yes, I wanted the fireworks and cotton candy, the sticky and raunchy kind of sex.

“I can solve your problem with one flick of my hand,” his raspy voice promised.

“I know you can.” My clit burned, throbbed, so yeah—one flick against it and a few strokes from his monster cock and I was a goner.

“Want me to make you come, Cassie?” he hummed against my neck. “Want to come for me, sweetheart?”

“Oh God, yes.” I pulled him closer.

He gripped the side of my hip and slid himself in and out and moaned as he reached around me again. “Then let me feel you, sugar. Grind those sweet hips, Cassie. Come for me.”

With his thumb, he touched the button, the magical gem found to set off a woman. He rubbed it just right when his cock stroked right inside my ass again.

“Oh Mark, don’t stop.” My back arched as he yanked me against his chest and he fucked me wildly, without tenderness or a gentle hand to guide him. He held my shoulder and screwed me like a man losing control, the kind he hands over to a woman forever.

“Don’t...stop...fucking...me.” I pleaded as the explosion rocked my world, rocked his universe, rocked the bed, and hell’s fury, maybe even the house.

Screaming his name, I watched as Steve and Corby fisted their own cocks again and before I fell against the bed, they both had their dicks wrapped tightly in their palms and each moved closer just to taste my pleasure. Corby kissed me while Steve suckled a nipple and back to back multiples felt all the more incredible with an accepting audience.

Chapter Four

I woke up around nine. Corby and Mark left early to go to the stadium for a meeting and Steve must've been downstairs waiting on the opening bell. Every television in the house blared with news on stocks to watch, IPO's, and CEO catastrophes, something I rarely listened to these days. Steve typically rambled on about them enough when one CEO bankrupted a company or another stepped in to replace the one who tried.

Getting out of bed was a challenge. I felt like I'd been fucked in every orifice. I smiled to myself. "Screwed in every place that matters." I reminded myself out loud.

"Yes, lady, you were."

I looked up to a grinning, well satisfied Mark.

"What are you doing here?" I noticed how great he looked. Maybe a little sex makes everything better.

"Would you believe we're done for the day?" he asked.

"No, I'm married to a professional football player, remember."

"Yeah, I remember," he said as he stripped off his shirt and headed straight for me.

With my hands flying up in front of him, I stopped him in his tracks. "I need a shower. I need coffee. I need you to feed me." I let my jaw drop. "Really."

I watched him inch closer to the bed and unhook his belt like he didn't hear the first thing I said. I could've tried saying 'no' altogether but a woman like me often finds herself easily distracted with a hard cock demanding release. And when it found some, damnation what a spring he had in his pants.

“Good Lord, Mark.” My eyes bugged.

“Tell me about it. You’ve been on my mind all night and all morning. You would’ve been fucked pretty hard before we left but Corby wouldn’t allow it and I swear Steve is like a watch dog.”

I glanced over Mark’s shoulder and smiled.

He didn’t turn around. “He’s standing there doing it right now too, isn’t he?”

“Yep.”

Mark slowly turned around. “Just give me one day with her alone. Just one.”

“You can have her all you want, if that’s what Cass wants, but first, take my advice. Get her some coffee. Let her eat too or otherwise, she’ll give you the fastest, lamest romp you’ll ever have in your life.”

I made a face at him. “Thanks, Steve.”

“You’re welcome.”

“You know how to make a woman feel special.”

“You know it.” He winked.

I wrapped the sheet around my body and made my way to the bathroom while Mark grumbled and shoved his cock back where it belonged. Actually, I was tempted to call for him as soon as I watched him zip up. I made for a much better fit for his man problem.

“Oh well, easy come, easy go.” I dropped the sheet, stood in front of the mirror nude and brushed my teeth. Pearly whites shiny and bright in the mirror could only be ruined by one thing—coffee.

Mark didn’t waste time. I liked the quality especially since he returned in record time with caffeine.

“You are a God-send.” I kissed his cheek and took the coffee mug from his hand.

He licked his lips, pinched my nipple and slapped my ass all while looking at me like he couldn’t wait to fuck again.. He earned an A for getting me primed and ready fast.

“And you are...”

“Sexy?” I hoped he thought so after the night we enjoyed.

“For starters.”

“Just for starters?” I set the mug on the tile vanity, yanked open the glass shower door and turned on the water.

Mark wrapped me tightly against his chest. “Sexy is never ignored, Cassie. And yeah, for starters, you’re sexy-fine.” His lips touched mine in a soft, gentle kiss. “And you’re a lot more.”

Oh, I was in trouble here. I wasn’t sure if Steve and Corby liked Mark in our bed. No one said anything about Mark staying and I just assumed, especially since he was back so early, he would move right on in with us or at least spend the occasional night, maybe four or five out of every seven.

“Shower.” I reminded him as I pointed.

“Great idea,” he said stripping off faster than he typically ran the football.

“Wow, you can move that ass.”

“It’s imperative, you know.”

“Really?” I felt the slight crease in my brows and I narrowed my eyes.

“Oh yeah, when the ball is in my hands, scoring is critical.” He reached over and cupped my breast.

“Ball?”

“Uh...”

“Yeah, you’re losing your touch.” I stepped inside the glass encasement and closed my eyes as the water ran over my face and head. I waved in mockery as if Mark just lost his unspoken invitation to join me.

I heard the door open and close. He moved over to the built-in wall bench Corby designed when he laid out the bathroom. I peered from under my eyelids to watch him and nearly gasped when I captured the image.

“Holy hell.”

“What?” He smirked.

Damn him. He knew how he looked to a woman, especially one like me. One who didn't mind to drool all over a man like him.

His left arm braced against the slate armrest and his right leg was bent upward, toward his manhood while his left leg provided the perfect place for my bottom. I felt confident it would end up there.

I fought to resist him, but when he fisted his cock and slowly pumped his size in and out of his large palm, I lost self-control.

Proud and manly, he never once took his eyes off of me and I showered until I felt like my skin would wash right off with the cotton washcloth. I didn't want to stop bathing because then the show would shift and the next act would begin. Right now, the prologue promised so much more than the full fledged performance. *Maybe I'm delusional, too.* I pressed my thighs together and thought about—heaven help me—his cock sliding in and out of my pussy.

His finger crooked back and forth. “Look at me, Cassie, not my cock but me, my eyes.”

“I can't help...it,” I said. And I couldn't. The man sighed on occasion when his penis disappeared under his own manual protection and then it resurfaced and the head popped out, slipping between the curve of his fingers and thumb. The whole show made my mouth water. He caressed himself, jerked against the stimulation as the dark bulging flesh tempted, teased, and drew my moist lips.

His balls looked tight, swollen. I dropped to my knees and licked. Tapping the soft, tender area right below the base of his shaft, I sucked just enough, with a little bit of calculated pressure, until he grabbed my hair in a fisted bunch and pulled it.

“God yeah, harder. Yank it harder.” I loved having my hair pulled.

“Damn, that's good.” He leaned his head against the triangular pattern of the brick wall behind him wrapping strands of hair around his thick fingers and knotted knuckles.

“Hmmm...” I sipped him, drank in his manly flavor before I reached the tip of his cock and dropped over him without warning. Moaning as he filled my mouth, I sucked deep, long, and hard.

“Oh hell, Cassie. Baby, that’s so, so good.”

I knew it was good. I could’ve given lessons on giving head. After all, Steve taught me early in life and since he stuck around for so long, it was one thing we perfected together. No man would ever leave my bed without a complete understanding. The best damn blowjob in the world was found inside my small mouth, which in part had a lot to do with why it was one of the best a man might ever find.

I sucked deeper as I mumbled against his shaft. Licking, tasting, enjoying the new, relishing in what I only wanted to find in him.

“That’s right baby, talk trash to me. Suck deep and keep talking to this cock.”

I batted my eyes as I watched him. A wicked smile curved one corner of his mouth where a slight dimple ensured the man behind it knew how to act a little devious. Mark was a bad boy. I’d known it from the moment I laid eyes on him and after hearing some of the wives talk about him, I realized just how bad he liked it. He kept things raw and I liked things rough every now and then.

Grabbing me by the hair, when I reached the tip again, he pulled me to his lap and kissed me. He stripped me of any other ideas I might have, like going back down on him.

“Damn it woman, you’re beautiful, too fucking pretty.” His eyes watched me for some sort of reply, I suppose.

I didn’t quite know what to say. No one ever watched me with such heated intensity, something in the way he gawked at me sometimes left me shivering but it wasn’t from fear. It was from desire, a need so perverse that I felt like he alone knew how to destroy me.

“Mark, something is...” *happening here*. I didn’t get to finish because his lips slammed against mine, his tongue whipped out and lashed around mine in a French kiss the French had no right to claim now. It was a Mark kiss. His moist tongue loved mine all over the place, branded my mouth as his.

“Cassie,” he breathed heavy against my neck, “Cassie, love me. You have to let me have you baby. All of you.”

I thought I was doing everything right until he spoke those tortured words. Need, commanding desperation so powerful caught me off-guard and unprepared. He stood with me in his arms before he wedged me in between the cool slippery stone-covered wall and his rock, hard body.

Before I had a chance to prepare, he grabbed my hips, wrapped my legs around his waist and pounded into my pussy. His lips captured mine while his sharp teeth nipped on my lower lip. “Love me like this baby, that’s it. Love me like this.”

I was losing my mind. His eyes were closed and yet I didn’t want to take mine off of him, once or twice I glanced down. I couldn’t help but watch.

His cock slid in and out of my body, an impalement so erotic I thought I might die from seeing it, watching it, loving the idea of it. The ability to watch his long cock move in and out, over and over again became more addictive than any drug. Captivated, I watched as minutes passed and he continued to kiss me one minute, suckle my breast the next. He never stopped fucking me against the wall and he never once opened his eyes.

Until, they flew open with his orgasm and then it was all I could do to keep from screaming out his name. He held my forehead against his keeping our paces the same, only this time, he skewered inside of me like a man with shameless intentions. I knew what they were. He wanted me screaming his name, clawing his skin and swearing all sorts of things.

And he was going to make sure we fucked until he got me out of his system. “Cassie...” he mumbled against my skin. “Damn you for doing this to me.” He cried out as he plunged deep one final time and his cum blasted through my channel with the force of nature behind it. A wild beast driving forward, he took me as his prey and I never complained, only whimpered against the pleasurable attack.

I writhed against his body as my climax met his. “Don’t you stop or I ...will...die from the loss...”

“Don’t worry. I’m not going anywhere.” His thighs bunched, his lips locked over my nipple and his tongue rolled right over the tip. His dick continued to lead me through the principle of pleasure. He defined it in way no other man had, purposefully he led me into a new life living among the haunted and the wild.

He now owned my soul as much as the other two who shared my body, and my heart. Only, truth be told—he gained controlling interest once untamed, grating desire encouraged him, us, to stay in the shower fucking against the slippery back wall.

Chapter Five

“I’m in love with you.” He confessed before he stepped out of the shower and held a towel for me.

“I know you are,” I said. I also knew we had a problem with the fact. Corby and Steve were willing to share but they were not going to hand me over to another man and I wasn’t going to leave them behind. Mark wasn’t a man who shared easily. I saw it in the shower, I felt it when we made love. He wasn’t easily satisfied.

“You...” He patted his face dry and then looked up at me, apparently changing where he planned to take the conversation. “This thing here with Steve and Corby, it works for you?”

I turned my back to him and started to wrap my body in the terrycloth. He used the end of his towel and patted my bottom before he kissed my back and let his tongue travel to the curve of my waist.

“Have a break there, stud.” I teased him before turning around to watch him.

“I said I’m in love with you.”

“And Steve and Corby love me too. Steve has loved me since I was nothing more than a girl with a flat chest.”

“What happened? Did he blow them up?” he stared at my breasts. “Must have, they’re definitely inflated,” he smiled, “and perfect.”

“Is everything about sex with you?”

“The comment wasn’t about sex.” He grabbed my wrist, cupped my hand in his and moved it over his cock. “This is about sex and all of it you can stand if...”

“Don’t Mark...” I knew what was coming. I’d watched it like a sneak preview of things to come when I stared into his dark eyes the day before.

“Leave them and I swear it, you’ll never want for anything.”

“Mark....”

Corby slammed the door before I had a chance to answer. “This is the thanks I get?”

“Corby...” I started for him and he moved me out of his way, placing his hands on my forearms, he only gave me a slight squeeze but I wasn’t born in that blasted shower—though I felt like it—and I realized when it was wise to move the hell over.

“Man, you said I could...”

Corby gritted his teeth. “I told you that you could treat her like your own, within the parameters Steve and I explained to you, but this?” He shook his head as if he was trying to grasp what he’d heard. “You betray us by asking her to leave us?”

“Man...I....” Mark stuck his hand out evenly, like he planned to explain something to Corby.

“Don’t.” Corby’s hand flew up in the air. “Get the fuck out of here.”

“Corby!” I stepped up then to defend Mark, even though I realized how it looked and how wrong it was for me to even try.

“He’s just like Suzy, Cassie. Just like her. Remember, birds of a feather...”

“And that’s why I want him to stay with us!” I stopped him from telling me the old adage everyone hears a million times throughout their lifetime.

Rage existed. Fury fired venom from one man’s gaze straight into another.

“Cassie, go get dressed. Corby and I can work this out.” Mark sounded cautious. Overly cautious, and I understood why. Corby rarely blew up but when he did, sometimes his temper flared in ways no one controlled.

“Don’t...you...tell...her...what...to...do.” He spat the order before he threw a punch.

“Corby! Stop this!” I ran out of the bathroom and yelled for my rock, the one man who always knew how to dig me out of trouble. “Steve! Help! Steve! Rape! Rape! Steve!”

By the time Steve rushed in, Mark and Corby were staring at me dumb-founded. Mark dabbed at the blood on his lip and Corby clenched his fists. “Are you fucking kidding me? Rape?”

Steve looked like a man ready to kill. “Damn you, Cassie! We talked about this several years ago. You don’t cry Rottweiler whenever you don’t get your way.” His lips pursed, his jaw set, he moved by me with a grumble. “You may have just cost me ten grand with this stunt.”

I followed him out of the bathroom, staying on his heels. “But Steve, you don’t understand,” I whined. Damn it. I hated to whine.

He stopped in the middle of the hallway and I bumped right into his back. He wheeled around and caught me around the waist before I fell backwards. “That’s where you’re wrong. I understand perfectly,” he said through gritted teeth.

My towel slipped and I grabbed it with my free hand. “You do?”

He was too mad to notice the boob slip. Of course he had Wall Street up his ass until the closing bell.

“Yeah. I do. I told Corby this would happen and I fully expected things to come to a blow last night.”

“A blow?”

“Yeah, the kind of fight that destroys friendships, the kind of friendships only a woman has the potential to destroy.”

“Uh-huh.” I started to laugh but it wasn’t funny since I was the woman in question.

“Those two can’t share you, Cassie. They can’t do it. Lord knows, it was hard enough for me and Corby to do it. I guess you’re the only one who knows better than anyone why we decided to try it. Now, I told you before how I felt about it. You should’ve listened. I’m not

going to tell you again. This is going to get bad between them unless you figure something out.” He pushed me away and started down the hall.

“I love him.” I blurted it out before I thought about the consequences or those standing around to listen.

Steve turned around and looked over my shoulder. “Then don’t tell me about it. Tell him.” He nodded in the direction where two pairs of eyes stripped the towel right off of me. Mark’s were a little hazy. I imagine my confession surprised him, if the misty eyes gave everything away.

“Corby...”

“Damn it, Cassie!” Corby shook his head and turned back to the bedroom. I started inside and Mark grabbed me around the waist.

“Don’t touch me,” I warned.

He snickered. “You say you love me but you don’t want me to touch you?”

I smiled at Corby’s back. I realized right then and there, I had the only solution to the problem. “Corby, stop. Mark, in here, now. And just leave your towel at the door.”

Chapter Six

I walked over to the terrace doors and wrapped my arms around Corby's waist. "I love you." I whispered into his shirt and reached around and unbuttoned it. "I want you right now, right here...with me."

"With you?" he cocked a brow when he looked down on me. "Are you going to leave me, Cassie? Because if you're looking for monogamy now and you're hoping to find it in Mark, I'm not willing to repeat history here. We have too much invested. If anyone is going to take you away from what we've built here, I need to know it. We're married, for crying out loud. Does that mean anything at all to you?"

"It means the world to me," I whispered.

"Then when do you think you might start acting like a committed woman rather than a whore for hire?" he snapped as he moved by me.

"Man, that's enough!" Mark had yet to drop his towel, I noticed. Smart man.

He shook his head. "No, it's not, is it Cassie?" He shrugged and then let out a huff of despair. "She's just getting geared up here and you're in for a few more bumps than you ever had with Suzy."

"You bastard!" Before I thought about what I was doing, I picked up a lamp and hurled it toward the door. "Don't you ever compare me to Suzy!"

He ducked and with a condescending smirk, he left the room but he made sure I heard parting words. "Mark, I hope you saved the rubber man catalogues. Since Cassie here likes a new flavor each

week, we're probably going to have to buy her a few made-to-order rubber fellows."

I wanted to sink back into our great big bed and simply die. Corby didn't talk to me like I was trash unless I deserved it and right now, with Mark staring back at me, I started to think maybe I did. My mouth watered and my eyes fell to his waist, I wanted to kick my own ass. Instead, I redirected my anger.

"This is all your fault!"

"Mine?"

"Yes, it's your fault. You just couldn't keep those crazy notions to yourself. No, you had to tell me how you felt, had to suggest something crazy like a happily ever after with one man. This is all your fault, damn it!"

Mark studied me and then before I realized what he was going to do, he stormed over to the bed, grabbed my wrist and pulled me across the room. "We're all going to sit down and have a little talk."

"Oh hell no. There's no way in hell I'm going to talk to him when he's like this." I grabbed the doorframe and held tight.

"You can't be serious." He laughed, bent his knees and picked me up before he marched down the hallway.

"This is not a good idea," I informed him while grinding my molars. "Put...me...down!" I squirmed against the weight of his arms and his large body cradling me like a newborn.

"Fine." He stopped on the landing before he took the second flight of steps. As soon as he put me down, he stripped the towel away from me and whistled. "Now, these fits might work on those two but let's get something straight between us, Cassie. I'm not Steve. I'm not Corby. And I will not put up with your shit. Period."

I clenched my fist. I really wanted to bop him square in between the eyes but I refrained from it. After a few seconds of stare wars, I bent down and picked up the towel at my feet. Tucking the corner under my arm, I started down the stairs on my own. "I want you out

of here. You came in here and messed everything up and I want you gone before...”

The rest of it didn’t matter. Whatever I wanted to say, intended to mention, quickly drown in a sea of forbidden desire as Mark’s mouth claimed mine. When he finally decided to let me have my tongue back, I tried to slap him. He caught one wrist and then the other. My towel fell.

“Damn, Cassie. You’re out of luck this time.” He gathered me up in his arms, tossed me over his shoulder like a wet sack of potatoes and started for the media room.

“I want you out of here!” I kicked and hit, clawed and scratched. He never changed his gait but something did change in the way he carried me. His hand stayed on my bare butt long enough for a rookie to fumble a football, then he shifted and with his arm positioned between my butt cheeks, he reached under me and finger-fucked my cunt.

“Damn you!” Of all the times in world to have a wet pussy. I moaned, shrieked, squealed and fucking hell, I loved it. Every stroke he delivered.

“No baby, damn you. I’ve never known a woman who walks around wet all the time until now, and it’s a crying damn shame if we don’t take care of it.” He tossed the sack of potatoes, or rather me, onto the couch and glared at Corby and then Steve. “We’re going to fuck the mischief right out of her and we’re doing it right now.”

Chapter Seven

Corby slammed his hand against the top of his desk. “Let me remind you, it was your idea. You’re the one who started all of this.”

“Yeah, he is.” I agreed as I looked into Steve’s baby blues. “I’m dizzy.” I purred. I should’ve roared. I was certainly mad enough.

Steve narrowed his gaze on me. “This is a little ridiculous, Mark. I don’t want Cassie hurt and you can’t go around tossing her here or there.”

“I love you,” I whispered when Steve walked passed me.

“Do you now?” His voice was cold, ice cold.

“Yes, you know I do.”

“Then get comfortable baby, I’ve had time to think about a few things and I think Corby is going to agree with me.”

“Probably,” he reluctantly agreed. “I’ve certainly had a few hours to think about things too.”

Mark spoke up too. “Good damn thing, I’ve done a little of that myself.”

“Really? Ya don’t say? And here I thought the only thing you did was play football and fuck. You can think too? Damn, I bet the PFC pays you a pretty penny for having brains and abilities, huh?” I glared at Mark.

“Cassie,” Corby warned. I guess he was over his pissed-off spell. At least Mark was off the hook. Now, I had to worry about myself. He generally stayed ticked at me longer than his buddies.

Steve logged off of his computer. Corby casually sat on the edge of the desk. Mark pulled me next to him on the sofa and draped a protective arm over my shoulder.

I was as naked as the day I was born. "Move your arm."

"Not a chance." He squeezed tighter.

"Great. The damn kid is peeking in here."

All three men jumped up and covered me at one time while I laughed hysterically.

They turned to peer outside and our pool boy wasn't there.

"He's off today," I said flippantly.

"You can be a real ..." Mark damn near fucked the hell up. I didn't like to hear the five letter word used to describe females. If he decided to unleash the B-word then he needed to find some familiarity with the C-word. Celibacy. In fact, if he dared to call me the B-word, he would've needed a close personal relationship with the C-word, unless of course he decided to take another woman to his bed. I didn't worry about the lone after-thought. It wasn't going to happen. After what I'd experienced in the shower, the chemistry offered enough security. Mark belonged to me. He wasn't going anywhere.

"Don't say it or she'll cut you off until you're forced to come up with a new name for blue balls," Steve said before he brushed a playful hand over the top of my hair. He sat down next to me and pulled me from Mark's arms in the process.

Mark sneered, "I thought sharing around here was mandatory.

"It is. You've had more of me than they have today," I reminded him still pissed over the trip we took downstairs and just as wet with the reminder of how he carried me.

"About the sharing thing..."

Uh-oh, here we go. I thought to myself as I shifted closer to Steve.

"Yeah, I think we need ground rules. We've discussed them before and Mark, you're just going to have to accept them or leave. Plain and simple," Corby said.

Corby stood in front of the couch and reached for me. I stood up realizing my exposed bare ass most likely tempted the two remaining on the sofa.

He turned me around to face them after he took my hand. “Boys, this woman is mine. I’m willing to share her with you only because it’s what she wants. That’s the reason, the one and only reason. We’re still married here and we’re going to stay married, if I have anything to say about it, until death do us part. And the death-thing is what I want to talk to you about, Cassie. Sit back down over there.”

“You sound like an old man,” I said.

“I am an old guy? You’ve made me feel it. Age is a terrible thing when all you want to do is have the stamina to fuck your wife.”

Twenty-four seven. I didn’t say it. Thinking it was enough.

I winked at him. “You still look good enough to eat.”

“Stop flirting, damn it.” Steve squeezed my shoulders and then pulled me close. “We have something serious to discuss with you and it concerns Mark too.”

Mark narrowed his eyes and if I had to guess, I imagine he believed he’d visited my bed and our bedroom for the last time.

“This is it, Cassie.” Steve moved his forefinger around the room in a semi-circle like he was drawing an imaginary horseshoe.

“What are you talking about?” I asked.

“This. The four of us, this *is* it.”

“I see.” I didn’t. Not really. I felt confident Corby planned to explain it.

“No, I don’t think you do.” Corby sat down on the coffee table in front of me and took my hands in his. “You know I love you, don’t you?”

“Yes, and I love you.”

“I love you too, baby.” Steve didn’t want to leave things to chance.

“Backatcha.” I squeezed Steve’s knee and expected to hear the same sentiments from Mark. Apparently, he didn’t feel the love again right then.

“Steve and I discussed a few things and Mark, it goes back to the same thing we told you yesterday.” Corby only glanced at his friend

and teammate for a second. “For this to work, it has to be—must be—a commitment. We expect it.”

“I am committed to you Corby,” I said before turning to Steve, “and you know it Steve. I love you both. I want you both. I’m totally committed to you.”

“Which is why we now have the issue of Mark,” Corby snapped. Hell, he could’ve crackled and popped too but it didn’t matter. I loved them all. It was too late to turn back now.

“I...” *Wanted off the hook, evidently.*

“You don’t have to explain, Cass. The mutual attraction has been there. I’m not stupid. I watched the two of you flirt, bat your eyes and lust after each other since I married you in Vegas. Hell, Mark never entered this house without a hard-on large enough to gain your immediate attention.”

“Glad you noticed,” Mark snarled.

“Hard to miss,” Corby shot back.

I imagined since men cared so much about size, Mark’s cock may have been part of the problem, maybe even the reason for this pending discussion.

“What he’s trying to say here Cassie, is...we’re kind of it for you.” Steve touched my cheek. “We want to know we’re all you’re ever going to need.”

“Right. About that...” I shot Mark a sideways glance.

Mark rubbed his temple with the ball of his hand and decided to defend me, or himself. Probably the latter, knowing Mark. “Yeah, I sort of lost it. You both know the feeling. After last night with her, I thought about it and hell, you can’t blame a guy for trying.”

Corby pointed at him. “No, I don’t blame you for trying once. Again, and I’ll beat your sorry ass into the field and announce to everyone on game day why I did it.”

Mark chuckled. “Now why don’t I believe you?”

“Several million dollars will shut him up, I imagine.” Steve grunted as he stood up from the couch and headed for the bar to grab a beer.

“So Cass, basically what we’re saying here is no one else. If, God forbid, one of us...passes on, for example...”

Corby shook his head, “No one else. If one of us moves on or passes on as Steve suggests, then you’re down to two or one, if Mark decides he doesn’t want to stick around. Somehow I don’t think he has leaving on his mind.” He waited for Mark’s reply.

“I’m not passing through, you can count on it.”

“Kind of what I figured,” Corby said.

“Cassie, can you give us your word?” Steve asked from across the room.

“Steve, damn you, I can’t believe you’d ask such a thing.”

“Cassie, I left Mandy for you, a life I worked hard to establish. I want some kind of guarantee here. When the new wears off of Mark—and it will buddy, I hate to break it to you—I don’t want another toy brought home.”

“You think I’m here because she wanted someone new?” Mark acted annoyed at the suggestion.

“Yeah.”

“You’re wrong,” Corby said.

“You are, Steve.” I confirmed.

“Fine, I’m wrong, but I’m not going to wonder whether or not there will be another one down the road.”

“You know me better than anyone. Can you honestly stand there and tell me you believe I’ll want someone else?” I questioned him.

“Cass, look at your track record here so far.”

He made a very good point. I didn’t like how he presented his case but it was a strong one. “Okay, so how is this going to work out exactly?”

“We’re going to take one day at a time,” Corby said.

“Really? Hmmm...well, have you thought about sleeping arrangements?”

“I have a house and I’m not planning to move in here right away,” Mark said.

“So you’re going to be a third wheel?” I asked.

Mark stood up and pulled me with him. “Darlin’ if you think for a minute I’m the man on third, then I obviously need to settle right between those sweet little thighs again and make you remember.”

Before I considered his offer, his lips lowered, his tongue dipped and his hands reached behind me. His palm pressed against the small of my back and I moaned as the ridge of his cock tapped against my pelvic bone.

The blankets they all tossed over me earlier fell to the floor and I stood before them without a stitch of clothing. “Guys, please!”

“Begging, Cass?” Steve set his drink down and made his way to the center of the room. By then, Mark turned me to face Corby and he was just about to start an elaborate pampering ceremony until I gasped.

Mark’s mouth covered mine and I fought to escape them. Steve kicked off his shoes and Corby smiled up at me. I pointed toward the door and they all snickered. No one looked.

“Not this time, Cass. Not this time.”

I shook away Mark’s lips. “Camera!” Pointing toward the door, several flashes went off all at one time. I ducked below the large coffee table right as Mark and Corby sprinted toward the patio with plenty of anger in every stride.

Chapter Eight

I paced the floor and watched Steve. “I’d just started to get my confidence back. Oh sure, I have plenty of it thanks to you and Corby, but now this. It’s going to be bad, isn’t it?”

Steve took a deep breath and slowly let it out. “It depends on who was behind the camera.”

“You haven’t heard from them?”

“Cassie, you haven’t left my side. You know damn well I haven’t heard anything yet.” He nodded in the direction of Corby’s cell. He didn’t think about grabbing it and Mark isn’t picking up.”

“You had Mark’s number?”

“Yeah, he gave it to me the other night when we were betting on the games.”

“Mark was betting on the games?”

“Not his games, college.”

“Still.”

“Still, what? Do you think Corby doesn’t bet on the games?”

“They’ll lose their careers if they’re betting on games, college or pro. What are you thinking?”

“I’m not their keeper, Cass.” He poured a drink and handed it to me.

“I don’t want vodka.”

“Drink it. You’ll relax.” He stepped behind me and massaged my shoulders.

“What if this is so bad it makes the eleven o’clock news?”

“What if it is so bad it makes the newspapers?” he kissed my cheek.

“Steve, stop it. Do you know how this looks?”

“Yeah, baby. I do.”

“Corby and Mark might lose their careers over this.” The thought warranted a gulp of vodka. “Oh God, Steve, I can’t imagine what this may do to them.”

“And Mandy.” It was the second time he’d brought up her name.

“Mandy? Why bring her up now?” I snapped.

“Because if you think she isn’t still hurting over my decision, you’re wrong.”

Jealous ran rampant then. “Why? Have you heard from her?”

“Yeah, I was going to tell you. In fact, while Mark had you nailed against the bathroom wall, I planned to talk to you about it but I just let it go. You two seemed to have other things on your mind.”

I reached behind my neck and grabbed his wrist. “Come here and hold me.”

He eased over the couch like he might have done when we were kids. His knees on either side of my body, if things weren’t so sticky right then, I might have turned around and made an appetizer out of his hard cock. I didn’t have to look to see if he had one, I knew he did the second he mentioned the shower episode.

He kissed the top of my head before he buried his nose in my hair. “Good damn Cassie, you always smell so good, so edible.”

“Edible, huh?” I started to giggle then until a quick flash reentered my mind. “Oh Lord, do you think the photographer caught everything on camera?”

Steve threw his leg over my head and stepped from the cushions to the floor, grabbed the remote control and clicked through the channels quickly finding the local news. “Let’s see....” His eyes immediately stilled on the screen in front of us and he swallowed the lump in his throat, the one I knew he had because I heard it slide all the way past his Adam’s apple.

Breaking news coming up in ninety seconds. Keep it here and find out what our Dallas Rascals are up to these days.

I covered my mouth and gasped.

“Yeah Cass, I think it’s safe to assume *we are* the eleven o’clock news.”

* * * *

I think I sat there in complete silence until I heard the voice of destruction say the simple words I dreaded.

“Ladies and Gentleman, tonight we are going to turn our focus on the sports and entertainment world. Earlier this week, Corby Teller was adorned *Sports and Entertainment World’s Man of the Year*. Tonight, we may discover he’s anything but...”

Frames overlapped and another reporter cut in with some breaking news right outside our gates. I hit the off-button and jumped to my feet tripping all over myself to get to the surveillance equipment we kept in the office. Flipping the monitors on, I gasped in shock. Reporters and crews waited outside the gates. “Oh hell. Here we go again.”

“No, Cassie, I imagine it’s worse this time,” Mark said as he entered the room from behind me.

I stared at him in bewilderment. “What have I done?”

Corby stormed in right behind him and gathered me in his arms. “You haven’t done a damn thing and this time, I refuse to let you carry the weight of this on your shoulders.”

Mark shook his head. “I know what you’re thinking and it’s a bad idea.”

Steve agreed. “Very bad.”

“Then you two sit inside. I’m the one who had my lips ready to part this woman’s sweet little pussy and I’m not going to apologize for it. Hell, this guy probably sold out to anyone who wanted to buy. In a matter of twenty-four hours, clips will flash all over the internet, splashed photos will cover the papers and every television show in America will have some portion of those clips. I can hear Dana Swatzer now. She’ll warn viewers, “Some of these photographs are disturbing.”

Corby pulled me across the room. “No, Corby. I can’t.”

“Yes, you can. You will, or at least, you will go out there and face this bunch with me. You’re not going to hide from this like you did the last time. We’re not doing anything wrong here. I will not have the media make you out as some sort of trashy adulteress like they did once before.”

“Corby, stop. Think about this, man.” Mark stayed sensible enough. “You may have had her pussy but my mouth was all over hers. How do you make something like this go away?”

I tried to catch a glimpse of his face and saw the maddening rage covering him as his blood pressure must’ve boiled hotter than any one flame in hell, if the color of dark red skin gave anything away.

Scratch the sensible.

“Steve?” I hoped he had the right answer.

“Don’t look at me. It’s their careers. I’ll support whatever you all decide but Corby, Cassie should have a say-so in the...”

Corby stomped toward the front door and totally ignored Steve behind us.

“I just thought you might want to let her tell you her thoughts on the subject. After all, she was the one with her snatch exposed!” I heard him yell behind us before he screamed obscenities and slammed the door.

I trembled as he loaded me in the Hummer parked in front of the house. “Corby please.” I begged, but it came out as a weak plea. “This isn’t going away.”

“Damn straight it’s not. But it will.”

“Corby! Think about what you’re doing here.”

“I am.” He said when we arrived at the gate. He quickly made his way to the other side of the car and held the door open for me. I stepped out of the passenger’s side and glared through the iron gates at the crowd. Layers and layers of photographers and reporters with cameras and microphones, all of them waiting, wondering, wanting

their story. A shush-hush zipped through the crowd and Corby stepped up to the gates and let it rip.

* * * *

Mark, Corby, and Steve sat quietly in the media room. I didn't look at them when I walked in and flopped on the floor. I liked the idea of a beanbag far better than sitting on a sofa with three men groping me as my life unraveled in front of a headline-hungry public.

"Okay, folks. Here we go." Corby settled back against the barstool and flipped through channels one after another until he caught a glimpse of our estate. He stopped there. "Oh, here we are and it's the best part."

I imagine he thought so, he found coverage from the beginning. I think he liked the limelight, regardless of where he found it. Tonight, it was in our front yard. The main reason? Because he was caught with his head between my legs and he found the humor in it.

"You know, Corby, you might consider one thing while you're over there feeling overly confident. You had an audience and I'm talking about Steve and Mark here and not our peeping Tom. Your coach may want you to try and explain why Mark had his tongue hung in my throat and Steve, the man accused of wrecking our marriage, watched as your tongue disappeared into my lower half."

"Pussy, Cassie. Call it what it is." Mark grinned.

"Don't get her started," Steve said.

Steve turned up the volume. "Here you go."

The news anchor on the screen faded away and Corby took the microphone from the closest reporter. The lights were on bright and he began what might go down in history as a notable monologue, with sexual content, of course. He didn't apologize and he didn't explain. Something I admired most about the way he handled the crowd.

Mark watched me from under hooded eyes, the lust lingering within his reach now. He folded his arms over his chest and cocked his head.

“Thank you all for coming out here tonight,” Corby rushed right over to the tall fence and started off like he invited the press to visit. I looked a little surprised when he said the words so I’m sure few bystanders bought it but his smug attitude likely caught some of those present off guard.

“I have a beautiful wife, some of you may have met her,” he pulled me tight against his side and then continued, “And I’m the first to tell you, I can’t keep my hands, mouth or body off of her.”

Some of the men chuckled uncomfortably while the ladies on the front row blushed. “She’s one of those women who can keep a man coming back for more, if you know what I mean. It’s the very reason I married her.”

Someone said something and he held up his hand. “Now before you start asking a lot of questions about my personal life, I want to tell you two things. I love my wife and what goes on behind these gates is no one’s business. Secondly, I want to ask you to remember one thing. This isn’t as it seems, but if it is, damn... I’m a lucky man.”

He then grabbed my hand, tossed the microphone back at the reporters and loaded me up once again into the passenger’s side of the vehicle. Right before he stepped inside, he pointed to the ‘no trespassing’ sign. “Oh and by the way, I’m offering a million dollar reward to the first person who can prove they know who took the original photographs and if someone is behind them, I’ll pay double to find out the particulars. I plan to sue him, or her, in a court of law.”

He slammed his door, threw the Hummer in reverse and the cameras faded with the night.

Corby held the remote out and clicked it twice turning off the news immediately. “So there you have it.”

“Holy shit,” Mark said.

“You’re good,” Steve pointed and laughed. “And that just might work.”

“It’s not going to stop the press from running what they have. It’s not going to keep someone from splattering it across the internet.” I stated the obvious.

“Yeah, well, It might keep someone off the property in the future,” Mark said before he reached in his pocket and brought out his cell phone. “Well, well well. Look what the press brought in, it’s my beloved.” He laughed.

I groaned.

“Here, Cassie. Why don’t you answer it?” He extended his arm and held out the phone.

“I think I’d prefer to face those waiting at our gates than talk to Suzy.”

“Hello?” Mark answered and I heard her screams, the out of control wailing filled the room. Mark remained calm and he listened before he finally spoke in a familiar Mark-tone—condescending as hell. “This coming from a woman who had twenty-five affairs with twenty-five different men during the course of a very short marriage, you have a lot of nerve, woman. I’ll give you that much.” His eyes hazed over and for a second, I felt sorry for him.

Mark didn’t want anyone to pity him, His jovial spirit returned with a truly unique flare. “Hey Suzy? Hon, are you listening?”

She must’ve stopped talking. She wouldn’t acknowledge one way or the other because Suzy didn’t give anyone the upper hand and to agree with Mark in any capacity, gave him an edge.

“Come here, Cassie.”

She screamed bloody hell again and Mark chuckled. “No, hell no. I’m not putting her on the phone. Wait, here, just listen.” Before I realized what he had in mind, he held the phone to his crotch, and ripped his zipper down. His cock gave its own outstanding ovation, as it sprang from his pants with upright attention. He had the urge to play and I helped him right out of the confining pants he wore.

Yeah, we’re sick, and she so deserves what she gets. I thought as I stroked him. In the back of my mind, I already realized who hired the

photographer because few people knew our security codes at the main gate.

“Hear that, baby? Cassie is getting ready to rock my ever-lovin’ world with the hottest body I’ve ever had the opportunity to sink my cock inside. Now, go back to slumming. You know how it’s done, with a different dick every night. I’m...about...to...ah yeah, Cassie, that’s it baby...blow!”

He slapped his phone shut and gave me the evil eye. “The call wasn’t all for show. I want head and I want it now.” Anger twitched in his jaw and defiance lingered in his eyes. I didn’t do mad-sex. Not with Corby or Steve, and certainly not with Mark. Anger and fucking just didn’t blend well in my world.

“Oh shit, with one like yours...what the hell.” I rolled my eyes and my hands wrapped around his cock with a gentle massage, one I realized already did the trick for two men. Corby and Steve both acted uncomfortable as they watched, shifting their weight and almost panting, if the opened mouths and drool left enough seductive clues.

“I forgot about the way you act sometimes, Mark. Really, you need to work on the macho attitude. Please try to limit your ‘Me Tarzan-Fuck Jane nice and slow’ act to a bare minimum when you’re around me, okay?”

Corby chuckled. “Yeah, well Tarzan or whoever the hell he is will have to cough up half the reward money now.” Corby pulled the fax from the machine the second it buzzed with a new document. He studied the data found there.

“Damn.” Mark tucked his cock back in his pants, didn’t bother zipping them up and strode over to Corby. “Is it what you thought?”

“Damn straight.”

Steve shook his head and moved to the beanbag where I sank as soon as I was temporarily off the hook for giving a blowjob. “Suzy was behind it, Cass.”

“What?” I leaned back on my elbows and studied all of them. “Why?” *Play dumb, blonde, play dumb.* I reminded myself. Two-

thirds of my present company—Corby and Mark—most likely didn't believe Suzy capable of such an act.

"Maybe she got tired of fucking rubber cocks," Steve said with a smirk.

"No, this doesn't have anything to do with our relationship or even Suzy's quirky sexual desires." Mark remained thoughtful. Whatever he wanted to say, he apparently didn't know how to say it.

I thought back to the last time I spent an evening with Mark and Suzy as a couple. We invited them over for dinner and the night turned into a disaster. I discovered a past I didn't want to think about existed between my husband and Mark's wife. Sure, their rendezvous occurred long before we said our vows but Suzy held a key to my home, and knew far too many of my secrets. She always prowled through my things and once discovered the sex toys I kept and couldn't wait to tell all who wanted to listen. One of the people she told? Her husband. Some women never learn and those who don't, sort of deserve what they get. Case in point...Suzy.

Mark looked distraught. "I'm so sorry, Cassie."

"She sold the pictures?"

Steve wrapped his hand around mine.

"Do you three even have any idea what this means? I won't be able to go anywhere around here. My boobs are now considered news-worthy."

Three men stared at the chest in question and nodded, agreed, shot sarcastic remarks with devious grins, and more or less, acted like men. Imagine. This was one of those times when I really hated being outnumbered.

"It's not funny." I took a deep breath and continued, "My pussy on display, like some work of art. It will be on perverted slide shows and never mind the zoom features found on computers these days. Hell, some pervert can sit at his desk and jack-off. All he'll have to do is use his mouse to slide in and out."

“Did you say mouth?” Steve asked, carnal heat all but bouncing off of him as he moved closer and wrapped me in his arms.

“Mouse, damn you.”

“I’ve got your mouse, baby,” he said before lowering his forehead to mine and grabbing the front of his pants in a manly and suggestive way.

“I just bet you do.” I felt the crunch of the tiny beans in the wide leather bag the second Steve towered over me. His lips crushed against mine and his tongue swiped over my bottom lip. “Let me love you, Cass. Just let me love you tonight. Me and you, like old times,” he whispered, “they’ll handle this.”

How did I tell him, I didn’t want old times? How did I let him know revisiting memories from the past wasn’t a great idea for us because there were too many things there I didn’t want to remember? Oh sure, there were a lot of good times I held close to my heart and Steve would always own the padlock and the combination to my soul. If he walked away from me, I’d cease to exist simply because of a love shared for far too many years. I didn’t know how to live without him. I’d tried several times and failed miserably each time. But I didn’t want old times. I wanted the new ones.

“Steve, is something wrong?”

He nuzzled my hair and whispered in my ear. I expected sweet nothings but instead, I heard a delicious warning. “Cass, these two are hard to handle tonight.” He shot me a knowing smile and kissed me again.

“Promise?”

“Oh yeah.” He kissed the tip of my nose. “And you’ll love it,” he added with disappointment. I think he really wanted to keep me for himself, at least for the night, but he knew two men who wouldn’t go for it. They were pumping more adrenaline than they’d ever handle on their own.

I pulled him closer, tried to hang on tighter to his lips, his kiss while I pressed my body into his touch. “Oh God, I need this. I need it now.”

“Then, I guess we need to get you ready for a night full of excitement. Want me to help you out?” he snickered before he kissed down my belly.

His mouth hovered over my pussy and he glanced to the guys one last time. “Your loss fellows.” He yanked my pajama bottoms over my hips and smacked his lips when he spotted my bare pussy. Recently waxed, his fingers dipped into the folds and he watched with too much interest. His index finger disappeared into my body and naturally, I was ready for a good finger-fuck.

“Oh sweet, now this feels good.” I sank further into the cool leather under my body.

“Don’t even think about it.” Mark was undressed in time to claim a position and the one he earned probably wasn’t the one he thought he’d get, damn it all. The man possessed a vile tongue. If I earned the right to position everyone where I wanted them, Mark would always have his lips on my lips, yes those found in the southernmost region of a woman’s body. He knew how to eat a woman right out of her mind.

My womb clenched with the thought.

“Damn Cass, you’re so wet tonight.” Steve growled against my vagina.

I didn’t dare tell him why the puddle in between my legs dripped more like a waterfall. Looking at Mark’s cock and watching him then made me want with something I didn’t recognize—greedy hunger—a need so powerful, I didn’t want to wait.

“I’m dying here.” I held my breath and pressed my mound closer to Steve’s tongue. He leisurely swiped at the entrance and then buried himself in my cave.

“Oh, God, this isn’t...going...to work.”

His hands cupped my ass and he held me to his mouth, sipping and drinking, licking and sucking. The man must have watched when Mark dined on my pussy because I think his skills improved and truth told, he didn't need a lot but now, oh now, it was so hard to resist the driving urge to simply soar.

Mark bent down and held my upper body against his, tilting my head up and slightly over my shoulder, his tongue licked my puckered lips. He nibbled at my mouth and then feasted on a kiss he wanted remembered.

My hips rolled forward and I clawed at Mark's neck trying to hold him, and bring him closer. Pulling away, he searched my eyes and just held me there. Steve's teeth scraped over my pussy lips and clit.

My jaw fell open and I screamed their names, one at a time maybe, or maybe gibberish fell. I chanted them all at the same time. "Kiss...me," I pleaded and heaven help me, I moaned. "Oh God! Steve! I need all of you."

Mark held the nape of my neck tighter, his eyes holding onto mine, my hips jerking off the beanbag as I pressed harder against Steve's tongue and mouth. He wanted to hold me there, a kiss away from a lavish seduction. An unruly smile formed across his mouth and with a man's intention, he could press into my cheek at any given time.

"It's good, isn't it sugar?" The husky sound of his voice finished it.

I clutched at his neck and shoulders. My hips gyrated whether I wanted them to or not and Steve still licked, his tongue swiping up higher than I ever remembered him going. His tongue dipping inside of me, tasting me, taking me and oh yes, loving me like he always knew how.

"Don't stop..." I rose and fell with back to back orgasms riding forward. I screamed again with a final shudder pulling me over the last ridge and I wasn't surprised when I found three cocks ready to bury and hide. I had a place in mind for each.

Chapter Nine

Steve moved away from me, and Mark's lips crushed against mine. Corby inched toward me with slow steps. I didn't see where he'd been while Steve was locked in between my legs. I guess other things were more important and he observed from a distance. Right now, with Corby's cock fisted in his hand, I knew with absolute certainty, wherever he was seated, he watched.

Before Corby found his way to me, he'd stripped. He had that sexy-dark faraway look in his eyes that few would ever see. I loved him most when he was like this. We understood one another and even though I craved him like this, I also realized he'd already pumped his spill into his hand, at least once. He wouldn't fuck me until he lost some of his aggression, so he watched and God help him, he looked hungry.

"Hey you," I mouthed the words to Corby turning away from Mark's lips while they drifted down my cheek, chin, and neck.

"Hey yourself," Corby said right back.

"Why don't you come here and fuck me," I teased.

"See how I'm treated?" Steve said massaging my ankles. "Give the woman a true pampering and she forgets the second she sees another hard dick."

Spreading my legs wide, I bent my knees and fingered my clit. "I didn't forget."

Mark stopped moving down my belly when he saw what I was doing. "Oh, holy hell." He swallowed stiffly and rolled back on the balls of his feet. His hands stopped moving and Corby changed his mind about kneeling beside of me.

Steve, most men might agree—specifically those with me—sat at the best angle.

“You’re going to come for me, aren’t you baby?” Steve’s mouth watered with the words he barely whispered. His moist lips shaped into an easy smile.

Moving my fingers to Mark’s lips, he bit down playfully on the tips. My other hand rubbed over the mound, and occasionally dipped inside testing the heat, touching the sensitive flesh. “Steve...” I mumbled while I watched him. Blonde hair, blue eyes, he looked like an angel but he was too devious for the job. Instead, he was mine, all mine.

“That’s it baby girl, come for us.” He rubbed my calves harder and stared straight ahead, with an eagle-eye view.

Mark and Corby both held their cocks in their hand. Mark’s speed picked up and he quickly knocked my hand away before I climaxed without anyone to thank for the dirty deed. “Not today, not now. You can play with yourself when I’m not around.”

I giggled. “Jealous?”

“Of this hand,” he brought it to his lips and sucked the juices from my fingers, “you know it.”

He pulled me with him when he leaned back and cradled my body against his, taking the time to sweep my hair away from my forehead. “Damn woman, you’re beautiful.” He only moved slightly, just shifted a bit to the right and his cock parted my lips. “If someone’s riding shotgun, you better move now.” He looked at me with great tenderness and Steve entered from behind, his well lubricated cock sliding in easy enough even though Mark pumped his length into my walls.

“That’s right, Cass. Take us both. Ride us, sweetheart.” Steve whispered in my ear before his hands careened over my sides.

Mark’s breath hitched. He looked at me with those haunted black eyes, thrusting against me but setting a pace until he pumped in time

with the man I knew best, riding behind. “Hurt’s good doesn’t it, sugar?”

“Uh-huh, so good. Too good.” I jerked forward and Steve pulled me straight back.

“And it’s going to get better.” Corby knelt beside me and parted my lips just in time to offer a taste of pre-cum. “Oh God,” I whimpered with the first swipe and licked the slit clean enjoying his taste, reveling in the sweetness of man-salt and Corby’s distinct taste seeped into my senses. Delicious and creamy, I licked again.

“Fuck them, baby.” He told me before he tossed his head back and pushed himself inside my mouth. “Show them what those sweet little hips can do.”

I licked his shaft nice and slow, and then sucked his cock right down my throat. Closing my eyes, I savored this. I wanted three men more than words described and thankfully, I didn’t have to form them.

“That’s it baby, hold still now.” Steve grabbed my waist and fucked harder, longer strokes caressing my walls. Mark’s pace stayed precisely the same. Beads of sweat spiraling over his brow drifted down his cheek.

“Oh baby, this is good,” Mark said.

And it was good and so damn hot.

Bolts of untamed pleasure rocked through us all at one time and Steve’s cock impaled one ring after another pushing himself higher into my ass. Mark’s dick twitched when his orgasm took him and his carnal growls were loud. His body jerked against mine. His mouth opened above my breast and then closed tightly around one nipple. Corby steadied himself using one of my shoulders and drove home a valid point. He wanted to get off and now looked like a perfect time to do it.

“Take it, Cassie. Suck deep, swallow. Ah yeah! Good girl, that’s it. Oh yeah, you know what you’re doing, don’t ‘cha baby.” His cock tapped the roof of my mouth and then the back of my throat. There

wasn't a gag reflex to speak of and I didn't realize he'd started to cum until the first hot jet sprayed across my tongue.

I craved this moment. The one where he lost all control and just let me have him, all of him. I was thirsty for his taste, and loved the way he looked at me while he came in my mouth and thrust against my throat.

Steve's hand came down on my ass. His orgasm subsided and no longer held him captive. My womb clenched and Mark groaned. "Ah yeah, spank her pretty little ass again. Let her hot heat cover my cock."

Steve slapped again and again. "Sweet."

I moved every which way they moved me and I sucked hard at Corby's stalk. Steve withdrew and pressed his cock against my hip. "Come for him, Cassie," he whispered before plunging his fingers deep into my ass.

"Steve! Don't..."

Corby grinned, pushed his cock down my throat one last time, and then quickly moved out of the way just in time for Mark to really fuck the daylights out of me. And he did it well because I saw stars and stripes. Shooting stars and multi-colored zigzags. Yeah, I knew bliss. I lived it. I devoured the moment.

"This is good, Cassie." Mark pulled me across his chest when it was over and kissed my forehead. "This is the way it's meant to be, huh?"

"Yes it is. This is what I need. All I'll ever want."

Epilogue

“Get away from me!” I screamed right when another contraction took me into the heart of pain.

“Cassie, stop this.” Steve’s voice remained calm. Corby held one hand and Mark held the other. They didn’t dare try to speak at a time like this.

“You...don’t understand!”

Shew! Shew! Shew! I heard the timed breathing and it was driving me crazy. I didn’t know if it was my own or the breathing practiced by the three bozos boxing me in and confining me to the hospital bed.

“I’m dying. I’m going to die here. There’s too much pain! I can’t deliver these watermelons!”

“Cassie.” Corby finally spoke. I think it may have been his first word since the throes of labor held me hostage. He stood at the head of the bed and tried to reason with me. “Honey, you need to stay calm. In a few hours, the babies will be here and...”

“A...few...hours?” I threw my fist into his thigh and barely missed the prize. He cursed before moving out of the way.

Steve took his shot next. “Honey, you have to do this. It’s too late to back out now, sweetheart...”

“Well duh, Einstein.”

Shew! Shew! Shew! They practiced breathing again. I was sure this time, I didn’t have a role in the joint effort.

“We can get you through this if you’ll just try to breathe with me. Now, watch my lips...”

“Watch mine! Get...out ... of ...here! I don’t want to see any of you right now! One of you fertile turtles didn’t shoot blanks when you

shot off like a rocket now get the hell out of here.” I screamed out in pain again and tried to hit Steve. Hitting wasn’t something I typically enjoyed but damn it all, I wanted these guys to know pain right now. I wanted to share some of mine.

Steve sat down on the sofa across the room from the hospital bed. Corby was already there staring in disbelief. Mark didn’t look like he was going down without a fight now that I’d managed to push the other two into silence.

“Cassie...” His raspy voice held a strength I needed, but didn’t want.

“Don’t you dare. Don’t Cassie, me, you arrogant son of a ...Help!” Another contraction doubled me over and I squeezed the first thing I touched. As it happened, it was the package bulging in Mark’s pants.

Mortified when the intense pain left for a minute, I stared at him in disbelief.

“Damn it! Cassie!” He cursed.

“Don’t you damn it Cassie, me, you pervert! I’m trying to have a baby here, several babies mind you and you show up at my bed with a boner?” I screamed and the men behind him laughed.

I shot them all dirty looks and the two on the couch immediately covered their frontal areas. “You all are sick.” I fell against the pillow.

Mark sat in the chair beside my bed and nodded toward my chest. “Well sugar, we may be sick but I can’t wait for you to pop out those babies so I can watch you nurse. I swear those boobs are more luscious with you pregnant.”

“Shut up. Just...” My eyes probably popped open even wider then. I swallowed stiffly. “One’s here.”

I pressed up on my palms and stared down between my legs.

Everyone scurried. “What do you mean one’s here?” Corby yanked the sheet back and stared in disbelief.

Steve ran to the door. “Nurse! Now!”

Mark was behind him. “Doctors! Nurses! Move your asses now or we’ll sue them off later! I want my wife to have the very best...”

Even with the hellish start of hard labor, even with the chaotic churn of newborn excitement, I heard the words, the way they fell from his lips and while a wave of shock washed over Corby and Steve, I locked eyes with Mark.

“I love you,” I mouthed.

“I love you more,” he mouthed back. Maybe he did. Maybe they all did.

* * * *

My name is Cassie Teller. I’m the legal wife of PFC quarterback Corby Teller and the world knows there’s a lot more to it than meets the eye. I love three men. I refuse to deny it. The media once tagged me with all sorts of nasty terms. Since I became a mother, things have changed. Still, some things never will. I’m on the internet. A search will produce millions and millions of pages. There, you’ll find various angles of what many have now dubbed, *the golden pussy*. Considering the men who visit there often, I’d have to agree. And have to add—it’s a priceless experience each and every time.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Destiny Blaine is an award-winning author writing in various genres. When Destiny isn't writing, she's typically found in the casinos of Mississippi or at a sporting event. Destiny and her husband of 18 years are the proud parents of two active teenagers. They live in Tennessee.

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