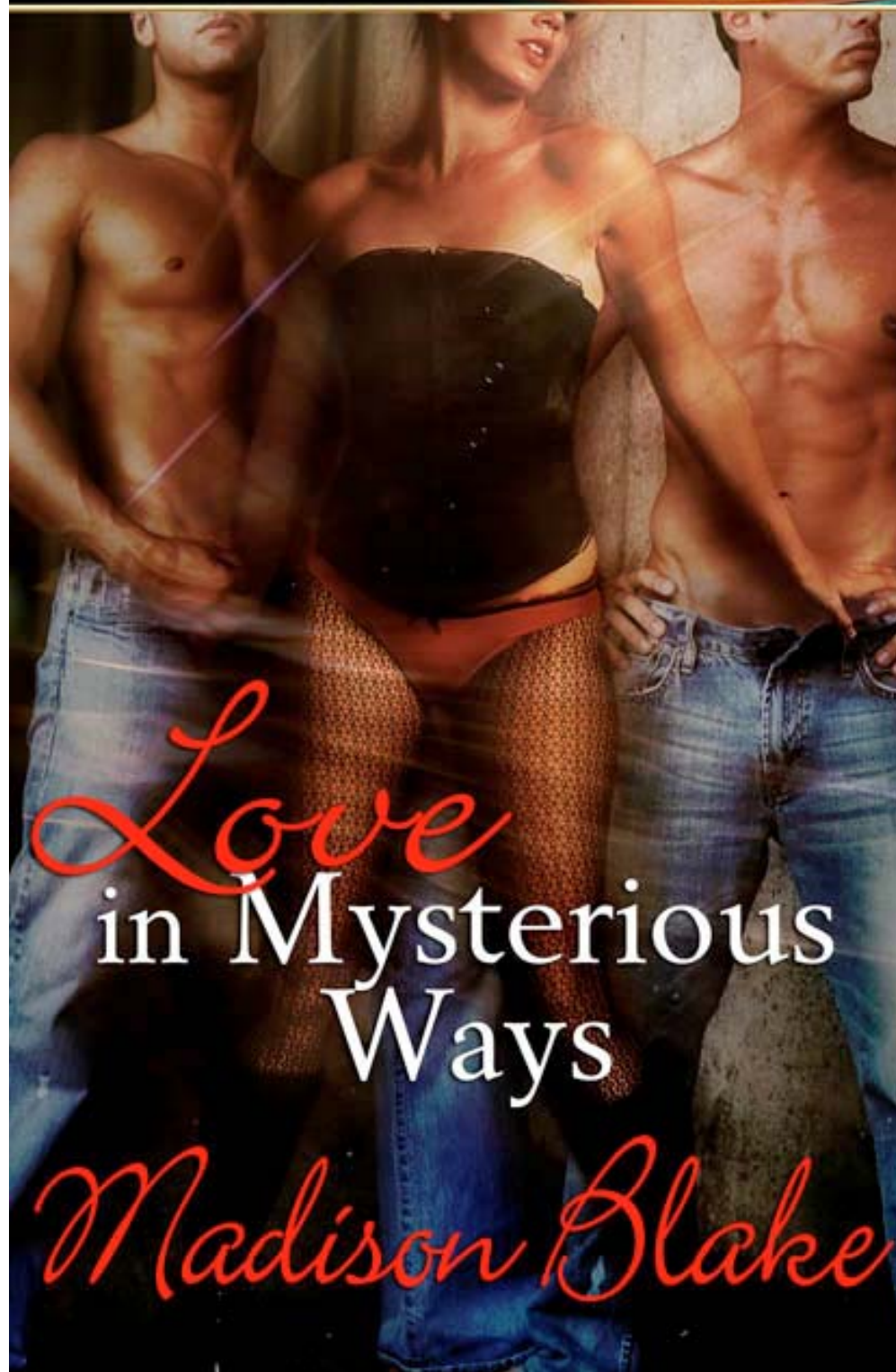


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Love in Mysterious Ways

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LOVE IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

Madison Blake

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Chapter One

“Fuck me. Fuck me good. Now, now...please...”

Lindsey didn't care that she was asking—no, *begging*—the man with the stern, unyielding face to fuck her. For what seemed like an inordinately long time, he had done everything he could to raise her senses to fever-pitch excitement, sucking and nibbling on her most sensitive parts, allowing her to hover at the brink of the chasm of ecstasy but pulling back just as she was about to soar. At this moment, he was on his knees between her outstretched legs, his hands lifting her hips up so that he could bury his face in her pussy, his pointed tongue stabbing into her cunt.

She writhed and rolled her hips on the bed, she pulled at his thick hair, she beat her heels weakly at his back but sadly, all to no avail. She couldn't stand this anymore, the pressure in her belly was too tight, too tense...and she was close...very close...

“Fuck me!”

He raised his head and grinned. Oh, finally—*finally*—he was grinning, which meant he was ready to give in to her demands. She knew him well, this man, and he never failed to excite her. Just one touch of his hand or one look at him was enough to send her blood pressure soaring. Now the sight of his cream-covered face sent an erotic thrill through her that had her shuddering.

“I love your dirty mouth, sweetie.”

“Much...as I also...*love* your mouth...on my pussy,” she huffed, “I want your cock more.”

She was still in the throes of her mini-orgasm when he plunged his full seven inches into her. She knew he measured exactly seven inches when erect, because they had measured him once, amid much giggling and laughter, before he rolled her onto her back and let her feel just what exactly seven rigid inches could do.

Like what he was doing now.

Where she was once empty, now she was full and her pussy clamped around his cock, held him in a merciless grip that wouldn't let go. Sweat dripped from his brow as he strained with the effort to move in her. She was slick and wet, her cream gushing out from her channel but she was holding him so tightly he could only shift infinitesimally in her. Even the slightest movement made her want to let go and reach for the ecstasy she knew was just around the corner.

But she looked up into his beloved face just then and she knew she couldn't leave him behind. Clinging firmly to her control, she forced herself to relax a bit, enough for him to slip into the fast, hard rhythm he'd been preparing them for. He pounded into her and his groin slammed into her clit, triggering insidious swirls of impending rapture. She wanted to meet him stroke for stroke but she knew that would shatter her control completely, so she just wrapped her legs around him and hung on for the ride. Her fingers dug into the mattress and clutched the bed sheets with a death grip.

The sounds of sex surrounded her. The creaking bedsprings, the banging of the headboard against the wall—damn, she thought she had already moved the bed far enough from the wall—the wet, slurping sounds that their combined juices made as he drove into her and their moans and groans and rapid breathing. She couldn't think, was past thinking and all her concentration was focused on that hard cock thrusting in and out of her. Her belly ached with tension. It wouldn't be long now...

"Brent..." she managed to gasp out. "I'm gonna come... Can't...hold on..."

His only answer was to grip her hips and move even faster, pistoning in and out of her in a blur of movement. The pressure escalated, spiraled to its peak and shattered, wringing out a cry of intense pleasure from her throat as wave after wave of rapture washed over her. Brent thrust into her twice more and he erupted in her, his cum shooting into the rubber encasing him.

He collapsed on top of her, panting.

The poor dear. He exerted so much effort, denying them both immediate gratification to heighten the anticipation and make the eventual orgasm more pleasurable and more satisfying. Truly, the best lover a woman could have. How fortunate she was that he was her husband too and at the disposal of her insatiable appetite anytime she desired. A feline smirk lingered on her lips.

He rolled off to lie beside her and, as though he couldn't bear to be away from her for long, he gathered her into his arms. Lindsey loved these times of silent togetherness and she believed their souls communed as their bodies cooled.

"Honey, how would you like to fulfill your deepest, most secret, most wicked fantasy?"

On hearing this, though languor was stealing into her bones, Lindsey jerked to a sitting position, her eyes alight with excitement. "Threesome?"

Brent laughed. "I guess that answers my question. To answer yours, yes."

Though she wanted to know *who*, she asked "Why" instead. "I mean, why now, at this time? I told you about my fantasy about...five years ago, I think, soon after our marriage."

"Because it's time," he answered simply, running his hand up and down her arm. "Because I wasn't ready then but I am now."

Her heart melted. "Oh, Brent." She bent and sealed her lips to his in a tender kiss that soon burned the air between them. Their kiss wild and passionate, their bodies strained against one another as they devoured each other, as though they hadn't had sex in a long time.

Sex had always been good for them and it was going to get even better.

Breathing harshly, Lindsey removed the used condom and worked frantically to sheathe a new one on him. Then, she straddled him and, grasping his hard cock, guided him into position. He surged up at the same time that she thrust her hips back, burying his cock to the hilt in her. She let out a keening cry at the exquisiteness of their joining.

His throbbing, pulsing cock filled her up completely, along with a sense of homecoming that always flowed over her whenever she made love with Brent.

She rocked and grounded her hips in circular motion, teasing them both into greater tension, heightening the painful ache that continued to build inside her. She rolled her head back and arched her body as she rode him, mindful of nothing but the excruciating sensation of his cock moving in her pussy, the sharp ache that intensified and pierced her clit, the sounds of their mingled tortured breathing as Brent rolled his hips and tried to meet her strokes.

"Brent...Brent..." she gasped.

His hands were a tight, strong grip on her waist. "Let go, sweetie...just...let...go..."

She screamed as she let the pressure consume her, as Brent took her higher and farther than they'd ever gone before. Her orgasm seemed to go on and on in a never-ending cycle as her pussy squeezed his cock in a merciless grip.

"Come for me, Brent..." She contracted her muscles around him in an enticing invitation and soon, his helpless shout rang in her ears.

Seconds later, she slumped over him, their sweaty bodies still joined together. An enticing pearl drop balanced precariously on his nipple. She licked at it, tasted the salty liquid and snuggled against him in contentment.

"Who?"

He knew immediately what she was talking about, as though their conversation hadn't been interrupted. "I thought...Rory." Before she could get over her stunned surprise at the answer, he asked anxiously, "Do you mind that he's my best friend, sweetie? He's the only man that I'd trust with my life and you. I still remember how dewy-eyed you got when I introduced you two six years ago, that's why I thought he'd be appropriate. You still got that crush on him, sweet?"

Tonight was evidently a night of surprises, because Lindsey felt she'd been punched in the chest again. She thought she'd hidden her attraction to Rory quite well

but it seemed she'd underestimated Brent's eagle eyes. She lifted her head and stared at him, wide-eyed. "You're not jealous?"

A burst of laughter escaped him. "Why should I? I remember that you couldn't keep your eyes off me too. Oh, and your hands were always all over my body. Then, you married me, didn't you?"

"Hmmm." She made silly faces at him but what he'd said was true. Though Rory had caught her eye with his all-American good looks and hot body, his disinterest had turned her off and enabled her to maintain a platonic friendship with him. Speaking of which... "Brent, you're forgetting something. Rory's not interested in women!"

"Oh God, you caught on to his secret. Sorry to get the signals crossed, sweetie, but the reason I'm inviting Rory to our bed is for me." All this while, he'd been looking everywhere but at her and the moment he took one glance at her, he burst out into gales of laughter. "Gotcha."

She knew the flabbergasted expression was still on her face but he couldn't know that his words had evoked an image of him and his best friend kissing and heaven help her, she was aroused by the picture. True, she secretly loved reading male-male erotic romances—even Brent didn't know that she thought there was just something so sexy about the images of two male bodies coming together in love—but the male bodies in her imagination never had a face before.

Meanwhile, it amused her husband no end that he could bowl her over like this.

"Very funny, Brent." She tweaked his nose. "But surely, you've noticed that Rory hardly ever dates. In fact, you once said that he took over some of your caseload so that you'd have more time to spend with me."

"Yes, and I'm very grateful to him." He assumed a thoughtful frown. "Look, something's happened in Rory's past that I'm not at liberty to mention, because he forbade me ever to speak of it again and it happened before I met you. But I can assure you that Rory's very heterosexual and in his day, he was the ultimate ladies' man."

"As you were, I'm sure," she teased him. Nevertheless, the little bit that Brent had dropped about Rory piqued her interest. Aside from being a very good friend to them both, Rory was an intensely private man and she was sure that he had layers he hadn't revealed, though Brent should know some of them, since they'd been friends since they were in third grade.

He quirked a brow. "So, does he meet with your approval?"

"Sure. When are you going to tell him?"

"As soon as possible. Knowing you, I'm sure you'll be thinking about the threesome every minute and I don't want you to go crazy," he teased back.

"Well, it's your fault. You opened Pandora's box," she retorted, eyes laughing up at him. How well he knew her.

He rolled them until she was beneath him. He caressed her lips with his thumb. "I must admit I'm looking forward to watching another man make love to you. There's something about the image that excites me, you know?"

"So you plan to be a spectator only?"

"Of course not." He appeared shocked at her question. "How could I fulfill your fantasy if I keep myself out of it? No, no, I plan to participate fully."

She grinned. "You'll call me with the news?"

"As soon as I have his answer."

"Do you think Rory will agree?"

Brent shrugged. "We'll know soon enough. And now, madam wife, let's stop talking." He nudged her suggestively. "I have a more fascinating use for your mouth."

* * * * *

The next day in the office, Brent was puzzling over a particularly tricky case when he realized why the mechanics of the case was so familiar. He dimly remembered Rory sharing the outcome of a somewhat similar case some months ago but for the life of him, he couldn't remember the details. Convinced that his best friend held the key to

his much-needed break, he clutched the folder in his hand, sprang up from the swivel chair, strode out of his room and down the hall to where Rory had his own harem of secretaries and paralegals to aid him in his cases.

Waving Rory's senior secretary Rose back in her chair, Brent gave a perfunctory knock on the door of Rory's inner office and let himself in. Rory glanced up, gestured him to a chair and returned his attention to whoever was on the line. He was mostly listening, although he did rub a hand over the back of his neck, as though it hurt.

It probably does, Brent thought in amusement. Rory had the look of a man who hadn't enjoyed a good night's sleep and his face seemed forever etched in a scowl as he glared at the phone. The muscles of his shoulders were bunched tight under the polo shirt and he held his body tensely, as though in preparation for giving the caller a much-needed argument.

Placing the folder on one of the visitor's chairs, Brent walked around the desk to stand behind Rory and give him a neck-and-shoulder massage. As his hands settled on Rory's shoulders, Rory jumped a little, then realized what Brent was doing and relaxed. Brent took it as a sign to go on. He and Rory had occasionally given each other such massages over the years from the moment they discovered that these much-needed rubs were the best way to prevent tension headaches.

His hands glided familiarly over Rory's shoulders as he kneaded out the cricks and massaged the taut muscles. Once again he noticed how Rory's hair curled at his nape, how thick his shoulder muscles were and how his light blue shirt fitted him perfectly. He'd been noticing small things like these ever since he'd hit upon the idea of Rory joining his and Lindsey's bed.

But then, of course he had to pay attention to the small details. He wanted to make sure Lindsey was pleased with his choice of the third. Just as the curling heat that was snaking its way through his spine was the result of imagining Lindsey in bed with him and his best friend. He wasn't lying when he had told Lindsey that he was looking

forward to watching another man fuck her. He firmly believed that spice was needed in a marriage to keep it fresh and interesting.

But why was he experiencing this subtle tension whenever he came into contact with Rory? His brow knitted as he pounded Rory's shoulders.

Rory spoke, breaking into his thoughts. "Yes, Mr. Chapman, don't worry, I have it covered." His voice rumbled up Brent's fingertips and vibrated in him.

Incredibly, his cock stirred and began to grow hard. Brent snatched his hands away and looked down as though he'd seen a snake. Damn, what was the matter with him? To cover the slight tenting of his trousers, he made his way back to his seat and covered his developing pole with the folder.

Rory dropped the receiver into its cradle. "Damn customer, if he doesn't trust us lawyers to do the job, he shouldn't have engaged us."

Still confused and grappling with his surprising physical reaction, Brent was glad he was able to manage a weak chuckle. He grabbed the first thing that came to mind. "You look tired."

"I'll say." Rory sighed. "I...uh, couldn't sleep again last night."

"The same dream?"

"Yes—no—I don't know." Rory sighed again. "The last thing I remember when I woke up was some woman's mouth around my cock. I woke to find myself with a hard-on and I couldn't stop jerking off after that." Tossing Brent an uncertain look, he continued, "Er, was that too much information?"

"We've always been able to tell each other things," Brent choked out, although he couldn't take his mind off the image of Rory's hand wrapped around his cock as he pumped himself. He caught his breath at the painful ache in his cock as he stiffened and grew. What the hell—

"Yeah, well, I had to take several cold showers."

Brent leaned forward, concern for his friend overriding everything. "Rory..." he hesitated. "Is this the first time after...after Lisa?"

Rory groaned. "No. It's been happening for some time already."

"You need a woman."

"I don't want a woman," Rory growled.

"Rory, it's been what—nine years?"

"Brent—" He swallowed hard. "It's only because you're my best friend that I tell you this—and don't you dare laugh at me—but I've forgotten. Forgotten what it's like to go on dates, how to talk to women, how to kiss, to make love—" He broke off and rubbed a hand over his face.

Sympathy and compassion welled up in Brent. "You'll remember, Rory. Once you touch a woman, you'll know what to do. It's like riding a bike, you never really forget."

An unwilling grin lifted Rory's lips. "I'd like to hear what Lindsey has to say to that."

This was the perfect time. It was now or...later. "Linds and I need your help."

"Shoot."

The proverbial flashbulb lit over his head. "I think it'll be to your benefit as well, if you consent to our request."

"Shoot already."

Brent glanced behind to make sure he'd shut the door to Rory's office and took a deep breath. "Linds and I would like you to be the third person in our triad."

Rory stared at him, stunned immobile. "Come again? No, no, I heard you right the first time. So, um, do you do this every time? I must admit I'd never seen you go this particular bent way back at the university."

"Don't freak out on me, buddy," Brent pleaded. He suddenly realized he hadn't thought the whole thing through before approaching Rory. He'd been so used to the

idea of a threesome from Lindsey that he hadn't stopped to consider the effect it would have on the monk-like Rory.

"I'm not freaking out," Rory said, looking back at him over steepled fingers. "I'm just not used to the idea. So, am I your first victim?"

"You're our *only* victim."

"I believe I'm flattered. Lindsey is one smokin'-hot woman."

At Rory's comment, the tension in Brent relaxed somewhat. Rory wouldn't say that about Lindsey if he weren't considering the proposition. He sent Rory a wry smile. "I didn't think you'd notice."

"Oh, I do – did – in an objective way."

"You're the only man I trust enough to invite to the triad and, Rory, don't you think this would solve your problem? You talked about having problems talking to women and making love – well, practice – with Lindsey. I'll be there to coach you – or show you." He aimed his best friend a wicked grin.

Rory grinned back. "Let me think about this, Brent. Give me a couple of days." He then stared pointedly at Brent's lap. "Want to show me something?"

Just like that, Brent felt the world tilt as his cock hardened some more and ached with painful intensity. For a moment there, he thought Rory was asking him to drop his pants and show him his cock. Before he followed Rory's gaze and saw the folder.

Several seconds passed before Brent's world steadied, enabling him to glance up. Rory was frowning with concern. "Brent, are you okay?"

He smiled weakly. "Yeah, just that the particulars of *this* case made me feel faint for a while. Here." He opened the folder and spread it on Rory's desk. "I seem to remember you've encountered something like this before. Maybe you can shed some light for me."

* * * * *

A beguiling, naked woman with sea-green eyes sashayed toward him, where Rory lay on the bed half-asleep. He couldn't believe his eyes and sat up. "Lindsey?" he croaked.

She didn't say anything, merely smiled seductively. With a soft, scented hand, she pushed him back down on the bed and climbed in between his knees. She sucked his cock, while her hand fondled his sac. He groaned and rolled his head back on the pillow, welcoming the sensation of his flaccid cock growing hard and erect and the subtle tightening in his balls. Her mouth was hot and moist and tight...ah God, so tight as she sucked on him with deep, solid strength. Her tongue swirled deliciously over him and he couldn't believe how hard he was getting, harder than he'd been the previous nights, certainly.

Holding his cock in one hand, she ran her tongue up and down his now-rigid length before cradling his balls in her mouth and rolling them around and gently sucking. His pain meter escalated to the top range and his body moved restlessly on the bed as he arched and writhed. He ached so damn much he wanted to explode—into the air, onto his stomach, into her heated-like-a-furnace mouth.

He grasped her hair and tugged her mouth back to suck his cock again. He held her head steady while he fucked her mouth, pushing over and over into her heat until he erupted...

He jerked awake, his hand wrapped tight around his cock, wet with his cum.

Damn, a dream. A damn, fucking, hot wet dream.

He went to the bathroom, washed his hands, then lay back down on his bed. He knew he wouldn't be able to go back to sleep again but he had to try. He sneaked a glance at the bedside clock. Damn, only three thirty in the morning. He'd slept for like, what, two hours?

For the past five nights, ever since Brent had come to him with his ridiculous proposition, the woman in his dreams had assumed a face. What was even more ridiculous was that he was actually considering it.

Lindsey was beautiful and hot and sexy. Any red-blooded man would be attracted to her and he was as red-blooded as they come. But as he'd told Brent, it was an objective attraction, an appreciation for an object of beauty. But ever since Brent had approached him with his ridi—okay, serious—proposition, his objective appreciation was becoming more and more subjective and intimate and up close and personal. Sometimes, he'd even caught himself thinking about Lindsey and wondering what she tasted like, how she kissed, how —

And all the while, Brent was there in the images with Lindsey and having him there heightened — instead of dampened — his arousal.

He sat up and buried his face in his hands, surrendering to the inevitable. He wanted Lindsey and he was going to take up Brent's offer.

Chapter Two

At about two in the afternoon, close to two weeks after Brent first brought up the topic of threesome, the doorbell pealed melodiously throughout the house.

Lindsey hurriedly clipped on her favorite star earrings, wondering why Brent had forgotten his keys, today of all days. She cast one last glance in the mirror, noted that she looked professional and elegant in her matching blazer and skirt. The fluorescent light picked out the red highlights in her dark blonde hair, which was piled on top of her head and which also provided a sharp contrast to the flawless fair complexion of her face. Little tendrils of hair curling on both sides of her face lent a softened overall effect. Satisfied, she hurried out of the bedroom and down the stairs. The bell pealed again just as her fingers closed around the knob. She opened the door and frowned, unsurprised, at her husband. "Brent, honey, you forgot your keys again?"

He bent his head and engaged her in a long, apologetic, involving-the-tongue kiss. Before passion could cloud their minds, he broke it off. "Sorry, sweetie." He grinned sheepishly. "I was in a hurry and left them in the office."

She looked past him and smiled at the man who was just coming up the steps. "Hey, Rory." Whenever she caught sight of her husband's best friend, the woman in her always responded first. Today was no different.

Clad in a light blue polo shirt that enhanced the sapphire depths of his eyes, Rory Chandler's rugged attractiveness hit her like a punch in the solar plexus. Especially when he smiled, as he was smiling right now. She blamed the blow for the increased beating of her heart and shallow breathing. Rory had always had that effect on her, ever since the day six years before when Brent had first introduced them.

When Rory drew near, he held her by the arms and bent his head for his kiss. She caught a whiff of his woodsy aftershave that made her head spin, so she closed her eyes

even before his lips touched hers. He began his usual gentle exploration, licking and nibbling her lips up to the corners of her mouth. She moaned when his tongue traced her lips and, taking advantage of her parted mouth, he slipped inside to play with her tongue, caressing with fierce strokes. However, she was caught by surprise when he sucked on her tongue, as this was the first time he'd done so and she found that her knees could hardly support her as desire was turning all her bones to Jell-O.

"Wow," was all she could say when he lifted his head.

He winked. "That was for practice. I heard from Brent we'd be demonstrating the French kiss."

"Yeah, well," she said, flustered. She stepped away from him, glad that her knees were still supporting her. She raked a hand through her hair, messing it up a little. "It didn't feel like you need it though."

"So maybe Brent was right when he said —"

Beside them, Brent laughed and said, "If you continue that, Rory, I'll hand you that tough case I was asking advice about."

Rory's eyes twinkled as he mimed pulling a zipper across his mouth.

Her gaze bounced from Rory to Brent and then to Rory again. "Oh, come on, tell me," she pleaded, her interest piqued.

"Sorry, Linds. I'm more scared of Brent than I am of you, so..." Rory shrugged.

She gave his arm a good, hard thwack. "Beast."

"Ouch." He pretended to double up with pain.

"All right, stop fooling around," Brent admonished, "or we'll be late. You ready, Linds?"

"Yeah." She snatched up her handbag from the sofa, where she'd placed it earlier before she ran up to put on her earrings. "Let's go."

Though Rory had agreed to be the third person in their triad about a week ago, he'd been adamant about setting the pace of the relationship and it would seem that he

wanted to go slowly. They'd had dinner together—all three of them—twice in the past week and both times ended with Rory giving her a kiss on their doorstep, before he went on his way home.

She could scream in frustration. Fortunately, Brent was beside her to help her work out her frustrations in a much more satisfying way.

And now, they were on their way to Suzanne's studio, where, hopefully, their relationship would progress further. And faster.

Suzanne Randall, her best friend, had started a small production company recently and her first film venture was a documentary on the essentials in the art of lovemaking. Eager to show her support and to help her friend make a success of the film despite a tight budget, Lindsey had volunteered her and Brent's services as one of the couples to demonstrate certain techniques and positions.

Then, Rory had come onto the scene and after a lengthy discussion, the three of them had decided that the men could take turns doing the demonstration with Lindsey.

Suzanne was out negotiating a deal with a potential customer when they arrived. The director, Cherry Reynolds, a middle-aged, exuberant woman, prepped them after makeup. She gave each of the men a bland look. "Which one is your partner, dearie?"

Lindsey linked arms with the two of them and smiled wickedly. "Both."

"Ah, so that's how it is, eh?" A knowing and speculative look entered Cherry's eyes. "Right. So which one is going to do the demonstration?"

"We thought they'd take turns," Lindsey started to say but Cherry was already shaking her head. "Only one, unless you're demonstrating a threesome, then both can go on."

"All right, Brent, you do it with Linds."

"No, Rory. I insist, you do it with her."

"No, it's your right—"

"You need more practice—"

"Why don't I just do it myself?" Lindsey asked with arms akimbo, glaring at them both.

Cherry's laugh floated behind her as she turned away. "Let me know when you've decided."

"Brent, Linds, I'm just trying to be fair—" Rory raked a hand through his hair tiredly.

Cherry's earlier suggestion gave Lindsey a wicked idea. "Honey," she said, turning to Brent. "Instead of pushing back and forth with Rory on who is doing the demo with me, why don't you think of something so that we could all do it together?"

"French kiss? The three of us?" The idea seemed to boggle his mind.

Suzanne had told her earlier that they'd be demonstrating the French kiss and one more technique, which hadn't been decided yet at that time.

Despite herself, Lindsey giggled as she tried to imagine their positioning. Two tongues in her mouth. Oooh, yummy, that was, if Brent and Rory could manage to get their tongues into her mouth. She leaned against her husband and stroked his chest. "Honey, you're so smart. You could think of something."

"So, I just pretend to be a statue here?" Rory asked drily.

She made a face. "Stroking a man's ego is so much hard work. To think, I let myself in for two."

Brent laughed and pushed her toward Rory, who grinned at her, then sucked in his breath when she transferred her attentions to his chest. "C'mon, Rory, put that magnificent brain to work."

He tweaked her nose. "You too, Linds, you have such a wicked, wicked mind. You may be able to think of something better than us."

"I already did my part," she retorted. "I suggested that we could do something to give Cherry what she wants, yet satisfy us too."

Brent snapped his fingers. "I have it." When he had both their attentions, he continued, "While Rory and you demo the Frenching, I'll do my evil best to distract Lindsey." He added pointedly, "Out of camera range, of course."

"Brent—"

Her husband sent Rory a quelling look. "I insist. Besides," his gray eyes burned with molten fire, "I'll have a grand time eating her pussy."

"Brent!" Even as a shocked whisper escaped from her throat, liquid heat melted her bones at the picture he was painting in her mind.

"Why don't we go ask Director Cherry if our suggestion meets with her approval?"

She certainly didn't have any objections.

"I'll be calling out instructions while you perform the demo and if you need to make any moans or cries, feel free to do so." Lindsey could tell that this was a woman who enjoyed sex. "We'll do a voice-over during the edits, so any sounds you make—and in fact, my instructions as well—will be erased. Any questions?"

"Aside from the French kiss, what's the other scene we'll be doing?"

"I'm coming to that." Cherry consulted her notes. "The French kiss and..." A sly gleam entered her eyes. "We'll let that be a surprise but I don't think you'll have any problem. You do need to lose the blazer and the earrings though." When Lindsey would have protested to know more, Cherry added soothingly, "I promise, dearie, this is an educational film, so your pussy and his cock won't be visible for public viewing. Any more questions? No? All right, let's get ready. Lindsey, Ginger here will lead you to the dressing room. See you in the recording studio in five minutes." As Lindsey followed Ginger out of the room, Cherry called out after them, "Oh and, honey, take off your bra as well."

Her bra?

Suzanne rented a five-suite room in a mid-scale commercial building at the fringes of the city, where the rent was very reasonable. She had converted the largest room into a small recording studio where all the shoots were taking place.

Brent and Rory were already in the room when Lindsey arrived exactly five minutes later. She had taken off her pink blazer and earrings in the dressing room and felt conspicuous. The white blouse she had worn underneath the blazer was tight and molded like a second skin to her breasts, so that they appeared even fuller than they normally were. Her waist also seemed to be smaller, which was why she had worn the blouse. She had wanted to show off her figure to the best advantage.

And it seemed she had her first admirers.

Brent sent her a low whistle of appreciation and the blatant sensual admiration in his eyes stoked the fire that had been banked. She lifted her eyes to Rory and for a man who'd been given carte blanche to kiss another man's wife, Rory's gaze was strangely driven as he raked her from the top of her head down to her toes, then back up again and settled with disarming intensity on her breasts. She couldn't move as her breath seemed to be knocked out of her and her nipples puckered and ached, as though begging for his touch.

Cherry caught sight of her at that moment. "Oh, there you are. Go over to stand beside Rory please and we can begin."

Dazedly, she moved as directed and on her way, she noticed that wires and equipment filled half the room. The men were standing beneath bright yellow lights against the backdrop of a huge four-poster bed covered with an old rose brocade duvet but whereas Brent looked completely comfortable, Rory looked as ill at ease as her. Guess two of them weren't cut out to be actors.

"Hey," she greeted softly.

"Hey. I was thinking maybe we should've practiced some more," he joked. "I feel like a high school boy about to have his first kiss."

She laughed, as she knew he meant her to do and with the laughter, some of her nervousness fell away. "Hope we don't turn the viewers off, or Suzanne would kill me."

"You'll do fine," Brent reassured them both, his large, warm hands caressing her arms.

Before Rory could say anything, Cherry clapped her hands, calling for attention. "Rory and Lindsey, we're doing the French kiss in this segment. Are you both ready? Brent?"

Brent dropped to his haunches behind her, his hand burning a brand on her calf.

"Great." Cherry took her seat behind the camera.

A young man ran in front of them and snapped the clapperboard. "French Kiss. Take one."

"Action!"

Lindsey turned to face Rory, anticipation and excitement sizzling through her. Brent's intimate kissing and fondling heightened the sexual surge swelling in her. She could feel his hot breath on her calf and the softness of his thick hair tickling her knees.

Meanwhile, Rory bent his head closer toward the side of her face that was facing away from the camera, so that it would look as though he was kissing her ear. "Linds," he whispered. "You'll tell me if I'm doing it wrong, won't you? Or do you think we should ask Cherry to give us detailed instructions?"

She giggled but tensed up when he grasped her arms to pull her closer still.

"You're both doing great," Cherry called out. "I love the foreplay to the kiss but, Lindsey, you should relax. A kiss is enjoyable, not something to be endured. Forget us, forget everything but your lover holding you in his arms —"

That was the problem. He wasn't her lover. Yet. All this was very new and very exciting to her, because this was their first time together. First time together with Brent, making love as a threesome.

“Do as the lady says. Relax.”

How could she when every inch of his hard body was pressed tight against her? She was delirious with pleasure, her nipples achy and needy and poking into his chest.

His mouth grazed her earlobe and sucked it into his mouth. She gasped as sizzling heat streaked through her. Below her, Brent’s mobile mouth had reached her thigh and he was nudging her legs apart so he could access her inner thigh, which he was now caressing. Her pussy clenched, aching for the touch of his hands, his mouth.

Rory released her earlobe, grazed her cheek and covered her mouth. A dizzying heat filled her, originating from his firm, dry lips moving over hers with tentative exploration.

God, the two men even kissed differently. Rory appeared to be savoring her, taking his time to taste her. She could feel his tongue licking her closed lips and the corners of her mouth. Her hand came up to rest against his chest and his heart thumped furiously beneath her palm, the same way her heart was galloping madly.

Brent had nudged her panties aside and slipped his tongue into her wet folds, stroking and licking her cream. Her mouth parted on a soft moan and Rory took the opportunity to suck her upper lip into his mouth. Flashes of lust pooled at her groin, making her deliciously wet. Dimly, she heard Cherry calling out, “Doing great, you guys. Slow down, Rory, don’t suck too fast. We want the viewers to see how it’s done. All right, Lindsey, your turn. Suck on Rory’s lip, take your pick which one you want. Ah... Good girl...”

Lindsey’s mind had blanked everything out except Brent and Rory—the exciting touch of their hands, their skillful mouths, Rory’s cologne-bathed skin and his ragged, uneven breathing. Desire raged in her, the conflagration flaring out of control. Even Cherry’s voice was merely a soft irritating noise in the background and Lindsey carried out her instructions mainly to get her to stop talking.

Rory’s tongue slipped past her lips to tease the moist cavern of her mouth. He stroked her tongue and pure lust shafted through her at the rough touch. He retreated

and she followed. He was like a drug in her veins, she wanted more of him. Their tongues crossed and dueled in the open air, stroked and licked until Lindsey was a burning mass of uncontrolled lust.

Finally, she drew his tongue into her mouth and sucked like she would her favorite lollipop. She thought it would assuage her lust but it only made her yearn even more. They broke off the kiss to gulp for air.

“Cut!” Cherry’s jubilant voice seemed to come from far away. She could see nothing but the fire in Rory’s eyes—couldn’t tear her gaze away—heard nothing but their own shallow breathing and knew that her relationship with Rory was irrevocably changed. Whenever she saw him in the future, she would always remember this kiss, remember the searing desire that had swept through her.

“We’ll go to the next scene immediately,” Cherry said.

Then someone added, “Kissing Her Breasts. Take one.”

She had time only for a surprised “What?” before Cherry instructed, “Kiss her,” and Rory’s mouth came down to cover hers and she was lost. His kiss was pure magic, taking away her rigidity and replacing it once more with desire.

Cherry must’ve said something, because he started to unbutton her blouse and the brush of his fingers against her naked skin sent her into a fever of excitement. He pushed her blouse off her shoulders and down her arms, then cupped her breast in his palm. Heat. Scorching. Her nipples peaked even further and she had the strangest, most urgent need to feel his mouth sucking her breast. His groan sent off an answering response in her and more of her cream dripped down to soak Brent, whose face was now buried in her pussy and whose pointed tongue was busy stabbing into her slit. The tension lurked in her belly, built and strengthened with each sensual stroke.

Rory’s head lifted and she opened her eyes to find him staring down at her full, naked breasts. The starved, hungry look on his face threw her for a spin and a desperate yearning crossed his face before he bent down to lick the sides of her breast. She rolled her head back and arched her body, her fingers crumpling his shirt when she fisted her

hands in it. She never thought his hair would be so soft, as she felt the strands tickle the smooth flesh of her other breast. Her body yearned for him. She wanted, oh God, she wanted – Yes!

Because finally, finally, he was drawing her nipple into his hot mouth and he was sucking her gently, then with a fierce need that echoed in her. He turned his attention to her other breast and she was mindless with pleasure when Cherry yelled, “Cut!”

Rory didn’t stop sucking her and she wasn’t surprised to realize that she didn’t want him to stop either. Brent also appeared not to hear her, as he laved his tongue in one long swipe at her pussy, sending her clit tingling. It took Cherry’s amused “If you want to carry it to the logical conclusion, by all means, feel free to use the bed behind you” to penetrate all their fuzzy brains. Rory responded by allowing her breast to pop out of his mouth, then spinning around to sit on the bed and burying his head in his hands, while Brent took his head out from under her skirt, pulled her down beside him and kissed her with all the wild, passionate feelings that burned inside them.

Finally, they broke apart and sat panting on the bed. Lindsey was burning up with lust and she wanted to drag Brent to the dressing room and have her wicked way with him. Unfortunately, her legs felt like Jell-O and her arms too weak to even reach for her blouse, which was just beside her. In the end, Brent picked up her blouse and buttoned it up for her in a hasty manner with trembling fingers that hindered more than helped.

Over Brent’s head, she noticed Cherry coming toward her with an expression of barely suppressed glee on her face. She went down on her haunches before them. “I’ve just had a discussion with Suzanne and she asked me to talk with you about the great idea that we had. We decided to add a threesome segment to the film. So, how about it, guys?” She alternated her gaze between them expectantly.

Lindsey’s heart leaped. Their threesome wasn’t even established yet and to actually make love the first time on tape...

When they remained silent, Cherry took on a pleading expression. “Please, Lindsey, Brent, won’t you consider? It would add a definite pizzazz to our film, as I don’t think

other companies have done something like that yet, which would increase our sales tremendously. You don't need to do much, just demo, maybe, two positions. Just two." Cherry seemed to sense that her audience was wavering, because she continued desperately, "I'll even let you decide which positions you want and you won't need to have real sex in front of the camera, just pretend..."

"We, uh, we need to discuss this." Even as she said the words, Lindsey knew she would agree to do it but she needed to check with Brent and Rory. "Can you give us ten minutes?"

Cherry's face cleared. "Thanks, hon. I'll be right over there with the technicians."

As soon as Cherry scampered away, she looked at her husband. "Brent?"

"Do you want to do this, Linds?" he asked in a quiet voice.

She breathed in deeply, hoping to cool down the fires that were still flaming in her. Two sex scenes with both Brent and Rory would only intensify the flame and loyalty demanded she help her friend. "It would help Suzanne so much, Brent, but I know this is a corporate decision, so I'll abide by the majority vote."

Brent faced the bed. "Rory? We won't go ahead with it if you don't want to, if you prefer our first time as a threesome in a more private setting."

Rory had recovered from his own devastating reaction to their intimacy and was back to his normal self, looking back at them with a thoughtful frown. "I don't mind, not if we could help Lindsey's friend make a killing on the film. I demand to see my name in the credits, though."

Brent laughed. "Right." He raised his eyebrows at her. "Would you tell Cherry or should I?"

Lindsey stood up and caught Cherry's eye. The moment she nodded, relief and a happy expression crossed Cherry's face as she came toward them. "Thank you, thank you." She clutched Lindsey's hands in a tight grip. "You don't know how much this means to Suzanne and me." She clucked her tongue. "I have a twenty-five percent share in this company, so you could say I have a personal stake. Anyway, we can talk more

another time but now, you all need to get ready for the shoot. You can take off all your clothes, save your underwear and that means, no bra, Lindsey, in the dressing room—”

“What?!”

Chapter Three

Lindsey didn't know how she would be able to stand being naked—or *almost* naked—with her men without *really* jumping them.

Cherry grinned. "I did promise your pussy and their cocks won't be available for public viewing, didn't I? So I'm keeping my promise. Five minutes, dearie, and we'll begin the shoot."

"But I thought...I thought we're doing this with our clothes on." Stupid, that was what she was. Well, maybe she couldn't keep her skirt but she could change into pants or something, right?

"Are you kidding? Guys love to see nubile, female flesh and women swoon to see hard, muscular chests." Cherry paused, then turned sober and said, "Seriously, the near-nudity is meant to enhance the sexual atmosphere and to put the viewers in the mood. But if you have objections," an expression of uncertainty crossed her face, "I suppose we don't have to do it—"

Now was the time to remember the many times Suzanne rescued her ass in high school when she went to school without doing her homework. Or the time Suzanne saved her life when she almost walked in front of a speeding car. It was Suzanne's sharp eyes and speedy reflexes that enabled her to pull Lindsey back to the safety of the curb a mere split second before she would've been mown down.

Yeah, it was good to remember that particular incident. In comparison, getting naked in front of millions of viewers was no big deal, especially when her really private parts were going to be covered.

"All right." She committed herself before she could change her mind. "I'll go change." She squeezed Brent's shoulder and left the room.

Her fingers shook as she stripped off her clothes. Her panties were soaking wet but there was nothing she could do to help that. Unless she took them off as well. But having them on—even wet—was better than nothing. She folded her clothes properly and placed them beside her purse. Cherry had assured her that her things would be quite safe in the room. Finally, she put on the pink terrycloth bathrobe and took a very deep breath before heading out the door.

Back in the studio, she found everything ready and they were all just waiting for her.

Her eyes zoomed in to Brent and Rory, who were standing beside the bed with Cherry and they were—oh my God!

Nearly stark naked.

She'd seen Brent naked a lot of times but his hot bod could still make her heart speed up. Ah God, she was so in lust and in love with this man and five years of marriage had only made their lovemaking sweeter and wilder. As evidenced by the threesome she was now in.

She sucked in a deep breath as her gaze flitted to Rory. He was naked too, except for the white briefs that clung to his hips and outlined his cock in loving detail. Her mouth went dry and she forced herself to tear her eyes away from the enticing picture. Not that it helped any, because she was then treated to a beautiful masculine physique, with muscles in all the right places and no ounce of fat anywhere. He was bronze all over. She stared at his broad chest, wondering if the dark blond hair covering it was soft and springy like the hair on top of his head. Her eyes were then helplessly caught by his and the kindness in them—so at odds with the sexual tension that had gripped her—threw her for a loop.

She arrived beside them to hear Cherry say, "You have a good idea there." Turning to Lindsey, she continued, "Girl, frankly, I'm envious. Where did you find such a treasure?" At her confused look, she explained, "Your husband's a very thoughtful

man." Then, she winked. "You'll see." Turning back to Brent and Rory, Cherry said, "As soon as you're ready, just slide into the first position and we'll take it from there."

Lindsey stared after her. "What's that all about?"

"I asked her to give us some time for foreplay – to relax," Brent answered smoothly and Rory tugged at her bathrobe and teased, "I think this needs to come off. It's not fair that Brent and I are almost naked while you're still wrapped up to your neck."

Okay, this is it. She pulled on the sash at her waist, which unraveled and caused the bathrobe to gape wide open. Her hands reached up to slide the robe off her shoulders.

She stared into Rory's eyes and wondered how the kindness in them could morph instantly into blazing lust. His mouth came down hard on hers and her senses were immediately engaged with the eroticism of his kiss. He kissed her like a starved man, drinking in her essence as though he hadn't been near a woman in years. He pushed his tongue into her mouth and stroked her tongue with urgency before sucking it into his mouth. Lust and need collided with a big bang inside her and she responded to his kiss with fervent enthusiasm.

Brent's biting kisses at her nape enhanced the rising desire swelling in her and his skillful hands caressed her breasts, bringing her nipples to turgid, aching points.

She wasn't aware that they'd been moving until she felt the edge of the soft mattress at the back of her knees. She toppled backward onto the bed and Rory maneuvered them until they were lying in the center. He grazed her ear with his mouth, murmuring, "You're so sexy, Linds. Sexy and beautiful...every part of you. I love your big boobs. I want to fuck them with my cock. Damn... You're making me so hard..."

And Brent was lying beside her, engaging her mouth in a rough kiss that involved their lips and tongues. The passion that had always flamed bright between them flared to life as his tongue sucked hers. Heat pooled low in her pussy as their tongues mated. He'd always been able to make her melt with just a touch or even a look from those smoldering gray eyes.

She forgot that she was there to demonstrate lovemaking positions. She forgot Cherry's presence, she forgot that there were men other than Brent and Rory in the room, men who were responsible for the lights and the camera, men who had ogled her body. All she saw and heard were Brent and Rory, who caressed her and talked to her like longtime lovers.

Rory worshipped her breasts and she arched shamelessly into his mouth as she called his name, which Brent swallowed into his mouth. God, she was soaking, so wet that his cock could slide so easily into her. Rory insinuated himself between her legs and she sobbed as she felt his hard cock resting against the junction of her thighs. She was drowning in sensations, in his heat, in his scent.

His large hands cupped her buttocks and tilted her up, then he rubbed his hard cock directly over her pussy. He felt so huge and hard and good. Extremely good rubbing her cunt. One deliberate thrust, then two, then three... He felt so right pressed up against her that way, so stiff and hard and he managed to nudge her clit, yet she yearned for more. More than ever, she wanted that big cock thrusting into her, ramming inside her and fucking her senseless.

Brent moved down to her breasts and scraped his teeth over her nipple, the way he knew she liked it. The slight pain mingled with the pleasure zooming through her body, sending her deeper into the sensual haze.

Yet, she was filled with a strong desire to see her lovers, to know how they looked in the throes of passion. Brent she knew — engraved indelibly in her mind — but Rory... She forced herself to open her eyes. He was straining against her and his eyes were scrunched tight with effort. His neck bulged from the tight control he was exerting over his body and sweat shone on his face and over his broad shoulders. He uttered a soft curse, then he shook uncontrollably and pushed his hips deep into her, his firm cock pressing solidly against her aching pussy. Then, he slumped down beside her, on the side of the bed that was empty.

It took her befuddled mind a few seconds to understand what had happened.

An orgasm? Rory had an orgasm? Without them? He stole an orgasm from her and Brent!

Before she could say or do anything, he was rolling onto his back and standing. Brent hauled her up against him and she automatically wrapped her legs around his waist, enabling her pussy to cup his rock-hard erection. He staggered backward until his back hit the wall. Dimly, she'd heard Cherry yelling something but she'd been so outraged at Rory's release—while she was still enmeshed in this sexual morass of unfulfilled sensations that seemed to have no end—that she hadn't really heard it. Rory came up behind her and pressed his wet cock into the crack of her butt. God, he was still semi-hard and she was smoldering, ablaze with two cocks pressed intimately against her.

"Ready?" Brent rasped through gritted teeth, because she had started moving, rubbing her pussy up and down over his cock.

Her breath hitched as Rory's hands came up to cover her breasts. He squeezed and kneaded with expert skill but he avoided her nipples, which pointed and begged for his attention. The desire and tension which had been riding her flared up a notch. Oh God, he sure had magic hands. She wrapped her hands around Brent's neck as the two men surged into her on both sides. She opened her legs wide so that her pussy lips were pushed apart and, save for her wet panties, it was as though she was cupping Brent's cock between them. And then, she couldn't think anymore as the men dry-humped her, over and over until she was so primed and hurting and about ready to explode.

She sobbed with need. She wanted to tear off their briefs and her panties and sheathe them both in her wetness. She wanted to ride them, their cocks rubbing inside her, massaging her pussy until they all shattered in ecstasy.

* * * * *

"Seriously, *that* was torture." Rory's capable hands rested on the steering wheel and as she stared at them, she couldn't help but shiver at the thought that soon those hands would be caressing her, stroking her, maybe even plunging into her cunt.

"You and me both." She managed a shaky laugh. She couldn't believe she was finally going to get into Rory's pants or that he was going to get into hers. The scenery flashed her by but she didn't see a thing. She was all too aware of Rory, of his blatant masculinity and innate sensuality but it was an excitement tempered with the knowledge that there *would* be a culmination to the sexual tension that hovered between them.

They had just left Suzanne's studio, after profuse thanks from Cherry, and were going to book a room at the hotel for some serious monkey business, after a stop at the drugstore, of course. Finally, Rory had caved in, as aroused by their hours of foreplay as she and Brent were.

"Count me in," Brent chimed in from the backseat. "This is the first time my bright idea backfired on me."

"You'll be sufficiently rewarded later on. Hmmm..." She'd turned to look at him and Brent had leaned forward and pressed his lips against her mouth. He held her head steady with a hand cupped at the back of her head while they indulged in a hot, lengthy kiss. She stroked Rory's chest to include him in the kiss.

"Does telling you that I couldn't stop jerking off the past few nights also garner me a reward?" Rory joked.

Brent broke the kiss to say, "The fact that you were jerking off is reward enough."

Rory released a bark of laughter, his eyes concentrating on the road. "You could be right. It was certainly a long time in coming."

His heartfelt tone, as well as Brent's sudden tension, alerted her to something deeper in his story. She turned to face Rory. "What do you mean?"

He hesitated under the cover of making a right turn at the corner. "Has Brent ever told you about Lisa?"

Rory had a woman in his life? How come she never saw her? Then she remembered Brent telling her that Rory was quite the Casanova in his days.

“Who is she?”

“She was my wife,” he said simply. His hands gripped the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white.

The past tense caught her attention. “Was?”

“She died in a car accident before you ever came into Brent’s life. I loved her so much.” His voice cracked a bit. “For a long time, I hated the drunk driver who crashed his car into her, killing both her and our baby.”

She could do nothing but stare at the stark, haunted expression on his face. How terrible for him to lose both his wife and child at the same time. He must’ve been so young then—

“I went into therapy to get over my hatred but I had nothing left, nothing worthwhile in my life—except my friendship with Brent, that is.” He smiled briefly. “So I threw myself into work, won case after case and became famous. But I had lost interest in women and sex. No one had been able to arouse me, not porn, nor real, live, naked women.” He paused significantly. “Until you.”

Her mind flashed back to the events earlier at the studio and a lot of things fell into place for her. No wonder he’d talked about practicing. No wonder he’d had an orgasm that first time he’d thrust into her and that was with their underwear on.

Sympathy welled up in her. She laid a hand on his thigh and felt him tense. “How long has it been, Rory?”

“Lisa died over nine years ago.”

The car coasted to a stop at the intersection. “I’m so sorry, Rory, more than I can say.”

He shrugged. “It’s been a long time—”

"But you're still hurting." He must be, because in all these years, he hadn't let a woman get close to him again. What man could go without sex for over nine years? One who still grieved deeply. She threw a glance at Brent, who nodded. "Let me comfort you."

She twined an arm around Rory's neck and drew his head down toward hers. She pressed her lips against his stern mouth and breathed a prayer of thanks when he opened his mouth and the kiss that was meant to comfort quickly turned into one of passion. Heat flared up between them as he took control and ravaged her mouth. Oh God, the man could kiss! She caressed his thigh with firm strokes, curling her hand around his inner thigh.

The blaring horns behind them caused them to break apart. She opened her eyes to see his nostrils flaring and the intense look of naked lust in his eyes, which were still focused on her mouth. "Damn, I wanted to kiss you like that—and more—earlier today." He cursed again and set the car in motion, driving like a speed demon. "That is, I hope that's okay with you, Brent."

Her husband threw up his hands in a gesture of exasperation. "Finally, we're getting somewhere. To tell you honestly, buddy, I don't quite understand why you're so adamant in taking this slowly, when the chemistry between you and Lindsey is so hot I feel like I'm the one on fire."

Something in his tone made Lindsey shoot him an odd look, which he caught and returned with a bland one of his own. Something was not quite right but she knew better than to push Brent when he wasn't ready.

"Your speed's not okay with me. Slow down, Rory." She knew they were planning to check in at the hotel and immediately have their romp in bed but she abruptly decided that a little dinner and dancing wouldn't hurt to build up the anticipation, provided they had some sort of release first. Her hand moved up a few inches and cupped his cock. "Please."

God, even through his trousers, his cock was so hard and hot. Unconsciously, she moaned and licked her lips as she caressed his rigid length.

He groaned and beads of sweat appeared on his upper lip. "Linds, what are you doing? I thought you wanted me to go slowly but what you're doing is guaranteed to make me go even faster." Still, she could feel the car reducing speed considerably.

"Why don't you find a quiet alley?" she asked breathlessly. "I can't wait, Rory. Holding you in my hand like this—" She broke off as she concentrated on unbuckling his belt and unzipping his trousers. She worked his pants and underwear down the necessary inches and freed his cock.

Damn, but he was beautiful and big, almost as thick as her wrist and as long as Brent, maybe even longer. He pulsed with life and heat and she could see a long vein filled with blood running from the tip of his cock down to its base. Her pussy creamed at the thought of that monster cock thrusting into her.

"God, Rory." She wanted to touch him, couldn't wait to touch him.

"I don't know who you're calling but I certainly didn't name my cock God," he said, deadpan.

She was torn between laughter and lust. This was the Rory she knew. "Are we near that quiet alley yet?" She wrapped her hand around his cock and pumped. Oh God, she'd love to taste that thickness with her pussy. He was sure to stretch her...

"Haven't found it yet," he said through gritted teeth.

"Pity," she murmured but her mind was elsewhere. "Can I tempt you by telling you that Brent requested me to take off my panties? Yup, I'm not wearing anything underneath this skirt."

"God, Linds, telling me at this time..." he breathed.

"You might be more inspired to find that alley." She eyed the pretty drop of pre-cum that had slipped out and was now coating his cock head. The musky scent of his

sex surrounded her and she couldn't help the downward movement of her head, no more than she could prevent herself from licking the salty drop.

"Inspired is right — Ahh —"

He shuddered and the car swerved a little, causing a renewed blaring of horns. She swirled her tongue around his mushroom head, enjoying the little gasps and moans that he made in the midst of curses.

"You better stop that or we won't get to the hotel in one —"

"Just find the damn alley, Rory." Brent cursed and she heard the sound of trousers being unzipped in the backseat.

Rory made a violent left turn and the car trembled to a stop. He released the mechanism under the seat and leaned back so that he was almost lying down and sighed as her mouth enveloped him. Oh damn, she was getting more than a mouthful of cock and she loved it. He filled her mouth and she didn't even need to purse her lips to give him a taut cocoon in which to fuck her mouth. She bobbed her head in time to some rhythm only she could hear and the tight grip of his fist in her hair and his harsh breathing only made her intensify her efforts.

Hunger yawned within her and her pussy throbbed and ached with urgent need. She couldn't keep this up for long without wanting him in her, thrusting into her, filling her with his size and girth. Meanwhile, another cock was waiting beside her mouth, where Brent was pumping furiously and alternating with thumping his cock lightly against her cheek.

"I'm coming... I'm coming..." Rory said in a strangled voice.

She immediately released him.

"Oh, please, Linds, don't stop," he begged. "Do you know how long it's been since I've had a mouth on my cock?"

She sucked a bit on Brent's cock before she leaned back against the window, smiling sweetly at Rory and raising her skirt. "How long has it been since you've had a pussy?" Heat swarmed her entire body at the intense look in his eyes.

He stared at her shaved, glistening pussy and shuddered again. "Far too long," he said hoarsely. "Quick...condom...oh God, where's a condom when you need one?"

"Here." Brent thrust a condom in her face and pulled a slight grimace. "I can't believe I gave up my one emergency condom."

"Thank you, honey." She kissed his cheek, then bent to swirl her tongue on his cock head, licking the salty pre-cum. "I'll suck you dry later."

"I'll hold you to that," Brent said, his eyes glinting with promise and lust.

She tore the foil open and slipped the condom over Rory's straining cock with clumsy fingers. She took off her shoes and clambered over Rory's tense body. He held her steady by the waist as she lifted her skirt with one hand and straddled him, her feet planted firmly on each side of him. She held his cock with the other hand and caressed the stiff rod. "Ready?"

At his nod, she slowly lowered herself on top of him.

His cock head slipped past her pussy entrance and she moaned at the feeling of fullness. Down, down, until half his cock was buried in her wet warmth. Already, he was stretching her wider than Brent ever had. It felt like Rory was thrusting two slim cocks into her pussy and the image made her cream even more.

"Ah, Rory, you're so big..."

His hands tightened around her waist and stopped her descent. "Am I hurting you?"

"No...no..." Truthfully, there was a little pain where his cock was forcing her muscles to extend farther apart than they'd ever been. But there was also pleasure and the pain only made the pleasure more exquisite. She bunched her skirt at the waist and, once free, her hands gripped his shoulders. She propelled herself upward on his cock,

then down in the mating rhythm, over and over without pause, her gushing cream making each successive movement easier. When she'd taken all of him within her body, she stopped to savor the sensation of fullness, of the pain-pleasure that the thick girth of his cock was giving her. She rolled and ground her hips to add a different texture to the sensations shooting through her. She leaned forward to scrape her clit against his bare flesh and the tension solidified in her belly. She hitched her breath at the yearning ache, at the coiling pressure and increased her speed.

Brent thrust his rampant cock into her mouth, which she sucked vigorously in rhythm with her bounces. He was engorged and throbbing and he filled her mouth the same way Rory filled her pussy. Ah, she was going to get used to being filled in this way. She liked it, she loved it. She didn't even mind when Brent plowed a hand through her hair to ensure she kept the rhythm, since she couldn't seem to concentrate very well on fucking two cocks simultaneously.

"Ah...damn... I'm about to come, Linds..." Rory begged, knowing that she wasn't there with him yet.

"Homp mnm." *Hold on.*

Rory pulled down her neckline and popped her naked breast into his mouth, sucking and biting lightly. At the same time, he slipped his fingers between their bodies and teased her clit with firm strokes. Just as she reached the peak, he pinched her clit and bit down on her nipple.

The double assault broke the tension and she bucked and gyrated in his arms, consumed in her rapture. She muffled her scream of ecstasy against Brent's cock, taking care not to bite down on him, as wave after wave of pleasure crashed into her. Brent thrust faster, fucking her mouth until he came, his cum hitting her at the back of her throat. Her pussy clenched tight around Rory's cock but he was already emptying himself into the rubber with a hoarse cry.

Chapter Four

They had dinner at Gianetti's, a classy Italian restaurant that was located on the second level of the five-star hotel where Brent had booked a suite for their decadent night. The restaurant advertised itself as a fine-dining restaurant for couples, with its dim lighting, understated decorations, efficient service and a square dance floor for couples who wanted to indulge in slow dancing to romantic tunes that also served as soft, ambient music to create a romantic atmosphere.

"I daresay we three look like we don't need dinner anymore," Brent commented with a grin after they had seated themselves.

Lindsey would be embarrassed if anyone could see the satiated expressions on their faces so easily. Rory had even told her before they'd exited the car that she had the look of a freshly fucked and highly satisfied woman and she did feel it too but she hoped she could conceal her expression better.

Rory grinned back. "You're wrong. In fact, our stomachs are grumbling after all that exercise."

"Ah." A gleam appeared in Brent's eyes, then he roared with laughter when Lindsey punched him in the arm. "All right, sweet, I won't tease you anymore. What'll you have?" Brent opened his menu. "Don't look at the prices," he ordered hastily, knowing her penchant for skimming the amounts and ordering the items she perceived to be offering the best value for money.

She didn't even bother to open her menu. "Why don't you order for me then?" She crossed her legs underneath the table, enjoying the sensuous feel of her silken thighs rubbing together, thighs that had straddled Rory just a few minutes ago.

After Rory informed him that he wanted the salmon for dinner, Brent placed all their orders with the waiter who hovered solicitously beside their table, and moments

later, the waiter returned with their appetizer and pre-dinner drinks. Sipping her cocktail, she listened idly to the music and looked around the room. More than three-fourths of the tables were filled with diners and she saw the maître d'hôtel lead still another couple to an empty table. Couples conversed in low, intimate tones that didn't override the music and a few pairs moved to the slow music in the middle of the dance floor.

"How does it feel, Mrs. Palmer, to know that, underneath that skirt, you're naked as the day you were born?" Brent leaned toward her and teased in a low voice.

"You know exactly how I feel, Brent Palmer," she mock-scolled. Erotic thrills kept tingling up her spine, especially when she caught sight of a man staring at her in admiration. "Especially since you suggested this. I'll blame it on you when I go home hungry."

"But Rory and I have just fed you! What big appetite you have, Lindsey Palmer." He sent her a look of mock horror, then the look transformed into one of raw, naked lust. "I promise, you won't go home *hungry*."

She squirmed, her pussy feeling suspiciously wet.

"Are you going to torture us with this kind of conversation all evening?" Rory groaned. "Because I assure you, that demo was quite enough, thank you."

Brent chuckled. "Tell me about that. I'm glad we had our...*snack* though. Makes dinner more bearable."

Their food arrived soon after that and while they ate, Brent and Rory regaled her with funny anecdotes from their work. The two men had known each other since third grade and their friendship had deepened over the years. They were so attuned to each other that sometimes they could anticipate each other's thoughts. Lindsey would sometimes watch, amazed, as Rory finished Brent's sentence or Brent would answer a question Rory had yet to voice.

Yet, beneath the banter and the laughter, there was a fine tension meshing all three of them, a sexual tension that had to do with the event that was uppermost in their

minds. But nobody rushed through the dinner. It was as though with some unspoken agreement, they'd decided that anticipation and a little more teasing would make their night more delightful, more enjoyable, more satisfactory.

After dinner, they were sipping wine and laughing at some joke when Brent cocked an eyebrow at her. "Dance?"

"Yes," she groaned and put down her glass. "I need the exercise." Recalling what Rory had said a while ago before dinner, she blushed and amended lamely, "This kind of exercise anyway."

The two men grinned, then Brent led her to the dance floor and pulled her into his arms. "Have I told you that I love you?"

"Not today." Her arms reached up to twine around his neck. She didn't care that the other couples were dancing with the correct amount of space between the partners. This was her husband and she was going to dance with him the only way she knew how. She rested her head on his shoulder and pressed her whole body against him. Against her stomach, his flaccid cock stirred and started to harden. She purred as her own nipples peaked and thrust through the cloth to nudge his chest. They moved in slow motion as she rubbed her body sinuously against him.

"My bad." His breath caught in his throat. "I love you, Mrs. Palmer."

"I love you too, Mr. Palmer."

He slipped his hands under her shirt, caressed her bare back and ground his hips subtly into her. She felt both sexy and wanton, her woman's juices gushing from her pussy. Her body was strung so tightly with pulsing desire and she didn't know how much more she could stand of this foreplay. She expected Brent—or Rory—to ram his cock into her the moment they were alone. If not, she would take the initiative, she was that hungry for him.

His hands slid down to cup her buttocks over her skirt, then he changed his mind and slipped one hand beneath the clinging fabric. She released a ragged sigh at the silken glide of his hand against her naked flesh. She was so aroused her cream was

running in rivulets down her thigh but it only made her feel sexier and more lustful. She didn't think anybody could see them, as they were surrounded on all sides by other couples and the dim lighting helped hide what he was doing. Even so, the fact that he was making love to her in such a public setting only increased her excitement.

Above her head, his breathing came in short pants and she could swear his heart was beating in rapid, staccato thumps. He insinuated his middle finger down the crack of her butt and she tensed, wondering if he would...if he would... His finger dived in and teased her butt hole—

“Excuse me, but I believe it's now my turn.”

Lindsey roused from the sexual fog she was in to see Rory looking at them expectantly. Around them, some couples were leaving the floor while still others were moving toward them and her quick brain surmised that the music had stopped.

Reluctantly, Brent removed his hands, stole a quick kiss, then handed her over to Rory.

She decided to tease him a little. “Aren't you terrified you've forgotten how to dance? Maybe we should've practiced outside in the corridor.”

“Minx,” he scolded, his eyes twinkling as he placed his hands on her shoulders. “I sure won't forget this.”

This was his palms sliding down from her shoulders along her arms and when his hands reached her wrists, he curled his fingers and pulled her hands to twine behind his neck. At the forward momentum, she gasped and found herself plastered all over his upper body. Caught unawares by his action, her face was turned up in surprise with her mouth mere inches from his. His hands began a slow slide from the back of her neck down her spine as he smiled at her slowly. “Now you shouldn't have any complaints.”

Trails of prickling heat were left in the wake of his caressing hand and she shuddered. Her soft breasts were squashed against the solid firmness of his chest and her nipples became points of aching want. Try as she might, she couldn't look away from his eyes, where the twinkle had faded away to be replaced by a smoldering flame.

On top of the foreplay that Brent had initiated, this was too much. "Rory..." she begged.

He ignored her. "My problem now is where do I place my hands?" A thoughtful frown creased his brow. "I could leave them here—" One hand continued the sensual strokes, while the other rested on the small of her back and he gently pushed her forward so that she was pressed tightly against him, from her breasts down to her feet. A hard bulge nudged her stomach. When she realized what it was, heat spread throughout her body and her heart increased its beat. Her pussy clenched several times with need and a raw moan slipped past her lips. "Or here." His large hands cupped her buttocks and lifted her, so that her mouth moved the necessary distance to meet his.

His kiss was hot and hard, masterful and skilled. Despite the public setting, she let the hunger overtake her and opened her mouth to let him in. Her pulse leaped madly. His tongue stroked hers rhythmically and when his retreated, she followed into the heated, moist cavern of his mouth. She lost herself in the kiss, in the textures and sensations, aware that she was so very attracted to this man and how very lucky she was to have a husband like Brent.

Liquid fire surged through her and despite having tasted his cock just an hour or two ago, an intense urge to have this man's cock thrusting into her again almost felled her. The thought of being sandwiched between two men made her knees so weak she could only cling to Rory. Even as the rush of anticipation quickened her veins, she didn't think she could wait any longer. She wanted them now.

She wrenched her mouth away with difficulty. "Rory, please..." she pleaded. "I can't stand it anymore... Let's go..."

Her body was a mass of aching need. She barely remembered Rory leading her back to their table, or Brent paying the bill and, later, checking in for the suite at the reception desk. She was only aware of Rory's arm around her shoulder as she leaned against him, breathing in his spicy scent as though that was the only thing holding her up.

Brent nuzzled the side of her neck once they were inside the elevator. He never seemed to care that other people could witness the physical expressions of their love. Fortunately, there were *no* other people. "Sleepy, dear?"

"No," she said huskily. "I want you." She turned and reached up to clasp her hands around his neck and proceeded to kiss her husband with all the unfulfilled passion in her. Fire flamed and burned bright in her. She couldn't deny the fact that Rory's presence in the elevator excited her. There was an additional element to the sensations she was feeling, a sharp sting that made whatever she was feeling new with an added dimension.

Brent broke the kiss with a small laugh and ground his hips into her. She moaned and wished they could be inside the suite and he was slamming his cock into her. After all the stimuli she had received tonight, she had the feeling she needed him to ride her hard and fast.

Rory stepped up behind her and pressed his cock against the crack of her butt. He bent to nibble her throat as his hands busied themselves with undoing the pearl buttons of her shirt. He made short work of the front clasp of her bra, and her nipples peaked in the cool air. He cupped her breasts with his large hands and pushed them up.

What was he doing?

She was about to ask with her ragged voice when she opened her eyes and saw the brief flare of lust in Brent's eyes. She looked down at herself and saw her breasts being lifted as offerings to some god. Her breath caught in her throat when Brent bent his head and sucked first one rosy-tipped nipple, then the other. She arched her body to bring her breasts closer to his mouth, moaning when his hand joined his mouth to shape and knead the neglected globe of flesh.

For the second time that day, she knew how it felt like to be sandwiched between two men. Heat and predatory male scent all around her, swamping her. Some primitive female instinct in her luxuriated in the feeling and molten heat zigzagged through her

at the thought of Brent's rigid cock plunging into her pussy...of two hard cocks filling her up, thrusting into her welcoming body –

Ding!

They'd reached their floor and fortunately no one was there to witness her half-naked state. Brent left her in Rory's arms while he went ahead to open the door of their suite, both his and Rory's briefcases in his hands. She and Rory followed more slowly, kissing and fondling, until finally, Rory scooped her up in his arms with an exasperated curse and strode the necessary steps toward the inviting suite with lights all blazing bright. She giggled and continued kissing and licking his flesh beneath his open shirt, until she found herself falling through the air and landing on her back on the soft yet firm bed.

Surprised and a little winded, she was about to scold him for his masterful treatment when her mouth went dry.

Rory had removed his shirt and was now hooking his thumbs on both sides of his trousers. He pulled down all the clothes on his lower body in one go. His rigid cock sprang out, thick and pulsing with life and pointing straight at her.

She couldn't do anything but stare at him, then noticed that Brent was staring at Rory as well from the doorway. He was wearing an odd expression on his face, as though he'd been punched in the gut and was flummoxed as to how it had happened. "Honey? Come and join us."

"Yes, c'mon, Brent. A threesome isn't fun without you," Rory joked.

Brent shook his head, still looking stunned. "Why don't you carry on? I'll sit here for a while and watch." He grabbed a chair and turned it around so that it faced them and settled down on it.

Brent turning down the chance for sex? Concern replaced the lust roaring through her and she ran to his side. "Are you all right? Is it something you ate at dinner?"

His face softened. "Yes, sweetie, I'm fine." He cupped her face and drew her in for a lingering kiss. "I told you once how the thought of seeing another man fuck you aroused me, didn't I? Well, I want to watch first and see how long I can stand it."

She tugged at his hand. "Then come and lie down beside me."

"I'll join you in a little while. Go on." He gave her a wicked smile that reassured her. "After all, the view is better from here."

She laughed. "All right, come join us soon." She ran back to the bed, where Rory gently helped her out of the rest of her clothes, before positioning himself on top of her. She groaned from the contact with his naked flesh, which scorched her wherever they touched. "Rory, oh God, I need you, want you..."

His mouth came down hard on hers. His heat seared her, his woodsy aftershave scent surrounded her and his taste overwhelmed her. She tasted the lingering flavor of the wine from his mouth and some essence that was purely Rory. While they kissed, he rubbed his body enticingly against her and his stiff cock stabbed at her soft thigh.

Before she could think twice about it, her hand closed around his cock and pumped slowly, savoring the pulsing life in her hand.

He came up for air. "God, Brent, what is your wife doing to me?"

She glanced over at her husband to see that though he remained seated, he had stepped out of his clothes and was pumping his cock slowly, his eyes trained on them. Rather, on Rory's very naked, very sexy butt.

A sizzle of lust and excitement speared through her as a most incredible thought popped into her mind. Was Brent lusting after Rory as well? But how did Rory feel about that?

She returned her glance to Rory, whose eyes were scrunched tight and his body arched as she moved her hand up and down his cock. He allowed her a few rubs before he pried her hand off. "I'm sorry," he gasped, "but if you want me to last longer, you'd better stop that."

"But I want to touch you." She stroked his chest and found his nipples unerringly. She teased and pinched until he groaned, then she leaned forward and sucked one brown nipple into her mouth. His hands plowed into her hair and scattered the pins everywhere.

"I want to go down on you, to suck your cock as I sucked your nipple, to—"

She peeped at Brent to see the effect of her words and she was gratified to see that he had half stood from his chair, his gaze was burning a hole through Rory's body and his cock was engorged and straining badly in his hands.

"Damn, Lindsey, the pictures that go through my head. Tell you what, honey," Rory panted as though he'd run a long race, "I'll let you have at my cock after I finish with you, okay?" He managed a thoroughly male smile that sent her heart beating fast and her pussy tightening with need. "I want a taste of that pussy that I can smell from up here."

She was so aroused she was dripping. Brent was more of the silent lover as he never used words to stir her. Instead, he relied more on his actions. She widened her legs and invited Rory breathlessly, "What are you waiting for?"

He was stunned for all of one second before he threw back his head and laughed. "Somehow I should've guessed you'd say that." He chuckled and she could still feel the vibration of that chuckle when he buried his face in her pussy.

She gasped and a curl of desire swirled through her. Her head rolled back on the pillow and it was then she discovered that the entire ceiling of the suite was a mirror. She saw herself lying wantonly on the bed with no covering and a man's blond head at the juncture of her thighs. The erotic picture, together with the skillful probing of his tongue, made her writhe and twist with abandon. He held her hips steady while his tongue kept up the rubbing motion among her folds. There was one particular area which affected her the most and when he found the way it made her cry out in ecstasy, he rubbed at the place with fast, circular strokes. She discovered the most urgent need to move but his hands prevented her. "Ahhh Rory! Let me... Let me move..."

His hands moved to her buttocks to lift her up. His tongue curled around her clit and he sucked with deep, strong pulls. She bucked and convulsed, the deep waves of orgasm washing over her and, never shy, she screamed out her rapture. Still, Rory continued sucking her clit and her orgasm went on and on until the pleasure was so intense she felt she was going to faint.

He stopped just as the edges of her vision dimmed and kissed his way up her body. Swells of lethargy swept throughout her body and she twined her arms around his neck as he kissed her lips. She tasted herself on his mouth and, combined with his own flavor, it was a heady mixture and washed away the languor that was sapping her strength.

She grinned at him lazily. "How do I taste?"

"Sweet," he said promptly and dropped a kiss on her nose. "Though I wouldn't mind drinking more of your cream."

"You really have a way with words," she purred. She rubbed her lower body against him seductively. "Now it's my turn."

They exchanged positions and she made her way slowly down his body. Since this was probably the only time she'd get to have sex with him, she intended to explore his magnificent body at her utmost leisure. She hoped too that her seductive demonstration would stimulate Brent to share his fantasies with them and that Rory wouldn't reject him.

If she read the signs right.

She nipped Rory's throat and her hands luxuriated in the hairy mat on his chest, finding his nipples unerringly. He massaged her scalp with gentle fingers and groaned softly when she dipped down and took his nipples alternately into her mouth. He jerked involuntarily when she sucked on the hard nubs. She continued sucking, pleased that she could provoke such a reaction from him.

In time, she dragged her lips southward, following the line of his body hair and swirled her tongue around his navel in slow circles. She delighted in the salty taste of

his skin, even as her nostrils were filled with his scent, underscored by his aftershave. She intentionally prolonged the moment before reaching his cock, wanting to heighten the anticipation and thereby making the experience more pleasurable for them both. His groans and moans were music to her ears and the tugs on her hair let her know whichever of her actions gave him the most pleasure.

She pressed a kiss on his belly and felt it tighten under her lips. He seemed to be holding his breath, his whole body going rigid with need. She decided not to torture them both any longer and moved downward, letting his heated cock brush against her soft flesh. She undulated from the erotic sensation and she was so aroused that she supported herself on her knees while she wrapped her full breasts around his cock.

“Oh God, that feels so good,” Rory said harshly, his eyes closed tight, when she began moving her body up and down, so that his cock rubbed in between her breasts. His stiff erection was purple and long, as thick as her wrist, with bumps and ridges that chafed a delicious friction against her plump breasts. “Your tits are so soft. Damn. Argh!”

She couldn’t resist anymore, she released her breasts and took his ripe cock into her mouth. Hmmm, he tasted good. She bobbed her head on his rigid cock and tried to take in more with each downstroke of her mouth but he was so long she couldn’t manage. Already, he was stretching her mouth wider than she’d ever needed to with Brent. Damn, she couldn’t wait to take him in her pussy again. She trembled with longing at the thought.

She stroked the parts of him that she couldn’t stuff into her mouth, from the middle of his cock to the base where she also gently fondled his balls. She sucked him vigorously and from the tightening of his balls, she could feel that he was near. Good, because she wanted to taste his essence and to swallow as much as she could of it. She enjoyed giving blowjobs, but she enjoyed swallowing the cum even more. There was something sexy and erotic about such an act.

Rory moaned, distracting her from her thoughts and she could tell he liked having her small mouth on him. She shivered in anticipation and returned her attention to the job at hand. Soon, soon...

Brent couldn't move. He'd lost his breath. He knew he was half standing and that soon he would tire of holding the position but he was riveted by the erotic sight of his wife on her knees between Rory's legs as she gave him a blowjob.

Jealousy mingled with a certain voyeuristic pleasure swept through him. *Mine!* his mind roared and he wasn't sure whether he was referring to Lindsey or to Rory. All he knew was that images flashed in rapid succession through his brain—Lindsey sucking his cock, he sucking Rory's cock and Rory sucking *his* cock.

All his barriers fell away. Finally, he admitted to himself what he'd been busy denying the past few days—he lusted after Rory Chandler, his best friend. He was aching to touch him, to stroke him, to suck his cock, to...oh yes, for Rory's cock to stuff his ass.

Just thinking about it made his cock harden even further.

Earlier, seeing his best friend in the buff had caused a strong surge of lust to rage through him. The emotion had stunned him so much that he'd needed a few moments to grapple with his feelings, alternately denying and being strangely fascinated by the activities on the bed, especially the graceful movements of Rory's body.

He forced his gaze up from where Lindsey's mouth was having a busy night, up, up, up to roam over Rory's terrific, gym-honed body with greedy eyes. The tight pleasure on Rory's face hit him in the gut and he wanted to kiss him, to do the things Lindsey was doing to put that same expression on Rory's face.

He ached so badly he felt he was going to explode soon. Quickly, he snatched a foil packet from the box beside him, tore it open and sheathed the condom over his cock. Holding his erection in his hand, he strode toward the bed and plunged his cock into Lindsey's hungry pussy.

Rory's cock popped out of her mouth as she cried out and she buried her face in his thigh and held on to his buttocks as Brent drove his cock into her with fast, furious strokes. His balls slapped against her thigh with the force of his thrusts and he couldn't help but move faster as his gaze landed on Rory's thick cock, his imagination going into overdrive as he pictured himself bending over his best friend, his tongue tasting the pearly pre-cum decorating the tip.

He groaned and pushed faster, harder. Even with his insane thoughts wrapped about Rory, he didn't forget that it was Lindsey he held in his arms, Lindsey he was plunging his cock into. God, she felt so good, her pussy so tight and hot and he was going to explode soon...

Ah... He reached around her waist to stroke her clit and in mere moments, she shook with the power of her ecstasy, her cry muffled against Rory's flesh. Her pussy gripped his cock in a merciless grasp, the convulsive movement of her muscles compelling him to release his seed with mighty roar.

The orgasm from Brent's surprise fuck weakened her knees and when his cock slipped from her pussy, she rolled over to lie beside Rory, chest heaving from her exertions. She heard the crinkle of foil and then Rory was looming over her. He gave Brent a tight smile. "I'm wound up so tight, buddy. Your wife's got a lovely, skillful mouth and after your demonstration, I *just* have to fuck her. Okay?"

"Go ahead." Brent swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down. "I want to watch you fuck her. Fuck her hard and good."

Rory didn't need further encouragement. He tilted her hips and slammed into her, pushing past her still-spasming muscles to bury his rampant cock inside her. She caught her breath at the pain-pleasure of his entry. The veins at his neck popped out with the effort to hold still for several seconds, allowing her to adjust to his girth. She panted as her pussy shifted to accommodate him and the minutest movement of her hips had him

gritting his teeth. He retaliated by lifting her legs and placing them on his shoulders and she gasped when his cock slid deeper into her.

"Ready?" he rasped.

She nodded and her fingers clenched on the comforter as he began moving in the age-old mating rhythm, his unyielding cock pistoning in and out of her with steady regularity. She moaned at the friction his rubberized cock generated in her, at the many wisps of pleasure that coiled through her until they twisted into a maelstrom of sensations. There were more bumps and ridges than she remembered, unless he was wearing one of those condoms that was full of ridges guaranteed to give a woman the utmost pleasure. No, no, he only bought one box of condoms and –

The inconsequential thought faded away when she felt the urgent desire to move but she tried to hold off, not wanting to leave Rory behind. "Hurry, hurry," she gasped. "I'm about to come again." Her hips rolled and writhed involuntarily.

"A few more," he said, teeth grinding as he picked up the rhythm and drove into her with shallower, faster strokes, where each downstroke slammed his groin against her clit, triggering thrills of shuddering pleasure through her. "Damn, but I love thrusting into your pussy. God, Linds, your pussy's so tight...so tight..."

The words threw her over the edge. She screamed and convulsed, her hips rolling and writhing so hard she almost flung him off her. Fortunately, he was holding on to her shoulders and with one last great thrust, he shouted her name and came.

Extreme satisfaction stole through her but her exhaustion was just as absolute. The last thing she knew before she fell asleep was the arrangement of a male body on either side of her warming her throughout the cold night.

Chapter Five

Brent nuzzled his face against the warmth of her neck as slivers of consciousness filtered through his mind. He kissed and licked her skin and slowly, it occurred to him that she tasted different. He loved this new taste and wanted to have more of it. Maybe it was the wine they'd drunk at dinner or the vanilla ice cream she'd wanted for dessert. Whatever it was, it was a heady flavor and he couldn't get enough. His lips followed the strong column of her neck upward over her chin and settled on her mouth. Hmmm...the scent here was stronger and he wallowed in the dizzying sensations.

She even kissed differently. Her lips were firmer and her mouth was wider... He belatedly registered the strong back muscles under his caressing fingers and he came fully awake. Lindsey had never been one for the gym. His breath caught. Could it be...

Slowly and with trepidation pounding in his heart, he pulled back and opened his eyes. The light hurt and for a moment, he couldn't see clearly. Then... *God, it is.* Rory was still more asleep than awake and he murmured a protest at Brent's withdrawal. Looking at him, Brent's heart beat even faster.

Rory's blond hair was sexily tousled and his facial features, though relaxed in sleep, bore a strong hint of masculine sensuality that caused lust to pummel him. Brent had never had such a strong reaction to a guy before and the emergence of a new side to his own sexuality fascinated him. But no matter how much he wanted to kiss Rory again, he knew he wouldn't do so without Rory's consent.

The upcoming moment of truth filled him with fear and anxiety. He didn't know how Rory would take knowing his best friend lusted after him. A cold, tight knot formed in his chest. He didn't want to lose such a good friend as Rory, with whom he had close to thirty years of history, yet he couldn't keep on denying his own sexuality. Granted, he'd been playing the denial game for only a few days, two weeks tops, but

how long could he keep it up? It was no good reminding him that he could experiment with other guys. He wasn't remotely interested in another guy. Only Rory.

And he had Lindsey to thank for placing them in this tableau—but he couldn't decide if he was being sarcastic or not. Sometime during the night, Lindsey, who'd been sandwiched between them, had slipped down the bed and now that he was fully awake, he could feel her hot breath on his chest.

Should he or should he not? He could explain that he thought he was kissing Lindsey, which was true. But then, he should take his hand away from where he was still caressing Rory's arm.

He watched with bated breath as Rory's eyelids flickered...

And that was when he realized he couldn't bear to lose Rory's friendship. He meant more to Brent than a night's fuck.

Damn it, take your hand away!

But he couldn't make himself move and then it was too late.

Rory's eyes focused on him. He saw the moment full cognition hit his best friend and shock turned his blue eyes a shade darker, the same shock that Brent was sure still lingered in his own eyes.

He wanted to close his eyes in mortification, to hide the passion that he knew was blazing from them. His skin felt clammy, his breathing turned shallow and yet...he suddenly realized it wasn't just his *own* breathing that was shallow. For reasons of his own, Rory's breath was coming in short pants and—he looked closer—was that curiosity in his eyes and a hint of desire?

He couldn't be sure. But one thing he was certain was that there was definitely no revulsion there and he'd take it, by God he would.

What had started out as an accident would have to continue with threefold consent. He sighed and sat up, raking a hand through his hair. He shook Lindsey awake.

"What?" She blinked her eyes rapidly. "Is it morning yet?"

"No. I need to talk with you, both of you."

She stared up at the ceiling at their reflections. "Damn, how did I wriggle myself so far down the bed?" She heaved herself up until her head was beside Rory's.

Looking at them with their faces beside each other, expectantly looking back at him, hurt. He didn't know what her reaction would be and he didn't want to lose her any more than he wanted to lose Rory.

She yawned and prompted. "Brent?"

"Recently, I found myself having...feelings that I'd never had before." The intensity of Rory's gaze unnerved him but he couldn't look away, so he alternated his gaze between him and Lindsey. "I fought it for some time, believe me, but tonight, I couldn't lie to myself again. I have always loved Rory as a friend, a brother but tonight, I realized I love him...with something more."

"You want to make love with him," Lindsey said baldly.

How accurate. "Well, yes," he admitted, nonplussed. "How did you guess?"

She trailed a hand down his chest and aimed him a loving look. "You're my husband. I know you more than you think."

"Are you okay with that? With me wanting another man?"

She countered, "Did you know I had fantasized about you two kissing? Like you, I want to watch," she said with heartfelt sincerity. "You'll be so hot together."

He released the breath of relief he hadn't known he was holding in, then anxiety kicked in again when he turned to Rory. "Buddy?"

Rory burst out, "Damn it, Brent, I—"

"I realize you're shocked and need time to come to terms with this. I know how you're feeling, because I've gone through it. But you should be able to answer me this. Do you *want* this or not? You can still say 'no', Rory. If it's just me projecting my wants on you and you thinking you have to satisfy me out of friendship, then forget it," he said flatly.

Rory took his time answering, while Brent suffered the worst twenty seconds of his life. Even then, he wasn't sure how Rory would respond, as he watched his throat perform convulsive swallows. Finally, Rory opened his mouth but his answer was lost in the inner roar that drowned out his ears.

His heart pounded in uneven rhythm. "Come again?"

"Yes." Rory looked straight into his eyes. "I have to admit I'm curious. Let's do it once, then we'll decide if we want to do it again."

Rory, ever practical. Brent felt like laughing with giddy joy but it would spoil the moment.

Lindsey laughed for him and she scooted out of the way, so that he could inch his head closer to Rory, slowly to give him time to move away should he want to. Brent's caressing hand moved from his arm toward his back, where Rory was lying on his side and he stroked in a smooth long line along Rory's spine. Still, Rory didn't move, he just accepted his caress.

Lindsey's stroking hand along his back emboldened Brent. He shifted his entire body closer until he could feel Rory's heat blasting his flesh. His hardening cock definitely touched some part of Rory's anatomy and though Rory jumped at the contact, he didn't move away. Rory's mouth parted on a soft sigh and his eyes flicked shut and it was these final signs of surrender that caused Brent to take the final inches in one swift move. He covered Rory's mouth with his own and their first kiss—with awareness of who the partner was—was the sweet and intense exploration of a new lover.

Sensations bombarded him. Kissing another man was heady stuff and different from kissing a woman. With a woman, a man felt protective and cherishing but with another man, there was no time to play the submissive as both strove for dominance.

At first, Rory was passive beneath him but after the first few tentative seconds, both were kissing much like tigers locked in a power struggle. Hands flew everywhere, caressing, stroking, gliding with sexual intent.

Brent gasped when Rory's hand closed around his cock and pumped with hard, firm strokes. Yes, yes! He sighed with pleasure and his fingernails dug moon crescents on Rory's butt cheek. Their mouths were still engaged in a hot, passionate kiss as their tongues stroked and played in Rory's moist cavern. Moreover, Lindsey's kneading hands and biting teeth on his butt stoked the inferno raging in him. He hadn't realized just how hot a threesome was. No wonder Lindsey had dreamed and fantasized about this for years.

His balls started to tighten with tension and he knew he didn't want to come yet. Not until—

He turned his head and rasped against Rory's cheek, "Wait. Stop." He unlocked Rory's hand from his cock and pulled back, gratified to see Rory's eyes glazed with lust. "I want to explore your body, I want to suck your cock, then I want you to come in my ass. All right?"

"As long as I have a turn at your cock."

Rory's words burned a path down his spine to his cock, which twitched with painful intensity. "Deal." There was one more thing to take care of, his very supportive wife. But he'd tell her later, surprise her...

Brent made Rory lie passively on the bed while he made a slow exploration of his body. Though he'd seen Rory partially naked before during clean-ups after sports or gym, he'd never had a chance to touch his body nor had he wanted to, not then. But now, he caressed each part with his hands and mouth and tongue, with aching slowness and tender ministrations. He enjoyed making Rory cry out in anticipation or groan with relish and satisfaction.

Lindsey had transferred her attentions to Rory and was engaging his mouth in a torrid kiss, sucking his tongue into her mouth. Instead of feeling jealous, Brent's inner fire flamed brighter and more aroused than ever, he turned his attention back to Rory's body.

His tongue circled Rory's areolas, gently teasing, each time coming close then moving away from his nipples until Rory bucked his hips in urgent want. Rory's hoarse muffled cries, "Please, please," were music to Brent's ears and he gave in to his friend's demands. His lips closed over the puckered nipples and he sucked deeply. Rory's heartfelt groans and moans sent splinters of fire racing down to Brent's cock, making him ache with explicit longing.

Damn, he didn't know how long he could hold on any longer but first, he wanted a taste of that huge cock —

He moved in between Rory's legs, released his nipples and shifted down his body, kissing and licking all the way. He grasped Rory's heated cock with a gentle hand and pumped him and soon his tongue was tracing each protruding vein which was heavy with blood. He had jerked himself off a lot of times but holding one's own cock and another man's was worlds apart. He'd never been more aware of the blood throbbing through the thick flesh or the heat that seemed to emanate from the stiffened rod. He began to appreciate Lindsey's words whenever she described how it was to hold his cock — velvet steel, hot satin.

Aroused beyond words, Brent groaned and took Rory's cock in his mouth. Rory jumped, then a second later, he sighed and his hands plowed into Brent's hair, subtly guiding his head movements.

It was Brent's first cock but he knew how he liked his own cock to be sucked. He'd attempted to teach Lindsey as well but she couldn't quite get it and he'd wondered if there was something wrong with his instructions. Now was his chance to find out.

He pursed his mouth to give Rory a tight fit and he combined the usual bobbing motion with circles of his head so that Rory's cock rolled around in his mouth. He was rewarded with Rory's harsh grunts and rigid body.

"Damn, Brent, that's...that's...damn. Arrg!"

Brent quickly eased off to prevent him from coming. Lindsey was still sucking Rory's nipples when Brent bounded off the bed to get the lube from his briefcase and a

few condoms from the box where it had fallen to the floor. When he returned, Rory lifted his head and his eyes were trained on Brent's bobbing cock.

His head fell back on his pillow, eyes squeezed shut. "Damn, Brent, you're beautiful," he burst out, then shut up as though he'd said something embarrassing.

Lindsey released Rory's nipples and sat up beside him, her breath shallow. Her fingers slipped into her pussy and a beatific expression crossed her face.

Brent was oddly pleased at Rory's words. "You're the one who's beautiful." He grasped Rory's long, thick cock. "I know women like big cocks. I'm lucky to have Lindsey who's satisfied with my size." He turned to leer at her and she rolled her eyes.

Rory snorted. "As if you're a size two or three." He gasped as Brent put the condom over his erection and used the opportunity to caress him. "Not a lot of women can take my size though. That's the disadvantage of having a large cock—smaller dating pool." Rory jerked to a sitting position and drew Brent in for a kiss, causing his cock to ache with unbearable longing.

"I can," Lindsey chimed in.

"And for that, you'll be rewarded. Come lie beneath me," Brent invited as he slid the condom the rest of the way down Rory's cock. "I want to pound into you when Rory's pounding me." He pressed the lube into Rory's hand. "Hurry." He suffered her ministrations as her shaking hands put the condom on his cock, gritting his teeth to not come, then knelt between her legs when she was done. "Are you wet, love?" His fingers explored her and encountered her gratifying wetness. He tilted her hips and pushed into her pussy, catching his breath at the sensation of her warm, tight channel sheathing him, taking all of him. He held still, although the pressure in his cock was urging him to move, to unload everything in her and the glazed look in Lindsey's eyes wasn't helping, nor was the involuntary clenching of her pussy around his cock. "Rory?" he rasped.

He hissed when the cold cream was injected into his asshole and he hissed again seconds later when Rory's thick cock started to penetrate his ass. The pleasure-pain was so intense he almost fainted, then he remembered to take several deep breaths and to

relax. His cock was aching so badly he wanted to feel the friction burn as he drove in and out of Lindsey.

"Anyone been here before?" Rory asked almost conversationally, though his gritted teeth belied the great effort he was exerting on his control. "Dildo?"

"No," Brent gasped, "you're the first."

"Damn, no wonder you're so tight, buddy."

"Will you both quit talking and get on with it?" Lindsey demanded, groaning. "I want to move, damn it. I want Brent to move!"

Another minute of grunting and adjusting and Rory was all the way in up to his balls. Brent closed his eyes to savor the sensation of having his friend and lover's hot, sweaty body on top of him with his rigid cock deep in his ass. He turned his head to the side and their lips met in a passionate kiss. Rory started to move.

Hot, damn, this must be how Lindsey felt when a cock thrust in her pussy. Brent could understand why sex was so addicting for a woman. There was nothing like the feeling of having a hard, stiff cock pushing its way into you, massaging your inner muscles and setting off thousands of tiny fireworks inside you.

Rory's every shove into his ass sent him plunging into Lindsey and he swallowed her every moan and mewling cry with his mouth. His ass burned, his cock ached and his whole body was rigid with tension. There was something to be said for being the filling in a sandwich.

Rory calculated every move, plunging deep into Brent's ass and withdrawing until only the tip of his cock remained at the entrance of his butt hole. At first, his plunge and withdrawal motions were slow and solid strokes, creating the tension and building upon it. Their harsh breathing filled the air and the springs of the mattress creaked and groaned. Brent wondered incongruously if the bed had been built to support a three-way fuck.

"Fuck already," Lindsey gasped. "Move faster, Rory." She dug her fingernails into Brent's back and clasped her legs around his waist, maybe around Rory's waist too.

Brent stifled the startled cry that rose to his throat as her fingernails drew blood. She must be feeling the same intense sensations that were going through him, because she'd never scored him so deeply before. Once Rory was convinced that his ass was well-lubricated to withstand a hard pounding, he increased his speed, which caused his balls to slam against Brent's ass with frenzied regularity and proceeded to skyrocket the tension that had been building in Brent's balls.

The well-ordered and coordinated fucking rhythm was shot to hell as each man's thrusts became guided by instinct and Lindsey herself added to the mix by rolling and grinding her hips into Brent. The result was a frenetic fucking that escalated the roiling tension until Brent's rectal muscles clamped down on Rory's cock and a keening shout emerged from his throat, mingling with Lindsey's own scream as her mercilessly contracting grip on his cock made him explode into the rubber. Rory plunged deep into his ass and followed thereafter with a hoarse cry.

Lindsey stretched, her naked skin rubbing sinuously against two male bodies, one on each side. A threesome was so much fun, yet even she couldn't have predicted that this night would turn out the way it had. And it wasn't over yet.

"Not that I'm complaining but I thought this was supposed to be my night."

Smart lawyers that they were, her men understood and offered weak chuckles.

"Sorry," Brent apologized. Under her fingers, his heart was still racing.

"Did you know I had fantasized about you two kissing? Believe me, the reality was way, way hotter," she said with heartfelt sincerity. She claimed Brent's lips in a pillaging kiss. She felt totally powerful as she guided the kiss in the direction she wanted it to go, with Brent still too weak to protest. "Hmmm... I think I like having you around, Rory, and your job is to reduce Brent into a mass of putty in my hands so that I can do with him whatever I want." She ended with an evil laugh.

Brent shook his head mournfully. "Now she shows me her true nature. Diabolical."

Lindsey caressed his still wet and limp cock. "I guess you're out of action for a few more minutes." She turned onto the other side and stroked Rory's cock. "You too. What do you guys suggest we do while we wait?"

Rory immediately slid down until he was between her legs. "I want to eat your pussy." His tongue delved between her wet folds with amazing dexterity. "Did I tell you how delicious you are?"

Her breath caught in her throat as he spoke, tickling her. "I wouldn't mind...hearing it...again and again." She squealed as he touched *the spot* again and gasped as Rory became particularly creative and his rough tongue hit her slit with repetitive strokes. Twisting tendrils of desire sped through her and she felt her cream flooding her pussy, which Rory slurped up enthusiastically.

She stared up at the ceiling and the image of two men in bed with her, one lying beside her with the other industriously eating her pussy, aroused her tremendously and opened up a yawning cave of desire within her.

"What about you, Linds?" Brent's seductive eyes roved over her face and rested on her breasts. His hand reached up to cover and fondle one white mound. "What is your pleasure, madam?"

"Oh." She could think of nothing better than sucking both their cocks. Then again, there was one position she had always wanted to try, every time she indulged in daydreaming about her favorite fantasy. Her voice quivered as she said, "I want your cock in my pussy and Rory's in my ass." God, how could her ass take that monster cock? Even with her pussy, he was a tight fit. But she wanted to look into Brent's eyes while he fucked her and while another man's cock was in her ass. She was about to change her mind and switch them around when Rory groaned into her pussy. The sound vibrated through her body and she shuddered.

He lifted his head. "God, Linds, are you sure? I may split you apart."

She shuddered again, this time with longing. She didn't know how much damage he would do her but his size was sure to deliver more of that pleasure-pain that she'd

experienced with her pussy, the delicious stretching as he slipped more of his fat cock into her. Instead of fear, excitement boiled within her. She would see how much of him she could take...

At Rory's words, Brent turned concerned eyes on her. "Lindsey? I can attest to his being more than a tight fit," he sighed, "but the pleasure is fantastic."

"I want to, Brent," she said huskily. "I want to be facing you when we make love —"

"Lindsey." He groaned and buried his face in her neck. A moment later, he nibbled on her throat and Rory resumed his exploration of her pussy. She pulled her legs up and widened them to allow him more access, moaning when his nose bumped into her clit. "And...Rory will stop...won't he..." she continued doggedly in a breathless voice, "when...and if...I ask...him to stop?"

"You just say the word, Linds," Rory assured her.

"Kay...it's settled...then." The last word was muffled when Brent captured her mouth in a passionate kiss. She loved kissing with Brent, she could never get enough of it. There was just something intimate and loving about kissing. They could kiss for hours. Sometimes, when they weren't feeling particularly lusty, they'd stay in bed and just kiss. Of course, such kissing would invariably lead to lovemaking. Which, in her opinion, was not a bad thing.

Her breath hitched when Brent dragged his lips down her throat and nibbled at the soft skin at the base of her neck before moving farther down and sucking her nipple into his hot mouth. She hummed in satisfaction at the deep suction motions and heat lanced straight to her pussy, where Rory was still drinking her juices. Damn, the man had been at it for such a long time she must seriously consider bottling her cream and selling it for a high price. Who knows, she might get rich. Ah —

She dimly registered Rory withdrawing and a moment later, he was opening her wide and inching his hard, demanding cock into her pussy. Due to her slickness, he was able to slide the first few inches in quite easily. She purred at the heated sensation of his

ripe, rubber-encased cock inside her pussy. Damn, she just might switch the two men around—

“Rory!” she shrieked, startling both men. “What the hell are you doing? You’re not supposed to be there!”

“Calm down, Linds. I’m just lubricating my cock in preparation for your ass later on.” Rory grunted and continued inching into her. Despite herself, her pussy was already shifting, adjusting to his size, though she felt as though her pussy was being split in two. If she was honest with herself, she would admit that she wanted this as well. After a taste of his large cock stretching her earlier, she’d wanted another taste. “Don’t worry, I won’t come in your pussy.” He leered at her lasciviously. “I’m saving myself for your ass. Do you want us both coming in you, Linds? Me in your ass and Brent in your pussy?”

Her green eyes were held effortlessly by his blue ones as the image he described flashed through her mind and stayed, arousing her highly. “Yes,” she whispered. “Yes.”

He blew out his breath when he was fully embedded in her. “Then you shall have it.” He withdrew, then thrust back into her, following Brent’s sucking rhythm on her breast. Her restless hands roamed Brent’s smooth, strong back, settled on his buttocks and squeezed. Mewling cries escaped her lips and she raised her legs and clasped them around Rory’s waist. There was still some pain to his entry but pleasure was predominant. His cock fit her pussy securely, tightly. He groaned and plunged deep into her.

Several thrusts later, Rory disengaged her legs and withdrew from her. Fingers trembling with haste, Brent fumbled with the foil before sheathing his cock with the rubber, then his mouth sought hers at the same time that he drove his solid cock into her. She gasped as her hungry pussy molded itself to his shape and size and she clasped her legs around his waist as he moved.

The added stimulus, so soon after Rory's thrusts, caused her to shake as waves of pleasure rushed her. When she came down from her orgasm, she discovered that Brent had held himself very still and beads of perspiration soaked his face and hair. He was still hard inside her. Tenderness flooded her. His eyes were closed, so when she placed a hand against his cheek, he started and looked at her.

"All right?"

"Yes." He growled and buried his face in her neck. "You are killing me." He grasped her tight against him and rolled over, so that she was on top.

"Hold still while I prepare you." Rory inserted the lube into her ass and squeezed a huge amount inside her. She gasped at the sudden coldness but Brent's expert kissing soon distracted her. She twined her arms around his neck and responded to his wild, hungry possession as Rory inserted two greased fingers into her ass and began to pump.

Her heart beat fast in anticipation and, though she had just had her release, tension spiraled in her belly. Rory took out his fingers and spread more lube around her rim. "Ready, Linds? Brent?"

As two breathless voices answered him in the affirmative, he climbed on the bed, grasped her butt cheeks, pried them open and positioned his liberally lubricated cock head against her butt hole. Her pussy contracted with desire and hugged Brent's cock. Rory pushed his way in slowly and she moaned as her ass was stretched wide.

"Relax, Linds." Rory's voice was strained. "Let me...in."

At his words, she discovered that she had unconsciously tensed up and so now, she intentionally relaxed. His cock shoved in with deliberate slowness and she steeled herself against the pain and against going rigid. Brent distracted her by slipping a hand between their bodies and fingering her clit and as the sweet pleasure-pain washed over her, Rory slid in a few more inches, aided no doubt by the liberal amount of lubricant he'd squeezed into her.

"Almost there." In Rory's voice was tension and excitement. "God, Linds, I can't believe you're taking almost all of me. You're so tight," he huffed. "At the risk of repeating Brent, you *are* going to kill me." His tone turned somber with concern. "Are you all right?"

"Do you want Rory to go on? Linds, I don't want this to hurt you."

Her ass felt so distended she didn't think it would revert back to its original size after Rory had pulled out. More importantly, her body was so fraught with tension it was clamoring for release. Her pussy had begun clamping around Brent's cock and she knew the effort it was causing him to retain his control, for him not to move until all three of them were in position.

"Rory, I don't think...you have to stop there." She shifted sinuously and rubbed her breasts against Brent's chest. "Fuck me, both of you. Now."

Brent grabbed her hips to hold her steady and he pumped his cock in and out of her. Above her, Rory leaned over her, wrapped his hands on her shoulders and did the same. She cried out at the sensation of two live, pulsing cocks ramming into her, sometimes at the same time and sometimes at counterpoint to each other. It was so very different from the times she and Brent had experimented with having a dildo in her ass while his cock was in her pussy. So very different and so infinitely more satisfying. She rolled her hips, trying to grind her clit into Brent's groin. She wasn't very successful but she moved again, having discovered the sensuous pleasure of rubbing against two sweaty, male bodies.

Never letting up on their thrusts, Rory nipped the skin on the back of her neck, while Brent satisfied himself with sucking an erect nipple. Turbulent sensations slammed into her, propelling her instantly toward another wave of orgasm. She tried to hold the overwhelming pressure for release at bay, wanting to savor their thrusting cocks for a few more minutes but again, she wasn't successful. Before long, she was screaming and bucking and convulsing in their arms, her pussy holding Brent's cock in

a merciless grip, while her ass contracted madly around Rory's. "Now, now!" she yelled.

Both men roared out their pleasure and exploded simultaneously into her. Her orgasm seemed to go on and on as she shook with never-ending pleasure. After she stopped shuddering, she slumped over her husband, drained but very satisfied.

Reaching up to caress Rory's back, Lindsey pressed her lips to Brent's mouth in a gentle kiss. "Thank you."

"Thank *you*," Rory emphasized from above her.

Two earthshaking orgasms in a row had sapped all her strength. Lacking the energy to move, she didn't protest when her men proceeded to take care of her. Rory moved his cock out of her ass and lifted her off Brent, then disposed of the condoms. He set her gently on the bed and her husband turned and took her in his arms. "Sleep," Brent murmured. Before she drifted off, she was aware of Rory jumping off the bed. Behind her eyelids, the glaring brightness disappeared, to be replaced by the cooling darkness. Then, he returned, shaping himself to her back, his cock pressing against her thigh and his leg tangling with theirs.

Chapter Six

When Rory awakened, dawn was making its presence known. However, from the deep breathing on the bed, he could tell that Brent and Lindsey were still very exhausted from their all-night activities.

A sensual smile of remembrance curved his lips as the images flashed through his mind. What he wouldn't give to spend all his days with them doing just that, loving Brent, loving Lindsey. They were his best friends, especially Brent, who had helped to keep the demons at bay when Lisa had been taken from him. And last night, they had given him love and laughter and intimacy, things that he had thought he'd never get to share with a special person anymore.

But fate had been merciful. It had given him two special someones.

He frowned up at the ceiling, his gaze roving lazily over Brent's sleeping form. His best friend's dual sexuality had taken him by surprise but he'd been more stunned at his own response. Instead of feeling repulsed, he'd been curious and the resulting kiss had been devastating to his senses. He'd craved more and more and the next time, he wanted Brent to drive his cock into his ass. He wanted to experience the drive and power of a cock as it pummeled his ass —

He was getting ahead of himself. Brent and Lindsey had never intimated that this was going to be a long-term arrangement. In fact, it seemed to be the unspoken agreement that it was going to be for just the one night.

His hands clenched into tight fists that were echoed by a vise around his heart. He remembered how much of a couple Brent and Lindsey were, how Lindsey would always turn to Brent first whenever she had something to say. He knew his hurt feeling was ridiculous, because, after all, Brent and Lindsey had been married for five years and in all that time, he was nothing more to them than just a close friend. Yet, the pain

almost strangled him, the pain of knowing they wanted him but only for the night. Like a one-night stand. They hadn't wanted him, loved him enough to want him to be with them for always – not like the way he loved and wanted them.

God, he was suffocating. He had to leave before he drowned in his own misery.

* * * * *

One minute she was asleep and the next, she was awake and shielding her eyes against the sunlight that filtered through the windows and lit the room with cheery brightness. They must've forgotten to draw the shades the night before, she surmised and smiled when she remembered the powerful sexual tension between the three of them and knew that no one would've given any thought to such a small detail. She was snuggled in Brent's arms and knew by the lack of warmth on her left side and the silence in the room that Rory had already left –

Something was wrong with that picture.

Before she could think more on it, Brent stirred and his arm swept down to shape her body before it rested on her waist. He yawned. "Good morning."

Love and contentment overflowed her entire being. "Morning."

"Hmmm..." He drew her face up to claim her lips in a passionate kiss that involved their tongues and their deepest selves. "I miss having my wife all to myself."

"Thank you for fulfilling my fantasy, Brent," she said softly. Then, as the events of the night paraded through her mind in quick review, she snorted. "Though I noticed you also enjoyed having Rory. You're one selfish man, Brent," she teased. "You should learn to share more."

He remained serious. "Did it bother you?"

"I was being truthful last night. I enjoyed watching the two of you, much as I enjoyed having two men make love to me." She stroked his chest. "However, questions did come to mind. Were you fulfilling a fantasy too, Brent? How come I never heard you say anything about it?"

"It hit me like a cannonball between the eyes too," he confessed ruefully. "And it only happened recently, specifically during the two weeks when I was orchestrating your fantasy. Then again, I was still denying that I could desire a man, so all the more I couldn't say anything. Things came to a head last night—and the rest you know." For the second time in her life—the first was when he was gathering the courage to propose to her—she saw him look uncertain. "Linds, you know I love Rory very much. We've been friends since third grade and we've seen each other through so many experiences and milestones in our lives. However, after last night..."

She stared at him incredulously as his voice trailed away and he refused to meet her eyes. What was he feeling after last night? Was he going to kick Rory out from their lives after the big favor he'd done them? She remembered what she'd felt upon awakening and knew without a doubt where she wanted Rory to fit in their lives. Beside them, for always. She wanted to see his face—as well as Brent's—the moment she opened her eyes and she wanted to go to sleep knowing that her two men were with her in bed, protecting her, loving her, keeping her warm throughout the cold night. But if Brent felt differently... She was being pulled in two directions and she didn't like the feeling of being torn apart. She didn't know where to begin convincing Brent that Rory belonged in their lives —

Brent's Adam's apple bobbed nervously as he sat up and swallowed convulsively. He raked his hand through his hair several times, as though he didn't know what to say or how to say what was on his mind.

She rose to a sitting position beside him, the blanket pooling at her waist. She dropped a compassionate hand on his arm and ordered in a still, quiet voice, "Just say it, Brent."

"After last night," he repeated, "I realized I'm starting to love Rory...as a lover." He raised his eyes to hers and the love and pleading in them almost took her breath away. "Linds, I love you very much, you're my wife. But could you...could we...have Rory in our lives as well? Living with us, loving us —"

“Oh, Brent.” She flew into his arms and hugged him tight, her chest expanding with overwhelming feelings. His arms came around her and everything righted in her world. “That’s what I was thinking too. When I woke up and noticed Rory gone, I realized something’s wrong with that picture, because I want Rory to be here, waking up with us. Though I knew Rory later than you, I’ve learned to love him as a friend over the years,” she sucked in a deep breath, “but like you, I’m also learning to love him in a different way.” She pulled back and looked at him. “Do you think we can make this relationship work?”

“I’m sure we can,” he said fiercely. “We have five great years of experiences to draw from.”

She grinned. “You’re right and I can’t wait to put those experiences into practice.” Her smile faded. “However, we still have to see how Rory feels about this. I’m scared that he might not agree. Remember? We had a tough time getting him onboard the threesome.”

“Then we shouldn’t waste any more time.” Brent threw back the covers and swung his feet over the bed. “Let’s go find him and convince him to join us for our continued weekend tryst here at the hotel.” He sent her a serious leer as he pulled on his trousers. “I’m looking forward to spending the whole of Saturday and Sunday with both of you in bed.”

Though the idea made her breath quicken, she felt compelled to protest. “What about work? You usually work Saturday mornings—”

He strode over to where she was busy shrugging on her blouse. He cupped her cheeks and kissed her. “At this time in our relationship, we need to spend more quality time with Rory, building the bonds, forging them—”

“Roping him in, you mean, and tying him firmly to us,” she interrupted huskily. She approved of Brent’s methods. They couldn’t afford to let Rory have second thoughts, not after the wonderful night they all had.

He grinned. "I'm glad you agree. I hate to see these covered up," he slipped his hands beneath her open blouse and caressed her breasts, giving her nipples a quick stroke with his thumbs, before he helped her do up the buttons, "and I only hope that I can get back to them, maybe, sometime before lunch?" He waggled his eyebrows in such an exaggerated way that she laughed, despite the yearning that rose up in her at his touch.

A new voice interrupted them. "Maybe you can forego breakfast and get to them sooner than that."

Brent whirled around and she stared past him to Rory, who was leaning indolently against the open doorway to the bedroom. "Rory!" she exclaimed. "Where've you been? We were just going to look for you."

A brief flare of pleasure flickered in his eyes, before stark hunger blazed from them as his gaze settled first on her, then on Brent. "Then I saved you the trouble and waste of time. Do I get a reward?"

"C'mere," Brent ordered huskily.

Rory's sexy swagger heated her blood, even before she watched them kiss, in a savoring, tentative manner, as though neither could believe that their attraction to each other would survive the cold light of day. Then the kiss turned passionate and wild and then she was receiving her own kiss—she was supposed to be giving it, wasn't she?—his mouth moving over hers in a familiar, intimate way.

"Hmmm..." Rory traced her lips with his thumb, his eyes darkening. "Let's go to bed."

She grabbed his arm. "Wait. We have something to ask you." She licked her lips nervously and sent Brent a quick look.

"Yes?" Rory divided his glance alternately between the two of them.

"We, uh..."

Brent pulled her to his side and only his grip around her waist told her the stress he was under. "How do you feel about moving in with Linds and me? We could be...a family."

The expression on Rory's face was priceless. Rather, so many emotions crossed his face that she had a hard time identifying them, save for one—stunned incredulity. He was silent for so long she fidgeted and the flesh on her waist was starting to hurt from Brent's tight grasp. "But if you'd rather not," she started to say, though the words had to get past the cold boulder of fear lodged in her throat, "we understand—"

She cut off when a smile of blinding joy lit up Rory's face.

"I'd like that—a family." He engulfed them both in a bear hug, his face buried in her hair. "I love you, both of you." His voice seemed to break toward the end.

Thinking back over his past and the loneliness he must be feeling but never let on, she understood the emotions careening through him. He belonged again, to people whom he loved and who loved him. She couldn't blame him, she felt like crying herself.

Brent cleared his throat. "Maybe we should get breakfast first."

"There's breakfast in the outer room." Rory stepped back from them and smiled sheepishly. "I woke up rather early and went to explore the hotel. Then, my stomach grumbled, so I came back up and ordered room service for all of us." The hungry spark returned to his eyes as he gazed at them through half-lidded eyes that sent her heart leaping. "But if you mean food of another kind, I'd be willing to oblige." He shrugged off his shirt and pushed his trousers down his feet, revealing his raging erection.

"Hmmm..." she pretended to survey him in a considering manner from head to toe. God, he was really a luscious specimen of humanity. She gently took hold of his cock and began to pump. She turned to Brent as Rory undid the buttons on her blouse and sucked on her breast. "I think..." she said, her breath hitching, "this breakfast takes priority over the other."

"I agree, I agree," Brent breathed out as he stepped out of his clothes in record time. "I find I'm thirsty, *very* thirsty." He dropped to his knees in front of her and parted her

legs. His tongue darted out and brushed over her clit, then delved in to drink of her cream.

Breakfast that morning got cold, because for a long, long while, there were no sounds other than that of three people declaring their love to each other in the ancient, time-honored way.

About the Author

Madison Blake is a firm believer in love and happy endings. That's why she loves stories wherein the characters go through adversities to emerge victorious in the end. An eternal optimist, she always tries to see the positive side in every negative situation, the silver lining in every dark cloud, so to speak. She has gone through a lot of failures and disappointments in life, but there is one thing she would never give up on: the fulfillment of her dream, which is to be a multi-published and award-winning author.

Holding a day job means that she doesn't get much time to write, so Madison tries to cram her free time with as much writing as she can. Even so, she would make time to read her favorite genre (romance), especially when she's experiencing writer's block. She loves to read and write about strong heroines, and she's on the eternal quest for the powerful, attractive, mysterious, yummy hero, the kind of man who'll make you sigh and say, "He's the one."

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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