

Loose Id

*Meeting*  
A Neighbor's  
Needs

QUILLIA RAIN

# MEETING A NEIGHBOR'S NEEDS

Qwillia Rain

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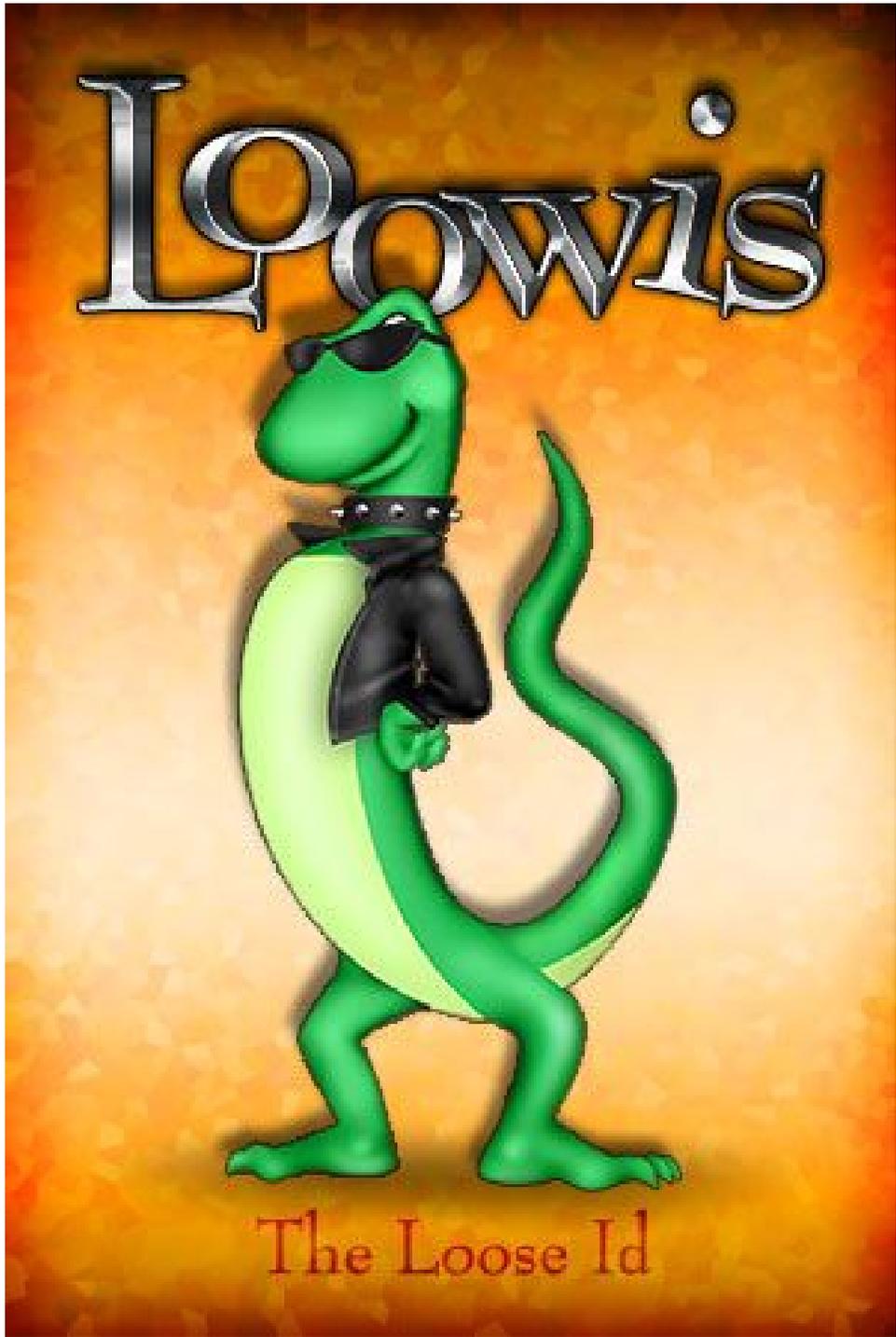
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## Chapter One

I met George when I moved into my apartment after graduating college. Lest I misrepresent myself, I wasn't your typical new grad. I had put college off after high school and had just celebrated my thirtieth birthday a month before I received my Bachelor's degree. Now all I needed was a teaching contract before the summer ended and I'd feel like a bona fide grown-up.

The day I moved in, one of my girlfriends helped me. Lugging my queen-size mattress up the two flights of stairs, we were laughing and joking, not really paying attention to our surroundings. With me on the front end, my back to the hallway, and Olive on the other, I didn't see my neighbor until I slammed into him.

The shock of electricity zipping through my body as my back nestled against his front, the warmth of his arm as it wrapped around my waist, his palm spread over my lower belly, the tips of his ring and little finger pressing over my pussy -- all stole my breath for a moment. Once I recovered it, his scent enveloped and seduced my senses, and the sharp tang of freshly washed skin and male musk triggered a primal attraction I had no control over.

“Careful there.” The deep timbre of his voice and his warning chuckle had my heart slamming against my ribs. His other hand grasped the mattress to keep it from tumbling Olive over. “Just moving in?” he asked.

The top of my head reached his shoulder, which was broad and firmly muscled. Tilting my head and nodding, I turned. He seemed reluctant to release me. Withdrawing first the hand holding the mattress, his fingers stroked my breast, bringing the nipple to a taut, swollen peak, making me wonder if he’d experienced the same primitive response. Then his other hand caressed my hip as he let go of my waist. I swallowed an aroused moan and smiled up at him. “Yes. Number twenty-five.”

I was quick to notice the vague resemblance he bore to George Clooney, and from the expression on Olive’s face, she recognized it as well. His lopsided grin, dark green eyes, and wavy black hair, lightly sprinkled with gray and flopping rakishly over his forehead, just increased the similarities.

He tipped his head toward the door behind him. “I’m in twenty-six. If you need any help, give me a holler.”

We exchanged names -- his really was George -- and all of us laughed about his resemblance to the actor. A few more minutes of chitchat followed. When I mentioned needing to get back to moving, he stepped closer to his apartment so we could pass.

Over the next few hours, Olive and I spotted him numerous times as we lugged boxes up and down the stairs. For the ones that were obviously very heavy, he would immediately relieve us of our burden and take them into my one-bedroom apartment for me. Olive teased me about him when he was out of earshot, and though I laughed it off, my body grew hot just thinking about him. If I hadn’t had so much work to do getting my things moved in, I would have taken the time to change my wet panties after I creamed them the first time an image of George sliding his cock into my pussy made me forget what I was doing.

Of course, my fantasy played through my head repeatedly that first night in my new home. While showering away the dust and sweat from hauling furniture and boxes up two flights of stairs, I let the warm water soak away the aches in my shoulders, back, and legs. Between my thighs, though, another ache built as I imagined George stripping down and stepping into the shower with me.

In my mind, calloused hands slid over my tingling breasts, tugging and pinching the beaded nipples while the heat of his thick cock poked at my ass. With his extra height, he'd have to crouch to align the head of his shaft with my pussy. Wet as I was, it still surprised me when my fantasy George straightened, pressing every inch of his thick length deep into my eager sheath.

Even at my age, I wasn't an overly experienced woman. I could count the number of lovers I'd had on one hand, with a couple of fingers left over. None of them held the girth or finesse the make-believe George did. The scent of his body had stirred my libido even before I laid eyes on him. And afterward, it was no surprise to me that he featured in my erotic imaginings as the warm water poured over my body.

Letting the water pound down on my pinkening flesh, I slid my hands between my thighs, gently stroking the damp lips apart before circling and pressing on the tight little nubbin tucked away beneath its hood. Coaxing it out with smooth motions, I could feel the beat of my heart thudding through the knob. The heat of my pussy dripped over my hand as my imaginings grew even more erotic. The thrust of my fingers into my sopping channel set the pace I fantasized George would use -- hard and fast. Even as the contractions squeezed my fingers and the tingle of orgasm spread from my belly outward, something warned me that the climax I'd induced would be nothing when compared to one brought on by George.

\* \* \* \* \*

I never acted on the impulse to invite him into my apartment or out for a drink, which I regret now. Instead, I spent more than a year being a "good girl," making small talk in the

hallways, exchanging cookies on the holidays, and generally wasting my nights fantasizing about my neighbor.

It all changed eighteen months after I'd first run into him and the last night I spent with my boyfriend of six months, Bob.

Bob was a lackluster lover, pedantic in his foreplay -- when he tried foreplay, that was -- and completely uninspired in his lovemaking. He preferred the typical missionary position, grew squeamish if I tried to dominate, and balked at the mere mention of bondage. He'd made a tentative request, once, to invite a former girlfriend to try a *ménage à trois*, but quashed the idea when I said I would do it if we could invite a male friend, visions of George dancing through my mind when I suggested it, to join the two of us.

The last night we spent together was one of the most memorable nights of my life.

Not because of anything Bob did, though.

It began with a phone call at work. Bob hinted he might be over, but my lack of interest must have been evident over the phone. Not that I didn't want to enjoy a little sex; it was the prospect of anticipating a climax Bob could never provide that kept my response from being more animated. There had been a few times when he could actually hold on long enough to bring me to orgasm, but it had only happened three or four times in the six months we'd been together.

I bought a bottle of wine just in case he showed up. Juggling the bottle, my briefcase, and my shoulder bag as I approached the door, I bumped into my next-door neighbor. The bottle tumbled from my hand, and I winced, waiting to hear the breaking glass. Instead, George caught the thick green bottle before it hit the ground. A wry grin twisted his lips as he rose to his full six feet three and read the label on the wine. "Nice, but I'd recommend you let the boyfriend drink it after."

Surprised at his audacity, I was unable to curb my tongue. "Why is that?"

“From what I’ve heard, he has a bit of a...control problem. The wine will only make it worse.”

The demon within slipped loose. “And what makes you an expert? Have you suffered the same...problem?”

As he tucked the bottle into my open purse, his blunt-tipped fingers slid over my breast, teasing the suddenly erect nipple. “I’ve had no complaints so far.”

“Ah, but then, you’ve never had me.” I’m not sure who was more surprised at my response -- him or me! But I just couldn’t let it go. “I tend to be more particular than most.”

His reply was quick and full of knowledge gleaned from having heard Bob and me through the thin apartment walls. “Well, if I had, you can be certain I wouldn’t leave you to finish what I started.”

Sometimes I marvel at the alter ego dwelling within me. I also wish it had reared its head eighteen months earlier. Instead of mumbling an excuse and scurrying to my apartment, I moved closer to George, keeping eye contact the entire time. The fist clutching my keys moved between us. I caressed the firm flesh behind the fly of his jeans with my knuckles, smiled a wicked smile, and taunted, “Promises, promises.”

Fortunately, the sane part of my brain wrenched me away and down to the door of my apartment before George could respond. He was still standing in the hall, talking with a dark-haired man when I glanced back. In those moments before I slipped inside my home, the sexual interest in their eyes as they met my gaze had my nipples peaking and my panties so wet, I was stripping them off the second my door shut behind me.

Bob showed up after nine -- his way of telling me I hadn’t sounded eager enough on the phone. I really didn’t care how he felt. My mind was nicely fuzzy due to the two large glasses of wine I’d consumed. Bob finished the bottle as he maneuvered me into my bedroom.

I loved my bedroom. It was large, with French doors leading onto a balcony overlooking a small wood. A low nine-drawer dresser in blond oak sporting a broad mirror faced the matching four-poster, queen-size bed. It was a playground begging for exquisite sexual fantasies.

So far it had only had Bob.

Visions of my sexy neighbor superimposed themselves over Bob as he fumbled to undress himself, dropping the empty wine bottle to the plush carpet beside my bed. I wore nothing beneath my burgundy silk robe.

As if he'd been privy to my earlier conversation with George, Bob performed as dismally as ever. He showed cursory attention to my breast, pressed sloppy, wet kisses on my lips, pulled on a condom, then pushed into me.

I didn't bother to pretend; Bob got off without caring about my satisfaction. His grunts and groans were loud enough to reach through the walls to my neighbor. I only hoped George's presence in the hall earlier was an indication he was leaving and wasn't anywhere near to hear my lover's performance.

When he finished, Bob slipped from the bed into the bathroom. Tired of having to deal with my own satisfaction, I knew the relationship was over as he climbed into bed and whispered in my ear what he wanted. Knowing I would be saying goodbye as soon as possible, I decided a little oral stimulation would make the ending easier, at least for me.

Taking his flaccid penis in my hand, I caressed, kissed, licked, and pumped him to a semierect state. Another of Bob's failings -- he took *forever* to get hard a second time. More often than not, I would have to bring myself to orgasm once, sometimes twice, before he was anywhere close to ready to fuck a second time.

The way Bob carried on as I worked him with my mouth, you would have thought an entire harem was going down on him. Kneeling between his skinny thighs (I wonder now what I ever saw in such a lacking specimen of maleness), I had just traded my hand for my

mouth when a broad pair of hands grasped my hips, and the biggest, hardest cock slammed into me from behind.

Bob squealed in surprise.

I screamed -- in ecstasy.

It felt so *good* to have a hot, hard length stretching me, filling every inch, pushing deep, and then pulling back.

Poor Bob. He lay spluttering up at the man fucking me so exquisitely. I released Bob's limp member and braced my hands on the mattress, spreading my thighs wider to allow the man riding me deeper penetration.

I knew George had taken me up on my earlier challenge. His husky voice only confirmed it.

"Get lost, Bob," he ordered.

And Bob, coward that he was, did just that. He scrambled out of the bed, jerked on his clothes, and scurried away, all the time watching George as he pumped into me, and I moaned my enjoyment.

The force of George's thrusts brought gasps from my lips every time. He was longer, harder, and thicker than any of my previous lovers. More forceful, too! I sensed he held back, kept from pushing his full length into me. He would pull almost completely out, leaving only the bulbous tip of his penis at the wet entrance of my pussy, and tease me with it. Pulsing his hips so just his head stayed inside me, the hold he had on my hips prevented me from capturing his full length by thrusting backward.

I tensed my vaginal muscles, squeezing him; he only laughed. After what seemed an eternity, he pushed inside, drawing another cry from my lips. My fists gripped the sheets as he worked in and out, first fast, then with excruciating slowness. I could feel my climax building. My breasts swelled, my thighs quivered, and the muscles in my belly jumped with every inch he advanced and retreated. Still, George took his time.

I was aware of him asking a question and me answering. His weight on my back and the sound of the bedside drawer opening then closing registered in a corner of my mind. The reason didn't become clear until he pulled out and I heard the sound of a cap popping.

The tube of lubricant I had bought months ago when I'd been tempted to talk to Bob about one of my fantasies. It had gone unused due to his squeamishness. Until now.

A mewling whimper echoed in the room and it took me a moment to realize the sound had come from me.

"Just wait, Gina." His rumbling voice filled my darkened bedroom. His hands began to caress my butt, smoothing over my rounded flesh, exploring with his fingers, then with his sheathed cock. The feel of his thick member against the sensitive crease of my ass sent shivers up my spine. The shiver grew to a shudder as he pressed the tip of the tube against my anus and applied some of the cool gel. His cock pushed into my pussy enough to redampen the rubber he wore with my juices before he spread my cheeks and began to penetrate my ass.

When I cried out in protest and tried to lurch away, he stopped. He apologized, rubbing his hands over my trembling flesh, wiping away the lube with a corner of my sheets before dipping his fingers between my thighs to stroke the plump folds awaiting his attention. Once I'd calmed a bit, his fingers slipped away. The hair on his thighs rasped against my bare skin as George pushed between my quivering thighs and buried himself, measuring his full length inside, until his coarse pubic hair tangled with my own. He didn't thrust this time. Bracing one hand on the bed over my shoulder and wrapping the other firmly around my waist, George sent me over the edge with a rhythmic pulse and rotation of his hips that would have made Elvis envious.

Through my climax, I noticed George didn't come when I did. He remained solidly planted within me while the walls of my body contracted around him. His breathing was smooth, measured, without any sign of exertion as he waited for me to relax. When I fell

limp to the damp sheets, he laughed, settled his weight more fully over me, and caressed my breasts, his dick still hard.

"I'm just getting started, baby." His lips trailed down the nape of my neck, his breath warm against my flesh, fingers stroking and plucking at my still-firm nipples.

Beneath his caress, I stretched like a languid kitten, enjoying the hard, hot length so snug within me. Lazily, I rubbed against him. The coarse hair on his chest against my back made me sigh. His touch on my breasts stirred my arousal.

With deft skill, he rolled onto his back, his cock never leaving me, and situated my body so I straddled him, facing the mirror over my dresser. The shadows behind me hid George's face, but his broad hands were dark against my lightly tanned belly.

"Ride," he ordered, his voice gruff in the silent bedroom.

So I did. Up and down, I moved rhythmically over his hard cock. Once, as I lifted, he slipped his hand between our bodies and eased his forefinger into my pussy, stretching me further. Pressing in tandem with the rise and fall of my body, he stroked the wall of my vagina. Sensations quivered through my core, shot through my breasts. Focused on the feelings, I wasn't aware he'd slipped his finger free and was probing my anus as I slid down again. The penetration made me gasp, though I didn't fight it as I had earlier. Another orgasm was spiraling outward from my womb, spreading down my legs and up my chest until I cried out.

I lost track of my orgasms after the fourth. I never saw George's face that night -- each time he had me, it was always from behind. Once he even used the long throat of the wine bottle Bob had abandoned beside the bed. The supply of condoms I kept in the nightstand was seriously depleted by the time he finished.

A wicked gleam lit his green eyes whenever we passed in the hall after that night...

## Chapter Two

A month passed after Bob left. I hadn't had the time to find another lover, what with work keeping me so busy. My body was strenuously protesting my neglect, especially after the wonderful fucking it had gotten from George. I tried working out, but it didn't help. Picking someone up had never been my scene, and George had been acting decidedly cool in the last week or so.

Fed up and frustrated, on impulse I pulled into an adult toy shop and bookstore on my way home from work. Having never entered such an establishment, I took a few moments to learn the geography.

In a back corner of the store lay what I was looking for. Chuckling at the variety and selection offered, I examined several models before deciding on a vibrating specimen of George-like proportions. Along with the vibe, I added a bottle of cleanser to my basket. As I perused the shelves, the various types of lubricant -- scented, flavored, even self-heating -- brought a grin to my lips. Since the tube George had used rested in a nightstand drawer, I didn't see a need to buy more, but farther along the aisle was another selection of unguents and different sized plugs. Eyeing them, I relived the sensation of George's finger sliding past the ring of muscles in my ass. Images of his fingers or even his thick member slipping into

that virgin hole had me creaming my panties. Before I could question my motives, I tossed a small bottle into the basket with my new toy.

Heading toward the register, there was a selection of bondage paraphernalia. My demon side took over as I gazed at the collection of leather and velvet bindings. Adding a pair of cuffs with Velcro fasteners to my basket, I carried my purchases to the young man at the counter.

Contrary to my preconceived idea of what an employee of an establishment such as this would look like, this twenty-something man was clean cut, with a smooth-shaven face, neatly pressed grey Oxford cloth shirt, and faded jeans. He added a package of batteries to my pile, rang up the items, and bagged them in an opaque white plastic bag bearing an advertisement for an adult movie.

By the time I reached my apartment, I was torn. My mind laughed at what I was stooping to, while my body begged me to break out the batteries and use my new toy immediately! Of all days for George to come out of his apartment, that day was the worst. We exchanged polite smiles before his attention dropped to the bag I carried. A salt-and-pepper eyebrow rose in query just as I realized the bag was dangling with the ad side facing out.

Ignoring his silent curiosity, I entered my apartment and tore open my purchases. Taking my time, I thoroughly cleaned the vibrator and read the instructions. Gathering the lube from my nightstand while inserting the batteries, I knew arousal wasn't a problem. Just looking at George had set my hormones off. My nipples were hard, and I was growing wetter by the second. Thinking about his blunt-tipped fingers and what magic they'd performed had me aching to fill my empty snatch. I'd never reacted so totally to a man before.

I shimmied out of my skirt and panties, unbuttoned my blouse, and popped the front clasp of my bra. Climbing into the pile of pillows on my bed, I applied a light amount of lubricant to the vibrator. Enjoying the firm length beneath my fingertips, I flipped the switch and slid it between my thighs.

The box had guaranteed the plastic casing to have a “real, fleshlike feel and texture.” It didn’t disappoint.

As I slipped the warm, pulsing shaft into my body, it was almost as good as having George present. The thick length pushed at the sheath surrounding it, forcing the moist walls to stretch in order to accommodate it. A moan slipped from my lips, and I moved my free hand to a swollen breast. Pushing aside my silk blouse and bra, I massaged the fullness and teased the aroused nipple while working the toy deeper and deeper.

This was so much better than using my fingers, I thought as my hips began to rock against the satin pillows. As I pulled my new toy almost completely free before pushing it back in with a little twist, I wondered why I’d been reluctant to buy one over the years.

So immersed was I in my arousal, I didn’t hear my front door open, then close. Considering my haste to get inside, I must have forgotten to lock it. Head thrown back, knees drawn up, and thighs spread, I can only imagine the sight George must have had as he stood in my bedroom doorway watching me.

I wasn’t even aware I was no longer alone until the bed shifted under his weight, his sinewy thighs straddled my chest, and his distended penis pushed past my parted lips. My eyes flew open as the hot, velvety staff filled my mouth. Green eyes glittered down at me in feral triumph as one of his palms caressed my cheek before threading through my hair to hold my head while he slid in and out in rhythm with the thrust of my new toy.

It was fantastic!

His thick, hard length filled my mouth. He moved my hand from my breast to caress the few inches of cock that wouldn’t fit, and took over teasing my aroused nipple. Beside my ear, something hummed, but I wasn’t wholly aware of it. My sole focus was on adjusting the rhythm I was using on my vibrator to synchronize with the thrusts of George’s beautiful prick.

After several minutes, George pulled out.

“Roll over, baby,” he urged me.

Lethargic with unfulfilled arousal, I tried to withdraw my toy, but George's hand over mine stopped me.

“No,” he whispered, “leave it.”

I let him position me the way he wanted. Drawing two fluffy pillows from the pile, George placed them beneath my lower belly, lifting my hips. My lower body was bare save for the lace-topped stockings I wore. Leaning over my back, he spread my thighs wider, forcing me to brace my hands against his thighs as he knelt in front of me.

His penis, moist from my attentions, tapped against my lips, teasing me. Against my nether lips, George traced his fingers around the wet opening. He left the vibrator humming inside while gathering my juice onto his fingers. A third pillow was eased between my thighs to hold my toy in place as George teased the crease between my buttocks with his damp fingers.

The humming I'd heard before passed beside my ear as George, still bent at the waist and braced over my back, probed the tight opening of my ass with one broad finger.

Senses dulled by the heightened arousal, I was slow to comprehend his intentions until the deed was done. A second, thinner wand was slipped into me, pushing against the clenched muscles of my anus. I began to protest, but George prevented my words by tilting his hips and filling my mouth with his dick.

The second vibrator wasn't painful, as I'd feared when George first eased it in. He only pressed it in a few inches before leaving it and working my vibrator.

That's where his magic lay. He thrust, turned, and flexed my new toy in and out of me in tandem with the movements of his cock in my mouth. I sucked, licked, and nibbled on him for all I was worth. His control never broke, even when mine did. The triple sensations sent me over the edge.

My climax seemed to last forever. Visions of what we must look like, me, belly down on the bed, and George draped over my back, sent me off into a second, stronger orgasm.

Something I'd read years before about a woman's sexual fantasy swam through my mind as the muscles of my pussy clenched around the vibrator. How she had dreamed of being fucked by three good-looking, well-hung construction workers at once. A "sandwich," she'd called herself, with one man beneath her, a second behind her, and the third literally in her face.

The woman's fantasy now made better sense to me.

George eased his cock from my slack lips, slipped the moist vibrators free, and set them aside. He grabbed a condom from the nightstand and quickly sheathed himself. Lifting my limp body astride his thighs, he slid home, the broad head of his penis sending me into orbit a third time.

"Goddamn, baby," he growled, working my hips over his length until he'd reached his own climax. "You fuck so good."

He left my bed with a long, wet kiss near midnight and a promise of more to come. George was less elusive after that. When passing in the hall, his hands would slide around my waist and pull me close for a soft kiss, his warm lips taking mine with slow, deliberate care. Other times he would follow me into my apartment, shut the door, and strip away my blouse to fondle and suck my breasts or bare my pussy for a long, thorough tongue-fuck.

My job kept me away during the day. I'd gotten a teaching contract just after George's first night with me, so I no longer worked at the video store. His had him traveling several times during the month, but he made time to greet me. Each time his passion took longer to satisfy, while holding my own at the razor's edge until he allowed me to tumble into climax.

Even more satisfying for me was his interest in sharing our fantasies. Nothing seemed to unnerve him, not my mention of ménage, bondage play, or sex with a stranger. And when

he whispered about seeing other men fucking me, my body hummed with a heady mixture of fear and anticipation. Accurately reading my arousal, his husky laughter only increased the heat flooding my pussy.

I looked forward to our next encounter, wondering if I would ever be able to best him at his own game.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few weeks later, my opportunity to test my ability came, but the joke eventually ended up on me.

Late in the evening, I was unable to sleep. My body pulsed from memories of George and visions of the construction workers in the fantasy. Memories of the toys and plugs I'd eyed at the store, as well as the slender wand George had used on my ass, taunted me. I didn't want to use my vibrator, not when what I really needed was just a few feet away. Although we hadn't passed in the hall, I had seen him pull in hours earlier. Peering out the kitchen window, I could see his car still parked in his assigned space.

Donning my burgundy silk robe, I locked my apartment door and moved to the doorway beside mine. Knocking just loud enough to draw attention without waking anyone other than George, I waited in the hall.

No light came on, but my sexy neighbor must have glanced through the peephole. When the door swung free, George stood in the doorway, naked, legs braced apart, and penis growing thicker as I watched.

I said nothing to him, just slipped the knot on my robe. The crossed panels separated, exposing my nudity. He retreated a few steps as I slipped past him, moving into his apartment enough to allow him to close and latch the door behind us. Remaining silent, he waited until I faced him in the darkened room.

Wanting to maintain control of the situation, I edged closer to George, and grasped his distended arousal in my hand. Dropping to my knees, my mouth whispered over his length

to lovingly bathe his velvety shaft. Sucking at the smooth, rounded head and caressing the dangling sac with precise strokes designed to send him hurtling into a climax before he could protest, my focus was on bringing him pleasure.

Again, I was only partially victorious.

As I worked over his arousal, George maintained a firm grip on my head. My tactics were successful, for a time. I'd surprised him with my sneak attack, but he was quick to wrench control away from me. I could feel his climax as it drew nearer. I tried to pull away -- I had never been a swallower -- but he wouldn't free me, resulting in my first taste of a man's ejaculate as George spurted and pulsed within my mouth. With one of his hands on my head and the other stroking my throat, I consumed every drop.

Perhaps it was the way he could satisfy me like none of my previous lovers. I think it was his confidence and dominant personality. In any case, I had allowed no other man to do the things George demanded of me.

Unlike Bob, climax didn't leave George limp. His cock was still firm when he slipped free of my lips and lifted me to my feet. The hand on my throat smoothed the swollen curves of my breasts before slipping to the wet folds of flesh between my thighs. His eyes glittered with what appeared to be approval at my initiative. The juices of my body had overflowed, sending a trickle of dampness down the inside of my legs. Leaning forward, George caressed my lips with his, licking at the residue of his completion while his fingers tangled in the wet curls of my pussy.

Stroking the pouting lips with his fingertips, he whispered against my mouth, "I can smell how hot you are, Gina. Do you still wanna play?"

He rubbed my sensitive tissue with his erection, sending a shiver through my body. The smell of clean skin and musk filled my head, blanketing my mind with need.

"Oh, yes," I assured him as his tongue slipped past my lips to taste our mingled flavors.

The fingers in my hair slipped free of the cage they'd created and eased the robe from my shoulders. Strong arms lifted me, holding me against a chest lightly dusted with grey hair. Buried in the fur, his deep brown nipples were stiff with arousal, and brushed my own rigid peaks.

Never turning on a lamp, George carried me into his bedroom. The bed was larger than mine, draped in black satin, pillows pushed to one side. The tousled sheets attested to a restlessness similar to mine, and I smiled against his teasing lips when I glanced over his shoulder and caught sight of them.

Setting me on my feet, he left my side only long enough to pull aside the sheet, and then lower me onto the still-warm bedding. With my legs dangling over the edge of the bed, George stepped between my relaxed thighs and feathered his fingertips over the apex, teasing the damp curls, but avoiding the moist petals of flesh within them. The path of his fingers up my belly, along my ribs, and around the aroused areolas of my breasts coursed like a stream of fire through my body. My breath was shallow, panting, and my eyelids were weighted, too heavy to remain open. His fingertips skimmed the sensitive undersides of my arms, lifting cumbersome limbs above my head so the tips of my fingers gripped the black satin covers.

I could feel his stiff cock slide over the wet folds between my legs. Over and over, he worked his thick shaft through my curly pubic hair, taunting the swollen flesh, tapping his hot sac against the empty mouth of my pussy.

His lips teased mine, lightly touching, tongue tracing the outside, and then thrusting aggressively inward, sweeping the moist warmth of my mouth with rapacious force. One fist continued to grip my wrists, keeping my body stretched taut beneath him while his free hand roamed over my curves, tracing a breast here, a thigh there.

When my cries and moans had reached a fevered pitch, he stepped away. His gaze held me on the bed when I would have lunged after him.

Perhaps it was my need for more that had me seeing what I wanted.

Holding my gaze, he waited, chest rising and falling with heavy breaths, as if he searched for the same elusive evidence that our encounters had moved beyond the casual. That our attraction, animal and intense, was more than two bodies fucking, scratching an itch no other lover could quite reach.

Speculation came to an end as he moved just far enough to retrieve the familiar black packets from his dresser -- a half dozen condoms fell onto the bed beside me. I couldn't hold back my chuckle as George dropped a seventh one onto my belly.

"Put it on," he commanded, stepping close, his erection thick and proud before me, creamy drops of precome pooling in the slit. Again, that hint of satisfaction at my response filled his voice, his eyes, fueling a similar sensation deep in my core.

Despite the need wracking my body, my fingers were steady as I ripped the cellophane and lifted the latex tube to his cock. Taking my time, I sheathed his length, squeezing the throbbing flesh as I smoothed the condom into place.

"Very good, Gina. Now..." The wicked grin lifted his lips. "Lay back, baby."

Returning to my place on the bed, I lifted my arms above my head again, joy zinging through my center at having pleased him with such a simple task.

Leaning over me, he held my wrists with one hand while the other dipped to stroke at my weeping pussy. Gaze locked with his, I could see him savoring every nuance of my reaction as he tested the readiness of my sheath, the sensitive knot of my clit, without providing the friction I so desperately needed to climax.

Finally, finally, after so long I could have sobbed in gratitude, George allowed his dick to penetrate me. He worked his hips in shallow thrusts, coating his length in my juices before he pulled free again. Against his lips, I sobbed, unable to put my pleading into words.

Long, agonizing seconds passed as he buried his face against my neck, breathing deep. "God," he growled, teeth nipping at the taut line of my throat, "your smell intoxicates me."

His words shivered through me, throwing my heart into a faster rhythm and sending my thoughts tumbling as his body shifted against mine, lying heavily on my chest, making it difficult for me to draw breath. He pulled his hand from my wrists, but I didn't shift my supplicant pose. The tightening of my breasts and the rasp of coarse chest hair against my nipples heralded more sensation than I'd experienced in any of our previous encounters. His fingers tilted my hips higher, lifting them clear of the black satin. My legs were spread farther and my ankles draped over his shoulders as George lowered his mouth and nipped at my mound.

He licked and suckled the kernel tucked beneath the pouting lips of my pussy. His facile tongue lapped at my channel, dipping inside to caress the nerve-rich walls. George worked his magic on my body, stroking and sucking me to a shattering climax.

Rocking his cock into my clenching pussy, he pulled free, spread the rounded cheeks of my bottom, and tried to penetrate me anally. Caught in the throes of my climax, I did little to protest his attempted entry. My position left me vulnerable to his thrusts, but the muscles in my ass tightened against admitting him.

How could he know about my curiosity? That I'd imagined purchasing one of the conical plugs and inserting it ever since my visit to the adult toy store? Even as the thoughts spun through my aroused mind, he pulled free and held himself propped over me. I watched as he reached over my clenched hands to slide the drawer of the nightstand open. His eyes searched mine, looking for a hint of refusal or hesitation. The rustling of paper and items was loud in the still room as he gathered what he needed, but the heat of his cock, moist against my belly, distracted me. Moving back over me, the stroke of his skin against mine had me arching closer, nipping at his whiskered chin, and drawing a grin at the playful bite, before his expression grew serious again.

Rising over me, he held my gaze for a moment before one warm hand settled on my belly. "Roll over." He gave the command in a quiet, even tone, but the unspoken request for

trust filled both words. This was where I either passed or failed. Give him my trust, or walk away.

Inside, I knew what he intended, knew that following his instructions was tantamount to giving my consent. And I wanted to. I was curious to experience the sensation of his cock sliding into the virgin depths of my ass. Holding his gaze, I tried to silently communicate the conflicting thoughts going through my mind, but nothing in his steady gaze betrayed his emotions; he merely watched.

Turning belly-down on the bed, I kept my arms raised above my head, hands fisted in the silky sheets. Using only his hands to direct me, he positioned my knees under me so my butt was lifted, accessible.

I could hear the cap slip free of whatever he'd taken from the nightstand drawer. From my awkward position, I didn't bother looking over my shoulder to see what he was doing, but against the spread cheeks of my butt I felt a cold, jellylike substance drizzle onto the tight opening of my anus.

His fingers worked the gel around my back entrance, the cool slick, substance easing any pain his first attempt had created.

"You've never done this before, have you, babe?" His finger dipped into the tight channel, opening it further.

Again I felt the thick gel, only this time I could feel it slip inside. His finger worked its way deeper and deeper, spreading the jelly, coating the inside of my ass. His cock sank into my wet pussy, rebuilding the arousal that had dimmed with the sharp sting.

Working his length in and out, making each stroke match the advance and retreat of his finger in my ass, my breath hitched as he added a second, and then a third, digit to his explorations. I couldn't protest. I could barely think by that time. The bedsprings squeaked in protest at each forceful thrust of his cock and the rocking of my body beneath his attentions. Another climax was welling up from inside. My thighs tingled. The spring in my

lower belly tightened more and more -- then it broke free. I screamed as my orgasm rolled over me in intense waves.

And I screamed again, in surprised arousal, as George slipped his thick cock free of my pussy and pressed it into my anus. The slick gel he'd applied eased his path, and my spasms of completion drew his shaft deeper with every contraction.

"I've never had a virgin." He rocked his hips against me, stroking the sensitive walls, coaxing them to let him move deeper. "You'll like it, baby," he rasped, bracing one palm between my shoulder blades while three fingers, still damp with jelly, sank into my pussy.

He worked them expertly, applying the residual goo to the pulsing walls, sending a third climax spiraling through my system as the cold liquid met hot flesh.

Had I known the sensations a thick cock up my ass would bring, I probably would have tried it with one of my previous lovers. Feeling him stretch the confines, press against the walls as he introduced my body to anal sex, had my heart slamming against my chest.

Fingers twisted in the sheets, I screamed into the covers, barely recognizing my own voice as I begged him to fuck me harder; go deeper. Through the thin barrier of flesh, I could feel his fingers and cock stroking against one another, searching for and finding the perfect spots to rub in order to spiral my orgasm higher.

Long minutes later, when I was nearly insensate from the fucking, George reached his own climax. The flex of his hips against my ass, the pulse of his release, captured by the latex condom, warmed the fluttering muscles in my rectum, before he eased his body over mine and rolled us onto our sides.

After he pulled free to dispose of the condom and retrieve a damp washcloth to wipe away the sticky residue of my climax and the lube, I expected George to help me into my robe and see me to the door. He didn't. Unlike our past encounters, he tugged the covers over our cooling bodies, wrapped his arms around me so my breasts nestled in the damp mat of curls on his chest, and stroked his hands over my back. Lifting my top thigh over his hip,

he slipped his semiaroused cock inside, making me gasp at the sensual feel of his naked heat filling me.

One hand settled on my ass, holding me close as he met my shocked gaze. “Okay, baby?”

There was a seeking of permission and a reassurance that my trust wasn’t unfounded in those two softly spoken words.

I nodded. “Okay.”

Beard stubble caught on my tangled hair as his cheek settled against my crown and my nose nuzzled his neck, drawing in his scent as we drifted off to sleep.

### Chapter Three

After my sneak attack at his apartment, George developed a steady habit of attending my needs on a regular basis. I never knew when to expect him, but on occasion I would wake to find him slipping into my hot, wet pussy, a roguish grin lifting his lips as I pulsed in climax around his penis. Afterward, as we had the night I surprised him, he'd cuddle me close and let me ease into sleep, his cock naked and snug within me.

One evening, after a quiet dinner at his apartment, George accompanied me to a bookstore.

Unlike the one where I'd purchased my toy, this was a huge, freestanding bookstore that also carried music and videotapes for sale. As we entered, I couldn't help but notice an attractive young man ahead of us on his way in. I followed his progress across the entry and up the stairs to the second floor, where the music area was located.

George must have noticed because his eyes twinkled in amusement when I turned to smile at him. I was surprised at the lack of possessiveness in his gaze, but pleased that he understood I was merely admiring an attractive man, not looking for another lover.

Bypassing my usual genres of interest, I let George draw me upstairs. Tucked away in a dim area at the far end of the store was the erotica section. Shelves jutted out from the wall,

creating a private little corner. The man I'd noticed earlier looked up from the plain black book he was perusing and met my eye.

He was attractive, close to George in height, and probably no younger than twenty and no older than twenty-five or -six, but definitely younger than me. Sensuous lips curved up in a sheepish grin as he slipped the book back onto the shelf and moved to another section. Again I watched the tight-fitting jeans clearly delineating a fit physique before turning my attention back to George.

The gleam was brighter in his eye as he smiled at me.

He selected a book and handed it to me as we turned our backs to the rest of the store and faced the shelves. Stepping behind me, George wrapped his arms around me and opened the book, his warm, calloused hands cupping mine. Thumbing through the novel, I read the graphically detailed sexual exploits of a fictitious English nobleman of the nineteenth century. The author described, in detail, the various positions and forms of sexual pleasure experienced by the hero.

Each titillating account worked to arouse me. From the feel of his hardening length against my hip, George was equally interested. His hands slipped away from mine to settle on my waist, stroking and massaging my hips and belly while his chin rested on my shoulder. As I came to a particularly long passage, I felt George's fingers ease beneath my skirt and slide into my panties. Against the silk of my tank top, my nipples hardened. The words blurred on the page as he slipped two blunt-tipped fingers into my pussy. He worked his magic until my thighs quivered and I could no longer hold the book.

"George," I whispered, terrified he would bring me to climax right there. If he did, my cries would draw the attention of the few patrons browsing on the second floor to our little hideaway. From the corner of my eye, I spotted the man again. This time his eyes were riveted to me, and I could tell by his keen look his awareness of just where George's hand was. "Don't," I begged, helpless to look away from the stranger. "I can't, not here!"

George slipped his fingers free, trailing them lightly through the curls between my thighs as he leaned forward and replied, "Go to the ladies' room, into the handicapped stall, and take off your panties. I'll be there in five minutes."

On shaking legs, I set aside the book and went downstairs. I did as George said and made it to the ladies' room, which was blessedly empty. Not too much of a surprise, since it was nearing midnight and the store would be closing soon. I entered the handicapped stall like he'd told me and bent to slip my panties off.

Before the allotted five minutes was up, I heard the door open. I held my breath, thinking it had to be another female patron. Distracted, I fumbled my hold on the delicate silk, and the dratted thong tangled around the heel of my pumps.

Then my stall door eased open. Bent over, I was trying to slide the silk over my shoe when I heard the distinctive rasp of a zipper and the adjusting of cloth. I pictured how I must look and nearly groaned. My bare butt was in the air, one hand gripping the brushed-nickel rail bolted to the wall, the other somewhere near my ankle.

The door lock snicked shut just seconds before a stranger's cock slid into me. I knew instantly it wasn't George because this man wasn't thick enough. If it was possible, though, he felt *longer* than George. I hastily grabbed the other support bar to keep from toppling face first into the toilet as the man worked his length deeper into me.

"He told me," a husky voice rasped over my shoulder, "to say 'George sent me.'" He pumped rhythmically into me, his quiet moans echoing with mine in the tiny stall.

The initial instinct to reject his touch was stifled at his words. George had sent this stranger to fuck me. Part of my brain was stymied, but another howled in anticipation as the man's cock filled my pussy with a heavy thrust. It was my fantasy come to life. Something I'd dreamt of, but never expected a lover to fulfill.

Then he pulled out, still hard. My body pulsed in protest, but not for long. Focusing on the feral need to fuck, I waited. The man was as tall as George and just as strong. His muscles

were the sleek, lean ropes of a marathoner or swimmer. He easily lifted and positioned me on the edge of the cold rail.

I gasped as the cool metal touched the heated flesh of my bottom, but I didn't have long to wait for my new lover's return.

He easily detached my panties from my shoe and stroked the silk over his glistening, condom-covered penis. Tucking the dampened fabric into his pocket, he stepped between my thighs, pulled my arms free of my tank top, and bared my naked breasts. A salacious grin lifted his lips as he maneuvered his cock between the moist petals of flesh guarding the entrance to my body.

The stranger from the second floor eased his heated shaft up and down, then over the tight kernel of nerves buried in my wet folds. His grin lifted only one side of his mouth as I bit my lip to stifle the need to order him to fuck me. My thighs were draped over his arms, the backs of my knees nestled in the crooks of his elbows. Thrilled by the sensual nature of this stranger, I lifted a breast, its tip tight and wanting, to his descending lips.

He took it, licked and lapped at the nubbin for long moments before nibbling with delicate teeth at the puckered flesh. As I raised my hands to grip the metal wall above and behind me, he braced his hands on the bar at my hips, slipped his engorged staff into my waiting depths, and devoured my breast like a starving man. His hips slammed into me, filling my empty pussy with the long, hot cock.

"How...could...he..." He panted with each measured thrust. "...share...you? You're...so...fucking...hot...and ...wet!" he exclaimed, shifting his attention to my other breast.

The rhythmic thud of our bodies against the hollow metal walls sent echoing pulses of arousal through my body. This man was good. He could get me as hot and wet as George in only moments.

“What’s...*yes, there, baby...your...harder!...your name?*” I gasped, leaning down to nibble at the stubble-roughened jaw. Sweat beaded along my spine as he worked his hips in tiny circles, leaving off the thrusting, to stimulate other, more sensitive nerves within me. I released the wall to slip my hands between us, drawing his lips back to the first breast I’d offered him and then slipping down to where our bodies meshed. Though I seemed filled beyond capacity with him, I was surprised to find still more of him waiting to enter the tight passage of my body.

“All of it,” I demanded, tightening my legs and slipping my hands beneath his jeans to grip his muscular flanks. The sinews beneath my fingertips corded even tighter as the last two inches of his shaft sank home, filling me beyond my imagination.

“*Oooohhhh! Yessss, faster...baby, faster!*” I barely recognized my own voice as I urged his forceful penetration. Poised on the razor edge of climax, I tumbled into the brilliant vortex when the stranger’s fingers pressed the tight bead of nerves above the joining of our bodies. Dimly, I recognized the spasms racking the slender frame of the stranger as a sign of his orgasm.

My hold grew lax; his shaft went flaccid, simplifying the separation of our bodies. With a last sip at my dampened nipples, he eased my silk top back into place, used some toilet paper to dry the juices spilled by my arousal, and disposed of the condom. Pulling my panties from his pocket, I dried the residue of his passion from his filling cock, slipped the crimson silk beneath the hot sac recently tucked back into place within his jeans, adjusted, and replaced his clothing. As I pulled the tab of his zipper into place, I leaned up and asked again, my lips teasing his, “What’s your name?”

Slipping his tongue into my mouth, he smoothed his thumbs over my sensitive nipples, pulled back, and answered, “Gideon. What’s yours?”

“Gina.”

Without another word, we unlocked the stall and stepped into the empty bathroom as an announcement blared the closing of the store. We washed our hands and used the broad mirror to make final adjustments to our clothing, and then Gideon slipped from the restroom ahead of me, after a quick glance to assure himself the coast was clear. Moving slowly, my thoughts spinning at what I had done, what George had initiated, I followed.

George was shaking Gideon's hand, a genial smile lifting his lips. With a last glance at me over his shoulder, Gideon departed and George moved toward me.

His hand stroked a curl away from my cheek and hooked it behind my ear. Tucking his head into the curve of my throat, he inhaled deeply.

Heat filled my cheeks as I realized the smell of sweat and sex clung to my skin and clothes. Taking a delicate whiff myself, I realized the scent was different from the one I enjoyed after George and I made love.

It was the faintly acrid odor of latex from Gideon's condom blended with a youthful fragrance of candied apple, nowhere near as arousing or intoxicating as the musk I associated with George. Despite the rolling eyes and obvious stance of the clerk near the door, I asked, needing to know, "Why?"

Lifting his head, George searched my face as if trying to determine my mood. Pulling me close, he cupped my jaw with one hand, while the other warmed the curve of my shoulder, then skimmed downward to the dip at my waist, stopping at the base of my spine. "To see if you glow."

"Glow?" I knew my expression reflected my confusion based on the grin and nod he gave me.

"Umm humm." Nuzzling his cheek against mine, he explained in a whisper, "After we fuck, your whole body shimmers, like Christmas tree lights in a dark room. You vibrate with life and energy. I get hard just watching you."

“So you sent a stranger to screw me?” I wasn't sure I believed him about what I looked like. None of my other lovers had ever mentioned it. But then again, none of my other lovers were George.

Meeting my eyes, he nodded. No sign of contrition, remorse, or apology showed in his eyes. Instead, they sparkled with arousal, the green darkening at the edges. “Yeah. The night I ran off Bob” -- his eyes rolled up with amusement and he whuffed a short chuckle -- “there wasn't any shine. You had the same look I'd seen in the hallway earlier. After so many nights together, I was curious. I wanted to see if the vibrancy was there with someone you were instantly attracted to.”

I waited, reasoning through his answer. Despite my initial unease, I had to admit the encounter with Gideon had been stimulating. My body still hummed from his attentions, not in the same way George could wind me up, but the sensations were similar. “And do I? Glow, I mean?”

“Not as bright as when I've tired you out, but yeah.” He nodded, seemingly pleased with himself and his experiment. “You're glowing, baby.” The teasing glint in his eye returned. “Did you like my surprise?”

I shrugged, somehow knowing that if he were aware of just how much the encounter had aroused and confused me, George would be determined to discuss, right there, every nuance of my feelings. Over his shoulder, I spotted the clerks looking pointedly at their watches and decided to avoid giving a yes or no answer. Instead, I grinned. “Very naughty, darling. Very, very naughty.”

George tucked me under his arm, his smile wicked, hand stroking my hip, and we left the store with the book I'd been perusing before my restroom break.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next surprise George sprang on me was nearly the end of our relationship. It was also the longest, most erotic thirty-six hours of my life. Although it did bring Garrick into our lives, I'm not sure I'd ever repeat it.

It had been a long week, so I looked forward to the minivacation spring break created at the beginning of April. To make things even more enjoyable, George's work schedule and mine had somehow meshed. We would actually be able to spend the entire week together. Every time I'd tried to finagle an answer from him about the plans he'd made, he'd laughed and assured me I would love it.

I didn't expect him until later in the evening since he'd called me at work to tell he had to work later than expected. With that in mind, I was anticipating a long soak in my tub, a chilled glass of wine, and maybe a few hours to finish the romance novel I'd started the previous weekend, but hadn't been able to find the time to pick up since.

I knew something was different when I entered my apartment and the living room was dark. Dropping my purse and keys onto the hall table, I was reaching for the entry lights when familiar hands grabbed me and turned me toward the wall.

"George." I knew my surprise was evident, but I was too wound up for games at the moment. "What in the devil...?"

Laughing, he didn't answer me, only slipped a soft blindfold over my eyes and guided me into the living room.

"George," I began again. "I'm really not in the mmmm..." My protest trailed off beneath the seductive caress of his lips. Arms lifting to wrap around his shoulders, I absorbed the heat of his body, reveled in the feel of his hard cock against my belly. Allowing him to leave the blindfold, I moaned in protest when he eased my arms free and stepped away.

My disappointment at our separation was short-lived, though. Blunt-tipped fingers slipped the buttons on my blouse free. Taking his time, his lips teasing mine, George aroused me with the slow, sensual removal of my clothing. First my blouse, guiding the front panels

open and over my shoulders, hands following the descent of my sleeves down my arms, raising goose bumps in their wake. Next, the removal of my black lace demi-cup bra, front catch opened, cups eased away from my swelling breasts with a little caress of the nipples for added arousal. I could feel the brush of his hair against my chest as he lowered himself to his knees to suckle the coral tips to hard points. First one, then the other, before skimming his mouth over my stomach, tongue bathing my flesh, dipping into my belly button as his fingers freed the catch and lowered the zipper on my skirt. The drift of silk as it fell away exposed my black, lace-topped stockings and matching lace thong, wet with my arousal.

With my eyes covered, my sense of hearing seemed heightened. So much so, I could have sworn I heard a nearly inaudible groan from someone other than my lover or me.

“George?” I queried softly, but again he ignored me. Instead, he took time to concentrate on teasing my nipples with delicate nips and licks while easing my thong over my hips and onto the growing pile of clothing I could feel against my ankles. The low-heeled pumps were slipped free and my legs urged to part as his mouth again descended over my belly and into the damp curls between my thighs. Parting the moist folds, he stroked over my clit, swirled the tip of his tongue around the wet opening of my vagina, and scooped out the juices pooling there with a single erogenous flick. Trembling with arousal, I whimpered when he withdrew, the fabric of his shirt and jeans rasping over my hypersensitive flesh as he rose.

“Come with me,” he ordered, lifting me from the tangled heap of silk at my feet and carrying me into my bedroom. He set me on what I guessed was a long, narrow, smooth length of board near my bed. I had never had such a thing in my home before, so George must have brought it earlier. Perched on the wooden riser, I could feel the cool cotton of my comforter against the back of my knees, so I knew I stood at the foot of my bed. I waited as George kissed and caressed my breasts. Warm hands trailed down my arms to my wrists and then lifted them one at a time over my head to fasten a soft cuff around each wrist.

I'd never tried bondage with George before, despite our discussion about our fantasies. He had asked me about the cuffs I had bought the same night I'd gotten my vibrator. After I'd mentioned my curiosity, he'd told me he'd dabbled in it, but nothing serious. When he never broached the subject again, I was a bit disappointed he didn't seem interested in indulging me, but considering how well he could fuck without the cuffs, I wasn't complaining.

Moving his hands back down my arms, George abandoned my breasts to trail kisses lower, following the path of his stroking fingers. He removed the riser, and without the added inches of wood, I was forced to stand on the balls of my feet to keep my arms from being pulled.

I complained. "It's too tight, George. I need the step back, or loosen my arms."

He murmured a soft apology and replaced the riser under my feet, relieving the pull on my shoulders. His mouth teased the sensitive insides of my thighs while his fingers eased the silk stockings from my legs. He attached a second set of cuffs to my ankles, spreading my legs wide, feet poised near the rolled edge of the wooden step.

When I opened my mouth to protest the awkward position, George slipped a sliver of fruit inside. He followed the fruit with a chilled beverage. It was a heady brew, a honey flavor mixed with nutmeg. I took several swallows, enjoying the smooth feel of the drink as it slid down my throat, recognizing the taste as it lingered on my tongue.

George and I had played with the aphrodisiac he'd discovered on one of his trips. We'd mixed it into a drink as well as soaking fruit in it and enjoyed the rush of prolonged arousal it provided. I wasn't surprised when, within minutes, I was in a state of arousal I had only experienced once before.

Every minute of that day and a half is etched into my mind.

The whisper of cloth over flesh had my pussy gushing. Knowing George was stripping away his clothes was nearly as arousing as the brush of his hands over my skin or the rasp of his tongue between my thighs.

George had me first. His mouth played with my breasts as he slipped his condom-covered, engorged cock into my tight channel. My spread-eagle position left me little room for movement, and the blindfold heightened my other senses. I could smell the musky scent of his arousal mixed with the smell of my own sexual interest. The moist sounds of our joining, George's animal-like grunts, and my own husky cries filled my ears. It was the other sounds, though, which set my every nerve and sense on alert.

George had brought someone else to watch us. I could hear the heavy breathing of the man -- it had to be a man -- as George pushed me to completion.

As I pulsed and spasmed in climax, George withdrew and moved onto the bed, his thighs brushing the backs of mine. The snap of a cap opening and the cool application of lube barely registered over the waves of sensation vibrating through me. I knew what was coming as he spread the tight cheeks of my bottom. "Do it, baby," he ordered, sliding his wet cock between the rounded globes. In the throes of completion, I concentrated on relaxing the muscles.

Despite my stretched position, the wooden step beneath my feet added inches to my height so George, though still taller despite being seated behind me, didn't have to bend too far over as he eased himself into the tight sheath of my ass. He took his time, easing past the first ring of muscles, coaxing my body to admit his. Ever since the first night he'd taken my ass, George had been careful to acquaint my body with the delicious pain this particular fucking produced. Although I enjoyed it and had achieved orgasm with his cock up my ass, I still preferred vaginal penetration, and George was fully aware of this. His fingers teased the damp opening of my pussy.

“You just don’t like to be ignored do you, baby.” He spoke as if the wet channel were a person. “Don’t you worry.” He worked his fingers in and out, and then spread the soft folds of flesh.

I could hear someone approaching me, and the warmth of a second naked body drew closer.

“This is Mike. I think you’ll like him.”

Mike stepped between my spread thighs and slid his hot cock inside. He wasn’t as long as George, but he was thicker.

The twin penetrations left me breathless. Opening my mouth to draw in much-needed air, I discovered Mike was a kisser.

George usually liked to concentrate on varying the speed and depth of his penetration when we fucked. He used his mouth to encourage or direct my reactions or movements. Kissing was either a prelude or reward, the seductive caress of his lips over mine, the thrust of his tongue imitating the motions of his body were all carefully choreographed to build up my arousal or sooth my senses after climax.

This stranger, Mike, seemed to enjoy wet kisses as he rocked and thrust against me. The rasp of five o’clock shadow scraped my cheek as he adjusted the angle of his mouth; the twining of his tongue with mine altered the surprise his presence had produced to curiosity. Not since the episode in the bookstore with Gideon had George allowed another man into our relationship.

Slipping his hands away once Mike filled me, George smoothed them upward to my breasts. Cupping my hot, swollen tits, he fondled my nipples, pinching and pulling at the aching peaks.

Mike swept my mouth with his tongue, licking and tasting in time with the thrusting of his cock within me. I felt his hands smooth over my hips and cup the quivering flesh of my bottom. Sliding his fingers between the spread cheeks, Mike traced the taut opening.

Pulling his lips from mine, I heard him speak to George as if I were an object and no longer within the room.

“Think she could take me, man?”

“No.” George’s response was quick, without hesitation, and the conscious part of my mind heaved a grateful sigh. “She’s not completely broken in yet.” He thrust against me, filling my depths with the slow advance and retreat that made me beg for release.

“Well, shit,” Mike complained, gripping my bottom tightly as he worked his hips against mine.

Poised on the knife-edge of climax, the dual penetrations, the touch of George’s lips to my throat, and the pinch of Mike’s broad fingertips against my clitoris had my arousal growing. But no matter the pace or the depth of either man’s thrust, I could not make the last drop into orgasm. I awaited the sensations of heat and pulsing flesh that signaled completion, but it didn’t happen.

And both men tried.

Twice Mike spasmed and gasped in climax, his fingers tightening painfully on the curve of my ass, his semen captured in the condoms George demanded he wear. Even George’s awesome control broke before he could make me come a second time.

When I felt his pulsing completion, I began to sob, knowing the pain of arousal would continue for long minutes as my tormenters recovered. As George eased from my body, Mike pressed another drink to my lips, and I swallowed greedily, hoping whatever was in the wine would relieve my suffering. Against my bindings, I tugged and twisted, pulling desperately in an effort to free myself to end the torment. I heard George and Mike whispering.

Their voices were too low for me to hear, but I was aware when one left the room, and the sound of the refrigerator opening in my kitchen followed.

“Dammit, George,” I growled. “Make it stop! How can you eat when you’ve left me like this?”

The crinkle of paper kicked my anger up even higher, making me pull furiously at my cuffs. *Fucking bastards*, I thought, *eating my food while I writhe in an agony of frustration*.

George's chuckle slid over my ears like silk. "Cherry, huh?" he asked Mike.

*Cherry?* I didn't have anything with cherries in my refrigerator.

Some slurping sounds followed, and my confusion cleared away. Icy wetness circled one nipple, then the other. In my mind's eye, I could envision a bright red film of cherry-flavored water coating the taut peaks.

As George bent to sip the Popsicle juice from my tits, he thrust the six-inch frozen dessert into my quivering pussy. The cold, solid phallus rocketed me over the edge as George stroked my pulsing channel, painting the contracting walls with cherry flavoring.

I was dimly aware of the wet drip of the melting treat, but having spent so long striving for climax, I cared little for the stain the ice pop would leave on my carpet.

George was hard against me. I could feel his hot length surge as I rode the wave of orgasm. Pulling the Popsicle free, he pressed it past my lips, filling my mouth with the taste of warm cherry and myself as he replaced the treat with his own firm penis. He rocked his hips in time with the spasms shooting through me, but wouldn't remove the Popsicle from my mouth.

"Suck it, baby," he whispered, licking at the juice slipping from the corners of my lips. "Eat up all that pussy-flavored cherry, and we'll have some more."

Confined as I was, and within the throes of completion, I swallowed every drop, lapping and sucking at the dwindling coolness while enjoying the surging thrust of George deep within me.

The slickness of my juices made our coupling sound like the slurping noises I made as I sucked down the last of the Popsicle. Behind me, I could hear Mike's breathing increase in tandem with ours.

His hands smoothed over my bottom, following the crease to the wet, sticky opening filled by George. I had just pulled the last bit of treat from the wooden stick when George withdrew both the Popsicle stick from my mouth and his length from my pussy. Mike immediately replaced him, slamming his cock into me from behind.

He must have been kneeling on my bed, because his thighs, thick and sinewy, were braced wide, forcing my legs even farther open. His broad palms lifted me completely from the step, pulling at the restraints on my ankles.

From the bathroom, I heard water begin to run, but my full attention focused on the forceful pounding Mike was giving me. "Come on, baby, come on," he growled. His fingers gripped my hips as he pulled out of me, and then shoved his thick length back inside, again and again and again. "That's it, girl. Let that hot, wet pussy eat me all up. I want some of that cherry pussy."

His words were guttural, coarse, but the feel of his hot penis so soon after the cold sent me spiraling into climax, just as he slammed into me a final time. Through the thin shield of latex, I could feel his heated fluid explode out of him. Since my first night with George, I'd taken the extra precaution of gaining a prescription for birth control pills from my doctor, but I appreciated the added care George took as he demanded Mike pull free carefully so as not to expose me to any leakage. Having finally achieved the climax I so desperately sought, a part of me eased. The blindfold heightened my hearing, and I could tell when Mike shifted off the bed and padded into the bathroom. The flush of the toilet and the rush of water had me breathing a sigh of relief.

George released the bindings from my wrists and ankles and carried me into my bathroom. Easing me into a tubful of warm water, he positioned me on my knees in front of him and slipped his damp erection between my lips. The sticky residue from the icy treat had been removed along with the protection he was always so cautious about wearing. I tried to resist at first, but his tight grip in my hair and the pulsing of his hips forced his length deep into my mouth, filling me with his flavor. A hint of cherry scent wafted to my nose and

dampened the turned-up tip as the moist curls surrounding the base of his cock tickled my nose.

Accepting the inevitable, I suckled his turgid length clean before I swallowed every drop of his passion as he came between my lips. Following that, I bathed the damp curls at the base of his shaft with my tongue and a damp cloth he'd pressed into my hand, guiding my ministrations with quiet words of praise.

George returned the attention I'd given him. His hands were soothing, gentle as he bathed my body, paying particular attention to my breasts and my pussy. As he rinsed the soap from my belly, he must have noticed the tension tightening my thighs and swelling my breasts. Drawing me out of the cooling bath, he patted my body dry, taking time to drag the towel's soft loops of cotton over my taut nipples and the delicate flesh between my legs.

Through the entire bath and after, I realized he'd never removed my blindfold. When I reached up to take it off, George pulled my hand away. Exhausted, I gave in. After all that had already passed, my seeing whom I shared my body with seemed a moot point.

Walking behind me, George marched me back into the bedroom and to the bed. Again he fastened the restraints around my ankles, but left off the handcuffs. Placing me at the foot of my bed on the very edge, George plied the damp folds of my body, opening them for the slow penetration he found most exciting. He braced his body over mine, with one hand pressed into the sheets at my right shoulder while he teased the aroused peaks of my breasts with the other. His every thrust was slow, smooth, calculated to touch every sensitive nerve lining the tight walls of my cunt. Again I was slow to reach climax, but George drew me to it, caressing my skin, kissing my lips, every gesture and touch an act of such caring that the affection I'd felt building over the last few months seemed more real than just my imagination.

As the spasms lessened, George slid from between my thighs and Mike took his place, slipping in after a heated demand from George that the other man take care to cover himself before doing so.

And that was how the evening progressed.

They fed me slivers of the doctored food and made me drink what seemed like gallons of the special wine. Each time I'd eat some, my arousal would last longer and longer, drawing out my tension to the point at which first George would mount me and ride himself to completion, and then Mike would slide between my thighs and seek his satisfaction. My own climaxes were longer between, but more intense.

Sometimes both men would spend what seemed like hours simply caressing every inch of my flesh. Their broad palms would fondle and pump my breasts, drawing the nipples to taut attention, and then plying the tips with their teeth and tongues until I would cry out in climax. Twice, both men used themselves and my vibrator to stimulate me to orgasm, betting to see who would be first while pressing my legs wide and pushing my toy deep within my sheath. George even taunted Mike with his status as my lover by slipping his penis between my lips, having Mike manipulate my vibrator within me while I stroked and suckled his length. My climax struck just as George's did. My hands clasped his taut flanks, pressing his length as far as I could handle while I sucked and swallowed every drop of his passion.

At some point during the display, Mike must have donned protection, because I felt him slide inside, pumping and thrusting for all he was worth, riding the contractions of my orgasm as George stroked the muscles of my throat as they worked. Mike reached his peak soon after, pounding rhythmically at the swollen mouth of my pussy.

Soon after this last coupling, George released me from my bonds, but sandwiched me between their bodies as we crawled beneath the rumpled satin sheets. Still semierect, Mike pulled my left thigh over his and pushed into my sheath. From behind, the flaccid length of George's cock eased between the cheeks of my ass, resting in the warm crease, growing only semistiff as his fingers cupped my breasts and Mike's fingers tangled in the nest of curls surrounding his cock's resting place.

Through the night, I remember being stroked and fondled, George spreading the soft folds of my flesh while Mike rocked his hard length into my sore pussy. Though I think I voiced some protests over my treatment, both men turned a deaf ear.

My body was their plaything. My control over it was severed. Even the need to bathe and relieve myself was monitored by George.

The first time I slipped away from the bed to use the toilet, George was right on my heels. I'd removed the blindfold and flipped on the light when he stopped me. After making me wait while he relieved himself and then washed the length of his rousing penis, he finally allowed me to use the facilities.

After I'd finished and cleaned up, I had partial revenge when he straddled my body and pressed his cock past my lips. Suckling him to climax, I abruptly stood, releasing his length just as he came. He spewed semen over my breasts and belly as well as on his, but I laughed at his curses.

His retaliation was to force me around to face the vanity mirror while he donned a condom and pushed into my sore, wet sheath. I cried out at the pain, but the stroking ministrations of his hands soon had my body even hotter for his hard, pumping length. He worked in and out of me for several minutes, drawing me to the edge of satisfaction before he withdrew and dragged me back into the bedroom.

Having heard our moans and gasps, Mike was awake and aroused, his ham-sized fist stroking the thick length of his cock. My heart hammered against my ribs at my first sight of the man. Estimations of his size hadn't been wrong. Barrel-chested, with a lean waist, Mike was a large black man whose shaved head and aristocratic features could have had him making millions in the modeling or acting industry. Sinewy thighs, thick, muscle-roped arms, and a taut, corded abdomen attested to his physical nature while the gleam in his copper-colored eyes held nothing but appreciation for the sight of my milky skin and generous curves.

George pushed me onto the bed, face first into Mike's lap. My mouth open in a startled cry of protest, Mike took the opportunity to replace his hand with my lips, tangling his fingers in my hair, and thrusting his hips upward so I swallowed his full length. George mounted me from behind, his cock sliding in and out of my wet pussy in time to the thrusts of Mike in my mouth.

Both men came at the same time, as if their actions had been carefully choreographed. Mike's fist in my hair and George's hand on my throat forced me to take every drop of Mike's ejaculate, while George's spasms and jetting completion pulsed against the walls of my sheath through the thin protective layer covering him. I wondered briefly how both men could sustain such a high level of arousal until I watched them indulge themselves in the tainted fruit and wine.

They fed me more of the stuff before George carried me to the bathroom to bathe my body. In the hall outside I heard sounds, but didn't realize what they meant until Mike leaned into the open door.

"I'm heading out, man." He directed his words to George, but his gaze focused on my body as George stroked over it with the soft towel, drying the water beading on my skin.

"Thanks for playing." George grinned, settling the towel over the rod and urging me toward his friend. "Say goodbye to Mike, Gina," he suggested, his hand cupping my ass, soothing the aching flesh.

"Bye, Mike," I offered, my voice soft, quiet, so unlike my usual tones.

Stepping into the room, Mike pressed right up against me, sandwiching my body between him and George. "You are one fine fuck, Gina. I'll be jacking off to visions of your sweet pussy until George calls me to come over to play again."

I know my eyes must have been the size of saucers at his response. They had to have gotten even bigger when he stroked three blunt-tipped fingers between my sore labia.

“Once old George here has broken in that ass, I’m gonna be wantin’ a ride, okay?” Mike grinned and dipped his head to sweep his tongue past my lips for a last wet, erotic kiss. Pulling back, his fingers tapped at the sore opening between my legs. “I’m bettin’ your ass’ll be even tighter than this twat.”

Behind me, George reached over my shoulder to jokingly shove Mike back, “Down boy.” He laughed. “Wait until she’s loosened up before you start thinking about shoving that fat cock of yours anywhere but where I say you can.”

Mike’s head dipped in assent. “Okay, man, okay.”

With his arms around my waist, George and I watched Mike exit my apartment before George returned me to my bedroom. Exhausted, I climbed into bed and didn’t protest when George fastened the cuffs to the four solid posts and returned me to a shackled position, this time spread-eagle in the middle of my damp sheets. There was enough play in the restraints this time that my limbs didn’t feel unduly strained.

Having had little sleep during the night, and in spite of the aching arousal of my body from the fruit and drink, I drifted into a light doze. I awoke I don’t know how much later, riding the crest of climax just as George eased his pulsing length past my lips. His knees were at my shoulders and his face buried in the damp curls between my thighs. He lapped and sucked at me, his hands clamped to my buttocks, lifting my lower body tighter to his mouth. I shattered moments before he spewed into my mouth, filling me with his taste.

Carefully bringing me to climax before easing away and allowing me to rest, George coaxed my body into responding repeatedly throughout the night. Occasionally, he would whisper to me things he wanted me to do, positions he wanted to experiment with. I made little protest to some of the things he suggested, merely answering with a yes or a no if I found his words or the ideas arousing or not.

Through the gauzy curtains covering the French doors, I watched the moon rise and make its way across the sky. Tucked on my bed, I saw little beyond the closed confines of my

bedroom. Time was immaterial. Although he assured me only a few hours had passed, George pulled the heavier drapes over the French doors, adding to my disorientation.

After a bath and a thorough cleansing at his hands, George led me back to my bed and tied me down again with the cuffs, their length of rope loosened enough that I would be able to sleep in some comfort. As I lay propped up on several pillows, he slowly fed me a generous portion of fruit and soup, along with several huge glasses of juice, its flavor similar to the drugged wine I'd consumed earlier.

I fell into an exhausted sleep, but was awake long before dawn, my body on the razor edge of frustration, every nerve tingling with arousal, with no relief in sight. From my living room, I could hear voices, deep, masculine voices, and more than two. I tried to remain quiet, hoping what I was imagining hadn't come to pass.

Inviting Mike to our bed had been a surprise, just as his sending Gideon to me in the bookstore had been. And though it unnerved me to have allowed a stranger access to my body, George's presence alleviated that distress. Odd as it might sound, in my mind he was my protector. He had introduced my body to a plethora of sensations, but I trusted him to keep me from harm. Though I ached as I'd never done before, the wet sheath of my vagina longed to be filled, and even the sore muscles of my ass pulsed with arousal. My breasts swelled, my nipples were taut and firm, desperate for attention, to be sucked, pinched, anything to relieve the need.

A part of me hoped George hadn't brought more men into my home, while another part wondered at the tasks I would have to fulfill to please George. Somehow, I knew these last few hours and the ones to come were a test. Not only of my body's ability to give and receive pleasure, but also of the depths of my trust in George. It clicked then that in these last months together he'd slowly slipped an invisible collar of ownership on me. And it was here and now that I would have to decide if I would let it remain or slide it off.

As I lay in the dark, listening to the men in my living room, I was undecided. Since the first night George had slipped into my bed, I'd approached our encounters as if they were individual episodes of sexual fulfillment. Scratching an itch, so to speak, I guess.

Now, with this hurdle before me, I took stock of our relationship. From the first day he'd touched me, something in him drew me. Like iron filings to a magnet, I couldn't escape thoughts or fantasies about him. But was my need for him enough to withstand the plans I suspected he had for me? Enough to fulfill the one fantasy he'd shared with me?

My ruminations were interrupted when my attempts to remain silent failed. Either that or George was sensitive to my every move, because soon after I realized what I was hearing from the living room, George stepped into my bedroom and shut the door.

"You're awake." He smiled, standing at the end of my bed, clad in loose pants held at the waist with a drawstring. His chest was bare, the nipples tightening as he watched my body's involuntary squirming as it sought relief from the unrelenting arousal filling it. Behind the loose pants, I could see his cock swell, pushing at the fabric, proving he wore nothing beneath. "I have a little surprise for you, darling." He slipped the fastenings at my ankles and wrists free with a gentle caress to the sore limbs.

"George, please," I begged, for the first time in the last...it had to be at least twelve hours. "Don't do this to me." I found it difficult to stand. My limbs shook with hypersensitive nerves, pushed beyond any point I had ever experienced. Even the friction of my thighs touching sent waves of arousal through me.

"They've already seen you, Gina. Touched and tasted you while you were resting," he informed me as he eased a diaphanous robe over my arms.

Despite my hesitation, my body stirred just as it had during my first encounter at the bookstore with Gideon and earlier with Mike. I wondered just how far George would take this. At the same time, that animalistic urge in my brain whispered its need to stretch beyond limits I'd set based on the values and mores of polite society.

Deciding to put my faith in George again, I turned what attention I could to the robe he'd draped around me. The deep, U-shaped bodice was designed to expose my full, naked breasts while emphasizing the narrowness of my waist. Taking his time to smooth his hands over my waist to my ass, he held me close, nose buried beneath the honey-colored waves of my hair, drawing in deep breaths, as if trying to inhale my very essence and hold it in his lungs. Warm fingertips stroked over my back, identifying every rib, each vertebra, as if tactilely creating a map of my body. The feel of his engorged member pressing against my damp curls through the thin barrier of cotton made me moan.

Pulling his hands from beneath the robe, he carefully fastened the loops over the buttons before again caressing my waist, this time skimming over the silky fabric covering me. His venerate touch as he arranged my breasts so the pointed nipples jutted out eased some, but not all, of my fears. The sleeves were flowing with broad band cuffs, lending the billowing fabric the allure of a Hollywood pirate's blouse. The floor-length skirt exposed me from the tightly cinched waist to the floor since the fabric didn't meet in the front, but gathered in pleated folds at the curve of each hip.

Still unsure, I shook my head. "I can't do this." I sobbed, reaching to touch his muscled chest with a trembling hand.

His green eyes met mine, their depths dark with understanding. Dipping his head, his lips sipped at mine, drifted over my cheek to catch the single tear that had escaped. "Just this once, Gina. I swear, I will never ask this of you again." And the truth was there in his eyes. He wasn't lying to me. It would be only this one time. In a voice too soft to be heard beyond the two of us, he added, "They're clean. I made them get tested when I planned this."

His fingertips lightly caressed my trembling breast before easing into the wet curls at the juncture of my thighs. "I want to watch you. There's something about you, love. In passion you are incandescent." Slipping his fingers between the petals guarding my moist sheath, he stroked the tender opening. Lifting the damp fingertips to his lips, he sipped at the wetness gathered on his calloused pads. "Just this once."

His coaxing and my trembling body betrayed my common sense, much as it had in those minutes following Gideon's first thrust into my body. Then as now, I could see the need to satisfy his curiosity burning in George's eyes. Despite how unusual this situation was, I understood that he felt it would draw us closer to one another. Or maybe it was simply I'd reached the decision I'd been debating earlier.

In my mind, I heard the distinctive fastening of a lock. Instead of a weight settling around my shoulders as I accepted this final symbol of George's mastery of my body, an incredible lightness filled me. A freedom spilled through my mind and heart, making me aware of just how right submitting to his commands was for me. No other lover had instilled such confidence in me as George did. None had touched my heart and soul as this man did. His needs, his presence, completed me in ways I was still trying to understand, but freely accepted.

With a shaky nod, I allowed him to lead me, like his trusting pet, into the dimly lit living room. From my stereo, the haunting strains of Middle Eastern music wafted through the room. Upon our entrance, the little conversation drew to a close. There were five men, not including George, in various relaxed poses in my living room, none of whom I'd ever met before. Each man was dressed similarly to my lover, in loose drawstring pants and bare chests. Each man matched George in height and fitness. Some were leaner while others were slightly huskier, but none was any less attractive than he.

As I stood there, George stepped away, leaving me in the center of the room, breasts swollen and bare, exposed from the waist down. Among the men I didn't see Mike. Inwardly, I heaved a sigh of relief, until I noticed the familiar bottle of wine on the coffee table with six empty glasses scattered about the room. And the woven basket that usually held a collection of wrapped candies was filled with familiar, distinctive black plastic packets.

A gesture from George brought the first man forward. "This is Aaron," George offered.

The man was handsome, lean face, dark brown eyes. Behind the fabric of his pants, his arousal pushed at the soft fabric. Leaning forward, he fastened his lips to mine, slipping his tongue into my mouth while one hand stroked my breast and the other tested the damp curls at my apex.

My eyes closed in appreciation of his skillful technique in kissing. Before I could return the caress, he slipped back and returned to his lounging position on the sofa, his fingers smoothing over the hard length of his penis.

“This is Vincent.”

A second man stepped forward, his hands slipping beneath my robe to cup my buttocks as his mouth dipped to suckle at a taut nipple. I gasped, burying my hand in his curly black hair. Still, he pulled away before I could enjoy more.

“Elkin.”

The third man stepped in front of me, took my trembling hand in his, and slipped it beneath his pants, cupping my hand over his thick erection. He withdrew my hand when I made to clasp him, and stepped away with a wry smile lifting his full lips and a twinkle in his storm-cloud-colored eyes.

“Terry.”

This man approached slowly, measuring every inch of me with sharp blue eyes as he walked around my shaking form, his blunt fingertips trailing from an aroused nipple to my shoulder, down my back, around to my other shoulder, then down to my other straining nipple.

“And last, Garrick.”

Garrick merely nodded toward me from his position in the nearest easy chair, lids lowered over keen amber eyes. He looked as sexy clothed in the loose pants, as he had in jeans and a T-shirt that day I'd spotted him outside George's apartment. The heat in those golden eyes sent a twist through my belly rivaling my first reaction upon meeting George.

The beat of the music grew louder as George eased the volume of the stereo up. My body began to sway to the rhythm of the pipes and guitars.

“Touch yourself, Gina,” George whispered from his corner of the room.

Caught in the thrall of the music and the heated eyes watching me, I caressed my breasts as my hips shifted, weaving a tiny figure eight, drawing gasps from the men watching me.

As I watched, Garrick eased his pants from his hips, sliding the fabric off so it pooled on the floor at his feet. His thick shaft quivered and pulsed as I thrust my pelvis in time to the music. Selecting a packet from the basket, he ripped open the cellophane and smoothed a condom over his long length as I danced toward him, his gaze capturing mine. All my attention was focused on him and the straining shaft as I slowed to stop before him. He pulled my hands from my breasts gently and made me straddle his thighs, all the while watching my eyes. Easing first one leg then the other over the rolled arms of the chair, Garrick slid his hot, hard length into my wet pussy, thrusting deep against the gate of my womb, rocking and pulsing within my sensitive walls. His broad hands tightened over my hips, lifting me clear of his cock, then pulling me forcefully back down onto it.

I could feel the eyes of all the men watching us as Garrick pumped my hips over him. Just as I neared my climax, he pulled free and eased me away from his body. I looked over my shoulder as hard hands circled my breasts from behind and Terry pressed his naked frame against my back. He eased the skirt of my robe to the side before he slipped into my aching pussy. He worked his length carefully within me, thrusting hard enough to push me toward completion, but not enough to send me over the edge.

Again, just as my body began to tighten in climax, Terry withdrew, and I was spun to meet Vincent’s penetrating blue eyes. His dark hair fell over his brow, giving him a childlike quality. As he pushed down his pants, baring his impressive erection, I laughed at the lack of childlike dimensions he sported. Someone tossed a packet to him, and he snatched it out of the air without turning his gaze from mine. Handing me the condom, he waited as I opened

it and smoothed it over his impressive cock. Once I'd finished, Vincent walked me backward to the nearest wall, where he lifted my body in his huge fists and slammed into my damp channel. His pumping and pounding technique took my breath away, shooting me back to the edge of arousal.

When I was a thrust or two from climax, Vincent passed me to Elkin, who turned me to face the wall. His turgid length caressed the crease between my buttocks before sliding forward and into my moist pussy. My cries were growing more frantic by then, as Elkin pulsed and ground his hips against mine, stroking the screaming nerves of my vagina with his hot shaft. Behind me, the crackle of cellophane and the whisper of latex over flesh ratcheted my arousal higher. The thought that each man would fuck me while George choreographed it all excited me beyond the levels the tainted liquor or fruit had taken me to thus far.

When Elkin pulled free and handed me to Aaron, I knew his pulsing hips and thick cock would leave my body straining for satisfaction. I guessed George would be the last to mount me, and when I felt Aaron's smooth withdrawal, I staggered to the center of the room, searching for my lover as my quivering legs gave way beneath me. On shaking knees, I shuddered and sobbed, begging for climax as my fingers fumbled with the hooks securing my robe. Ripping the delicate fabric from my body, I ignored the audience I'd acquired. Bracing my left forearm on the floor and leaning forward, I spread my thighs and slipped my fingers into my aching body. Deaf to the panting breaths around me, I focused on bringing myself relief.

The room was filled with the excited murmurings of the six men who watched. My first climax ripped through me after a few strokes of my clit. When my shaking arm grew too weak to hold my upper body erect, Garrick knelt before me, his eyes fixed avidly on my frantically thrusting fingers. He flexed his thick penis between the swaying globes of my breasts. The friction of my round tits sliding around his cock sent him into climax.

My body was beyond the ability to obey the commands of my mind. Four pairs of hands eased me to my feet while two more pair spread thick towels over a plastic mat on my living room floor. They lifted and positioned me in the middle of the towels, my upper body held higher than my lower as cool wine dribbled over my breasts to spill down my belly and pool between my legs.

Each man took a turn drizzling wine over my skin before lapping the liquor from my body. Once sated and the bottle emptied, they dipped thick washcloths into a basin of warm water. The liquid felt refreshing against my sweat-drenched flesh. They paid particular attention to my labia and vagina. Six times the swollen flesh was rinsed, a gentle stream of water squeezed from the cloth into my channel. By the time the last man had ministered to my body, I was on fire with arousal. Glistening with water, they draped me over a padded chaise someone had dragged from my bedroom and positioned in the center of the living room floor.

My body became a meal for the men. George remained outside the ring as Aaron and Vincent fondled a breast each, their wet, warm mouths suckling the stiffened peaks, while Terry and Elkin guided my hands around their pulsing shafts. Garrick mounted me first, slipping his thick, condom-sheathed length deep within me, clasp my hips tight to his as he pumped and strained toward climax. His shudders came only minutes later, while my channel quivered, but didn't spasm in its own satisfaction. Sliding away, Garrick disappeared to dispose of the protection before returning to drape himself across the sofa, while keeping a keen eye on the four men surrounding me.

Elkin eased my hand from around him, rolled the thin latex barrier down his swollen cock, and moved between my spread thighs. Straddling one, he twisted me onto my hip, forcing Terry to abandon my breast and claim my free hand. As Terry tightened my fingers over his thick cock, Elkin dipped his hips and thrust into me from a nearly sideways position. The hot sac of his balls caressed the sensitive flesh of my inner thigh. His unique position, the dual sensation of him inside me and the sway of his flesh along my inner thigh, sent me

rocketing into orgasm. My hot sheath milked his pulsing length in rhythmic waves, drawing a guttural cry from his lips as he came in a great, thrusting rush.

My own cry was quickly silenced by warm lips covering my mouth. Garrick had moved to the head of my chaise, his amber eyes heated and commanding as he swallowed my cries of completion. A flicker of something registered in my mind, shied away, and slid into the shadows before I could capture any understanding. As my orgasm eased, his kiss softened to a silky caress of lips against lips, before he drew away and returned to his position on the sofa once again. A quick glance at George had my heart skipping in my chest. He wasn't watching me. Eyes narrowed, face curiously remote and devoid of expression, he examined Garrick steadily until the other man met his gaze. No battle of wills, but a frisson of awareness scuttled through my body at the exchange. Just as quickly as it had happened, the moment passed and my attention was drawn back to the men worshiping the curves of my flesh.

Vincent replaced Elkin as my attendees dwindled and the audience grew. A temporary lassitude filled me as Vincent arranged my body to his satisfaction by pulling me to the very edge of the chaise and wrapping my thighs about his hips. Rocking forward so just the very tip of his broad, condom-covered penis penetrated the opening of my body, Vincent took his time easing in and out of me. Playing an adept game of cat and mouse, he teased my body into a frenzy with tiny pulses and sudden, deep-plunging thrusts that had my breasts swaying and bouncing.

Vincent had to have been the most practiced lover of the group. His stamina surpassed George's as he built within my exhausted body a sexual tension that had my head spinning as I gasped for breath. As the spiraling need coiled in my belly, I strained upward, reaching, striving for release. After several thrusts, he grinned wryly at me and, it seemed, allowed himself to climax in deference to the two men patiently waiting their turn.

I could feel the knot tighten within me as Vincent released my hips and slipped free of my clutching body. A hastily muttered conversation between Terry and Aaron led to my

servicing both of them at the same time. Aaron slipped between my thighs as Terry slid his thick shaft free of his condom and straddled my chest. Lifting my arms to clasp his waist, Terry pressed his cock past my gasping lips as Aaron sheathed his length within my quivering channel. Holding my head in both hands, Terry rocked his shaft into my mouth, whispering his encouragement as I suckled the turgid length, laving the velvet hardness hungrily.

Aaron worked my cunt like a steam engine at full speed, pushing faster and faster, deeper and deeper in my tightness, scrambling to find satisfaction. Gasping and clutching my hips, Aaron rode his climax in hard, pounding thrusts, while Terry's orgasm was a salty wash of fluid in my mouth, unhurried, but satisfying. When both men had eased from me, I pulsed, desperate for completion, and turned a pleading look toward George, to find him holding a video camera trained on me. It should have surprised me, but it didn't. During some of our evenings together, I'd performed for his camera. Masturbating, pleasuring myself with my vibrator or just my fingers while he directed my actions.

Opposite me, Garrick was erect, his palm smoothing the long, hot length of his body as he watched my wet pussy. Rising on shaking legs, I collected a condom from the basket, crossed the few steps to him, rolled the latex over his proud member, and sheathed his tumescence within me, lifting a swollen breast to his lips as I rocked over him, reaching desperately for climax.

The drug wore off three hours later, after I had had each man at least three more times and George had put aside the camera and helped me to another shattering climax. I fell into a light doze, waking just after noon, according to the small, antique mantel clock on the bookcase.

Sprawled half on the chaise and half off, my head resting in Garrick's lap, I woke to the feel of his penis stirring against my cheek. His fingers threaded through my hair as he guided my mouth to take his shaft inside. Stroking up and down his thick length, I marveled at the

scent of his skin. After the hours of fucking, and the number of condoms he'd donned, I was surprised at the clean smell permeating his body.

Swirling my tongue over the bulbous tip of his cock, I lapped at the sensitive vein underneath and the ridge separating the shaft from the head of his penis. Moving farther along his length, I teased the hot sac between his thighs with my fingertips while drawing on his stalk until my cheeks flexed from the suction. Mindful of the sleeping forms around us, I purred against his length, allowing the vibrations to slide along his cock at the same time I cuddled his balls in my hand. Taking my time, enjoying the guttural noises he fought to stifle, I brought him to completion, easily swallowing his passion as a soft, soothing climax coursed through my belly and into my breasts.

Exhausted, the other men remained unconscious around us as Garrick slipped from beneath me, found George's camera, and turned it on. Arranging the camera angle to his satisfaction, Garrick set the camera down so it faced me, before he returned to the chaise to slip his newly erect length between my lips again. Over and over, we repeated the scene, each time more intense than the last. Four times I came, and each time, Garrick muffled my cries so as not to wake the others. It was as if he wanted to keep the tableau between just us.

The heat in his golden eyes mesmerized me, reminding me of the power George held over my body and my heart. It confused and frightened me to think that there could be another man with the ability to capture my soul. Even as I felt him smooth the hair from my cheeks, a movement in my peripheral vision warned me we weren't the only ones awake. As one, Garrick and I turned to meet George's gaze.

Nervous, wary of the emotions roiling within me, I held his green stare until his attention drifted upward. George's eyes swept over us, analyzing Garrick's semihard cock, the stroke of his hands over my cheeks, and the cool challenge in his golden gaze, and still George remained motionless. Draped over the armchair Garrick had occupied when I first entered the room, he watched, and then offered the barest nod.

Garrick rose and helped me to my feet. Around us the other men slept while we made our way to my bathroom. Stepping into the tub and drawing the curtain, Garrick bathed me, his hands smoothing over my body with the same gentle slide as the pulsing water spraying from the showerhead. Against my hip I could feel his body stirring to life. Still confused at George's reaction and my own mad thoughts, I tried to step away, get out of the shower. With my body as tired as it was, I knew I would be unable to resist for long. Garrick caught me before I'd moved far. Clamping an arm about my waist, he turned me to face the wall. The light scent from the body oil I keep in my shower wafted to my nose. I heard Garrick moving behind me, but was unable to turn to see what he was doing. The crackle of cellophane and the sight of one of the condom packets swirling in the water near the drain reassured at least part of me that his determination to protect me was as ingrained as George's.

His hands spread the cheeks of my bottom. Fingertips slick with oil, he traced the puckered hole, coating the entrance before forcing his finger within to grease the tight sheath. Sobbing in protest, I tried to pull away. It was no use.

"Open up, Gina," Garrick demanded, thrusting his finger rhythmically, rubbing oil onto every inch he could reach.

"No," I croaked. Only George had breached that entrance. Despite the arousal zinging through me at the thought of his hot shaft sinking into my ass, I was determined it remain that way until George decided otherwise.

As if my thoughts had drawn him, George stepped into the shower, his hands holding my face still so our eyes could meet. "Let him in, Gina."

Water cascaded over his shoulders, splattering into my face, mingling with the tears I knew leaked from my eyes as I shook my head, "I can't...no."

The shower soaked the silver-threaded black waves as he dipped his head and coasted his lips over mine. "It's there." He pulled back, his eyes gleaming with joy, amusement, and satisfaction. "The glow, Gina, he brings it out of you. I want to see more."

His eyes fastened over my shoulder, I was stunned to see him lean forward to brush his lips over Garrick's. The other man tensed for the barest instant, fingers clutching my hip, before they relaxed and George pulled away, a wry grin lifting his lips. My breasts ached with arousal, my pussy begged for attention, and I could feel the muscles in my ass flutter, desperately squeezing the fingers Garrick continued to thrust into me.

"Do it, baby. Your pussy goes all buttery soft when I'm drilling your ass. And you come so hard for me," he coaxed. "I want him to feel it, too. I want to see you catch fire as you come."

Behind me, Garrick's cock jerked at George's words. "Do it." His voice grew forceful as I felt him push the head of his penis against my greased opening.

With George's mouth on mine, I felt Garrick's fingers push wide the swollen lips of my pussy an instant before he eased the cool, wet neck of the oil bottle into my damp sheath. Surprised, I loosened my muscles for a moment, just long enough for Garrick to thrust his thick shaft deep into my ass. Slick with oil, his penis rocked forcefully within me, penetrating me with the entire length of his staff. He withdrew my bottle and set it aside. His hands gripped my hips, slamming me back to meet each thrust of his hips. Water pounded down over us. George watched me, his eyes holding mine before leaning past my shoulder to capture Garrick's mouth with his, drowning my cries against his heaving chest.

Moments later I felt the men pull apart, and then George leaned back, and his lips settled over mine, sharing the unique flavors that belonged only to him and Garrick. Against my ear, Garrick gasped, "You're so fuckin' tight, so tight. Yeah, that's it, pump me. Squeeze, squeeze it, baby."

He came in a furious rush, his pulsing release detectable even through the latex sheath separating our flesh, while I shuddered and shook, the tense muscles of my pussy clamping and spasming in frustration at being left empty.

Even as I came back to my senses, I realized George had left us. Though the taste of his kiss and the warmth of his touch lingered on my lips and cheeks, it was Garrick's heat against my back, his arms around my waist that held me upright as the water spilled over us.

Slipping his semierect cock from my body, Garrick shut off the water and eased us out of the shower. Disposing of the condom, he ripped open another packet and rolled a second sheath on before moving us out of the bathroom, water dripping from our bodies. The shower must have wakened the men. When we entered my living room, George was rubbing at his wet hair with a towel while the other four men were watching, their erections straining upward like sentinels on duty. Another wine bottle with its sexual potion passed from man to man, and then to me. With Garrick at my back, his cock thick and hard again and pushing at my ass, Vincent pressed the mouth of the bottle to my lips and held it there until I had swallowed the last few ounces of the drink.

Easing the bottle from my lips after I took the last of the doctored wine in, Vincent eased his latex-covered dick into my cunt, filling my hot depths. Stepping carefully backward, he drew me down with him onto the chaise, and Garrick followed, his penis sliding past the sore muscles of my anus until he'd measured his full length into my ass. I rode their thrusting bodies for several seconds before Elkin stepped forward. Threading his fingers through my hair, easing my head up and back, he pushed his stiff cock past my lips. Vincent suckled my breasts while I suckled Elkin. Each man came within seconds of each other, but I was not allowed a rest. As soon as they eased from my body, Terry, George, and Aaron stepped forward to replace them.

The aphrodisiac kept me clamoring for satisfaction for the remaining hours of the afternoon. Each man had me orally and vaginally, working in pairs until every inch of my mouth and pussy ached from their attentions.

Only George and Garrick entered my ass. If any of the other men attempted to voice a protest, chilling green and gold glares silenced the words. My heart swelled at their understanding of my need to keep that one part of me solely theirs. Odd as it may sound, I felt cherished, adored, simply because George and Garrick refused to allow anyone else to possess what was theirs.

As evening fell, I realized a day and a half had passed since I'd wandered, unaware, into George's surprise. Although sore and sensitive to the touch, my body hummed in heightened arousal as I overheard a whispered conversation between the men.

Unsure of what I was hearing, I remained still, sprawled on the living room floor, Terry and Aaron smoothing body oil over my body after my last shower a few minutes earlier. This time George allowed me to bathe in private, scrubbing away the sweat coating my body.

As they worked the oil into my breasts, the tips tightened in arousal and my legs spread and shifted restlessly against the sheets laid on the carpet. Garrick joined us as George stepped out of the room.

"Get her onto the chair." Garrick ordered softly. Since the shower, he'd become George's equal in determining the events of the afternoon. When one of the men had stepped forward, cock bare, and attempted to fuck me, he and George had growled a warning. Even knowing the other men carried no diseases, George and Garrick were taking no chances. That bit of me that reveled in their dominance warmed at the protection they provided me.

Easing me to my feet, the three men arranged me for display on the wingback chair. Taking up the camera, Garrick filmed as Terry draped my thighs over the arms of the chair, spreading my legs wide, exposing the delicate opening of my body for the camera lens. My arms were drawn up and curled over the rounded top of the chair, lifting my breasts high. I closed my eyes as Vincent smoothed his calloused palm up the inside of my thigh to tease at my damp opening. He kissed and suckled at my breasts until I heard muttered oaths from the other men.

Lazily raising my heavy eyelids, I gasped at the sight George presented. Over his straining erection he wore a sleeve, increasing the width of his penis to at least four inches in diameter. The device was strapped onto his body with a small harness, bobbing with his every step as he advanced toward me. I tried to close my legs against Vincent's hands, sure I would never be capable of accommodating that *thing*.

"Hold her," George ordered. Terry and Vincent each held a leg, while Aaron secured my arms above my head and Garrick continued to videotape the scene. From his vantage point beside Garrick, Elkin watched, gaze rapt and centered on the tableau before him.

Kneeling before me, George had the men ease me to the edge of the seat, my hips squirming, breasts jiggling as I tried to avoid penetration. His fingers swept over and around the wet opening of my body, spreading the folds wider as he fitted the very tip of his cock-cover to my pussy. Gripping my hips, he pushed inside. The sore muscles of my inner walls tensed, and then stretched to accommodate him. My head fell back as I panted. His stroking plunges set my nerves on fire as my arousal grew.

The heavy breathing of the men watching attested to their own sexual tension. Garrick stepped closer, and George moved his arm so the camera lens could pick up the image of his shaft sinking in and out of me. Someone switched on a bright light to illuminate the wet slide and retreat of George's pumping cock-sleeve. My hips rose and fell in time with his, grasping at the thick length as it filled me. Every nerve in my tight channel pulsed in pleasure at the hardness caressing them. When he thrust so deep the hair at the root of his penis tangled with mine, I cried out in pleasure.

Head thrown back, eyes closed, I could imagine just what I looked like to the men holding me. My thighs were held splayed open, my arms pinioned over my head. The sound of buckles being loosened preceded the feel of straps sliding over and between my legs and around my waist. Between my thighs, George leaned forward to suckle my breasts, first the left, teeth grazing the hard tip, lapping at the crinkled base surrounding the peak before drifting to the right nipple and repeating the same ministrations. Rustling and movement

had me lifting weighted eyelids. Taking his time, George was moving away, the fullness in my pussy lessening at his retreat. A whimper escaped my lips only to be replaced by a gasp.

Moving his attentions to my inner thighs, George interspersed seductive nipping kisses with the warm slide of a vibrator. Starting at my left knee, he eased his way up to the juncture of my thighs then retreated to begin again at my right knee. The vibrator taunted and teased me. Long and thick, the beads surrounding the base rattled as he increased the speed with each pass over my flesh.

Having reached the apex of my thighs a second time, George parted the wet flesh above the harness holding the empty cover inside. Settling his teeth over the swollen nub of my clit, he nipped and nibbled on the kernel of nerves until I shuddered and moaned beneath him.

Over the heaving curve of my belly and trembling breasts, his green eyes captured mine, holding them as he inched the vibrator into the sleeve. The walls of my pussy screamed in protest and pleasure. The throb of the toy as it filled me had my hips arching off the cushions beneath me. Once seated fully, George released my clit and moved away, fastening the last strap to keep the vibrator seated deep inside. As he tightened the strap the motions of the toy rubbed the thick prosthetic against the gate of my womb, sending another fresh spasm of contractions through my lower body.

“Stand up,” George’s husky voice whispered over my breasts.

Behind him, Garrick handed the video camera to Elkin.

The hold on my arms and thighs loosened. My legs were eased from the arms of the chair, causing the vibrator to slide deeper. Gentle hands beneath my elbows lifted me from the seat and onto my shaky feet. Positioned on either side of me, Garrick and George waited as I grew steady enough to stand alone, smiles softening their masculine features, heat darkening their eyes as they watched me take my first tentative step. After only a few

trembling steps, the motion of the device sent a shuddering climax through my body, but eager hands held me upright.

Again and again, they made me walk about the room with the toy strapped inside me, and after only a little distance, I came each time. I slid from the hands of the men holding me after the final climax, my knees spread wide on the carpet, riding the thick cock inside me as if it was one of the men watching me.

Around the room, I could see each of the men fondling his erection with his eyes glued to the pulsing of my hips. From behind, hard hands fumbled at the buckles, loosening the device and sliding the glistening, sleeve-covered vibrator from my pussy. Bending forward, I braced my hands on the floor as Vincent thrust his hot, hard length into my wet channel. Harder and harder, he slammed into me, the slap of his flesh against mine augmented by the rasping breath of the men watching us. Again, Garrick stepped forward, camera in hand, to capture the wet slide of Vincent's condom-covered cock in and out of me. Before he came, he pulled free, spewing his seed in the protective layer of rubber; then he moved aside as Elkin slipped within the grasping walls of my pussy. He, too, rode until I neared my climax, then pulled free to gasp and come in his condom.

Garrick took care to capture every wet inch of their shafts filling me as I urged them to satisfy me. As one would finish and ease aside, another would come inside me, riding himself to completion, but leaving me panting for climax. Crying, poised on the painful precipice of orgasm, I was vaguely aware of Garrick passing the camera to George and taking his place between my splayed thighs.

Garrick began by slamming his full length into me. Holding my hips firmly within his grasp, he swiveled his hips and plied his swollen cock like an artist applying paint to a canvas. He stroked overstimulated nerves, pumping and rocking his thick length for what seemed hours but could have only been several minutes. Leaning back, he pulled me astride his lap, one hand moving to fist itself in my tangled hair, drawing my head back and arching

my neck like the taut bend of a bow, while the other slipped to the swollen folds of flesh surrounding his plunging cock.

Spreading my nether lips wide, he tugged at my tight kernel of flesh as his voice ordered harshly, "Play with your breasts."

My hands obeyed, caressing and fondling my aching breasts, plucking at the hard tips.

"Harder," he rasped.

Then Vincent and Terry stepped forward to take my breasts in their mouths, biting and scraping my sensitive nipples while they pushed my hands down to wrap around their freshly aroused penises, covered in new latex sheaths. My eyes, narrow slits, watched George film every moment as the three men feasted on my body.

At last, as Garrick's thrusts grew more rapid, I felt my climax well up and explode in a powerful burst of fire deep within me. I screamed as the waves pulsed through me, not caring about the grunts of satisfaction as Terry and Vincent came in my stroking palms and Garrick buried his length within me in rhythmic, pumping waves of jetting release.

The sun had set when George eased my freshly bathed body into my bed and pulled the clean sheet over my well-used frame. As he stroked damp tendrils of hair away from my eyes, his lips nuzzled over my brow, eyelids, cheeks, and nose before finally settling on my mouth. Coaxing it open, George savored the fresh taste of my cinnamon toothpaste. Easing away, he pressed another soft kiss to my lips and rose from the bed and left the room. Every inch of me ached from the unceasing attentions of his friends.

From the living room, I could hear him thanking the men for coming. A burst of masculine laughter roused me but only long enough to file the bad pun away for future use against George in his more arrogant moments.

Despite his unorthodox request of me, I could not find it within me to hate him. His actions had been unusual, but a part of me knew he would never request such a performance from me again. To be honest, a secret part of me had found the forced attentions erotic and

arousing. I made a mental note to myself to make sure George played the video for me after I'd recovered.

If anything from these hours frightened me, it was the power I sensed in Garrick. In the same exotic manner in which George owned me body and soul, I knew, somehow, Garrick held equal sway over me. And George was aware of it. He even seemed aroused by it in much the same manner as it aroused me.

The last man had left when George returned to my bedroom. The lights were off, the sheer drapes on the French doors drawn, but the heavier silk drapes left open as George drew the sheets from my body.

A halfhearted protest whispered past my lips as his calloused fingers stroked up my calves to my thighs, easing the bruised and aching limbs open to allow his lips access to my shower-damp curls. It took long minutes of soft kisses and gentle strokes of his agile tongue to pull a response from my exhausted body. As my flesh swelled and grew damp, he rumbled his thanks against my wet opening and brought me to a quiet climax with his tongue.

Stroking his fingers over my softening breasts, he slipped onto the bed beside me, pulled the covers over our nakedness. Tucking me close to his chest, arms wrapped comfortingly around me, he eased my thigh over his hip and slid his semiaroused cock into my body. The warm feel of his flesh in mine soothed the sore nerves as no other touch or unguent ever could.

"Thank you, baby," he whispered, his breath brushing over my brow before the bristles on his cheeks tangled in my hair.

Something in his voice settled the last of my doubts. Instinctively, I knew he felt the same sense of completeness seeping through his body as I did.

The stroke of his hands lulled me to sleep, easing me into dreams filled with images of him and Garrick twined around my body, loving me as I loved them.

## Chapter Four

George's appetite remained unquenchable, which seemed to increase my own. The first time we viewed his video of our weekend, we fucked like horny little bunnies while watching it. Seeing on screen the images of those two days seemed to go a long way toward reassuring both of us that we actually did have a relationship and it was as hot as ever.

The bookstore became a new playground for me. In much the same way George had sent Gideon to me on our first visit just a few months ago, now he seemed to take great delight in thwarting the rules of propriety. Quite often, when we ventured through the shelves, his whispered instructions would have me creaming my panties and panting for release. More than once, he sent me into the ladies' room to bring myself to climax while he stood before me in the handicapped stall, watching my fingers disappear into my pussy.

Several weeks after that salacious weekend, I wandered through the shelves of the store, seeking distraction from the frustrations of my job. George was away, his apartment had been dark the last few days, and I didn't expect him back for at least two more. Though we spoke every evening, having his voice whisper instructions to me through a telephone wasn't nearly as satisfying as having those same orders breathed in my ear with his warm hands building my arousal before spilling me over into climax with just a word.

As I prowled the store, I thought I saw a familiar face. Turning, I met the polite smile of Garrick. Seated at a round table in the coffee bar, he nodded and returned my hesitant wave. I wasn't sure how I should feel meeting one of the men who'd been such an intimate part of what I had begun to call *that* weekend.

Especially him. Though I'd never brought the subject up with George, there were times I would find him watching me with a slightly calculating look in his eyes. He seemed to have known the decision I made during those exotic hours, subjugating my control to him. Acknowledging my choice to give him mastery over my every desire, my every need, George had never taken it beyond the physical. While I recognized his ownership of me sexually, in all other aspects of our relationship, it was an equal partnership. That I could feel the same stirring of emotion George's possession created within me when I was in close proximity to Garrick disturbed and aroused me at the same time.

Was it possible to love and want to be owned by two men at once?

My body wasn't hesitant in its response. Remembering the skill with which he'd brought me to satisfaction, I wasn't surprised when my pussy grew hot and wet, and my breasts drew into full, tight mounds. Deciding to avoid an uncomfortable situation, and not wanting to delve too deeply into the questions spinning through my mind, I attempted to ignore his presence as I made my way toward the bathroom. Slipping through the door, I heard the announcement of the closing of the coffee shop and the warning that the store would be closing in an hour.

The restroom was deserted as I entered the last stall. Fleeting memories of Gideon, and the more recent antics with George, played through my mind. Hoping to calm my excited body, I used the facilities and flushed the toilet. Turning the latch, I opened the stall door to meet Garrick's grinning countenance. As my eyes dropped from his, I noticed his hands easing his tumescent length from the open zipper of his trousers.

"I've thought about you, Gina," he rasped as his fingers rolled a condom over his straining length while he pushed his way into the stall, forcing me to retreat, my breasts heaving in excitement rather than affront.

Garrick yanked my skirt hem to my waist, the delicate mesh of my panties shredding with the savage pull of his fingers. His lips covered my gasps as he thrust his length into my tight sheath. The firm globes of my buttocks filled his massive palms as he lifted me from the floor and wrapped my quivering thighs around his waist. Seating himself on the open toilet, he pumped and rocked his hard shaft within me while his mouth devoured mine, sucking any protest or response from my lips.

Releasing my bottom, he made short work of the pearl buttons on my blouse and the front clasp of my bra. Filling his hands with my swollen breasts, he kneaded and teased the sensitive peaks to taut arousal before slipping his hands beneath my skirt again.

Thick fingers eased apart the mounds of my ass, spreading the round cheeks and caressing the tightly puckered hole with his broad fingertip. Pulling his cock free, he eased the same fingertip into the damp opening of my body, liberally coating his fingers with the juices of my body before retreating and returning his straining cock to my clasping pussy. As he thrust full length within me, I felt the wet fingertip force itself into my anus. A second thick, wet finger pushed its way inside as my climax spiraled through me.

I rode his hot length, the feel of his thick fingers sending a shiver of arousal through me. As my spasms gradually eased, I realized his shaft remained as firm and aroused as when he first entered me.

Against my ear, I heard his chuckle, an almost evil sound as his hips began to pump. "I've been thinking about you *a lot*," he assured me, his fingers sliding deeper as his cock rocked against my pulsing sheath.

Four more times he brought me to climax before his own finally sent his seed jetting into the condom, the warm pulses easily felt in my throbbing channel. The announcement of

the store closing had just finished echoing in the tiled confines of the bathroom when he withdrew his semierect shaft and eased my skirt over my ruined panties. Shakily I adjusted my blouse over my mouth-dampened nipples as he removed and disposed of the condom before easing his cock back inside his pants.

His hypnotic smile and caressing eyes drew me like a moth to a flame. I exited the restroom before him and waved a quiet goodnight to the clerk waiting at the door. Without turning around, I knew Garrick was close behind me.

Through the dimly lit streets, I was aware of his vehicle following mine all the way back to my apartment. Across the parking lot, up the stairs, and down the shadowy hall, I felt him, but I never turned to be sure he was there. At my door, I paused. A voice within me queried if I was being a fool, allowing this complete stranger into my home a second time.

What ramifications would there be on my growing closeness to George? How would he react if he discovered this indiscretion? Gideon was one thing -- a quick fuck for fun, orchestrated by George, never repeated since our only interlude. This was completely different.

But was it? Again, that sense of ownership whispered across my mind. The partnership that had sprouted between George and Garrick those last few hours of our weekend sent tantalizing images spilling through my head. In the golden depths of Garrick's eyes he held the same element of possession as George.

The secret, sensual side I had discovered after *that* weekend laughed, egging me on in this forbidden encounter. Even as the word slithered through my thoughts, I wondered, was this truly "forbidden," or was it merely the next step in completion?

The lock slipped open beneath my key. I stepped through the door, kicked off my heels, and wasn't surprised when powerful hands forced me forward into my dark apartment. The light from the security lamps in the parking lot of the complex drifted

through the half-open vertical blinds. Behind me the rasp of a zipper, rustle of latex, and the adjusting of fabric preceded Garrick's approach.

Without warning, he shoved me over the back of my sofa, and the sudden momentum lifted me from my feet. Before I could find my balance, he pushed up my skirt and buried his cock in my wet pussy. He thrust and pumped, the air forced from my lungs by the pressure of his heavy body over me, the sofa frame pressed into my stomach. I came, my face buried in the cushions of the sofa, my cries muffled by the smooth fabric. His dominance, so like George's, had my pussy wet, desperate for more attention.

Pulling out, his shaft hard and hot, Garrick drew me up and turned me to face him. Lifting me as if my weight were insignificant, he slid into my sheath again, then walked into my darkened bedroom, his eyes locked on mine as his every step sent his staff plunging deeper within me. By the time we reached the bed, I was poised to climax again, his broad hands lifting and lowering my body on his thick length counterpoint to his every step. The pulsing grip of my pussy heralded the beginning of my orgasm just as Garrick withdrew and dropped me on the mattress.

Refusing to be denied despite my slight size, I grasped his open trousers and yanked him down on top of me. My thighs clasped his waist as I squirmed and shifted until his wet cock slid home, filling my empty sheath with a forceful heave of my hips. He strained to break my hold, but my hands slipped beneath his pants, gripping the flexing muscles of his tight ass until the short nails left deep impressions in the skin. I held on, riding the waves of my completion until I could feel his own spurting release and hear his gasps above me. He sank his whole weight onto me, making breathing difficult, and the uncomfortable wetness of my climax dampened the spread beneath me.

Drifting in a peaceful lassitude, I felt Garrick withdraw and move off of me several minutes later. Keeping my eyes closed, I stretched and turned, aiding him as he began removing my clothing. Stripped naked, I opened my eyes long enough to watch him watch me, my thighs spread, my breasts full, the nipples tightening in the chill air of the bedroom.

“Scoot to the end of the bed,” he rasped, his voice husky from spent passion. I watched his flaccid penis grow full and firm in the nest of black curls visible through the open wedge of his trousers.

Doing as he requested, I turned to position my hips at the foot of the bed. At the top of the thick posts of my bed, I had recently installed a latticed canopy and draped swags of fabric tied with thick cords. Somehow, while I'd been drowsing, Garrick had fashioned loops in the loose ends of the cords. Before I was aware of his intent, he'd slipped the loops over my ankles and tied my legs to the posts, feet in the air, body spread wide. Surprised, I lurched upward, but was unable to reach the ties. Bracing myself up, I watched as he smiled coolly, slipped out of his pants, shirt, shoes, and socks, and approached the bed, his arousal bouncing with every step. Meeting his smile, I lowered myself to my elbows and pushed my pelvis up, unashamed of the damp curls surrounding my open pussy.

Stroking his hand up and down his hard cock, Garrick taunted, “Is this what your hot little cunt wants?”

“Mm-hmm.” I moaned, easing onto my back and slipping my hands down to circle the wet mouth of my channel. Smearing the damp evidence of my wet juices over the swollen pink petals spread wide by my position, I played with myself, watching in satisfaction, as his breathing grew heavier.

“You're gonna have to work for it, Gina,” he advised me, stepping to the edge of the bed, the hot tip of his penis stroking the back of my dancing fingers. Leaning to the side, he brought up a small duffle bag I was unaware he'd brought into the bedroom.

As I watched, he drew out cuffs of thick leather with heavy buckles attached to solid links of chain. These were more serious than the set I'd purchased months earlier. My eyes followed him as he secured the chains to the frame of my bed and laid the cuff on the mattress beside me, before doing the same on the other side of the bed with the second manacle.

“Will you put them on?” he asked, stepping between my thighs again to tease the moist flesh with the warm head of his penis. As I waited, debating whether to play his game, he smoothed his fingers over the bulbous tip of his staff. Glistening ruby flesh winked in the dim light of the bedroom, and my breasts drew into taut mounds.

Slowly, I eased my hands to the bed, resting them beside the leather bonds. Taking his time, Garrick fastened each cuff into place and then leaned down to tighten the chains so my hands were drawn to the edge of the mattress on both sides, pinioning me, but not uncomfortably. Again, he leaned over and withdrew an object from the bag. This time it was a polished cherry wood box, a little wider than it was long and about half as thick.

“Garrick.” I moaned, my imagination conjuring lurid images of various torture devices. Astonishingly, instead of growing apprehensive, the anxiety fueled my arousal. I could feel my sheath spasm in anticipation, and the moist fluid seep from the spread lips, trickling into the seam between my buttocks, pooling around the puckered opening. My breasts thrust into the air as I squirmed on the bed.

A devious chuckle slipped past his lips as he set the box on the bed beside my head, his long, lean body caressing mine as he slipped the latch free and eased the lid up. Nestled in black velvet lay four of the most massive cocks I'd ever seen.

“I've been wondering, Gina, ever since I was here last...” Garrick's voice whispered over my straining breasts.

I couldn't tear my eyes from the lifelike models beside me, while the rustle of foil and the snap of latex announced his presence of mind to don protection.

“Just how much cock...” He reached into the box and withdrew the first device, the smallest of the four. “...you can handle.”

The fake cock was huge, or so it appeared as he smoothed it over my cheek and around my parted lips. Easily three inches in diameter and seven inches in length, the prosthetic was a vibrant red, with raised veins along its length and a smaller handgrip at the base. A

rounded head gave it the appearance of a man's member, and the uniform width and color added to the design.

Dipping his fingers between my thighs, he teased the aching channel, coaxing more fluids to spill free, coating his fingers. Smoothing the replica down my torso to the spread folds of flesh between my thighs, he eased his wet fingers free and smeared my juices over the toy before slipping the tip into the wet opening of my pussy. He plied the dildo with phenomenal expertise, pushing the textured dildo to its full length within my clamoring sheath. Between the cheeks of my ass, he eased his cock in and out of the moist crevice, pausing to probe the tight whole as he pumped into me with the prosthetic.

"That looks good, baby." He moaned as my hips pulsed upward, striving to hold the toy tight within me. "You take that so good. I want to see if you can take more."

Pulling the toy from me, he laughed at my cry of protest, but he was quick to fill my depths with the hot, hard length of his own body. Placing the toy aside on the bed beside me, he rocked his cock deep within me, reaching farther than the toy had. My hands pulled at their bonds, but the leather and chains held tight.

A rustling by my ear told me he was selecting a second toy. Lifting heavy lids, I gasped at the second selection. This plastic column was longer and definitely not based on human proportions. At the pointed tip, it was easily two and a half inches wide, but as I viewed the rest of the shaft, I realized it grew wider as it grew longer. This toy was at least eight inches long, but at the base, it was easily four inches thick. The slick sides and cherry red color reminded me of a dog cock. Meeting Garrick's grinning countenance, I realized he knew what I was thinking, or could at least guess.

"I thought I'd see if you liked taking Jackson. He was my brother's Bull Mastiff." His hand slipped between my thighs, swiftly replacing his withdrawn cock with that of the replica of a dog's.

Feeling the thick base press the opening of my pussy wide, I lunged against my bindings and lurched upward, my hips pulsing in time with the powerful thrusting of Garrick's toy.

"I wonder if it would look better if it were Jackson," he mused as he cast aside the second wand and thrust his own cock inside me. His penetration was deeper again, matching that of the second dildo, caressing the aroused muscles of my channel. "Watching you beneath him would get me so hot, Gina." His voice was a caress against my ear as he chose a third dildo.

"Now, this one," he said, pulling his glistening length from within me, drawing a protesting cry from my lips. "Only a few women have been able to handle this one." He moistened the ebony staff with the wetness bathing his length. His eyes glowed as he fondled the huge member, grinning wickedly at my gasp of dismay. The longest yet, this dildo was at least twelve inches in length and four inches around. The huge, bulbous tip looked like a vertical smile, with a cleft dividing it into two equal curves.

As he pushed the cock in, my head fell back and my spine arched, thrusting my breasts into the air. Taking his time, he eased it deeper, waiting as my body fought, then gave way to pressing intrusion.

"Ooh, yes," he breathed, his eyes fastened to the ebony staff as it disappeared within the folds of my body. "That's it, baby," he cooed. "That's it, take it, take it."

I could feel it pressing against my womb, the split tip butting against the cervix. Arching away from the pressure, I shook my head. "I can't. No, no more," I begged.

"Just a little more." He ignored my protest.

Garrick toggled the wicked cock, and somehow it eased beyond, slipping into what felt like a tiny area behind my cervix. The muscles in my pussy clasped the rocking ebony cock, my breasts swelled, and the tips tightened to painful peaks just before my climax rocketed through me. My cries echoed in the room, mingling with the husky laughter Garrick

released as he worked the full length of the dildo in and out, allowing the milking motions of my inner muscles to cling to his toy.

Replete, I lay beneath the ministrations of Garrick's hands as he slipped the dildo free and settled it between my breasts. Slipping his tumescent length within me, he thrust and rocked, seeking his own climax. Clasp my breasts around the wet ebony staff, Garrick caressed my lips with his as he praised me. "You are so good, baby. I've only known two or three women who could take this."

"Where'd you get it?" I asked my arousal building with his steady thrusts and the ministrations of his fingers upon my nipples.

Taking a taut peak between his lips, he laved the rosy aureole and nibbled before moving to the second. "I have a friend who volunteers time at a museum. He makes casting of prospective artifacts and those on display. This particular one, he trimmed the length by a few feet."

"A few feet?!" I gasped.

He nodded, a wicked grin lifting the corners of his mouth, "Yeah, it was a copy of a famous racehorse's penis."

I choked. "Racehorse?" Visions of the beast filled my head as I glanced down at the cock between my breasts. It wasn't too hard to imagine such a huge animal possessing an organ that size. A tingling spread through my center as I remembered one of my favorite books as a girl. I struggled to stifle my amusement as I mentally dubbed the ebony dildo Black Beauty.

"Mm-hmm," Garrick grunted as his rocking hips increased their beat, and the pulse of his orgasm heated my body through the thin layer of rubber.

"What..." My own arousal had grown, but not sufficiently to climax in tandem with him. "What kind of museum does he work for?" My hips pushed against his as he withdrew.

Stepping away, he ignored my cry as he shed the condom, dropped it into the wastebasket by my nightstand, and eased a fresh one on. "One that studies the phallus. It's similar to the one in Iceland, but doesn't have as many artifacts." Moving between my stretched and quivering thighs, he reached for the last object left in the box.

"Now, this..." He dipped his hand between our bodies, gathering my come to smear it over the last dildo in his collection. "...is the cock of a mountain lion."

I watched with wary eyes as he dampened the dark brown toy. I breathed a silent sigh of relief since the length wasn't near that of the previous toy, but the girth looked similar. The biggest difference between the ebony shaft and this, though, sent a sensual shiver through me.

"Do you know what makes this one so special?"

Swallowing, I shook my head. The muscles of my channel spasmed in anticipation of accepting the thick length glistening before me, the wet smell of our sex filled the air.

"Like all the great cats," he whispered, lowering the staff to the weeping opening of my pussy, "mountain lions have a special means of ensuring their mate doesn't retreat before the act is final."

Slipping the shaft inside, I felt the tiny raised parts all along the length of the cock.

Gasping at the fullness pressing deeper, I asked, "How do they do that?"

With a sly grin, Garrick responded, "There are little barbs all along the penis of the male lion. Once inserted into the female..." He tugged on the dildo, as if to withdraw it. The raised parts caught at the tight muscles surrounding them, pulling a sharp cry of protest from my lips. "...it can't be removed easily. Some scientists think the pain at withdrawal increases the chances of ovulation." Pushing the staff deeper, Garrick watched the last of the wet brown cock disappear into my pussy with a smile and a pat of approval on the damp curls surrounding the short black handgrip.

“You are so good, Gina,” he praised, his hand rocking the cock within me as my hips arched off the bed, straining to accept the full length. “So far, you’re the only one to handle all four. Especially this one.” His hand tugged at the cock, scraping the raised edges along my pulsing muscles, drawing a sharp cry, and my climax poured through me.

After the spasms passed, he eased the thick length carefully from me. The abrading barbs, though made of soft rubber, sent a second climax shivering up my spine as the curved tip slipped free of my pussy. Gentle hands released my legs from the cords to wrap them about his waist as he plunged his renewed arousal within my stimulated sheath. Only a few deep thrusts, and he found his release while a less intense peak pulsed through me.

As he rose to carry his collection into my bathroom for cleaning, I grew tired of my legs dangling over the edge of the bed. Having slept bound to my bed on other occasions with George, I saw little problem in grabbing a nap while Garrick was occupied elsewhere. Determining I had enough play in the chains holding my arms, I executed an awkward flip and landed with a heavy thump on my stomach.

The noise must have distracted Garrick. I had burrowed my feet beneath my pillows and was resting on my belly when the mattress dipped behind me.

“Bored already?” he queried, his hands slipping between my thighs, tracing the damp opening of my body with blunt fingertips.

“Mmmm,” I purred, my breasts filling as his fingers slid inside, teasing the sheath.

“We can’t have that.” He lifted my hips, teasing the damp folds of flesh with his engorged cock.

Lifting up, I spread my thighs and braced my hands on the bed, pushing my body backward, toward him. “Oh, no,” I agreed on a soft moan. “I can’t be bored.” A cold hardness pressed past my opening. Surprised, I looked over my shoulder to see Garrick easing the shortened horse cock into me. Pulling forward, I shook my head, “No, you,” I demanded petulantly, trying to squeeze my legs together.

The thick length continued to fill me, forced deeper by his hand.

“Oh,” he whispered, one hand holding my hip steady while the other sent the cock to its full length within me. “You’ll get me, baby.”

Against my buttocks, I felt his hands spread the flesh. His sheathed penis, hot and wet, brushed against my ass, while a thin stream of lubricant coated the opening, and his hands teased the tight muscles into relaxing. Pushing backward so that my arms were fully extended, my forehead resting on the bedspread, I presented myself to him.

“You’ll get all of me.” He chuckled. The liberal application of lube made his entry easier. Pressing his cock past the first ring of muscles then the second, Garrick filled my ass with his length. The thrust and rub of his cock increased as his arousal grew. The rub of the dildo through the thin layer of my flesh seemed to send him, rapidly, into full climax.

The dual penetrations brought me to my peak, my internal muscles clenching around the twin cocks and drawing a gasping groan from Garrick. Easing free of me, he carefully removed the horse casting and unfastened my bindings. After shedding his condom and bathing away the sticky residue of my climax and the lube, he soothed my boneless limbs into a more comfortable position on the bed. Garrick drew the covers over us after setting aside his case of toys and turning off the lights.

A few hours later, I woke before him. An impish devil within me had me fastening the leather cuffs firmly over his wrists, locking him onto the bed, arms spread wide. As I slid the last strap through its buckle, Garrick woke and tugged at his bindings. Against the inside of my thigh, I could feel his arousal. Slipping down to tease the throbbing tip with the moist heat of my body, I whispered against his lips, “You want this?”

Silently he nodded, his hands curled into fists.

Turning his words back on him, I taunted, “You’re gonna have to work for it.”

Rising to my knees, I dragged a condom from my nightstand, ripped open the packet, and smoothly rolled it down his thick stalk. I crawled up his body, my thighs straddling his

waist. Leaning forward, I teased his lips with the puckered tip of my breast. "I've never met a man yet," I whispered, "who could make me come just by sucking my breasts." Meeting his wry grin, I asked, "Do you think you can do it?" Bobbing my breast to his parting lips, I added, "Make me come, just by sucking?" I pressed my damp, hot core against the sensitive flesh of his lower belly.

His lips swallowed my tit, teeth teasing the taut nipple. He laved and suckled and nibbled my breasts until I climaxed, my hot, wet juices coating the soft fur covering his lower belly. Next, I had him use his mouth on my pussy to make me come. This too he did, his cock straining for release behind me, but he remained silent. We had kicked the covers aside early in our escapade, and they now tangled around our feet as I finally relented and slid down to take his engorged cock within me. His thrusting hips lifted me onto my knees. Controlling the depth of his plunges was impossible even with him bound beneath me. I rode his length, my hands fisted in the fitted sheet beside his shoulders, gasping and groaning at the fierceness of his movements.

Beneath me, Garrick remained eerily silent, his eyes focused on mine, never allowing me to look away. His lips glistened with the dew of my flesh. Leaning forward, I kissed away the taste of myself, stroking the moist cavern of his mouth, tangling with his agile tongue. That same zing of awareness that had warned me of George's ownership of me zipped through my core and wound around my heart. Squeezing the breath from my lungs, it frightened and aroused me all at the same time. Christ, I wondered, how could two men possess me?

There were months of give and take, growing familiarity, and comfort in place between George and me. I couldn't say the same for Garrick, but that same sensation of belonging coiled in my center, intertwined with the spiraling tension of my building orgasm.

A cool breeze spilled over our joined bodies, but I ignored it, so focused was I on enjoying every hard inch buried within me. It was only as the bed depressed behind me with the weight of another man that I realized what the breeze meant.

George had returned.

Hearing me with someone else, he must have decided to investigate.

George must have also released his cuffs, because Garrick's thrusts continued unabated though his hands now fastened on my hips, steadying them for each plunging stroke of his shaft.

The ripping of foil and the whisper of latex preceded a second set of hands smoothing over my back, pushing Garrick's hold to the backs of my thighs, drawing my legs wide, exposing the moist opening of my ass. I knew it was George. His calloused fingertips and delving strokes announced him long before his rubber-covered cock slipped into me, riding counterpoint to Garrick's motions. His hands eased over my damp breasts, teasing the puckered nipples, squeezing the swollen globes with every plunge of his penis within me.

The three of us climaxed simultaneously, our cries filling the bedroom and echoing in the silent night. Sandwiched between the two, I stayed complacent as they took their time stroking my softening curves, their semierect cocks easing from my body.

Drawing me off Garrick, George laid me in the center of the bed. After disposing of their condoms, George urged Garrick onto his side so they could both stroke and fondle my body. My hands smoothed over their flat bellies, dipping into the nest of hair surrounding their penises, caressing the twin sacs dangling beneath their filling lengths.

George's fingers dipped into my curls, smoothing the trickle of passion left by my climax into the moist hair, laving the bud of nerves hidden within the folds of my body until I gasped with renewed arousal.

"She always looks so pretty when she's wet from fucking, don't you think?" he asked, his eyes focused on my pussy. His fingertips delved into the wet opening, teasing the awakening muscles.

“Mm, yes,” Garrick agreed, sliding up to rest his back against my headboard. Hips level with my head, his hand slipped over my damp breasts, lifting my arm away from George, easing me onto my side.

With my back to George, Garrick’s arousal brushed my cheek, then tapped at my moist lips. “I love to see her pussy swallowing a hard cock. Doesn’t even have to be mine. She seems to enjoy it so much.”

He pulled my arm up and twined my fingers around one of the thick spindles on the headboard. I watched as Garrick’s hips inched closer until he slipped his length into my mouth, his eyes meeting mine before traveling down my body.

Behind me, I heard George slide another condom on. Propping my leg over his hip, George eased his engorged staff into my sheath. The position allowed Garrick full view of every wet inch as George’s cock glided in and out of me.

They took their time, seeming in no hurry to gain their satisfaction. It was as if they were more excited by watching one another’s cocks slip in and out of me than by the sexual act they participated in. As if drawn to one another, George or Garrick would pause in their ministrations to caress an arm or a shoulder. The few inches of Garrick’s cock that I couldn’t take into my mouth, George stroked and squeezed, smiling in satisfaction at the hiss of arousal sliding from the other man’s throat.

Taking my cue from them, I let my arousal build, allowing the soft, caressing touches and slow advance and retreat of their thrusts to draw quiet groans and moans from my lips. Despite the control each exhibited in drawing out our lovemaking, neither man could deny the needs of their body or mine. When the thrust of his hips increased, I knew the end was approaching for George. Once he reached climax, it was just a matter of seconds before I would.

Sensing that end, I watched as a light shimmered in Garrick’s eyes. Leaning down, his hand fisted in George’s mussed waves and his mouth captured my neighbor’s. As their

tongues tangled, I watched as both men fought for supremacy in the intimate embrace. Garrick won.

Simultaneous explosions toppled all three of us into orgasm as Garrick swallowed George's hoarse cry of climax while the salty wash of Garrick's seed filled my mouth and shot down my throat.

Moving into the bathroom, we shared the tiled shower stall, each man taking a turn bathing my body before turning their attention to each other. I took my own moments to stroke and fondle the broad, tanned bodies crowded into my shower. Once finished, each passed a towel quickly over their frame before focusing on drying me. Sated and exhausted, we returned to the bed and slept, their heads pillowed on my full breasts, their fingers tangled in the curls guarding my womanhood.

Both men slept heavily when I woke later. The sun shone through the sheers on my French door. Easing from their hold, I quietly closed the drapes, throwing the room into shadow. I watched them as they slept, their bodies so similar, but with distinct differences. Garrick was more muscular than George, his broad chest covered in a dusting of curly black hair while George's chest was only lightly furred, firmly muscled, with a deep tan from working outdoors with his shirt removed. A smaller wedge of hair began on his flat abdomen and arched down in short, dark, salt-and-pepper swirls to encircle his penis.

Unable to resist, I moved silently to bind both men to the bed facing one another. Using Garrick's cuffs and my own, I fastened the arms on which each man lay to the head of the bed and the others to the sides of the frame. Just enough play in the chains on the upper arms would allow them to almost touch each other across the narrow expanse separating them on the queen-size bed. From my closet, I collected my video camera and the tripod to hold it. Aiming it at the bed, I brought the occupants into focus and switched it on, taping as I gathered Garrick's cherry wood box and knelt beside the bed.

The visions filling my head aroused me quickly. Selecting the two smaller replicas from their velvet casing, I smoothed a thin layer of lubricant onto each and moved behind George. Slowly, trying to keep from waking him, I applied a generous dollop of lubricant between the spread cheeks of his bottom. Reaching around him, I caressed his semierect member at the same time I pressed the smaller prosthetic into him. Feeling the initial resistance, I gasped, wondering if this tiny thrill of arousal was the same as the one these men experienced when they'd forced their hot lengths into my tight passage.

Careful strokes and firm pressure finally seated the device completely within him. Leaning forward, I stroked my fingers over George's straining arousal, knowing he was awake by the harsh breaths I could hear. "Don't move, baby," I whispered, rocking the cock slightly. "I've got a treat for you." Gathering a condom from the nightstand, I rolled it down his throbbing length.

Circling the bed, I prepared Garrick and inserted his replica of the dog's cock with swift efficiency, though Garrick struggled a little. As with George, I sheathed Garrick's swollen dick in a layer of latex. *Now for the next move.* I grinned to myself. Drawing the ebony length from the case, I eased onto the bed between the men and leaned against the headboard.

Knowing their eyes were fixed on me, I performed for them and the camera.

First, I licked the black cock, Black Beauty, like a lollipop, swallowing nearly the half the length, my eyes closed in ecstasy. Their hands smoothed up my thighs, spreading them to tangle their fingers in the wet curls at my apex. Trailing the damp penis over my erect nipples, I asked, "Are you being good?"

I could see in the mirror facing the bed that the prosthetics were inching out of their asses, "No, no, no," I tutted. Setting aside my toy, I reached over both their backs at the same time and pushed the cocks back into place.

They strained away, their erections sliding over my legs as they rolled toward me. Caressing the firm flanks, I pulsed the replicas within them and ordered, "Hold on to them, or I won't play anymore."

They groaned, their fingers clamping tightly on my thighs.

With a chuckle, I picked up the ebony staff and teased the damp curls between my thighs with it. "Should I do Black Beauty here?" I asked, assured of their positive response.

Working together, they tugged me down to lay between them. Garrick pulled my right leg over his, his erection hot against my thigh, his fingers spreading the wet, swollen flesh hiding my passage. George did the same, his hand on mine, urging me to ease the thick, jet-colored cock inside.

As I slipped the broad tip in, I arched, pressing my breasts up against the stubble-rough cheeks of their faces. Hungry lips clamped down on my straining nipples. Inching the shaft deeper, I felt their hands cover mine, urging me to take the full length. Slipping my hands from beneath theirs, I allowed them to control my penetration, my hips lifting as my inner muscles stretched to accommodate the replica.

Moving slowly, I eased my arms around the backs of their heads, cupping their jaws, feeling the flexing tendons as they suckled my aching breasts. Against my hips, their straining cocks thrust in tandem with their manipulation of Black Beauty, as I'd dubbed it, within me. Slow, then fast, drawing it nearly free before pushing it swiftly back in. I rode the ebony staff to climax twice.

Against their protests, I slipped Black Beauty out and discarded it over the edge of the bed. Turning my back on Garrick, I locked my gaze with George's. Draping my right thigh over Garrick's, I circled his hot length with my fist and guided him to my wet pussy. In a moist, prolonged slide, I drew him in, all the while focusing my sight on George. Pumping and rocking my hips, I rode him until sweat beaded our flesh and my hair hung in damp

tendrils around my face. As I felt the pulsing wash of his completion fill his protective sleeve, I leaned forward, pressing my lips to George's.

Our tongues tangled, George separated me from Garrick's limp grasp. Draping my right thigh over his left, he slid his full length into my wet center. Twisting me beneath him, he pressed my legs wide, slamming forcefully within my quivering sheath. Fluids from my previous climaxes spilled over our bodies, seeping down my thighs with every powerful thrust of George's hips. My hands slid to his flanks, caressing the flexing muscles, urging him to move faster, higher, harder within me.

My questing fingertips brushed the slick edge of the prosthetic. His pumping hips were working the toy free of his body. Timing my move to coincide with his thrusts, I gripped the handle and shoved the cock back into place.

The action sent George spiraling into climax. Grunting, groaning, his hips battering mine, he came in a surging rush, greater than any I'd ever felt from him before. It ignited my own orgasm. With a cry, I felt my spasms milk his hot length, the thin layer of latex the only thing keeping my body from sucking up every last drop of his seed.

## Chapter Five

Not long after that night, George invited Garrick to join us permanently. Together we moved into a house and recently celebrated our second year as a threesome. Ours is an unconventional relationship, but what I have with my men, I've never felt with anyone before. We complete one another in ways we'd never imagined.

Sometimes random encounters can become significant, life-changing events. It sounds clichéd, but hey, if it works, right? Considering how I met George and consequently Garrick, if I hadn't been in a certain spot at a certain time, I'd never have known about either man.

Looking back on the last two years, I have no regrets. I know what I have is out of the ordinary, but George, Garrick, and I aren't exactly your everyday average trio. The three of us don't advertise the way we live, but we don't hide it either.

I've never worried about what others think or say about me because, you can't control other people's thoughts, right? What is important is that those people we count as friends have never turned their backs on us, and those who did were never our friends in the first place.

Knowing what fantastic lovers they are, I figure fatherhood shouldn't be too difficult for them. Now, all I have to do is get them to help me make a baby or three.

And knowing my guys, they'll flip a coin to see who gets to be a daddy first. With baby number two it will be who takes the longest to get me preggo. Baby number three we'll leave to chance.

The fun to be had while we work on my little project just makes my pussy tingle.

 THE END 

...for now

## Qwillia Rain

Qwillia Rain grew up loving books. From an early age she was creating stories to go with the pictures. By high school she was penning romances for her friends and shocking them with the graphic nature of the love scenes. After leaving her home in Las Vegas, Nevada for Anchorage, Alaska, Qwillia discovered there were other authors who enjoyed throwing open the bedroom doors and exploring the darker side of human nature. She left Alaska for Billings, Montana, but the travel bug struck again. Currently, Qwillia resides in Raleigh, North Carolina, drawing inspiration from the history, scenery, and rich diversity of the South.