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CONTENTS

W	inc	l Tt	Un
	1110		OΡ

A Real Bad Boy

Real Good Man

Temporary One

Brokenheartsville

Beautiful Wings

Breathe

Let's Get it On

Aint' Nothin' Like The Real Thing Baby

The Chain

Dontcha Wish Your Boyfriend Was Hot Like Mine

It Takes Two to Make a Thing Go Right

Can I get a What-What

As We Lay

Easy Lovers

Jagged Little Pill

Pieces of Me

Domo Arigato Mister Roboto

Sleeping Single in a King Size Bed

Bring The Pain

Sweat!

Burn It Up

Slippery When Wet

Leavin' on a Jet Plane

Walk the Line

Tossin' and Turnin'

I just called to say I love you

That's Amore'

Rock Star

Lick It

Rub a Dub Dub

Just a Girl

Kiss of Life

Dirty Little Secret

My Old Friend

Toxic

Dirty

Give Me More

No Ordinary Love

Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend

You'll think of me

Some Sweet Day

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The Object of My Obsession

Ву

Cara North

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A Tease Publishing Book/E book

The Object of My Obsession

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Wind It Up

Closing my eyes, I imagine it is him working me into such a frenzy instead of myself with this damn battery operated ... no, no, and no. My eyes open as all fantasy fades along with my hope of a quick climax, "Damn batteries."

The frustration I feel in this moment is a combination of my heart returning to normal and the ache between my legs reminding me that I was almost there. I look at the clock. Midnight. Where can I get batteries at midnight? I sit up and let out a breath. It doesn't matter, I won't sleep without it. Not when I know that he is in this hotel somewhere and tomorrow I will get to speak with him. It took me months to get this interview and now that I know it is real, I am a little wired up about it.

I look at the man and sigh, "Well Jacob, you're just going to have to hold on for a few minutes." I talk to the magazine as if he can hear me. My current obsession is with one very hunky new actor. I'm great at advice but I haven't been in a real relationship in a while. Recently I have taken to making up relationships with celebrities in my mind. It takes the edge off, and when I do hook up with a hot guy, and it ends badly, or it just ends, I always have Mr. Perfect in my mind there to fall back on. "Don't look at me like that. I know this is desperate, but it is quicker this way, manual takes forever."

I take a quick shower and then head down to the lobby. My hope is that the shop will still be open and that it will have

batteries. Unfortunately, luck was not on my side. "Where is the closest gas station?"

The clerk looks at me like I am crazy and I wonder if I have forgotten to put something on or if I reek of desperation, and she knows. Maybe they really do have those video cameras set up in hotel rooms and she was watching me. Of course then she would know that I need the batteries. Irritation clear on her face she says, "Right down the street."

"Thanks." Nope she doesn't know I need batteries but she does know that I need to pay more attention to my surroundings. As I walk out, I can see the big sign from the front of the hotel. I can't say why I am nervous about this interview, just that I have built him up in my head so much I wonder what he will be like in person. My fear is that he will be a complete jerk and then I won't have my imagination to keep me warm at night. My gut tells me he is an amazing guy and that I will leave here with dreams a plenty. Right now, all I need is to get my batteries, get my orgasm, and get to sleep.

The night sky crackled and thunder clapped as I was about half way to the gas station. I thought I would make it there and back before the rain started.

I was wrong.

I made it to the gas station, purchased a pack of batteries, got a curious look from the old man behind the counter, and headed back to the hotel. The wind howled and blew my hair every direction whipping it across my face one way then the next. I fought the stray strands away from my lips and eyes.

I was almost there, almost to the front of the hotel when the sky opened up and the rain poured down on me. Cool water drenched me as I ran the last few feet to the building. I laughed because I could. No one was around to see me except the night clerk and she was pre-occupied with some tall drink of man checking in. I stifled my giggles as the reality of my desperation sat in. What a sorry state I had come to, slipping out in the middle of the night for batteries. It was time I found a real man again if only for a while.

The elevator opened and I stepped inside. I looked at my reflection in the mirror as I stepped in. I looked a bit crazy I have to admit. My hair wet, my clothes clinging to me, and one clear plastic bag with batteries in my hand. I turned before I scared myself anymore.

"Hold that will ya?" A voice came from the hall.

I pressed the button to keep the door open. I had to; something in his rich timbre compelled me to hold the elevator. I wanted to see the man behind that voice, even if I did look crazy.

"Thanks." Said the man I was masturbating to less than an hour ago.

I blinked a few times. My mouth suddenly dried up, my heart suddenly sped up, and the ache between my legs revived in a whole new way. With great effort, I squeaked out, "You're welcome."

He smiled at me. A half smile and a slight laugh came out. "You didn't make it huh?"

Why in the world was the future of film talking to me? "Make what?"

"You're wet. You didn't make it inside in time." He looked me up and down and I followed his eyes as they covered me head to toe. "We were pulling up as you left. I thought— where in the world is that woman heading at this hour?" He lifted his eyebrows and looked at my hands. "So what made you run out in the middle of the night?"

I wanted to tell him it was none of his business but he could see what was in the bag as sure as I held it. I started to tell him in a very coy way but then a thunderclap shook everything including the elevator and it stopped. Lights flickered and then the generator must have turned on because low lights illuminated the bottom of the elevator floor. "Oh no. No, no, no. I can't be stuck in an elevator."

"I guess you can." He opened the little door and spoke to someone. He sat the phone back and closed the door. His shadowed body turned towards me. "Apparently we can be stuck here for a while. They said lightning hit a transformer and that it would be a while, not to panic."

It wasn't being stuck in an elevator that bothered me. It was the company. How could I not panic when the object of my obsession was in front of me? All I wanted to do was jump on him and here he was telling me not to panic. He should be the one in a panic. He had no idea he was in an elevator with me. I had come all the way to California in hopes of getting five questions answered by him, and now I was trapped in an elevator with him. "Batteries."

"What?" he looked at me. Covered in shadows with just a faint light from the bottom of the elevator I couldn't read his expression but I detected interest in his voice.

"I went out for batteries." I shrugged. Hell it was now or never. I wouldn't get a chance like this in a million lifetimes. I wanted to get a quote from him for my article; I had arranged to be one of the reporters at Wednesday's event. Since I worked for an online magazine and my column could spin publicity to their target audience, they put me on the interview roster.

He laughed. "You're serious?"

"See for yourself." I handed him the bag. He looked inside holding it up to a stream of light.

"Hmm." He handed them back to me. "Now why would a girl like you need those?"

He had no idea what kind of girl I was. "I haven't found a man able to replace them, yet."

I felt as though I were having an out of body experience. Sure, I wrote an advice column about sex, but I really didn't think I had this in me.

"Are you looking in the right place?" His voice dropped a notch and I knew as sure as I knew my name I was about to get what I had been wanting for over a year now.

Boldly, I dropped to my knees and looked up at him. He looked down and I carefully reached for his legs. "May I?"

"When was the last time you did this?" His voice was a whisper. Maybe women dropped to their knees before him every day.

"It's been a few years. I'm clean if that's what you're asking." I slid my hands over jeans and strong muscled thighs underneath them. "When was the last time you let someone do this?"

"Three months ago, before we broke up she..." He shook his head. "I've been tested, you're safe."

I looked up at him, my hands frozen to his thighs. He had broken up with her, the woman in the magazine article he so generously talked about for most of the interview? Could I possibly work into a secret rebound affair? If I did this right, I just might get what I asked for and more.

"I like the way you smell." I pressed my nose to his navel through his shirt and his stomach jerked. My hands centered on the button of his jeans and pulled it free. He pulled his shirt up as I pulled the zipper down. My clit throbbed, my nipples tightened and heat warmed the cool damp fabric clinging to my body.

"I'm Jake by the way." He ran a thumb across my lip and tilted my head up to look at him. "You are?"

"Sonja." Sheesh, I hadn't even told him my name. I laughed. "I'm sorry, I ... it's not every day you get to act out a fantasy."

"You fantasize about this?" He laughed lightly and lifted my hair away from my face as I pulled out his impressive cock and stroked the soft skin over his steel erection.

"I fantasize about you." With the words said out loud I took him into my mouth. Smooth warm skin, clean and throbbing. Without much in the way of a gag reflex, I could almost take him in to the base. He slid easily down my throat and I imagined how good it would feel for him to slide so easily into my pussy.

"I'm sure I'll say the same tomorrow." His stomach trembled under my right fingers. I stroked his balls with my

left hand and as I pulled back from the base of his shaft, I left his cock completely and licked the tight seam between each of his hair roughened testicles.

His head fell back against the wall with a thunk. I licked then sucked his left ball into my mouth then the right. His fingers trembled against my head where he tangled them deeper into my wet hair. I made sure to suck and slurp, and let him know exactly how much I was enjoying this myself. And I was. My hips rocked uncontrollably against the friction of my panties and jeans. My hand moved from his stomach slowly tickling the thick hair surrounding his cock.

"Yes." He said as I gripped him with both hands. I made sure he was wet, slippery and I worked, I worked hard to please him. The nice thing about being an advice columnist is that I took every class open to make sure I could give good advice. I learned how to suck cock in a classroom full of other women with various size dildos stuck to the table. I wrung his dick gently, then with more pressure. I licked the tip, the slit, and circled the head with my tongue. His fingers dug into my scalp and his moans became louder. My forearms rested against his thighs for balance and the more he trembled the hotter I got. I moved closer, brushed my nipples against his leg and let out a moan of my own.

"You taste so good." I gasped. He did. This was better than any fantasy I had ever had. The real thing was beautiful, smooth, and amazing to play with.

He responded with something incoherent. I knew he was ready to come; he had been for a few seconds already. I rocked harder, clenching my thighs with each stroke,

imagining him inside me as he came. I sucked harder, and hummed, loud and hard so each vibration reverberated through him.

"Oh my..." He burst. Fast warm streams of liquid filled my throat and I swallowed. He pushed farther inside my mouth feeling my throat constrict around his shaft with each swallow. His body trembled and jerked. A sense of power and accomplishment flooded me. I wanted to come so badly. I wanted to feel the same release. But I couldn't. I couldn't get nearly enough friction from the jeans.

The light came on and the elevator began moving as quickly as it had stopped. I scrambled from the floor and he hastily tucked his dick away and zipped his pants. The elevator stopped and I looked to see that it was my floor. He opened his lush mouth to say something but I couldn't hear anything, I didn't want to ruin the experience.

"Thanks." He stood mouth agape as the doors closed behind me. I'm sure if women offered him blow jobs daily they probably wanted to stick around afterwards. I wanted to follow my own advice and keep him wanting, be mysterious, but never lie.

I rushed to the room where my magazine laid waiting on the bed. After taking off my clothes and replacing the batteries, I realized that I didn't want to come this way. I wanted him. For real. And now I knew there was hope that I could indeed have him, at least for a night, I didn't want to make-believe anymore.

My legs twisted and my crotch ached. "See you tomorrow afternoon, Jacob."

[Back to Table of Contents]

A Real Bad Boy

The press lined up outside the series of rooms set up for each of the stars. We would have five minutes with each of them and that was it. I was eighth in line and knew that by the time anyone spoke to me it was going to be a forced effort. Luckily, Jacob was the last on my list. Unfortunately, there were seven more people behind me.

I had a list of questions for each of them, especially the young starlet who had turned nineteen last week. She professed to be a virgin and that the film, though controversial in nature due to the sex scenes, had not influenced her. I knew better. Those scenes were with Jacob and there was no way any woman alive couldn't be influenced by that mans hands on them. The thought of his hands in my hair, his cock in my mouth made me ache in wonderful places. The way he smelled, all warm and spicy, the way he tasted, clean and...

"So you're saying that the scenes in the movie have not impacted your views?" I smile as she blushes slightly.

"Exactly." She shrugged. "I mean, with so many people standing around while you're doing them it isn't like you can really get lost in the moment. The director kept telling me to move left, turn more this way, and say this. It was awkward and I was clumsy."

"What do you mean?" I asked. She leaned in and I knew she was dying to tell me something she couldn't or really shouldn't share.

"Well, off the record?" I nodded and she continued. "They wear these sock thingies and as I was pulling his pants down in one scene I took the sock with it. He was out for all to see."

"And?" I was on the edge of my seat.

"He covered himself quickly and I sat there with my mouth hanging open, embarrassed, and in shock. I know the tabloids think I am lying, but I really am a virgin. I hadn't seen one before, not like that." Her cheeks deepened their color and her hands came up to cover her face. "I really shouldn't be telling you this."

"It's okay. I won't print it." I smiled. "Quite impressive isn't he?"

"I'll say." She laughed and fanned herself. "I thought he was a bit of an egotistical jerk when I started working with him, but as the film went on, and he forgave me for exposing him, I think he's a really neat guy."

"Any chance of a romantic relationship?" I hope my voice doesn't give away my immediate concern.

"No." She said flat out, and then thought about it. "No, I don't think he would. If he would, I would consider it. Can you ask him that question?"

The knock on the door meant my time was up. "Sure."

Oh, I would ask him all right. I stopped outside his door and realized that this was going to be awkward. No two ways about it. I took a deep breath and knocked on the door.

"Come in." He called. I stepped inside and his back was to me. "Would you like some water? I'm thirsty from all this talking."

"No thanks." I said and he stopped pouring the water. He turned slowly and I gulped.

His brown hair was in an arranged mess on top of his head. Disheveled but neatly and purposefully done so. He wore a grey sweater with a white collared shirt underneath. Grey slacks and white tennis shoes completed the outfit. His blue eyes searched my face and then looked me over. His eyes didn't return to mine though; they stopped at the press tag hanging around my neck.

"Shit." He scrubbed his hands over his face then shook his head. "I knew better."

"Better than what?" I ask as he begins pacing back and forth.

"Shit!" He clenched his fists and I took a step back. "You did that on purpose didn't you? So where is it going to end up? How much are they paying you for it? What do you want from me?"

"Nothing." His face was red and angry. It made my heart ache. Not that I was in love with him, but to think I would do what I did for any purpose other than my own pleasure and his, hit me in the gut like a bag of bricks.

"Don't look at me like that." He shook his head. His eyebrows drawn together in a scowl, his lips pursed. He was as handsome as ever but mad nonetheless.

"I didn't do what I did last night to put it in the paper. I did it for me." I turned to walk out but thought better of it. "I knew it would be awkward for you to see me again, but I have a job to do. I had five questions to ask you about the movie, that's all. Last night, that was something for me. I

guess women suck you off on a regular basis but I generally don't drop to my knees for anyone, even celebrities."

"Wait." He said as I walked out. Respect is an essential part of any relationship. Self-respect was essential to the most important relationship I had, the one with myself.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Real Good Man

I packed my bags and sat on the foot of the hotel bed. My plane wasn't due to leave for another six hours but I couldn't get out of there fast enough. I wanted to get away from him, as far away as possible. A simple fantasy had turned into a nightmare. Frustrated and pouting I didn't know what else to do so I sat there sulking.

The knock on my door came as a surprise. I hadn't ordered anything, I wasn't expecting anyone. I walked to the door and looked through the peep hole.

My heart lodged in my throat. There he was, leaning against the doorframe with one hand on his hip. He looked ready to leave when I turned the lock and opened the door.

"Hey." He said and looked both ways down the hall. "Can I come in?"

I stepped back. Every motion I made was with effort. Here he was in my hotel room. I was angry, disappointed, but at the same time after cooling off, I realized he wasn't a normal guy. He was living in a fish bowl and he'd taken one liberty with me and didn't know if I would share that with the world.

"You're leaving?" He asked as I shut the door.

"In a few hours I head back to Kentucky." My tongue was like cotton my words struggled. In the light of day, he was more handsome than any photograph. He still wore the same outfit he had on earlier. His hand rose up and pushed through his hair. It gave a new tumble to the brown locks. The stretch

of his arm reminded me of what an impressive stomach he had.

"Kentucky?" His eyebrow lifted and he made a face. It was adorable and I smiled.

"Yeah." I shrugged.

"I thought you were a reporter for the Cali Chronicle." He walked around the room looking at my luggage, the chair, the bed, the dresser, anything but me.

"I am. I telecommute; they have both online and print publications." I still stood by the door. "I lived in California when I was at college. Then I went home to help my grandmother until she passed. She left me the house so I stayed there."

I didn't know why I was talking so damn much but my nerves were getting the best of me.

"You want me to go?" He asked and motioned toward the door.

"No." I shook my head.

"You wanna sit down then?" He took a seat at the table and looked at me expectantly. "You're making me nervous standing by the door."

I crossed the floor in what seemed like slow motion. The reality of this moment was still sinking in. He looked at me thoughtfully as I took a seat at the table. His fingers drew my attention as they strummed in turn across the wood.

"I wanted to apologize for earlier." He said then sat back in his chair. "I wasn't expecting to see you again. I really wasn't expecting you to walk in with a press tag. I've never been

that careless before and when I saw you, I just expected the worst."

"I understand." And I did. "It was a moment. I don't normally go around blowing guys in elevators. But how could I pass up a chance to be with you in person?"

He smiled. His cheeks turned pink. "I'm not special."

"Yeah ya are." I could feel the heat creep into my own cheeks. "I lobbied for three months to get permission to come to this junket."

"Really?" He looked at me and my heart skipped a beat. My nipples hardened and my clit pulsed. That fast I was in lust all over again.

I shrugged. His tongue swept out over his bottom lip.

"You know when I saw you walking last night I thought about you. I didn't just wonder where you were going. I wondered who you were, what you did, you caught my attention." He smiled that half smile women around the world longed to see up close like this. His face was showing stubble along his jaw, chin and upper lip. It gave him a very rugged look, it made me long to touch him.

"Well, I'm an advice columnist for the Cali Chronicle and you have held my attention for over a year now." I smiled, licked my lips and tried not to tremble.

"What time does your plane leave?" He looked at me. I knew in that instant he wanted me. He was curious and so was I. A dangerous game for us both to be playing. He could easily call my job and have me fired for inappropriate conduct. He is a star; I am a replaceable column in a magazine. For my part, I could betray his trust, and share

this experience with the world. Of course, I wouldn't. I wouldn't share these details with anyone, but he didn't know that. Or did he?

"What do you have in mind?" I lean in and hope he can see how ready I am for whatever it is he is thinking.

"What are you up for?" He pulled his bottom lip in and bit it. He leaned closer and opened his hand on the table. My heart pounded against my chest and my panties grew wet.

My hand crept across the table and touched his. His strong fingers, soft yet rugged gripped my hand and pulled me up as he stood. I looked up at him and said, "Everything."

"Everything?" He tilted his head and looked at me.

"Yes." I tiptoed up to meet his lips as they came down to greet mine.

My right leg bent and my foot lifted off the ground, just like in the old time movies. His kiss was breathtaking. My tongue caressed his in long lazy strokes. He wasn't fast and clumsy; he took his time exploring my mouth. He stroked his tongue across the roof of my mouth and it tickled. A sensation I had never experienced before.

His hands pulled me in closer, fingers spread on my lower and upper back. I became light headed. I needed air but I would pass out before pulling away from him. My clit throbbed, and as if he read my mind, he slipped a well muscled leg between my thighs.

The leg that bent back now came forward and wrapped around his. He pulled out of the kiss but not before I gently nibbled his lower lip.

I looked up at him. His eyes were heavy with lust, his breath labored, his heartbeat matching mine in pace. He smiled then said, "You have gorgeous eyes."

"Back at ya." I held onto his back like a lifeline. When he returned to kiss again, it wasn't as tender as the first time. It was hungry, eating at my mouth with urgency. I responded in kind. Nothing on the planet would make me happier than to have those lips, that mouth, eating my pussy the way it was eating my kisses. His nose collided with mine as we switched positions. His feet began to move us towards the bed.

"I want you so bad..." He said as he lowered us both to the bed. "I haven't felt like this since I was seventeen."

I couldn't respond to that admission. He took my lips again and with ease, he laid us both back on the bed. His able fingers undid the buttons on my blouse. I pulled at the gray sweater and shirt beneath it. He laughed a strangled laugh. I smiled.

"Take it off." I pulled my shirt the rest of the way off as he pulled his over his head. As the material came up, I witnessed the awesome sight of his chest. Sprinkled with soft brown hair swirling around each masculine nipple. I could not resist, I latched on to him and his arms fell around my back as the shirt fell to the side of the bed.

"My turn." He pushed me back and pulled the cup of my bra to expose my breast. "These are real aren't they?"

"Yes." I said as he bent to suckle the beaded nipple. My whole pussy throbbed now. I could feel the electric pulse of each suck arch from the tip of my nipple to the tip of my clit. My fingers pushed through his soft brown hair and my head

fell back as he switched to treat the other nipple with the same succulent pleasure. "You are making me crazy."

"Good." He whispered then licked my neck. "I did fantasize about you last night. I could barely sleep. I kept replaying your lips on my cock, and I kept wondering if I would ever see you again."

All the things a woman wanted to hear. At least everything I wanted to hear from my lust crush. "Let me suck on you."

"Can I do the same?" He asked as he rolled to his back.

"Nothing would make me happier." My stomach trembled as his fingers trailed over me down to the button on my slacks. We smiled at each other, silently agreeing to take off our own pants as we had the shirts.

The room was filled with daylight; we could see each other completely. Unlike last night there were no shadows to hide his face, and no shadows to conceal any insecurity I may have. And I do have a few, but nothing as major as to stop me now.

"Nice tat." He stroked a thumb over the design on my lower back setting off tingles in places I was unaware could tingle until then. I unfastened my bra and my breasts settled heavily against me.

"It was a bet." I pulled the pants off completely and turned to face him. He was laid back on the pillow just looking at me and stroking the raised design of the tattoo. A small design, a black and white yin and yang circle. "Some days I regret it, others I am pretty proud I had the balls to sit there and get it."

"It's nice." He slid his hand up my back and tugged at my shoulder. I turned to face him completely. "So."

"So." I said and attempted to look at his eyes not his erection.

"Here we are." He said sincerely with a slight smile.
"Naked."

"Yes." I responded breathlessly, "You are naked."

My courage returned in a whoosh as I slid my hand up his hair-roughened calf and over his kneecap. He slid the back of one hand down my arm leaving chills of fire in its wake. My nipples tightened impossibly more, my hand reached for the stalk of his erection, and he hissed a breath as I gripped him.

"He's beautiful." I said and meant it. Perfect. I had never seen a more perfect penis in my lifetime, and I had seen my share of dicks before. His bashfulness at the flattery was betrayed by the drop of pre-come sliding down the broad head. "For me?"

I didn't give him a chance to respond to my question, I leaned over and licked a gentle lick across the top and gathered the taste of him on my tongue. "You're also delicious."

His abs jerked as his hands moved to my thighs pulling me over him. "Let's see who tastes best shall we?"

I don't think he realized how turned on I was just to be in the same room with him, much less straddling his face. As his fingers slid up my thigh, I slid my mouth down his cock. I wanted to keep from crying out. It was no use.

Two thumbs pulled my folds apart and I moaned as his tongue hit my swollen flesh.

"Damn you're hot." He said before returning to his exploration.

And explore he did. Masterfully he licked up one swollen fold then down the other. His tongue probed the opening and circled the tender entrance. When he finally flicked it over my clit, I nearly came. "Jacob." I cried out and gripped his cock harder.

"Suck my balls like you did last night, which was amazing by the way." He rasped, then returned to his tortuously gentle flicking over my clit.

I obliged him, and was rewarded with a finger pressed inside me. I could feel each knuckle as he slid in. The next probe he pushed in two. He began scissoring them, stretching the tender flesh, exploring my depths and what angles I responded to most.

I pulled to the tip and released with a pop. "I want you to fuck me."

The words sounded ragged and desperate to my own ears.

He rumbled a response and then suckled me as his two fingers rammed deep, hard, and fast into me. I couldn't put my mouth on him, my teeth were clenched as the sensation chased through my body and wound me so tight I thought I might break. Then I did, into a thousand pieces as I shuddered and jerked involuntarily. I loosened my grip for fear I may hurt him. The cries ripped from my throat were unlike anything I had heard before. I needed that.

"Are you on birth control?" He asked as he pushed my ass with both of his hands moving me forward.

"Yes." I nodded as I moved over him.

"Then ride me." He gripped my hips and pulled me down onto his perfect pink cock. The feel of his glands as they rubbed past my entry almost toppled me again. Determined to give him a good ride I closed my eyes and focused on the pull and push, the lift and drag of fucking him. His fingers gripped me tighter, branding my skin with his marks. He pushed up as I pushed down causing my breasts to jiggle and the nipples to ache. "That's so good."

"Yeah?" I asked. "What else can I do?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Anything." I responded and I meant it. This was a once in a lifetime chance and I wanted to take him any way my body would allow it. Any way he wanted to, any way that would leave my image in his mind for a while after I was gone.

"Anything?" He jerked and lost his rhythm under the word.

I stilled, and then slowly rearranged myself so that I could turn around to face him without pulling his cock out of me. Once I looked at him face to face, time stood still. I could feel the cool air over my sweat wet skin, I could smell the two of us and our efforts in the room, I could see the flame lit in those big blue eyes. I watched as a drop of sweat rolled from his temple, as his bottom lip pulled in and tucked under his top before returning. I licked my own lips, bent closer to his mouth and whispered, "Anything."

His grip on my ass firmed and then slowly he began to rock me up and down his shaft again. "Tell me what I do in your fantasies."

I wasn't expecting that. I faltered a heartbeat and then swallowed my fear. What was the worst he could say? No.

Hell, I was already in heaven, I didn't need more I just wanted it.

"You take me in every way known to man. You're gentle yet firm, giving yet demanding, and you make me come..." I smiled, a slight giggle escaped. "You make me come until the batteries give out."

He smiled. "Let's see if I can hold out then."

His finger slid between my ass cheeks and circled the budded hole there. My eyes must have grown bigger in surprise. This wasn't something I did usually but it was something I would do with him if that is what he wanted. "I have lube in the bag."

"Good." He firmly smacked my butt cheek and said, "Get it."

I tried to get off, of him but he grabbed my neck gently and pulled me down for a mind blowing, tongue twisting, soul binding kiss. When he let me up for air, I was dizzy. "I'll be right back."

The sting on my left cheek tingled as I searched my overnight bag for the tube of lubricant. I heard him moving on the bed behind me.

"Wow," He said. "You can see my whole hand on your ass."

I turned my head and smiled. "It still tingles."

"I've never smacked a girl's ass like that before, was it too hard?" He tilted his head.

"No." I smiled and returned with the tube. "This is plain lubricant. I've never done this before. I mean I've read about it, given advice based on research and doctors reports, but I

haven't had anything other than a finger up there and that was for my exam."

His lips curled in a very naughty fashion. "I've done this before."

"Here," I passed him the tube. "Show me what to do."

"Lay down." He got up on his knees and positioned me on my back. He slid down and spread my legs wide over each muscular thigh. His penis bobbed and weaved on its own accord. I looked at the bulbous head still covered in my juices. I wanted to lick him, to suck him again. I enjoyed sucking a man off but I thought I could spend my life on my knees before that beautiful dick. "You're breaking my concentration."

"How?" I asked and looked up at him. He was staring at me.

"You keep staring at my dick like you want to eat it." He squeezed lube onto his fingers and lifted a brow.

"I do." I watched his fingers. He sat the tube close to his leg.

His bottom lip disappeared under his top and back out again. I really liked the way he licked his lips by sucking the lower lip in to wet it then pressing them together. It seemed so masculine to me. Not as masculine as the bob of his Adam's apple as he leaned over me though. "Relax."

I nod and swallow hard as he gently takes my lips and slicks his fingers over the virginal bud of my asshole.

He circles gently, gently, and then he begins to kiss down my neck as he slowly applies pressure. In, out, not breaching just pressing. As I get used to it, he slides further down my

body. At the moment he pushed into me to the first knuckle of his finger, he suckled my clit with his mouth.

The assault of pleasure and pressure send me rocking into him. His finger dips farther into my anus and I realize I did that myself. He continues to lick and suck my clit as the push and pull inside my ass becomes comfortable, familiar, and pleasurable.

A second finger stretches me as I topple over the edge in a violent orgasm. I jerk, and I feel him smiling against my pussy as I come. He did that, and he is proud of it. I imagine he was not expecting to take my ass cherry but as he sits back and looks at me, I know nothing in this world would please him more.

To my surprise, he has a condom ready. He disrupts my haze long enough to roll it on. "You're going to like this."

He seemed so sure. I nodded in agreement, my legs still twitching from the last saps of my orgasm.

"Relax, breathe." He said as he pushed the tip of his cock to my anus.

I watched him watch himself as he pushed against me. His face was pink, his neck strained against the effort and his chest flushed with color as well. He was the one needing to breathe I decided as he pushed the head past the tight ring of defense.

I gasped.

He let out his breath. Pushed in another inch then pulled back before sliding even deeper.

I swallowed hard, fought tears, gripped the bedding and tried to relax.

"Be right there." He said and adjusted himself over me. Now face to face he stilled. "You're beautiful."

I opened my mouth to say something and he kissed me. Slowly, passionately he began fucking me as though he were making love to my pussy instead of my ass. He reached down between us, balanced on one arm, his lower body weight resting on me as he thrust in and out, he circled my clit and the pressure was too intense.

"Too much." I sniffed.

"You do it." He kissed a tear from my left eye. "Am I hurting you?"

"No." I shook my head. He wasn't, I didn't know why the hell I was crying. I just was.

"Come for me." He licked my neck, pulled skin between his teeth and marked me. He trailed kisses up my neck and my hand obeyed him. I pushed between us and he balanced evenly on both of his arms again. "Yeah that's it. I can feel you rubbing yourself. I want to watch you come. I want you to feel what it's like this way. I want you to remember me when you leave."

As if, I would forget! He kissed me again, more intense, eating at my mouth the way he now knew made me weak. He picked up the pace and I found myself chasing the sensation of an orgasm. Each clench earned a groan from him, his face twisted; his breath came heavy, sweat poured off of him and onto me.

"Fuck," He shouted.

"Yes." I cried. "More."

"Almost there." He was waiting for me. I could feel his prick hard inside me. I could feel every bit of resistance as I tightened for release. It was an effort for him to move as I wound up for the break.

"Jacob!" I cried out and he groaned a long loud roar of a sound in my ear.

I felt each pulse and throb around him. I felt each twitch and jerk of his cock inside me. I knew now I had not lied to all of those people who asked if it was enjoyable. I told them it was a personal preference. I realized now it had everything to do with the partner.

He slowly pulled out of me and then collapsed on top of me letting his full weight rest on me as he caught his breath.

I relished the feel of him. His weight, his scent, I ran my hand up his back and caressed his shoulders, his spine. His lips kissed my shoulder then curled in a lazy smile. "When does your plane leave again?"

His breath was growing slow and heavy. "In a few hours. We should probably shower now don't you think?"

He nodded against my shoulder. "So..."

"What?"

"Never mind." He pushed up, bussed a kiss across my nose and got off the bed. "Come on."

I wasn't sure if my legs were going to work. I lifted one heavy limb then the other. My butt hurt. The tiny hole ached with pleasure and pain as it constricted to return to normal.

"Water's ready." He said as I approached the bathroom.

I shook my head as I climbed into the shower with the object of my obsession. Never in my wildest dreams did I

expect all of this. He was easy to be around. I became afraid of talking to him in an instant. He could ruin everything by saying something real stupid right now. So could I.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Temporary One

The warm water rolled over his sinewy body and I almost slipped from nerves and not paying attention to anything other than his ass as I got in the shower with him.

"Careful." He grabbed my arm as he turned and held me.

I looked up into those eyes and my lips curved into a smile of content. "You look good wet."

"Yeah?" he asked as if he didn't already know that. "You're okay right?"

"I'm fine. More than fine. I'm standing in the shower with my object of lust." I closed one eye as water sprayed into it as he moved to face the water again.

"Lust huh?"

"Well." I shrugged and touched his firm buttocks with both hands gripping them, sizing them, and enjoying myself. "You are pretty lusty."

He laughed. "What were your questions?"

"What questions?" I ran my hand up his back trying to remember every muscle, every angle, everything about this moment.

"The interview." He turned and surprised me by squeezing a dollop of shampoo in his hand then working it into my hair. I didn't like the hotel shampoo but I wouldn't dare say that now. He continued massaging. "What did you want to ask me?"

"I ... I" Hell if I know. How could he possibly expect me to think when he was massaging my scalp? He stopped then

waited until I opened my eyes again and looked at him. "I'm sorry. I, uh, well general things."

"Like?" He let me rinse my hair and then he applied conditioner.

"Like, I can't concentrate with you doing that." I didn't mean it to sound like a chastisement but really, he was too much to process.

"Oh." He stopped and stepped back.

"I'm sorry. I'm just ... you know it's weird. I mean you're being so fucking awesome to me. I really feel a little off balance. In my head you were just there until I came, then I went to sleep. Here, I mean you're really here. I mean I don't want to ask questions, I want to touch you and feel you, and I am afraid if I talk to you I might say something stupid, really stupid and then this will all disappear." He arched a brow and his jaw ticked as his lips pursed on one side. "What?"

"You're cute all worked up like that." His shoulders raised and lowered. "So, you don't want the interview?"

My mouth opened then closed.

"So you do want the interview?"

I stood there on trembling stems. My ass ached, my pussy was still swollen and raw, my clit over sensitized and swollen, thoroughly fucked and suddenly tired, and he wanted to do the interview. "Okay."

"Okay." He stepped out of the shower and I took the time I needed to collect myself. I walked out with my hair in a towel and a robe wrapped around me. He sat in his towel at the table drinking a soda from the stocked refrigerator. I hate

those things; they charge three times more than it cost to walk ten feet to a vending machine.

I grabbed my own five dollar soda from the refrigerator and my notebook from my purse. I took a seat at the table across from him.

"Give me your foot." He held a hand out under the table.

"No." I laugh. "I can't do his if you're touching me."

"Sure you can." He motioned for me to give him my foot anyways.

Why is that men always ask for what you are the most insecure about? My feet are sensitive, big, ugly, and oh my...

"Ask the question." He looks at me then back at my foot in his hand. His thumb rubs the arch and I can't stifle a moan.

"Like that?"

I shake my head and pull it from his grip. "Okay, so tell me what made you want to be a part of such a controversial film?"

I jot down his answers to the top four questions then I ask him about his co-star.

"She's a good girl. Pretty, young, and a great actress. She has a future ahead of her unless we ruined her career with this film." He laughed. "But seriously, I need a woman in my life that isn't afraid to take chances. A woman who is secure in her own skin. I have a lot of girls who write me letters, send me gifts, it's all part of the movie thing. Truth is, I don't want to date another actress. I don't want to compete with her, or vice versa. I want someone who can travel with me, who will challenge me, who lets me get my way sometimes,"

he winked, and I blushed, "Someone who adores me, and someone I can adore."

I gulp. I know it can't be me. "Well, thank you. For everything."

"You're welcome, for everything." He licked those lush lips again and I fight the urge to beg him to let me suck him off one last time.

"I should get ready to go. I only have a few hours and technically I should be at the airport by now." Reluctantly I close my notebook. I did what I came to do and then some. These were two days I would remember for the rest of my life.

"All right." He nodded.

We dressed in separate rooms. He went into the bathroom. I could hear him pee, then flush the toilet, then turn on the sink. I could imagine him pulling clothes over that body and I knew when he stepped out he would look as put together when he left as he did when he walked into the door. I on the other hand looked a wreck. My blouse had a new crease in it from the way it landed on the floor; my hair was damp and pulled back in a school teacher bun, all make-up removed without time to replace it.

"So do you have a business card or something?" He stuffed his hands into his front pockets and leaned against the doorframe.

My heart fluttered. "Yes."

I dug into my purse and pulled out the same card I gave everyone else.

"This is a good number?" He pulled a hand out of his pocket and then looked the card over.

"Of course." I nod.

"Good." He smiled. "Do you ever use messaging?"

"Yeah, all the time, why?" I check to make sure I have everything zipped up and packed away in the bags. In my head, I see us performing naughty acts over instant messaging with the use of a video camera. "The I-M I-D is on there."

"So if I send you a request..."

"I'd accept." I smile uncontrollably.

He wiggles his eyebrows and tucks the card in his front pocket. "I need to sneak out of here if that's okay with you."

He lifts off the doorframe and steps towards me.

That easily I am falling in lust again. "I had a great time. I promise not to tell anyone about it."

"Thank you." He tugged me into his arms and hugged me tight. "I had an amazing time. You have no idea how much I needed this, maybe you will though, and soon."

What a weird thing to say I thought, but he tilted my head up to meet his lips as they came down on mine for a quick kiss.

"See ya." He smacked then cupped my butt cheek playfully, less stinging than before. My clit throbbed, and I knew ... it was the start of a whole new obsession.

Brokenheartsville

Stretching, scratching, and groaning I roll my ass out bed and face the day. The sun is too bright, the milk is a day old, and it has been two weeks since I left California. The mark he left on my neck is long gone. My ass doesn't feel any different than it did before his invasion. Everything is back to normal, except me.

Needless to say the object of my obsession, one Mr. Hollywood movie star Jacob Brandon has not called, e-mailed, or sent me an instant message.

I turn on the computer and as it loads I pour a cup of coffee, resigned that today I will not hope to see his name on my incoming mail list, that I won't have a friend request for my messenger, that the phone will only ring if it is Brittany, my best friend in this world, calling me. Or work, my article increased hits to the website and now I have more reader questions than I have had in two years.

I sit down and begin my morning workday of sorting emails from readers into their appropriate bins so that I can decide what I want to research next, or if I will be lazy and revisit an old topic. I'm irked at all the questions I am getting about the Hollywood interview. It was my first celebrity article and my readers are going nuts with questions about them.

The messenger box pops up with a friend request from crzyjake93

Crzyjake93: Hey, it's me Sonjaganda: Me who?

Crzyjake93: ah, forgotten me already?

Sonjaqanda: do I know you?

Crzyjake93: Jacob

Sonjaganda: seriously, how do I know this is you?

Crzyjake93: accept my request as a friend

Sonjaqanda: not likely

Crzyjake93: so I guess you didn't appreciate that last

smack on the ass?

The curser sat blinking at me, mocking me really. Was this some sick joke? Or was it really him?

Crzyjake93: Sonja?

I accept the add friend request. My heart pounds in my chest to the point that I hear it in my ears. This is it; he is really talking to me. I am overjoyed, I am furious.

Sonjaqanda: how is California?

Crzyjake93: I just got home

Sonjaqanda: good4u

Crzyjake93: NY

Crzyjake93: don't be mad

Sonjaganda: I'm not

Crzyjake93: :-(

Sonjaqanda: how is NY?

Crzyjake93: Do you have a web cam

Sonjaqanda: no

Crzyjake93: get one

Sonjaqanda: ?

Crzyjake93: forget it, I'm calling

My eyes roll up as if to say whatever to the computer screen, but the phone rings. The caller ID tells me it is a private number. No doubt.

"Hello?" I ask annoyed and excited at the same time. My head is really not cooperating with my heart at this moment.

"Why are you mad at me?" His liquid voice runs into my throbbing ears and I begin to soften immediately.

"I'm not mad." I lie.

"Ah, so then you have moved on to stalk another." He laughs at his statement.

"I haven't moved on to anything. I did get a lot of questions on the article though. A lot of people want to know about you and your co-star, they say there are pictures of you two together in LA having lunch, shopping." I know my voice betrays me yet I can't stop saying all the wrong things despite myself.

"I'm in New York. I spent another week in LA and yes I hung out with her, but I didn't fuck her if that's what you're getting at." Now he sounded annoyed.

"It's not my business if you did." My inside voice is screaming right now to stop this before I really mess things up. I have Jacob Brandon on the phone, he has called me, sent me an instant message, and now I am acting like a love sick teenager instead of a grown woman who understands what we did in California was just a fling.

"What's the weather like there?" He asks.

I think about it. I look out the kitchen window and see overcast skies, "Why did you wait two weeks? I mean I didn't

need you to call me the next day, but my ass hurt for three and I could have used a phone call, an e-mail, something."

He laughs, I'm not mad anymore. I can almost see him smiling into the phone. "Yeah, about that. It took me a while to get the nerve up."

"Bullshit." Now I am laughing. Like he needs courage to call me for crying out loud.

"Oh, what you think because I'm an actor I have lines lying around?" He says then sobers, "I don't have anything to do for a few weeks. Can I come see you?"

The words ring in my ear. I don't believe him, "Sure. Why not?"

He is silent on the other end. I hear him moving around and it sounds like he is opening a drawer then closing it. He lets out a breath and says, "This weekend?"

"Why not?" I shrug. I don't believe him for one minute. After all, it took two weeks for him to call, and, no ... I won't get my hopes up. Now I am lying to myself. My nerves are kicking in. He may actually be serious. I look around my kitchen and think about what he would look like in it. My right foot is now tapping the floor at a pace that sounds like a rabbit thumping the ground.

"See you then." He hangs up.

How rude.

I type the words "You don't know where I live" in the IM box.

I get a smiley face back as a reply.

Beautiful Wings

I understand why my grandmother said she could wear a hole in a rug. I have followed the well worn path from my living room to my kitchen, to the dining room, stopping at the front door to look out, then make the track around again. I have done this so many times that I can't keep track of the count. All morning, all afternoon. I feel like a nut case.

I know he is not really coming, or is he? I don't really know. He didn't call or e-mail or IM me after our talk. I have been wound up all week. My article is done, Brittany knows something is up. I thank God she lives in California or else she would have been over by now. I haven't told her. I don't know why. I just can't seem to admit this is real to anyone.

The phone rings and I make a mad dash for it. "Hello?"
"Sonja, I was hoping you could do me a favor." My boss is
always looking for favors. "I need someone to review a few
products we were sent and they seem more up your alley."

"No more sex toys, I have enough." I plop down on the couch and shake my head. I get a shipment of products almost every month from companies wanting me to mention their items in my article. They ship to the post office box, and all my mail shipped there is forwarded to me here. It works since I don't want to give my home address. It is a two hour drive to town from my house so the Postmaster set it up for me.

"Not toys," he groans and I know he is reaching for something. "It's a bunch of clothing items. They sent a catalogue I just need to give them an address."

"Sure why not?" I hear what sounds like a knock but I am certain it is my mind playing tricks on me.

"They want to advertise so it's important..." his voice trails off as I decidedly do hear a knock at the front door.

"Sure, send em'. Look, I gotta go." I hang up on him and walk toward the front door.

I had paced for hours at the speed of light and somehow now, when he may actually be here, my feet are dragging forward.

The knock on the door is louder this time, more impatient. Then I hear him.

"Sonja," he says, and then fires off another knock.

The solid wood door conceals us from one another. He doesn't know that I am trying to get there. When I open the door, he is lifting his duffle bag as if he were going to walk away. "Hey."

He turns, looks me up and down, and then pushes a hand through his silky brown locks as I come undone. "Hey."

I can't believe he is here. This is more real than reality, it is real to the point of fantasy and so I switch over in my mind and accept the fantasy. It works. I pull myself together and invite him in.

He looks around. I know he wasn't expecting this. "My grandmother left me this house and the farmland. I don't work the land, but there are people who do. They give me a portion of the crops. My parents live in the city, my dad grew

up here and he hated it. I came here for summers since both of my parents worked. I had some of the best times at this place."

"It's remote." He follows me to the kitchen. "As soon as I saw it on the map I wanted to come here. I hope you don't mind me using it as a place to lay low for a while."

Bold and unabashed I can't help myself, "I guess that depends on where you plan to lay at night."

"So I'm out of the doghouse?" His bags hit the floor with a thud.

I turn to face him and his arms open to embrace me. I step into them as he folds me in a hug.

I am happy, I am warm, and I am crazy about him. I have a feeling this visit will be a life changing event for me, maybe for both of us. "Let me give you the tour."

He leaves his bags in the kitchen and I show him around the downstairs. "You can put your car in the garage if you like."

"Okay." He nods.

I start up the stairs and feel nervous. With each step, I know I am leading this man to a bedroom. With each step, I know what I hope to do when we get there.

At the top of the stairs, I take a right into the first room. My bedroom. I don't feel like showing him anything else right now. My heart is strumming; all my senses are in overdrive. The soft carpet tickles my bare feet, I have never been more aware of myself than I am in this moment. "This is my bedroom."

He steps in close behind me. Arms wrap around me and lips touch the skin on my neck. His erection presses against me through his clothes and mine. His breath in my ear, he whispers, "Is it wrong to do this so soon?"

"No." I decide.

He is pleased by the response and hugs me tighter, his hands take a detour. One goes north the other south. His right hand finds my breasts already at attention. His left finds the elastic waistband on the skirt no barrier at all. For my part, I do nothing. I stand there and lean against him holding onto his thighs for balance and let him fondle me at will.

When his fingers touch the liquid fire inside me I moan. His face nuzzles against the side of mine and I turn to kiss him. "You're already wet." He says before taking my lips.

I melt. Literally, my knees grow weak and I begin sliding. He thinks this is funny and laughs. Not a full out laugh but a breathy laugh of impatience and desire. "Climb on the bed."

His hands leave my sweet spot and breast. I head to the bed like an million dollars is waiting on it for me. Hands first then knees I begin to throw pillows. I hear his zipper and I stop mid throw to look at him.

"Stay, just like that." He fists his shirt and pulls it over his head. I complete the pillow toss and remain on my hands and knees. I watch him ungracefully disrobe. He hadn't removed his shoes and now his jeans were tripping him as he tried to get rid of them both at once. It is my turn to laugh as he hops on one foot, finishes pulling off his clothes, and stands like a Greek statue before me, which in an instant, stops my laughing. "Well, what do you think?"

"I think I have too many clothes on." I lift up off my hands and pull my shirt over my head. By the time, I toss it to the floor he is behind me on the bed. His weight dipping me to the left and right as he settles in.

"I'll take it from here." His fingers slide under my bra straps and gently pull them over my shoulders. His lips kiss my neck. I feel the bob of his cock against my back and I lean into him. "Bend over."

Obeying I do. He lifts my skirt and pushes it over my hips. I am half-dressed and I think he likes that. His hands pull my panties down and awkwardly we maneuver until they are off. I feel his teeth on my left butt cheek and then both hands move to pull my swollen folds apart.

I am wet and ready, arching back against him as the soft head of his cock probes my opening.

Like a well made glove he slides right into me and we both groan.

"I've been thinking about you." He says as he pulls out then pushes all the way in. My front collapses onto the bed, clinging to one of two pillows remaining there. "You're just as sweet as I remember."

I can't respond in words. I make plenty of noises though as he fucks me. Yes, he is fucking me. Pushing and pulling my body against him and away from him with his hands on my ass like it is a steering wheel he drives us both to the brink of danger and back.

"Come Sonja. I want to feel you come around my dick." One hand leaves the steering wheel and attempts to stroke my clit.

"Too much." I protest. He is going to have to learn how to do this with me.

I hear a groan of frustration and he relents, "You can show me later, I need you to come now."

He goes back to steering, and I do my best to balance and touch myself at the same time.

Sparks flitter in and out; I can't at this pace, "Slow down." "You're killing me here." He says but he slows down.

I circle my clit gently then with more pressure and push against him at the pace, I know works for me. His fingers dig into my ass and I know by his noises that this is in fact torture for him. "Almost there." I promise.

I round the corner and start climbing that peak just as he bursts inside me. "I'm sorry." He says.

He comes and I match him throb for throb.

I move forward to lay flat and he slips out of me. I lay there, face down, and he rolls next to me lying face up. I turn to face him and he is looking at me.

For a long moment, we lay like that. Staring at each other, trying to figure out what the hell we are doing here. He breaks the silence as I lay here thinking to myself how much better it is to look into eyes that stare back at me, smell hot male flesh not just wonder what he would smell like. My lips ache to taste him again and know that beyond any thoughts, what he tastes like is real. He is real and here and it is wonderful.

"Tell me your darkest fantasy, something you wouldn't tell your best friend in the world." He rolls to his side and props up on an elbow. All the while, he is staring at me. Those eyes

piercing into my soul, this is not just a fling. At least, not in the conventional sense of things. He won't be satisfied to just know my body; he wants to know my soul as well.

"No way." I curve my lips to smile at him and he does that thing where he pulls in his lower lip and bites it. I am powerless against this move. I fear he knows this already.

"Come on, you tell me yours, I'll tell you mine." He waggles his eyebrows suggestively and I giggle.

"When did you eat last?" I ask in an attempt to change the subject.

"Hours ago. You hungry?"

"Starving. I didn't want to eat dinner until I knew..."

"You thought I wasn't going to come?" He reaches over to me and pushes my hair behind my ear.

"If I thought you weren't coming I would have ate." I lie, I wasn't honestly sure if he would show up or not, but I was so full of nerves I couldn't eat anyways. What I feel right now is as if he has given me wings, I want to see if I can fly again. If I can share any part of myself with another.

Breathe

I show him the other bedrooms and offer him a guest room. He looks at me a long moment then nods. I wonder if he had expected to stay with me. Somehow it is one thing to have sex in my bed but to have him stay here in my bedroom, to unpack his clothes in my dresser and closet, it seemed too much. He would eventually leave and I absolutely must always be prepared for that. The shiver of insecurity ran down my spine and I had to shake it off and not think too deeply about all this.

I clean myself up as he unpacks in one of the guest rooms. Then I start dinner while he finishes his unpacking and grabs a shower. I have dinner on the table when he comes bounding down the stairs all clean and refreshed. He wears a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. His bare feet pad across the floor and as he gets closer to the table, he slows down.

I am watching him so I notice his face screw up as he takes in the plates on the table. "What?"

"Nothing." He lies and then smiles at me. "It looks delicious."

Liar, liar, pants on fire. "What would you like to drink?" "What do you have?"

"Water, soda, coffee, tea." I head to the refrigerator and pull out the jug of tea.

"Tea sounds good." He sits at the table. I pour us both a glass of sweet tea and carefully watch him again question the plate then get it together before looking at me with a smile.

I set the glass in front of him then try not to make my own disappointed face at our meal. "I marinated the mushroom, and put the potatoes on the grill as well. Is it the marinade?"

"No, it looks good. I just ... I didn't realize you were a vegetarian." He takes a sip of the tea and then nods at the meal. "Looks good."

He had already said that. "I'm not, you are."

"No I'm not." His left eyebrow raises and his right lowers. I am fascinated by his expressions. I want to learn them all. "Where did you get that information?"

"Your website." I admit then blush because the reality of him as a celebrity creeps back in. There are moments I forget that he is the man in the magazine I have used to masturbate for the past three months.

"My publicist manages that site. I assure you I am not a vegetarian. Though, I am a bit flattered that you would go to the trouble for me." His smile at the plate is now genuine and he cuts into the portabella mushroom. "It's actually really good. Maybe I should eat more vegetables."

"Well you will definitely eat more this week, since I stocked up for your visit." I shake my head and then start on my meal. I love vegetables so it wasn't a big deal to me that I ate only them while he was here. I am relieved however that he is not strictly a vegetarian because I can now make steak or my famous fried chicken.

"Thank you." He stops eating and watches me chew my food then swallow it.

"You're welcome."

"No. I mean thank you for everything. For letting me hide out here. For the food. For you know." He winks at me and I feel heat creep up and spread all over me.

I nod. "So speaking of you know," I pause here to take a cool refreshing sip of tea, "You said you thought about me. But you didn't try to..."

His face blushes. We don't know each other, but we are discussing sex. Not in an abstract way but in a very personal and particular way. He chews on his last bite and thinks about it before telling me, "I don't normally do that. I mean you had me in some pretty compromising positions. The elevator, then the interview. I needed to see if I could trust you."

"So the dick in the ass is your way of trusting people? Is this how you make all your friends?" I laugh because he almost spits tea all over the place but he chokes it down instead.

"No." He coughs. Then laughs. "Potty mouth, I don't put my dick in everyone's ass. In fact, it was an impulse. I haven't done that since I was a teenager."

"Seventeen." I remember. "So is that your darkest fantasy?"

"No." He quirks a brow, "Was it yours?"

"No." I admit. "You don't really want to know my fantasy."

"Yeah, I do." He reaches across the table extending his palm up towards me. "I want to know that, and other things about you."

"Why?" I put my hand in his and feel the rough and smooth surfaces combine together.

"Because you're real." He tugged my hand and I get up to move towards him as he pulls. He pushes the chair back enough that I can sit on his lap. I do so and feel uncomfortable.

What Jacob doesn't know is that I am not real. I am what I choose to be, and there is a reason I choose to be thirty and alone. I gave my heart to someone once; they returned it without any superglue. It took forever to mend it back together and I refuse, I absolutely refuse to find myself in that state again. "And I suppose you're fake?"

"Not here I'm not." His breath against my cheek, his arms wrapped around me, I believe him.

"So what's your fantasy Jacob Brandon?" I ask.

"I asked first." He nips my ear. "You tell, I tell, remember?"

"I have lots of fantasies." I admit, because I do. "I should show you my toy room."

"The one that has the door shut?" His embrace releases and I stand.

"Let's go."

Let's Get it On

"Don't put that in your mouth." I warn him but he doesn't listen.

He makes an awful face. "This is like the coolest room in the history of rooms."

I laugh as he picks up another item to inspect. "Those were awful. Did you tell people to buy them?"

"No. I don't tell people to buy anything. I don't get to use most of this, I research it, sometimes send it to friends to try out, and then I poll people to see what they think. My article is more about the public, than about my own personal experiences." He pushes the tab on the vibrating cock ring and as it vibrates in his hand, I know that some of the things in this room are going to get some firsthand experiences.

"This is the most organized house I think I have ever been in. My apartment is clean because I have a housekeeper, she keeps it orderly for me. I mean I think I am a pretty neat and orderly guy, but ... what about this one?" He holds up a vibrator for me to look at.

This is surreal. The first man to enter this room and he is right at home, snooping through toys and novelties as if he worked in a sex shop all his life. The offered item is insane. A vibrator that has so much going on it probably needed to come with a manual. "It's too complicated. I like my dildo's the same as I like my men, easy to turn on and off."

He gets a good laugh out of that. "What is the dolphin for?"

I tilt my head to the side and give him a what do you think it's for look. Then he does what he has done to most of the things he has picked up. He bites it. "You don't want to keep putting this stuff in your mouth."

"It tastes disgusting." He puts it in his reject pile. "Which ones do you use?"

"Nothing in this room was used by me." He stops before he bites the next item, which I don't know if he was aware of or not, but it happened to be a butt plug.

"Not by someone else I hope?" He looks at me and points the plug, which to his defense is shaped like a pacifier.

"No, they are all new. Why do you keep biting them?" I move to grab something I do want to play with, wedges I have had stored in here for a long time.

"I don't know. I'm curious about what they are made of."
He looks at the plug and points it at me. "What the hell is this anyways?"

"It's a butt plug." I look over my shoulder and watch him put it back where he got it from.

"I don't think I would want to buy anything I couldn't put in my mouth, you know?" He looks around at more things.

"Well, most girls aren't interested in getting their vibrator off so it doesn't have to taste good, it just has to work." I stand and offer him the wedge.

"But a man has to taste good." He takes the wedge and already I see his mind working.

"A man is a totally different scenario. There is a give and take. Toys are made to play with together, or to make things

fun when you play alone." I grab the smaller wedge and the roll. "These, are meant for partners."

"I'd like to watch you sometime." He holds onto the vibrating cock ring and the large wedge as we leave the room. "And I'd like to see the toys you do play with. I need to know my competition."

Aint' Nothin' Like The Real Thing Baby

He has been eating me out for at least twenty minutes. I have come twice already and if he doesn't stop torturing me soon I may just faint. These wedges are wonderful. The angle is just right. "Jacob," I close my legs on his shoulders and he looks up at me. "Let me do something for you because I need a break, you're too good at that."

"Better than the competition?" He quirks a brow and I understand that he is trying to prove something. I am flattered, and exhausted.

"Hands down you are better than any battery operated anything I have ever had." And I meant that. There have been men in my past that I would trade for a pack of Duracell any day, but this particular man was definitely not one of them. I wouldn't trade him in for stock in batteries.

"Okay then, let's see how this works." He nips my inner thigh as he reaches for his cock ring. I really enjoy his nibbling. I am sure Sigmund Freud would have plenty to say about this behavior. I smile at my own thoughts as he holds up the ring. "It just slides on right?"

"Basically." I adjust the wedges so he can lay back but not all the way back. "Lay down here."

He moves into position and I get my chance to go down on him. Once there I turn on the vibrating bullet. He squirms around a bit and I realize this would be better if I rode him because he isn't going to last with oral stimulation and the vibration. Hell I don't know if he is going to last long enough

for me to get on top of him. I remember the first time I played with electronics, the new sensations made it all too easy to come.

"Here, I'll ride you."

He nods and fists the sheets at either side of him. I slide down and enjoy the real thing with added vibration. I slide up and down his shaft easily with natural lubrication due to his endless feast. I am in the zone, working, pushing sweating. I am almost there; he is holding out, holding his breath, each muscle in his body is tensing up and winding tighter with each lift and settle. Veins pop out on his neck, his face turns red and he mumbles something I can't quite make out other than the word, "Trying."

He is beautiful in his fight to hold on, sweaty, his face contorting in ways I am sure not many women have had the luxury of seeing, if any woman other than me has seen these expressions at all. I seat completely and as I lift, the vibrations stop. I am mid cock and we freeze like that. His eyes open, he looks at me, I understand these words clearly, and he now understands what the difference is, "Damn batteries."

I laugh a hearty laugh and then finish us both on my own steam, using my own skill, adding a twist, a rock, sliding all the way to the tip, bouncing there until he is reaching for me. I lick my fingers on my right hand and I watch him watch me as I get myself off while riding him. "Come with me."

"Yes." He nods. "I'm coming."

We end this ride with groans and twitches. I never take my eyes off, of him. He never takes his eyes off my fingers

working my pussy. I move to get off him but he holds me there and pulls the fingers I used to stroke myself with to his lips. Licking them, tasting them. I love when he puts anything of mine to his mouth. He has the softest, sweetest lips I have ever kissed. And he does want to kiss me. I lean in and he eats at my mouth.

I taste, him, me, the wonderful combination of us both. We stay like that for a while. I sit up and look at him. He stifles a yawn. "Sleepy."

He works his jaw, "Little bit."

"Jaw hurt?" I rub my hands along his jaw line massaging those magnificent muscles that held out to eat pussy longer than any man had before.

He tilts his head to kiss my palm. "It will get stronger."

I laugh at this. "Too much stronger and I may be in trouble."

He makes a face and I know it is time to take the ring off. I move from him and pull the ring off. I toss it in the trash next to my bed. I know it was a disappointment to him. Fun while it lasted but unable to go the distance. "Want some cookies?"

"Love some."

The Chain

"Two men." I say this as we are walking along the creek near my house. "I have never been with two men. I don't mean that I want to be with two men now, just that I have always wondered what it would be like to have two men to cater to me."

"I completely understand. I may not know a lot about novelties, but I have been with two women. The only problem with women is that I am equipped with only one cock." He holds my hand and we keep walking. At a distance, one might think we are discussing the weather. "But you are a woman and you could technically have up to three men at one time if you choose, but I am glad to hear you top out at two."

"Because three would make it more whorish of me or because two would make it less whorish of me?" I joke.

"Hey, don't do that." He stops and pulls me to face him.

"You told me something personal, don't make it sound dirty.

It's not. You're a beautiful woman and you are entitled to your fantasies."

I love him in this moment. Adam had always made me feel guilty in one way or another about my job, about sex, about my lack of family values. I didn't want to get married, I don't want kids. I just want to live a happy life, my life. "So what is your fantasy Jacob Brandon?"

"I want to make a video." He shrugs. "But I am scared to death to do it, especially after the Colin Ferrel thing leaked. I mean I'm not exactly Tommy Lee here, but even if I were, I

wouldn't want it broadcasted to the world. It would be something for me..."

"You don't have to explain it, I understand." I look up at him and then tiptoe up to kiss him. I don't know when he is leaving, I don't care. I just want to enjoy him while he is here in hiding, with me, while he is mine.

"You know what else I want to do?" He keeps me close to him. "I want to do it outside."

"Here?" I ask, but I am already reaching for his shorts. "Now."

Dontcha Wish Your Boyfriend Was Hot Like Mine

"This sucks." He winces as I dab the swollen flesh with ointment.

"You're the one who rolled on it." I am grateful he is not allergic to bee stings or else we would both be in a lot of trouble right now. I don't know any of his personal information to tell a doctor. Fortunately, it is just swollen like a normal sting. As it is, I have pulled out the stinger and have doctored up the spot.

"It itches." I smack his hand as he reaches back to scratch it.

"Don't scratch it." I warn and put a bandage over it to hopefully keep him from doing just that.

Jacob pulls up his shorts and boxers at the same time. The bee stung him right on the ass. Fortunately, it was after he thoroughly wore me out in the back yard, but still. I must say there is starting to be something to the older woman younger man philosophy. I am thirty and he is only twenty-seven but I must say, in comparison, he has more energy than the guys I dated as a teen. He is insatiable. I am loving every minute of it. I am greed personified. The thought of his hands on my ass as he lifted me against the tree just makes me want to jump his bones again. My body however is in need of a break. Never has it been worked over and wrung out like this. I sit on the couch and he scratches his ass through shorts for a second then stops and holds up both hands when he sees my

face. He makes the saddest, sweetest face in the entire world and I melt. "Come sit with me."

He cuddles up to me on the couch, and I turn the television on. This is not something we have done. In the past few days, we have fucked all over the house, outside the house, and have had a pretty good time during the day. At night, he goes to his bed and I go to mine. The afternoon has worn us both out, I lay back, he lets his weight rest on me, his head between my breasts and as I look at the television, he falls asleep.

I spend an entire movie like this. Stroking his hair, enjoying how soft it is to touch. I run a wandering hand down his spine and back to his neck. There is nothing sexual in this touch, and that is why I stop doing it. I cannot let him in. I will not let him in. It will take more than a really hot, super sweet celebrity to break through my defenses.

It Takes Two to Make a Thing Go Right

"I'll be back in a few hours." He tells me and leaves. I don't have any idea where he is going, it is a surprise. I take the precious hours alone to do some work. I am inundated with e-mails and I have not been sorting or responding as often as I know I should. I have more to talk about to my readers yet I hope they can't read between the lines and see my personal experiences. I don't bother with any questions about the celebrity interview. My boss wants me to do more of that, but I don't want to travel right now. I want to stay here in my house with my own little secret and get to the rest of the movie star population later, when he's gone for good. I admit to myself briefly that I wish he would stay, but I know in my heart he will go.

I get a lot of work done. I also receive the shipment of clothing from the catalogue my boss was talking about. I laugh at the costumes, I am sure Jacob will enjoy them. I had just put them away in my room when I heard the door open downstairs.

He is home ... well he is back.

"Sonja," He calls. "Honey, I'm home."

"Did you bring me something good?" I ask as I head down the stairs.

"I'll let you be the judge of that." He says as I step into my kitchen and see exactly what he is talking about.

"Hi." He says, "I'm Henry."

I gulp. I stammer. I don't know what to do with myself.

"I'll get jealous if you don't say something soon." Jacob smiles at me. I suck air into my lungs.

"I just, you're the only reason I watch..." I am star struck. Not the same as I was with Jacob, I don't want to drop to my knees. Well, that isn't entirely true. I do, but I won't.

He blushes and thanks me.

"So you need a place to put your things right?" I ask and he nods. Unlike Jacob who dropped his bags in the kitchen, Henry held onto them. I wonder if he knows why he is here. I wonder if I really know why he is here. Have I become some form of celebrity rehab center? A place for them to hide out? I think about this as I show Henry to his room. "How long are you here for?"

"I don't know. We just wrapped the season finale and I need the break. Jake said he knew just the place to escape so I got on a plane and here I am." He sat his bags on the bed and turned to look at me. "I hope you don't mind. He said you knew I was coming, but I can see clear as day you didn't."

"It's more than fine." I reassure him because it is. Hell I may have to start charging rent ... no, if I fuck him that would make me a hooker. I like them visiting for free where I can touch and ogle and ... "Are you hungry?"

"Yeah." He smiles.

We start walking downstairs and I can't resist. "Can you tell me the end ... no, don't I want to watch it."

I am a fan and I don't care that he knows it.

"I wouldn't tell anyways, I hate spoilers." He says.

I love his voice. In the show he has an accent but that is what I now know is good acting. I had no idea he wasn't

actually English, or is he acting now? "Is this your real voice or are you really from England?"

He laughs, "This is me. I spent a lot of time with a dialogue coach to get that sound and I am glad to know it fooled someone."

"Say hello governor." I ask as we reach the bottom of the stairs. Though it isn't appropriate for the time period of the show he is on, I wanted to hear it.

"Ello Govna."

I am delighted, I am turned on, and I am feeling like a sick—sick person when I see my Jacob setting the table. I am guilty. I am bad. What am I thinking? Jacob didn't bring Henry here to fuck me. He invited a friend to a safe, quiet place. But oh my, I could sure think of a few things I would like to do to him. I volunteer to cook us dinner and let them catch up. Apparently, they have known each other a long time but don't get to see each other very often due to their schedules. In and out of the kitchen door, I catch bits and pieces of their conversation. In and out of my own thoughts, I watch them through the window, I compare the contrast of their skin tones, hair, eyes, fingers, and I am getting very hot, and very wet. I pull myself from naughty thoughts and catch part of their conversation as I pass by them and to the sink again. They are talking about Henry's place.

Henry has a flat in Italy, they do a lot of the filming on location and he spends a lot of time in England and everywhere between. Jacob talks about the scripts he has with him. News to me, as I imagined he went to his room and

passed out from my sexual prowess, certainly I went to my room and slept like the dead after a day with him.

Feeling like I should be on the next *Iron Chef* episode thanks to these steak kabobs I waltz in and place two hearty plates before my handsome guests. Jacob looks at the plate then over to Henry. Henry makes a face. I am afraid to ask but I do anyways, "What?"

"I'm a vegetarian." Henry looks at me.

"Shit!" I stomp my foot.

"I'm just kidding." They laugh. "You were right; she does have a potty mouth."

"You ... that was an awful thing to do to me." I cross my arms and feign offense. They got me and I know this is setting the tone for the visit. I better be on my toes around these two.

"I'm sorry." Henry stands and grabs my hand. "Here, take my place I'll go get the other plate."

I try to resist but he tugs me over and holds out the chair. As he leaves to get the plate, I get my first moment alone with Jacob.

"What do you think?" He asks me.

"About what?" There are so many things I could be thinking in this moment how could I possibly know how to answer him.

"Henry." He whispers his name.

I shrug. He nods as if he has me all figured out and says, "I thought so."

"You thought what?" Henry asks as he re-enters the room.

My cheeks flush, heat is creeping down my neck and I am afraid of what Jacob may say next. "Sonja volunteered to read scripts with us later. I told you she wouldn't mind."

"Really?" Henry looks at me and I can't say no to those hopeful chocolate eyes. He is darker than Jacob, about the same height, but with darker brown hair and sinfully chocolate brown eyes that have just a hint of gold to them at the center.

"Of course." I agree, "But not if you guys are going to be mean to me."

"It was Jake's idea." Henry pointed to Jacob and took a bite of steak. "I told him it wasn't funny."

"Thanks." Jacob rolls his eyes at Henry and gives me that playful look.

"Why do you call him Jake?" I ask.

"That's his name." Henry looks at me. "You know Jacob is his pseudonym right? Thanks to that other famous Jake, who actually is a Jacob, he had to take on a stage name."

"You're one to talk Henry Duke, I mean Holloway." Jacob shrugs. "So Sonja, is that your real name?"

"Yeah actually it is. I wasn't clever enough to think to change anything, much to my parents chagrin." They are both looking at me and I smile. "Sonja Love is my name; honestly, you can look at my driver's license."

"I wanna see it." Jacob says.

"Me too." Henry agrees.

"Fine." I leave the last few bites on my plate, I can't eat them anyways. When I return the remnants of my dinner is

gone and two grown men look like chipmunks with full jaws, pointing at each other as the criminal. "God help me."

I hand over my license. The face Jacob makes is priceless. His blue eyes lift to look at me. "You're thirty?"

I nod.

"No way." Henry now inspects the plastic identification that tells the truth. My last name is Love, and I am thirty. I feel like I am at a Mrs. Robinson meeting and should announce myself. Hello, I'm Sonja Love, and I am infatuated with two twenty-something celebrities. The other Mrs. Robinsons would reply in kind, hi Sonja.

"You look younger, like our age." Jacob looks at the driver's license once more then passes it back to me.

"She is our age, you jerk." Henry shakes his head. "I apologize for Jake, he obviously can't count. You are only three years older than him and only one older than me."

"You had to throw in that your older than me didn't you?" Jacob looks at Henry. Something passes between them. Some non-verbal man message I can't read. "I didn't mean anything by it, Sonja. I just thought I was older than you, that's all."

I wonder why in the world he thought he was older than me. Then I realized why, because in all the games we had played in the past week, aside from the blowjob in the elevator at the hotel, he had been the initiator. He had led me into everything and I followed. It wasn't because I didn't know what I wanted; it was because it was easy to do. Jacob is a natural leader.

"No offense taken." I sit back down at the table. "Now if either of you had said anything about my weight, there would have been dishes broken, but you chose wisely."

"Oh no, not a girl moment." Jacob puts his head in his hands. "Please don't tell me you have any weight issues, especially after ... scratch that. Just don't go there."

"Okay." I agree and we both turn pink in the face.

Henry looks from one of us to the other. I do the same looking at them. Jacob looks at me. At least he is looking at me as I am looking at him. "So what now, boys?'

Can I get a What-What

We stayed up watching movies and laughing that night. Tired from the flights, Henry turned in early. Tired from the excitement I did the same. I don't know when Jacob went to bed, he wanted to finish the movie. All I know is that the next day, we had a blast. I feel comfortable with both of them. Maybe that is how I got into my current situation.

My living room has been turned into a night club. A seedy joint that plays dance music. It is tough to stay in character and not shake my ass like I want to. They have no problem running lines to decide if this is something either of them would be interested in. I am supposed to be Henry's chick, since this is a script sent to Jacob and he is alone in this scene. I don't have much of a part, and that is fine with me. The lights are turned low, and the strobe light I used one year for Halloween is providing even more ambiance to the scene. I can almost believe I am in another place, another time.

In fact, I really start to get lost in the music and despite my effort to remain standing still and waiting for my line; I am moving in time slightly, then more, until Jacob stops talking.

How long he had stopped talking, I have no idea. By the time I noticed, they were both looking at me and I was in the middle of a nice, down south, booty bumpin move.

I stop because I feel a hand on my waist.

"Don't stop." He says and the music gets louder.

Henry has upped the volume and downed the rest of the lights. The strobe provides flashes of them moving. It is set to the beat therefore the time between darkness and light depends on the song.

The hand on my waist belongs to Jacob. He moves in time with me and gets closer and closer. At some point, his free hand motions off to the side and I know he has invited Henry to join when I feel the presence of him behind my back. My heart thrums, I gulp, this is it. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. I'm going to have them both. Nelly Furtado's *Say it Right* comes on next and we all slow down.

I am the peanut butter to this sandwich. Stuck to Jacob, but missing something.

I feel Jacob's hand leave me then it returns placing Henry's hand where his was. In the stream of light I see his face moving across my shoulder, I feel Henry press closer and I turn my head to see what they are doing.

For an instant, my heart thunders and think I have made a grave mistake. I think they may actually kiss. For a flash of a second I wonder what it would be like if they did. Then I see Jacob clearly in the next stream of light and he is talking into Henry's ear. In the darkness, he pulls me closer and tells me in my ear. "You have to make the move. He doesn't think you want him."

I pull my head back. Flabbergasted at his audacity. In the next flash of light, Jacob is smiling at me. Shock is clear on my face I am sure. He simply leans in and kisses me. He pulls me closer, I feel his hardness and I am softening to him. He leaves my lips and slowly, very slowly and purposefully, turns

me around. Jacob isn't afraid of my ass. He holds me tight, and keeps his rhythm. Henry on the other hand has barely adjusted his hands.

"He's my best friend in this world, So', if I could make all of your fantasies come true, this is the only man I could share you with. But you must make the move." He nips my earlobe. "It's okay. He hasn't done this before either."

I feel Jacob's hands over mine and then he grabs my wrists, he lifts then places my hands on Henry's chest, then he lets go. I can see Henry's face in the flashes of light. He is unsure, uncertain, though he doesn't move away from me. The next strobe of light flashes and he has pulled both of his lips in and as the light fades he takes a breath. I feel his heart thundering in his chest.

I slide my hands down to his waist and pull him closer. He moves. Jacob steps us forward. Henry steps forward.

I feel a surge of wetness drop to my panties and arcs of anticipation flitter throughout my clit and womb. I am in a night club, not my house. I am between two gorgeous men, and I am going to have them both. My darkest fantasy is about to come true. My grip on Henry tightens with my resolve. I am now the peanut butter and jelly all in one. Boldly I place my head on his chest. His hands stretch down the sides of my thighs. Jacobs move up to cup each breast. He is so turned on right now I can feel the heat pressing out from his cock through his shorts. He kisses the nape of my neck and my knees get weak. I tiptoe up and Henry takes a deep breath as he leans down.

His kiss is different. Slow, inquiring. I somehow think he is making his decision as we kiss as to whether or not he will go through with this. As he re-positions and opens his mouth to share his tongue with me, I know he has been roped into our sordid affair.

Henry's fingers grip my thighs harder and he moves closer. I kiss him deeply, tenderly and he returns in kind. Jacob slides his hands down my sides then tugs the hem of my shirt. Henry and I part long enough for the garment to pass between us.

I don't think I will ever listen to this song again without thinking of these two and this moment. Jacob definitely has what it takes to set me free.

And free I am.

I grip Henry's back as he returns to kissing me. Not to leave Jacob out I reach back and squeeze him more intimately. He replies by nipping my shoulder. His hands expose my breasts by pulling down the front of my bra as he leans me back taking me from Henry's mouth. Henry understands and he leans in to kiss my breasts.

"Kiss me." Jacob demands and I turn my head to the side to oblige him. He nips my lips, he devours my mouth, and I grow hotter, wetter, and more desperate for them each second. It is as if they have a hundred hands. Both of them touching, pulling. It is as if they have ten mouths, on my breasts, my chest, my shoulder, my lips, and my stomach. "I am so fucking hot for you right now."

I can't respond. Not with Henry licking my navel and Jacob pinching my nipples. I lean my head back on him and say, "More."

"Fuck yeah." He growls.

He puts his left hand down to the top of Henry's head and pushes. I guess Henry just wanted to be sure, because at that he moved to his knees before me.

Henry's hands undo the button of my jeans then the zipper. He pulls them over my thighs. I feel Jacob sliding down my bare back. His tongue licks the crease of my shoulder blade. His thumb strokes across my tattoo. His lips land there right after. Jacob's fingers strip off my underwear. I step out of them. Jacob kisses the back of my knees and I make a real effort not to fall forward or backwards onto either of them.

Henry kisses the inside of my thigh, urges my legs apart. The liquid heat now running freely from my body makes me a little embarrassed. I am so turned on by this I can't control anything. Not the noises rumbling from my throat, nor the hand now in Henry's hair, or the one in Jacob's.

Unlike Jacob, Henry takes his time. Fingers move to spread two swollen lips apart and he rubs them tenderly before attempting to explore with his mouth. I urge him forward.

Jacob tempers Henry's gentleness with nips to my legs, my thighs and the juncture of my ass cheek and leg. The man truly explores everything with his mouth.

When Henry finally touches his tongue to my flesh, it is to torture me. He licks everywhere but my clit and I let go of his head for fear I may pull out a handful of his hair otherwise.

Jacob must sense my frustration because he stands. His cock nuzzles between my ass cheeks and he plays with my breasts. Weighing them, stroking the sensitive nipples, and kissing my neck.

I am trembling; my entire body shakes unwillingly at their hands.

"You are so beautiful." Jacob says loud enough for me to hear.

The strobe light has made this entire event a bit surreal. I now close my eyes against it. Henry stops toying with me and applies just enough pressure before suckling my clit and I come. Like a team of wild horses, my orgasm rips through me and knocks me off my feet. Jacob thankfully held onto me. I grip him, my arms over my head I hold onto his shoulders in an awkward attempt to hold onto something, someone.

Henry stands. The darkness is surrounding us. He doesn't go to the music. He doesn't head for the lights. He gently takes my elbows and pulls them towards him. My arms follow and wrap around him.

It is in this moment I realize they are both fully dressed. Like a snap, I wake up from the delirious spell they put me under. This just won't do.

"You both have your clothes on." I say louder than I intended but the music had been so loud, the orgasm so strong, my ears were ringing.

I hear two men snicker their laughter at my observation.

"All right." I say in a normal voice. "I am going up those stairs, when you get there, I want you both naked."

I take off for the steps before I lose my nerve in addition to my mind.

I hear zippers and rustling and thunderous footsteps close behind me.

"Ouch," Jacob apparently banged into the wall.

"Too slow." I hear Henry say right before he turns the corner of my bedroom door. His run turns into a walk, and then he stops entirely and looks at me.

I gulp. Unsure if in the light he is still as interested as he was in the dark.

For my part, I am more interested than ever. I have seen him mostly naked on television several times by now. The only shot I couldn't see then I see now and I have one thing to say about it. "Damn."

"He's a little bit thicker, so what." Jacob moves quickly to the bed and jumps in, bouncing us both.

"What's that on your ass?" Henry asks.

"Oh, that's a bee sting. Got a little too carried away outside." Jacob looks at his friend and then says, "I get the top this time."

Jacob settles on one side of me near the top of the bed. Henry moves slowly and climbs onto the bottom of the bed.

I am in the middle. I am on my knees and I am very aware of myself, and them.

"Your move, Sweetheart." Jacob tucks a lock of my hair behind my ear and I turn to face him.

He kisses me. I stop turn to Henry. He too kisses me. The differences are simple, noticeable, and such a thrill I wish I could kiss them both at once. I stroke a hand down each of

their chests. Jacob's smooth flesh and thin swirl contrasts with Henry's coarser hair.

I pass their navels at the same time and I grab them both by the cock at the same time too.

Collectively we gasp.

Jacob's beautiful pink cock, lean, long and wonderful, contrasts with Henry's thicker shaft and broader head. No less beautiful for its width, though it lacks the same length. But not by much. I lean over to suck on Jacob as I stroke Henry.

I switch, letting go of Jacob with a pop. Henry is trembling and I make sure to torture him the way he tortured me. I don't know what Jacob sees on his friends face but he enjoys it.

"Use both hands, do what you did to me." he says and I let him go to do his bidding.

Jacob sits back as I show Henry what I learned in that class, just as I had shown Jacob. It works like a charm. He is twitching and moaning and I am really enjoying this.

"Now me." Jacob taps my shoulder and I let go of Henry with a pop. He sits up as he continues stroking his own shaft and I latch onto him like I am starved for his cock. "It's okay, she's covered."

Henry must have given him some secret message to get that response. I get the message loud and clear though.

The broad head of his cock nudges my opening and I am anxious to feel him. Henry pushes slowly in, then pulls back, pushes in farther, pulls back. His hands grip my hips and he pushes and pulls me until he is in completely and I am trying to swallow Jacob because I can't get enough of them both.

Slowly, purposefully Henry fucks my pussy and Jacob fucks my mouth. I am clenching, I am chasing, and I am sucking in between gasps. My ass slaps against Henry's thighs and he picks up the pace. Determined I focus on Jacob, he holds my hair out of my face, he praises me. Henry praises me. I come. Unexpectedly and quick as lightning, it hits me. I cry out around Jacobs cock and he likes that a lot.

"Do it again." He tells us.

"I'm gonna spend." Henry reaches for my clit. I tense, but he slides his index finger and middle finger to either side and gently, he rubs, tugs, and oh so delicately pushes me right back over the edge. A smaller, more subtle wave rips through me and I moan around Jacob's cock again.

Henry quietly comes inside me. It seems as though it takes him forever to empty. I keep sucking Jacob and I drink him down as he spends in a not so quiet fashion.

Panting, pulsing, and in slow motion we all move to lie on the bed. I am between them. We are silent except for the breathing. Their breathing is growing slower, heavier. I don't have the energy or the muscles to move. I don't have the words to kick them out. My head adjusts to the pillow and my eyes close for a moment. Just a moment. In a minute, I will get up and take a shower. I just need to regroup for a second.

[Back to Table of Contents]

As We Lay

I don't know what time it is but I awake to noise, and I am freezing. I reach for blankets and I feel naked flesh. My body pops up as if it is on a springboard. I look to my left, then to my right. Two naked men are asleep in my bed. I realize what we just did; I realize that I am not sticky or sweaty. I smell my hands and realize that they have cleaned me up. I am insulted, I am grateful. I wonder why the hell I didn't wake up when they were doing that.

Jacob snores loudly, Henry snores lightly. Jacob has a corner of blanket pulled over him with one hand and his other hand covering his cock. Henry has found his way under the blankets entirely and has rolled onto his side.

I have half a mind to wake them up and put them out. Then it occurs to me that the window is open and the overhead fan is on. The reason I can see them is because of the moonlight streaming in.

I start to get out of the bed when a hand grabs my arm. Henry tugs me and says, "You're cold, come here."

He is already shifting to allow me to get under the covers with him. I know I shouldn't. I shouldn't allow either of them to stay here, but I am cold, and I don't have enough energy or sense to resist him. "What about Jacob?"

"He was too hot so he turned on the fan and opened the window. He'll get under when he cools off." He adjusts his position as I crawl under the blankets with him. His legs move

away from my cold feet at first, then presses against them. "You really are cold."

I feel a little awkward snuggling up to him but I do it anyways. Something like guilt strikes me in my gut making me reach over to Jacob. I stroke a hand down the side of his handsome face and he smiles in his sleep.

Henry settles against my back and I realize he has on a pair of boxer-briefs. I am still nude. Jacob is still nude. I don't question it, I am just thankful for the barrier. Then his warm breath slides over the back of my neck as he breathes and I feel my nipples tighten. His arm around my waist, he has made himself quite comfortable.

Before I can say anything, I hear the soft snore again. As easily as he was awakened, he went right back to sleep. For my part, I lay there with my eyes open, feeling Henry and looking at Jacob. The entire night flashes before my eyes like a high quality porno. I fight the gut feeling that I am losing control. I have an issue with control. It is why I like being here alone, why I like working on my schedule. It is the reason I rarely see my family and friends, because they have poor planning skills and I like to have everything mapped out months in advance.

From the moment, I stepped into the elevator Jacob Brandon has been messing with my plans. He has interrupted my schedule. I keep trying to negotiate with myself that I am still in control, that I am adjusting to the minor changes like a pro, and that I will regain total control of all things in my life and soon.

As if he could hear my thoughts in his dreams, he breaks from snoring long enough to laugh.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Easy Lovers

I'm not much of a morning person which is why I am surprised at the smile on my face. Of course as I come completely out of my slumber I am face to face with one blue eyed devil wearing a mischievous smile. "Morning."

"Morning." I reply. Henry is still sleeping. I can hear him snoring and feel his breath on my neck. He hadn't moved a muscle since I got under the blankets with him. Jacob was now under the covers and close to me.

"How do you feel?" He asks and I know what he wants. Me.

I smile despite myself, "Fine."

"So let's wake up Henry." He says as he leans in to kiss me.

I haven't brushed my teeth, taken a shower, or brushed my hair. The man is pulling me out of another man's arms and into his. I doubt I am a prize worth fighting over, but my removal wakes Henry up.

"Hey," He says and rolls to his back as Jacob rolls me to his chest.

I am on top of Jacob. We both look towards Henry who is stretching and yawning. "Morning." We say in unison then look at each other.

It is a bit surreal to be in this predicament. I don't know that there is a right or wrong way to greet a man in the morning, much less two men.

I don't know if they are as awkward as I am. If they are, they don't show it. This realization sets off a thought in my head. I scramble off Jacob and sit facing them both. They are on their backs looking at me questioningly. I am on my knees in the middle of the bed. At least I grabbed a sheet to cover myself. "Is that what you two do?"

They look at each other and then back to me without saying anything.

"Is it?" I insist.

"What are you talking about, is what, what we do?" Jacob asks and reaches for me but I smack his hand away. That gets his full attention, his smile leaves him returned by a stern look and he sits up. "What?"

"You two, do you find a girl then share her? Am I game in your super secret celebrity society or something?" They both frown at me and Henry sits up in the bed as well.

"No." They both answer.

"Look, I really wasn't expecting this." Henry gulps and I watch his Adams apple bob. "No matter what it looks like, I normally don't sleep with people for the first month much less right after I meet them."

"Jacob?" I look at him. He seems to be the most comfortable with the situation.

"I've had two chicks before but I have never shared a girl with another dude. I told you, Henry was the only option." He shrugs.

Henry turns an angry face to Jacob. "You discussed this with her? What the fuck Jake?"

"No." Jacob and I both say at the same time.

They look at me and then to each other. Something passes between them, some eye contact that I can't quite read. Then Jacob says, "I won't lie, I thought about it when you called, but I didn't tell her. I didn't tell anyone. I wasn't sure it would happen, and then when you showed up, I could see it."

"See what?" I ask.

"I could see the way you looked at him, the way he looked at you. I knew the moment you walked into the kitchen that I could give you your ultimate fantasy, and I could give you something you need." He looked from me to him.

"You don't know what I need, Jake." Henry said bitterly.

"Don't I?" Jacob shook his head and looked back to me.
"Come here, So'. I won't hurt you. Not your heart, not your body. You have become precious to me. You have no idea how much I needed you that night in the elevator. You woke me up, forced me to accept myself, and I am grateful."

I don't move towards him. In fact, I am frozen in place. Henry leans up to me and takes my hand. I look at him now and not Jacob. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have jumped to conclusions. I think we may all be on new ground here."

"He's right So'. I mean I keep pushing things, but only because I can tell what you want, you want me to push you. You want us. We want you." He looks at Henry. "Tell her you want her Henry."

"I want you." Henry nods. "I had a really bad divorce two years ago and I have banned all women because of it, but so help me God, he's right. Even if it is only for a few weeks, I want to spend them with both of you."

Carefully chosen words I decide. They are both wooing me at this point. Henry's fingers squeeze my hand gently. Jacob reaches out and takes my other hand, the one still holding the sheet. As the sheet falls, I can sense their eyes drop to my breasts. In their mind, this conversation is over, I can tell. They are pulling me towards them, between them, and against my inner voice, my body cries mutiny and joins them. I am lying down in the bed looking up at them.

"You did a lot for us last night." Jacob says.

"Let us take care of you this morning." Henry agrees.

Two heads nearly collide as each bend to suck on my breasts. I am learning the differences between my two lovers quickly. Jacob sucks harder, uses his teeth. Henry is gentler, flicking over the bud with his tongue, twirling, and then sucking. It is a rush of sensation and I can't decide which I like best. I close my eyes and decide that I won't make that decision. I don't have to choose. They are both mine for the duration.

Jacob moves down my stomach and Henry moves up my neck. His hand slides down to my legs and pulls one to the side, between his thighs. I can feel the hair roughened flesh against my smoother skin. I can feel the cotton briefs and the hardness beneath them. His hand meets Jacob's mouth at the juncture between my legs. Jacob positions my other leg wider as Henry spreads my pussy lips and slides his fingers to either side of my clit. Jacob uses both of his hands to spread me wide. Henry keeps his fingers in that spot, caging my clit.

"You're beautiful, Sonja." Henry whispers in my ear. "I hope we make you happy."

What a strange thing to say, I think to myself, but only for a second because once Jacob's tongue tickles the tip of my clit, I am in bliss.

"Gently." Henry directs him. Jacob lifts his head and then returns his attention to my clit, and he does in fact approach it in a more gentile manner. The super light strokes flicking, flicking, dancing, starts to wind me up. My legs clench and try to move closer together. Henry closes his grip on my thigh with his thighs. Jacob angles his weight to keep my other leg from coming forward, and I squirm.

"She likes that." Jacob stops long enough to say.

"She really likes that." Henry says then pays attention to the still hard nipples on each breast. His hand leaves my clit and Jacob replaces the pressure with one hand and slides a finger into me with the other. Henry lifts his head and says, "Tell Jake how much you enjoy that So'."

I am lucky to put together a sound much less a word.

"That'll suffice." Henry whispers in my ear.

It is again the dual assault of them that keeps me scattered. It always seems like they are everywhere at once. As soon as I tune into one sensation, the other draws me to a different place and demands I notice his efforts as well. This makes it difficult to focus on an orgasm. Jacob puts in two fingers and steadily finger fucks me as he continues to flick my clit. I swear he must have jaws of steel.

"My turn." Henry tells him and they switch positions. As they move, I take the opportunity to close my legs. Henry leaves the bed long enough to remove his underwear but when he returns he parts my legs and picks up where Jacob

has left off. Jacob for his part has straddled my head with his knees. He is facing Henry, sitting back on his haunches and torturing my nipples with light then harder pinches and twists, tugs, and other techniques.

Henry has a magic touch. It is as if he knows my own personal stroke. His fingers cage my clit then circle it as his tongue provides wetness, and a soft rubbing surface. I don't have to focus on the sensation. He is sending arcs of electricity through me. My fingers close on the bed sheets, my neck arches back and my head lifts towards Jacobs cock as a natural reaction. He doesn't position himself any better and I can't reach.

I notice he is no longer tweaking my nipples; instead he is looking intently, studying Henry and his every move. I want to stop this but it is too late.

My release builds to a slow crescendo before breaking in gulping waves around Henry's fingers.

"Do it again." Jacob says. "I can't see how you're touching her. All I know is when I do it, it's too much, when you do it, she comes. I need to know how to do that too."

"You gotta put pressure on the sides, then gentle on the tip." Henry explains my orgasm method like I might explain how to open a word document. "Come here, we'll do it together so you can feel the difference."

I lift up on my elbows feeling a bit more like a science project than the object of their desire. "I can show you." They both look at me.

"I can show you how I do it myself then you can both see." I gulp. I have never masturbated in front of anyone before and now I was going to do it in front of two people.

"By all means." Jacob bows. Henry smiles as a fresh heat creeps over his face and pinks his cheeks.

I stiffen my resolve and spread my legs.

"Wider." Jacob reaches for one of my feet then pulls me closer by it. He lifts my toes to his lips and licks them. A strange sensation of ticklish and tantalizing skitters through me. I offer my other foot to Henry. He takes it but he doesn't lick my toes. I laugh. All nervousness leaving me for the moment.

My hands slide down my flesh and I spread my lips apart. Feeling a bit drunk on the way they are both looking at me I boldly say, "One, two right here at the base, locking the blade of my clit between them. Then I circle gently, slowly..."

I lick my lips, moisture surges from my pussy and I close my eyes and open them over and over trying to look at them and not close my eyes completely.

"Then faster, a little harder," My hips are involuntarily raising and lowering with the rhythm my fingers are setting. "I could use another hand to..."

Jacob pushed two thick fingers into my hole and I moan.

"Almost there," I can't keep my eyes open anymore.
"Almost..."

I feel the slightest pressure against my asshole, not inserting just there, and I come.

"Damn that was hot." Henry says as he moves toward the head of the bed.

"Roll over." Jacob commands and my limp body obeys.

I am on hands and knees. Henry gathers my hair and I lick the head of his cock.

Jacob nudges my pussy hole then pulls my ass cheeks apart giving him better access. He slides into me and I am so fucking wet that I don't put up much resistance. As he pushes forward, I push down on Henry's cock. Henry moans and his fingers massage my scalp in approval.

They come quick, one right after the other and I am spent. "Dammit." Jacob curses as he lies next to me.

Henry laughs. "That was too quick for any of us."

It wasn't too quick for me. I haven't had two orgasms in the morning in; well I have never had two in the morning!

[Back to Table of Contents]

Jagged Little Pill

I look at my pill container and I know that the bloating, the discomfort, isn't from being fucked like a fertility goddess. It is because my unwanted visitor is looming over me. My period lasts two to three days on this medication, but it is two to three days I don't want to deal with it. I look in the mirror at myself. I look younger than the last time I stood here in this spot. I feel fabulous minus the bloat. I smile at myself.

My eyes light up. I take a breath and let it out. I grab my clothes to dress and I know before I pull up my panties that two men downstairs are going to be disappointed for a few days.

I wonder what we will do now.

They are whispering in the kitchen when I get down the stairs. I can't hear what they are talking about but as soon as they see me they stop.

"How far is the grocery store?" Henry asks.

"He can't go. Tell him he can't go." Jacob walks toward me clearly frustrated.

"Why can't he go?" I ask quietly as Jacob gets closer to me.

"Because he will blow our fucking cover." He lifts his hands in the air as though he is praying. "Do you want paparazzi here? People knowing we are here?"

"You can't go." Henry crosses his arms. "I can go anywhere I damn well please. I'm not a movie star."

Maybe they are taking on the cramps and irritability I normally have with my cycle. I don't know. What I do know is that I do not like the way they are talking to each other right now. I don't like the direction the conversation has taken a turn for. "Guys, I can go to the store. I just need a list."

"I'm going with you." Henry takes two steps forward. "Jake can hold down the fort and keep watch for the paparazzi."

With clear frustration, Henry heads out the front door. I stay with Jacob another moment. He shakes his head then looks at me. Whatever he sees on my face he frowns then smiles.

"Don't worry sweetheart, we're fine. We get into it over this from time to time. He doesn't think anyone knows who he is, but you knew. My concern isn't him, or me. It's you. I don't want to fuck up your life because of us." He touches my cheek with the palm of his hand.

"Well I can take him to town. Most of the places around here can't get cable or Internet. I am only lucky because my property is close to the horse farm down the road and they needed it so about ten of us pitched in and allowed lines to be laid across property to get it. I use satellite and most people don't bother with it out here." I hate what I am about to say. I don't want one of them to feel like more than the other though it is true. "I watch the show, I know who he is. But if I didn't watch it..."

Jacob sighs and lowers his head. "He can be bigger than me. He has more talent."

"We'll be back in a little while." I say to him and take his hand. "Relax. Okay?"

He nods and I tiptoe up to kiss his lips gently. Hoping I reassure him that Henry and I will return safe and sans paparazzi.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Pieces of Me

Henry is doing his best not to be grumpy. He sits in the passenger seat of my Honda Civic and watches the trees pass by. We have been driving for five minutes and it is a long way to the grocery store from my house.

"Do you want to listen to the radio?" I ask.

"I'm sorry about that back there." He looks at me and I glance towards him then back to the road. "We can't talk about work. It always ends up in this long labored debate over my career."

"You can talk to me about it." I shrug. "I don't really know anything about acting other than the fact that you are both very good at it."

He snickers. "I don't know about that. I mean I was just as happy when I was the manager of the Books and Coffee back home. Jake got me into this shit, my ex-wife made me hate it, then I get this chance to play a secondary character and see Europe while getting paid for it so..."

"You made the right choice." I nod. "If you hadn't then you wouldn't be here."

He looks out the window again. I take a moment on a straight stretch to look at him. His profile is amazing. Such a strong jaw, straight nose, with a hint of whiskers giving him a more rugged look. "I am glad you're here Henry. Not because you're a television star. You bring a bit of balance to the house. Jacob is impulsive, and aggressive, and a bundle of

energy. You are tender, and thoughtful, and have a sense of peace about you."

"You're into balance huh?" He smiles, as I look his way. "Is that why you have the tattoo?"

"No, well, I am into balance, yes. I got the tattoo on a dare, a bet, a moment of stupidity." I don't want to remember the full reasons behind the tat.

"So it takes two men to equal what you want in one?" He looks at me and something runs through me I can't quite place.

I shrug. "It might. What do you want in a woman?"

"Acceptance." He said simply. Of course his answer was simple, it was Henry. I bet when I ask Jacob the same question he will have a laundry list of details for me.

"Seems simple enough." I nod. He chuckles. "What?"

"You don't know me very well." He moves around in his seat so that he can look at me directly. "What do you know about Jake? I take it you don't know him very well either. And here we are, the three of us, fucking like it is going out of style. And when we are not fucking, we are avoiding each other. And we do that because if we don't we are really going to get to know one another and when we do, someone is bound to catch real feelings and someone will definitely get hurt."

"So who do you think is going to get hurt?" I cringe inside and out I am sure of it. He isn't saying anything I haven't thought myself but to hear it makes it more real, and like he said, the three of us have been avoiding the reality of the situation.

"I don't know. I just don't want it to be me, or you, or him for that matter but then you see how it leads us back to the problem." He waves his hands as he talks now. "Jake and I have known each other for a very long time. We grew up together, went to school together and met again in acting classes. While everyone else was spending their weekends, working and hanging out, we went to the local theatre and took lessons. I don't have much in the way of family. Jake has a sister and two parents that adore him. I can't let the impulse of feelings I get when I am around you to destroy the relationship I have had with him for most of my life."

I am flattered. "Why does it have to be one or the other? I mean every book I read that has a threesome in it the woman marries one and then the other either leaves or looms in the backdrop as if they will allow them in now and again. Why the fuck can't the three of us just be together a while and see how things will work out with us, the three of us." I take a bold moment and pull off the road to look at Henry. I am stabbing in the dark I know this. But there has been something pitted in my gut and I want to know if it is an honest feeling. "Me and you. Me and him. You and him."

He looks at me for a long moment. Silent. He is reading my face and I am reading his. It is as if all the oxygen has been sucked out of the car, we aren't breathing. We are just looking at each other in this weird standoff to see who breaks first. I refuse to be the one to take back my words.

Henry turns to look out the windshield. "I'm not gay."

"I didn't say you were." I whisper. My gut knotting as I wait.

"I remember watching Brokeback Mountain and thinking how fucked up the character Ennis was. He wasn't gay, not in the sense that he was attracted to men like Jack was. Ennis was only there with Jack." Henry looks at me, reads my expression. "So tell me Doctor Love, what do you make of that?"

The address catches me off guard. Yes, I hold a PhD in Psychology, specializing in relationships. This is why my column does well. Why I get paid good money and why my boss lets me live in Kentucky and write for a magazine based in California. "Why did you call me that?"

"I read your column. I have for years. So you see, you're not the only fan around here." I look at him. His soft brown eyes flaked with gold lure me closer.

I clear my throat and turn back to the steering wheel. I pull out onto the road and start driving again. My purpose was to get information out of him, not expose myself. "So, you feel like Ennis. You're not gay with the exception of Jacob?"

"I'm not sure that I am gay when it comes to him either. But he is. Well he is bi-sexual when it comes to me at any rate. I like to call him greedy." Henry smirks. "I can't believe he got me into this."

"Yes you can. You came here for the same reason I let him come here. He pushes the boundaries, and he challenges you. If you have been friends for so long, you know he is bi, but you say you're not, does that mean you two have never..."

"Once. A long time ago." He unbuckles his seat belt as I pull into the parking lot. "He needed it, I was pretty drunk but

I knew what I was doing. I don't remember much about it really, but I know that I did it. It's weird but at the time I think I needed it to. We needed anything at that time."

He gets out of the car before I can ask about the circumstances. I walk next to him and as we enter the store I grab his hand. He squeezes mine and looks down at me and asks, "Does this change how you see me? How you see him?"

"No." My gut response pleases him and he smiles.

We pick up a basket and I follow him as he picks out some fresh fruits, salmon, and some spices I don't have in my cabinet. We are in the cereal aisle when the two teenage girls that live on the horse farm a few miles down the road from me walk by.

"Hi." I say to them. They are all giggly blushing as they say hello in return.

Henry nods to them and picks up a box of cereal to put in the cart. The girls move on their way but then stop at the end of the aisle and look back. I look at them and I know that they know who he is.

"I'll be right back." I tell Henry as he moves to the next aisle. I approach the girls who are waiting for me. "Ladies?" "Who is that?" Evan the nineteen year old asks.

"He looks like the guy from that show, but I think he is too tall to be him." Rachel her seventeen year old sister says.

"That is an author at the magazine I work for. He is researching small towns so I told him he could come see this one." I lie to them and they smile at me. Then they smile beyond me and I know he is there.

Quietly but not quiet enough Evan says, "I see why."

"Hey if you need to ask some locals any questions, she knows where we live." Rachel waves as Evan pulls her arm and they continue shopping.

"So are they on to me?" Henry asks once the girls are out of earshot.

"Rachel said you look like you, but you are too tall to be you." I say and attempt to keep a serious expression.

"Camera work, you know who has a short mans complex."
He says and then links his fingers through mine as we head to the checkout.

"You may reconsider holding my hand since I know the lady at the register." I let my fingers slide free and my palm misses his.

Once outside I can't hold his hand because he insists on carrying the bags. Once we are on the road again he takes my right hand and pulls it up to his lips for a brief kiss then holds my hand in his on his thigh. I get a jolt in my gut and I wonder if he is being polite or if he may have sincere feelings for me. It is hard to tell when dealing with professional actors, though I think most men I have known were all acting in some manner. At any rate, I let my hand stay there and set my internal shrink aside so I don't overanalyze it.

I am tempted, but I know better.

"Have you ever been to Europe?" He asks.

"No."

"It's gorgeous there. I live in Rome and I don't have to tell you how amazing it is but truly it is freaking fabulous. You must go some day." His thumb slides along my finger and I

feel the heat creep up my arm and spread through me like a warm gentle wave.

"Maybe." I shrug. "But wouldn't that qualify as personal and getting to know more about each other if I went to Rome?"

"Only if you came to see me." He smiles and I know that he just baited me and I bit, hook, line and sinker.

"You make me nervous." I admit. The butterflies in my stomach flutter. Jacob has me in lust, Henry on the other hand...

"I've told you something personal. Something that only two people on this planet knew, so tell me, how can I make you nervous? You know more about me than I do you."

He had a point. "I don't like to talk about myself."

"Have you ever been married? Do you want to get married someday, have children, a dog?" He asks.

The butterflies flitter and flutter and jump around. I feel nervous, sick, and a bit crampy. "I was engaged once. It didn't work out."

"Why?"

"He died in a car accident." I tightened my one hand grip on the wheel and then pulled my hand from his to hold the wheel firm with both. "I gave him everything. I gave and I gave, and he took it all. Then the night before our wedding he went to his bachelor party, slept with the entertainment, and then felt guilty after and told me. He tried to make up with me. I told him to sleep it off. He was drunk and it was late and this road is too windy."

"It's not your fault." Henry whispers and I feel his fingers on my cheek.

"Isn't it?" I ask as I pull over. I stop the car, get out and take two steps into an open field before I vomit. Everything I had eaten that day came up in heaving chunks of guilt and anger.

I feel his hands taking over the duty of pulling back my hair. Once he secures my hair in one hand, he places the other on my back and slowly rubs in a circle. I lean forward, hands on knees and heave up the rest of my dignity.

Of all the things I imagined doing with this man, throwing up in front of him was nowhere on the list. I am so embarrassed I cry. Not just a little bit either. I sob, weep, heaving breaths and big fat teardrops. I shake my head because he is pulling me into his arms. Holding me as I tremble against his chest and blow snot bubbles out of my nose against his shirt. I sniff, trying to hold it all back but it is no use.

"It's okay So'." He whispers in my ear. "It's not your fault." I haven't talked about this to anyone except Brittany. She said the same thing, it wasn't my fault. Of course so did my parents, his parents, and everyone who was expecting a wedding but instead got a funeral ... "I should have gone to him."

"He should have done what was right to begin with." Henry pushed me out arms length. His two hands firm on my arms. "You know better than that. I can't imagine your grief or guilt but you and I both know that he made two bad decisions that

night and it fucked up things for both of you. What would you tell someone if they asked you that in your column?"

I'd tell them it wasn't their fault. I nodded and sniffed.

"I'll drive." He says and pulls the shirt off his back and hands it to me. I gulp and stare at the awesome sight of his bare chest. His lips curl slightly upward, "Use the shirt for your face, sweetheart."

My face. Oh God, my face. I use the inside of the shirt to dry my eyes and mascara comes off on the material. I wipe and walk. Once inside the car I pull down the visor and flip down the mirror. I gasp. My makeup is all over the place. I use his ... I look at the label and realize I am using a fifty dollar t-shirt as a snot rag. "I'm sorry."

"It's a shirt." He shrugs. "I didn't mean to make you cry. I shouldn't have pushed like that. I didn't mean to tell you about ... you know. I just want to get to know you, for real. Not just sexually."

My stomach does a flip flop and I wipe my face clean with his shirt. I inhale his scent and I curse hormonal imbalances and monthly cycles. "I don't think I want to have children. I know that sounds weird coming from a thirty year old woman, but I saw how much my parents sacrificed and selfish as it may be, I want to live my life for me."

"I know what you mean." He nods. "I don't think acting is the job for family, I don't want my kids to grow up in a fish bowl. I think I would quit and I don't want to quit. At least not right now. I mean if I can make enough money, stay out of the spotlight, I may be able to have a decent retirement."

"Where would you retire?" I ask as we pull into the long driveway to my house. Jacob's car is in the garage so I keep mine outside.

"I don't know." He shrugs. Warm tan shoulders beckon me to touch them. "Kiss me."

"What?" I ask and look at him.

"Kiss me. Steal a second for just us."

Henry waggles his eyebrows suggestively and I lean in, then I remember I had puked my guts up and put a hand over my mouth. "Later."

He closes his eyes. "I forgot."

"Let's not visualize it." I say and he agrees.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Domo Arigato Mister Roboto

"What the hell did you do to her?" Jacob pulls me into his arms and looks me over.

"Nothing." We both say at the same time.

Henry moves on to the kitchen with the bags and Jacob holds me there by the door. "Did he say something to you?" "No." I shake my head.

"Ah, I get it. I took out the trash today so I know what time it is." He says flatly and heat creeps up my face. "Don't be embarrassed, we're grown men. So what, we have five, six days of blow jobs ahead of us..."

I pinch him and he laughs. He bites my cheek gently and then whispers, "You won't be able to stand me in a week. Without sex to keep you blinded, you'll actually have to get to know me."

What the hell is it with getting to know people today? Before I can ask, I hear Henry and he is frustrated again.

"She doesn't want this in the living room." Henry says sternly. I look at Jacob and he shrugs.

I walk to the living room and see that he has hooked up not one, but two different game systems.

"Tell him before he throws a tantrum." Jacob says to me. "Tell me what?" Henry looks at me.

Do I have to say this out loud? "It's okay. In fact, it's good timing."

I look at Henry and my eyes plead with him not to ask anything else, just to understand. He nods he gets it. "In that case, what are we playing?"

I watch the two men who moments before had wanted nothing more than to spend time with me turn into teenage boys wanting nothing more than to spend time with their videogames.

After hours on end of laughter, yelling, and being virtually ignored I come to one decision. If you can't fuck em' join em'. "So what can I play?"

"Let's see what your age is." Jacob stops the game they are currently playing. They both stand, stretch, and he switches systems. "Take this."

I am one of the boys. I am having fun. I am 65 years old according to the Wii. "Bullshit!"

[Back to Table of Contents]

Sleeping Single in a King Size Bed

Alone in my bed I am frustrated. I know I told them that due to the circumstances, they should sleep in their own rooms but now I can't seem to sleep. I keep wondering if they are missing me. I wonder if they are still playing video games. I wonder if they are sleeping together without me.

I springboard up and decide that if they aren't fucking me, they sure as shit aren't going to be fucking each other either.

"Hey, you're up." Henry says as he pushes the door open wider.

Jacob walks in past him and climbs into the bed. "We're not sleeping in the guest rooms."

The audacity.

"What he means is..."

"I mean I'm not sleeping in the guest room." He pushes down the blankets. Pulls off his boxers and gets into the bed butt ass naked.

I am too distracted by his naked body to say anything.

"May I?" Henry asks and I nod. He too removes his boxerbriefs and gets into the bed with me. Jacob lies on his back without blankets. Henry pulls a sheet over himself and faces me. "Come here."

I am in lust, I am in fever, and I am going crazy I decide. Crazy if I think I can hold these two men for long. My self sabotaging nature exerts itself. "I thought you guys might want time alone."

Slowly but deliberate Jacob turns his head to look at me. My face must say it all. "You fucking told her? One time, years ago, and you act like it never fucking happened and out of nowhere you tell her?"

Jacob is up now. Standing up and pacing angrily next to the bed.

"Why did you bring that up?" Henry says. He sits up on the bed.

I am Sonja's big mouth. I am jealousy personified and I am just now realizing that. "I don't know."

"Well." Jacob stands there hands on his hips and waiting for something.

"Well what?" I shrug. "I thought you might want time alone all right. I can't fuck either of you, well I can but I'm not into it that way, and since you don't get to see each other often, I just thought you might want to spend time together. I didn't say fuck each other, but I can see by your reaction, you've thought about it."

"I always think about it." Jacob shouts. "I wish I didn't but I do. And I hate this. I fucking hate that I can't just be who I am."

His face is red, his neck is red and the heat is creeping down his chest. He looks good mad. "I'm not judging you."

"I know." He shouts and pulls at his hair. "I'm sorry, So'. I know you won't judge me. It's not you."

"It's me." Henry says behind me. "I should go."

"No." My heart thunders. He can't leave. I don't want him to leave.

"Then I'll go." Jacob picks up his boxers and starts to pull them on.

"No." I shake my head. "No, no, no."

They are both standing in their underwear now.

"Not just no, but hell no. This is going to stop right now." I straighten my backbone and look at the clock. It is two in the morning and I am putting my foot down. They care for each other, they care for me, and they are going to deal with their shit right now. "Sit. Both of you."

I stand. "I'm going to tell you this one time and one time only. I don't know what is going on around here but I know one thing for sure. This is my house, I tell people to come and go. I have the degree in psychology and I have enough issues for all three of us. Now, what you two have here is an unresolved issue. I wonder how long it has been eating at you both and I wonder why it is surfacing now."

"You." Jacob says angrily. "I'm too fucking raw around you. I feel like it is okay to be with you and when I watched him fuck you, it was like..."

"It was like he was fucking you." I nod. I haven't actually counseled anyone since residency and I didn't like it then. I like advising in an abstract way, research was my favorite aspect of college. My readers write in, I find common questions and answer them with general well researched responses. "So you're jealous."

"I can't go to the store with you. I can't do anything I want to do that is remotely fucking normal because of who I am."

He shakes his head.

"Henry," I look at him. "What is about that night that keeps you from talking about it, accepting it, and dealing with it?'

"I told you earlier." He says quietly.

"What? What did you tell her?" Jacob turns to look at him.
"That I got you drunk and begged you to fuck me? That I was so desperate to feel something other than my pain that I begged you?"

"No." Henry took a deep breath, he let it out slow. I hated this for him. Jacob was so angry, so consumed with his own feeling he couldn't see that his best friend loved him.

"So what did you tell her?" I hear his voice crack and I fight the urge to touch him, to hug him, to tell him it will be okay.

"I told her that I knew what I was doing." Henry looked up to Jacob and their eyes locked. Something passed between them that was deeper than any words could express. Henry's acknowledgement knocked the wind out of Jacob.

I stood there looking at them, feeling like a third wheel. Fighting my own jealousy. "So, Henry, the question remains. Do you want to do it again?"

"I don't know." He looked from Jacob to me. "I don't know what I want, or who I want."

"I told you earlier that I didn't believe that it has to be a one or the other. I don't see why the three of us can't just enjoy each other." I argue my case.

"Because one of us will get jealous. It is just natural So', you know this. I mean are you really ready to see us making out? Do you think I won't wonder if you and Jacob will meet

without me when I go back to Rome? Do you think you won't wonder if he and I meet without you in New York or LA? And it works the same for him." Henry reasons. "I think we need to stop this now before someone gets hurt."

"You've already hurt someone." Jacob says then looks at me. "We've already hurt someone."

"No, really you haven't. I mean I'm not emotionally attached to either of you so if you decide to jet off to Rome, New York, LA, Paris, whatever, I know where I will be. I know who I am and I know who I am not. I know what I am to both of you. I am an experience you can share later as lovers, as friends, however you end up together." I am bitter and ugly and I know it.

"See." Jacob says. "She thinks that she is excluded from this. When I believe to the very fiber of my soul she is the key to it."

"You can't love two people at the same time." Henry says and looks at me. "Right?"

"You can." Jacob stands, "You already do. Come here Sonja."

"Why?" I ask and he moves closer to me, grabs my hand and pulls me closer to him. "Come here, Henry."

"There's no going back Jake, you can't make us cross the line when there is no going back." Henry remains seated.

He pulls me along and we walk to the bed to Henry. "Sonja take his hand. Don't reason with it. Don't either one of you think about it. Just do it."

I reach out to Henry he holds my hand. Jacob has the other one. He extends a hand to Henry and he takes it. He stands.

We stand there, the three of us in a witches circle holding each other's hands.

Jacob speaks, "We'll make a pact, an oath to each other. It is the three of us until we decide that it isn't the three of us anymore. We can see each other separately or together but we will not see people outside of this circle. This is our marriage, our bond, our commitment to each other."

I don't know what to say, I am a little overwhelmed by his words. Then with more tenderness than I thought he possessed he tugs me closer and kisses me. Gently, passionately. When he pulls back, I know what will come next. He tugs Henry closer but he barely moves. He looks at me. I can see his heart pounding in his chest. I nod. I am excited, I am turned on, and I am confused, but I can't pull away from them. He looks back to Jacob and his eyes close as Jacob's face moves closer. I gasp when their lips meet. It isn't an open mouthed kiss like mine. Just a simple brush of lips on lips.

"Now kiss her." Jacob says. Henry and I are both in shock. I know this. I can feel it in his grip on my hand, which is almost crippling.

I watch his Adams apple bob as he looks at me. Concern is clear in his eyes. I just witnessed two of the most beautiful men on the planet share a kiss with each other. I feel special and secretly, I feel wildly turned on. Henry leans into me and we kiss. At first, it is a closed mouth kiss, and then it opens

and turns more passionate. Then without warning Jacob joins us. It is the same three way kiss you see on college spring break, except there are two men and one woman.

Our tongues tangle, dance, slide against each other, I bring my hands together, still holding each of theirs and cross my body placing their hands on each other before I let go. They begin to pull back from each other, from me, but I wrap my hands around them and continue our kiss. I slide my hands from their naked backs to their naked fronts and then down the smooth, warm bellies into their briefs.

Gripping them both, simultaneously all three of us let go of the kiss. They groan and look at me as I drop between them to my knees. I am a temptress, I know damn good and well I can't have sex with them, not that I think I will need to, not that I think they will have sex with each other in front of me. I just know that three people are on the brink of something dangerous. All I know is that I would be a selfish pig if I didn't bring them relief in this time of great pain. Two rock hard cocks pulse in my hands and I am eager to greet them both with my lips. I only regret that I can't take them where I ache to have them most.

They ungracefully push their underwear down. I stroke them both. They still hold onto each other's arms with me bridged between them. I can't decide who I want to lick first, so I pull them closer and place them head to head so that I can lick them both at the same time.

I have no idea how this feels to them other than fabulous by the hissing and the faces they both make. I look up at them and feel wicked as they both look down at me, holding

their pricks together I start licking them like my favorite cone of ice cream. They taste incredible, different, yet combined they make my pussy throb and ache for them.

"Do that again." Jacob says between labored breaths.

I slide my tongue between them then suck one then the other. At one point I greedily attempt to put two heads in my mouth but it is fruitless, neither of them are average, and Henry is pretty damn thick.

"Just keep switching." Henry says, and I see his toes cross on his large feet.

I am learning their secrets, the little ticks that come to us all before, during, and after we come. Jacob flexes his calve muscles, I enjoy this, I am turned on by this. I boldly circle their cocks together as I lick them root to tips then tips to root on the other one. They move closer as I suck, stroke, lick, twist, and fuck them both with my mouth for all I am worth.

"Sonja," Henry warns but it is too late, I know what I am doing.

"Sweetheart, you're mouth is fucking amazing." Jacob praises and as I look upward to see them, his head falls back.

Henry's falls forward and he looks at me, we make eye contact and hold it while I stroke Jacob and suck Henry until he comes. His eyes focus on me as I gulp him down. His eyes close and I turn to Jacob. The instant my breath reaches the head of his cock he spends.

Shaking, twitching, sweating, they are both sated. The haze of our passion begins to fade and reality sets in. My legs

begin to ache, my pussy aches, and my jaw feels numb. "Umm, can I get a hand here?"

As if slapped out of a dream they both rush to grab my arms and bang into each other. The crack of their skulls makes me jump, as quickly, as they came together, they parted, holding their hands on their heads and cursing. I got up quickly on my own steam and realized my right leg was all but asleep. I almost trip, but Henry catches me.

He laughs, holding his forehead with one hand and my arm with the other. I look at him, then to Jacob who has his hand on the top of his head and laugh too.

Jacob takes a good look at us, shakes his head and laughs also. "We definitely need to work on our routine."

"I think I need something for this." Henry rubs his forehead.

"Same here." Jacob clenches his underwear with his toes and tosses them up into the air catching them with his hand.

"I'll go get some Motrin." I say and leave them alone in my bedroom. When I get to the kitchen, I splash water on my face, rub my jaw and look at my reflection in the kitchen window.

"Who are you?" I ask, but don't get an answer. The woman smiling back at me is a stranger. She is wearing my skin but she is not acting like me. I grab a single glass of water and the bottle of pills and return to my men. My men. I ponder that thought as I walk up the stairs. Mine, my men. I have them and I know their secret. I am a part of this secret life and though I have never joined a sorority, I am pretty sure we made a pact earlier. To be the one woman allowed into

the middle of those two men, it might not be right, it may not be conventional. I know it presses against logic, society, possibly even state laws, but I swear, for the first time in my life I feel like I am alive and living in the moment.

I enter the room and witness two men thoroughly worn out. Jacob is lying on his side of my bed almost asleep. Henry is sitting on his side of my bed, waiting for me and possibly the pain reliever. I give them to Jacob first since he is closest and half asleep anyways.

I bring them to Henry. He looks at me and I melt. He waits until I crawl into bed before he takes his pills and lies next to me. Jacob is snoring by the time he turns out the light. I lay there, a bundle of nerves and energy between them.

"Come here." Henry whispers.

I slide closer to him. I can see his profile thanks to the blade of light from the moon outside pushing its way into my room. He leans up on his side and looks down on me. So many words are being passed between us without opening our mouths. His hand comes up, pushes my hair away from my face, and then traces each of my eyebrows.

"What are you doing?" I whisper.

"Shh." Was his response.

Henry smiles a half smile then proceeds to trace my eyelashes, my nose, each cheek, my top lip then bottom. When his hand cups my cheek as his thumb stokes down my neck I am barely caged. I feel like a wild beast being taunted with fresh meat. I fear he is playing with me, he knows we can't. I begin to wonder as my thighs clench tightly together if I can in fact do this without a vibrator. If I can want enough

to make it happen without one, without the act of penetration, without direct touching there.

His face comes close to mine, he whispers in my ear, "You're beautiful Sonja. Your lips mesmerize me, they seduce me. They beg me to kiss them."

My lips part slightly as I pull in a shallow breath. He doesn't stop there. His words wrap around my body like a warm blanket and penetrate my skin as deep as a touch. When he kisses my neck I shudder. His thumb slides farther down my throat over my breast and then beneath the fabric of my night shirt. My eyes close as his lips come down on mine.

He is not kissing me. He is making love to my mouth. His tongue slides between my lips mimicking the in out of lovemaking. My thighs clench harder, harder, I clench and release. My arms wrap around him and I pull him on top of me. He is hard again.

His legs part mine and he settles between them. His briefs against my pajama shorts. "Will this give you enough friction?" He whispers and I think it may have already given me too much as my thighs tightened around him.

I nod.

"Good." He says.

We fuck like teenagers who are afraid of fucking, and afraid of getting caught. Jacob mumbles in his sleep and we freeze mid grind and look over to him. He completes his nonsensical sentence and is snoring again. Henry looks back to me and we smile at each other. This is a stolen moment.

Steal a moment just for us he had said. I kiss him again, I have to. He is pulling the impossible right out of me. He knows it too. His grip on my shoulders becomes tighter, his kiss deeper, and his grinding, good Lord the man knows my body better than I do.

I come. I come in a burst of light before my eyes, rolling thunder wave of orgasm that wracks my body head to toe. I feel the wetness on my shorts and I know he has come too. Not like earlier, he's not as shaken, he just seems tired. His kiss slows, he stops rubbing against me. He nuzzles my nose with his and then rolls off me.

Bring The Pain

Why is when you tell someone that you're on a diet, suddenly they feel like baking? For the past few days, I have been in agony. In a constant state of arousal, and they entice it. Taking turns stealing kisses, stroking my thighs, my ass, my breasts, my neck. It has been pure delicious hell living with them.

Not to mention I have my Wii age down to 25 now. I kick their ass at bowling and then go upstairs to write. My column has taken on a life of its own. I am researching letters I put into the taboo file and I have been learning a great deal about male-male relationships. For example, not all gay men like to receive. I don't have to ask, I already know that Henry isn't a receiver. I don't however know if Jacob knows this. I don't know if I really know this or if I am just reading too much into things. They haven't so much as touched one another since that night unless punching, kicking, smacking, and general roughhousing counts. Certainly, to the outside eye, they are just the best of friends. It is only in the more subtle moments that I pick up on the difference.

What I know right now is that yesterday was the last day of my cycle. I haven't told them because I doubt I would have gotten any work done at all if I did. Not to mention the fact that I am growing a bit lazy, a bit selfish by way of two handsome men spoiling me rotten day and night. Stealing moments behind each other's backs and making me crazy all the while.

I hear thundering steps and laughter on the stairs, Jacob. I know their sounds now. I can tell who is in the hallway by the sound of his footsteps on the floor. A firm rapping comes to the door then it opens. In walks the superstar.

"I am victorious!" He says then pulls my chair away from the desk. He plops down on my lap and all two-hundred pounds of him crushes my legs, but I relish the feel of him.

"You are heavy." I laugh.

"Times up." He announces. "Come downstairs."

"Why?" I tease.

"You'll see." He waggles his eyebrows at me and I realize that Henry hasn't followed him.

They are up to something, but they will both be sorry—well, we will all be very happy tonight. Before I can protest he is up and pulling me up by the hands. I follow him because he is just as likely to pick me up and carry me to the destination he has in mind.

"Oh my God." I am overwhelmed. They have prepared dinner for me. Outside on the patio there are Christmas lights transforming my ordinary space into a romantic little bistro.

"My lady." Henry pulls the chair out for me. I sit. He whispers in my ear, "We know."

Less subtle is my other suitor. "Eat up; you're going to need your energy."

"A toast." I raise my wine glass, "To surviving without."

"Here here." They raise their glasses.

Sweat!

They are machines. I don't know what Henry put in those shish-kabobs but we have been at it for an hour now and neither one of them are giving up.

"Yes!" Jacob shouts as the next strike declares him the winner. "I am victorious!"

"You're a cheater." I declare and put my paddle down. When they said they knew earlier, I thought that they knew I was no longer off limits, what they knew was how to beat me at bowling! Henry, who has also mopped the floor with me tonight, tries to console me. "You too!"

"Oh don't be a spoiled sport," He teases. "You forget about that victory lap you ran, then the walk of shame you told us to take?"

Well maybe I was a little high on victory when I beat them at bowling a few times. I'm sure not gloating now. Not when I know a much better game to play with them, one we can all win. "I'll be back in a minute."

I go upstairs and search through the high end costumes I was sent to try out and report back on. I had been saving them, for what I am not sure, but maybe for this moment. They have made me play secondary characters as they read through scripts and I admit, I have had fun playing make believe. But now they can play a role in my script, where I am the star of the show.

"Jacob, Henry," I call from the top of the stairs. "I need a little help here."

I duck back into my bedroom before they get to the bottom of the stairs. I hear them laughing, teasing, and taunting each other about the video game. When they step into my room, all humor fades.

Burn It Up

Jacob clears his throat. "So, uh ... that's new." I nod.

"So this means..." Henry steps forward. He pulls the silk string keeping the front of my costume closed towards him. "That's good news."

"Very good news." Jacob moves to my back and kisses my neck. The familiar feel of his lips on my skin still sends electric sparks in different directions throughout my body.

Like Vampires finding a virgin, they begin to ravish me with kisses and nibbles all along the front and back of my neck, my ears, my breasts.

"Don't take it off," Henry says and stops Jacob from unzipping the back. "Just pull up the skirt."

"You're really getting off on this get up aren't you?" Jacob asks and Henry blushes.

"You don't like it?" I ask him and turn to look at him, giving my back to Henry.

"I didn't say that." He presses a kiss to the side of my mouth and I want more. "I just can't wait to get at what's inside it is all."

"Oh." I smile. "Take off your clothes, both of you."

I don't have to ask twice. They strip with careless ease, hopping on one foot rather than sitting on the bed, tossing garments every direction instead of one neat pile. Once they are naked and ready I explain how this will go.

"This as you can see is a dress made for a lady, not some streetwalking hooker." I adjust my dress but leave it untied in the front so that my boobs are still partly exposed. "Now line up, if you want to serve me, I need to inspect you."

"Hot Damn!" Jacob jumps in line a little too eagerly startling me. "Sorry, I just wasn't expecting this. I'm more than a little bit excited now."

"No doubt." Henry shakes his head.

I look at them, standing next to one another. I slowly, purposefully walk past each of them, eyeing them up and down. Nodding, making noises of question or approval. I move to their backsides. I don't get to see them from this angle really. I can tell that they are both tall, but that Henry has a longer torso and Jacob slightly longer legs. Both have very nice asses. Jacob's is full, round and firm. Henry's is muscular, solid, and his cheeks hollow when he clenches them like he is right now.

"Nervous?" I ask him and inspect the merchandise with a touch now. I run my finger from the nape of his neck to the tip of his tailbone.

He shudders. "No."

"You should be." I whisper. Then I move on to Jacob. He can't stay still for a second. His toes are tapping. I pinch his ass and instead of yelping he says, "More Madame."

I give him a swat for being fresh. He tries to hold back his chuckle.

"You'll both do." I announce to them. Neither looks at me though I can see now that they are both at attention. Two

impressive cocks await orders. "You there, come here and kiss me."

Henry moves as I command, but when he gets closer I put my hand up before he can kiss my lips. "Not there."

"Yes Madame." He kneels before me and I lift the front of my dress enough for him to crawl under it.

I almost fall over when he actually touches me. Unlike what I am used to from Henry, he is aggressive, diving right in for my sweet spot and pushing two fingers into my folds without warning. I knew that I was wet. I didn't know that I was that wet until he did it.

"And me Madame." Jacob is swaying, a drop of sweat forms at his temple and I know he is ready to pounce on me like a tiger.

"You, Oh God ... I mean you ... "I can barely make a sentence thanks to Henry. "You will ... wait one second."

I put a hand on Henry's head through the dress. He stills. I catch my breath. "Come out."

He pulls out from under the dress and I see a challenge in his eyes. A wicked smile dances on his lips.

"You," I address Jacob, will remove this gown for me. He moves quickly and unzips the back. The dress falls to the floor and I step out if it. "You will be rewarded for obeying."

I tilt my nose to the air and walk past Henry to Jacob. I place my hands on his hips and kneel before him. He is smiling his victory smile as I lick the head of his cock.

"I dare you." He says and I look up to see him talking to Henry behind me.

I know immediately what he dared. Henry's broad head nudges my pussy a second before his fingers open me and he slides inside. I gasp around Jacobs cock.

Henry swats my ass one good time and says with his accent, "Now you will see who the master is, Madame."

Jacob's hands undo the clips in my hair and it falls around my face in brown ringlets. His fingers push into the curls and pull it up and away. He commands, "Suck my cock."

I am doing it. I am sucking him, and letting Henry fuck me for about two minutes when I realize they have taken me over again and I willingly obeyed. I pull back from Jacob's cock with a pop. I use his hips as leverage and I pull myself up and Henry slides out.

"Where are you going?" he asks.

"What are you doing?" Jacob says and grabs my hands.

"Do you do that to each other?" I ask and look at them.

"Do what?" They both look at me puzzled.

"Take control from the other. Who does the fucking when you two fuck? Huh? Who sucks who?" I place my hands on my hips and wait.

They both look like a set of deer trapped in headlights. I have to say that all the research I have been doing has me very curious about them and their relationship. The process, the whole thing.

"Uh ... we haven't." Henry scratches his stomach. "I mean that was one time, and it was years ago."

"There really wasn't any foreplay involved." Jacob shrugs. "Why do you ask?"

Damn him and his super keen sexual senses. I shrug.

"You're turned on by it aren't you?" Jacob touches Henry's arm, a one finger stroke from his shoulder to his wrist and God help me, I can't take my eyes away from that touch. "Well well."

"You can't do what we did." Henry says. "It doesn't work like that. And I don't want to do anything that excludes you."

I look at him, standing there in his self righteous, goody goody, know it all, ask me personal questions big feet, big dick, self and I remember something. I am a woman of many means and many resources. "I'll be right back."

I leave them naked and bewildered and enter the research room. I come back to them whispering. I don't know what they were discussing, I don't care. I have two men in this house and they both want to fuck me, and I am pretty sure they want to fuck each other but I know who wants what and which one of them wants to be fucked the most.

"Can you help me with this?" I ask and Jacob smiles.

"Who do you think that's for?" he asks. "Me or him?"

"I haven't decided yet." I say as he makes a few adjustments to the straps.

He must want to make sure that I know who is supposed to get rewarded for obeying because he strokes his hand over my exposed lips and asks, "May I?"

"You may." I say and he spreads my legs a little bit wider then tongues me.

"Now how do you suppose this is going to work?" Henry asks with hands on narrow hips. "Three dicks are worse than two, and I must say, it doesn't look good on you."

"Not my color?" I look at the small pink prosthetic and take it into my hand. Henry is nervous. I can tell. He doesn't know where I am trying to place him in this triangle and I secretly hope I am pushing his boundaries without pushing him too far away from me. He unnerves me in a way Jacob doesn't. And for that reason I want to know. I want to know all sides of him. I know Jacob, he is as easy to read as a book. The man is more open and honest than anyone I have ever known. "Jake, do you want me to do this?"

"You called me Jake." He says.

I realize I did. I also see how happy it makes him.

"Yeah." His jaw tightens and I can see it flex. "I want you to do whatever turns you on sweetheart."

"So then you want me to fuck Henry with this?" I ask him and we share a smile of victory as Henry takes a step back. Jacob laughs. I shake my head and feel a little bad about being so wicked, but still.

"No." Jacob shakes his head. "Just me."

Henry's chest visibly releases the air he had sucked in. "Come on Henry, I never had you pegged for a receiver, but I know you won't fuck him unless I do it first, so I guess you can help, or you can watch, it's up to you," then I add with a note of sarcasm, "Master."

My hands are trembling. I have never done anything like this before and though I did read up on how to do it, I am not sure the written word and pictorials truly prepare a person for this. Looking at the man bent over before me on the bed, trusting me, to do this, I can barely get the top off the tube of lubricant.

"Hand it here." Henry says quietly from the bedside. I don't look at him, I just give it over. He opens the top and hands it back. I squirt a great glob onto Jacob's tailbone and he flinches.

"I gave you warning." He says through labored breaths. I can tell the anticipation is killing him, and I really don't mean to lead him on, I just don't want to hurt him.

"Sorry." I say, and hope he can't tell how nervous I am.

"Good grief." Henry, who seems to be just as frustrated, says before getting on the bed behind me. "You're going to hurt him if you don't do this right."

I have a feeling he knows that for a fact.

"Finger." Henry says and then puts his hand on my hand. His fingers overlap mine and then they move up to Jacobs's tale bone where the lube is already sliding down.

Our fingers slide to the puckered hole of his ass and I am surprised at how tight it is. I had imagined this was something he may have had done regularly, I thought about my own ass and how I worried, though I had read substantial research to disprove my worry, that it would somehow remain open.

"Press." Henry whispers in my ear. His breath sends warmth running through me and I tighten my thighs. "Easy."

He pushes against my finger and it slips past the barrier into Jacob's ass.

"Son of a bitch." Jacob says and his chest falls forward towards the bed. He is offered up like a stretching dog. Face down, ass up.

Henry feeds my finger deeper and I feel like a medical doctor performing an exam of sorts. I need to find that almond sized prostate to stimulate it. "Pull back some, then in, back, then in."

I follow directions, Jacob moans. Henry gives up on my ability to explore on my own and with a little, more lube added; he pushes his finger in alongside mine and guides me to where I need to go.

"Too much." Jacob gasps. "Do it, do it now."

"You need to add more lube there, and make sure you put a lot on that thing as well." Henry says and adjusts himself behind me. "You need to stand up."

"Why?"

"You're not tall enough. You want to know what it feels like to fuck like a man. I hope your thighs can handle it." He helps me up, positions my feet and then I am in this uncomfortable squat over Jacob. He is right; the dildo is hanging in the right place now. I don't know why I thought I could do this the way they did it to me. "Now, press it there, okay, let him push back."

Jacob groans and shivers as he pushes back on the dildo. I am amazed at what I see. I can't believe it looks like this. I begin to understand why men like to watch. It makes you feel powerful, makes everything bigger.

Henry begins to move my hips and I feel his erection against my ass. "Now," he says, "Let's see if this will work."

He adjusts himself in what I imagine is an even more uncomfortable leg position than the one I am in. I hold onto Jacob's waist for support. I need it. Henry finds his mark

against my hot, wet flesh and enters me. He pushes me into Jacob and it is as if he knows what happened.

"Henry." He says. "God Henry, fuck."

It's the rhythm. I realize that now as Henry moves us. I push into Jacob as Henry pushes into me, then as he pulls back I am pulled back. It is like an erotic accordion made up of people.

"Fuck Henry, Fuck her, fuck us both dammit." Jacob says.

It is now I realize that Henry can do two things very well. He can be gentle, he can make a woman feel special, overwhelmed even. And Henry can fuck hard, fast, and two people at once.

His hands cover mine over Jacobs hips and he tells me to hold on before he takes one long slow pull out to the tip, before changing his pace completely. He is a machine. Like a fully charged vibrator, he moves fast and furious slamming into me, causing me to slam into Jacob and I am wasted. I come before both of them and allow the last few strokes Henry needs to get off to go through me like aftershocks of an earthquake. I am limp, practically adding to Jacob's weight.

Henry pulls out, slowly pulls me out. Jacob rolls over and he is still hard.

I am shocked. He shrugs. "I can't get off that way without friction, and I couldn't move to get a grip."

Henry begins unfastening the straps on my strap-on and I do the right thing. I lean over Jacob and grab him with the hand I did not use to finger him with and latch onto his cock.

I down him, and as soon as he hits the back of my throat, he is a goner. "Damn, I love your mouth."

Slippery When Wet

Henry decided that three people would not, or at least, he would not, fit into the shower. I suspect he wanted time to himself after the evening's activities. Jacob however wanted the time with me.

"My ass hurts." He says as he lathers my hair. "It's a good thing that pink prick was small."

I love that he is not embarrassed by his sexuality or mine. He doesn't want to hide or forget what we do in moments of passion. "Now we're even."

He laughs loud. I like the sound of it. "I was afraid you were starting to have a preference but I think you just see us differently."

"What are you talking about?" I squint as shampoo runs into my eye.

"Rinse that." He frees me so that I can get the suds out. As I rinse he talks. "I don't know, I guess I am learning my way around all this. I mean I know it seems like I am just cool as a cucumber about it all but Henry is the only guy any of this has ever surfaced with. Now we have you in the mix, and you are really mixing it up, I mean one drunken night after a world tragedy, is in no way the same thing as what's been happening here."

I am enlightened. I am shocked. "But I thought..."

He shrugs. Water rolls down his chest to his feet. His smile unwavering, he steps closer to me. "You have the prettiest gray eyes."

Leavin' on a Jet Plane

"I have to go." Henry tells us as we eat breakfast.

"What? Why?" I ask.

Jacob stops eating and looks at him too. "Well?"

He sighs. "There is a twist on the last episode. A new character enters, and the actress who we filmed the scenes with has bowed out. Now I have to go back and we have to do it all over with this new girl."

"That sucks." Jacob crosses his arms and leans back in the chair.

Henry shrugs. "That's television."

I remain silent for a long moment. I am sad, crushed, fearful that this is the last time I will see him. "When are you leaving?"

"I need to get back as soon as possible so I figured I would head back out tonight if I can get the flights lined up." He looks at me. "Hey. I know where you live. I'll be back."

"You don't have to come back." I stand up and run to my room because I don't want him to see me cry. Why the hell am I crying? I'm not in love with Henry. I am not his girlfriend. I guess it is the realization that it will all end soon. His leaving is just the sign that Jacob will also leave me.

I wipe my eyes and blow my nose. I look at myself in the bathroom mirror. "Don't be cruel Sonja. You knew this was coming."

"So'." Henry taps on the bathroom door. "Can I come in?" "Sure." I run water on a washcloth and then wipe my face.

"Hey." He says and turns me around to face him.

"Yes?" I take a deep breath.

"I'll be back." He leans over and pulls my chin up so that my face tilts up towards his. "Look at me."

I take a deep breath and look into his eyes. It is there in that stare and I find my chest growing tight against my will.

"I'll be back." He leans in and kisses my lips tenderly.
"Steal a moment So'."

I give into his kiss and within a minute, he closes and locks the bathroom door. "Me and you."

I feel guilty. "But."

"But what? He'll be here after I'm gone." Henry pulls me closer and silences any objections with his mouth.

He is tender, he is gentle. I lift my arms up as he pulls my shirt over my head. He pushes my skirt and panties over my hips as he kneels before me. "Sit up on the sink."

I do.

He unzips his shorts and lowers them at the same time as his briefs. He steps forward. "Do you need me to..."

"No." I say and adjust my hips as I wrap my legs around him. He grips my ass and I reach between us to guide him in. We are facing each other, it is the two of us, and there is nothing between us this time.

He pushes in and then kisses me. He holds me close, tight, and we move in a slow rhythm all our own. His breathing speeds up, his head rests on my shoulder, his lips against my neck, and he pulls me down and onto him over and over again. "You're perfect Sonja."

"Henry," I gasp as he hits the spot. "Oh, Henry."

"Call my name, So'. I love to hear my name on your lips." He kisses my throat and his name rips out in a strangle on the air as I pulse around him in a quick break of pleasure. "You feel so good when you come around my cock."

He fucks me for another few moments then quietly says my name against my neck as he comes. He must have the largest reserve of sperm known to man, as it takes him several moments to milk it dry.

We look into each other's eyes and I don't say a word. Neither does he. He simply kisses my lips briefly before pulling out and picking up his clothes. "I'll miss you."

He turns as he unlocks the bathroom door. "Ditto."

I wonder if I will ever see his naked ass live and in person again. I hope so.

Walk the Line

"You miss him?" Jacob asks, as we lay post-coital in each other's arms.

I think about what a loaded question that is. "You?'

"Yeah, you're not much of a challenge now that I know how to beat you at bowling." He bites his lower lip.

I playfully attack him and we wrestle in the bed until we remember that we are tired. I fall back with a flop and a sigh. I look up at the ceiling fan and remember what day it is. I have lost track of time with those two being here, and Jacob now alone with me, is demanding of more time. "Hey! His show is on in like five minutes."

"Let's go." He is up and on his way to the living room. I watch him walk and dress at the same time. He almost trips, as usual, and I laugh. My brain does not let the familiarity and comfort go unnoticed. I am getting used to him being here. I try not to think about it as I follow him.

Once in the room we snuggle up on the couch and watch the third wheel of our tricycle on the television. We evaluate his performance and agree that the star is an ego maniac and that Henry outshines him any day. Once the show is over, and our hero gone, we lazily move back to the bedroom.

"Come here." He says and pulls me closer to him. Jacob never cuddles me when we sleep. He always sleeps on his back and usually without the covers until he gets cold.

I know as he begins to kiss my lips that he wants me again. The man is insatiable.

"I have to leave tomorrow." He says and he nuzzles my nose with his.

"I know." I whisper and hold him close.

"Will you miss me?" I realize that he is lazily playing with my hair; maybe he isn't trying to have sex. But if he isn't what does that mean?

"Of course." I kiss his lips to keep this conversation from turning into something more than I can handle. I didn't know how much I would miss Henry. I can't fathom how I will feel when they are both gone. When my life returns to normal once again.

I push my hands through his soft brown hair and pull him over me as I roll to my back. Jacob and I have had sex in many different positions. I dare say we have tried them all. But this is my favorite. To have him over me, overwhelming me, putting all of his energy into me as I meet his thrusts.

I push my pajama shorts off. He was naked before getting into the bed. He believes clothes constrict his circulation. All I know is that I love having his bare flesh at my side all night long.

"God, I'm going to miss you So'." He says as he slides deep into me. The time for foreplay is over. The need to be one is the only driving force. "I'll miss your hair, your eyes, and these lips."

I'll miss his pillow talk that's for damn sure. I knew I wasn't exactly chopped liver, but I never knew any man would look at me with such intensity when he says I am beautiful. When I am with him, I feel beautiful. "Fuck me Jake."

He picks up the motion and I lift into him. I can't get enough. I can't get nearly enough of him.

"Come for me." He says between groans.

I can't. I try and I try, but I can't. I fake it. Unfortunately, when there has been enough sex between two people, it is obvious.

"What the fuck?" He asks with a quirked brow. He isn't angry, just confused.

I try to deny it. "What?"

"I'm an actor, sweetheart. You faked it." He rolls off me and keeps moving to get out of the bed. He opens the window and the cool air blows in and chills me instantly. "Why?"

"I don't know." I lie.

"All right." He says then gets back in the bed.

"I need a shower." I get up and bolt for the shower hoping I don't give myself away. I get under the water and I cry. I cry because I lied to him. I cry because I don't know what I want right now. I cry because the one thing I do know is that tomorrow he is leaving. Henry is gone.

I want them both to stay.

When I crawl back into bed with him, he is asleep and snoring. He must have taken a shower in the guest room because he smells like soap and his hair is damp. I lay there for a long time just looking at him. A month ago, he was a man in a magazine. He said and did whatever I wanted him to in my mind. The real thing is nothing like what I thought. He isn't a vegetarian, he doesn't quote my favorite movie lines to me, and when he doesn't shave his hair grows in patches. He snores as loud as a riding lawnmower and personifies

attention deficit hyperactive disorder. I adore him he challenges me. He has forced me to have fun, to enjoy my sexuality not just analyze sexuality from a distance. As much as I hate to say it, he has changed my life.

Two months ago, I simply wanted a chance to be near him in person. The night we met in the elevator I only wanted a chance to live out a fantasy. The day he arrived at my door I thought I could play in the land of make-believe for a while. When Henry showed up, I thought it would help me maintain distance. But now, as he smiles in his sleep, I realize that I am closer to Jacob than any other man except one, Henry.

Tossin' and Turnin'

"I couldn't sleep at all last night." I tell Brittany as I plop down on the couch.

"Why?"

I can't tell her that it was the first time in a month I slept alone. "I feel restless."

"Come to California." Her standard answer to everything. She tells me to come to California if I say I can't decide if I want to make meatloaf or pasta.

"Maybe." I think about it. Jacob has been gone for two days. I haven't heard from either of them. I wonder if they talk to each other.

"Really?" She is all excited now. "You never say maybe, you always say no. So maybe is a real maybe right?"

"Maybe is just maybe. I need to..."

"Look at the calendar, I know. I wish I hadn't taken that trip. If I were home when you came out to do those interviews we would have had a blast!" She is too excited, this wakes up her son. "Oh shit, now look. I gotta go hon', maybe is for real maybe. You must come out here. We would love to see you and I would love for little Mason to meet his Aunt Sonja again. I mean his birth is one thing, you haven't seen us in almost two years."

The toddler is crying and calling for her in the background. I can barely hear over him. "Go take care of the baby, call when he goes to bed tonight."

"I'll try." She says and I know she means it depends on her husband's schedule and what time Mason goes to bed. "I miss you."

"Miss you too." I hang up.

I am bored out of my skull but I decide that since they did use the rooms, at least for storage, I should gather the sheets and do laundry. The only laundry getting done was my own linen and between the two of them and all the sex, well I was doing laundry daily to keep fresh sheets on the bed.

I pull the sheets from Henry's bed and smell them. Nothing. When I pull the sheets from Jacob's there is a faint scent of him, his soap, on them. I sigh as I carry them to the laundry and start a load. When I return I open the drawer to grab clean linen and discover he has left behind a few things. Nothing drastic a toothbrush, a couple pairs of boxers, and a t-shirt. I wonder if Henry left anything behind. I go to his room and open the top drawer. Nothing.

The emptiness echoes how I feel. I sit on the mattress and for no good reason begin to cry.

I just called to say I love you

"I love you." I sob. My mother is more than curious since I never call and on top of that, I never cry.

"Do you need me to come out for a while?" She is more concerned than she needs to be.

"No, no. I'm fine. I ... I don't know. I was just missing you a little is all. I mean sometimes when I am out here I can get lost in my own world, just like when I was a kid. Then other times I am consumed with the feelings, the memories of grandma, of you and dad, and holidays. It's such a weird thing."

"Oh honey, when you get ready to get out there and find yourself a man you'll realize that the size of a home doesn't matter, he'll fill it up, make it seem small just by being there. You won't feel so lonely. Maybe you'll start your own family; maybe you'll just invite family out more. I don't know. But I do know that whatever has you in this place right now, this mood, this state of feeling, I hope it stays. I worry so much about you Sonja." I hear her voice crack. I know she is afraid of being too emotional on the phone with me because in the past I have hung up.

"I don't like feeling..." I can't figure out exactly what I want to say.

"I know you don't sweetie, you never did." My mother says and I feel my eyes grow large in surprise at her statement. "Detachment is a gift at times, and a curse at others."

The bat phone, as I like to call it, rings just in time to save me. "That's the office line mom, I gotta go."

"I love you sweet girl." My mother says and hangs up.

"Hello?" I compose myself for the caller.

"What are you wearing?" A deep husky voice comes through the line.

My temper flares. "Don't call here!" I shout then slam down the receiver.

The phone rings again. I look at the caller ID and it says it is a private number. I answer a little more impatient this time. "Hello."

"Don't hang up on me So'" Jacob says. "Has someone been pranking you?"

"Was that you?" Annoyance doesn't allow me to sound relieved.

"Yeah, who else would be calling asking that question?" He sounds annoyed now.

"Why are you calling my work number?" I let out an exhausted sigh. "I get pranks occasionally, yes. Not often but now and then people are clever enough to get my number though they believe they are calling my office not my house."

"I miss you." He says quietly. "Henry misses you too."

"Sure." I say and find my heart thumping in jealousy that they have talked to each other and not to me.

"So what number should I give him?" Jacob asks. "I mean this is the phone at your house right? So is there another phone we should call?"

"My cell phone." I say it and realize that while they were here I didn't use the cell phone. I didn't have to. I can go

months without any real phone calls. Only Brittany, my parents, and my job called me and only work called on a regular basis anymore, and work used the bat phone. "Shit. I'm sorry. I didn't realize I didn't give either of you the number."

"We see how you are. Holding out the digits for other men." He teases. "But seriously I need a number for him."

I give him my cell number and then he surprises me by getting off the phone right after. I look at the receiver and shake my head. I was getting wound up for a nice chat but nothing.

When my cell phone rings a few minutes later, I know it is Henry or Jacob calling me. Against my will, I kept moving it to whatever room I was in. Unfortunately, when it rang I happened to be in the bathroom and the phone was in the bedroom. I turn off the faucet and say, a prayer of thanks I wasn't still indisposed. I run for the phone and pick it up right before it goes to voicemail. I am breathless as I collapse on the bed, "Hello?"

"Hey." It's Henry.

"Hey stranger." My heart pitter patters.

"I was wondering what you were doing the next couple of weeks."

"Same thing I always do, work." I smile though he can't see me.

"Do you have a passport?" He asks and I springboard up in the bed.

"Yes." I say with caution.

"Do you think you would like to come to Italy for a couple of weeks?" he asks slowly and deliberately as if he is worried about my answer.

My throat is shut. My head is nodding yes, but I can't speak. I squeak a sound but it isn't yes.

"Sonja?" He says nervously. "I just thought it would be an opportunity for you to maybe do some research or something."

I feel bad because I know he is making that up. He asked me to visit and I am too excited to speak. I am sure it is because I never say yes to anything unscheduled. My mouth knows better.

"Yes." I finally get out. I can hear his relief. "I need to see how much it will cost, check the schedules and..."

"I took care of it. If you can come, you'll have a ticket waiting for you tomorrow." He says.

I am glad I am on the bed. It is a nice place to pass out! "Henry, you can't, I mean..."

"I can, I did." I hear his smile, "I'll see you soon."

"I ... I."

"I'll see you soon So'." He says. "Goodnight."

I hang up without saying anything.

I am pacing back and forth in my closet like a crazy woman. I have no idea what to take with me but I have less than twenty-four hours to pack. The phone rings and I pick it up without looking at the number. At this point, anyone will be fine to talk to.

"I'm jealous" Jacob says.

"Because?" I prompt him.

"You get to go to Italy without me." He chuckles. "I was going to invite you to New York. He reminded me of how quick the paparazzi would pick up on you in New York. Sneaky bastards."

"You don't think there will be paparazzi in Italy?" I hadn't really thought about any of this.

"Nah, not really. Everyone there thinks the show is wrapped so no one will expect to see them around. Henry is not the number one on the show though he is gaining some attention, you could probably walk down the street holding hands and no one bat an eye much less take a picture." I can hear the sadness in his voice. "You know I never regretted anything about my job until right now."

"What are you talking about?" I can focus and pick out clothes while I talk to him. It keeps me from over thinking the outfits.

"You know, the lack of privacy. I mean I never cared before because the girls were always using me to get ahead or to get in the magazines, on a cover. I was also using them, I admit. But I can't do that to you and I won't. So it just really sucks to be me right now."

He sounds so sad I stop packing and focus only on the conversation. "Jake, I know who you are. I mean if a time comes when you need me on your arm, I don't care about the photographs. It's fair to have a friend. Even celebrities are entitled to people in their lives that aren't looking for the spotlight."

"Which is why I wouldn't put you through that." He says.
"You're my friend, my lover, and I wouldn't dare put you in

the fishbowl for the world to pick you apart just because you are with me."

He sighs heavy and my heart breaks for him. There is a down side to every job and certainly living in a fishbowl is the downside of his. I immediately feel guilty for all of the time I spent watching the celebrity news, or buying gossip magazines that exploited their business.

"I wish you could come with me to Italy." I mean it. I love getting to spend time with Henry, but to be in another place and have new experiences with both of them would be the best.

"I have to go to L.A. next week to meet with my agent. We'll see what's lined up." He says. "Will you call me when you get there? Make sure you take sunscreen, and an extra bag because you're likely to shop. Oh, and clothes that stretch."

"Clothes that stretch?" I laugh.

"You like to eat So', you're going to be in heaven and I doubt Henry will work it off the way I can." I hear his arrogance but I agree.

"Well then if you don't make it to Italy I'll come hide out in New York for a week of working out, how's that?"

"I'll hold you to it." His mood is lifted.

"Promise."

"All right, enough. I can't take much more of it. I'll be jerking off in my sleep as it is." He laughs. I laugh.

Then it gets quiet.

"I miss you." He says. "I've only missed Henry for so long I forgot I could feel like this about anyone else."

I don't know what to say.

"Goodnight So'. Don't forget to call me okay?" He says and I agree.

I finish packing my bag and for good measure, I toss in two skirts with an elastic waist. I know I won't need them, but just in case.

[Back to Table of Contents]

That's Amore'

I wish I could fight the jet lag but I am beat. I stumble off the plane and make my way to baggage claim. I don't know if Henry will pick me up of if I am to look for a driver with a sign, I just know that someone better be there and they better be ready to take me somewhere there is a nice soft bed to lay in.

It is nine at night Eastern Standard Time meaning it is two in the morning here. I must say that the first class accommodations helped but the turbulence, the food, the landing, have all done a number on me.

"Sonja." Henry waves to me and instantly the jet lag begins to fade. He is sporting the beard he wears on the show. He looks tired and I imagine that two in the morning is again two in the morning for him.

I relish the feel of him as he envelops me in his arms. He rocks me back and forth a moment, squeezing tightly then finally letting go. "Nice beard."

"I have a couple more days of shooting then I can shave it off." He runs his fingers over his chin.

The luggage belt squeals to life and fortunately, my bag was one of the first off. It was a good start to an amazing adventure.

I am sleepy, I am happy; I am trying to look at everything as the taxi takes us to his home. Henry speaks to the driver and I realize that what he is saying is not in English. I tune in and listen to the most beautiful words coming from the man's

mouth. He points and the driver nods, laughs and speaks back to him. We pull up and Henry gets out. I follow him and grab my carryon though they both give me a look of surprise. The driver says something I can't understand. Henry laughs and says something back to him. I am impressed and annoyed at the same time. I hadn't thought about the fact that he had been living here a year or more while filming the show. I mean I knew the people in Italy speak Italian, I just thought like most selfish Americans, that I could speak English and get by anywhere. I understand one thing, "Arrivederci!"

"Arrivederci!" I say and they both look at me. I shrug.

"Come on." Henry smiles and I want to kiss him. I follow him instead.

"This is your flat?" I look around and I am surprised at how small it is. He lives over a store of some sort. I imagined a huge luxurious apartment. I am pleasantly surprised by its humble size and décor.

"Mi sei mancato molto!" He says.

I turn to look at him and I liquefy. "What?"

"I missed you so much." He tucks those gorgeous lips of his in then lets them flesh back out. By the time he looks down, I am leaning up and into him. Jet lag be damned. I want him.

I am clinging to him for dear life. His tongue is dueling with mine in a desperate dance. His beard scratches my face but I don't care. We are not new lovers, we are not old lovers, we are just lovers on the verge of doing what we do best. "God, get your clothes off!"

He pulls his shirt over his head. I hastily unfasten my pants and try to strip them off while at the same time pulling off my shirt. The result, I look like Jacob, clumsy and wild with lust. I almost fall when Henry catches my elbow to steady me. "It's okay, we're not going anywhere."

I ignore his sentiments and remember that eventually we are all going somewhere. Away, and for a long time this time. I can't imagine that after these two weeks I will be seeing him again for a while. The thought urges me not to waste any time. "Fuck me Henry."

"Oka..." he doesn't get the word out. I am on him, my hands around his warm body, smoothing up his back and pulling his shoulders. He moves us to the edge of the bed and carefully lays us down. His lips press against mine, his nose bumps mine as he changes the angle, our teeth clash in the process. I don't care. I don't care that I am uncoordinated and that he is ravenous. I just want him inside me.

"God, Henry!" I cry out as he slips a hand between us and presses his middle finger into me. I am crazed by his touch. He has found something. Something I thought I didn't have. At first, it feels a bit uncomfortable, but then it feels good. Really fucking good! "Right there, shit, fuck, Henry."

"That's my girl." He says and pushes a second finger into me to torture the same spot.

"Oh fuck, what is that?" I cry out. "Fuck, harder, harder. There."

"Is that good?" He says calmly.

I on the other hand am about to come undone. I have never felt this before. I have always had a clitoral orgasm.

Even when having sex, I find the right tilt or rub where he rubs against me in a rhythm that gets me off with enough concentration. This, this spot he has two fast, hard, fucking fingers on it is totally new to me. I searched for it on my own, and then gave up. My clit had never let me down, why try to fix something that wasn't broken?

"Faster, faster, harder. Fuck Henry I'm..." He pulls out his fingers and I want to die. I want to die of embarrassment and pleasure all at once.

"So it does do that." He says and looks at me.

I can feel my face flush hot burning red with humiliation. "I'm sorry."

"Why?" He says and offers to help me up.

I can barely stand. There is clear fluid running down my legs now and I don't dare look at the blanket as he pulls it off and tosses it away from the bed. "I need a shower. I mean I know that's not ... I just didn't realize that it would..."

"Yeah me either. I mean I was curious, which is why I did it, so now we know. Did it feel good? It looked like it did." He opens the door to the bathroom and steps in. He turns on the shower and adjusts the water temperature. The small space is clean and tidy. Everything so far is minimal, but little touches make it homey. "I'm pretty proud of myself right now."

My mouth drops, then snaps shut. "I'm pretty embarrassed right now."

"Why?" He shrugs. "It's natural. It's not like I didn't expect it. I just didn't believe it, but now I do. You wrote about it a year or so ago, remember?"

"Yes, but that was researched."

"Well, I did some research too. Come on, a shower will make us both feel better. I'm beat and I have to work in a few hours."

My eyes get wide I can feel it. "Henry," I get in the shower and the warm water washes away my worries. Henry looks down at me, his beard collecting water droplets. "Thank you for bringing me here."

"Come here." He says and pulls me close to him. The water has rinsed us clean. He backs me against the tile wall and the coldness gives me a jolt. With ease, he lifts me. I am not much shorter than him or Jacob. I have always been tall for a girl, and it made life more challenging when it came to dating boys. I just couldn't see myself looking down at them and expecting them to overwhelm me.

My legs wrap around his hips. I slide a hand between us to guide that thick shaft of his right to where I need it most. He pushes in with a grunt. He begins mumbling in Italian and I can't understand a word he is saying but it is beautiful, it is sexy, and I hope he does that more often.

"I don't know what you're saying but it sounds sexy as sin." I gasp as he thrusts deeper.

"Beautiful, you are so beautiful." He says in my ear.

I kiss his neck. I fight the urge to mark him. I know he can't very well go into work with a hickey. "You're the one who's beautiful. You and that big beautiful cock of yours."

He growls low. His fingers sink into my skin and I realize he likes that a whole lot. "Oh, Henry, mmmmm, you feel so good inside me. I'd love to feel you everywhere."

He says something in Italian I am sure is a curse word.

"Fuck me as fast and as hard as you'd like to Henry." I must have pushed his magic button this time. He cries out, presses me into the wall for support as his entire body trembles. His forehead falls to my shoulder and I can feel his fingers gripping my flesh so hard I know it will be bruised.

"That went faster than I would have liked." He says between twitches.

"We have to move." I grip his shoulders and pull up lifting my back from the wall. He realizes his grip and slowly, gently helps me get my feet back on the porcelain tub.

"I'm sorry." He scrubs a hand over his face and water abandons his beard in all directions. "I ... Oh shit that's cold."

For my part, I squeal like a girl as the water goes from warm to cold without warning.

We laugh as he turns off the faucet. "I think we've done enough damage to each other for one night, how about you?"

"I still have cold feet." I warn him.

"My shins can take it." He says with seriousness about him I can't entirely read.

"Oh, fudge. I need to call Jacob to let him know I'm here." I slap my hands over my mouth.

"Fudge?" He says and hands me a large towel. I wrap it around myself and follow him to the large open space of the loft. Each section has a distinct space but it is visible from one end to the next. "Here, I'll call him."

Henry speaks to him briefly then hands me the phone. I open my suitcase as I listen to music and loud people in the background and barely hear him explain how he is at a party for the studio and he wished we could both be there.

Someone distracts him momentarily and I take the opportunity to pull on a night shirt. Henry for his part finds another blanket to replace the one on the floor. He double checks his locks and settles into bed. I pull on a pair of pajama shorts and crawl in bed. We both listen to the phone.

"Tell him to call when he has time to talk to you not to everyone else." Henry gives me a look of disgust.

I am tired, doubly so after the nights events so I tell Jacob. He is sad in his reply but he hangs up warning us both to behave and not to do anything he wouldn't do. He also reminds Henry to give me what he sent before saying, "Have fun, pretend you're a rock-star."

I think about those words for two minutes then think of nothing else as Henry pulls me towards him. I turn, placing my back to his front and my feet on his shins. The rough hair tickles my feet; the warm skin feels fabulous to my toes. He sucks in breath at first touch but doesn't pull away from them. "I told you."

"I miss your cold feet too." He says in English then whispers something in Italian I don't understand. I vow to find a dictionary tomorrow.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Rock Star

If living like a rock star means waking up alone to a note and a key then consider me famous. Henry slipped out early in the morning. I must have been dead to the world. Worse—I slept so hard I actually drooled on his pillow! I apparently cannot control any of my bodily fluids in Italy.

I think back to last night. I know from research that what comes out in a g-spot orgasm isn't urine it's a totally separate fluid. I just didn't think I could do that!

I pull on jeans and a t-shirt. I take care of my morning routine and slide my feet into some comfortable walking sandals. I pick up the credit card Jacob sent me. The envelope said to eat to my hearts content, and shop till it popped. I don't know how much is on the pre-paid card, I do know that I won't be testing its limits.

I walk outside and I am faced with beauty. My eyes are covered with sunglasses and I push them up on my head just to take in the magnificence of Rome without anything between me and the city. I fold the written directions that were on the desk. The whole thing was in Italian, and aside from a few numbers, I didn't understand a word. I imagine Henry left it for me in the event that I get lost. I tuck the paper in my bag and head down the stairs.

I walk, I stare, I gawk, I stop and take notes.

I am in love.

I am in love with the greatness, the old buildings, the people, God everything they say sounds so poetic, so sensual.

I am sure it is something like can I take your order, but to my ears, it sounds like, make love to me.

I don't talk to many people. I point, say thank you, and nod a great deal when I buy something.

And so far all I have bought is food. I bought gelato, first thing in the morning! Ice cream for breakfast! I am not ashamed to say that there have been two more places; I have stopped to get gelato. It so happens there are a variety of flavors I would never have tried otherwise. I ask the man to give me his favorite and he understands. I have tried pistachio twice! It was awesome both times. I walk and walk and eventually I look at my watch and realize I have been gone for six hours. I worry that Henry may be home, probably worried that I am lost. I think I know my way back but unfortunately, so many things look the same when you backtrack. Especially when I realize I wasn't paying the best attention to my route so much as the sights.

My heart thunders, it pounds. I realize I am lost in Italy. I am about to cry when I remember the paper Henry left for me. I pull it out and approach an older woman. She reads it and smiles at me. She hands it back to me and points me in the opposite direction of where I am. I go. I go until I think I need to stop and ask someone else. I hand a teenage boy the paper and he pulls me by the hand to his scooter. I am amazed because this is exactly the sort of thing I have seen in the movies. He keeps pleading with me to get on the back. I finally concede. What's the worst that can happen right? I mean I am bigger than this kid so if push came to shove I could defend myself.

Whipping through the streets of Rome the kid knows exactly where he is going. For my part, I hold onto him and try not to cringe as he takes corners and weaves around cars and people. It is not long before I see a familiar building, really familiar ones, the ones I saw when I first left the apartment. I didn't realize how far I had walked. The kid brings the scooter to a stop. I hop off and refrain from falling to the ground and kissing it, thankful not to have fallen off or been in an accident.

I am thanking him in English, when Henry comes running down the street. He is panicked and I instantly feel horrible for not keeping better track of the time. He speaks to the teen and gives him some money. The guy takes the money, says, "Ciao Bella" to me, and then takes off like a little bolt of scooter lightning again.

"Henry, I am so sorry, I lost track of time..." I don't like his angry face.

"We need to get you a map, a phone, and I don't know what else but I didn't think for one second you would go farther than the market on your first day." He pulls me close to him and hugs me too tight. "It's not that it is terribly dangerous, it just isn't terribly safe for a non-Italian speaking woman to wander around. There are parts of Italy that are like parts of America, places women don't go alone."

For an educated woman I feel pretty damn stupid right now. I hadn't really thought about it like that. I mean I have never been out of the United States so as a tourist I imagined a place like this would be an open playground for me. That somehow people would speak English, and a couple people

could speak English currency, I thought I would be able to explore and get my way back. "I'm really glad you left those directions."

"What directions?" He lifts a brow and I pull out the paper.

He laughs, he groans, he puts his hand on his heart.

"Thank God that guy thinks this is the best place to shop."

"What? What are you talking about?" I look at the paper. It is a list of brief Italian words and a few numbers.

"It's a grocery list. I asked one of the women in the market for a recipe and she gave me this list with directions, these are cooking directions, not a map home." He shakes his head. "But that is a great idea. Come, let's take our map and buy dinner."

My heart has stopped. I can't breathe. He puts his arm around my shoulder and guides me down the street to the market.

The smells revive me. I vow not to wander farther than the gelato stand on my own with or without a map. "Will you be working the whole time I'm here?"

"Just a couple more days, we are almost finished. We would have been done by now but it was difficult to get essential people back and two other guys had to grow out their beards because the fake stuff can be good, or it can be very ugly. Not everyone is blessed with my hairiness." He keeps his arm on my shoulder as we walk.

"Aren't you afraid that someone will photograph us?" I ask and look up at him.

"No. Everyone thinks we're gone, these people don't care who I am, which is why I live here by the way, and if by

chance they do catch on that we are back and filming, they will be seeking the star of the show, not me." He is so nonchalant about his job. I don't think he realizes that to some circles he is amazing, he is every bit a star. A group of women have even made a fan site for him.

"Do you have a publicist?" I ask and watch him communicate with the people in the market. His smile makes even older women blush. He commands their attention, they flirt, and they look at me and wink or nod. Whether they know he is on television or not, Henry is a star.

"Yeah, but let's not talk work okay?" He puts a kiss to the side of my forehead. "Oooh look at those, that needs to be cooked tonight."

Long green fresh asparagus spears, negotiated for size and possibly price all in Italian. I look at him, I am amazed at how smart he is, how fluent he speaks this language. I bet if we had children they would be ... I take a physical step back from him and trip over a cart. I am on my way to the pavement when he gathers one of my arms and one hand with his hands. I brush against the pavement but I don't bust my ass or head on it, which I am sure I would have hit both had he not acted so quickly.

Both Henry and the old man behind the vegetable cart are talking to me. I can only understand one of them. "Are you okay? You look like you saw a ghost or something."

"I'm fine." I collect myself and start walking back toward the apartment. He takes care of the asparagus, gathers the food he dropped in order to catch me and then he really catches me, by the arm.

"Hey, what the hell is going on? Did you see someone, are you feeling all right? You're making me nervous."

I'm making him nervous? Is he serious? I laugh, I can't help it. I feel a bit like I am having an out of body experience. My laughing doesn't do anything for his mood.

"Let's go." He releases my arm and stomps past me to the stairs leading up to his place. I follow, trying to stifle my crazy nervous laugh.

Once inside he heads directly for the kitchen and begins arranging the food for dinner. I know he is mad. He is silently stewing. He has every right to be. "Look, I just startled myself okay?"

"You startled yourself?" He shakes his head and continues prepping the food.

"Can I help?" The weight of the day is sinking in on me. Safe in this loft I know who I am again.

"Yeah, let me know when you're ready to tell me the truth." He looks at me then puts a pot of water on the stove.

"I'm not lying. I did startle myself. I had a thought out there and it jolted me. You can't tell me you never had a thought that went against your base nature; against everything you thought you knew about yourself, and that it didn't scare the shit out of you." I say it louder than normal but not yelling.

He turns, looks at me, his jaw works and I watch the muscles tick on his left cheek. He is choosing his next words carefully. "What did you think?"

"I don't want to say it out loud." I feel the flip flop of my stomach and pray he doesn't make me say it.

"Yeah, I've had that happen before then." He looks at the floor then turns back to the meal. "You can wash those vegetables if you like."

[Back to Table of Contents]

Lick It

"Oh God that was heaven." I say and put my hands over my stomach.

"You're easy." He says then looks up from his plate. "I mean you're easy to please ... when it comes to food ... I mean..."

"You can stop any time now." I smile at him. His cheeks pink with embarrassment. He is so endearing. "We should go for a walk, to help work off some of these calories."

He watches me lick my finger and thumb. His lids grow heavy, his pupils dilate. "Good idea."

We walk through the city at night. The sky is clear, the moon is high, and Henry holds my hand the entire stroll. "What did you want to be when you were a child?"

"A sex therapist." I laugh.

"I'm serious." He says.

"Let's see, I wanted to be a princess for a little while, but then I really wanted to be an astronaut. I watched that movie, *Space Camp*, and I just knew I would grow up to be an astronaut." I look up at the night sky and admit my love for it.

"Why didn't you?"

"I rode a rollercoaster one time and realized that if I can't hold my lunch on a couple of hills, I wasn't cut out for zero gravity." It is getting late but I notice something nearby and I want it. "Ooh gelato!"

He laughs and allows me to tug him along. He passes on the dessert but I don't care, I am in lust with gelato. I have developed a torrid affair in the matter of one day. Like an addict, I must have it!

"What did you want to be?" I ask and take another bite.

"Give me one lick." He says and I offer him the spoon. I delight at the view. The slide of his tongue around the spoon has my mouth open and aching to kiss him. He hands the spoon back to me and starts walking again. "I can't eat more than that; I have to watch my weight."

I choke on the next bite.

"I'm an actor. Even on television, three pounds can make a difference. As long as the writers believe my naked body is worth looking at I can remain in the main character line up, if I get complacent, lazy, or fat, they will simply kill me off." He shrugs.

It explained a great deal, about why they both always made healthy meals and proper portions. It told me exactly why they preferred to cook. When I cooked, I made too much, used lots of butter, and fried things.

Later that night we crawl into bed together. I face him and he faces me. We stare into each other's eyes for a very long time not saying a word. He slides closer and kisses me. Tenderly, passionately he sucks on my lips, my tongue, and finally pulls back to let me regain my breath.

I reach between us and discover that he isn't hard. He is only half aroused at best. I look at him and he smiles sleepily and says, "Not tonight. You just about killed me this morning.

I was a mess. I need to get at least six hours of sleep tonight."

I don't know what to think of this turn in events. He pulls me close and I roll to give him my back. He snuggles up close to me and whispers sweet Italian words in my ear. I recognize one of them Bellissimo, beautiful.

The next day I wake up alone, and thankfully drool free. I open the windows and let the air waft in. It smells delicious. I decide I will not go too far today but I will definitely go get some gelato!

I eat most of the morning. Sampling things, wasting more food than my conscious is happy with. I return to the apartment and pull out my laptop. I need to do some real work today. Sitting in the loft, I can finally take in all of its simple magnificence. The kitchen table has mismatched chairs but they work together to make it look intentional. The kitchen itself is small, purposeful, unlike my large country kitchen back home. The desk I am sitting at could very well be an antique. The chair is a modern desk chair and looking at the arms on it reminds me to get back to work.

I sort e-mails and decide to write an article about public displays of affection, or PDA as it is commonly known. Now that I am in Rome, I can see people everywhere making out, holding hands, kissing. No one flinches; no one gawks and stares, well no one but me that is.

PDA by Sonja Love Ph.D.

Dear "Sick of Seeing it" from Pennsylvania:

I noticed in your letter that there seems to be some personal issues with the public display of affection. You write

that you taught your children better than this, yet they insist on embarrassing you when you visit. I realize your children are grown, I think that is something you need to come to terms with as well. You write that you are divorced and still bitter. This may have more to do with it than you think. Is it possible that you too long to be shown affection in a public way?

I have recently traveled abroad and I must tell you that the public display of affection is not a problem in Europe. I have walked the streets of Rome and witnessed young and old couples practically making out on park benches, in lines, and at the dinner table. What I realize is that these people are not doing this for a show, they are not entertaining the general public, they are simply consumed by the person they are with and cannot control the impulse to touch them, hold them, and love them no matter where they are. It is a beautiful thing.

Now I know the last thing you want to see in a movie line is a young couple making out. In America, we often have the PDA police who will clear their throat or make a comment about children being nearby, or simply tell that young couple to "get a room." This is because we are born from conservative rules and guidelines. We fear the wrath from God, our parents, and the public at large. What we need is a little more perspective. We need a little more Italy. The next time you see a couple holding hands, giving sweet smooches or hugging, smile. They love each other. And love is such a fleeting thing these days. Maybe if people would stop trying to hide it all the time, more people would stay together. Maybe

if American's stopped focusing on it, our young people would only do it because they feel it, not because they want to draw attention and make others feel uncomfortable by it.

So the next time you see someone you love, hug them, kiss them, and tell them, and don't worry about who's watching!

I then tackle a few more reader problems or concerns. By the time I am done, the sun is setting, my stomach is growling, and I think I have put in more work in one day than I have in a very long time. I have enough done to fill the next two weeks worth of online advice. I stretch, circle my tired wrists, and then look at the clock. I frown, Henry should be home by now, at least I think he should.

I hear my messenger screen pop up.

Crzyjake93: You there?

Sonjaqanda: HEY!

Crzyjake93: havin fun? Sonjaqanda: I am in love Crzyjake93: WITH HENRY Sonjaqanda: with ROME

Crzyjake93: same difference—you miss me?

Sonjaganda: yes I miss u and no it is not the same

Crzyjake93: you get my gift?

Sonjaqanda: :-) tyvm

Crzyjake93: you can thank me in person later, so what

have you bought?

Sonjaqanda: gelato

Crzyjake93: no I mean what sexy things

Sonjaqanda: pistachio gelato-mmm-vry sxy

Crzyjake93: GO BUY HOT STUFF

Sonjaqanda: LOL, like pizza

Crzyjake93: :-(I C I will have to come over there after all

Sonjaqanda: Really?:-)

Crzyjake93: I'm workin on it

Henry opens the door and I see in his eyes that he has had a long day.

Sonjaqanda: Henry just got in

I don't get a response, the phone rings instead.

"Hello?" Henry answers it. "He says to turn off the IM, he knew you wouldn't answer my phone or he would have called."

My mouth opens then closes. I am sick of them knowing so damn much about me. I want to maintain some ability to surprise them. Henry walks towards me as I close out the instant messenger. He looks at the screen as he hands me the phone. Before he leaves, he bends over to kiss me on the lips. "I'm starving."

Into the phone and towards Henry at the same time I say, "Me too, but I didn't know when you would get here so I didn't make anything."

Jacob says, "Take him to that pizza place he loves, it is just around the corner from where he lives. I've never been there but he yaps about it being the best ever."

"Jake says I should take you to pizza on the corner." I say and Henry looks at me. "No, around the corner. My bad."

Henry smiles. "It is the best ever. Do you want pizza though?"

I'm hungry; I don't care what I eat. Jacob is in my ear as I nod yes to Henry.

"Hey So' when you wake up tomorrow and he goes to work, before you do anything, you call me okay?" He's insistent and something in his voice sounds mischievous.

"Okay." I agree.

"Let me talk to Henry real quick sweetheart, I will try to get there soon." He says.

I hand the phone to Henry. They talk, well Jacob talks, Henry smiles, laughs and then says, "Just let me know when."

I wait impatiently to be included but they hang up. Henry looks at me. "Well?"

"You're going to love this place." He looks almost revitalized.

"How was work?" I ask as we walk. "You look exhausted."

"I am." His voice sounds thicker, heavier, as if he is tired of talking. "The new actress kept missing her mark, her lines. I wanted to kill her myself by the end of it."

"I'm sorry." I say and put my arm around his waist as we walk. I am taking a bit of my own advice. Henry is my good friend, my lover. I can show him affection in public. "How about a massage later?"

"Cara mia, ti voglio bene." He says and looks at me for a long moment just before he kisses me.

We are almost to the pizza place. I can smell the herbs and spices, it combines with the feel of Henry, the old stone path we are on, the stars clear and bright, the moon hanging high in the sky, and I feel light. I feel like I could float away. I

feel like ... no, no, no ... loving Italy is not the same as loving Henry. Damn Jacob for putting that thought in my head.

"You know, eventually I am going to learn all of the things you are saying to me." I stare into his eyes and he gives me a devilish grin, pulls in both of his lips and slowly lets them out.

"I hope so." He winks. "Maybe you will come to say them to me too."

"Are you talking dirty to me?" I feign offense and we take the last few steps to pizza heaven.

"Sometimes, but not just then." He winks at me then holds the door. "After you."

[Back to Table of Contents]

Rub a Dub Dub

"God that feels good." He says into the pillow. "Don't stop, just keep doing that."

"It will hurt tomorrow if I stay in one spot too long." I press the tips of my fingers into his shoulders again.

"I don't care."

"I care," I move to another spot on his back and slowly start working the flesh, getting harder, pressing deeper in increments. He is full of knots, as if he carried the weight of the world on his back. "Henry you really need to get this done more often."

"Stay with me then."

I know it was an impulse because he jerks and I stop.

"I mean, I wish you could ... I know you won't." He settles back down and I feel the knot I was working on ball right back up in my hand as if I never touched it. I begin to wonder if I am causing him this stress?

"You mean stay here and spend my time equally between getting fat from gelato and giving you massages?" I try to lighten the moment.

"Maybe just the massages." He relaxes and I continue to work on his back. "Definitely more massages."

"I know I live out in the sticks but I try to go into Louisville once a month and get a massage, do some shopping, run errands. It is so good for you, medically, mentally."

"Okay, okay, I will try to fit a massage in, but only when you are gone. When you're here, I think you should do it." He lifts his hips and adjusts himself.

"Well if you are expecting a happy ending you better only get that from me." I lean over to whisper in his ear. "Roll over."

"Come sei bella." He whispers in my ear and I melt. I am pretty sure bella is girl, woman, or beautiful. I really need to get a dictionary.

"Habla English por fa vor." I give him a little Spanish phrase I learned in Cali.

"Oh, all right." He says. "How beautiful you are."

"It sounds," I start and we both finish with "Better in Italian."

"I know. Let me do my thing here. You want to know what sweet nothings I am whispering in your ear, my darling, you need to get out here and talk to these people, I didn't know more than a handful of phrases when I came here, and I still miss sounds, or words, but I can stumble through conversation, and more importantly, I can woo you."

"Okay so keep wooing." I kiss his neck, his warm flesh invites my fingers to his chest and I slide through the hair and enjoy it tickling my fingers. I circle each of his nipples and roll my thumbs over them. He sucks in a breath and I bend to suck on one.

"Gradisco voi di piu' e piu'." He mumbles. I can't make out the rest. I am trying to hold phrases in my head and his body in my hands at the same time. I give up on the phrases. I let his words wash over me and they turn me on. He could be

calling out colors or numbers for all I know, I just like the way it sounds, exotic, erotic, and special, just for me.

I trail kisses down his chest, I lick a line through his abs and kiss his navel. His cock is between my breasts. I have my shirt on but he doesn't care. He lifts into them and places his hands on each one pushing them together. "Mmm, take your shirt off."

I guess he wanted me to understand that. I don't laugh but I am tickled by it. I pull my shirt off. Then slowly, purposefully I unfasten my bra and let it slide down my arms.

He pulls in his lips, I really like when he does that. It reveals his arousal and confirms that I am doing something right. Slowly I let the straps slide down my arms and then I toss the bra to the side. "Hmmm, what could I possibly do now?"

"Woman." He warns in English.

I laugh then grip with both hands his beautiful thick cock. "You are beautiful Henry, he is magnificent."

I open my hands as I lick him from base to tip. A drop of fluid awaits me there. I dive down on him, taking as much as possible as I twist my hands in different directions. I feel now as though I should have paid for that class, but it was free for me thanks to my job. I decide to revisit the issue in the near future, those people deserve more business.

"God, you're good at that." He gathers my hair and holds it for me.

Now that he is wet, I put his cock between my breasts and slide them up and down. He lets go of my hair and grabs the side of my breasts. I gather my hair in one hand and balance

on the other. I look down occasionally to lick the tip of his dick as it comes closer to my lips. He sets his own rhythm and praises me in both English and Italian.

"One more." He says and slowly slides up and back.

"Okay," he lets go. "I gotta cool off, come up here."

I start to move. He looks at me, "Pants."

"Oh." I get it. He doesn't want me to lay up there next to him he wants me to sit on his face. I move quickly and almost fall off the bed.

"Careful." He laughs. "You're becoming more like Jake all the time."

I don't know why the mention of him during our time makes me jealous but it does. Just like when Jake would mention any little thing about Henry. It seems unfair. I wouldn't compare them, why should they compare me?

"Let me show you what else he taught me." I decide not to sit on his face. I instead push him like Jake would push either one of us. I turn around so that I face away from him. I grip him with one hand and I guide him in as I squat down. I know he can see better this way. I know he wants to grab my hips, but I also know, thanks to Jake, that I can go deeper, faster, if he doesn't.

Torturously for us both I slide up and down. My thighs can take it, they are strong and I have practiced this move to be sure I can hold it. I bounce several times at the tip. He growls and says a mix of praises. Much like when I worked the knots out of his back, I start slow then increase the pace. I am so excited by the way his feet are moving that I decide to finger

my clit and come now, because I don't think he will last much longer.

I rub my clit fast, hard and within moments I am grinding down on him, my knees collapse to the bed and he sits up behind me. "I love when you come, Sonja. I can feel every pulse around me."

His hands come up and he strokes my nipples. I am a bit weak, lazy, and he doesn't seem to mind. I put my weight against him and he kisses my neck. "Mmm, you taste so good So'."

I love his mouth. It seems to always say the right thing in addition to being terribly kissable, and sexy.

"Turn around." He kisses my cheek and helps me lift and move.

I face him, wrap my legs around him and sit back down on his big beautiful cock. It feels so good on reentry that I moan out loud. "You're so big Henry."

"Say something sweet to me." He nuzzles my nose with his.

Hmmm, I think about it. I was prepared for dirty talk. This ... "I love your lips."

"Much better." He kisses me with those lips and lifts into me. His hands grip my back and clasps onto my shoulders.

This is different, more intimate, he kisses me the entire time and I know he is going to come soon. I help him by lifting as he pulls back and lowering as he pushes in. It feels good, so fucking good. He holds me closer, tighter. Eventually we have to stop kissing or pass out from lack of oxygen. He

pulls back, gasps, I hold onto his shoulders pushing against them to lift. "God, Henry you feel so good."

"More." He growls.

"You're strong and beautiful, kind and sensual." Fuck me he likes to be sweet talked. He gets deeper, rubs just right. "Oh God, right there."

"There?" he rubs again.

"Yes, right there, right, oh ... oh fuck ... Henry." I come again and so does he. I feel him emptying into me in long streams. My pulsing has stopped yet his is still going. I kiss the corner of his mouth. "You're amazing you know that?"

"I do now." He says before he takes my lips passionately.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Just a Girl

Gwen Stefani really knew what she was talking about when she made that song, *Just a Girl*. My mother has expressed her deep concern over me visiting this mystery friend in Italy. She has expressed it to my voicemail, she has expressed it in e-mail, and she is expressing it in my ear right now.

"This isn't like you. I mean we can't get you to come for dinner once a month unless it can be scheduled, yet he can get you to fly around the world?" I know that under all of her anger there is also hope. I can hear it. She wants to know who he is. I can't tell her.

"Mom, he is letting me stay here while I do work." I lie. She knows it.

"Sonja Love, don't lie to me!"

"It's complicated." I answer more honestly.

"I don't like it." She does too.

"I'm being careful mom, not to worry." I say that then look in my purse for my pills. "Uh, mom, I gotta go. I'll call next week okay, don't worry."

"Sonja? Is something wrong?" She is way too perceptive for my own good.

"No." I smile large so that my inside will reflect my outside when I talk, "I just remembered something I needed to do today."

"Okay then, I'll talk to you soon. We love you honey, be careful." I tell her I love her then hang up. The moment the

phone is on the hook I look out the window and see him coming back up the street with a bag of fresh food.

Shit. Shit! I count them. I missed two weeks worth of pills. I am in a panic. A full on I need to read the directions because everything I know about anything has fled my mind panic!

"Henry," I say as he walks in.

He stops, looks behind him, then lifts a brow. "What?"

"Nothing," I put my purse back on the desk and stand.
"I'm just glad you're back that's all."

"Why are you being weird?" He says, as he looks me over. "You were dreading calling your mother when I left, and now you're a little too ... I don't know, but whatever it is it is a little too much of it to be real."

"Why what would make you say a thing like that?" I try to straighten out my skirt.

"Why Miss Scarlett," He pulls his lip into a half smile, "I don't know what would give me that idea. Maybe because you just turned into a classical movie star or the fact that if you smile at me any harder your teeth are going to break."

He walks on into the kitchen. I open my mouth and my jaws do feel the relief of that tension. I am a lousy actress. I don't know why I try to pretend with Henry when it is his profession, when I couldn't fool my own mother thousands of miles away over the phone!

I move to the sink and begin washing the vegetables. "Henry, I..." $\label{eq:inverse_sink}$

No. I decide it will be better for me to wait and then I may not have to tell him anything.

"Yes?" He pushes a stray curl behind my ear. His thumb strokes the shell of my ear and I just can't tell him. I can't tell him anything. My heart feels entirely too safe with this man.

"Now that work is done, can you show me Italy? Your Italy." I place a kiss on the palm of his hand.

"Absolutely." He tilts my chin up and I look at him. He squints a second, he is trying to read me, my face, my expression. "Jacob will be here in two days."

"So then you have to show me Italy for us, and we can share a different Italy with him." I decide. "Do you think there is enough for both?"

"Definitely." He leans in and kisses my lips. I breathe deeply and wrap my arms around him. I squeeze too tight. He kisses my temple. "You sure you're okay? I mean if I still had parents, I'm sure they would be freaked out too. If you want, the next time I am in the states, I can meet them."

Thump-thump. It is my heart in my ear blocking out any other sounds. "Maybe."

He chuckles.

We cook.

Henry doesn't just make a meal, he makes a production out of a meal. His fingers are always testing the sauce, he tastes things, as they are closer to being done and he offers me everything on the tip of his index finger, or the spoon, and once by tossing up a strawberry tomato to see if I could catch it.

I did and was applauded.

"Tell me about your work, are you getting enough time to write?"

I nod since my mouth is full.

"I thought about writing once." He says and I am surprised and interested.

"Really?" What about?" I ask.

"Nothing specific really, a screenplay." He thinks about it as he stirs the homemade tomato sauce. "And I thought about this book, more like a series of books. I mean when I was a kid I loved to read but it got to the point where I knew what was going to happen. I think that boys need more adventure, more suspense and shorter chapters to keep them interested. Or at least I did."

"So you want to write a children's book?" I didn't see that coming a mile away.

"No. No, I don't want to write anything. I was just thinking." He shrugs.

"So tell me about the characters you don't want to write about." I bite my lower lip and he looks at me. Heat flushes his cheeks and I know he has a story already written in his head.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Kiss of Life

"You can't be romantic in Italy without taking a gondola ride." Henry tells me as we take in the sites of Venice.
"Tonight we will take another ride and you can see the difference."

"I want to take pictures of everything." I am so excited to be here I am about to spontaneously combust.

"You're going to drop it. Hand it here." He takes the camera from my hands and then does something I wasn't expecting. "Smile."

I am not smiling in the first picture. I have a look of shock on my face.

"So', do you want pics in Italy that look like you were here, or like you downloaded them from an Italian blog somewhere?" He leans into me and I smile.

"How do you say Beautiful?" I ask and as he swings an arm around me and points the camera at us. I am wonderfully surprised at this.

"Bella, or Bellissima, depending on the situation, and if you are talking to a female." I know instantly he has called me beautiful during sex many of times. "Bello, or Bellissimo for a man."

"I know how to say hello and thank you, let's see what else I need to know." I think I can start with some basics. "Hair?"

"I Capelli" He says then touches my nose with his finger, "Il naso," brushes my check with his knuckles, "la faccia," he

looks at my breasts, "le tette." He looks at my eyes then leans into whisper in my ear, "Shall I continue or would you like to wait to learn the rest of your body parts later?"

"You are so bad!" I laugh and he snaps another picture. The gondolier doesn't care what we are saying he simply keeps pushing us through the waters of this amazing place.

"If I were being bad I would say, 'Baso no fa buso, ma xe scalia per anda suso.'" I look at him expectantly. "It's a Venetian proverb, it basically translates to; a kiss won't take you all the way, but it's the stairway to going further."

He lifts and lowers his eyebrows suggestively. I boldly lean over and kiss him. He snaps a picture of that too.

"You're being very comfortable with me. Aren't you afraid I'll sell these pictures on the Internet?" I tease. He scowls at me.

"You wouldn't do that." He says something to the gondolier and we get out at the next stop.

We walk through the streets until we enter a passageway.

"This is a very secret place." He tells me, though it is right here for anyone to see. "This passage between the courtyard and the dead end alley has a very special significance."

He takes my hand and we walk through the passage. On a stone, there are the words, "Dio te vede. What does that mean?"

"God is watching." He says and then shows me the opposite stone, which has a figure of death upon it.

"I don't understand. I thought we were looking at romantic places, is this an alley of death, something scary?" I step

closer to him and hope he doesn't say something horrible happened here.

Henry laughs, "The stones were put here to deter lovers. Once upon a time, a guy could kiss a girl and be considered married in the eyes of God. Families would be devastated, young couples married in secret, it was scandalous and romantic, forbidden and yet they could not resist."

I move closer to him now because I am turned on by his passion, not because I am afraid of the location.

It is late when we return to his place. We are both full of food, tired from walking, my camera's memory stick is almost full, and would be completely full if the batteries hadn't given out.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Dirty Little Secret

"I have something I have to tell you." I say to him. It is late, we are in bed and though I imagine we could have sex, neither of us initiated it.

"You can tell me anything Sonja." He tucks a curl behind my ear.

My heart is pounding, it is as if it manifested into a sound so loud even he could hear it. Thump-Thump-Thump. Henry lifts his head and looks toward the door. "It's my heartbeat."

He laughs, "No, honey, that's the door."

"The door." I sit up as he gets out of bed.

"Henry, open up for crying out loud." I hear Jacob's voice and my heart beats even faster than before. I need to tell them both; I was hoping Henry would help me break it to Jacob. I guess I get to break it to them both.

Jacob walks in, drops his bag. Hugs Henry then starts undressing as he walks towards me. "Scoot, I'm exhausted."

"Actually." I gulp. "I need to talk to the both of you and I might as well do it now that you are both here."

"I'm early so if it can wait another day, I don't think I can handle anything else." Jacob says as he slides his naked body in bed with me.

Henry turns on the light and looks at me. "What is it?" The concern on his face is a reflection of my own I am sure. "I missed a ... week."

Like a nail gun, I shot the words out.

"A week of what?" Henry squints, a look I now know as his processing face.

"A week of my birth control pills." I close my eyes. I don't want to see their faces. I don't want to tell them the whole truth. I mumble out the rest, "Maybe two."

"Could you be pregnant?" Jacob sits up in the bed. I can't see it, I can feel it.

I shrug, my eyes still closed.

"God, please..." I feel the tear stream down my cheek as Jacob continues. "Please let it be mine."

"What?" Henry and I both say. Henry shouts it, I whisper.

"I need it to be mine." He says.

"What the fuck is ... Jake, why are your arms bruised?" Henry steps toward him and grabs his wrist. He has bruises where his veins are, and one on his right hand. "What the fuck?"

"I don't want to talk about it tonight okay?" He says and looks to me. "Sonja please, tell me you're pregnant."

"I ... I..." I don't know, and I sure don't know what to say right now.

"You ... first off, she can't know that right now. Second," Henry pulls Jake's arm and his attention. "You need to explain this shit now."

"Fine." He says. "I wasn't meeting with my agent about another movie. I was meeting with the doctor. I'm dying."

"No." I shake my head. "No you're not."

He turns to me, yanks his arm free of Henry then tells me the truth. I can see it in his eyes. "Yes, sweetheart. I am. I have cancer, it is aggressive and they can't operate on it.

This," he holds up his arms, "is a week of tests. They want to do more but I don't want to do anything except be here with both of you."

[Back to Table of Contents]

My Old Friend

Henry sits in the chair at the desk and stares. It is as if someone just slapped the life out of him. "I have something to say too."

I wish I could say that this was all feeling like another out of body experience but unfortunately, my mind was ever present. We looked at him. He scrubbed both hands over his face and took a deep breath. "I'm done as of this season. They didn't just need to re-do the parts where the new actress had to fill in. They decided to kill off my character as well."

Jacob smiles. He shakes his head slowly back and forth. "Fuck em'. I mean it. Fuck em' all!"

Henry and I look at him. In comparison, our secrets were not as tragic as his, but still.

"So', Henry, if you don't mind, I'd like to get a little shut eye before morning." He pulls the sheet up over himself. "Come to bed Henry, we can all deal with reality in the morning."

Henry looks at me, I mouth the words I'm sorry. He frowns at me. I can't see his face again until he gets in the bed and is close enough.

"Turn over." He says as he pulls up the sheet and blanket.

I do. I face Jacob and Henry wraps his arm around me as if none of this had just happened.

* * * *

"So" I get a kiss on my lips. "So'. Wake up."

Jacob is smiling when I open my eyes. "Where is Henry?"

He lifts an eyebrow and shakes his head. "He'll be back."

"I didn't mean..."

"I know." He says but I wonder if he really does. "I just want you to know that if you are pregnant I will take care of you. It doesn't matter if it is mine or his. I swear I will take care of you. I didn't tell you the truth when I said I was in LA the two weeks I didn't call. I was always in New York. I found out the morning of that interview. I was a mess. But you, you were prefect, and when I am with you, I feel like I can do anything."

A tear escapes my eye.

"Don't cry, I mean I'm not going to die right now, I have months, possibly even a year." He nods as if he were talking about variable stock options instead of his mortality.

"I can't believe this is happening to you." I slide closer to him and hug him tight. "What am I going to do without you?"

The first honest thing I allowed myself to say when it came to how I felt for this man. Jacob wasn't just a third wheel, or even the pinnacle of this triangle, he was essential. I could be with either of them alone, or both of them together, what I could not imagine for the future was my life without either of them. Especially without him.

"You'll have Henry. That's why I asked him to come. He needs someone, I knew that day in the hotel, that you were the one." He tucks a curl behind my ear. "You're smart, beautiful, and you have excellent taste in actors."

I laugh though I don't want to.

"Come here." He says and places my head to his shoulder. He cradles me like a child and I weep as quietly as I can. "If this is how you're taking it I imagine my mother is going to be a disaster."

"You haven't told your parents?" I push up and look at him. "You have to..."

"I will, but not yet." He sits up. "We have a couple of days in Italy, when I go home, when you go home, when we make Henry come home, I'll tell them."

"I ... I." I can't get my words together. The door opens and Henry walks in with a paper bag in his arm.

"Okay. This is for you," He tosses an apple at Jacob. "And this is for you." He tosses a box at me.

"A pregnancy test?" I ask and look at it. "It's in Italian Henry I can't read this."

"Honey, you pee on the stick in any language." He pulls out another piece of fruit. "Apple?"

"No, thank you." I get up with my box as he bites the apple.

"This is your first time this morning right?" he asks as I walk to the bathroom.

"Yes." I feel like a child and I don't like it. I slam the door behind me and look at the box. "Shit! How did you let this happen to you?"

"I'm pretty irresistible." I hear Jacob call through the door.

Damn paper thin walls! I handle my business and sit the stick on the sink. I leave the bathroom because I know in my heart that I am not pregnant. That this is not happening to me, and that there is nothing to worry about.

"How will you feel if you are?" Henry asks and they both look at me.

"I don't think I am." I shrug. "I told you I don't want children. I don't want a husband. I mean what we are doing here is not a thing for other people to know about. Certainly it is not something a child should be brought into."

"But I won't be here to make it complicated." Jacob reminds me and my heart thumps solid and hard in my chest.

"Don't you say that! If you have months, you have time. And in that time anything can happen. It could go away, you could have surgery. I mean they obviously think you have a chance at something or why all the tests?"

"It's rare and I told them they could so that they can document and research as much as possible. I'm giving them my body when it's all done." He takes another bite of the apple. "But I think you are, and I think it's mine. I think the reason you held that elevator was for this very purpose right now. I mean Sonja really, you schedule when you shower, sweetheart. I know I fucked up your system, I'm not surprised you missed taking the pills."

"She's not pregnant." Henry said from behind me.

In an instant, I was sad and I was heartbroken. My hand came up to my stomach and I realized in that moment how much I wished I could carry a part of him with me for the rest of my life.

"Sonja." Henry said as I sank to the floor to cry. "Are you sad?"

"Yes." I tell him.

"Good," he says. "You're pregnant. Now you know you're okay with it."

"What?" I want to slap him.

"I had to know too. I mean we all needed to know." He holds my arms and I am sure it is for his own protection.

"Oh God, what am I going to do now?" I look from one to the next.

"Gelato?" Jacob smiles. "I mean honey; you have a while to figure out the details. In the meantime, you have us. We have you, and I have a limited amount of time on my hands these days so I plan to keep doing what I have been doing."

"What's that?" I ask.

"Living it to the fullest." He grabs my hand. "No more tears today unless they are tears of ecstasy."

"Get dressed you two." Henry helps me up. Then bends to whisper in my ear. "Don't question the father. Let him think it is his."

Jacob goes into the bathroom and I have a moment alone with Henry. I am mad at him for what he just did to me, but at the same time, the tactic worked. I know now that the feeling in the market was real. I know that no matter how I try to run from this, I am falling for them. How could I break a dying man's heart? How am I going to survive this? We are all a group of actors now, except this is our lives and we aren't getting paid to perform. We are just trying to figure out the best ways to deliver our lines to each other, the right moves. Without a script, life is really getting scary for me.

"It very well may be his." I whisper.

"I know. But it could be mine too." He looks at me thoughtfully. "I feel guilt hoping it is."

"You are both nuts." I decide. And try to walk away from him.

"No. We are both in love with the same woman. That's all." He lets me go and I remember I am not supposed to cry anymore today. What I feel like as I pull on my jeans is a wreck. A train wreck. Unbalanced, unorganized; when I get to the bathroom mirror I can't say I know the woman looking back at me at all. It creeps me out so bad that I pull my hair in a ponytail and forego any make-up to avoid looking at her.

I walk out to them whispering. It is always like that with the two of them, they are always conspiring against me.

"What now?" I ask and I get two very mischievous smiles in return.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Toxic

I head to the market this afternoon to pick up fresh vegetables and fish for dinner. I leave them behind. I tell them to relax, rest up. We had a fabulous morning and afternoon. No one knows Jake is in Italy so we are free to explore this magnificent place. We visit the coliseum, a museum, and one amazing fountain. For my part, I can say that I enjoy the company of both men.

The sun is lowering and the twilight hours are so amazing. I take my time since I know where I am, what I am after, and I enjoy the time alone with my newest love, Italy.

"Grazie." I say to the woman. I feel pretty proud of myself that I have learned a few words. Most of them surrounding food, and the purchasing of food, but still.

I inhale the clean scent and stand outside the door waiting for the first twinkles of starlight. I lean on the banister and take in the sights. I am content. I am happy.

Feeling refreshed and ready for anything I open the door and find that my two men are nowhere in sight. This seems impossible since I can see the whole place from where I am standing. I hear the shower running so I decide to sneak and see what they are up to.

I open the bathroom door expecting to find one of them on the toilet talking. I don't know what I was expecting but I was not expecting to overhear the current conversation behind the curtain.

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this." Henry says.

"Yes you can." Jake is always so forward.

"What if she comes back?" He asks.

Jake laughs, "You really are afraid of what she will think aren't you? All the more reason to do it. You need to know for sure she can accept it."

"Don't you?" Henry asks.

"I know my girl. She is fine with who I am, and she is fine with who you are. You are not fine with it, you never have been." Jake replies.

I know I am spying. I know I should say something but I can't see through the curtain and I am dying to know what is happening behind it.

Like a not so slick spy, I slip out of my sandals and tiptoe across the floor and carefully, oh so carefully step up onto the toilet seat to see if I can peep over the shower.

When I get there, I am honestly shocked. "Henry!"

"Fuck!" Henry says and tries to disengage himself.

"So'." Jake looks up at me. "Give us a minute will ya?"

My eyes are bulging. Henry is red faced, and Jacob, the scoundrel is grinning from ear to ear at our discomfort. "Sure."

I step down from the toilet seat and go to the kitchen. I try to figure out the image I just saw. I am still processing it as they come out of the bathroom. Jake obviously satisfied and Henry looking mortified.

"Sonja," Jake takes a seat at the table. "You okay?"

"Fine." I shrug. Henry stands just outside the kitchen area.

"Does it bother you?" Jake asks. I shrug. I don't look at Henry.

"You have to tell us, and you have to tell the truth, look at him. Look him in the eyes and tell him what you are thinking." Jake demands.

"I ... I wasn't expecting that is all." And that was the truth.

"Wait, wait, wait one second here." Jacob has finally figured out my discomfort with the situation. "You mean to tell me that you're all in a fizz because it was him not me?"

"I just thought..." I shrug and try to go back to preparing dinner.

"Thought what?" Jake sits up. "Wait a second. You look me in the eye now and tell me, why is it okay for me to get fucked in the ass, it's okay for you to get fucked in the ass..."

"Wait a second, you..." Henry chimes in.

"Yeah I did." Jake says triumphantly then returns to his original line of questioning, "but it isn't okay for him to?"

"I didn't say that." I gulp. "I just wasn't expecting it."

"That makes two of us." Henry takes in a deep breath and lets it out slowly.

"I mean that night the three of us, and the time you two." I point asparagus spears at them in turn. I then rinse and put them aside. My back is to them and I know without turning around, I can feel them both communicating in their secret man code. "Stop it!"

"What?" They both ask which just confirms it.

"You two are always conspiring, you are always plotting, scheming, talking about me, things, life, whatever behind my back." I hold the tomato this time.

"We aren't talking about you." Jake bites his lower lip and I know he is lying.

"We were talking about you. In fact it was talking about you that got us to the shower." Henry takes another breath of exasperation.

"Whoa, whoa, hold the horses there cowboys. How did I have anything to do with you two stripping naked and getting in the shower to fuck each other?" The tomato is no match for my fingers of determination and it explodes.

"Sheesh, woman, no need to kill dinner." Jake laughs and I toss it at him. He catches it and takes a bite. In this moment, I am telling myself over and over again that he is dying, he is dying, he is dying, or else I would try to kill him.

"We didn't finish anything in there." Jake looks to Henry then to me. "My goal was to show him you were okay with it. Your face proved you were not. But I think it was just shock. I think you are okay with it. In fact I think you're jealous."

"That is preposterous!" I huff, I stammer, I am jealous.

"You are, you are jealous because we did something without you. It's okay for you to come here and be with him, okay for you to spend those extra days with me, but the thought of us without you..."

"If you want each other what do you need me for?" I raise my hands and surrender. "To what, carry your love child? I mean seriously. What the hell am I? Who am I? I don't know. I have no clue who I am anymore. Ever since you walked into my life I have been ... I don't know who I have been."

"Yourself." Jake says flatly. "Take a hard look honey, the sooner you accept that you have a freak flag, the sooner you'll feel better about flying it."

"Me?" I say shocked. "What about you? Both of you?"

"I'm dying, I have no problem with who I am right now. I only regret not being this man sooner." Jake says.

"You know what ... If I hear that 'I'm dying' line one more time I am going to kill you." I say and place my hands flat on the table. "That is not a card you throw down lightly you understand me? If you care at all about me, about him, about anyone you will stop that shit right now because it is hurtful, spiteful, and a chicken shit way of getting what you want."

"What?" He physically pulls back in his seat. It is as if I had reached over and slapped him.

"You heard me." I say, and I mean it. "You want me, you want him. Just fucking admit it. You want to do to him what he did to you..."

"Sonja," Henry steps forward.

I don't pay him any attention. "So you plan it out that what, you would get in the shower and then I would come in and I would see you doing it? You wanted to make me jealous. You wanted me to see you doing something I can't do. I doubt he wanted to do it but you probably threw down the death card, didn't you?"

"Henry." Jacob looks to him. I look to him.

Henry puts two big shaking hands up over his face and then pulls them down. "The night, when we..."

"You can't get off that way." I look at Jake and I know now. I pull out the chair and sit. Why is it so different that it is my Henry and not Jake?

"Tell him you are okay with it." Jake looks at me.

I look at Henry and I swear I am afraid he may cry. "I'm okay with it."

"No, you're not." He says, "This is exactly what I was afraid of. You can deal with him, the wild child, the superstar, the one who pushes you. You didn't think twice about what you were doing or who when we were at your place. I knew then you couldn't know."

"Hold up, know what?" I ask.

"The night he got drunk and begged me to fuck him, remember? I tried, but I didn't know what I was doing. I mean I hadn't done it before. Not with a woman, certainly not with a man. I tried, but I hurt him. We stopped." Henry gulps. "But we were pretty wasted, wound up, and afraid at any minute our building would be crumbling down next, so out of nowhere, he just acted. It was weird, unnatural, but at the time, I didn't care. He is my best friend, the person who pushes me, who challenges me, the only person left in my life who loves me. Really loves me."

"It only happened once." Jacob says. "I lost my cousin, we were all told to stay put, stay inside and wait. I knew she went into work that day. I got her the job. I knew she worked on the top floor and I knew there was no way she could get out. Watching television led to drinking, the combination led to fear. I mean it was crazy. That whole week was crazy."

"It made you think about people, and anything hidden, it came up." Henry said. "I don't know that we would have ... but we did. And there is no going back from it. I don't regret it."

I see Jake's eyes well up and he crinkles his nose to fight back his tear. I know they are talking to each other as much as they are to me.

Henry continues, "I can't take it back and I won't apologize for it. I told you in the beginning..."

"You're Ennis, I get it now." I do. He only feels like this for Jake. But to make sure, "So when he's gone ... will you want to..."

"No." Henry says quietly. "He's the only one. The only one."

[Back to Table of Contents]

Dirty

We don't say anything else about it while we eat. We don't need to. The truth of our situation is all out on the table. The question, at least for me is when do I get to be a part of this with them? I suspect Jacob is playing footsy with Henry, just as he is me. I keep glancing at one then the other. They keep glancing at me, smiling, winking, and at one point Jake puts a bite in his mouth, flips the spoon and slowly pulls it out. I don't know why it turned me on, it just did.

"I think we should just crawl in bed and watch some television." Jake says.

"Do you?" I laugh. I know he is up to something.

He lifts his left brow and bites his lower lip. I feel my body warming, wetting, and winding up in anticipation.

The three of us crawl into Henry's bed and prop up on pillows. Jake turns on the television then hits play on the remote.

"What's this?" He says innocently.

Henry laughs as the warnings come on the screen.

Porn. Shameless scamp, he has set up porn for us.

"You are so ... dirty." I laugh and dare to tear my eyes from the screen.

He nods in agreement.

It isn't long before the couples on the screen are in flagrante and the trio in the bed are scooting, shifting, and trying not to be the one person to initiate the actions sure to follow.

"It's getting hot in here." I say and pull at my shirt.

"Take off some clothes then." Jake sends a glance sideways and then goes back to the movie.

I take off my top and Henry takes it from me. Our fingers meet on the material, and then our eyes meet and lock. The simple slide of a thumb over my fingers is making me crazy. His lids lower and his pupils have dilated. I lick my lips and he pulls the shirt along with my hand closer. He doesn't drop it to the floor. He places my shirt, and hand in his lap. He is rock hard and I ache to stroke him.

Jakes fingers slide down my thigh. I turn and he is watching us. "Help me undress." I tell him. He hooks his fingers on the skirt and pulls it off me.

I am now in my underwear and bra.

Henry leans in and kisses my lips, while Jake kisses my thighs. I am as I always am in this trio, thoroughly overwhelmed. I pull back and gasp for air. It dawns on me in this instant that I can play this game too. I can team up with one of them to overwhelm the other. He can have four hands that feel like ten, two mouths to contend with.

And I know exactly who I am going to help torture. The one who needs it the most, Henry.

I turn and kiss Jake and then whisper in his ear, "I need to make sure he knows I am okay with you two. Lead me."

He loves leading and I know when I turn back to Henry that this is it, we are all crossing a new line and there will be no returning from it, ever. Jake and I both lean forward and as I kiss Henry and lean back bringing him with me a little bit, Jake slips out of bed and moves to the other side.

Henry's eyes open as Jake settles in behind him. Of course he removed all of his clothes along the way. "What..."

"Shh," I tell him as I reach over and run my fingers in Jake's hair. He moves closer to Henry. I can feel Henry's heart against my breast as Jake sandwiches him against me to kiss me over Henry's shoulder. "Help me undress him."

"I can undress myself." He says and pulls his t-shirt over his head. Jake takes this opportunity to unfasten his shorts and I pull them. Henry lifts so that they slide over his hips. I place a kiss there on his hipbone. I nibble his skin. I lean farther to get a taste of Jake as well.

Not to be left out, and always wanting more, he shifts so that I can not only kiss him, I can get my lips around his cock. "Mmmmm, I love your mouth So'."

I hum a little because I know he likes it. He slides deeper into my throat. Henry is hard and pressing into my breasts. My bra is unsnapped and his hands come up to cup my breast.

I leave Jake's cock and move to Henry's. He moans in pleasure as I latch on to him. I take my time and slide up and over him slowly, circling my tongue the way he enjoys so much. I don't worry about what Jake is doing, yet I know the moment he has his finger in Henry's ass. Henry's cock leaps in my mouth, his hips buck forward, and then he settles again.

"So'," Jake whispers with a whisky thick voice. "We need to reposition here."

I follow his lead and roll back. Henry follows his lead and rolls forward. For a brief moment, we are in a sixty-nine and

Henry takes that moment to pull my panties to the side and torture me with a passionate lick, suck, kiss to my pussy.

"Let go of that for now." Jake says and pulls Henry by the hips. So', can you handle sitting on a pillow on the floor at the foot of the bed?"

I nod and grab the two pillows and move to the end of the bed. Henry looks unsure. I smile at him. I look beyond him and smile at Jake. He nods his approval and I slide between Henry and the bed, but I make sure to lick, suck, and nibble on his chest and abs on my way down.

"Lick him Sonja, get him relaxed, ready." Jake says barely above a whisper. I can see two pairs of big male feet, two sets of thighs from this angle.

I grip Henry's cock in one hand and lick the tip with my tongue. He leans over me, putting his hands on the bed. I hear Jake rip the package and I watch the wrapper fall to the floor. I then see a tube of lubricant land near their feet. For my part, I am lazily licking Henry. I watch their feet. Jakes toes lift off the floor and I know, since I know him, that he is poised for entry.

"Now, Sonja." He says.

I open my mouth around Henry's cock and take him in as deep as I can. He lets out a strangled groan/moan and his head falls forward. His left leg trembles and I can't help it. I need to feel them. I use one hand to cup his balls, and let the push and pull rhythm Jake has set be the guide for fellatio. My fingers stretch back and I inch my way to feel the stem of Jake's dick as it pushes into Henry's ass.

I am fascinated. I know how good that cock feels. I know how skilled he is. I know that as a man there is an easy button inside Henry and I am sure by the way, his legs are trembling that Jake has hit it, and continues to hit it. Feeling brave and curious I open my hand and let Jakes balls slide across the palm as he makes his next push.

"You wicked wench!" he strangles a laugh.

Encouraged I reach back farther and feel the smooth checks of his ass.

"Focus." He tells me.

"I am," Henry thinks he is talking to him.

I let my fingers move back to Henry's balls and cradle them. I focus on sucking him again.

Henry, who aside from twitching and making small noises now and then, seems to be torn between letting himself go, and concentrating on the moment.

I decide to force him into letting go. I pull back from his cock and mock the best porn lines from the movie. "You have such a big cock, oh baby, it feels soooo good in my throat."

I watch his toes and the left foot shows sign of release, the big toe lifts, but doesn't cross, not yet.

"Mmmmm, you taste so good." I say. My pussy throbs and I know exactly how to take this way over the top for Henry. "Look at me."

He opens his eyes and looks down at me. His face is strained, unsure. I lick the tip of his dick and then my own fingers. "Watch me."

I reposition myself a little so that he can see. I pull my panties off and then begin fingering myself as I lick and suck him.

"Fuck." He groans.

"Dammit!" Jake says, "I can't see."

"You'll get your turn you bad boy!" I let out a slight laugh. Jake and Henry both groan at the thought. "As for you, do you like it? Hmm, do you like to see me play with myself?"

"Yes," he whispers.

"Mmmm, and do you like to see your cock slide in and out of my mouth?" I give him a demonstration. He nods, unable to speak. "And do you like it when I suck you off and Jake fucks you?"

He closes his eyes and his cock hardens impossibly more. I look to his feet and his big toes are both crossed over the toe next them.

"Yes." he concedes. "I like it."

"Now watch me come." I am hot like fucking fire at this confession. I feel powerful, I feel free, and I feel my own legs shake with the need to come as I wind my fingers in a vicious circle and hit that peak.

Henry fights to watch me and I do the little tongue trick he loves so much. His abs jump and he groans loud as he comes. I drink him down, every last drop. I get an unexpected jolt of pleasure to my crotch as Jake comes in a more vocal fashion. I love the way he comes, always with words, passion.

I feel lazy. I lick Henry slow and wait for Jake to disengage. I know you can't put anything in or take anything out of that place in a quick manner, it can do real damage.

When Jake's feet step back, I slide out from between Henry and the bed. He moves forward and slides to his knees.

I stand, stretch, and then look at Jake. He is smiling, he mouths to me, "You did good."

I feel proud of myself and proud that I have pleased him. It is a weird sort of pleasure, letting that man have control of me in this way. I instantly fight the ache in my chest that already thinks of missing him. "So who's ready for round two?"

[Back to Table of Contents]

Give Me More

The porn is off. Henry is still sated. He is lazy in his movements; even the shower barely revitalized him. Jake is toying with me, teasing me like a child would tease a kitten with a string. Only I am not a kitten and his touch is not as easy to capture as string. "Stop it!"

"Stop what?" He looks at me with that innocent expression. I try hard to keep a mean face but it is no use. "Stop this?"

He kisses then licks the back of my knee. Henry smiles at me. He is too lazy to help Jake or me at this point. "You could do something."

"Only if you move up here. My legs are still trembling and I have no energy left to stand, kneel, or anything of that nature." He tells me then grabs my arm and tugs me towards him. Jake, who has been keeping me captive at the foot of the bed slides in beside me. I am the peanut butter and jelly to this sandwich again. "You can't have your cake and eat it too So'."

"What's the point of having cake if I can't eat it?" I say then trail a finger along his collarbone.

"You tell him." Jake says. He then turns me to face him. I roll easily toward a more energetic touch.

He kisses me. A flame of desire arcs through me and I pull him closer. He has been teasing me for twenty minutes, ever since we all cleaned up and got water to rehydrate. My leg moves of its own volition over his hip. I don't care that Henry

is in bed with us, if he wants a piece of the action he better wake up and get the move on.

I feel the nudge of Jake's cock at my pussy opening and I moan. I try to angle over him, I try to push him in but he keeps moving just enough to keep me trying without success. I bite his lip a little harder than my usual nibble.

"Ow." He scowls at me. "Be nice to me."

"You be nice to me." I say and attempt again but he moves.

He tucks his bottom lip in and I know that when I get it, I am going to get it good. "What do you want me to do? Tell me. I want to be nice to you."

"I am burning up for you, please, fuck me." I hear the sound of my voice and barely recognize the lust crazed woman talking.

"Mmmm, now that sounds like a plan." He pulls my thigh higher on his hip and lets the tip of his cock breech the entry. I gasp, I arch back. That little bit felt so good.

"More." I plead.

"Oh you'll get more." He looks over my shoulder. "You are definitely going to get more."

I don't know what he means by that but I don't care. He glides into me and it feels so good I want to cry. The relief, like a cat in heat I can't get enough of him. He kisses me. I kiss him back, our tongues tangle, dance. I know he is going slower than normal and that in itself has turned into a new torture. It will take forever for me to come at this pace.

My eyes open with the startled revelation that something cool and wet just touched the budded hole of my anus. I stare

into the clear blue storm of Jake's eyes and I know he is smiling.

He gently nibbles my top lip as someone pushes a finger past the barrier. I gasp. He places a hand at the back of my head and pulls me into a kiss. I close my eyes and realize that if his left hand is on my breast, and his right hand is holding my head to his, then it must be Henry's finger.

The thought of it sends a warm pulse throughout my body and I know it clenches my pussy around Jake's cock because he nips my lip harder before saying, "Damn."

I can feel Jake inside me, I can feel Henry's finger gently exploring. It pulls back and then there are two. "Henry." I whisper.

He licks my tailbone and I am surprised because I had no idea where his location was until then.

"You need to make a decision." Jake groans out.

I don't know who he is talking to me or Henry, but just in case I say, "Yes."

The answer is yes, yes to whatever they may have in mind, yes to whatever can fill me up and make me come, yes to whatever turns them on and gives us pleasure. "Yes, dammit, whatever you want, the answer is yes."

"I was talking to Henry sweetheart." Jake whispers in my ear. I can feel his smile against the shell. He begins moving inside of me, "If he didn't decide I was going to just roll you over, put your legs over my shoulders and fuck you until you made that beautiful fucking "O" face and my knees give out."

I want to make that face now. I feel wetness surge around his cock and I pull him closer. He lifts my leg higher on his hip

then looks over my shoulder. "Another time then." Jake says and I feel the head of Henry's cock at my ass. "Relax."

I try to relax but really, Henry is wider than Jake, thicker and Jake was enough the first time. Henry's hand comes down between my body and Jake's and his fingers touch my clit. I naturally arch back to him. His lips kiss my shoulder then my neck. He sucks hard on the tender flesh as his cock breaches the tight band.

When he lets go of my neck he lets out a stream of curses. I can't see Henry but I can see Jake and I can tell by the look in his eye he is just as shocked as I am.

"Am I hurting you?" He whispers close to my ear.

"No." I say because he isn't. It is a lot of pressure, a lot of sensations. And when Jake begins to move, then Henry follows, I realize he had only gotten the tip in.

I am a wanton woman, my body is relaxing and then clenching, it is pliant and then stiff. I am trying not to come so quickly but really, they are too much.

I know they can feel each other through me. I can feel them finding the same rhythm then moving against each other in the opposite direction, then one will wait and they move in time again.

Jake thumbs my left nipple and Henry rolls a finger lightly over my clit. It is all I need. Like a team of wild horses, I release with a silent cry of pleasure. My mouth opens up but nothing comes out.

"Fuck," Jake says as I clench around him.

"Damn," Henry stills. "Damn that's something."

"You okay?" They both ask.

I nod, I have no words. I tilt my head back to kiss Henry. I turn forward to kiss Jake. I have a hand on Jake's shoulder and one now on Henry's thigh. "Please," I say. "Please do that again."

"Ti amo," Henry says and the look in Jake's eyes tells me he understands. "Non posso vivere senza di te."

"He does that." I say. "I love it when you do that."

"Who are you talking to?" Jake asks and they begin to move inside me with more intent, more vigor. It is better than before now that I have come, I am two relaxed entries enjoying them both.

"Both of you." Henry says, and then I feel his hand leave my clit and then watch it move to Jake's hip. He pulls him. Jake's hand leaves my breast and moves to Henry's hip. They sandwich me. They hold each other and then kiss my neck, my cheek. I want to join them but I can't, I am winding up again too quickly as they move faster. I kiss Jake's neck and try not to bite him. I hear it, I don't see it but I know they are kissing over my shoulder. Not to leave me out they include my shoulder as they come. I can't resist, I press my teeth into Jake's neck just slightly as I shudder around them with a less intense orgasm of my own.

Twitching, we all come back to the moment. I lift my head and they bang into one another trying to be the first to kiss me.

[&]quot;Shit." Jake pulls back.

[&]quot;Fuck." Henry laughs.

I giggle, I can feel them both begin to soften and they each begin to withdraw from my body. "Cuddling is not as choreographed as the fucking, huh boys?"

The look Jake gives me stops my laugh. It is as if I have offended him in some way. "What?"

"She doesn't understand it." Henry says.

Then Jake shakes his head at Henry. "Say it in English or don't say it at all then."

"Say what?" I ask as Jake rolls to his back and Henry gets up to dispose of the condom I am glad he wore but hadn't realized he put on.

"Ti amo." Jake says. "Say it to me."

"Ti amo."

"Say ti amo Jake."

"Ti amo Jake." I quirk a brow.

"I love you too." He leans up and plants a kiss on my lips before I can say anything else.

I don't allow the thunder of my heart to breach my brain. It is sex talk, just passion. Henry always talks in Italian since we have been here. That is just part of his bedroom manner. Of course, he loves Jake. Of course I do too. Who wouldn't?

"I need a shower before I fall asleep." I circle his nose with mine. "I do love you Jake Brandon. You are a very special man indeed."

I look at Henry but I don't say anything to him. I go into the bathroom and turn on the water. I am allowed to love a dying man. I am allowed to love the object of my obsession. I am not allowed to love Henry, but I do.

[Back to Table of Contents]

No Ordinary Love

I awake in Italy, one man's arm around me, the other man holding one of my hands in his, looking at me. It is as if Jake never sleeps anymore. "Morning."

"Morning," He smiles. The man has the most incredible lips. Lips that are soft to the touch, firm for kissing and sensational when they touch my body, like he loves to do. "I think you should go shopping today. Make Henry take you to the nice shops, get some sexy underwear, and you need a really nice dress. Not just anything, something formal."

"What are you talking about?" I whisper because he is whispering, and Henry is still asleep. He closes his eyes half way then opens them. He has the most gorgeous eyelashes, soft, long, and full like I wish mine were. "Are you tired?"

"I'm fine." He looks at me and I can see a hint of shadow in his eyes, I know he is not fine but I won't press him. "I want you to come with me to the premiere. I want Henry to come also. I'll take my momma to the award show, but I want you both with me in LA for the premier. I need you both with me."

"Jake..."

"I love that you call me Jake now. Of course, I love a lot of things about you. Your eyes, those lips, I even like listening to you snore." He tucks his bottom lip in and I feign shock.

I knew when I was engaged that I was in love with Adam. I mean we were high school sweethearts; we survived college apart, and then came back together when we ran into one

another at a wedding. It just seemed like time to settle down, and our old flame burned the same. I guess that was the point. It was as if we hadn't changed, we just got older. I realized why it was so easy that first year of college for him to be apart from me, he was cheating. Why I thought it would be different years later if we were to get married I can only chalk up to the pressure. My parents, my sister, even Brittany was pressuring me to settle down. I was half way through the Ph.D. program and my counselor even agreed that if I were more settled an employer may take me more seriously.

That part was true.

"What are you thinking about?" Jake whispers.

"You," And in a roundabout way I was. "My life is just so different since I met you."

He slides his hand down next to Henry's on my stomach.
"This different, is it a bad thing for you? I know yesterday..."

"I know. But that's what I was thinking about. I'm happy, Jake. I'm scared, but happy." And that is the truth. I think I may have wanted this deep in my subconscious. The one thing I know to my core about psychology is that it is a million times easier to look at someone else's life and be objective than it is to look at my own.

He closes his eyes and lets out a breath. I am used to waking up to his smiles. I am not used to him looking so ... tired. "Even if it's not mine..."

"It is." I say and put my hand over his.

"Still, I'll make sure you are set, I only want one thing." He opens his eyes and they are glazed over. I feel my brows draw down in concern.

"Name it after me. Boy or girl, just find some way to name it after me." His eyes close and he lies back on the pillow.

I move to be closer to him, this wakes Henry.

"Hey, you two awake?" He stretches behind me.

"Morning sleepyhead." Jake says as I push up to look down at him. His eyes are closed. He squeezes them tight then continues. "Sonja wants you to take her shopping today. I need to make a few calls, take care of a few things this morning. Can you manage to get our girl in the sexiest dress possible for the movie premiere?"

"Can you manage not to tear it off her when you see it?" Henry nudges me and I am sure he could easily get started this morning. But he can't see Jake and if he could, that erection pushing against me would be the last thing on his mind.

Jake lets out a slight laugh. "I promise to wait till that night."

I put my hand back and grip Henry's hard. Not in a seductive way but in a way that lets him know that I am scared to death in this moment. In this moment, I see Jake's face and I know he is hurting. He is trying hard not to show it but he is, and that is killing me. I think back to the naps he would take, cat naps he called them, ways to refuel after burning all that energy. I was blind.

Henry lets go of my hand and is up out of the bed and moving to Jake's side in a hurry. "Hey." He says and looks down at him. "What's happening? What do you need?"

"It's just a headache." He says and his jaw clenches. I know he is getting mad because he can't hide this from us. "Take Sonja out."

"Jake," I sit up and look down at him. His eyes open and he looks at us.

"Go dammit. I don't want to explain it. I don't want you to sit over me like I am fucking dead already, just go. Go out. Go out for a few hours and I will be fine okay?" He is furious.

Henry leans back and I scramble from the bed.

"Fuck!" He shouts. He puts a hand to his temple then says quietly, "So', Sonja come back here. I didn't mean to scare you. I just ... I don't want either of you tiptoeing around all morning. My head is splitting right now. I just need to rest, to be quiet."

I crawl back into the bed. He stretches out the hand he has to his head. I take it. I fight the burn of my eyes, the sting of tears I won't shed because that is not what he wants or needs right now. I kiss his hand and say, "We'll go out for a while. We'll bring you back something to eat, okay?"

He nods.

I get out of the bed and grab my clothes. I look at Henry. He takes Jake's hand and holds it. Jake still has his eyes closed. Henry looks over his shoulder at me and I can see his heart breaking. I bare witness to this fresh pain. I turn and head into the bathroom as quick as possible.

Once there I turn on the shower. Not because I need one, because I need to cry. I sit on the tile floor and weep. My loves. My friends, they are both hurting. We as a trio share this pain. I must stay strong. I put a hand over my belly, I

don't feel pregnant. Yet I know, I must stay strong for all of us.

Henry taps on the door and calls my name. He opens it and when he sees me there, he comes inside quickly and gathers me off the floor.

"Come here, baby." He whispers. "I know ... I know."

I cling to him like a lifeline. He holds me for what seems an eternity. "We need to get dressed and get out of here. He will suspect..."

I let out a strangled laugh. "He'll suspect I'm crying."

I think it is a bit strange that we have to hide our sadness, but it would be perfectly okay if we were in the bathroom having sex together.

[Back to Table of Contents]

Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend

"That's hot." Henry says to yet another little bra and panty set.

"Henry, you are not helping me narrow anything down. If all you have to say is 'that's hot'..." I walk back into the dressing room. This place is insane. I am insane for even trying this stuff on but he won't take me anywhere the underwear is less than three hundred a piece. I reach back to unfasten the bra and feel fingers. I yelp.

He laughs. "Shhh, you'll get us caught."

"Henry," I start but he finishes with a kiss on my lips.

"I keep saying they look hot because they do." He puts my hand over the front of his shorts and I know he is telling me the truth. His erection is proof enough. "Face the mirror."

I turn and face myself and look at Henry standing behind me. He licks his lips, my knees feel weak and I know I will have to buy this pair of panties for sure.

"Look at how beautiful you are. This peach color is almost nude, and the black lace trim is naughty. I want to take you right here." He puts his thumbs in my panties and runs the trim along my ass until they are inside and between my legs, right outside the lips of my pussy. "Lean forward."

"But someone might see." I weakly protest as I lean forward. This distraction will help us both forget about why we left the loft.

He laughs and I hear the zip of his shorts. "They won't come back here, trust me."

I watch his face in the mirror. His eyes are heavy, lusty. He holds the panties over with one hand and his cock in the other. I tiptoe, move my feet apart to give him better access. I look at him looking at me as he places his cock against my hot flesh. The mirror lets me see his expressions and I am so turned on by him I push back and watch his face relax as he groans.

"You look good back there." I feel a wave of tingling electricity carry over me.

"Look at you." He says and I focus on myself for a moment.

I am startled by the flush of color on my chest, my cheeks. My eyes are dilated; lips open, his fingers press into my hips and pull me back deeper onto him. I try to whisper, "Oh Henry!"

"This won't take long." He groans, within a few thrusts I am witnessing his face tighten and his toes cross as he comes. His head falls forward, his throat works. Damn he looks good.

"I guess this one is a keeper." I laugh. He nibbles my shoulder.

"I'll pull the tags off. Grab the others too." He tucks himself away and sighs, a great sigh of satisfaction. My clit throbs and I know that my great satisfaction will have to wait. "Now we need a dress."

"I don't think I can afford the underwear." I say as I pull on my shorts.

"You have the credit card right?" He lifts a brow. I nod. He heads out of the dressing room. "You have enough, trust me."

Henry walks out of the room as I pull on my shirt and feel guilty about buying all this. Then I remember that Jake is sick and if I don't he will surely be hurt. The concept of spending three hundred dollars for a bra is just making me sick to my stomach. I look in the mirror and I am smiling. Maybe it doesn't hurt to bad to buy an overpriced bra after all. I lift my shirt and look at my flat belly. Until I met these two, I worked out for two hours a day to get this body. I know it is a luxury to have that kind of time, but it would be easy to just sit around, read or write, and grow fat and lazy with a job like mine.

"You still getting dressed?"

"No." I open the curtain and walk out with the armful of underwear. "Here is a bag for the ones you wore in here. I bought the ones you have on."

"Henry!" I don't want to spend Jake's money much less Henry's too. Especially since, he has already paid for my trip here.

"Hush," he puts a finger up to my lips. Then he hugs me. "Besides, I'll only get to enjoy them a little while longer anyways. Soon you'll be all fat and waddley."

"That's not even a word." I pinch him on the arm.

"I hope he gets to see it." Henry sobers. "I hope you'll let me be there with or without him, especially if it's..."

"Henry," my voice is a whisper. "I hope that its Jake's because of the situation, but I would want you there because you are a part of our lives. I can't imagine what it's going to be like when I go home and you two go ... wherever you two will go."

"To his parent's house. It's where we always go, together or separate. They kinda took me in when my folks died." We stop talking long enough to buy the clothes. As we walk out, I am naturally drawn to the gelato stand. "It started with the Christmas I got divorced. Then the Thanksgiving, and it turned into whenever I wasn't on location I would go home."

"Did you want children when you were married?" I ask and then place my pistachio order.

"Yeah." He nods. "I wanted it all."

"Can't have your cake and eat it too?" I get it now.

"Well someone I know is trying to convince me that there is no point in having cake if you can't eat it." He takes a bite of my ice cream.

"You should listen to her." I bump him with my hip as we walk.

"Yeah?" He quirks his eyebrow.

I nod. Then the rascal grabs my gelato and makes a run for it.

Of course, he doesn't get far before he turns around and sticks his tongue out at me. "Come on slow poke."

"I have too many bags, I am in sandals, and I am pregnant remember?" I use every excuse under the sun.

"Well, the longer you take, the more for me." He takes another bite of my pistachio flavored obsession and I pick up the pace and jog towards him. He laughs. I love to hear him laugh.

I savor the last few bites as we make our way to the next shop. I know by looking in the window that I would never come here alone. I wouldn't even think to step into this place.

Once inside I am faced with large white walls, luxurious couches, chairs, and beautiful clothing. The clerk looks like a supermodel and the woman walking towards us looks like she just stepped off a runway. I feel much underdressed, very awkward. Henry greets her and says something to her in Italian. The woman looks me up and down, walks around me, inspecting me.

"Guess that went well." I say as she walks off.

"I think so." He nods and follows her into the shop.

Chocolate covered fruit and champagne is served. I take a strawberry but leave the drink for Henry. He crinkles his nose and the lady leaves the plate of fruit with us. I am on to the grapes when the runway assistant returns.

She has one dress in her hands. One. Her confidence annoys me.

She speaks in Italian and I can't understand anything because she is talking so damn fast.

"Try it on." Henry says.

I take the dress and the shoes hidden in her hand underneath it and walk into the dressing room.

Italian women are almost as bad as French women; they know every fucking thing about fashion.

I am totally in love with this dress. I am head over heels in love with these shoes.

"Henry," I don't see any price tags on this number but man I want it. I want it bad.

"Come out here." He says. I walk out and he nods his approval. "Missing just a few details though."

"I love this dress." I say and run my hands down the smooth black fabric. I feel like a million bucks in this thing.

"Here." He says and passes me a box.

My knees go weak until I hold it in my hand and realize that it isn't a ring box. I am barely breathing.

"Open it." Henry moves to stand behind me.

I stand there with the box in my hand and I look at it like it will open itself. It's not a ring, but it is a gift. A real present, not something form this store, but definitely something from Henry.

"I'll help." I feel his front against my back. I can smell his aftershave and that undercurrent of Henry unique to him. His breath tickles my cheek as his head moves to be next to mine. His hands grip the box and open it. One arm then moves to wrap around me. I need the support. "Well?"

My mouth opens, it closes. They are at least a carat each, diamond earrings, and one earring is larger than my previous engagement ring. Insane. Beautiful. My mouth opens again.

"Let's put em' on." He takes one out and carefully puts it in my earlobe.

I feel seduced by his actions. My body is liquid heat, everything is in slow motion, everything is hyper-sensitive. "Henry."

"I love when you say my name like that." He whispers in my ear then gently kisses my cheek. "I hope you like them. I had planned to give them to you days ago but you were so excited to see Italy I got excited too and forgot them."

"They're too much. It's too much." I feel the tear streak my cheek though my voice doesn't reveal that I am crying.

His lips touch my neck. Then he places the second earring in my other lobe. "Look," He turns me toward the mirror. "You're beautiful."

I am, except for the tears turning my eyes red.

His fingers come up they wipe my tears. "Should I say they're fake?"

I shake my head no.

"How about if I knocked out an old lady and stole them?" He bites his lower lip. I laugh. "There we go. Look at that smile. You're going to steal the spotlight you know?"

I watch my face flash with horror at the thought. "They won't ... I mean no one cares who..."

"Everyone will know who you are after this premiere. You will be a friend to Jacob Brandon, a new woman; seen with both of us ... I suspect you will be the talk of the town." He makes his thinking face and is obviously satisfied with the thought. My mouth opens and he uses his thumb to push my chin up to close it. He snorts and says, "Don't worry. At least not right now. We can figure things out later. Right now we should get this dress, make one more stop, and check in on Jake."

"We should bring him gelato." As if I have a one track mind gelato is my new answer to everything.

Henry is amused. I adore him, I am flattered by the earrings, and I want to think up a special way to thank him. "Help me undress."

His amusement fades and he takes on a wolfish smile. "We've done this once already."

"No," I tug his hand. "We haven't done this."

He helps me slip out of the gown. He puts it on the hanger while I take of the shoes. I am sitting on the lush velvet bench and he is standing in front of me. The solid white door is closed. I tug his top button, and then slowly unzip his shorts.

"What's this?" He asks but he also pulls my hair up to hold it away from my face.

"No need to be coy." I lick the tip, and then swallow him down.

[Back to Table of Contents]

You'll think of me

We return to find Jake in bed asleep. I sit my bags on the desk, Henry sets the rest on the floor then hangs the garment bag. I look at Henry but he is looking at Jake. I see concern clear on his face and I know it mirrors my own.

How did I end up here? How did I end up between these two men? How the hell can I be feeling this for both of them? It makes no sense.

Yet here I am crawling into bed to stroke the hair on Jake's head less than two hours after giving Henry a blow job in a dressing room. I stop before touching Jake. It just now registers how open I am being with Henry. Much like I have been with Jake.

Once my hand slides across his silky brown strands he smiles. "How do you feel?"

"You tell me."

Smart ass. I put my hand to his forehead, he doesn't have a fever. "I'm serious."

"I feel better. They come and go. I just needed to sleep it off. I got up for a while then got bored. I just laid down." He says and rolls over.

"Scoot over then." Henry takes off his clothes and I am surprised because he is on Jake's side of the bed not mine.

Jake scoots towards me and I shift back. Henry gets in beside Jake.

"You moving?" Jake asks me as I stand.

I look at Henry and he says, "No. She is going to get in on that side and we are going to nap."

Jake and I both look at Henry.

I take off my clothes and grab Jake's t-shirt off the floor. I pull it on over me and get in next to him. I feel awkward. I am not used to being a slice of bread in this sandwich.

Jake faces me, Henry settles in behind him and motions for me to come closer. I move closer and Jake shifts his thigh to slide between mine. He looks as though he is just as confused as I am by this turn of events. We are talking in face gestures, telling each other that we have no idea what Henry is up to.

It is in this moment that I realize I am fully a part of them. I have my own code with each of them. I have my own relationship apart and together. I am not just the filling; I am also able to hold us together. I feel Henry's hand on my waist and he pulls me closer to them. Jake is sandwiched between us. His lips on my forehead, his hand next to Henry's, partly on Henry's, I can feel peace and love ooze from each of his pores.

"Te amo mon amore's." He says.

I close my eyes and nuzzle my nose against his flesh. I enjoy his scent. He smells clean and fresh like the ocean on a warm summer day. Henry is spicier like the woods. They are the yin and yang, the balance. I try not to cry. I know why it is important for us to do this, for me to be the bread in this sandwich sometimes. Our star is fading, and he needs to feel loved, cherished, the way he cherishes others.

I don't know how long we sleep.

I do know that when I wake up I am looking at two men looking back at me. "What?"

They don't say a word, actions speak for them.

Jake takes my lips for an instant as he pulls my shirt, his shirt, up and over my head. Free of the clothing he kisses me again briefly then sucks on my nipple. Electricity arcs through me. "Jake."

He is much more aggressive and rougher than Henry. His urgency feeds my internal fire and I am arching into him, reaching for his cock and trying to maneuver to get him inside me at the same time.

"Damn you're ready." He says as his flesh slides over mine.

"I tortured her all day." Henry says from behind him.

I look up, our eyes lock, and over Jake's shoulder, we meet for a kiss.

Maybe it is Italy, maybe there is something about the crisp breeze and the smell of rain on the way. The window is cracked open. The outside weather infiltrates our senses and combines with the natural smell of a woman and two men. Like animals we mate.

Licking, sucking, pulling, until at once we are all three linked together. Jake pushes into me as Henry pushes into him. I don't know when in the twist, tug, and pull he found time to get a condom and slip it on but he did.

I can see them both over me. Henry in the distance. Jake is right on top of me. It is as if I am outside of my own body this time. I feel them both, I see their faces, and I know, somehow I know that this will be the last time we are ever

like this again. As if by a force greater than each of us individually we are pulled over the edge in a lusty wave of passion. Henry throws his head forward as he pushes the last thrusts. Jake bites his lower lip and I watch the wave of orgasm take him and shake him from head to toe. As for me. I feel my legs tremble, my teeth chatter, but the orgasm is nothing grand. In fact, it is just a slight pulsing sensation. My own pleasure pales in comparison to theirs.

Probably because of all my thoughts.

"So, you taking a shower?" Jake asks and I snap back to reality. Henry is in the bathroom already and Jake is staring at me with one eyebrow crooked up in question.

"Yeah, I'll be there in a minute."

[Back to Table of Contents]

Some Sweet Day

I would like to tell you that the story gets better from there. That we lived happily ever after.

It's been a year now.

You didn't die of the brain tumor like we expected. Instead, you were killed in an automobile accident. I told you to fly. You said the take off and landing of the plane gave you a splitting headache and you wanted to drive.

Henry and I waited and you never showed.

We saw it on the news. You didn't make it out of the city.

Henry got a movie role shortly after that and though we spoke on the phone, we hadn't seen one another until I was seven months pregnant. He showed up at my door and proposed to me.

In a hormonal rage, I refused. I felt betrayed, lost, and confused. I had lost two men in my life and the third fell asleep on the porch swing since I refused to let him in, and he refused to leave.

I had to share this story with you. The story of us. I can't very well tell the media though Henry is gaining popularity. He thinks he is through with acting. He said he took the movie role to have enough money to settle down with me in Kentucky and raise a family. All of the money you left me is set aside for Jake. Your parents are great with him. They think that Henry is stepping in out of love for your family, and I guess I'm not half bad either. It has been an adjustment for all of us. But we are coming along.

I couldn't walk down the aisle on Saturday and not share the events that led up to this point.

I couldn't marry Henry without coming here and telling you that I love you. That he loves you. I wanted you to know your son is the spitting image of you and he refuses to sleep with the blankets on.

Henry is a doting father. He wants to make sure your son, our son, has everything you would want him to have. He insists that when he is old enough that we tell him who you are and how we became a family. He advises we leave out all the steamy details and the part about you and him. I always laugh when he gets to that part.

Then I cry. I don't think I am ever going to be over you.

Of course, you were right. You always were when it came to me. I did need Henry, and he does need me, and we both needed you. We still need you.

I can't help feel a little guilty when Henry and I get caught up in the routines of life and days go by and I don't notice you're not here. Then out of nowhere, all of a sudden I realize that you are not there and I have been living my life, and I feel guilty. Henry has moments like that too. He loves being Jake's father, but he misses you, and he feels guilty that he gets to watch your son grow up. We are putting the pieces together here. But it isn't easy.

So look over us okay? Help us all to be brave.

And we will see you again, my love, one sweet day.