

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

ANNE
DOUGLAS

Curious
Intimacies

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Curious Intimacies

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CURIOUS INTIMACIES

Anne Douglas

Chapter One

“Kiss me.”

Shane whipped around so fast from where he stood at the kitchen bench that he slipped on the tile floor and landed hard on his ass. His short trip left him sitting on the floor feeling bewildered. Looking up at his best friend—his moderately tall, dark-haired, handsome and very *straight* best friend—Shane was damn near close to hyperventilating. “What did you say?” He really must have been tuned out. Shane would swear he had just heard Jason ask to be kissed—by him. Shane.

“Kiss me.” Jason shrugged and reached out a hand, easily pulling Shane upright with one tug. “Actually I want you to do more than just kiss me, but I thought a kiss would be a good place to start.”

Shane opened his mouth to question Jason again but couldn’t decide on what to say, so shut it again with a snap. He took a seat at the kitchen table then attempted to at least make some sort of noise in reply to Jason’s question. But his mouth flailed and gaped instead of making actual words.

“Nice fish impression, Shane.” Jason wore his best shit-eating grin. “Wow... I think this is the first time I’ve ever managed to render you speechless.”

“Well, you smug bastard, it’s not every day your straight best friend comes up to you and asks you to pucker up. What the hell’s up with that?” The question was followed up with Shane’s signature sarcastically cocked brow, but dropped back with concern as his friend collapsed back on himself a little with a sigh.

“Okay, here’s the deal...” Jason’s voice drifted off a little, and Shane silently watched as Jason tried to work his way around whatever it was he was trying to say. “You’ve always been up front with me that you’re gay—and I don’t care one way or the

other if you're gay, straight or like to get it on with purple dinosaurs—but lately I've been having second thoughts on the strictly straight deal."

"Are you trying to tell me you're gay?" Shane didn't believe him for a moment—curious maybe, but gay? No way.

"No...maybe a little bi though." Shane got caught up in Jason's eyes as his look pleaded with him to understand, as if Shane might think he was a freak.

"A *little* bisexual? I hate to tell you this, Jase, but you either like to get your groove on with guys as well as girls, or you don't."

Jason frowned at this statement. "I know that, you idiot, why do you think I wanted you to kiss me?" He rubbed at the frown with his fingertips, but the confusion was still there when he looked up again. "I need to know if a guy does it for me or not."

Shane stood up then turned back to the bench to clean up the mess he'd made—he needed some space to think for a minute. "Okay, spit it out, Jason. I feel like I've walked into a conversation halfway through—what's the deal?"

The heavy sigh from behind him spoke volumes about how twisted up Jason felt, even if he had been joking around a moment before. "All right, can we grab a beer and sit on the couch? This might take a while."

"Sure. Grab a bag of chips, will ya? I'll grab some beer." Shane grabbed for a towel and dried his hands, then headed toward the fridge. He opened the door, enjoying the cool breeze that fanned out, and grabbed out a six-pack. *Hell, grab two.* He had a funny feeling tonight might be more than a three-beer night.

Jason yanked open the bag of chips, then burrowed back into the couch and wondered if he could screw everything up more than he already had.

Kiss me. My god, what sort of harebrained idea was that? If Shane had said the same thing to him he would have fallen flat on his ass too.

The cushions puffed up and rocked him, jerking him out of his thoughts as Shane sat down on the other side of the couch. The bottles clinked together in their cardboard carrier as they landed on the table in front of them. The coffee table was a relic from one of Shane's more metrosexual boyfriends, but more often than not it was a glorified footstool instead of being used for its intended decorative purpose. Shane seemed to be missing the neat freak, "color coordinate everything in sight" gay gene.

"All righty then. We have beer, and we have processed cheese and corn snacks to cover the two food groups not covered by the beer. We're good to go. Spill it, brother. You've some fast talking to do after that last statement. Especially if you're playing around on Lucy, 'cause I'll kick your ass so far into next week you won't find it for a month if you are."

Shane couldn't be farther from the truth, he wasn't even close to guessing half of it. Jason laughed into the neck of his beer bottle before he took another swig. Had Shane not been gay, Jason would have been jealous over how close the pair had become.

"Lucy's the one who started it all a couple of months back."

"What? Lucy is screwing around on you?" Jason swung out of the way as Shane jerked up so fast he spilled his beer down his front. "*Aww, dude*, don't tell me that." Disappointment flashed briefly across Shane's face as he hurriedly brushed beer splatter off his T-shirt.

"No, no. She's not screwing around on me...screwing me, but not cheating on me." Jason watched Shane's face pucker up as he tried to figure out just what Jason had told him. His face went slack with surprise as understanding hit.

"She...*you* let *her*...*fuck*! Man, that is so hot like you wouldn't believe...but I don't believe you." Shane slumped back into the cushions, and judging by the incredulous look on Shane's face, Jason could see he really didn't believe him.

"Lucy fucks me up the ass with an eight-inch dildo and I like it. Does that make it clear enough for you?" Okay, so he was still a little on edge about that...the liking it part, not that Lucy was doing it to him. Shane was right on one point though, just the

thought of Lucy fucking his ass made him hornier than a jackrabbit. And he was so punch drunk on Lucy he was willing to take it a step farther to fulfill both their fantasies.

Jason scrubbed over his face and let some of the steel out of his spine. "Look, I'm sorry, Shane, I didn't mean to get all in your face. I'm still coming to grips with this myself."

"So I see. Start from the beginning then, 'cause I know there is just more to it than 'Hey, Jase, don't mind me, I'm just going to fuck you up the ass...okay, honey?' Lucy's got you so pussy-whipped I can see you letting her do it, but there's more to the story, my friend, so get talking." Shane settled comfortably back into the seat, beer in one hand, chips in the other, and waited for the story.

"Three or four months back we were lying in bed and Lucy came out with the dreaded 'what's your favorite fantasy' line. Of course I didn't tell her the truth. I told her what I thought she wanted to hear. Then she dropped the bomb." He fell back into the seat—exasperated. "She tells me that when I'm not there during the week, she masturbates to a fantasy of being done by two guys. More precisely by me, while the other guy fucks my ass—then we both fuck her for round two."

"Wow."

Shane had that right in a word. That was about how he had felt at the time too. *Wow*. And a little—no, *a lot*—turned-on as Lucy had quickly pointed out. "She then commented that since my dick was hard as rock and poking her in the ass that maybe I liked the idea too. Damn thing is, she was right. Although at the time, I was thinking more along the lines of my real fantasy of watching her with another man, then joining in."

"Everyone has those types of conversations somewhere along the way. How'd it go from just talk to you on your knees, ass in the air waiting for Lucy to ream your ass with a strap-on?"

Flat-out ignoring the question, Jason looked over at Shane and saw he was looking as hot as Jason felt. "Damn it, Shane, why can't you get a decent AC unit? It's gotta be ninety degrees in here." Jason rested his beer between his thighs and reached up, pulling his t-shirt over his head, leaving him in baggy surfer shorts.

"One of the joys of living at the beach—old houses and crappy wiring. Until I can afford to rewire the house I can't get a new unit." While that made perfect sense, it didn't help his blood pressure much though, as he wondered if Shane would doff his shirt too. *Damn*, he really needed to get his curiosity under control. Shane was his best friend—though his cock jumped at the thought of best friends with benefits.

"I do have poor man's air conditioner. Let me get the ice."

It didn't take Shane long to come back with a big bowl of ice that got thumped down on the coffee table. Jason watched as he dragged a big floor fan closer and set it behind the bowl of ice and flicked it to high. Both men sighed as the first waves of ice-cooled air washed over them.

"So, that question you just avoided..."

Damn it. "Yeah, yeah." Jason took a deep draw on his beer, then swallowed, trying to give himself time to come up with a decent answer.

"Okay... A few weeks after that, Lucy caught me watching another guy's ass. We were out having breakfast down at Bernie's on the Beach. You know what it's like, all the hotties parading around in next to nothing on the beach. That's the fun of going to Bernie's—the people watching. I wasn't watching the guy really, just his ass—he had a damn fine ass for a guy *or* a girl." He reached forward for another bottle, twisted off the cap and flung it toward the six-pack box. "*Fuck*, why do I always miss that shot?" The clunk of Shane's latest cap landing in the box made his annoyed scowl deeper.

"So...she caught you getting your jones on over another guy's ass..." The raised eyebrows and suggestive voice indicated Shane was waiting for him to continue on.

"Yeah, so she just sort of looked at me with that 'oh really?' way she has with the little smirk and her eyebrow raised up. But she didn't say anything."

When he tipped up his bottle Jason found that, yet again, it was empty. *When did that happen?* He reached for another, managing to muff his shot with the bottle cap again.

"I was as embarrassed as hell. My girlfriend catches me contemplating a guy's ass — what's she supposed to think? Anyway, we stayed home the rest of the weekend, but on Saturday night Lucy pulls this box out from under the bed. She won't open it up and show me what's in it." Jason raised his fingers and used them to make air quotes. "It's a surprise." The sarcasm was heavy and ripe in his tone.

"I think I can guess what the surprise was, but that doesn't tell me how she convinced you, or what I have to do with it." Shane had taken his t-shirt off a couple of beers earlier, making the most of the waning coolness from the fan as the ice melted all too quickly in the Florida summer heat. He was slumped back in the corner of the two-seater couch, his arms lying along the arm and back, leaving his broad, suntanned chest wide open to what little breeze the fan created.

Jason couldn't help but admire his friend's physique. He was an attractive man — whether you were gay or not. Reasonably but not overly tall at just a little over six foot and particularly blond for a man of his coloring from the time he spent in the sea. His muscles were tight from surfing and from his labors as an irrigation contractor. His only detractor? A series of pockmarks across his cheeks from a bad case of pubescent acne that cleared up when his family had moved from inland Georgia to beachside in Jacksonville, Florida. The salt water had cleared his skin up faster than any tonic could have.

On someone with pale, wan skin they would have been an obvious turn-off; on Shane, however, with his deep, dark tan they faded away.

"Don't stare at me like that, man, I might get ideas you won't know what to do with...get on with the story!"

Ha! If only he could read my thoughts he might not be so fast to say that. “So she sits me down and tells me that she has been watching me checking out guys, and that she knows I love her, but she worries that she is not meeting all my needs in a lover...”

Jason peered down the neck of his beer bottle and wondered if he’d find anything there. A shred of his dignity, perhaps?

“Lucy? Southern belle, with the heart of a Wild West brothel madam, Lucy? She doesn’t think she’s meeting your needs?”

Shane’s surprise was understandable, he’d walked in on Jason and Lucy any number of times in places they shouldn’t have ever been contemplating sex in, let alone actually doing the deed. For all her sweetness, Lucy was a girl unafraid of her sexuality, and she loved teasing Jason in front of Shane about what they had been up to the night before. Pretty much, if it was doable, they had tried it. Some of it ended in gales of laughter, and some things—like the idea of Jason and another man—had progressed a bit farther than just experimentation.

“Yeah. *That* Lucy. She then goes on to tell me that she wants to experiment with something different, to give me a new experience. That she wants to fuck me.” Jason closed his eyes and sighed, remembering how Lucy had looked that night. Her lips had pursed a little, plumping up in a little pout as she tried hard not to show her uncertainty as she sat there, quiet, letting him decide if he was ready to try it.

Lucy was tall and rounded, extra-curvy in all the right places, and oh-so sweet and proper—until you got her into the bedroom. He knew some might call Lucy fat, but at a size sixteen she was hardly that. She looked real to him, not some breakable blonde bimbo.

With her sitting there, love shining in her eyes, cautiously waiting for his answer, what else could he say?

“You know I can’t say no to Lucy...*fuck*...I’m a pussy-whipped hound dog. One look at me with those baby blues of hers and I’m dog meat!”

Shane didn't say anything but Jason could *feel* his stare, and it positively burned. When Jason opened his eyes he was greeted with a hot and heavy intent look as Shane waited for the rest of the story. Shane had always been quite the voyeur when it came to Jason and Lucy. He was always keen to know of the latest exploit. Jason had wondered for a while now, if just like he, Shane was a little curious about "the other side". After all, just because you batted for one team, didn't mean you couldn't appreciate how your opponent played the game.

"So how did it play out?" Shane's long fingers absently fiddled with the label on the beer bottle, eyes fixed on Jason's mouth as he spoke.

"Pretty much our usual style foreplay, but in reverse. Eventually she turned me on my belly with a pillow under my hips..." Jason's memories along with a last gasp of cool air from the makeshift air conditioner made a shiver run over his skin. His nipples puckered and pulled taut and his cock swelled. "*Shit...*she was so gentle, but relentless. Every time I was about to say enough, she drew back and went slower. I swear after thirty minutes I was about ready for her to thrust her fist up there, if only she'd just let me come."

Lost in his memories, Jason blindly stared at the ceiling, not seeing the patchy paint, the oppressive heat forgotten, as he played the memory over again in his head like a well-worn porn movie.

"It felt like she kept me on edge for hours with foreplay. I was all blurry around the edges by the time she actually started with the dildo. She just used her hand, not the harness. She moved around to my side so she could use one hand to guide and thrust the dildo in and out, and with the other she smoothed tickling little touches over my shoulders, then under to pinch at my nipples. She could reach me to kiss me from there too. She played me like a fucking violin! I came like a damned freight train."

Movement out of the corner of his eye brought his attention back to the living room. Shane's empty bottle had fallen to the side, forgotten as he stroked his cock beneath the loose fabric of his shorts. His head lay back on the cushions but his hooded eyes

watched Jason, his gaze so heated Jason half expected to find himself with a severe case of sunburn.

Do-or-die time, Talbolt. You know Lucy's okay with this as long as Shane is. "Show me, Shane." There was no mistaking what he was asking Shane to expose.

Shane's stare deepened, moving beyond heated, and straight on to primal. "You sure 'bout this, Jason? This isn't a jerk-off contest like we used to have when we were thirteen...if you want do this you're gonna do this right."

"Right?" Jason knew what Shane wanted—all or nothing—but he wanted to make it crystal clear.

"No pussy-assed watching shit, if you want to know what it's like, you have to do it." Jason stared, transfixed as Shane pulled down the front of his shorts, hooking the elastic under his balls, presenting them perfectly against the black fabric while he slowly stroked his shaft.

Chapter Two

Jason succumbing to lust was a beautiful thing to watch.

With a slow moan, Jason bent forward and placed his hands to either side of Shane's waist, holding himself up as he gently scraped his slightly stubbly cheek up the side of Shane's cock. When Jason's tongue darted out, shyly stroking along the ridge at the base of his cock head, Shane damned the consequences and wound his fingers through Jason's inky black hair. His shaggy haircut left enough length for Shane to clutch the hair in his fist and use it to pull Jason closer until his lips pressed against the reddened glans of Shane's cock.

"Open up, Jason. You know you want to." Jason's eyes closed before his juicy red lips opened and a pink tongue flashed out, flicking along Shane's slit before retreating as Jason slowly slid his mouth over and down Shane's cock. "That's it, Jase, take it all in."

Fuck. Jason's efforts were untutored and rough, his teeth scraped and his hands and mouth weren't coordinated, but that made them all the more arousing. Already half gone before the pair of them had taken the step from voyeurs to active participants Shane knew he was primed and ready, moments away from letting loose in his friend's mouth. Shane tugged at Jason's hair in warning and tried to pull him away, but Jason's neck and shoulders went stiff as his friend refused to budge.

He came away with a gasp of air. "No, don't. All or nothing, Shane, like with everything else...after all, what's a little cum between friends?" Jason's smart-assed grin wrapped itself around the head of his cock again, his tongue stroking the underside along the ridge Jason, as a man, knew was all too sensitive.

"Jesus, Jason..." The thrill of the release beckoned and Shane groaned in harmony with Jason. Shane closed his eyes and let his head drop back. He only just managed to

grit out a sharp warning before his cock exploded into Jason's mouth. His fist tightened and forced Jason's head down as he thrust his hips up. Somehow he managed not to gag his friend as he started to come.

As his body unwound from the exquisite tension, Shane slowly released his grip on his friend's hair, but hesitated to open his eyes. His conscience poked at his brain, making him swear under his breath. "*Fuck!*"

"Give up on the overanalyzing, Shane."

Shane's eyes popped open and he frowned at Jason. "How can I not? Friends don't literally fuck around with each other—"

"*Who* says they don't?" Jason had an odd air about him, like he was about to drop another bombshell. "I wanted to explore another side to my sexuality safely, why wouldn't I ask you to help me? We aren't related, and we aren't fooling ourselves about being in love—why can't we all explore these types of things with one another?"

Shane cocked his head to the side, contemplating the look on his friend's face, and his words. In theory, he didn't have a problem with Jason's suggestion. "What do you mean by '*we all*'?"

Jason grimaced a little. "You caught that, huh?" He paused, settling himself back into his side of the couch, rearranging his still-hard cock to a more manageable position. "Lucy—"

"I figured that little minx had to come into it somewhere." Shane hoped he didn't give himself away too easily with that comment. Jason wasn't the only one who'd been thinking he wasn't as exclusive, sexually speaking, as he'd thought.

Jason and Lucy—Lucy in particular—had quite fascinated him. Odd since he had known he was gay from his early teens. He'd caught them often enough in the middle of the act to wonder just what it felt like and why Jason and Lucy seemed so enraptured. Of course, the desire the two felt for one another was a major part of it, but he knew the difference between sex and making love—and though they were "in love",

they definitely still had a lot of no-holds-barred, in-lust-with-each-other sex – in all sorts of weird and wonderful places.

“*Lucy*,” Jason started again, “suggested that maybe we could explore some of our fantasies with another person, but we ran into some problems when we tried to decide who that person would be.”

“How hard could it be? Go out to a club and pick someone up.” Shane mentally shuddered, even as he said the words. *Well, it was a solution, though not a very good one.* You never knew what you were getting into the clubs. Shane didn’t feel comfortable there, and he doubted Lucy and Jason would either.

A voice from the doorway purred, “And you know exactly why we wouldn’t do that, Shane.”

As Lucy spoke both men turned and gulped. With the beer they’d been drinking dulling their senses, they obviously hadn’t heard the sound of her knocking, or her opening the door over the whirring of the fan.

“Lucy?”

The truth was, Jason had a lot more to blush about than he assumed he did. She’d been standing in the hall, watching them, for longer than they thought. Watching, and hoping that she’d read Shane correctly, and that planting the seeds in Jason’s mind had been the right thing to do.

She’d been there long enough to have seen Jason finally take the step toward finding out if he was bisexual, and definitely long enough to see that Shane wasn’t as put out as what he could be, under the circumstances.

“I said I’d meet you here later.” Lucy looked down at her watch and carried on speaking, determined to bluff her way through. “Looks like now is as good a time as any to be later.” Both men frowned as they contemplated her.

Lucy smiled at them as she walked into the room, coming to stand in between Jason's spread knees. She stared down at his tented lap with her brow canted up on one side.

It hadn't taken her long to come to the conclusion that if the three of them were to become fuck buddies, she would have to be the one that dragged everyone in together—possibly kicking and screaming—though she had hopes that wouldn't be the case. All three of them were intensely sexual beings, knowing all too well the difference between sex and love. And as Jason had stated, why couldn't friends fuck? That, after all, had been the basis of suggesting Shane as the person for Jason to experiment with, rather than a stranger neither of them would be able to fully relax with.

She loved Shane dearly, but not the way that she adored Jason. And Lucy was as curious about Shane as she believed he was about her—Jason had titillated her with stories of how eager Shane was to be told of their latest exploit. And besides all that, Lucy wanted Jason to be able to figure out where he was heading without fear of recrimination—so why not explore together what could so well be dangerous to explore with a stranger?

"Shane, this wasn't very well done of you, leaving Jason to suffer. How'd you like to help me rectify the situation?" Lucy unzipped her denim skirt and wiggled her way out of it, knowing Shane had a front row seat of her ass bared by her thong.

She turned and faced Shane, then reached for the hem of her fitted blouse, pulling the shell over her head in a smooth motion. "But first..." She stepped over to Shane, liking the way the sexy sway of her naked hips made his eyes float back and forward, and straddled his lap. Her knees went to either side of his hips and her hands on the back of the couch behind him, while their groins pressed together in very interesting ways.

"Who better to explore all these crazy things with than the person we love and trust most in this world?" Shane's eyes got big, and she tsked. "No, not in love with you, Shane, just plain old love you." Shane's work-roughened hands slid up her thighs, and

came to rest on her waist. When he opened his mouth to speak, Lucy shushed him with a small kiss.

“We all know the rules of the game. I adore Jason, and he adores me—even if he wishes he wasn’t quite such a slave to it.” There was a choked cough behind her. “You on the other hand haven’t found the special someone yet, but we all know it will be a guy, not a girl, that busts your buttons. But until then you might like to explore some of the *other* options, just the same as Jason and I would like to. It might be a once-only deal, or maybe we’ll be fuck buddies for a while. Heck, maybe we’ll even make a foursome now and then, if you and that great guy we’re going to find for you want to play that way.” It was a little unfair but she pushed her advantage by pressing down onto Shane’s hardening cock. She’d yet to meet a cock that didn’t like to be petted.

She leaned closer, her mouth hovering over his. “What say you, Shane? Feel like exploring something new?” This was the moment where it could all go wrong. Had she misread Shane of late, and the way he’d been watching them? Could she have misinterpreted his heated interest?

Lucy got her answer when Shane surged up and feverishly latched his lips to hers. His faltering taste of her lips became more assured as he explored her mouth, obviously finding kissing a woman was very little different than kissing a man. He grabbed her beneath her thighs and took her with him as he moved up and onto his feet. He took a step over and dumped her on Jason’s lap with a growl, then sank to his knees between Jason’s spread legs. “Okay then, let’s play.”

The heat of Jason’s body behind her, and the fire of Shane eye’s in front made Lucy shiver and her nipples perk up as they grazed along the hair on Shane’s chest. Jason pulled her head to the side, baring her neck so he could nip and bite at the tender skin. A few flicks of his fingers released her bra. His hands moved along the ticklish skin under her arms as he moved his hands around to her front. Jason pushed away the delicate fabric and scooped a generous amount of her fleshy breasts in his big hands.

Shane still hung over them, his stiff arms holding his weight off their bodies, looking unsure as to what came next.

She held Shane's gaze as she asked softly, "You've never...?" Her question trailed off, sensitive to the fact that for Shane this was more than likely his first time with a woman.

The shake of his head was small and his smile awkward. "No. Can't say I have."

Her flesh felt bereft as Jason reached out and grabbed Shane's hand and pressed it in his place to Lucy's breast. Jason's hand covered Shane's as he showed him how to touch her.

"Watch. I'll show you what to do, how she likes to be touched. Lord knows she'll be eager for you to show her how to best fuck me."

Jason's slow-moving hand scooped under her breast and presented it for Shane like he was offering a special treat. "Use your mouth on one nipple and your hand on her other breast."

Shane hesitantly kissed her nipple and she felt a tug in her center as it puckered tight, wanting more.

"Imagine her nipple is like a cherry you want to suck the stone out of. Pull it into your mouth, gently squeeze it with your teeth, but suck at the same time." Jason's voice was raspy as he carried on his hypnotic lesson, and his hips rolled against her backside, teasing and taunting her with his cock while she couldn't move to take his cock in her cunt the way she wanted. "Can you feel it swell against your tongue? That's when she loves it if you drag your teeth along her nipple."

Damn the man, he was right, and right at this moment she craved the sensation.

"Keeping rolling the other between your fingers, it drives her mad because she wants you to touch her pussy so bad." Shane followed Jason's instructions perfectly, learning all too quickly how effective they were. And just as Jason had declared, with the dual barrage of sensation from Shane and Jason's spoken imagery her pussy was screaming to be given the same attention they were giving her breasts.

"I think you've well got the hang of it, how 'bout we get this show on the road, *hmm?*" Jason was sure Lucy felt his body move as he suppressed his laugh at her adamant demand. "Someone get these panties off me *now!*"

Jason gave a deep chuckle then pushed Shane away, so that he could stand long enough to deposit Lucy on the oh-so-handy coffee table. He stripped her panties down her legs, ridding her of her sexy spiked heels at the same time.

"Just a word of advice—heels may be sexy, and they might turn you on something fierce when they're attached to a wonderful pair of legs like Lucy's, but they're a killer on your back—the shoes have to go. But the pussy?" Jason pushed Lucy's thighs wide, and dropped to his knees, opening her to his view with his fingers, "The pussy can definitely stay."

He looked over to Shane and grinned—Shane was looking quite struck by the whole situation, but he came easily enough when Jason pulled him down on the floor beside him. "You know, having another pair of hands around could really be useful. How about I show you how to drive Lucy wild?"

"You okay with this, Lucy?"

Shane's question caught him unawares and surprised him with its intensity. He held still for a moment so Lucy could answer. Jason figured it must be important for Shane, as he was looking quite seriously at Lucy. But then again, losing your virginity, of sorts, was an important business.

"Perfectly fine, Shane. Truly." Lucy's fingers came up and caressed Shane's jaw. "I can give you the chance to experiment in a manner that's safe and most of all nonjudgmental, and you and Jason can teach each other all your tricks of the trade. It sounds like a win-win situation to me." Lucy's hand trailed down Shane's arm, picked up his hand and placed it on her belly. "Besides, are you going to turn down the chance to show me how to fuck Jason properly?"

Jason couldn't stop his bark of laughter. "I'm starting to feel like dinner and a show here, guys. Can we get on with some of the good stuff?"

A sly smile grew across Shane's mouth and Jason started to feel a little worried at what plans his friend might be cooking up.

"Oh yeah, I can deal with that, Lucy. I'm quite looking forward to some of that *good stuff*." The remark came with a pointed look at Jason's cock, which was hard and thick, and getting more so by the minute. "Judging by the hard-on, you're okay with this?"

Considering how much of a player Shane was reputed to be, the line of questioning was unexpected, but appreciated. "I've found out I'm open to a lot of things I didn't used to be when Lucy's involved. If I truly thought this would screw our friendship up, Lucy would never have been able to convince me."

"Good." Shane pressed down on the back of Jason's head, and pushed his face down toward Lucy's pussy. "Enough talking, let's get on with the making Lucy wild portion of the evening. I've always wanted to watch her come."

It wasn't a hardship to go down on Lucy, so Jason let Shane's heavy hand push his head closer. As Lucy's hips rose to meet him he opened his mouth wide and suckled on the slick flesh around Lucy's clit.

"*Gawd*, yes! It's about time someone took some notice of the orgasm-starved woman on the table." Lucy's false indignation made both men chuckle, and Lucy sigh since Jason's chuckle skittered across her clit.

"Put your legs down, honey." The weight of Lucy's legs moved from his shoulders as she moved her feet to the floor.

Out of the corner of his eye Jason caught the movement of a blond head. Shane was making his way up Lucy's thigh with a trail of small kisses. He pulled away from Lucy and watched Shane. The man was engrossed in what he was doing, his head tilted slightly as he concentrated not on Jason, but on where Jason's mouth had been.

"Show me, Jason. Show me what a woman likes. What Lucy likes."

The mood had just taken a decided turn to the erotic. This wasn't just about sex. This was about trust. About trusting in someone enough to ask them to show you something usually private and sensual, so that you could know more about yourself. About not being afraid to say I don't know how, can you teach me?

Shane's voice dipped low, the playfulness gone, as if the humid air had tamped down the sound in the room, wrapping them all in its wet heat, cocooning them from all else but themselves.

"Please, Jason. Please show him..." Her head was propped up on a pillow she had snagged from the couch and Lucy's words were almost a whisper. Her hands cupped her breasts and she made a sexy picture as she plucked at her nipples, twisting them gently as she pulled, her flesh darkening as blood rushed to her touch.

"I never thought I would say this, but *damn*, Lucy, you are as sexy as all hell." Shane seemed to be as caught in Lucy's spell as he was.

Jason agreed with a low, awed sound.

He twisted to the side and lifted Lucy's leg, ducking under to let Shane take his place. With his hands resting on Lucy's thighs, stroking slowly, almost absentmindedly, Shane looked awed—maybe a little scared. Jason wasn't about to leave his friend hanging, wondering what the fuck he was supposed to do with a woman.

"Follow what I do." With his hand over Shane's, Jason guided him up until their combined hands rested between the vee of Lucy's legs.

"Use your thumbs...like this." Shane mimicked Jason's touch, his fingers staying pressed down on Lucy's mound as his thumb smoothed along the lips of her cunt. The slick skin bloomed easily as their thumbs met at the bottom, the tips sinking slightly as they pressed against her cunt. "She likes it when you use your thumb and circle around her vagina." Shane's thumb followed again, drawing a small cry from Lucy.

"*Oh...you don't know how good that feels...like Jason making love to me, but then there is an echo a few seconds behind...making it...mmm...*" Lucy's hips lifted and rotated with their combined movements, eager for more contact.

“Jason?” Watching Lucy was enough to mesmerize any man, and Shane’s question brought his attention back to where it should have been all along. “What next?”

“Use your tongue, slow and gentle to start, tease her with the tip.” Using his thumb and forefinger he pinched either side of Lucy’s clit, making her mewl again, but also making it obvious to Shane what was what without the biology lecture.

“Lucy really likes it when you play here, right around her clit, but not right on it—especially when you slide a finger inside her at the same time.” Shane pulled back a little to see how Jason used his finger, but Jason noticed he kept up the slight motion with his thumb, making sure Lucy didn’t lose the momentum she had as she moved toward her peak. Jason smiled—it didn’t matter if you were gay or straight, you were either a courteous lover, or you weren’t—giving so that you may receive. It seemed, like Jason, Shane liked to give just as good as he got.

“Use two fingers and curl them, then gently stroke along the front wall of her pussy— you might feel her G-spot. Some women come just from this, but Lucy usually doesn’t, she likes it when you suck on her clit at the same time.”

This time Shane didn’t ask for advice, he just did what came naturally. After all, clit or cock, sucking was sucking.

As he ducked his head, Shane wondered how on earth he’d ended up in this place, of all places, tonight. Sure, he’d had his little fantasies, but how had they made the giant leap from fantasy to reality?

He focused on where his mouth was going, making sure he coaxed the willing flesh just as Jason had suggested, but he felt strangely detached, yet illogically curious and extremely excited. Maybe it was because this was the first time he’d ever been with a woman?

He’d appreciated women, sure, but never felt any sexual desire toward them until he’d met Lucy, and even then, he was more curious than anything. He loved Lucy, but just as she’d said, he wasn’t *in* love with her, or Jason for that matter.

And for some strange reason, that made what they were doing okay.

The taste of Lucy was already on his tongue, and really he didn't mind it. Her taste was different than a man's. Both were musky, but Lucy tasted more mellow and slick, whereas a man tasted saltier, with a more intense burst of flavor and scent. And though the terrain was different, the actions were similar enough that making love to a woman wasn't as strange as he'd thought it might be — although he was still reserving judgment on whether or not he'd actually like it.

Shane pursed his lips around Lucy's clit and darted across it with his tongue. When she gasped and pushed her fingers through his hair and pulled him in tight, he figured she'd liked it. He picked up the pace a little, thrumming the stiff little nubbin with the tip of his tongue, not stopping until he felt her body tense, her vagina pressing down on his fingers as they gently massaged her passage.

"Ahhh...Shane!" His name came out in the quietest scream he had ever heard or seen. Lucy's back arched, and her hips thrust as she simultaneously tried to back away from yet squirm closer to his mouth.

He figured, just like with a guy, her clit would be supersensitive so he backed away, but was surprised by Jason leaning down to take his place; his tongue flicking out to carry on where Shane's had left off.

"Ah!" Lucy's back arched again, but this time her scream was loud, wailing out across the room. "No...no...ohgodyeesss..."

Maybe there were some things different between men and women after all.

Jason pulled his mouth away, only to replace it with the palm of his hand, pressing down while curling Lucy's legs in tight. Lucy's eyes were closed, her breathing coming in harsh, rushed gasps that never seemed to make it to her lungs.

"It's okay, baby. Let it go, I've got you." Jason stood, pulling Lucy up with him and sat back on the couch with her on his lap. "Come help her, Shane...like this."

Shane reached out and followed Jason's hands as they smoothed over Lucy's limbs, gentling her down from her high.

“Are you okay, Lucy?” She managed a ragged sigh and a nod. She appeared okay, but that didn’t explain to him what had just happened. Had he mistakenly assumed multiple orgasms were just like any other ordinary one? “*Jason?*”

“A lot of women are like guys—once is enough. But sometimes, if you push them just a little bit further, their next orgasm takes them to a whole new level.” He broke off to whisper encouragement and endearments in Lucy’s ear. “She usually makes me back off unless I force it.”

“Forcing her doesn’t sound so great, Jason.” Forcing a lover to do anything had always sounded off to him. He wasn’t a passive lover, but definitely not into taking what wasn’t freely given.

“No, not like the way you’re thinking...she needs someone to step in and take the choice away sometimes. I wouldn’t ever hurt her.” Jason looked shocked at the suggestion.

“He’s right, Shane. He’s not forcing me, just not letting me back away from experiencing more.” Lucy sounded breathless still, but not overwrought, so Shane believed her.

He cocked his head to the side and studied the lovers—Lucy curled in Jason’s lap, Jason wrapped around her, protecting her, comforting her—and wished he could find someone to love in the same way. Someone he could protect and cherish. He felt absurdly privileged to have been privy to something as private as their lovemaking. “Considering the hard-on I’m sporting at the moment, this might sound odd, but you two are really lucky to have each other.”

“No, you’re wrong.” Jason pulled Lucy closer. “I’m a lucky son of a bitch to have *her*.”

“Damn right you are, mister!” The mumble from somewhere near Jason’s chest made Shane laugh, breaking the seriousness that had pervaded the room.

“Jason?”

“Mmm?”

Still half caught in his internal musings Shane jumped when a small, soft hand reached out and stroked him. "I don't want Shane to think I'm an all-about-me girl when it comes to sex. I think it's time we let him have a turn."

Shane looked down at Jason's lap and figured Jason was due his first—after all, he'd already given Shane a great blowjob earlier. "Nah, I think we need to help your man out a little, he must be about ready to burst by now."

"Ooh, I like the way you think...can we move to the bedroom though?" Lucy slid off Jason's lap. "We can spread out more there."

Chapter Three

Jason pried himself off the sticky, fake leather couch, grimacing as his hot, sweaty skin peeled away with a semi-squelch. Giving in to the heat—from both the weather and the sexual tension—he stripped his shorts and hurried to catch up to Lucy’s generous ass as it swayed down the hall. He palmed one juicy cheek and wondered if he’d ever get enough of her.

“It’s not my butt you should be worrying about, lover. Your ass is the one about to be plundered.” Lucy had stopped in the hall, and goosed him as he came up beside her. “Get in there and get on that bed.”

Lucy chased him through the doorway, pinching his bottom as she went. They laughed their way into the bedroom, coming to a halt when they found Shane buck naked and sprawled out, flipping a bottle of lube end to end as he lay back on the bed.

“You two are good for each other, you know that, right?”

Jason turned to Lucy and matched her smile. “Yeah, we are.”

He watched Lucy make her way to the bed, going to her knees and prowling her way up the bed. Entranced with the view, Jason followed, pulled along like a magnet by the sweet cheeks swaying in front of him. He pushed up onto his knees and pulled Lucy back onto his lap, his cock lying heavy along the crease that had been taunting him.

“While I appreciate a great ass as well as the next person, Jason, don’t make yourself too comfortable.” Shane’s voice broke Jason’s preoccupation with rubbing his cock along Lucy’s pussy.

Lucy rolled to the side, and stretched out along one side of the bed, and propped her head up on her hand. “Don’t mind me, you two,” she said with a smart-aleck grin. “Feel free to fool around amongst yourselves.”

Shane's matching humorous leer had him wondering just what he'd let himself in for. But the one thing he trusted in was that Shane wouldn't push Jason where he didn't want to go. Although considering where they were, he figured he was willing to go a pretty long way. He sat back onto his ankles, kneeling on the bed right where Lucy had left him, and waited for his instructions.

"How about you lie here in the middle and get comfortable." Shane mirrored Lucy, scooting toward the outer edge of the bed, tucking the lube up under a pillow so Jason didn't lie on it. "I've got a bit more to my repertoire than just jumping your ass."

Jason moved himself around and got comfortable, hands behind his head, and ankles crossed, as he lay back on the bed.

"Close your eyes." Lucy's whisper skittered across the sensitive skin as her lips brushed his ear.

A large, rough hand caressed along his shoulder, and a smaller, soft one mimicked the movement on the other side. It was a slow stroke, one designed to set his body to a slow burn as it swept down his arm, fingers briefly entwined with his, tickling at the sensitive web and inside of his fingertips and setting them tingling. He'd never thought his fingers to be an erogenous zone, but Shane was proving him wrong.

Fingertips came up the inside of his arm, a little bite to their edge as Shane's fingernails scraped gently along. The palm of his hand made contact with Jason's chest, and with big, broad strokes smoothed over the planes of his pecs, the pressure changing as he reached the softer, less protected area of his stomach. Twin fingers teased around his bellybutton, chasing each other as they circled, then one after the other they disappeared.

The bed dipped and swayed some as two bodies moved, and he felt the heat of skin on skin again as four hands this time worked at his feet. Teasing brushes along the sole of his foot made his knees jerk and his torturers chuckled.

"Shane?"

"Hmm?"

“Do like Jason did—talk to him.” He felt the left side of the bed dip again and hot, sticky skin press against his side as Lucy lay down beside him, her head resting on his chest. “He loves it when I tell him what I’m doing, and how it makes me feel.”

“He’s always had a vivid imagination.” Jason’s eyes popped open as his legs were forcibly spread, and a pair of solid, hairy thighs took a spot in between. Shane’s voice took a dark, sexy turn. “Let’s see just how crazy we can make him, huh?”

Shane’s hands rested on Jason’s splayed thighs, and the pressure against his muscles as Shane pushed his palms up to the crease of Jason’s hips was exquisite agony.

“There’s something about a man’s body that appeals to me.” Those big hands moved as Shane spoke, his thumbs sinking deep into the crease of his groin, coming to rest under his balls. His hands enclosed but didn’t touch Jason’s cock, and pressed down into his belly. Jason groaned when the pressure left his body, only to moan as Shane repeated the strong caress, pressing deep into the strong muscles of his thighs. “There’s a leanness and strength, all angles and hard planes, no give at all sometimes.”

Shane’s words echoed over Jason’s cock as he leaned into his body, he felt the stubble on Shane’s cheek as it prickled against his cock, and watched as Shane pressed his nose against Jason’s body, inhaling his scent. “*Mmm...*there’s something about the way a man smells—dark and earthy. Savory. Not as perfumed as a woman.” Shane’s tongue tasted the skin of Jason’s hip. Just the way his tongue moved felt different, not at all like Lucy’s darting caresses. It pressed against him, a broad swath of sensation. The triple input of watching, seeing and feeling made his spread thighs clench.

“Relax, Jason. We’ve got all night. We don’t have to go at this like a bull at a gate.” Shane looked him straight in the eye as he reprimanded him, his stare trapping Jason as Shane’s tongue changed venues, and curled around the head of his dick.

“*Mmm*, I can taste where you rubbed along Lucy’s pussy—that’s definitely something new for me. You taste nice together.” Then as Jason watched, his body stiff as tried to control himself, Shane opened his mouth and sank down on Jason’s cock, not stopping ‘til all seven thick inches were swallowed to the root.

"Fuck! Fuck, Shane. Damn you!" The expletive burst out as Jason's hips jerked. His feet going flat on the bed as he thrust, burying himself into his friend's willing throat. His body went limp as Shane pushed his hips down, Shane's mouth retreating only to sink again as Jason tensed, trying to fight his instincts to fuck. "You fucker, that's not fair..." Jason wound his fingers through Shane's hair, and held on.

His brain blurred, his thoughts nonexistent as he reveled in the pleasure Shane gave with his mouth. Seconds, hours, he didn't know which, passed and the burn of trying to control his response became too much. His thighs ached, right along with the twist in his gut, and as Lucy sucked one of his nipples in her mouth, nipping it with her teeth, he came in a hot rush of cum.

Lucy watched the pair of men, transfixed. It was all the things Shane had told them, and more.

The temperature in the room was oppressive, yet the eroticism swirled around them inflamed by the heat as if it was oxygen feeding a fire.

Jason fell back to the bed with a boneless thump, his chest heaving as he gasped in the sticky air. Shane still knelt between Jason's legs, licking his lips like the cat that'd just got the cream. Lucy moved to Shane, pausing a moment in front of him before she reached up and kissed him, letting her tongue wander with his.

"Mmm, he tastes different on someone else's lips." Her voice was husky, affected by what she'd witnessed. Her arousal had been simmering along, quite satisfied by the prolonged orgasm the men had given her out in the other room, but now it roared to life again.

"You hungry again, Luce?" There was no mistaking what type of hunger Shane was referring to.

The bed moved and she reached for Shane's shoulders as it set her wobbling. Overly warm hands scooped up her breasts, and a sweaty chest pressed against her back.

“Lucy keeps me up all night some nights. That tight little pussy of hers can be insatiable. Come morning I’m good for nothing. She’s fucked me senseless.”

Nibbled caresses along her shoulder made her shiver as they nipped their way across her skin. She draped her arms around Shane’s neck and let her forehead rest on his shoulder and arched her neck so Jason had better access. *The man could play her like a virtuoso.*

“It looked fucking hot, to see the two of you together — kiss her again, Shane.”

Lucy’s breasts felt heavy again as Jason let them free and she couldn’t help but feel disappointed. Her nipples ached for him to pluck at them, roll them between his fingers as he teased her. But she forgave him when his hands went to Shane’s hips and pulled them in tight to notch into the space between her thighs. Shane’s cock, thick and hard again, pressed into her belly as Jason’s slightly softer cock pressed against her ass. Her imagination ran wild as images of double penetration played in her head.

“I think Shane’s more than earned a reward, don’t you?” The heat of Shane’s cock felt like a brand as it jerked against her — she hoped in anticipation. “Like he said, we’ve got all night, but think we should take care of that pesky virginity of his.”

A bark of laughter echoed through the body pressed so tightly against her. “Thanks for making me feel about seventeen, Jase...though I can’t say at seventeen that I would’ve even come close to guessing that I’d have a first time with a woman, let alone in a situation like this.”

Lucy looked up into Shane’s eyes and saw the trepidation his voice didn’t show. Grown man or not, he was feeling a little out of his element now. She stretched up so her lips were beside his ear. “We can go slow, or fast, whichever you prefer...or of course, not at all.”

Shane didn’t answer instantly, and she was oddly glad of that. This evening was all about exploration, but the human psyche is a fragile thing — she needed to know that Shane was confident in the choice, not pressured by their need to experience the more unusual.

"I think we should leave the fast or slow up to the moment, don't you?" Shane's voice didn't waver—he seemed happy enough with the way things were progressing.

With a sigh Lucy relaxed back into Jason's arms and resigned herself to letting the men do with her as they saw fit.

Jesus, twenty-nine and losing my virginity. How fucked up was that for a concept? And especially laughable considering all the sex he'd had—just never with a woman.

Jason didn't say anything, but the look he gave him from over Lucy's shoulder said what words didn't. *It's okay to do this. Don't be afraid, we're here for you.*

Moving back onto his ass, Jason scooted back to lean against the headboard, dragging Lucy's supine body with him. She only gave a small squeak of surprise at the sudden move, but settled back into her lover quickly enough, her body supremely relaxed as she opened herself to him.

"Come fuck me, Shane." Lust fairly oozed from those sexy blue eyes of hers, her gaze every degree as hot and steamy as the temperature of the room.

She spread her legs out wide, hooking her ankles over Jason's, exposing her sex in all its puffy, pink, slick glory. Her fingers snuck down over the soft curve of her belly and dipped into her pussy, playing around the little knob of flesh he'd teased earlier with his tongue. They darted where he and Jason had slowly licked. Shane had never been all that turned-on by the sight of a woman's sex before, but right here and right now, he'd dare a eunuch not to get a hard-on.

"You boys have been oh-so wonderful at making me come, but my cunt really needs a nice thick, hard cock pounding it, Shane." Lucy pulled out all the stops, complete with the wounded voice and little girl pout. She brought her fingers up to her mouth and sucked them in, licking them clean with a smug smile.

"Fuck." A strangled moan came from the man behind her. Jason's hands came around and plucked at her nipples, twisting them hard enough that Shane almost winced, but Lucy only arched her back, wanting more.

Jason had pulled her away from where Shane knelt at the end of the bed, so he crawled his way up 'til his knees pressed at Lucy's thighs. "She's a mouthy little piece of work, isn't she?"

Lucy didn't balk. Instead she moved her ankles and wrapped her legs around Shane's thighs instead. She locked her ankles together behind his knees and tugged, setting him off balance and tipping him forward so he hung over her, his hands on either side of her body.

"Not when it comes to sex, I'm a demanding bitch." Her legs moved, no longer behind his thighs but now clasped firmly around his waist, her heels digging into the small of his back. She flexed her thighs, and for the first time, it wasn't a hard cock rubbing along his, but the hot, wet heat of a woman's pussy that slid against him.

As she pulled his body down over hers, his body catalogued the differences. Rather than long, lean, and hard, Lucy was softer. She was a larger woman and her hips cradled him, welcomed him rather than dueling with him. And instead of the delicious friction of a man's hairy skin against his, she was smooth, her juices making her sex slick against his.

This position was nothing new—he'd fucked many a man face-to-face—but as his and Lucy's hips moved against one another, the head of his cock slipping into her cunt, he knew he'd never felt this same sensation.

"Yesss..." Lucy purred in his ear, "Fuck me good and hard with that big, long cock of yours, Shane. Don't be shy—"

She broke off with a hiss as he flexed his hips and drove deep into her pussy, and for the first time felt the liquid heat of a woman around his cock.

"Jesus." He dropped his forehead to Lucy's shoulder, but fingers wound their way through his hair, forcing his head back to look straight into Jason's eyes. Shane was that turned-on that his hand would have been welcome relief, but Lucy's pussy was in another league.

"Not bad, huh?"

“No, not bad, but...different...” They’d been truthful with him. He wasn’t about to be any less with them.

“Good different, though, right?” Lucy whispered in his ear, nibbling on his lobe as her lover studied him.

A shiver ran down Shane’s spine. “Oh *no*. Not bad at all.”

“Well, don’t just lie there, do what my woman told you. Fuck her good and hard—I wanna see you make her come.” Jason’s words were guttural and harsh, punctuated by the clenching his fist in Shane’s hair, and for the first time ever Shane felt the sting of dominance and accepted the moment for what it was—just a moment in time. He was with friends. It didn’t matter who was top or bottom or on the side, everyone could be everything to everyone.

Jason let Shane’s hair free, but moved his hand down to Shane’s shoulder. “Fucking’s fucking, Shane. Work that pussy and make it good for her. Even if you never fuck a woman again, do the job right this time.”

As Shane began to move his hips, he figured Jason had it right. Sex—good sex, *hell*, great sex—was about reading your partner, and as Lucy thrust herself against him, her lower lip caught between her teeth, he could read her like a book. The equipment was a bit different, but the rules were the same, and Lucy was good at playing this game to win.

He thrust down and she rose to meet him, her strong thighs clenched around his waist as she ground herself against his pelvis—not really all that different to a man grinding his cock against his belly for more friction, though it looked like contact was much more fleeting for Lucy.

“Stop.”

Lucy’s teeth let go of her lip and her hips dropped back to the bed, disappointment flashed across her face for a second. “What’s wrong?”

“Lucy’s working way too hard to get hers when there are three of us here, but one of us not playing...”

Jason frowned at him like he was a fucking idiot. But when Shane slid back off the bed and to his feet, dragging Lucy with him, before wrapping her legs back around his waist and thrusting into her, Jason's frown turned into a leering grin. "What're you waiting for – an engraved invitation?" Jason reversed his position and slid down beside them. Shane looped his fingers through Jason's hair and pushed his face down into Lucy's pussy. "I might be losing my virginity for the second time, but I don't see anything in the rulebook that says it has to be anything close to ordinary..."

The heat was back in Lucy's eyes. "I like the way you think, Shane." Jason's mouth must have hit just the right spot as Lucy's body arched in reaction. Her breasts thrust toward the sky, and she pinched at her nipples. "Yes..." For the first time Shane felt the ripples of a woman's orgasm around his flesh. "*Fuck!* Feels so damn good...harder, Shane..."

He hadn't known what to expect – maybe something softer, more loving perhaps from a woman? Instead Lucy was turning his ideas on their heads – she wanted it hard and fast, bruising even. Her hand had replaced his on Jason's head as she pressed him into the juncture of her thighs, not letting him pull away. She'd reached the point where she was chasing her orgasm, and to hell with all the consequences of her selfishness.

Shane increased his tempo, racing along with her. Lucy's desire and lust served only to heighten his own. Beside them Jason twisted his body around so he was flat on the bed, his hips working along with theirs as he ground himself against the covers.

Lucy stiffened, her whole body going taut, and she screamed her climax out. Her sex clenched around him, but it was different than with a man, her juices made his continued thrusts easier, but still exquisite, and surprisingly Shane felt the burn through his lower back as his orgasm struck him nearly unaware.

Shane staggered, going to his hands to stop his body as he fell over his lovers, gasping for air as his body tried to recover. Lucy's legs slipped from around his waist as he slumped to the side, coming to rest beside her on the bed.

The little minx cracked a weak smile at him, "Not so bad for a first-timer." She opened her mouth to say more, but her words were cut off as she mewled a plaintive "Oh God". He'd forgotten about Jason, but it seemed, he'd not forgotten about Lucy.

Shane propped his head up on his hand and looked down to find Jason had taken Shane's place between Lucy's thighs, not on his feet but on his knees. His eyes were closed as he buried his face back in Lucy's cunt, not caring that it wasn't just Lucy he tasted now.

Wonder if he's always wanted to be this uninhibited? He hadn't picked Jason for being a freak before, but then again it wasn't exactly something you told the guys, now was it?

Shane's eyes narrowed a little as he continued to watch Jason. He was in his own little world, getting pleasure from giving it, a hand on his cock as he licked and laved at Lucy's flesh. Shane was still pretty wasted from his own orgasm, but he'd had an idea that was just too good to pass up.

He rolled off the bed and went to his dresser. He opened the drawer and rummaged through, looking for just the right thing—lube of course, but a dildo or a butt plug? Then his fingers touched the ridges of plug that'd rolled to the back of the drawer and he smiled. *Perfect.*

The plug was black, its soft plastic smooth, but it tapered in a series of bumps down the shaft. At the tip it wasn't all that thick, but at the other end its circumference was a little less than a soda can. This particular toy was a private one, not one he'd used on lovers in the past, but for some perverse reason he liked the idea of using it on Jason.

He shut the drawer quietly, but when he turned back to Jason and Lucy he realized he could have slammed the damn thing for the next half-hour and Jason still wouldn't have heard him. *Perfect.*

Chapter Four

If someone had told him that morning that he'd finish the day listening to Lucy whimper as he lost himself eating her out, he wouldn't have thought it unusual – after all he'd spent many an evening doing the same thing. But if they'd told him that he'd be doing it right after he'd just watched his best friend come in his lover's cunt, he'd have laughed – then probably smacked the person straight into next week.

Yet here he was with the taste of Shane and Lucy's combined cum lingering in his throat. He wasn't new to the taste of cum mixed with Lucy's juices, although it was usually his own – his squick factor was pretty much nonexistent since he and Lucy had moved from vanilla to kinky.

Lost in his own thoughts and lust Jason started when a hand wrapped around his and stilled his movements on his cock. *Shane.*

"I think we can do better than that."

For the first time, it was male hands that pushed and pulled his body into position – not that he was protesting, he was that fucking juiced up he'd belly up against an uncovered window if Shane told him to.

Now that he was up on his hands and knees, his tongue still working overtime on Lucy, his dick bounced freely and his balls felt like bricks between his legs. It was agony and ecstasy all at the same time.

Shane didn't hide where he was heading. Cold drips of lube dripped down his spread ass, and a pair of fingers rimmed his hole. Those fingers pressed down and scissored apart, stretching him, while the cool feeling of lube being squeezed into his ass made him shiver.

"I thought we could play a bit with this tight little hole of yours." The blunt press of something slippery but cool pressed against his ass, slipping in easily as he relaxed. But

unlike the crown of the dildo Lucy had used on him, it wasn't followed by the slide of the fake cock's shaft. Instead there was a blunt pressure again, a slight burn as a thicker portion pressed past the rings of his anus, quickly followed by more pressure. *It wasn't a normal dildo!*

"Fuck!" Jason rested his head on Lucy's thigh and paused in his attentions to her pussy, unable to concentrate on pleasuring Lucy while Shane played with his ass. Shane pressed again, and Jason groaned as another, larger bubble pressed home. He could feel his hole close around the circular shape, holding the thicker section in place inside his body.

Lucy moved, sitting up. "Oh damn...baby, it gets bigger, you're going to love it." *Why did he have a feeling she was right?*

"Relax, Jase." Shane pushed again. The burn was back as Jason felt his sphincter stretch wider. "If I can take the whole thing, so can you." As the next ball popped through, Shane gave the plug a vicious twist, and had Jason's hole stretched out around the next ball before he could even think about complaining. Jason's cock jumped, and his hoarse shout was muffled as he pressed his mouth into Lucy's thigh. Jason's nostrils flared as he struggled to get his breathing under control.

"One more...think you can take it?"

There was no way he was going to let Shane get one up on him. Jason almost laughed out loud at his bad unintentional pun. "Do it."

He couldn't lie and say it didn't hurt, it fucking burned, but as Shane gently massaged around his hole, the stuffed-full feeling took hold. He experimentally tightened his ass around the toy, gently moving his hips and feeling it press against what he assumed was his prostate. A thrill of sensation ran up his spine, and God help him if his cock didn't get harder. He couldn't help the slight swing of his hips as he worked the toy in his ass as best he could, and his groan of discomfort turned to a continuous moan of pleasure as Shane rotated the toy. The shock of Shane's fist striking the bottom of the plug made him grab on tight to Lucy, pulling himself up so his head

rested beside her hip, his torso spread over her lap as his hands went around her waist. He'd given up on pleasing Lucy, caught now in his own gratification.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm hard again." Shane's voice held a certain amount of awe, and maybe some confusion. Jason figured that a hard-on three times in such a short amount of time would be as unusual for Shane as it was him—even if Shane jokingly reckoned himself quite the stud. "How about we get rid of this..." Another jolt of sensation ran through Jason's groin with another tap to the base of the plug. "And we play out that fantasy of Lucy's."

The shake in his thighs wasn't faked as he pictured it in his mind. Not much different than how they were now, but this time his cock would be tightly stuffed into Lucy's hot pussy, and pressed into his ass wouldn't be some inanimate toy, but a real cock.

The plug twisted again, but this time rather than pressing deeper into his body it retreated. Slow at first over the largest ring, but then with one swift tug Shane pulled the toy free.

"*Bastard!*" Jason hissed out.

The ache was soothed somewhat as Jason felt the cooling wetness of more lube that heated all too quickly as he felt the slide of smooth, hot flesh against his. Soon enough Shane's belly, thighs and balls pressed against his, clammy and sticky in the late-night humidity. His and Shane's twin grunts of pleasure matched, but Shane quickly retreated.

"Lie back, Lucy."

Jason relaxed into the respite for a moment and looked up. Lucy was entranced, her gaze fixated on where he and Shane had been so intimately joined.

She slowly shook her head, as if mystified. "Sorry...I was..."

She was here, but not. Wrung out from her orgasms would be his bet, yet she was engrossed in watching him and Shane. *La-la-land is where she was*. And it pleased him no end that she was off-kilter and affected. Jason needed her to be—he couldn't be there all

by himself. He was having enough of a self-crisis as it was, without worrying if something was wrong between him and Lucy.

Jason moved in closer. He pressed his chest to Lucy's and pushed her back down onto the bed. This time it was his cock, not his tongue sliding into her, and it felt so fucking good he wanted to shout. When her legs went around his waist, he hooked his forearms behind her knees, and tugged. Her ass tucked in tighter, resting on the edge of the mattress, and her hips started to curl up. Jason straightened her legs out, and with one hand holding both her ankles together, he pulled them to his right shoulder, pushing into her roughly as he pressed his body, and Lucy's legs, back toward her chest.

Rough hands grabbed hold of his hips, startling him almost. He'd been conscious of Shane pressed to his back, but the rough pull of his fingers against Jason's skin and the blunt prod of Shane's cock against his recently stretched ass reminded him of just what was about to happen.

It was another do-or-die moment—it was one thing to let Lucy stuff his ass full of toys, but having another man actually come in his ass was a different kettle of fish. But after all that had happened tonight, all that he'd asked to have happen by offloading his fears to Shane to begin with, he wasn't about to back down and shame himself. He needed this. He needed to know if wanting to be with men was a part of who he was.

Jason relaxed, he let his body settle against Lucy's and opened himself up to his friend, and waited to find out where the journey would lead him.

All too quickly, just one thrust of Shane's hips and he was lost to the insanity again. His skin slick as Shane's thrust sent him deep into Lucy, the twin shock of fill and be filled rocking the tower of all that he'd known about giving and receiving pleasure.

Fingers gently curled into his hair and tugged. He'd closed his eyes and dropped his forehead to Lucy's breasts, seeking to center himself as he struggled his way through the sensation of fuck and be fucked, but those gentle fingers wouldn't let him rest that way. Instead she looked deep into his eyes and it was then he figured it out.

It was all about her.

It wasn't about whether he liked women *and* men, or whether he liked being fucked, it was the fact that with Lucy he'd let his guard down so he could experience those things. Not that he was in the middle of a lifestyle crisis.

The hidden tension he'd held, even as he'd relaxed into Shane, flew away on the wind as his brainstorm solidified. *It was about the way Lucy loved him, and he loved her.*

Jason looped his hand under Lucy's neck and raised her lips up to his. "Love you, baby."

The sweetest touch whispered over her lips as Jason told her he loved her, and Lucy smiled, happy that her lover had finally figured out what he'd been seeking.

She flung her head back onto the bed, shaking her hair side to side as she laughed out loud, reveling in the glorious moment. When she looked up she saw the two men had been caught up in her moment as well. Shane wore a grin, and Jason's lusty hooded gaze twinkled.

"Do you have any idea how sexy the two of you look?" Shane emphasized her point for her with a hard thrust of his hips that made both her and Jason groan. "When I told Jason this was my fantasy I really didn't ever expect it to come true."

She felt Jason's belly quiver against hers, and he closed his eyes, concentrating. She'd seen it a hundred times before, this point just as he reached the point of orgasm. Where he went into himself and seemed to haul it toward him, gripping it with two hands so there was nowhere for it to go. His body tensed, dragging her and Shane along with him as all three of them hung on the precipice.

Out of nowhere Lucy felt her orgasm hit—Shane's unseen press of fingers against her clit putting her into overload. The tension in her belly shattered, then came back together again, sated in a way that it hadn't yet been all night.

"Oh fuck!" Jason's shout echoed in her ears as his thrusts grew wild, his body quaking over hers as he strained to keep himself from collapsing on her. Not that she would have minded, there had never been a time when she hadn't liked the press of Jason's body against hers.

Lucy opened her eyes in time to see Shane stiffen mid-thrust, falling over Jason's back as he pressed against him, grinding their bodies together as he came with a growled roar of pleasure.

Moments, maybe it was hours, or only seconds later, their untidy pile slid apart as they each claimed a section of Shane's king-size bed as their own. As she turned onto her side, Lucy reached out and ran her fingers down the sweat slicking Jason's back, making him shiver. Then she reached over him to link her fingers for a moment with Shane's. His gentle squeeze let her know he was good.

"That's it, right? Please tell me that's it for tonight?" Jason lay in the middle of the bed, facedown, his pleading voice muffled by the covers.

"God, I hope so." Shane lay on his back with his forearm over his eyes, and sounded winded. "Three times takes it out of a guy. I'm not getting any younger, you know. Besides, I don't think Jase is up for it." How Shane got up the energy to taunt Jason she'd never know.

A weak, competitive growl came from her lover, then a groan. "You're no better off than me, you bastard. If I could move I'd fucking take you down."

Shane started first, then Jason, and finally she joined the laughter as Jason reached out an arm and pulled her to him.

"So we're all good, yeah?"

Jason flipped them over, putting her in his place in the middle before spooning up to her backside. "Yeah, we're good."

Shane turned onto his side, and Lucy saw it in his eyes, he didn't have any regrets. "Just peachy, love."

"Just peachy? Fuck, Shane, sometimes you can sound so damn gay!" Jason's snort of laughter was greeted with a smile. Camp was definitely one thing Shane was not.

"Yeah, it's this nasty habit I have, but what can I say, your ass is hot, Jase."

"It is, isn't it?" Jason sounded pretty self-satisfied.

"I think it's Lucy's turn to fuck it next though." Shane's equally smug reply made her chuckle, and she felt Jason's low, dark laugh along the back of her neck.

Oh yeah, they were good.

About the Author

Anne started writing smutty stories in 2006 on the advice of her girlfriends who declared, "You've read so much of that stuff you should be able to write it in your sleep!" Turns out it wasn't such a bad idea.

Not one to be shy, she jumped into the publishing pool with both feet and is now multi-published, as well as award-nominated.

She's a transplant, like most of the rest of Florida, although she came to the Sunshine Peninsula via Auckland, New Zealand. No, she doesn't know why she moved from such a lovely country (although her husband might have had something to do with it); no, she doesn't know any hobbits or any orcs; and yes, her accent is kinda sexy.

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

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