

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

CHIP & VALE

MARY WINTER

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Mary Winter

Back from getting a degree in animal biology, Tusa returns to her fiancé, Chip, and -- she hopes -- his brother, Dale. She doesn't realize that Chip has already made plans for their wedding, and for his brother to also be with the woman he loves. Usually a prairie dog colony is one male with several females. This time, it's going to be the other way around, and Tusa wouldn't have it any other way.

Chapter One

Apparently her mother's letters hadn't lied. Chip Muskatoni had indeed done very well for himself. Tusa Riverwell paused on the paved walkway outside C&D Waste Water, noting the upturned cement drainage tubes filled with flowers and the new steel building finished in a nice tan. Black shutters framed each window. Certainly a far cry from the tumble-down shed he and his brother had used for an office before she'd left for college, and the location she had expected when she returned to them.

Tusa strode forward, putting a little extra swing in her hips. She neared the door, hearing a conversation through the open window. Just business, nothing provocative, but the sound of Chip's low voice sent heat drifting southward to flood her pussy with moisture. Her nipples beaded behind the halter top she wore. It tied behind her neck, just below her short-cropped black hair. She curled her fingers around the doorknob.

A moment's hesitation, just a moment's worth, claimed her. They hadn't really talked, and the question of whether she'd return to one brother -- or both -- hung in the air. She forced her hand to turn the knob, forced herself to apply just enough pressure to push open the door. She stepped onto a welcome rug sitting on a cement floor. On her right, a sturdy, workman-like desk with a phone and computer sat empty. She stepped inside and locked the door behind her.

The click of a phone returning to its cradle announced the end of Chip's call. Tusa turned toward the desk on the left, a smile on her lips. She knew she presented a picture in her fuck-me boots, shorts that would have made Daisy Duke blush, and her halter top. "Honey," she drawled, "I'm home."

She posed for a moment, one hand on her hip, the other reaching up to toy with the straps on her halter top. One tug, just one, and the first string swept across her breast, partially baring it. Her inner prairie dog perked up her head and wiggled her

tail. She licked her lips and sashayed forward, still holding onto the other string. The top of her halter caught on her nipple, and the puckered bead held it in place.

Behind his desk, Chip gaped. The years she'd spent at college had honed his features and turned his handsome face stunning. High cheekbones, full lips that knew just how to kiss, and thick-lashed dark brown eyes gave him model-sexy looks. He leaned back in his chair, his tan work shirt unbuttoned at the throat to reveal an enticing triangle of skin and a few whorls of dark brown hair. Hunger filled his expression.

She reached his desk and traced her fingers against the hard wood. She guessed his cock would be just as hard by now. Circling the desk, she sat on the edge, surprised her halter top stayed in place. "Miss me?"

"Hell, yeah. You didn't tell me you were coming."

Tusa chuckled. She shimmied off the edge of the desk to straddle Chip's lap. A quick glance confirmed her suspicions; he was hard. She wiggled into place, rocking her denim-clad pussy against his erect shaft, anxious to have it deep inside her. "I'm not coming yet, big boy. But I will be soon." She trailed her fingers over the front of his shirt, flipping open several buttons.

A low rumble vibrated through his chest. Reaching for her, he cupped the back of her head, tangling his fingers in her hair, and pulled her lips to his. He kissed her with all the passion her four-year long absence had left him.

Tusa opened her mouth beneath his, inviting him inside. She grabbed his biceps to pull herself closer. Her top finally tumbled, landing at his waist. The instant her breasts flattened against his chest, all her hunger and longing rose to the surface. She'd promised Chip once she got her degree in biology she'd return to him, to take the love he'd offered her beneath the full moon on a night that seemed so long ago now. Unspoken questions about his brother, and her feelings for him, had hung in the air. For four long years she'd saved herself for Chip, making do with her fingers and toys. Now, she had the real, flesh-and-blood man. And she expected answers to those questions very soon.

She shoved at his shirt, pulling it free from his jeans to delight in the feel of his hair-roughed chest against her fingers. The hard nubs of his nipples tantalized her, and she circled them with her fingers. Each touch, each husky moan, heightened her arousal. His tongue stroked along hers, plunging deep into her mouth as if to devour her. His fingers tightened, tugging at her hair to pull her closer and deepen their kiss.

Somehow, Chip managed to slide one hand between them to cup her breast in his palm. Just like before, he knew exactly how, and where, to touch her. A thrust of his hips against her pussy ground his cock against her swollen clitoris, and he swallowed her moan of pleasure.

The chair squeaked ominously beneath them. Tusa pulled her lips away. "Wait. I've been dreaming about our first time for a while." She stood on wobbly legs, not caring that she had left her halter top in Chip's lap. She peeled her short shorts down her legs, leaving them in a pile by his chair. She posed for a moment, wearing nothing but her boots, then turned around and braced her palms on his desk. "Fuck me, big boy."

Chip gasped audibly behind her. The thump of his kicking off his boots and his jeans hitting the cement floor sounded loud to her ears. Then his big hands spanned her waist and pulled her back against him. His erect cock slid between her ass cheeks, sliding up and down. With his right hand he reached between her legs, murmuring his approval of her neatly trimmed mound, then stroked a single finger along her labia.

She trilled her approval. The slickness, so hot, so wet, surpassed anything she could do on her own. Then he slipped his finger between her labia and circled her clit. "Do you know how long I've been waiting to do this?"

She shuddered at his husky question. "Yes," she hissed.

He dipped a finger inside her. She bucked against him, loving the way he ground the heel of his hand against her clit while he used two fingers to fuck her. The smaller penetration only made her hunger for the larger, thicker invasion of his cock. Biting back the moans tumbling from her lips, she arched her back, making her pussy even more accessible.

He swept his other hand along her ribs until he cupped her breast. He plucked her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, playing her body and teasing her into a frenzy.

“Damn it. I don’t need foreplay. Just fuck me.”

“If you say so,” he whispered in her ear, and his husky voice sent a fresh flood of moisture to her pussy. His low chuckle wrapped around her and squeezed, making the slide of his cock even more enticing.

* * *

Dale halted, one hand on the doorknob at the sound of his twin’s voice drifting through the open window. The answering feminine moan made it cock-tighteningly clear that his brother had just long-dicked a woman. Tusa.

Tusa.

A rental car sat in front of the business he owned with his twin, and he’d heard in town that she had returned home. For Chip. For him. Though he wondered if she wanted the latter.

Another moan came from inside, and with a smile, Dale circled the building. On the cement slab by the back door, he stripped, dropping his clothes into the box left there just for that purpose. A moment later he shifted into his prairie dog form and gave a little trill of happiness. Darting through the pet door installed just for their other forms, Dale hurried into the building. The sounds of Chip and Tusa’s loving drew him forward. He paused just long enough to see them bent over the desk and, with a little chirp of joy, darted underneath the desk. A moment later, he shifted.

Chip’s rhythmic thrusts pressed Tusa against the desk, the wooden furniture legs thumping against the floor. Rising onto his knees, careful of his head, Chip slid his hands along her smooth thighs. His thumbs stroked her inner thighs, and he pressed his lips together to keep from moaning aloud. His cock rose, thick and hard, a drop of fluid emerging from the tip.

“Chip,” Tusa moaned. “Oh, God.”

Dale grinned. He tapped his twin's hand, and Chip didn't even change his rhythm. He merely slid his fingers out of the way for Dale to circle the plump bud of Tusa's clit. So wet, so ripe for him, he couldn't resist nuzzling her folds and swiping his tongue across her nub.

Her primal scream of pleasure shot straight to his cock, and for a moment, only a moment, Dale regretted not being the one inside her. This time he'd let his twin have the fun. After all, as far as Tusa knew, she'd only returned home for Chip. He tongued her clit, using his fingers to stroke her labia.

She tasted sweet, like honey, and Dale closed his eyes. He kept his fingers clear of his brother, though Chip's heavy shaft pumped in and out of Tusa. Instead, he focused on the woman between them -- the woman they both loved.

Ooh, she might be pissed when she discovered what he was doing. Right now, he doubted she minded. Her moans surrounded him like so much music, the breathy little cries she made when she called his twin's name enough to make him come right there under the desk. He found a rhythm that worked in counterpoint to Chip's thrusts, tongue and fingers working in concert.

"Chip!" she shrieked, the first tremors rocking her sweet pussy.

Dale sucked harder. *That's it, sweetheart. Come for us.* He drank her juices, savoring the taste of her. Four years ago he'd been able to do little but listen to her and his brother fuck, his fingers around his shaft the only relief he had gotten. Now, he shuddered with the thought of the deal his brother had made with him and how goddamn good it'd feel to get inside her.

He didn't ease up, wanting to feel her explode on his lips and tongue. Her cries grew higher, turned into sharp, barking sounds of pleasure that his inner prairie dog knew all too well. Bunnies weren't the only things that fucked... well, like bunnies... and his inner form begged him to finally take her.

Tusa exploded with a scream, the ripples working the length of Chip's shaft making his twin groan with pleasure. Chip slid his fingers to her pussy, their fingers mingling as Dale pulled his face away in preparation for his brother's orgasm.

"Yeah, baby," Chip rasped. "Just like that." He nipped Tusa's shoulder and with a hoarse shout, he came.

Dale slid under the desk, figuring he'd show himself once the two of them finished. No doubt if Tusa thought about it, she'd realize she had more than one pair of hands on her, and a smile twitched at his lips when he realized just how hot she'd be over it, too.

Their panting breaths sounded loud in the steel building.

"That was some homecoming," she breathed, and Dale watched her turn in his brother's arms.

Chip lifted her, setting her ass on the edge of the desk. Her leg swung, the heel catching him in the chin. His head cracked back against the top of the desk.

"Shit," he swore.

Tusa stiffened. "Who is there? Dale? Ohmygod!" she shrieked, lifting her feet away from the view. "Is your twin down there? Was he... Did he..." Her voice grew higher with every question until Dale struggled to keep his laughter in check.

"Yeah, honey, I was and I did." Dale ducked from beneath the desk and stood, his back protesting at being bent into such a small space. "And you tasted like honey." He swiped his tongue across his upper lip.

Tusa's face turned more shades of red than he'd ever seen as she blustered, trying to find words. "Just what the hell were you doing down there? You should have announced yourself. And did you know about this, Chip?"

Wisely, his twin reached for his pants, and Dale wished he'd stored an extra pair inside. Facing a pissed off Tusa naked wasn't exactly on his list of things to do, but it seemed he'd be doing it. And somehow, he didn't mind one bit.

Chapter Two

Dale took a step toward the door. "I'm going to grab my clothes from outside. I'll be right back."

"You damn well better be." Tusa jerked her thumb toward her own clothes, and Chip bent to pick up the scraps of fabric. Her nipples pebbled as she watched Dale walk out the door. Thinking about him under the desk, his mouth on her pussy, rekindled her arousal. He opened the door, and sunlight caught the golden highlights in his tawny brown hair, lighter than his twin's. He reached outside, and she heard the thump of a box lid, then he came back with his clothes.

Chip cleared his throat. He handed her clothing to her, a too-knowing smile on his face. A darker version of his twin, he, too, looked scrumptious as he shrugged back into his uniform shirt.

She dressed, though being in the middle of their office left her oddly vulnerable. *Stop it. They've both seen you naked before.* She glanced around and found a chair on the other side of Chip's desk. Maybe putting some furniture between them would be good.

Dale wheeled the desk chair from what must have been his own side of the office and sat down at the end of the table, out of reach. "You're understandably upset about this --"

"Upset?" Tusa questioned. She gave a harsh, biting laugh. "That's being a little mild, isn't it? I was making love to your twin, the man I promised to come back and marry after getting my degree. The piece of paper is in the car if you want to see it. I don't think your place in my life has been decided. Prairie dog colonies are usually one male with multiple females. Not the other way around. You're the one who crawled under the desk to..." She sputtered, not quite ready to say, "Lick my pussy." She remembered looking out over the attendees at the college's graduation ceremony, sad

not to see Chip, or Dale, there. The twins had a large construction project and just couldn't get away. She'd understood, though their absence stung.

Dale turned to Chip. "You didn't tell her, did you?"

"Tell me what?" She balled her hands into fists and pressed them into her thighs to keep from getting up and smacking one, or both, of the guys. "Come on. Just spit it out." Frustration ate at her. She tapped her foot on the floor.

"No, I didn't. I thought you were coming back next week. I meant to tell you. I really did." Chip turned to his twin. "Why don't you?"

Dale laughed. "Oh, no. You're the eldest by five minutes, or so you're fond of reminding me. You can do the honors. Besides, she's your fiancée."

"Well, I'm glad someone remembers that. Because, Chip, if you're going to call off the wedding, I'm going to kick your ass, and then I'll shift and kick your ass some more."

"That's just what I need -- a pissed off prairie dog chewing on my tail." Chip quickly sobered. "The wedding is still on. In fact, I was going to surprise you with a couple of things. First, I went ahead and booked the honeymoon suite at that place west of Rapid City you wanted. They're willing to give us a great deal on the whole wedding party, too, if we want to book it there."

Tusa's mood vastly improved. "Oh, that's great. I was afraid they'd be booked up."

"Me, too, so when you called and told me you were definitely graduating and coming home, I wanted to make sure we took care of that. I used the date that we'd previously set. I hope that's all right." Worry created lines in his forehead.

"Perfect. Thank you." She basked for a moment in the glow of having the perfect fiancé. Well, perfect except for the fact that he'd allowed his twin to give her oral. "But that doesn't answer my question about Dale." She struggled to keep a stern façade, though the more she sat in the presence of both brothers, the more she wanted what had just happened to happen again... and again.

"I made him a promise, too. When you came back from college, you and I would be married as planned. And I would share you with him."

Tusa gasped at the flush of heat pulsing through her body. "What?"

Dale slid from his chair and hurried to her, dropping onto one knee.

Her skin flushed. *Oh, crap. Not another marriage proposal.* Not that she could legally accept another one, anyway.

"I asked my brother if he would share you with me. I think we both agree that we want each other. The chemistry is there." Dale rested his palm on her knee, and she jumped. His fingers rested just inches from the frayed hem of her shorts, and immediately she thought about him stroking her, touching her, teasing her into another mindless orgasm. "I love you. Sure, we used to go racing through the burrows as children. But we grew up. You might have fallen in love with my brother, but I feel for you, Tusa." He reached up and stroked a strand of her hair. "I want to pleasure you. If you'll let me."

A girl had to be a damn fool to turn down an offer like that, not that she'd let him know. "I see," she replied instead. "And you're okay with the fact that I'm marrying Chip?"

Dale nodded. "Yeah, I am."

She blinked. Then blinked again, because really most guys wouldn't be okay with that. "I see," she repeated. Studying animal biology in college hadn't prepared her for this kind of reproductive science. "It really would have been nice if you'd asked me first. Not that a girl doesn't like getting certain things, but it would have been nice if you'd asked." She struggled to keep her amusement from showing on her face.

He'd blown it. Dale rocked back on his heels and let Tusa's words wash over him. He'd been an ass, hungry for a taste of her, and not thinking of common courtesy. Except he'd been afraid she'd say no. His cock ached, a reminder that he was the only one who hadn't had an orgasm.

Damn his brother for making that promise, and damn him for falling in love with her all those years ago. Too late to back off now that he'd tasted her. She'd spoiled him

for other women even more than she already had. Not that he wanted what his brother had. No, until Tusa, they'd never shared women.

"I was afraid you'd say no. We hadn't really talked about it," Dale voiced finally. "Forgive me?"

Tusa stared at him. "You wouldn't know how I'd answer unless you asked." She glanced away. "I can't believe you guys figured all this out before I left for college and then just expected me to come back and fall in with your plan." She shook her head. "That was pretty arrogant of you."

"Yeah," he admitted, his hopes sinking by the minute. He wished his cock would deflate along with them, because his pants were getting pretty uncomfortable. "Though in our defense it took us a year or so to really figure it out."

"But now that you brought up the idea..." Tusa shrugged. "Let's just say the idea of having both of you has merit. After all, you're both hot guys, and I can't deny that I've been thinking about this. And doesn't every girl fantasize about twins?" She pursed her lips.

Dale's hopes grew. "Really?" He glanced at Chip. "Did you know this?"

Chip shrugged. "Not really, but it makes sense." He focused his entire attention on Tusa. In that moment Dale envied his brother. No matter how this ended, he'd still get the girl. He wouldn't go home alone and try to figure out some way to continue with the knowledge that he'd never get the woman he loved. Chip already had her. "How can we make this right? I screwed up. I admit it. What can I do to fix this?"

"Fix this how? As in our wedding being a happy event with us going off to make little pups? Or, fix this as in the three of us fucking our way to wedded bliss?" Tusa licked her lips.

Dale's attention focused on her bee-stung pout. To have her mouth wrapped around his cock, taking him deep... He struggled not to groan.

Tusa eyed him, a speculative gleam in her expression. "Look, I'm staying at the little hotel up on Rt. 281. Why don't you two show up, with supper, around six? We can

talk then. Okay?" She dropped her attention to Dale's crotch. "And make sure to bring that, too. I might want a test drive before I make my decision."

Dale gulped audibly. "I'll be there." Rising, he pushed his chair back over to his desk, then sat down and powered up the computer. "Don't worry about me."

Tusa stood and bent over Chip's desk, giving Dale a view of her perfect ass. She scribbled something down on a notepad. "You'll be there, too?"

Chip nodded. He brushed his thumb down her cheek. "Wouldn't miss it for the world, sweetheart. We'll be there. And we'll bring food."

"Good. Now I need to think about things and also take care of some business. I'll see you guys at six." She straightened and turned, her long strides carrying her to the door.

For a moment Dale watched her go, the tall boots and short shorts making her look oh, so fuckable. When Chip cleared his throat, a clear warning, Dale looked away to focus on his work. Over five hours before he could see her again. He wondered if he could wait.

* * *

Tusa sat in the car for a moment before taking a deep breath and starting the engine. Without the distracting presence of the guys, she could think clearly. Her body hummed, satisfied by the loving Chip and Dale had given her. Behind the thin halter top her nipples beaded when she thought of tonight, when both of them would be in her hotel room.

She guessed her decision shouldn't have been this easy, or obvious. Dale wanted her. If anything, the longer they had spoken, the bigger his erection had gotten. His brother filled her, and she wondered if Dale would do the same. Her mouth watered with the mental image of her on her knees, sucking Chip while Dale took her from behind. She pulled out of the parking lot before she could go inside and ask the guys to do just that.

She hummed along with the radio on the drive to the hotel. She figured once she'd returned, moving in with Chip would soon follow. Except he and his brother

shared a large house on the edge of town on property that had once belonged to their parents. So if she moved in with Chip, she'd also be moving in with Dale. If she decided against their offer things could get pretty awkward.

She pulled into the hotel's parking lot and hurried to her room. The large king-size bed called to her, and she cranked up the air conditioning before flinging herself onto it. Already, her clit throbbed. Her pussy ached so much she almost shimmied out of her jean shorts and took care of things herself. Not yet. Not until the men arrived.

Tusa drew a deep breath, knowing in her heart her decision had been made. The particulars would need to be worked out, and those she'd ponder over the next few hours. Until then, she needed to call a couple of friends, and, once she spoke to the guys, her moving company. For better or for worse, she was back in town. It was time to make it her home.

Chapter Three

At two minutes to six, a knock sounded on her door. Tusa halted her pacing, teetering on her impossibly high heels. She'd donned the open-toed shoes, wanting something different from her boots when the guys arrived. Plus, she had never met a man yet who wasn't a sucker for a sexy woman in too-high heels.

She went to the door and took a deep breath. During the long afternoon, she'd had time to think about the situation, and her anger at Chip had faded. In fact, the more she contemplated her situation, the more Dale's attention flattered her. She grinned as she looked out the peephole and verified the guys stood outside, right on time. She undid the chain and flipped the lock before she opened the door. "Come in."

The heady aroma of thick steaks and baked potatoes assaulted her as they passed. Chip held two delicious-smelling bags, and had a duffle slung over his shoulder, out of which poked Dale's prairie dog head.

Tusa bit her lip to keep from laughing at the hopeful expression in Dale's eyes. She closed the door behind them. "Just set the food on the desk. Did you know you had a stowaway?"

"Yeah." Chip set the duffle on the floor, and out scurried Dale.

He gave a couple happy prairie dog barks, then shifted back into human. He turned and grabbed his clothes out of the duffle, giving Tusa a view of his nicely sculpted ass. He quickly dressed. "I'm cuter in my prairie dog form. Thought I might woo you with my puppy dog eyes."

Tusa shook her head. "You charmer, you."

Chip moved in and wrapped his arm around her waist. He nuzzled her neck. "You look gorgeous," he murmured against her skin.

Tusa shivered. When she booked the room she hadn't planned on staying long, or on the complication Chip had thrown her. Thankfully there were two chairs around the small, round table, and one at the desk, so no one had to sit on the bed. She pulled out one of the chairs.

Dale brought the bag over to the table and started setting out the three dinners. The Styrofoam containers nestled closely on the table. *Kind of like the three of us would be in bed.* The thought leapt unbidden into her mind and put a flush on her cheeks. Dale paused by the edge of the table. "I don't think there's room for our salads."

"Doesn't look like it. Glad you got the food out. I thought we might want to eat before we talk." In spite of her light tone, both men stiffened.

"Talk?" Chip asked. He leaned forward and gave her an exaggerated leer. "You mean you didn't ask us to your room to fuck?"

Tusa burst out laughing. "Eat first. Then fuck."

Chip gave a fake pout, and Tusa didn't have it in her heart to be annoyed, or upset, with him.

"Poor baby. It's been, what..." She made a show of consulting her watch. "Only about five hours. I'm sure it's been hard for you to survive." She emphasized the word hard, figuring since her return that her fiancé had been walking around with an erection all afternoon.

Chip laughed. "You know me so well."

Through the exchange Dale remained quiet. The awkward silence reminded Tusa she hadn't told the men of her decision, or her plans. "How about you, Dale?" Seeing him sit there, a sober expression on his face, worried her. Of the two brothers, usually he was the smart-ass.

"I think it's been harder for me," Dale admitted.

"I'd imagine so." Letting her words hover between them, she opened the lid to reveal a lovely steak and baked potato. She cut into it. "Perfect."

The guys watched as she lifted the morsel to her lips and took it into her mouth. She chewed and swallowed, then shook her head. "Eat!" She gestured with her fork.

"Your food is going to get cold. And the sooner we finish, the sooner other things can happen." She deliberately left her words vague.

The guys took her hint and started chowing down. Sooner than she'd thought, Dale stood and started to gather up the empty trays. Dinner was finished, and soon, all the trash sat by the door and the table looked clean. If the guys cleaned up like this at home, she definitely approved of her decision.

She debated about sitting on the bed, then decided to stay in the chair. "I've thought about what you said, Chip, and what happened this afternoon. I've made a decision that I hope the three of us can live with." There, she'd said the words, putting the issue square in front of them.

"The three of us. Does that mean that I'm included?" Dale asked. He perched on the edge of his chair, his hands clasped between his knees. He leaned forward. Had he been in shifted form, Tusa wondered if his tail would vibrate.

She nodded. "Yeah, it does."

Dale whooped with joy.

"Don't get excited yet. I haven't told you everything," she warned. Tusa breathed deeply. The moment of truth. She reached across the table. "Chip, when I left for college you asked me to marry you, and I said yes. I still say yes. I came back to Barkus knowing that I'd be your wife. We will still get married." She motioned for Dale to join them.

He did, crossing the room to kneel by her feet. The position reminded her so much of Chip's proposal, it took her breath away. All she could do was stare at him for a moment, an image of her future, their futures, running through her mind.

"I hope I fit in your life." Dale rested his palm on her knee. "I know this afternoon was tough. If I'd known Chip hadn't spoken with you..." He paused to shoot his brother an angry glare. "... I never would have pleased you the way I did."

Tusa leaned forward and kissed Dale's forehead. "Then I'm glad he didn't say anything. Yes, there's a place for you. If you want to join us as Chip promised, you can.

But although the legal bonds won't be there, the emotional ones will. I'll be your wife, too. I want you both."

"Thank you." Chip rushed from his chair to kneel on the other side of her. "I thought I'd done something stupid and driven you off." He eyed the bed. "Now can we fuck?"

Tusa shook her head. "No, not fuck. Make love. I think it's time for the three of us to make love." She pushed back her chair, stood, and led both men over to the bed.

Shit. He was trembling, Dale realized as he reached out a hand to take the one Tusa had offered him. He followed her to the bed where she released his hand, then turned. Her fingers went to the buttons at her neck, and she swiftly unbuttoned her blouse. Dale watched, transfixed. He barely remembered to pull his shirt over his head, then paused to watch as Tusa shimmied out of her skirt.

She stood before him dressed in a scanty black lace bra and panty set and those impossibly high heels.

Next to him Chip drew a harsh breath. "You sure know how to put on a show."

Tusa chuckled under her breath. She sat down on the bed and crab-walked backwards.

Dale caught glimpses of her pink pussy where the slender strip of lace covered it. When she stopped, her legs spread akimbo on the bed, it was all he could do to keep from crawling between them and feasting on her sex. Now that he knew how she tasted, he'd be hard-pressed not to enjoy her charms further. Especially since she'd given him the okay.

Instead, he glanced at his twin. Aside from his very obvious arousal, Chip gave no signs.

"So, where do you want to start?" Dale asked. Though Tusa had given her approval -- and he thanked his lucky stars she had -- he wanted to remain respectful of his brother's position as her fiancé.

"You got to taste her this morning. Maybe I can tonight?" Chip grinned and kicked off his shoes. "We'll probably have to make this up as we go along. But first, I'm getting naked."

Taking the cue from his brother, Dale did the same, loving the way her hungry gaze devoured them both. Completely naked, he stood in front of her, his cock at full attention.

Tusa drew a finger along the black lace covering her pussy. "You want to feel how wet I am?" she purred.

"Yeah," Dale growled. He stepped forward, no longer caring about his brother. He rested his knee on the bed, then crawled over to her. "Do you know how fucking hot you look?"

She smiled and lifted her back to undo the hook of her bra. A soft little click of fasteners, and she pulled it from her shoulders. "I'll let you take care of the rest."

"Damn straight, you will." He stretched out beside her, torn for a moment between sucking her breasts with their hard, tight nipples or losing himself in her honeypot. He bent his head forward and swiped a tongue across her nipple. "You taste so good." He swirled his tongue around the bud, the catch in her breath telling him how much she liked his actions. He trailed his fingers down over her stomach, pausing to toy with her navel. Finally, he reached the scrap of lace and traced the top of it.

Her hips rose to meet his fingers. He brushed aside the scrap of lace to stroke her wet heat. Her labia parted easily for him, and he found her slick and ready. The soft noises she made tugged at him. Just the barest brush of her thigh against his cock had him hard and ready to explode. How he planned to get through this evening, he had no clue.

Glancing over his shoulder, Dale watched his brother. Chip stared at them, his attention focused on Dale's fingers resting against Tusa's lace-clad pussy.

"Do you know how hot that is? I want to watch you make her come," Chip's voice sounded more like a ragged growl.

Tusa moaned at her fiancé's words.

Dale eased her panties down her legs. Gentle nudges pushed her thighs farther apart until he saw her glistening labia. Her clit poked from beneath its hood, so plump and beautiful Dale's mouth watered. He teased it with his fingers, barely touching it before sweeping his fingers along her pussy. He gathered her moisture on his fingers and took his time pleasuring her, making sure to open her up so his brother could see how hot and ready she was.

He dipped a finger inside her. So hot, so tight, Dale bit back a groan. He pumped his hand to slide his fingers a bit deeper, and when he next looked at his twin, Dale saw Chip stroking himself. Dale grinned. He drew out his fingers and brought them to his lips. With long licks, he savored her sweet honey. "You want some, sweetheart?" He brought his fingers to Tusa's lips.

Apparently the little vixen liked to put on a show, because she grabbed his wrist and brought his fingers to her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the tip of a finger before wrapping her lips around one digit and drawing it into her mouth.

Chip groaned.

Dale's cock twitched.

"Why don't you come over here?" Dale motioned for his brother to join them on the bed. "That way you can get a close look at this."

Dale paused while Chip arranged himself on the bed. Chip toyed with the breast closest to him, rolling her nipple between his fingers. Every once in a while he dipped his head to the top swell and kissed her. Dale grinned.

"I want to watch you take her. Put those sexy ankles up over your shoulders and pound into her," Chip ordered.

Dale grinned. "You game?" he asked Tusa.

She spread her legs even wider, then reached down and removed her panties. She flung them across the room with a dramatic gesture. "What do you think, big boy?"

Dale chuckled at her antics and moved between her thighs. He needed no encouragement, and neither did she, for when he lifted her heels to his shoulders, her

sex slid enticingly along his cock. Lifting her ass, he positioned himself at her entrance. Her wetness surrounded him, and with a single thrust, he penetrated her.

Opening his eyes, he locked gazes with his twin. In that moment, he knew that this would be his turn. Just like this afternoon was for Chip. Yeah, something told Dale that things would work out beautifully. He pulled out, waiting until just the tip of his cock rested inside Tusa's channel. He teased her, reaching down to brush the backs of his knuckles across her swollen clit before plunging forward once more.

Tusa cried out, reaching for the mattress. One hand found Chip instead of the comforter, and she curled her fingers around his biceps.

Dale grinned at the hungry look in his twin's eyes. Oh, yeah, this was going damn well. Then he focused on the woman in front of him, loving the way Tusa's breasts bobbed with each thrust. The expressions on her face only served to turn him on even more. And when her pussy tightened around his cock, and she cried out her release, he followed her over, spilling himself into her.

He slumped forward, putting out his arms to hold his weight as her legs fell on either side of his hips. Breathing hard, he pressed a kiss to her mouth, and already his cock began to harden again. He turned to his brother. "What do you think? You want a turn, or maybe I can go again?" He brushed his lips across the slope of her breast. "Or maybe she can take both of us?"

Beneath him, Tusa shivered. "You like that, baby? You like having your Chip and Dale?"

She lifted her hips. "Is that like having my cake and eating it, too?" A mischievous smile played around her lips.

Dale laughed. "And you can eat us any time you want."

Chip pushed Dale over just enough to toy with her nipple. "So long as she eats her husband first, that's just fine with me."

Tusa pushed them both away and sat up, bringing herself face to face with Dale. She kissed first Chip, then Dale. "I get to chose whom I will eat first. Now, who bought dinner?"

Chip grinned. "That was me, honey."

Tusa pushed on his chest until he lay flat on his back. "Then I'm going down on you." She grinned wickedly. "You Dawg!"

She squirmed around on the bed, and there was a fair bit of rearranging until she lowered her mouth to Chip's cock. Dale moved behind her, lying on his back to get a face full of pussy. He didn't mind her decision. Not one bit. Besides, he'd have to tell her that she'd been the one to provide dessert.

Mary Winter

Mary commutes between her dream home near the Mark Twain National Forest in Missouri, and her current residence in Iowa. She lives with a menagerie of animals including an opinionated horse and a cat who was a dog in a past life. When not writing spicy tales of erotic romance, she enjoys writing science fiction and fantasy, spending time with her horse, and enjoying the outdoors. Lucky for her, her partner (hero) shares these same passions, and usually both of them can be found in their respective dens writing.

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