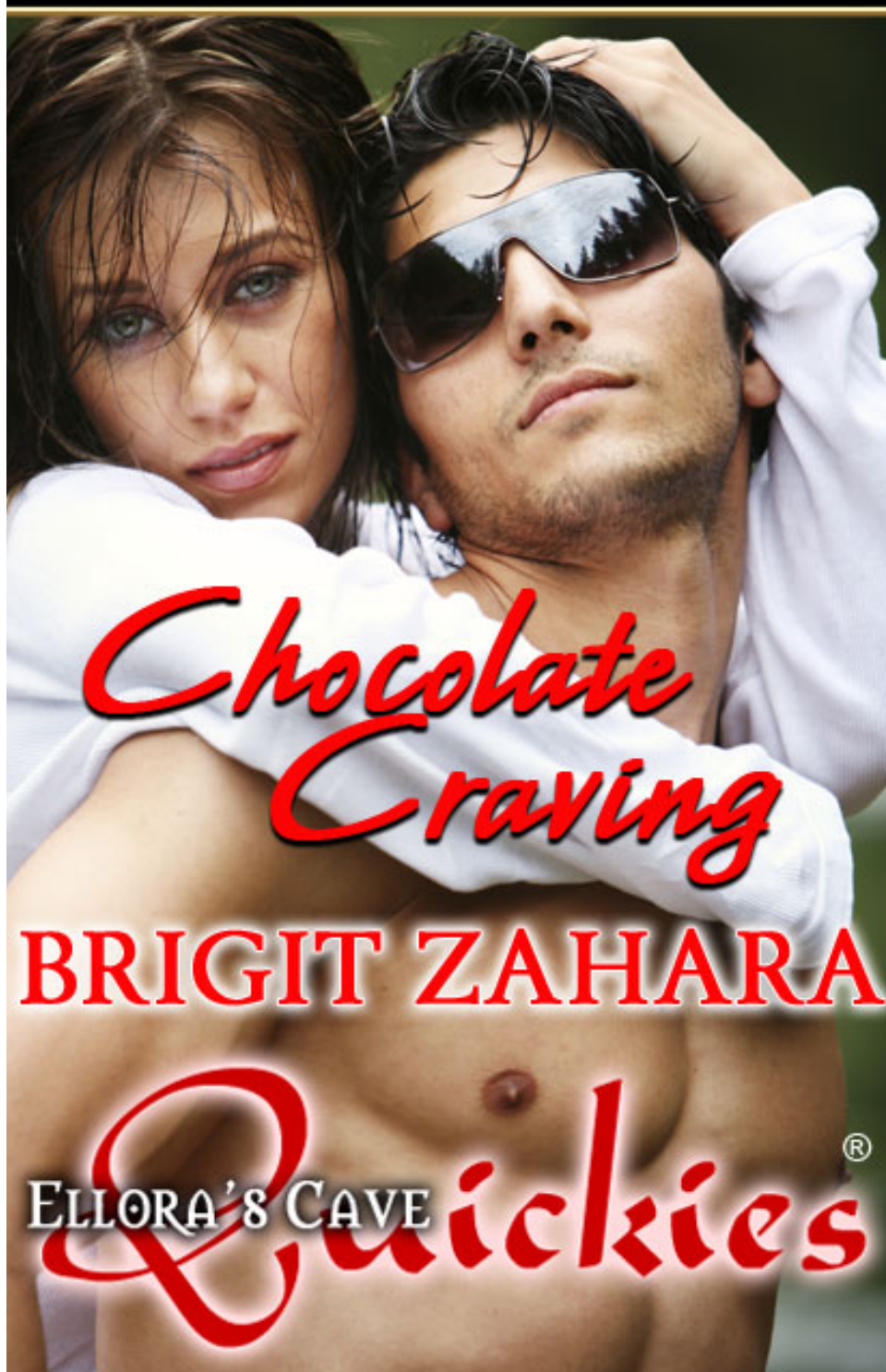


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



*Chocolate
Craving*

BRIGIT ZAHARA

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

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Chocolate Craving

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CHOCOLATE CRAVING

Brigit Zahara

Dedication

For Tracy, a good friend and mentor, and fellow chocoholic. Thanks so much for everything.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Chicago Tribune: Chicago Tribune Company

Dom Perignon: Moët Hennessy

Chapter One

Mona's Ménage, Chapter Three

Wordlessly, Simon led Mona into the back parlor. The warmth of his hand around hers created conflicting feelings of comfort and excitement that melted her reserve and fluttered in the pit of her stomach, only to land with a pulsing pressure in her pussy. All the more so when Mona saw that they were not alone.

"Glad you could make it," Derek said, his long lean form laid out seductively along the length of the futon. Mona wasn't sure which one of them he was talking to. Maybe both. His silky dark hair was shining in the candlelight as was the silver shirt he wore open to reveal his rippled chest and torso. As her gaze drifted down, Mona's eyes widened at the sight below the narrow gray belt—a massive bulge straining against the fine ivory linen of his pants.

With her hand still in his, Simon walked Mona closer until her knocking knees were just shy of touching the edge of the settee.

"You were right, Derek. She is so very lovely. A perfect peach that is to be licked and nibbled delicately, have its sweet juices sucked from its plump center and then taken in hand and devoured whole. Is that what you want, my flower? Shall Derek and I devour you?"

Mona wanted to say, "Yes" but seriously doubted that much more than a squeak would come out if she dared open her mouth. Just to be safe, Mona merely nodded her head.

Simon's smile sent another trickle of tension-tinged anticipation through her. "Perfect. Will you undress for us then?" When Mona hesitated, he softly added, "Derek will help you."

Seconds later, Mona felt the feathery touch of fingers brush her shoulders and collarbone as Derek's hands came around to unbutton her chiffon blouse, the inside of his wrists pressing lightly against her erect nipples. Despite wearing a padded bra and a camisole, the rigid points that centered each of her small breasts were noticeably protruding through the flimsy fabric of her sheer top. Easing the gossamer material over her shoulders and letting it fall to the floor, Derek then slipped the edge of her camisole out from underneath the waistband of her skirt and pulled it gently up and over her head. Without a sound, Mona raised her arms high to facilitate the removal of the satin undergarment. The three hooks of her bra were released next and done at a painstakingly slow rate, no doubt to prolong Simon's pleasure, which was becoming more and more obvious. His cat-green eyes glittered with a mixture of want and need as he watched the unveiling, and more than once he shifted his butt and hips to ease the mounting pressure in his crotch. Derek at last edged the lacy straps forward and dragged them down Mona's forearms and off, leaving her bare breasts now in plain view. When he cupped the full mounds in his hands and gently pushed them together, his thumbs slowly circling the taut tips, Simon's hips responded with a slight involuntary twitch as he slowly let out a deep breath.

"Exquisite," he whispered.

Mona leaned back into the warm strength of Derek's arms, sucking in sharply at the enticing feel of his stiff cock bumping lightly against her butt. His hands drifted down her abdomen and came to rest on her hips for a short time, but it was long enough to hold her steady while he pressed his hard-on more firmly against her. Mona's eyes fluttered shut as her head fell back into the crook between his jaw and shoulder.

"Yes," Simon said his voice now so low Mona could barely hear it. "Keep going."

Walking his fingers around to her back, Derek then undid the button and zipper on Mona's skirt and slid it down over her nylon-covered legs to the floor. Feeling drugged with desire, Mona mindlessly stepped out of the crumpled material at her feet, lifting first one black stiletto pump then the other. Apart from her shoes, all that now

remained on her body was the hot pink crotchless lace thong, sheer black nylons and the black lace garter belt that held them up. When Derek's fingers danced delicately around to the front of her thighs to teasingly toy with one of the nylon's snaps, Simon quickly intervened.

"No. Leave those on. Now, pet, it's time for you to watch."

Simon rose then, the move putting him in direct contact with Mona as their torsos pressed together. It was a toss-up as to which excited Mona more—the scent of his cologne or the powerful pressure of his stiff cock pushing insistently against her pelvis.

Lightly clasping each side of her shoulders, Simon guided Mona around and down onto the futon where she perched on the edge a little awkwardly.

"Lay back," Derek said, as he moved beside Simon so she could see both of them equally. "Enjoy the show."

Mona complied, stretching out on the plush settee, her arms resting on either side of her head, her knees pressed together and dropped down to one side.

Derek and Simon both took a couple more steps toward Mona so she would get a very up-close-and-personal view. Then, almost in unison, they began to strip. Derek had a little catching up to do as his shirt wasn't unbuttoned so in a flash, he had the dark cotton garment off and lying in a heap on the floor. Meanwhile, Simon was leisurely unbuckling his belt and moving down the teeth of his zipper one at a time. The straining bulk behind his red boxers made Mona squirm expectantly but not nearly as much as when he reached in under the shorts' front flap and pulled out his rod. With its smooth globular head and thick, hard shaft, Simon's cock held the promise of certain pleasure. As if to ready himself further, Simon began stroking his shaft slowly from top to bottom, his full balls swaying slightly with the firm tugging motion.

By now, Derek had stripped right down and was rubbing himself too but using a different technique. Instead of going from end to end, Derek was focusing exclusively on his cock's bulbous head, or more specifically, the ridge right below it. With a snug fist enclosed around the glistening knob and twisting back and forth, he used his thumb

to repeatedly press against that little trigger point on the underside. Mona could clearly see Derek's cock responding to his handiwork. The thick vein that ran up his shaft had grown far more prominent, and the pink shade of the velvety sphere he was paying so much attention to had deepened to a soft crimson. It really was a thing of beauty, and one meant to be loved and licked and sucked and fucked with total abandon. Mona was nearly entranced by it when Simon's voice snapped her to.

"Join us."

Mona made a move to sit up but Simon's voice stopped her.

"No. Right where you are. We want to see you touch yourself."

Mona was a little uncomfortable at the request having never done such a thing in front of anyone before. But when Derek added in a heartfelt "Please" she tentatively complied.

Looping one leg over the back of the futon, which fully opened her up to the guys' eyes, she let her hand slide down over the lace waistband of her crotchless thong to the wet folds beneath. Using her two middle fingers, Mona glided down the slick surface to the tight opening below and then back to the pleasure point at the top of her pussy. Back and forth she stroked herself, her mounting excitement not only due to her rhythmical touch but the look of quickly increasing hunger in both Simon's and Derek's eyes. Soon Simon's hoarse voice rang out.

"That's enough."

Nearly lunging at Mona and situating himself between her legs, he pulled her fingers from inside her and put them into his mouth. After eagerly sucking all the juices from them, Simon then dipped his head down and drove his hot tongue into Mona's creamy core, flicking it up and down and around. Reflexively, Mona's knees clamped shut in a tight squeeze that threatened to smother Simon, even though her hips had surged forward in obvious pleasure. But just as fast, Derek was there, to save Simon from certain death and Mona from a less-than-earth-shattering orgasm.

Having moved around to stand behind Mona's head, Derek reached forward and, catching each of Monique's legs behind the knees, raised them up and apart to better expose her throbbing pussy to Simon. Then Simon reached up and spread Mona's plump outer lips with his fingers, causing the swollen nub of her aching clit to pop forward. After eagerly tongue-fucking her for a few more minutes, Simon then licked all the way up to her clit without touching the throbbing little bud itself. Kissing his way around in a circle, he then licked and sucked her outer lips, moving down one, plunging his tongue inside her for a few flicks before moving up the other side, his cheeks brushing against the lacy outline of her thong. Once at the top of the slick V, he circled his tongue around the distended bud that centered it, again purposely not making direct contact. This close-but-no-cigar style was driving Mona wild. Breathless and trembling, she went to put her hands in Simon's hair and direct him to her hot spot but Derek had shifted his body and pinned her arms under his knees.

This latest maneuver brought his cock, which had been dangling above her, within a few inches of her face. Instinctively, she reached up and opened her mouth but Derek rose up on his knees, effectively moving away from her.

"No, princess. Not yet. We don't want you to be doing anything else but enjoying yourself when you come."

With that as his cue, Simon finally moved his attention to Mona's engorged clit. Still spreading her open so it was no longer partially concealed by its hood and had no place to hide, Simon began passionately licking the little twitching bud. Almost immediately, Mona's legs began to tremble uncontrollably, her hips instinctively pulsing forward in response to the mounting tension and need for release. Faster and faster, Simon flicked his tongue back and forth over the exposed nub, the tempo soon switching to that of a fast vibration. A soft groan of pleasure escaped Mona's lips as the trembling in her legs spread throughout her whole body and while she couldn't see it, she could feel the wet warmth of her own cream as it seeped out of her and came to pool somewhere between

her butt cheeks. Simon stopped his amorous assault just long enough to notice the wet spot on her thong.

“Hmmmm. I think you’re ready for me.”

Then without restraint or hesitation, he repositioned himself and after slipping on a condom, slid the full length of his thick hard cock into Mona’s impatient pussy, with Derek still holding her knees up and apart. Mona was so ripe for release by this time that it only took a matter of four or five heavy, hard plunges of Simon’s shaft into her tight, slippery center to take her to the edge. Deciphering her body language like a pro, Simon swiftly cupped Mona’s ass. Determined to make her scream with pleasure, he held her steady, fucking her faster and more intently, his increased thrusts delving deeper into the hot sheath of her pussy. Within seconds, his efforts were rewarded. With a cry, Mona’s eyes rolled back in her head, her face flushed red and her body convulsed powerfully, even within the constraint of both his and Derek’s hands.

The sight of Mona coming so hard because of something he was doing pushed Simon over the edge himself. Straightaway, his balls tightened and pulled up hard against his body as the semen was rhythmically pumped from them and up the length of this shaft. Soon his seed reached the pulsing knob atop his cock that, at this moment, felt like the center of the universe and was fired out in a series of jets. It all happened in a fraction of a second and yet Simon had felt every step along the way, fully knowing and breathlessly anticipating the orgasm about to take place. With Mona shuddering beneath him and clutching around him, Simon held his breath, his eyes squeezing shut and his mouth growing slack as the first spasm rocked through his body. Then another. And another. All he could do was relish the intense pleasure, the heat, the moisture and the cadenced and powerful contracting of the muscle in his cock. Without awareness, he pumped his pelvis in time with the powerful jets that passed from him into her, his lower half soon shaking as much as Mona’s.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Caroline stopped to read the passage. She had shifted the focus from the heroine's point of view to the hero's—a bit of a no-no—but she really wanted the reader to be inside Simon's head right at that climactic moment.

But apart from that, there was something not right. Caroline reread the entire scene again but couldn't quite decide on what was missing. With a mental shrug, she carried on.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Apparently watching the hot action taking place before his eyes was more than Derek could take. Releasing one of Mona's knees, he closed one large hand around his throbbing cock and roughly laid several hard and fast jerks upon his sadly neglected shaft. That was all it took. As the last ripples of Mona and Simon's nearly mutual orgasm ebbed, Derek's blazed up in full force, hot jets of his cum spraying out from between his clenched fingers to drench Mona's heaving breasts.

Sweat-soaked and serene, Mona could never have imagined that making love to two men at the same time would satisfy her so completely.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"What are you writing?"

Startled, Caroline looked up, her eyes meeting the driver's in the rearview mirror. Blushing at the answer to the question, she quickly saved the document before closing the lid of the laptop that rested on her knees. For one crazy second, Caroline toyed with the idea of telling him the truth. While an American food writer-editor—albeit a burnt-out one—on assignment in Paris, she was presently indulging the only thing that really made her mouth water these days. Erotica. Having long since moved past the stage of merely reading torrid tales, Caroline was quietly pursuing her secret aspiration of breaking into the erotica market with her first-ever attempt enticingly entitled *Mona's Ménage*. Call her crazy but Caroline felt confident she could make the jump from

writing about lip-smacking food to writing about lip-smacking men. After all, they were both about the devouring of something delicious.

While still in the process of mulling over the mid-life career shift, Caroline had done all her homework in preparing to write an erotica novel. She was an English major who studied journalism in college so she certainly knew how to put a sentence together. Within the past two years she had taken close to a dozen pertinent courses including those on plot structure, character development and building sexual tension in an erotic novel. In addition to that, she had read every work in the genre she could get her hands on, rapidly deducing that the hottest trend in the market was that of a curl-your-toes threesome. But experience a ménage firsthand? Not even close. Perhaps it was her journalistic background, but Caroline was skeptical on the subject matter. Did a two-guys-fall-for-one-girl romance ever happen in real life? Or was it just one more female fantasy?

Realizing she hadn't responded to the cabbie, she started in on the partial truth, or at least, what she was supposed to be writing.

"I'm back to do a story on The Parisian Pearl."

The cabbie nodded. "Ah." Then his eyebrows rose slightly. "Back?"

"Yes," Caroline said with a subtle note of finality as she turned her head to watch the passing sights. Thankfully the driver got the drift and dropped the topic. As she gazed out the window, the lyrics from an old song immediately came to mind.

I love Paris in the spring time.

Whoever wrote those words certainly knew what they were talking about. There was something quite magical about France's capital that made her feel like she had stepped into a special moment in time—specially during the blossoming of life in spring.

Perhaps it was the cobbled streets and gorgeous old-world architecture basking in warm sunshine. Maybe it was the city's recognizable scent—a blend of fresh-baked croissants, creamy brie and a full-bodied Beaujolais wafting out onto the bustling city

streets to mix with the aroma of the winding Seine River. Wherever one went, that certain *je ne sais quoi*, an indefinable something so uniquely Parisian, could be felt. Then again, the sensation that she was in a place designed exclusively for love and the making of it didn't hurt either.

None of the city's mystique and allure was lost on Caroline. She was well aware of it and so she should be. This was, after all, her second trip in as many years to Paris.

At the same time last year Caroline had flown to the European mecca to meet Etienne Renaud and Stephane Leitier, the renowned and oh-so-delicious chocolatiers who ran Plaisir de Bouche, the best chocolate-making school on the continent. Hired by Chocolate! magazine, she had been flown over and spent six yummy hours chatting with and sampling the pair's dark and delicious goods. While the meeting was purely professional, the exchange left Caroline hungry for a chance to taste more than just the two men's culinary creations. In fact, the two tasty Frenchmen were Caroline's sole inspiration in the writing of *Mona's Ménage*. They were gone from her life, but not forgotten.

Then miracle of miracles, an opportunity for a reunion of sorts presented itself.

When Caroline, then working as editor for the *Chicago Tribune's* Food and Lifestyle section, learned that the delectable duo were competing in The Parisian Pearl—the city's bi-annual international showcase of elite chocolatiers from around the globe—a light bulb went off. Why not do a three-part segment on the competition that featured each of the contestants? As for The Pearl, as Caroline and her colleagues had come to refer to it, the heralded contest would be broadcast live from the opulent Paris Opera House and include the panel of expert judges. The winner would receive the much-sought-after designation of being The World's Best Chocolate Maker, a mark of distinction that would ensure them offers for business from the four corners of the Earth. That in itself was sweet. But the two hundred and fifty thousand Euro prize money really put the icing on the bonbon.

Just then Caroline's cell rang. Retrieving the rhinestone-studded ultra-thin phone from her purse, she raised it to her ear.

"Hello?"

"Guess what?"

Caroline let out a slow breath. Before Colin said a word Caroline knew the situation. Her talented but time-challenged photographer was notoriously late. So far, he had slept in twice on The Pearl gig, then actually boarded the wrong plane on another occasion, a fact that would've surely seen his dismissal from the project if he wasn't so darn good at what he did. Having an incredible knack for always pulling it out of the fire at the very last minute also saved his ass more than once.

"Colin—"

"I know, I know. But hey, don't worry. I'll be there tomorrow afternoon."

"Tomorrow? Afternoon?" Caroline yelled, her screeching tone drawing a wary look from the driver.

"Yeah, the bastards. They closed the gate before I got there." As if it were the airline's fault for having a cut-off boarding time. "And there's not another flight until the morning."

"So what am I supposed to do with the guys from Plaisir de Bouche until you get here?"

A few sizzling suggestions instantaneously flitted across Caroline's mind including one vivid image of her sucking Etienne's cock while Stephane buried his own rigid shaft in her hot pussy. Frustrated by the delicious distraction, Caroline fumbled agitatedly in her purse for her cigarettes. One of those rare social smokers who could puff away like mad for a week then drop it for the next year, she had bought a pack of French ciggies in the airport. When she was last in town, she'd noticed that everybody smoked in Paris—it seemed to be an integral part of the culture—and Caroline had always been a firm believer in the old adage, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do". So

why not light up and try to blend in? When she located the pack but failed to find the lighter she'd also purchased, she gave up the hunt in a huff just as Colin answered her.

"Just get the interview and notetaking over with and then we can shoot them when I get there."

"I'm going to shoot you when you get here."

Colin laughed. "Yeah, well let me get the pictures done first and then you can off me. Deal?"

"Deal," Caroline grumbled under her breath as she roughly hit the End Call button. Rotten little bugger.

The taxi pulled up to the curb that fronted the white brick building. An ornate wrought iron fence separated the public sidewalk from the private residence and school. After paying the driver, Caroline got out and, shifting her purse and laptop to her left hand, with her right she picked up the bag the cabbie had retrieved from the trunk and set on the pavement at her feet. Passing under the elaborate arch, she then walked up the three steps of the narrow stoop before coming to a full stop.

With a soft sigh, Caroline straightened her shoulders, the narrow cotton jacket she wore creating the illusion she was the proud owner of a tall, slim body. In reality, given her lifelong love of food and a family tendency towards a sluggish metabolism, Caroline possessed a pleasantly plump figure and had for as long as she could remember. Having just turned forty, that recollection stretched back quite some time. The good news though was she had finally reached the place where she accepted herself and her body unconditionally.

Shaking her head to rearrange her bangs on her forehead, Caroline put her purse and laptop under her arm to free up her left hand. Reaching up, she then clasped the ornate brass ring on the sculpted ivory door, her hand trembling slightly as she did.

Oh wasn't this silly? Getting all nervous and excited like some kind of teenager?

Not really. Caroline had a very good reason for feeling such apprehension. In fact, she had two – two très hot and hunky reasons.

Before she had a chance to bang the knocker even once, the door swung open to reveal the beaming broad face of Stephane.

“Car-o-leen,” he said in his thick accent, spreading his arms and lightly drawing her into a gentle embrace. As he planted a soft kiss on first one side of her face and then the other, the scent of his spicy aftershave brought on a sizzling memory that took Caroline’s breath away and dampened her panties in a flash.

All throughout Caroline’s initial encounter with Stephane and Etienne the previous summer, the culinary aficionados had been strictly business, limiting their actions and conversations to the business of making chocolate. Ever the consummate professionals, they were nevertheless not without a liberal seasoning of animal magnetism. On one hand, Stephane oozed a natural sex appeal and easy charm that was present in every word he spoke, every move he made. By contrast, Etienne exuded a barely contained fire not unlike that of a high-simmering covered pot that could blow at any time. Knowing very little English and barring the occasional “*Non!*” or “*Oui!*” he rarely used any words at all. Instead, he relied almost exclusively on body language—and *mon Dieu!* what a body!—such as broad smiles and dark frowns. Whatever he sought to communicate, the gesture of the moment was often accompanied by a furious shake of his head in the appropriate direction, lots of wild hand gestures and of course, tons of searing eye contact that routinely made Caroline’s pussy twitch and her nipples ache. But to her body’s disappointment, Caroline routinely ignored such reactions. She was there to do a job and ever the consummate professional she was not to be distracted by handsome faces, hot bodies and sexy accents. Besides, even if she didn’t care about her work and was of a mind to throw caution to the wind, Caroline’s closet attraction to her tempting subjects was clearly unrequited.

Or so she had thought.

Last year, at the conclusion of her first interaction with the two chocolate makers, Stephane pulled her into his customary farewell embrace, whispering in a low voice that raised the gooseflesh all over her body, "'Ave a good flight." As he pulled back, Caroline tilted her head slightly to one side in preparation for his peck-on-each-cheek European kiss as was the custom.

But Stephane caught her off guard.

Placing his fingers lightly under her chin, Stephane directed Caroline's face back to the center and without warning, leaned forward and kissed her softly but fully on the mouth. The warm, moist pressure of his lips and the sultry entreating expression in his eyes as he pulled back and looked down into hers buckled her knees. In a heartbeat, Stephane's free arm was around her, his fingers digging lightly into the fleshy roll atop the waistband of her slacks. Caroline blushed as she moved to brush his hand away.

"Guess I've done a little too much sampling."

Stephane's response was immediate. And charming.

"Not at all! A woman should 'ave a little something for a man to 'old onto."

As if to make his point, Stephane pulled her closer. Caroline sucked in her breath at the unmistakable but electrifying feel of his hard-on pressing against her, the suddenly moist area between her legs pounding in response. Then he spoke the words Caroline would replay over and over again in her mind for many months. "'Til you next come." Now she knew what he meant to say was a variation on the farewell phrase, "Until we meet again." But as Caroline was held flush against Stephane's hard muscled torso and large stiff cock, "'til you next come" took on a whole other meaning. Indeed, if he continued to press his rigid shaft against her, Caroline's "next come" could be right around the corner!

With an intentional smile that threatened to knock the strength out of her legs once more, Stephane loosened his gentle grip on her and took a step back, allowing Caroline some much-needed breathing room.

That's when Etienne moved in for the kill.

Stepping around Stephane, he reached down and clasped one of Caroline's hands within his. Looking deep into her eyes, he spoke in a halting blend of broken English and French that effectively managed to stop her heart.

"*J'espere*, to, ummm, see you *encore*, again. Yes?"

Caroline knew only a little bit more French than Etienne knew English and while stated in the present tense, she clearly understood what he said—he hoped to see her again.

Etienne then raised her hand to his lips and with his glittering gaze still locked with hers, placed a soft warm kiss on her a fleeting glance of his mouth but rather a very slow, sensual pressing of skin on skin. Parting his lips ever so slightly, he then closed them gently around one of Caroline's knuckles, the briefest touch of his tongue secretly caressing the bony ridge before he pulled back. Swallowing hard, Caroline fought to keep her breath under control as a shockwave of intense *plaisir* ricocheted across every inch of her body.

"It's good to see you," Stephane said, jerking Caroline unceremoniously back to the present. He released her, his hands lightly grazing the curve of her hips as he stepped back. "'Ow was your trip?"

"Oh, good. You know. Long."

That was an understatement. While Paris was the last leg of her and Colin's trip, they had spent the past eight weeks on the road interviewing and photographing the Pearl's other eleven contestants.

"Ah, *oui*," Stephane said as he took the luggage from her hand and set it down by a long narrow table in the entryway before closing the door behind her.

"May I?" Caroline asked, motioning to set her sleek laptop on the table's surface. The zipper had broken on the portable computer's soft carrying case last week and she hadn't time to replace it.

"But of course."

Keeping her purse with her, Caroline then followed Stephane into a small sitting room. Richly decorated in shades of burgundy and gray, it was a curious blend of serenity and lavishness. It was just as she had remembered.

"You must be tired," Stephane stated over his shoulder as he walked in front of her.

"A bit, yes," Caroline replied, her eyes dropping to rest on the muscular firm globes of his ass straining beneath the tight fabric of his tan pants as he moved. When Stephane unexpectedly turned around to face her, effectively catching the downward angle of Caroline's gaze, a warm pink blush filled her cheeks, the color only deepening under Stephane's knowing smile.

Busted.

A long moment filled the space before Caroline found a way to break the silence.

"So, where's Etienne?"

"Oh, he's around here someplace. He's been so thrilled, knowing that you were coming back. We both 'ave."

Caroline didn't know how to respond so chose instead to remain silent and nod. After a hushed time of sizzling eye contact and exchanged smiles, Stephane finally spoke up.

"Very well. Your bedroom is all ready for you." As Colin and Caroline would be interviewing and shooting the proprietors of Plaisir de Bouche over the course of two days, it had been arranged that they would stay in a couple of the school's live-in suites designed for visiting students. "I take you up there now?"

Yeah, you can take me up there. Or you could take me down here. Or heck, you can even take me on the stairs.

Startled by the suddenness and strength of her sexual feelings for Stephane, Caroline cleared her throat with a nervous little titter.

Jesus. Had writing *Mona's Ménage* turned her into a raging nympho?

Despite wanting to jump Stephane on the spot—a desire that was stronger than any other she'd ever experienced, even that for chocolate—Caroline resolutely pushed the notion from her mind. And the thought of her and Stephane alone in a bedroom was more than she could handle so she would nip that in the bud as well.

"No, that's okay. Maybe you can just point me in the right direction."

Stephane flashed another one of his sexy smiles that held the promise of destroying every last bit of resolve she had as they returned to the foyer. Stopping, Stephane gestured up the winding stairwell.

"Last door on the right. But I insist I carry you."

Caroline's eyes went saucer-like.

"Pardon me?"

Stephane shook his head and laughed, his face pinkening a little beneath his warm olive skin. "This. I carry this," he said, picking up her luggage. "Forgive me. My English is not always so good..."

Caroline felt both relieved and disappointed at the same time.

"Oh. Right. That's good. If you'd meant to carry me, I was worried. I doubt you would be able to lift me off the ground."

Stephane gave Caroline a look that said he not only understood she was referring to her weight but also that he disagreed with the comment. Then to punctuate the point, he swiftly dropped her luggage, bent down and swooped her up into his arms.

"See?" he said, standing tall and without effort. "You are—how do you say?—like a feather."

"Yeah. A one-eighty-pound feather."

Stephane blew a sharp gust of air out from between his lips in a sound of dismissal. "You're thinking wrong, Caroleen. The nuts like it more when cushioned by a lot of filling. And that which is deep inside? The more surrounding it, the better."

Caroline gasped. And laughed. Then laughed some more. "Please tell me you're talking about chocolates."

To this, Stephane only winked, a sparkle lighting up his hazel eyes. Bending down, he grasped the handle of Caroline's luggage with his fingers under her knees and lifting it, headed up the staircase. Once at the door to her room, he set the bag down first then gently set Caroline down beside it.

"Viola."

Caroline nodded.

"There."

Another long moment passed as Stephane looked down into Caroline's eyes. Feeling a little embarrassed, she pointed over her shoulder.

"I should go and..." she was going to say shower, but the thought of telling Stephane that she would soon be naked and wet sounded like an invitation, "freshen up."

"*Oui*. Yes. Freshen up. I see you very soon."

With that he turned to go, his magnificent backside once more rippling beneath the fine fabric of his slacks as he descended the stairs.

Ooh-la-la. Maybe I should make that a cold shower?

Once inside the cozy and tastefully decorated suite, Caroline unpacked a few things before opening the French doors that led to a petite balcony. Overlooking the quaint street below, the tiny terrace held a wrought iron two-person patio set flanked by bouquets of flowers, a box of house-made chocolates centering the circular café-style table. Tempted to pop one of the treats into her mouth, Caroline decided to enjoy a good rinse and change of clothes first. At that moment, the furthest thing from her mind was work and writing, including her laptop, which she'd neglected to bring upstairs with her. She'd even forgotten that while she had saved her first draft of *Mona's Ménage* on the screen, she had neglected to close the document.

Chapter Two

Standing under the soothing warm spray, Caroline felt the tense muscles in her neck and shoulders start to relax a bit. It felt so good to be out of her constricting lingerie and close-fitting outfit that felt positively smothering on the heels of her six-hour flight. Splaying her toes, she relished the feel of the water sliding over her shoulders and breasts, gushing over her pelvis and thighs and shins to collect in little pools around her feet. Closing her eyes, Caroline turned to face the showerhead, letting the water wash down over her hair and face.

As the warmth spread over her eyes and into her open mouth, a breath of cool air brushed her calves. Caroline went to pivot around to determine the source of the draft but a pair of large hands clasped her arms, just above the elbow to gently hold her in place.

Sputtering and blinking, Caroline stepped back, her bottom directly bumping into a hard torso. And an even harder cock.

“What are you —”

“Ssssssh,” came the seductive whisper that, carried on a warm breath, brushed against the side of her neck to instantly harden Caroline’s nipples.

I know he said he’d see me very soon, but I wasn’t expecting him this soon. And certainly not this...naked.

The gentle pressure of one of the hands on her forearm stopped for a moment, then the other. Before Caroline could turn around, a pair of strong, dark hair-dusted arms moved around her, their warm flesh pressing lightly against her bare breasts as his hands lathered the bar of soap he held out in front of her. With the suds frothing between his fingers, he then began rubbing the perfumed bar from Caroline’s neck to her navel, his bubble-covered hands following each soapy path in a slow sensual caress-

cum-wash. Gliding over to the left side of her chest, he then soaped and caressed first one of Caroline's ample breasts and then the other, paying very special attention to each suddenly aching nipple, the pads of his fingers ever-so-gently squeezing and twisting the taut little tips.

Caught between the reasoning of her heart and her head, Caroline struggled with what to do. Her head screamed that she should whirl around and slap his face, but her heart demanded that she whirl around and push his face between her legs. Like Pandora's Box, the penning of *Mona's Ménage* seemed to have awakened a kind of wild and sexual liberation in Caroline that had either been buried or murdered. It had awakened in full force and denied for so long now refused to be ignored or silenced. Where once she would have stiffened with indignation at the presumptuous behavior of the man behind her, now she was melting at his quiet confidence and assertion. Even so, her heart and head continued to battle but as the warm strong pressure of his hands played up and down her body, the fight soon came to an end and it was no big surprise which one emerged as the winner.

With a shuddering sigh, Caroline leaned forward and used her hands to brace herself against the tile in front of her. Thanks to her already throbbing pussy, which was growing hotter and wetter by the minute, her knees were almost knocking with desire. If she didn't seek some kind of support, Caroline feared she'd soon slip and end up flat on her back.

Then again, that position would have its benefits.

The strong hands that seemed determined to make Caroline moan, then glided up to work their magic on her neck, shoulders and back. At the feel of her tight muscles being caressed into a seductively, relaxed state, Caroline grew even more excited.

Who knew a good massage could make me so turned on?

As his foaming fingers eased down over the curve of Caroline's ass to brush the back of her thighs, she reflexively spread her legs. By now, her pussy was aching with the need for direct stimulation and her unspoken plea didn't go unheeded.

After a brief break, in which a fresh slather of soap was foamed up, those magical hands resumed their southern-bound course. Gently reaching in between Caroline's legs, his fingers and palms massaged the warm suds into her pubic hair and eager pussy, careful to saturate every crease and fold and probe each nook and cranny before retreating to the puckered hole at the back. Delicately rimming the area several times with a soapy finger he then massaged the warm suds into her thighs, front and back, her calves and shins and finally her feet.

The weight of his hard body and rigid cock once again pressed against her as he leaned forward and reaching around, unhooked the portable showerhead from its cradle. Directing it at Carolyn's chest, he then proceeded to rinse the suds from the front of her body, his free hand working to caress and massage the soap away. From her breasts down to her abdomen, over the soft down of her pubic hair and then sliding back and forth along the length of her pussy, now fully drenched, and not only from the water, he rinsed her completely. Shifting the showerhead around to Caroline's back, he then doused her shoulders and all the way down to her butt, his free hand rinsing, spreading and tenderly probing as he went. When Caroline was finally soap-free, he put the showerhead back in the cradle, one arm looped loosely around her waist as he pressed against her, his hard cock insistently pushing up between her butt cheeks.

With both hands free now, he began firmly caressing her full breasts, his lips moving down the curve of her neck and along her shoulder. Trembling, Caroline reached back, her hands finding the fuzzy surface of his thighs.

Slowly he kissed down her spine, his hands moving down the front of her body as he knelt behind her. With one hand tenderly caressing her mons and clit, he used the other to massage and separate her butt cheeks. Caroline gasped at the feel of his tongue touching her puckered hole. Gentle little flicks that soon gave way to long, luscious licks. Up front, his arm had moved around more so he could probe the creamy opening of her pussy, his thumb continuing to sensually stroke the pulsing little nub near its top. The tension in Caroline's pelvis increased dramatically and as a slow vibration from

inside began to make her legs tremble, Caroline panted in anticipation of the climactic moment that approached. As she drew closer and closer to certain release, she felt all sensations cease as he abruptly stopped what he was doing. Then, those strong hands anchored themselves on either side of Caroline's hips and eased her bottom and feet, back a bit. By this time, Caroline's hands had slipped down onto the tub edge on either side of the faucets, which put her torso slanted down but her pussy up in prime position to be fucked.

The need to feel him inside her was overwhelming and in frustration, Caroline undulated her hips and butt back against the rigid length he teasingly grazed against her aching pussy and poked along her crack. If he didn't fuck her and fuck her now, she was going to explode with need.

"Please," she whispered, the plea almost lost in the sound of the water.

His response just about made her come.

"Avec plaisir."

With pleasure.

Caroline then felt a slight draft as the door was slid open and soon after, heard the soft crinkle of plastic. Immediately she knew he was putting on a condom. Directly after, she let out a low moan at the feel of his thick cock filling her from behind. Slowly he withdrew and then slid back into her, his deliberate but leisurely thrusts soon graduating to a steady solid pumping that built the incredible pressure deep inside Caroline to the breaking point. Shaking as she reached the pinnacle, Caroline whimpered when she exploded, the wonderful, relentless movement of his thick hard shaft within her contracting pussy giving her more *plaisir* than she'd ever known. He leaned forward and wrapped his arms around her waist as she came hard, never once losing the momentum of his impassioned thrusting. And when he himself came only seconds later, Caroline felt the weight of his head between her shoulder blades, his teeth lightly biting into her soft flesh to muffle the groan that erupted from between his lips.

When they were at last still, he eased Caroline upright once more, his hot wet body pressed against hers. Leaning back, she looped one arm up and around the side of his head, her fingers moving through his dripping hair. Twisting around to kiss him, Caroline's eyes suddenly grew wide as she looked at the handsome face that looked down at her, his gorgeous grin making her pussy come to life once more.

"Etienne!"

Chapter Three

An hour later Caroline floated down the stairs into the foyer. Even though her legs were still a little wobbly from her rendezvous with Etienne in the shower, she felt as though she was walking on air. Like none other before it, the sexual encounter she'd just experienced gave her a warm but assured feeling of invincibility. She could do anything, even leave the career she'd known to venture off in another direction. Now, more than ever, she was convinced The Pearl would be her last job for the paper. When she returned home, she'd file the story and hand in her resignation at the same time. From there, who knew? But thanks to her scorching tub tryst with Etienne, she realized this wasn't just about her work. Caroline was sick of her job, yes, but she was also sick of the States and sick of her lifestyle. It was time for a major change in life. From here on in, she was going to let life lead her where it will.

As she passed through the lobby, Caroline spotted her laptop on the credenza where she'd left it, the lid slightly ajar. Lifting it all the way up, her blood ran cold as she read the last line of *Mona's Ménage*.

Sweat-soaked and serene, Mona could never have imagined that making love to two men at the same time would satisfy her so completely.

Grimacing, Caroline rubbed her forehead.

Oh God, I hope neither one of them read this.

Momentarily tempted to bolt, Caroline quickly realized the futility and foolishness in such an action. Instead, she took a deep breath, squared her shoulders and walked into the sitting room. It was empty. Making her way across the plush interior, she then headed under the archway on the far side that led to the next room. Immediately Caroline felt as though she had stepped back in time. The traditional old-style French country kitchen was truly a sight to behold. The walls and open-beam ceiling were an of

an off-white plaster, a lovely contrast to the earthy and rustic dark wood used in the weathered cabinets, chairs and table, the latter housing a magnificent tray overflowing with plump red grapes and Camembert and Bleu cheese. Beside it, an uncorked bottle of Dom Perignon and a trio of slim crystal flutes had been placed. Ample light from the large paned windows brightened the area as did the touches of a bright blue hue that existed in many eye-catching accessories such as the old rocking chair in the corner, the tile backsplash decorated with roosters, herbs and fruit, and a couple of oil paintings of the French countryside strategically placed in the large but yet cozy space. Shining pots and pans hung from the ceiling over the marble-topped island near the center of the kitchen as well as on several neighboring walls. And on the countertop, a bevy of cooking utensils sprouted up from colorful pottery jugs amid a cluster of potted herbs of Provence including thyme, rosemary, and lavender.

Smack dab in the middle of all that beauty, were the equally gorgeous figures of Stephane and Etienne, their backs to her as they busied themselves near the stove. Etienne appeared to be chopping something while Stephane was setting a double boiler on one of the burners. For an awkward moment, Caroline froze, unsure of how to announce her arrival, particularly in light of her still-fresh-in-her-mind reunion with Etienne. But then Stephane turned, his warm grin automatically putting her at ease.

“Caroleen! You have come.”

Caroline inwardly winced.

Yep. I sure did.

Etienne turned then too, his eyes glittering as he gave her a meaningful smile.

“Cherie.”

“You feel better now, *non*?” Stephane asked.

Caroline very purposefully avoided Etienne’s eyes as she answered.

“Yes thank you. Much.”

"Bon! Come then. We celebrate," he replied with a wave of his hand as he walked over to the table and began pouring out the champagne.

"Oh?"

"*Mais oui*. But yes. We are all together again and that is cause for celebration, don't you agree?"

Still basking in that kind of afterglow that only happens after really great sex, Caroline did indeed feel like celebrating. She shot a quick glance in Etienne's direction only to discover that he was still watching her with that I-just-fucked-your-brains-out-and-loved-it look.

Caroline silently scrambled for a way out. She'd just done one of them completely sober. God only knew what would happen if she partook of a little bubbly.

"Umm, gee I don't know. I mean, isn't it a little early in the day to be drinking?"

Stephane turned to look at the blue and white plate wall clock over the archway. Caroline followed his eyes.

Two p.m.

With a deadpan expression, Stephane shrugged.

"*Non*. Besides you know what we French say, 'You say no to champagne, you say no to life.'"

Caroline hadn't actually heard that before but she had to agree. Stephane had a good point.

However Etienne's was even better.

"Please, Caroleen. We must toast this very special time that we've spent together."

Caroline's face lit up with surprise. Etienne had never uttered more than two words in English.

"Where'd you learn to say that?"

"Since you left, I have been working hard at studying English."

"Really."

"We both 'ave, but I think Etienne is a better learner than I."

"We wanted to be able to talk with you, communicate much better, if we ever met again."

Stephane clapped his hands together. "Yes! And 'ere you are! So we toast!" He handed Caroline a flute filled to the brim with champagne. Mentally throwing up her hands, she accepted it with a slight nod.

"What should we toast to?"

"Ah, to us, of course," Etienne said with a barely perceptible wink.

"Très bien," Stephane quickly agreed. "The three of us."

Caroline had just lifted the glass to her lips and began to take a sip when his next words sent her into a fit of coughing.

"The perfect ménage a trois."

* * * * *

Two hours later, Caroline closed the notepad she had run up and retrieved from her room and clicked her pen closed. Since their first glass of champagne and through the remainder of the bottle, she had interviewed Etienne and Stephane about their culinary backgrounds, the Plaisir de Bouche and The Parisian Pearl, feverishly writing down their responses in shorthand to be transferred to her laptop later that evening. The last topic they had discussed was the duo's unique techniques in the kitchen. As Stephane opened another bottle of Dom, the guys prepared to exhibit their exceptional skills in a personal demonstration, insisting that Caroline participate.

"What are we making?"

"Sex in your mouth," Etienne said with a light chuckle.

"Excuse me?"

"That's what people call them."

"What?"

"Chocolate truffles."

"Making truffles can be very messy," Etienne said as he slowly unbuttoned his shirt and, peeling it off, tossed it over the back of one of the chairs, only to replace it with a white over-the-head apron that beautifully showed off his ripped biceps.

Stephane did the same thing, the ripples in his back making the breath catch in Caroline's throat as he turned and tied the strings around his waist.

"*Oui*. Chocolate can be hard to get out. You wouldn't want to spoil that pretty blouse with stains," he said as he handed her an apron.

For a split second, Caroline wondered if Stephane was only referring to the stains made from chocolate. Overcome with a sudden bout of shyness, she stammered a little as she gingerly took it from his hand.

"You want me to take off my top?"

They both looked at her and in the matter-of-fact direct way of the French, said in unison, "Yes."

Turning her back, Caroline unbuttoned her shirt and slipped it off, putting the apron on over her head and tying it securing around her as fast as possible. From the front only her bra straps were visible but her back was almost completely bare.

"Bon!" Stephane said as she turned around. "Now come. We must first melt the chocolate."

Taking the bits of semi-sweet baker's chocolate that he had cut up earlier, Etienne then dumped them into the top of the double boiler. In the lower pot, water had been brought to a gentle simmer and almost immediately the chocolate began to soften.

Etienne refilled their glasses as Stephane handed Caroline a wooden spoon.

"Move it around. Stir it. *Oui*. That's it. We don't want it to burn. Just melt into a warm, dark sauce."

Every word out of his mouth sounded sexual to Caroline and yet she couldn't blame it fully on the champagne. They had all enjoyed healthy amounts of fruit and

cheese as they had sipped and chatted throughout the afternoon so not a one of them was anywhere near drunk.

Etienne's thigh brushed lightly against Caroline's as he pressed in beside her. Placing a separate saucepan on the adjacent burner, he measured out a couple of tablespoons of butter and plopped it in, followed by a quarter of a cup of heavy cream. Their eyes met as the thick white liquid flowed over the creamy pale clumps.

"Keep moving," Stephane whispered lightly, one hand resting on Caroline's hip, the other closing over hers as she held the spoon. "It's starting to get hot."

No shit, Sherlock.

By now, the chocolate had fully melted and Caroline suspected Etienne's cream mixture would soon be added, but the guys had other plans. Dragging his fingers lightly over the back of her hand, he grabbed the handle and lifted the top pot off and set it on a quilted pad on the counter.

"Before we make the ganache, we want you to sample the chocolate."

"Great," Caroline said. "Got a spoon?"

Etienne and Stephane exchanged a devilish look.

"No spoons. We want you to taste it the French way."

Oh-oh.

After giving the cooling chocolate sauce a few stirs, Stephane delicately dipped the tip of his index finger into the dark milky liquid to ensure it wasn't too hot. Satisfied, he then delved down a little deeper, effectively coating the padded cushion of his finger and twisted his wrist to eliminate any dripping. Slowly he raised it to Caroline's mouth.

"Taste."

Caroline hesitated but when Stephane lightly touched her bottom lip, almost teasing her with the aromatic chocolate, she quickly gave in. Closing her lips around his finger, she sucked the decadent sauce into her mouth, its rich dark flavor making her

eyes drift shut as her taste buds exploded. Seconds later, Stephane's low throaty tone just about made her explode too.

"Oui. Is good, non?"

Caroline's eyes jerked open. "Yes," she said, her voice barely above a whisper as she looked into his hazel eyes now dancing with a desire as dark as the chocolate. Behind her, she could feel the heat from Etienne's body as he leaned into her, the familiar weight of his rigid cock pressing against her butt.

"Can I have a taste too?" he asked, his warm breath brushing against her neck and instantaneously making her pussy react.

When Caroline looked at Stephane in question, he only held the pot up to her in an obvious invitation for her to dip in. Using Stephane's technique, she plunged her finger into the warm creamy liquid almost up to her first knuckle and then, just as he had done, she twisted her wrist to try to prevent any trickling but there was too much chocolate on her skin. As she lifted her hand up and over her shoulder toward Etienne's mouth, a spot of warm chocolate dripped onto her neck. As Etienne gently took hold of her hand and sucked her finger all the way down to the knuckle, Stephane looked after the drop on her throat.

"Oops," he murmured. "This fell." With a warm wet mouth, he sucked the spot, his tongue flicking against her skin within the seductive pull of his kiss.

"Oh." Caroline felt her knees tremble as a wave of powerful want coursed through her. The sharp jutting edges of her nipples poked out in the front of her apron and the cotton gusset of her panties grew damp as she closed her eyes and leaned back against Etienne.

From there, things started to happen very fast.

Both Etienne and Stephane were repeatedly dipping their fingers in the warm chocolate sauce and either placing a coated finger in Caroline's mouth or drawing a dark delicious trail from Caroline's earlobe to her neck, only to leisurely lick it off.

"You're so very beautiful *ma cherie*," Etienne whispered as his tongue swirled into her. "I am in love with you."

"*Je t'aime aussi*," Stephane murmured before sucking on the area where her shoulder met her collarbone.

I love you also.

Magic words from two magic men.

Delirious with desire, Caroline didn't even feel Etienne's hands around her waist, undoing the strings of the apron. Only when the white cotton garment was lifted over her head did she realize what was going on. Caroline started to speak, not so much to protest as to suggest they move to another more suitable room, when Stephane slathered a good dose of chocolate sauce on her lips and then leaning in, covered her mouth with his own. As the rich full flavor of the chocolate melded with his ardent French kiss, Caroline almost swooned, her crumpling body saved by the strength of Etienne's embrace. As Stephane wrapped his arms around her waist, his tongue and lips still working magic on hers, Etienne let go of Caroline to get serious, unhooking her bra at the back. Once her full breasts were liberated, the guys stopped long enough to suggest a change of location.

But not to where Caroline was thinking.

Now naked from the waist up, Caroline let Stephane and Etienne take her by the hand to wordlessly lead her over to the sturdy mahogany table. While Etienne removed the fruit and cheese tray and champagne bottle from its surface and got the pot of chocolate, Stephane reached down and cupping Caroline's ass hoisted her up to sit on the edge of the table. In that position, she was painfully aware that her less-than-flat stomach was muffin-topping over the waistband of her pants. Self-consciously she wrapped an arm around her mid-section in an attempt to hide the roll. Stephane directly caught her wrist and raising it to his lips, planted a kiss on the back of her hand.

"*Non, non, cherie*. You 'ave no need to hide anything. You are lovely just as you are."

Easing her back onto the table, Stephane then undid her pants but didn't pull them off. Moving his torso between her spread legs, his solid hard-on pressing against her veiled pussy, he then began to lightly kiss her ribs and breasts, cupping the plentiful mounds of flesh as he teasingly skirted the thick, ridged points of her erect nipples. Sighing, Caroline arched her back, eager for the feel of his lips and tongue on the aching little tips but the warm wet moisture of his mouth circled without connecting.

Not until Etienne arrived with pot in hand.

Having freshly warmed the chocolate that had started to cool and solidify, Etienne once again coated a finger with the glossy succulent sauce and completely covered first one of Caroline's nipples and then the other. In a flash, Stephane claimed one chocolate-coated point while Etienne took the other, each one seductively licking and heartily sucking them clean, only to repeat the process over and over again. Caroline's body shook in response as she tumbled closer and closer to a climax brought on exclusively by the hot suction and skilled tongue work of the men of Plaisir de Bouche.

Wandering off course a bit, Stephane then dribbled some chocolate in and around Caroline's navel and began licking and probing the fleshy indentation. The feel of heat and pressure so close to her pussy was making Caroline crazy and unwittingly, she began pressing her hips forward.

Stephane read her movements and standing straight, he grabbed her pants and went to pull them down. Caroline raised her hips to help them, their eyes locking as he roughly yanked both her pants and panties off in a one steady move. Her feet were still dangling over the edge of the table, however Etienne's voice at the far end gave her the go-ahead to scoot down.

"Caroleen. Come this way. Please."

Walking herself back, she soon felt Etienne's guiding hands under her shoulders and around her waist as she was repositioned and laid flat out from head to toes.

"Mmmm," was all Stephane said as he eagerly dipped a couple of fingers in the chocolate. Then spreading Caroline's legs, he stroked the warm sauce down the length of her glistening pussy.

"I 'ave dreamed of this moment," he whispered as he bent his head between her legs and began passionately licking her, his mouth closing to suck on her clit a little before his tongue resumed its powerful end-to-end movement.

"So 'ave I."

Etienne had lost his apron and pants, and now fully naked, he got up on the table and straddled Caroline's face, his thick hard cock jutting out expectantly at her from beneath a mass of black curly hair. Whatever inhibitions Caroline may have had in the past, they were all gone now.

Motioning for the chocolate he had set beside her, Caroline reached in and slathered the creamy sauce onto her fingers then spread it over the head of Etienne's cock. She shuddered at the feel of Stephane's tongue enthusiastically working between her legs but just as much as she loved the sensations he was producing with his mouth, she was hungry to use her mouth on Etienne. His dark eyes intently focused on her every move, he watched as she dipped into the pot a second time and scooped up a handful. Laughing as it dripped onto her chest, Caroline then proceeded to rub the chocolate up and down the length of his rigid shaft. Only when his cock was fully coated did she motion for him to lean down. With his hands braced on either side of her face and gripping the edge of the table, Etienne lowered himself so his cock was perfectly aligned with Caroline's lips. Impatiently she took him into her mouth, sucking the thick hardness of his cock all the way to the back of her throat, her hands moving up to clasp his butt cheeks and pull him deeper inside. Closing her eyes and relaxing her throat, she swallowed repeatedly as she continued to suck on his shaft, the contraction closing around the swollen orb that bumped against her tonsils.

"Ah." His soft groan of appreciation sent a shiver of sweet pleasure through her body that came to rest in the hot, slick center of her pussy, which was no longer being

tongue-fucked by Stephane. He too, had quickly removed his clothing and once back situated between Caroline's knees, was circling her aching opening with the hard smooth head of his cock, even popping it in a few inches from time to time.

Caroline tensed knowing she wasn't going to last much longer.

Placing her hands on each of Etienne's thighs, she gently pushed him back a bit so she could get some maneuvering room. Then holding him at that distance, she began bobbing her head up and down, the warm close cocoon of her mouth sliding up and down his twitching cock. Matching her rhythm perfectly, Etienne involuntarily began pumping his hips in sync with Caroline's plunges, pulling back as she retreated her mouth to his head then pressing forward as she lifted up and sucked down to his balls. To further heighten his pleasure, Caroline used one hand to reach up and pull down lightly on his swaying sac in time with the coordinated thrusts. The move was met with another soft groan and a shuddering forceful pelvic thrust from Etienne.

Further down on the table, Stephane had abandoned his teasing tactic. Lifting Caroline's legs over his shoulders, he rolled on a rubber, entered her swiftly and immediately fell into an impassioned, steady pace, his firm, fast thrusts causing his full balls to bounce against her with a soft slap time and time again. The intensity of Stephane's movements and the feeling of his thick, hot cock perfectly pushing every one of her pussy's buttons was more than Caroline could take.

She tried to keep her eyes open so she could watch Etienne when he came but the pleasure her body was experiencing was too extreme. The last thing she saw before she surrendered to the moment was the sight of Etienne's face, flushed and rapturous, his eyes filled with the most wonderful mixture of love and lust as he neared his own climax.

Then ripple upon ripple of the most exquisite explosion shook Caroline to her very core, her body trembling and twitching as she came and came. Stephane's hard cock plunged deep to fill and refill her heated pussy endlessly and Etienne's engorged shaft pumped faster and faster in and out of her mouth, the two of them exploding at exactly

the same moment as Stephane's winded cry of "*Mon Dieu!*" set another ripple of ecstasy through them all.

A long moment passed when each of the three worked to catch their breaths and digest what had just happened. Etienne pulled his slackening cock from Caroline's mouth and tenderly brushed the moist strands of hair from her forehead. Leaning down, he kissed the cum from her lips and whispered, "*Je t'aime.*" Then he swung one leg over Caroline's head and jumped off the table.

"Where are you going?"

He grinned a devilish smile.

"To warm some more chocolate of course."

Looking down the length of her body, Caroline saw that Stephane too had pulled his cock from her but was leaning down close to her just-fucked pussy, a look of wonder on his face.

"It is really a thing of beauty," he said, tracing the ripples and curves of her feminine folds with one finger. "So beautiful, *cherie*. Truly. Thank you for giving it to me."

He then crawled over so he was lying on top of her and eased himself down. "*Non*. I say that wrong. Thank you for giving you to me."

"To us," Etienne corrected as he returned with pot in hand and went to stand at Caroline's feet. "We love you Caroleen and we have so much love to make with you. But this time," he grinned, wagging his finger at her, "I get the bottom!"

* * * * *

That night, Caroline lay in bed, tossing and turning. It was well after two a.m. She had transposed the interview notes earlier and suddenly tired, turned out the light but sleep refused to find her. Trying a different strategy she got up and attempted to write another chapter of *Mona's Ménage* on her laptop but the events of the afternoon with Etienne and Stephane played over and over again in her head like a broken record,

breaking her concentration. Long gone was the warm sensation of the chocolate on her body, the feel of Etienne's lips and hands on her flesh, Stephane's hard cock filling her so completely, the taste of him in her mouth. And yet the still seductively fresh memories of their afternoon together titillated her senses as sure as the real thing. That was all she could think about.

So she wrote that story – their story – instead.

Starting with the first time she'd met Etienne and Stephane, through to and including their recent chocolate-covered tryst, Caroline poured out every glorious detail of their time together, the words and feelings coming so fast her fingers had trouble keeping up. The keyboard took a pounding as she speedily typed, each torrid recollection filled not only with deliciously descriptive sequences but also with her thoughts and feelings of love for both men. Warm and sweet, hot and sexy, Caroline's words detailed every kiss, every touch, every heartbeat, every moan. But for every erotic image that flitted across her mind's eye and found its way onto the screen, a nagging wave of doubt and something not unlike shame fluttered directly afterward in her stomach.

What have I done?

Never in her life had Caroline been the type to fall into bed with a man, never mind two. Worse yet, she'd bedded the subjects of a newspaper article she had been entrusted to write. In one twelve-hour period she had not only become a floozy but one whose actions threatened the credibility of her work.

How easy it would be to chalk it all up to factors quite beyond her control though – the heat of the moment, the notorious charm of the French, her longtime loneliness, her poor body image and consequent low self-esteem. But Caroline had never been one to embrace the "victim" mentality. She had made the choice, more than once, to get sexually involved with Etienne and Stephane and now she was not about to blame her actions on anyone but herself. Wincing, she determined that she had made her bed and would indeed just have to lie in it.

But oh how sweet it would be to lie in that bed with Etienne and Stephane once more. More than once more. Forever. Whether intentional or not, the guys had awakened something in Caroline that had died long ago—the hope for a mutually loving and committed romantic relationship, tastily seasoned with total acceptance and the kind of comfort that usually only occurs after a great deal of time spent together. Wistfully, she recalled how uninhibited she had felt in their presence, worrying not about this roll or that wrinkle but merely opening herself body and soul and loving them both fully and without reservation.

Call it wishful thinking but there were moments when Caroline could've sworn that Etienne and Stephane were giving themselves to her in the exact same manner. She could hear now the soft moans of pleasure escaping from Stephane's full lips and see the way Etienne's dark eyes gazed lovingly at her, his body trembling in response to her touch.

Ah but the mind can often be confused by the longings of the heart. Experience had taught Caroline that, despite the words of love that had flowed so effortlessly from both of the guys the three of them had shared nothing more than a one-night stand. They had undoubtedly lied just to get a quick fuck. Not that it had been all that quick but that was a technicality. Men were known to say just about anything to get a woman into bed. That she had seen firsthand once before and the pain and humiliation of that occasion flared up within her now. Even Etienne and Stephane's reported desire to learn English for her was more than likely a well-crafted ploy to seduce her. After all, besides a roll in the hay, what would two gorgeous, sexy Frenchmen want with a fat, middle-aged, gauche American woman?

With tears now freely flowing, Caroline quietly got up and began packing. Yes, slinking away in the middle of the night was both cowardly and unprofessional but she had to hang on to the little shred of pride she had left.

That and the only other thing of any substance in her life. Her career.

Tomorrow – well, actually later today – she would call Colin and give him some trumped-up excuse about why she had to leave. Perhaps an emergency at the paper or better yet, a hot lead on another story that she just had to follow. He could do the photo shoot without her. As for Etienne and Stephane, she would leave without a word. Colin would explain her sudden departure and that would be that.

That's that.

The note of finality within the words created a sharp ache in Caroline's chest. Now dressed and with suitcase in hand, she tiptoed down the stairwell and stepping out onto the front stoop, silently closed the door behind her. Down the street was an all-night cafe. She would hail a taxi from there. With a little luck, she could catch a flight to Chicago in the afternoon and by nightfall, she'd be home. Within a few hours, this whole mess, along with Etienne and Stephane, would be nothing more than a memory. Casting one last misty glance over her shoulder, Caroline walked to the curb and turning right, headed for the quaint little eatery.

* * * * *

The phone on Caroline's disheveled gigantic desk rang sharply. With a little start, she picked up the receiver.

"Caroline Tanner."

"How's that copy coming?"

"Gimme five."

"You said that thirty minutes ago."

Caroline stifled a sigh. "I know. It's almost there."

"We're down to the wire on this. Again." The last word was laced with irritation.

"I know. Sorry. Five more minutes. I promise."

Without waiting for a response, Caroline hung up.

Greg Kennedy, the paper's editor-in-chief could be a pain at the best of times, but since Caroline had returned from Paris nearly three months earlier, he'd been riding her ass like Zorro and not in a fun way. Mind you, he had good reason.

While her indiscretion with Etienne and Stephane had miraculously slipped under the radar, Caroline's tried and true commitment to the paper had taken a nosedive. Sure, she still wrote articles on a regular basis for the Food section but gone was that customary flair that had gotten her where she was, that certain *joie de vivre*. Far too frequently her copy lacked punch and point. And as for her usual promptness? That had given way to last-minute deliveries and on occasion stories being bumped only to be replaced with a filler.

Greg wasn't happy.

But neither was Caroline.

About anything.

The emails and phone calls from Etienne and Stephane that she'd been dodging for the past two and a half months had suddenly stopped. So that was finally over. She'd left her laptop and her only copy of *Mona's Ménage* in Paris, never once trying to retrieve either one, hence her dream of becoming a writer was over too. She just didn't have the energy to start the story, or any other story for that matter, from scratch. She was certain that she was close to losing her job—yet another end to something that had started so well—and on top of it all, she had gained five pounds.

Unwanted, unsuccessful, unemployed and now un-skinny. Way to do it.

With a wry smile that revealed she once more refused to play the victim, Caroline finished up the last of her copy and fired it off in an email to Greg. Sighing, she glanced up at the clock on the wall. 11:57 p.m. That was cutting it close. Production would be itching to jump on and plunk the text into the slot designated before the press run began at midnight. Best let them know it was on its way.

Grabbing the phone, Caroline hit the appropriate speed dial and waited. After a dozen unanswered rings, she got up and made the trip through the deserted premises

downstairs to the presses where she informed the nightshift press manager that the copy was with Greg but would be arriving in production directly.

Upon returning to her office tucked away in the far corner of the newsroom, Caroline halted abruptly at the two items that sat on her desk. A beautiful handmade ivory box was tied up with a sparkling purple ribbon. Embossed on the side were the words *Plaisir du Bouche*. Beneath it lay her laptop. The one she'd left in Paris.

Turning in a slow circle, Caroline gasped as Etienne and Stephane stood at the door through which she had just entered.

"Where? How?"

Etienne motioned to the box.

"Aren't you going to open it?"

Caroline stared open-mouthed at the two Frenchmen as they casually sauntered into the room. She shook her head in disbelief.

"I..."

"Open it *cherie*."

With trembling fingers, Caroline complied. Inside were two perfectly formed, ornately carved hearts made of dark chocolate. Caroline's heart pounded.

"I don't understand."

"*Non?*" Stephane posed as he closed the door. Then locked it. With a flick of his wrist, he closed the blinds on the one window that overlooked the cubicled news area. "It is very simple, Caroleen. You have our hearts. Both of them."

"You always have," whispered Etienne. "And I think, we have yours too, yes?"

Caroline nodded wordlessly, her throat suddenly unbearably dry.

"Then tell us, why did you run? Why did you refuse to speak to us all this time?"

"I didn't think..."

Etienne's voice was low and warm.

"Ah but that is the problem *ma cherie*. You did nothing but think. You let your head talk your heart out of its feelings. That was a bad thing."

"Very bad," Stephane echoed with a sexy smile as he wagged a playful finger at her. "But we forgive you. That's if you will forgive us."

Caroline's eyes grew wide. "For what?"

"For not making you believe how very much we love you and want you. Now and forever."

Now that's some of commitment. Did they know what they were suggesting? Moreover, did they mean it?

"Forever is a long time."

"We know. The past few months without you have felt like an eternity," Stephane answered. Now beside Caroline, he raised his hand to lightly stroke her hair. "But we are together again, we three, and if you'll have us, we will stay with you, *oui*, forever."

"If I'll have you?" Caroline's voice was incredulous. Was it possible that Etienne and Stephane had not read the last entry in her laptop that clearly revealed her love and desire for them both?

"You have only to say that you want us," Etienne whispered as he drew in close to her, his arm looping loosely around her waist, "and we are yours."

"Say it," Stephane breathed against her hair as he pressed a kiss into her temple.

A little flicker of uncertainty stuttered through Caroline's stomach but then Stephane's words sounded in her head.

You let your head talk your heart out of its feelings. That's a bad thing.

It would seem so.

Looking from Etienne to Stephane, Caroline's inner smile lit up her face. "I want you."

With that declaration, the dam of pent-up passion burst. Stephane leaned down and kissed Caroline full on the mouth, his tongue swirling sensuously against her lips,

urging them to part. Cupping her face in his hands, he held her steady as he moved his head from side to side, his kiss growing hotter and more urgent. Etienne's hand glided down to clasp her butt while the other one fastened around one of her breasts, his hot mouth raising the gooseflesh all over Caroline's body as he kissed her neck. Caroline shivered as her own hands reached to caress the hard planes of Stephane's chest beneath his shirt, his hand dropping to cover hers and guide it down to the hard bulge in his pants.

Shifting her around so she was sandwiched upright between the two, Etienne and Stephane then proceeded to quickly strip Caroline, punctuating the removal of each item of clothing with a leisurely bout of kisses, licks and sucks on the newly exposed skin. As Stephane knelt down to remove her stockings and shoes, Etienne grabbed hold of her from behind and lifted her feet off the ground. With the weight of her body pressed against him and his hands tucked in the cradle of her knees, he spread her legs open. Without hesitation, Stephane moved forward, his face now in the perfect position with her glistening pussy. Placing his hands on her butt to give Etienne additional support, Stephane hotly licked the creamy folds between Caroline's legs, steadying her twitching pelvis as he lovingly tongued her swollen clit. From the angle he was at, he couldn't really tongue-fuck the tight opening further back like he wanted to so he focused on the little bud, his cock aching in response to Caroline's soft moans.

While Etienne's hands were charged with holding Caroline, his mouth was certainly free, and he used it—and used it well—to further heighten her mounting passion. Licking her throat passionately, he then began sucking that sweet spot where her neck met her collarbone, alternately nibbling up to her ear and flicking his wet tongue into its center.

With one hand on Stephane's head and the other wrapped up and over her shoulder to caress Etienne's, Caroline twitched as she felt the telltale tide rising within her.

Determined to make their reunion an explosive one, Stephane swiftly stood up and after pushing aside the clutter, wordlessly motioned for Etienne to set Caroline on the desk. Just like in the kitchen back in Paris, Caroline's legs hung over the edge of the desk as Stephane kneeled before her and Etienne stood at her head. Placing one of her feet on each of his shoulders, Stephane then began licking her pussy. Only now he could snake his tongue deep into her. Using slow powerful circles he inched it all the way into her snug center and twirled it back out, fluttering the tip of this tongue the whole time. Caroline groaned and in a surge of reaction, her hips shot forward toward the warm wet pressure. From her upside view, she saw Etienne descend on her, his hands cupping one breast after the other as he sucked and licked her aching nipples until they were taut and flushed. Licking down in one long continuous line, he tongued her navel for a bit before heading further south. Now up on all fours, Etienne twisted his head to one side so he could lay a little loving on Caroline's clit while Stephane focused on swabbing her other sweet spot with his tongue. Gently spreading the plump outer lips that flanked it, Etienne licked the little bud back and forth, the tempo of his strokes moving from long and slow to short and fast. Co-mingled moans arose from Caroline and Stephane as she grew more and more wet and he savored the taste and scent of her arousal. With their heads bobbing in near perfect time, Etienne and Stephane worked to make Caroline explode, the soft sound of sucking and heavy breathing only adding to the sweet tension. Stephane's enthusiasm grew more pronounced, the sharp exhalation of his breath from his nostrils just shy of pushing Caroline over the edge but when Etienne closed his lips around her aching clit and sucked gently, something deep inside her gave way and she came like never before. Panting, she convulsed and twitched beneath the gentle restraints of Etienne and Stephane's hands, her mind blowing open at the incredible pressure and sweet suction of their two mouths pleasuring her pussy at the same time. Spasm after spasm rocked her body, the relentless movements of their lips and tongues urging every last bit of cum from her quaking center.

As Caroline gradually drifted down from her soaring climax, she soon realized that Etienne and Stephane weren't finished.

Without missing a beat, they continued on just as they had been with one exception. Aware of her overly sensitive post-orgasm clit, Etienne tenderly kissed around it for a time before starting to lightly lick its quivering form. Once the excessive sensitivity waned and was again replaced with a sharp aching need for pressure and release, he resumed his sweet sucking. Below, Stephane had changed his twirling tongue tactics to more of an in-and-out thrusting motion that greater resembled the movements of a cock. With a cry-turned-gasp, Caroline exploded again, her upper body pulsing forward in sync with the spasms of her pussy as her eyes rolled back in her head.

When the guys rose and switched positions, Caroline reached back to undo the buckle of Stephane's pants as he stood at her head. But with a sexy grin that glistened with her love juice, he gently pushed her hands away and down as climbed atop her as Etienne had been. Then after a cursory couple of well-placed licks, he lightly latched onto her clit. For his part, Etienne, now kneeling between her legs, slid his tongue deep inside her, his soft appreciative moans making her nipples ache. Another groan erupted from Caroline as the combined feel of Etienne and Stephane's lips and tongues, the same but somehow different in their new locations, drove her to another earth-shattering orgasm.

Breathless and red-faced, Caroline let the stars stop twinkling before her eyes before she opened them. Both the guys were standing and stripping down, the sight of their hard thick cocks bobbing expectantly making her pussy twitch in response.

"This way," Stephane said from behind her head as he eased her over onto her stomach. Etienne's hands on her hips guided her up onto all fours. After kissing her along the length of her spine and down over the curve of her butt, Etienne slid on a condom then entered her with a single, solid thrust that filled her full and took her breath away.

"Ah..."

Stephane stood before her, his vein-ridged cock growing harder as he casually stroked it, making her mouth water. With his free hand, Stephane gently stroked Caroline's hair, his voice exciting her as much as Etienne's steady strokes into her hot pussy.

"That's good, yes? Mmmm. You like that *cherie*?"

Caroline opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out. Slack-jawed she closed her eyes, her large breasts jiggling with each one of Etienne's strokes. He thrust harder, the shorter, sharper movements now making her breasts bounce and sway but still she couldn't speak. The pleasure was just too great. Stephane's sexy voice was the last thing Caroline heard before she came again.

"Give her *plaisir*."

Shaking, Caroline steadied herself on her hands and knees as another series of spasms shot through her body, only to land with a delicious repetitive pulsing deep inside her. Squeezing her eyes shut, she opened her mouth wider into a fixed but silent opening.

Stephane, now so hard, his cock painfully ached with the need for release, stepped forward and slid his thick, long shaft between Caroline's lips. Though caught up in her own orgasm, her mouth reflexively closed around Stephane's hard length and hungrily sucked it. Exhaling sharply, Stephane's head tilted back as his eyelids fluttered, his hips soon pressing forward again and again into the sliding suction that surrounded him. But it was the heat and the pressure upon his overly engorged cock that took him from zero to sixty in a matter of seconds. With a loud cry, he clasped Caroline's head, the globes of his ass twitching spasmodically as he came in her mouth, the salty sprays pouring onto her tongue and splattering against the back of her throat.

Not far behind them was Etienne. When he felt Caroline's pelvis tensing before him, her pussy exploding all around him, Etienne quickened his pace, pumping his thick shaft in and out of her with renewed vigor. With a grin and a gasp, Etienne finally let go and came himself, the close wetness of Caroline's cunt enveloping his hard cock

as cadenced jets of cum spurted from it. Wrapping one arm around her waist he leaned forward and laid one cheek on her back as he continued to pulse his hips forward until their last nearly mutual spasms had died down.

"Forever," he whispered into her skin once he had caught his breath.

"Really?" Caroline breathed heavily as she turned and stretched out on the desk. Both Etienne and Stephane quickly flanked her, their hot, moist bodies pressing in against hers. "If we keep up this pace, we're going to kill each other."

They all laughed, soft murmurs and warm caresses punctuating the moment.

"Maybe," Etienne said, pressing a kiss onto her cheek. "But loving you is worth dying for."

"That's true," Stephane agreed. "You are our world now and there's nothing in the world, we want more than you. *Je t'aime.*"

"*Moi aussi,*" Etienne murmured.

"I love you both too," Caroline smiled as she kissed first one then the other.

"Of course, should we ever make love to the point of death, we can always look on the bright side," Stephane said out of the blue.

Both Etienne and Caroline lifted their heads and looked at him quizzically.

"What bright side?" Etienne finally asked, Stephane's response sending another ring of laughter through the room.

"What a way to go!"

* * * * *

The following month, Caroline was officially an expatriate.

Finally living the life she had only dreamed of before, she now resided at the Plaisir de Bouche with Etienne and Stephane, where she spent her days and nights "making chocolate and love " with the loves of her life.

She had completed the story on The Parisian Pearl which, needless to say, Etienne and Stephane won hands down.

But that kind of writing was a thing of the past for her.

After her sweet reunion with the guys, Caroline had quit her job the following day. These days, in between sizzling sensational sex in the kitchen, in the sitting room, in the shower, on the stairs, in the hallway and damn near every place else, Caroline “pumped out” one erotica tale after another for the new publisher that signed her to a ten-year contract. Her first release? A revised version of *Mona's Ménage*.

While she could never be certain whether or not Stephane and Etienne had read the story or her memoirs of the three of them, Caroline did finally deduce what had been missing in the original version of her inaugural attempt at erotica.

Hot sex is, well, hot, but when you add the secret ingredient into the recipe, the results are purely explosive. With Etienne and Stephane, Caroline found that special component that would make her life, and her stories, really sizzle.

True love.

About the Author

A former operative for the CIA, Brigit Zahara previously unleashed her passion for excitement and adventure through her work, spending a good deal of her time traveling throughout the United States and Europe, with lengthy spells in New York, Los Angeles, Louisiana, Venice, London, Florence and Malta.

After Brigit took an early retirement, she then looked to her closet habit of writing fiction as a means of indulging her need for pulse-pounding action. From there, her taste very quickly turned to the tantalizing arena of erotica. Brigit has written a number of sizzling titles for Ellora's Cave. She looks forward to writing and publishing many more torrid tales of love and sensuality with this top publisher or erotic literature.

Currently Brigit lives in a seaside villa in Majorca, spending the steamy days penning even steamier stories and the cool, ocean-breeze-kissed evenings researching love scenes with her heart's destiny and husband of nearly eight years.

Brigit 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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