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Double
Jeopardy

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Double Jeopardy

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Book Blurb

When one member of their marital triad dies, Dominic Wells figures he's all set to have his happily ever after with his beautiful wife, Tabbitha. However, now that he finally has her all to himself, he realizes he can never be enough for her. No one man could. So, they set out on a quest to find a new husband to complete their loving marriage.

Chapter One

I touched her nipple with the tip of my tongue. Tabitha arched to bring her breast closer to my mouth. But I wasn't done teasing her yet.

I puffed a hot breath on the dusky pink tip, watching it tighten and pucker. Then, I rose up to take the taut bud into my mouth. As I did, I bumped against something hard.

Ian's head.

He gave me a stern look and I sank back down. I'd just have to be content to tease her with my lips and teeth. I ran my hand down the soft skin of her side and sighed. So beautiful. So silky. Tabitha stifled a giggle.

I moaned. My hard cock ached. Just thinking about sinking into her sweet wetness made me quiver. I continued to suckle her breast while I caressed her thigh. Then, I spider walked my fingers up to wade through her crispy curls. They tickled my fingers, and I bit back a smile as she bucked beneath my hand. However, as I encountered the moist evidence of her desire, I encountered another impediment. Ian's hand.

His fingers plunged up and down in a carnal dance while his thumb rubbed her clit. I withdrew my hand and watched. Her eyes were closed, a look of ecstasy plainly written across her beautiful face. He had one arm twisted under him so he could fondle her breast while he finger fucked her with the other.

She writhed and her breath came in shallow waves. The type of breathing that always preceded her orgasm. Just thinking about her finding her release, I immediately felt my own climax begin to spiral around my balls, and I mentally pulled back.

But physically, I had to watch. Ian was handsome, and he obviously knew exactly how to please Tabitha. He should. He'd been married to her a three years longer than I had.

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Tabitha moaned and threw her head back and forth on the pillow as she strove to achieve orgasm. But every time she came close, Ian would pull back. I admired his self-control.

Lost in my own thoughts, I neglected my duty. He tapped me on the head as he hovered over her body, his large cock ready to sink into her.

I moaned. They looked so perfect together. Tabitha, petite and blonde with sparkling green eyes, and Ian, with his dark, tousled hair and piercing blue eyes. Blue eyes that suddenly fastened on me with a fearsome stare. I dropped my gaze and nuzzled Tabitha's breast.

In the beginning, I felt so lucky when they chose me to join them in their bed and then in their relationship. But I hated being second husband to Ian, almost as much as he hated me for being here. I wasn't sure when the novelty wore off. Possibly when he realized I would be making love to his wife every time he did. For Tabitha never had sex with us individually. Share and share alike; that's what she wanted and that's what she got. She insisted it was the only way she could achieve orgasms. She had four or five of them each time, so it wasn't as if there wasn't enough passion to please both of us.

Ian entered Tabitha in one long thrust. I heard her breath catch and took my cue. I covered her mouth with mine in a hard, open-mouthed kiss. Her silky tongue swept in and tangled with mine.

My cock throbbed, and I tried to keep my thoughts away from what was happening only inches away. The bed shook rhythmically beneath us. God, I wanted it to be me inside her warm wetness.

Tabitha jerked her head away from my questing mouth and I knew it was time. I kissed down her side, my face entirely too close to the action. Through slitted eyes I watched Ian's cock, slick with her juices, ram home. He grunted, a sure sign he was close to shooting his wad. One last thrust and he was done. He stayed buried deep within her as he came. Then, he rolled off her. Now, it was my turn to finish her off.

To be honest, I was less than thrilled with the taste of his cum. But my love for Tabitha overcame my hesitation. I sank down between her knees and ran my tongue over her clit. The hood had slipped back and the swollen bud seeming to beg for my attention.

The touch had to be just right. Not too hard, not too soft. This was the one thing I could do that Ian wouldn't. I licked and teased until Tabitha bucked beneath me, begging for release. One last suck would send her over the edge.

She screamed as she came and then laid still, her legs still spread wide. I looked up into her green eyes and she smiled. She had the sated look of a woman well-loved. She gave me a small nod. If Ian wasn't ready for more, it was my turn.

Ian's breathing was deep. I thought perhaps he'd fallen asleep. He'd lost his erection, but I knew I didn't have long before he would be ready again.

As I got to my knees, my cock encountered her creamy sweetness mingling with his seed. Sloppy seconds. A derogatory term for being second in line, but I didn't care. I just wanted to fuck my wife.

A sudden sound made me pause. Ian had cleared his throat. Damn, I'd hoped he was asleep. But, instead of claiming her for a second round, he instead gave me a cellophane package, along with a dirty look.

I ripped open the package with my teeth and rolled on the condom, trying not to care that he didn't want my seed mixed with his. And once I slipped inside her, I didn't. Heat and mind-blowing pleasure wrapped around me. My orgasm boiled like a stormy sea, nearly out of control, but I was determined to take my time and enjoy this. I caressed her breasts, watching her nipples respond to my touch. It was only when I bent down to suckle one that I caught a glimpse of Ian's cock, long and hard and ready for more.

Damn.

I felt his touch on my shoulder at the same time Tabitha wrapped her legs around me and she pulled me in tight. Her cries ripped through the room

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and pushed me over the edge. Her body milked mine as I arched back and let the sweet ecstasy roll over me.

* * * * *

“Good morning, my loves.” Tabitha breezed into the kitchen.

“Mornin’.” Ian stood and wrapped his arms around her. To my amazement, she shook him off.

“I made bagels this morning.” I mumbled through a mouthful of dough and cream cheese.

“You are a gem.” Tabitha’s eyes lit up, and she opened the toaster oven.

Now, when I said I made bagels this morning, that didn’t mean I pulled some out of a bag and toasted them. No, I’d made the dough in the bread machine overnight and had put the finishing touches, down to the fine sprinkling of sesame seeds, on them this morning.

“And fresh orange juice,” Tabitha exclaimed. “Wow, I feel like a queen.”

“You are, my darling.” Ian murmured.

Once again, our wife didn’t respond. I had taken a quick shower and had been in the kitchen ever since. I’d heard footsteps above my head and had been able to trace Ian’s progress from the bed to the bathroom. Tabitha had lighter footsteps, and I often didn’t hear her moving around upstairs. The whine of hot water through the pipes as the shower ran had provided background music to the breakfast preparations, but I also thought I’d heard raised voices.

I peeked over the top of the newspaper at Tabitha. She wasn’t making eye contact with Ian. He, however, was nearly groveling to get her attention. I’d only been in this relationship six months, but this wasn’t the first time those two had butted heads. The first time, I’d made the mistake of getting involved. That had made things ten times worse. No, I just needed to let the storm rage around me and be there to enjoy it when the sun came out again.

“What are your plans today, dear?” Ian asked.

I knew he wasn't talking to me.

"I have a doctor's appointment this morning and then, right after, I have a photo shoot with *Sharise*, if you'd like to come watch." Tabitha replied. She'd put an odd emphasis on the model's name and her voice held an odd edge to it.

I glanced at Ian and nearly choked on my breakfast. An angry red blush encircled his neck, and he looked as if his tie might strangle him. "Um, no. I have meetings all day." His voice even sounded strangled.

I looked back and forth from Tabitha to Ian. Something had happened between this morning's lovemaking and now. *But what?* At that moment, Ian caught my eye. If looks could kill, I would have dropped dead on the floor. Instead, I looked away quickly. It was probably best that I just didn't know.

Besides, playing peacemaker wasn't my role in the relationship.

"Well, I'll be going." Ian gave her a pleading look, one that begged for forgiveness, but I could tell Tabitha wasn't going to give an inch. Yet.

An uncomfortable silence filled the room, and I felt compelled to break it. "Have a great day," I finally said.

Ian grunted and slammed the door behind him.

Alone at last. I stole a look at my beautiful wife.

She leaned against the kitchen counter and made eating that bagel look almost as good as sex. I know if she starred in a commercial, there would be a run on bagels from every man in the nation. But, instead of being the subject, Tabitha contented herself with being on the other side of the camera. Perhaps that was a good thing. It was hard enough sharing her with Ian; I'd hate to know that millions of other men lusted after her too.

She made a small hum of appreciation low in her throat. "You are such a great cook, Dominic." Her voice wrapped me up in a seductive haze. "With this scrumptious breakfast, I'm not sure why I'm thinking about dinner. But what are we having?"

"Pot roast, potatoes, and that mixed vegetable casserole you love." I replied.

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“Oh.” Tabitha’s voice held a note of disappointment.

I looked up. “Did you want something else?”

“Ian likes steak better than roast. I’d like you to grill him a big thick porterhouse.”

“Um, okay.”

“You don’t mind, do you?”

“Not at all.” I lied, thinking about the luscious cross-rib roast I’d picked out at the market yesterday. I’d have to put it in the freezer now. And make another trip to the store, as we had no steaks in the house. That extra trip was going to put me behind on the rest of my housework, but I looked up into Tabitha’s green eyes, and smiled. I couldn’t say no to any of her requests.

“Thanks.” Tabitha leaned over and kissed me, her tongue dancing along the seam of my lips. I knew it was just a kiss, but my cock sprang to attention anyway and hardened until it was pressed painfully against my zipper.

Her mouth left mine and I took a deep, shuddering breath. Tabitha didn’t seem to notice my discomfiture as she walked to the coat rack, her hips swaying seductively. I wanted her so badly. In fact, I was so lost in a fantasy of taking her doggy-style, right there on the kitchen floor, I almost didn’t hear her last instructions. “I’ll be home around three. Could you have my yoga things laid out so I can work out a bit before dinner?”

She was gone before I said yes.

Chapter Two

I slid out from behind the wheel of the car and then leaned back in to get the bag containing three thick porterhouse steaks and a bottle of Merlot. I’d thrown in a few huge potatoes and a crown of broccoli to top off dinner, so the bag was quite heavy. The muscles of my shoulder pulled a bit and I grimaced, wishing I’d taken the extra few minutes to walk around to the other side of the car.

That's when it registered. Her car, and Ian's, were both in the garage already. What the hell? About that time, I also realized an odd sound pierced the peaceful morning.

When I'd first moved in, I'd accidentally set off the alarm a time or two. But this sounded much more . . . human. I sprinted for the door and jerked it open.

I automatically fumbled for my cell phone and in the process dropped the bag of groceries. The bottle of wine shattered and the merlot mixed with the blood on the floor.

* * * * *

Police officers overran the house. I'm sure they dug through every facet of our lives with lurid curiosity. In fact, the detective taking my statement couldn't keep a smirk off his face.

"Second husband," he repeated for the third time in as many minutes. His gaze skimmed over Tabitha's lithe form and then came to light on me. He obviously thought I was his number one suspect. "So, with him dead, you'd be the first husband?"

I sighed and shook my head. "That's not how it works."

"How what works?"

"Polyandry," I replied through tight lips.

"It's one of them alternative lifestyle unions," a passing officer said in a disdainful tone, as if speaking about something dirty.

"Oh," the detective said, although he obviously knew nothing more than he had a moment ago. "Well, why don't you tell me how *it* works then."

In California, same-sex marriages had been first approved, then banned, then approved yet again over the last few years. The latest incarnation was the loosely worded and highly controversial alternative lifestyle union law. As a result, gay marriages hadn't been the only pairings to flourish. Polygamy, once

outlawed, had become the most common combination. There were three other such families on this block, alone.

Holding my patience in check, I explained. “Polyandry is where a woman takes two or more husbands. The primary husband, or first husband, shares the responsibility of supporting the household with the wife. In our case, Ian was a stockbroker with Fleming-Webster. Tabitha is a fashion photographer.”

“*The Tabitha Wells?*”

I nodded. A sharp clatter distracted me, and I looked up in time to see the coroner wheeling out a gurney topped with a lumpy black body bag. Bile rose in my throat, and I hoped I wouldn’t disgrace myself by vomiting on the detective’s cheap black loafers.

Not long ago, I’d retired from creating dead bodies. And even when I’d been in the profession, I’d only killed from a distance. Having it all up close and personal like this made me uncomfortable.

“You’re married to Tabitha Wells.” The detective reiterated.

I was really getting tired of this shit. He obviously had more interest in what went on in our bedroom than in what had happened in the kitchen.

“Did you have any other questions?” I finally asked. Thank goodness the gurney was out of the house, and I could no longer hear the death rattle.

He fixed me with an all-too-suspicious gaze. “Where were you this morning?”

“Shopping for dinner.”

I watched as he turned to look at the technician still snapping pictures of the scene. The paper bag, now soggy with blood and wine, lay just where I’d dropped it. The steaks, broken bits of bottle, and a brown box. I saw his eyes widen when he saw the label.

“Condoms?”

“We were trying to get pregnant,” I explained.

He shot me a dubious look, and I hurried to elaborate. “Well, not we. Ian and Tabitha were trying to have a baby. The condoms were for me.”

“That’s a bit harsh.”

“No, it’s not. I don’t think you understand. I’m the second husband, not a second-class citizen. In fact, Tabitha and I probably spend more time together than she and Ian do. She only works part time, so we go shopping, go to movies, cook dinner together every night. And I’m here when he’s off on business trips, which is often.”

“And he didn’t resent you for that?”

I shrugged. “We do it for Tabitha. Besides, that gives him a motive to get rid of me, not the other way around.”

“True.” The detective looked down at his notebook and opened his mouth to ask yet another inane question when an officer strode quickly across the room and tapped him on the shoulder.

“Sir, I have something to show you.”

He handed the detective a piece of paper encased in a plastic bag. The detective’s gaze scanned the paper. His face remained impassive—no clue there. So, I craned my neck, hoping to catch a glimpse of the contents. A note . . . in Ian’s handwriting.

Finally, the detective sighed and looked up at me.

“Thank you for your assistance and your patience, Mr. . . .” He trailed off and looked at his notebook.

“Dominic Wells.” I murmured. I’d taken Tabitha’s last name when we’d married. I still had hope the police wouldn’t delve too deeply into my background. If they did, I’d have a lot of explaining to do.

“I’m sorry to inform you that according to the coroner’s initial assessment, your, um, *husband* committed suicide. We also found a note.”

“Oh God, no.” I heard Tabitha wail and assumed she had been told the same news.

A wave of relief washed over me. “Can I go . . . ?” I motioned toward my beautiful wife, and the detective nodded.

While the crowd dispersed, I wrapped my arms around her and she collapsed against me. I rocked her in my arms while she cried, while we both cried.

Chapter Three

It came as a shock that Ian was a staunch Catholic. I hoped his religious affiliation wouldn't cause any additional digging into the circumstances of his death. Tabitha had been through so much. Luckily, the local priest turned a blind eye to the cause of his demise, and we buried Ian with lots of pomp and sacred circumstance. Once the funeral was over, we went back to trying to live our lives. But the big bed upstairs felt empty without Ian's presence and guilt hung over us both.

Tabitha had taken to coming to bed long after I was asleep, if at all. I missed touching her, tasting her, loving her.

After a month, I'd had enough. I wandered into the living room to find it lit only by a flickering television. Tabitha sat curled up on the couch, her face wet with tears.

"Honey, we have to talk about this," I said.

"How could I not have known how unhappy he was?" Tabitha looked up at me and her voice broke.

I almost answered, but she continued as if she hadn't even asked the question.

"But, I did know. I suspect his fling with Sherise was just one of the symptoms. And he wasn't as considerate a lover as he had been in the past. Things had changed. I just wish"

Sinking down to sit beside her, I picked up her hands and held them in mine.

"I feel so guilty. I" She turned her head away. "I made love to him and then told him I was going to divorce him unless he got his act together."

“So, that’s what you argued about. I heard raised voices. I’m glad I didn’t have to divulge all that to the police.”

She nodded. “When I found him dead, I just knew they were going to arrest me. I . . .” She cleared her throat. “I felt certain the details of the affair were going to come out, and everyone was going to find out I’d lied about where I was going that morning.”

My breath caught in my chest. “You didn’t go to the doctor?”

“No, that was just cover. I was going to meet with my lawyer. But, halfway there, I changed my mind and turned back. I called Ian and asked him to meet me at home. I wanted to work things out.”

“Oh, baby.” I put my arm around her and pulled her tight against me. She was so soft. Her body molded to mine, and I couldn’t help the zing of desire that shot through me. I longed to make love to her. Without thinking, I lowered my mouth to hers.

She answered my kiss with a passion I hadn’t expected. Her tongue stabbed deep into my mouth. I slid my hands down her sides and then back up, dragging her shirt over her head. She wore a red lace push-up bra that cupped her luscious breasts.

My pants were uncomfortably tight and I reached down and flicked open the button. The zipper slid down of its own accord, the rasp sounding loud in the room.

Tabitha giggled. I unhooked her bra, caressing her soft skin and thumbing her nipples while I devoured her mouth with hungry kisses. She unbuttoned my shirt and I shrugged it off, anxious to feel her skin against mine. I had no recollection of shucking my pants, but suddenly we were both naked.

This was my dream come true. To have Tabitha, alone and all to myself.

I dipped my head to flick my tongue across her heated flesh, but she pushed me lower. The scent of her desire intoxicated me. Her folds were slick

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and creamy with desire. I touched, licked, and fucked her with my tongue. She bucked and moaned beneath me until I thought I would go mad with desire.

But still, her orgasm seemed unattainable. I wanted her, but most importantly I had to please her first. After a while, my interest waned. I enjoyed sex when it was headed toward climax, but I obviously wasn't giving her satisfaction.

So, instead, I fucked her with my fingers, delving deep and stroking her clit the way I thought she liked it. But I could tell I didn't have Ian's touch. Something just wasn't right.

Then, she sighed and her whole body relaxed.

"Did you get what you needed?" I murmured.

She just shook her head.

I half-stood and my cock brushed her slick cleft. One push, and I would be inside her wetness. The orgasm I'd been holding off suddenly erupted and I watched with dismay as my swollen flesh throbbed and cum shot up to sprinkle her breasts and belly.

"Oh, baby." Tabitha looked up at me with big, sympathetic eyes. She held out her arms and I slid into them, unmindful of the sticky moistness on her skin. It felt so good to just be in her arms. Perhaps in time, I could make her forget Ian.

I thought the words were only in my head, but when Tabitha stiffened, I realized I'd given voice to my thoughts. She pushed me away and rolled off the couch. After a few moments, I heard the shower running.

All that was left to do was to gather up our dirty clothes and hope she left some hot water for me.

* * * * *

The pancakes were golden brown and steaming as I lifted them off the griddle and slid them onto Tabitha's plate. Thank goodness she'd decided to

abandon the fad diets and embrace her curves. Pancakes were her favorite, and I made them with my own secret recipe.

I was still debating whether to apologize or not when Tabitha spoke first.

“You’re right,” she said.

“I’m sorry. I’m not right. It’s only been a month since Ian left us and—”

“No,” she insisted. “You are right. We need to put him behind us. We’ll talk about it tonight, okay?”

Imagine my shock when at five o’clock, Tabitha walked in leading a bear of a man. He was Hispanic, well over six feet tall, probably closer to seven. Black, wrap-around sunglasses his eyes and tattoos covered every available inch of visible skin. Snakes, dragons, Celtic crosses, and on the back of his neck, Japanese letters.

Of course, I know who he is. Javiar. An actor/model who only went by one name. I hoped Tabitha had just brought him home for a meal, but as dinner progressed, it became obvious he was here as a candidate to share our bed and our lives.

Damn.

I forked up another bite of spaghetti and caught Javiar studying me. My skin crawled. No wonder he covered up those eyes; they were the palest blue, and combined with those tattoos, gave him a look that would make you cross the street at night.

Or buy a gun.

That would be my instinct if Tabitha married him. Knowing the crowd he ran with, it would only be a matter of time before someone uncovered my true identity. That was something I would prevent at all costs.

“Javiar is just getting out of a bad relationship,” Tabitha said, interrupting my reverie.

What do you say to that? I’d run the other way too? Instead, I schooled my expression into one of mild interest. “I’m sorry to hear that.”

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I subsided into my dinner. Luckily Tabitha and Javier shared an interest in politics. They got into a spirited exchange about the latest mayoral scandal while I excused myself to wash the dishes.

Usually I just load up the dishwasher and let it work its magic. However, today I had need of suds. Lots and lots of bubbles. I sloshed and scraped, my hands busy while my mind whirled with the implications of having another husband.

I wanted Tabitha to myself. From the moment I'd first laid eyes on her, that's all I'd ever wanted. But based on last night's debacle she obviously needed more than one man to make *it* happen for her.

In theory, I understood. I loved her. I would do anything for her. But Javier? Maybe I was over-reacting. Perhaps this was just an informal *let's get to know you* date and not a full-blown interview.

Those hopes were dashed when I walked back into the dining room and caught Javier and Tabitha in a carnal kiss. He cupped her breast with one hand while the other hand moved rhythmically between her thighs.

I let the door shut behind me with a thud. They didn't jump apart, but Tabitha looked up at me with a sly smile.

"I think I'm ready for bed. What about you Dom?"

I nodded mutely. It really depended on the definition of ready.

* * * * *

We all stood at the sink, brushing our teeth. I glanced over at Tabitha. Her gaze was locked onto Javier's face in the mirror. After a moment she looked at me and winked. I tried to smile back at her. It looked more like a grimace in my reflection.

I was pouring a round of mouthwash for all of us when Tabitha dropped her robe. I heard Javier's quick intake of breath. I knew exactly how he felt.

She's beautiful when fully dressed and a goddess when naked. Her full breasts jutted out, just waiting to be touched, sucked. They turned toward each other and then, to my surprise, she sank to her knees in front of him. His head dropped back as she caressed the impressive bulge in his boxer briefs.

She jerked down the fabric, freeing his cock. Even I was impressed. His erection was nine inches of solid, uncircumcised flesh with only one blemish. A large, black barbell pierced the head. Tabitha made a hungry sound deep in her throat. She took him into her mouth and my hard cock responded as if it were me she was sucking.

She seldom went down on either Ian or me. Could I be so lucky this time? With a shiver of anticipation, I waited my turn. Fingers entwined, she seemed to be pulling on Javier. He crouched and then settled on his knees in front of her, bringing himself to the perfect level to fuck her mouth with wild abandon. She shifted until she was on all fours, her lovely bottom turned toward me in an invitation I seldom received. I saw moisture gathering along her slit. Without thinking, I slid my hand between her legs.

She was so wet, and she spread her legs a little to give me better access. My fingers delved deep into her and I prepared to swirl around her clit with my thumb.

"Nuh-uh." Tabitha said around Javier's massive cock filling her mouth.

I must have been wearing a puzzled expression, for Javier spoke this time. "She wants you to fuck her, my friend."

Well, this was going to be a night of firsts. I moved into position behind her and paused, enjoying the sensation. Every one of Javier's thrusts into her mouth sent her backside thudding against my crotch.

Finally, I couldn't wait any longer. With one thrust, I entered her and nearly came on the spot. Watching her give head to another man while we made love aroused me more than watching a porno flick. I ran my hands over the smooth globes of her ass and then spread her cheeks so I could watch myself sliding in and out of her pussy.

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With a stifled cry, she came. I could feel her milking my flesh. I waited until the spasms stopped before I rammed myself inside her to the hilt and let my climax wash over me.

All too soon, Tabitha disengaged from me. Then, still on her hands and knees, she turned. Now, her head hung inches away from my penis and the only sound in the room was our collective panting.

It was arousing as hell and my cock responded with enthusiasm.

“You’re already hard again?” Tabitha murmured, stroking me.

I could only nod.

Then she took me in her mouth and transported me to paradise. Lips, tongue, teeth . . . they all conspired to bring me to my second orgasm entirely too soon. I tried to slow her down, but by this time, Javiar had entered her from behind and his powerful thrusts were echoed by the advancing and retreating of her mouth on my cock.

I tangled my hands in the thick fall of her hair and let go. She gagged a little as I shot into her soft, wet mouth. But, when I tried to pull out, her lips tightened and held me firm.

At that moment, Javiar let out a hoarse cry and groaned. Tabitha stiffened and let go of my penis. I watched as she ground herself against him. Her face had gone slack, and I could tell she was in the throes of her own orgasm.

After a few minutes, I stood and then helped Tabitha to her feet. We stumbled over to the bed and collapsed in a heap on top of the covers.

I dozed off only to be awakened sometime in the night by the bed shaking as if the San Andreas had given way. Javiar hovered over my wife, thrusting in and out of her like a pile driver while she moaned and writhed beneath him. I knew I was neglecting my duty. There were nipples to suckle and a clit to arouse, but I couldn’t summon the energy until I heard her urgently whisper my name in the dark. Love overcame my lethargy, and I rolled over to tease her heated flesh.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Javier rolled off her. His heavy breathing soon became loud, obnoxious snores. Tabitha's giggles turned into soft, hysterical laughter. But Javier slept on.

She rolled into my arms, hugging me tight. "I don't think he's going to work out," she whispered in my ear. "Do you?"

I smiled. Thank God for small miracles.

Chapter Four

Months passed while we lived like brother and sister. Sleeping in the same bed, seldom touching, never making love. I thought I would go insane. I'd gotten what I wanted, my wife to myself. And it was a nightmare; I was a victim of my own greed and lust.

When I found myself regretting Ian's demise, I realized I had to do something.

Then we met Lawrence.

I was the one who actually found him. I picked him up in the produce section of the local grocery store. Yeah, I know it sounds cliché, but it wasn't like that at all. After talking with him and inviting him over for coffee to sound him out about the arrangement we'd be proposing, I knew he was the one.

He was unlike any of the men Tabitha had brought home. He was short, powerfully built, and his skin gleamed like polished ebony. His hazel eyes sparkled, and he had a killer sense of humor. He was also a terrific dancer. Heck, if I were a woman, I'd have fallen in love with him.

Just like Tabitha did.

Oh, not at first. He wooed her—us, really—with patience and practicality. On our first date, he brought roses for her and a flash drive for me. He treated us to dinner at Tabitha's favorite Indian restaurant, and then we took in a romantic comedy at the Cineplex.

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He walked us to the door after the date, and we all stood awkwardly on the porch.

“Would you like to come in for a nightcap?” Tabitha offered.

His eyes brightened, and just for a moment, I thought he he’d say yes. However, he simply leaned forward and kissed her gently on the lips.

I heard her catch her breath as their lips parted and I barely resisted the urge to pump my fist in the air.

“I’ll take a rain check, for tonight,” he replied. “May I call you?”

“Yes.” Tabitha’s voice was little more than a soft whisper.

With a slight bow, he took his leave and drove off into the night. I put my arm around her, and Tabitha leaned against me.

“What do you think?” I asked.

“I think he might be the one,” she replied.

I’d be lying if I didn’t say I felt a punch of jealousy. I had always wanted Tabitha for myself and now I was knowingly searching for and inviting other men into our relationship. However, deep down, I knew this was how it had to be. I was never going to be enough for her, no one man ever would. Besides, the second husband had the best of all worlds.

Still, I felt relief that it took the requisite three dates to get Lawrence into our bed. The build up to the event added another layer to the foreplay, and I found myself hard and horny by the time we finally made love.

The whole room smelled of desire and chocolate flavored lubricant. Tabitha’s skin was hot and slick with sweat. She stood manwicked between us as I drove into her pussy, matching Lawrence thrust for thrust as he entered her anally. Our cocks met in the middle and I could feel his heat and hardness through the thin membrane between us. Separate but together.

I felt his arm snake around between Tabitha and me. I shifted to allow him access. His thumb, much more talented than even Ian’s ever had been, swirled over the nub of Tabitha clit. She cried out and bucked in our arms. It wouldn’t be too long now.

Then I felt him touch me. His dark fingers spread around the base of my cock, pressing expertly. The feeling was exquisite torture, and I groaned with each thrust.

The pressure must have felt good to Tabitha too, for she suddenly stiffened between us and her entire body shook as she came. I might have been able to delay my orgasm for a few more minutes except I felt spasms inside her as Lawrence came. The novel feeling tossed me right over the edge.

Breathless, I took a step back, preparing to sink to my knees and begin arousing her again with my tongue and lips.

However, Lawrence beat me to it. He knelt, his mouth even with her pussy, and began an assault on the sensitive bud of her clit with his tongue and teeth. From the look on his face, I suspected he was enjoying it. A glimpse down at his fast-hardening cock substantiated my impression.

I nipped at Tabitha's nipples, but she pushed me gently away. What had Ian done while I was busy down there? I hadn't a clue; I'd always been too engrossed in my task to notice. I felt silly just standing there watching. I accidentally brushed my hand over Lawrence's shoulders. Goose pimples beaded under my fingertips. His skin felt almost as soft as Tabitha's. I stroked softly along his neck. Then, growing bolder, I stroked down farther and farther, while I watched his erection grow. I crouched behind him, stroking his back, his chest, and his ass while he writhed and moaned.

Lawrence's cock was still slick with lubricant, and I gripped the shaft in my fist. With one hand, I tugged on his turgid flesh while I used the other hand to jerk myself off. I teased and fondled him and then reached down farther to caress his balls. They were pulled up tight against his body, and I could almost feel his orgasm swirling around them.

The hair along the back of my neck tingled as if I were being watched. I looked up to find Tabitha staring down at us with a look of wonder and love on her face. Now I didn't think I had a homosexual bone in my body. But I found it incredibly erotic to arouse the man who was giving her so much pleasure.

Double Jeopardy

Moments later, we all came at once. Tabitha's soft cry mingled with Lawrence's howl and my groan. A true triad of loving.

* * * * *

A few weeks later, Lawrence divulged a secret. He planned to propose to her, well, to us, on Tabitha's birthday. For the celebration, I put together a half veggie, half meat lasagna and bought several bottles of champagne. Then, I fixed her favorite dessert—lemon meringue pie.

Over a slice of my lemony concoction, Lawrence proposed and Tabitha said yes.

Now, I knew the marriage would be different than our courtship. Things change. People change. Look at Ian. He'd been content in the beginning then the reality of the situation sank in. Sharing isn't something men do easily. It takes a very special someone to make up a ménage a trois.

But as I lifted my champagne glass in a toast, I was convinced Lawrence was that man. He'd better be. But, if he wasn't . . . well, I had dealt with Ian. And as much as I like Lawrence, if I have to, I'll eliminate him, too. Oh, not in exactly the same manner I took care of Ian—two suicides would be too suspicious.

Poor Tabitha carried all the guilt for Ian's death. I felt terrible about that, but it had to be that way, for to tell the truth would destroy her love for me. She could never find out I was the one who provided the clues to Ian's alleged affair. Nor could she ever learn how I'd subtly insinuated she and I were fucking like crazed rabbits, cuckolding him, while he was at work. It had been so easy. And in no time at all, his jealousy got the better of him.

I'm not sure what he had planned that day. Not murder, I'm sure. No. That wasn't in Ian's heart. I figured he'd probably intended to spy on us, to get proof of our clandestine lovemaking. Unfortunately for him, I forgot my cell

phone at home. When I circled the block, I saw his car parked in front of an empty house.

I grabbed the opportunity.

Things got a bit messy though. Tabitha called him, asking him to come back to the house. He left. I didn't realize it was only to move his car and allay her suspicions. Instead, I thought I'd lost my chance. Imagine our mutual surprise when he walked in on me in the kitchen.

Thinking quickly, I hit him with the only bottle of wine in the house.

Stunned, he dropped to the floor. After that, it was just a matter of timing. I slit his wrists to stage the suicide, planted the note, drove like a bat out of hell to the store, and then arrived back in time to establish my alibi and contaminate the crime scene with the one thing that could have spelled my doom.

Luckily, the police didn't piece together the shards of glass or they would have been surprised to find two bottles and not just the one I had purchased. How the coroner missed the blow to his head, I'll never know.

But he did, and my identity remained a secret. I hoped I'd never have to put my skills to work again. But if I had to, I would. I wouldn't hesitate to do anything to keep my wife happy

Anything at all.

~The End~

About the Author

Ericka Scott is a multi-published, bestselling author of seductive suspense. She's written stories for as long as she can remember and reads anything under the sun (including the back of cereal boxes in a pinch). She got hooked on romantic suspense in her college days, when reading anything but a textbook was a guilty pleasure. Now, when she's not chauffeuring children around, wishing she had a maid, or lurking at the library, she's spinning her own web of fantasy and penning tales of seduction and suspense. She

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currently lives in Southern California with her husband and three children. You can find out more about her at www.erickascott.com.

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