



BETTER THAN *Chocolate*

...you can't have just one.

NONA WESLEY



Better Than Chocolate

DLP
BOOKS

Virginia Beach, VA

Also by Nona Wesley

Drawn to You

Better Than Chocolate

NONA WESLEY

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“One thing to remember before you even think about starting the double boiler for the fondue is that you must inspect the chocolate first.” Sarah Saunders traced a fingernail along a large block of solid dark chocolate, highlighting several whitened streaks along the face. “See these lines? This block is already tempered. That means it’s getting so old that the sugar is rising to the surface. If you tried to melt this particular block you might find...”

The rest of her instructions faded into silence. She looked up to find that while most of the wait staff paid attention, Brian kept his gaze fixed on Sarah’s breasts. She nearly laughed at the thought that popped in her head. Never mind that in her white chef’s uniform—which did nothing to complement her figure—she looked her most unglamorous, but she doubted Brian possessed the X-ray vision necessary to get even a hint of the wispy red bra worn underneath. She didn’t normally wear the sexy delicates when working in the restaurant she and husband Gary co-owned, but as today was her birthday she intended to be prepared for what surprises Gary had planned.

That much she expected. Life with Gary proved anything but boring. Soon her mild irritation with Brian’s straying vision blended with fantasies of Gary trapping her in the walk-in cooler and ripping away the double line of buttons to expose her dark, ample breasts to the cool...to say nothing of his expert mouth.

She cleared her throat, very much aware of the staff’s attentions. “Let’s just say tempered chocolate doesn’t give off the sheen one will find with an even bar when melted,” she said. “Taste might not be affected, but presentation is an important part of the experience, too. So remember that when you assemble the fondue. Any questions?”

Sarah glanced at Brian, who appeared lost in his own fantasies, so much he didn’t notice that his co-workers had all nodded their thanks and drifted toward the dining area to work.

“Brian?” she prodded. “Would you like to return to Earth now?”

“Oh.” He blushed and chuckled nervously. “Sorry,” he said. “Just thinking about...how to up-sell the dessert special tonight.”

Sarah smiled and returned the tempered chocolate to its plastic wrap. “It shouldn’t take much. Chocolate tends to sell itself, and with the fruit and angel cake display you’ll catch all the diet-conscious folks, too. Win-win.”

“I can only hope I cook as well.”

Sarah knew Brian took classes at the local culinary school. His work at the restaurant would certainly pay off in the future.

“Anyway, you certainly sold me,” he added.

Sarah had a feeling Brian didn’t refer to the fondue. She caught his gaze again and nearly shuddered. He looked almost...hungry, given the way his eyes darkened as he held her attention. It was enough to temporarily rattle Sarah, whose usually cool façade in the kitchen kept wait staff and *sous* chefs constantly on alert.

Recovering quickly, her smile fell slack and she straightened her posture. “Let’s see how much you sell,” she told him and turned away, calling over her shoulder, “We’re open for business.”

* * * *

Chez Cannette Rouge, named for the red quills Gary’s French grandfather made from the chickens he farmed, opened daily for lunch and closed around two in the morning—sometimes later—on Fridays and Saturdays. Sarah and Gary normally worked one shift together and turned the remainder of the day over to a senior manager, though today the schedule had been changed to accommodate Sarah’s birthday. Gary opted to stay home to “prepare,” as he’d told his wife when she left that morning, yet Sarah chose to remain watchful. No telling what her husband intended for her, and as she served up dish after dish on this busy afternoon she hoped Gary didn’t have an embarrassing stunt in store.

Sexy, she could accept. Bent over her office chair, grasping the armrests while Gary stood behind her and slammed his hard cock into her wet, waiting pussy...*that* she could up-sell!

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Damn, girl. Focus. She wiped her forehead with her thick sleeve and stirred a pan full of vegetables and orzo pasta. She didn't need these sexy thoughts nagging at her, heating her desire to a higher temperature than the stove. Time for a break.

She finishing cooking, then plated the trout special for one of Brian's customers. "Kay, I'm going outside for some air and a Coke. Can you watch the grill?"

Kay sprayed a section of the grill for cleaning, in preparation for another order. "Go on, I got it," she said, crooking her neck. "Hey, you may need to change out one of the diet canisters, too. It was spritzing a bit when I got a drink a few minutes ago."

"Thanks." Suited her fine—she'd retrieve a canister of the diet soda syrup and have one of the staff change it out at the fountain drink station. Since nobody had complained about the lack of Diet Coke that she knew of, she'd take her time in the walk-in cooler.

Stuffing her hat in her coat pocket, she pulled open the bulk door and stepped inside, not paying attention to her surroundings and definitely oblivious to the huge vase of roses resting between cases of frozen ravioli...until a voice from inside the refrigerator startled her.

"Come now, lunch isn't that busy that you're so distracted."

Sarah squealed and pressed a hand to her beating heart. She looked to her right to see the flowers, and Gary emerging from behind the wire shelving with one single long-stemmed rose pinched between his fingers. Sarah held her breath as he neared, taking in how fetching he looked in his black blazer and tight jeans. His smiled, lined with black and gray stubble, warmed her heart and ignited her passions—after ten years of marriage and hard work building their dream, he could still light her fire with such ease.

"How long have you been in here," Sarah began, "and how did you get through the kitchen without my seeing you?"

"There's a will, there's a way." Gary shrugged. "It helped that you were pretty distracted today. Something I should know?"

A fleeting image of Brian surfaced to her consciousness, but she brushed it away. “No more preoccupied than usual. I hope you haven’t been in here too long, freezing.”

Gary set the rose along the shelf with the others and held out his arms to her. “I could use some body heat if you can spare it.”

“I don’t want to get too close. I’m covered in grease, you’ll mess up your clothes.” Sarah looked down at the darkened spots on her coat.

“No worries,” Gary said, winking. “You can always take it off.”

“Right.” She snorted. To be certain, she’d enjoyed a few fantasies of making love with Gary in every isolated—and public—corner of the restaurant. Her professional instincts, however, told her doing that where they stored food wasn’t a good idea.

“Just for a few minutes,” he insisted. “I promise we won’t do anything the health inspector will find out about later. Besides, I only bribed everybody to stay away for five minutes.”

“You little—” Sarah bit back the curse and unbuttoned her coat, then shrugged it away to reveal her tightened, aching nipples denting the lace of her bra. She arched forward as Gary cupped the mounds and nuzzled her neck.

“You are so beautiful,” he murmured in her ear.

“So are you.” She sighed and leaned into his hard body, wincing first at the feel of cold clothing against her skin, but it didn’t take long before their embrace brought her back to a comfortable temperature.

She watched the play of his hands caressing each swell, the contrast of his light skin against her darker shade, and how he teased the edges of her bra before pulling down the delicate material to expose her nipples. “So beautiful,” he repeated, lowering his head to kiss the valley in between. “So delicious.” Lifting one breast, he took one tip into his mouth and bit down gently, leaving Sarah to see stars behind her closed eyes.

She shifted for balance, grateful when a hand slid around to support her lower back. Her pussy throbbed with want, and slowly the practical, professional Sarah Saunders screamed a quickly dying protest in her head as her desires prodded her to

beg Gary to fuck her right there. Let somebody walk in on him—let the whole restaurant march in for a tour. Sarah wanted relief, and she ground herself against Gary's thigh in hopes of catching some pressure on her clit.

"Please," she whispered in his hair, but Gary just released one nipple to lave attention on the other.

"Um-umm." The moan hummed through her, and Sarah sighed at the loss of Gary's mouth on her when he stood straight. He replaced the bra and drew her into a tight hug. "You know the rules," he reminded her. "No fooling around on the clock."

"We *made* the rules," she said, her voice a low growl. "We pay the bills, so surely we can bend the rules to our will."

Gary chuckled. "We keep it up, and somebody will come in here and want to join." Seconds later, Sarah felt her husband stiffen. "Speaking of..."

"Gary." Just like that, mood over. Sarah scooped her coat from the ground and dressed. She knew where Gary wanted to steer the conversation, and once again she wished she had kept her mouth shut. One too many glasses of wine, one secret fantasy released in a moment of spontaneous chatter, and Gary wanted to make it a big, never-ending production.

"Why you still take what I said seriously, I'll never know," she said. "When I was drunk..."

"I only want you happy," Gary said, resigned. He clapped his hands to his sides and shrugged. "And if you ask me, your desires are genuine. Letting me know the truth in that way tells me it's something you've wanted for a long time but were afraid to tell."

Well, duh! Who would tell her husband that she's wanted a three-way and think that wouldn't upset him?

Sarah didn't say anything, but pretended to concentrate on her coat buttons. Despite having been intoxicated that night two weeks ago, she recalled every detail of dinner. Their conversation had taken a raunchy turn, with speculation of friends' love lives. Gary mentioned how one of their neighbors had told them of visiting a swingers' club, and out of her mouth came the admission that she wouldn't mind two men at once herself.

Rather than become upset, though, Gary seemed interested. Interest then turned into determination, then insistence that he help her realize this dream. It bothered Sarah—she couldn't decide if Gary found their marriage stagnant that it required a shake-up in the bedroom, or if he harbored some bi-curious feelings he wanted to satisfy, and her admission opened that door. Either way, she wondered if inviting a third party to bed might jeopardize what they shared. Fantasies were to remain just that, right?

A part of her also wanted to cream her chef pants at the prospect of two sets of hands touching her, two mouths kissing her heated skin, two cocks...

"It is your birthday," Gary said. "A landmark. The big four-oh."

"Don't remind me."

Gary laughed. "Sarah, you're more beautiful than ever. Forty is the new thirty and you're the new sexy." He bent over and kissed her. "I want to make you the happiest chef in Atlanta, and I'll do whatever it takes."

"I want to do the same for you," she said. What did Gary have planned for her tonight? Had a man been chosen to share her desires?

She snaked her arms around Gary's neck, no longer concerned about spotting his jacket or shirt. "What can I do to fulfill your deepest, darkest fantasy?" she asked.

Gary kissed her nose. "Get Chez Cannette Rouge top rating in Zagat's."

"Done."

He laughed again. "Then maybe a featured spotlight on the Food Network."

"Such a small list, anything else?"

He turned serious. "Let me satisfy your wants."

She nodded. "Done."

* * * *

The remainder of the lunch shift kept Sarah busy, with little time to dwell on her birthday, drunken confessions, or Gary. By five o'clock, when Gary reappeared to take her home, she was

ready. The employee lounge of Chez Cannette Rouge featured a bathroom with a narrow shower stall—a convenience the Saunders supplied for late-night workers. Sarah cleaned up quickly and changed into her all-purpose black dress, suitable for nearly anything Gary could have arranged for the night.

Gary whistled as she emerged. “I love how that dress hugs you,” he said, and reached into his back pocket. “It’s missing one thing, though.”

Sarah saw the long, silk scarf in his hand and frowned. “What’s with that, it’s nice out.”

Gary held the material at either end, lifting it to eye level. “Oh, it’s not for your neck, babe.”

Sarah caught the meaning and shivered. “I see,” she said, and turned around to allow Gary to fasten the blindfold. “We going to be using this for other things later?”

“You’ll find out.”

* * * *

“Happy birthday, darling.”

Sarah felt Gary’s fingers fan across her cheeks as he gently lifted the blindfold from her eyes. There was a dark blur, greens mixed with earth tones, and when her eyes finally adjusted to her surroundings Sarah saw Gary had taken her back to their apartment.

“Would you look at this,” she exclaimed, swiveling a narrow heel on the carpet. “I can see the floor!” She turned to Gary and planted an enthusiastic kiss on his lips. “You cleaned the house, Gary! This is the best present you could ever give me.”

Gary leaned back and laughed. Sarah’s next kiss missed its intended target, leaving her to nuzzle her husband’s neck. She let her purse slide off her shoulder to the floor and drew him into a soft embrace, kissing his jaw, his Adam’s apple, and nibbling a trail to the neck of his shirt.

“Hey now,” Gary said softly, and eased Sarah to arm’s length. “That’s not all I did for you. Surely you’ve noticed the change in our living room?”

Sarah left a soft giggle escape her lips as she led Gary by the hand to their large, leather sofa. Of course, the first thing she had noticed was the elaborate spread awaiting her on the glass-top coffee table. Formerly a catchall for trade magazines, spare change, and television remotes, the table was now covered by a thin, linen tablecloth. Long, lighted tapered candles were positioned at either end, their quiet flames reflected in the two Mikasa plates from Sarah's wedding collection, placed side by side. Champagne bubbled in two lean crystal flutes. Gary took them both and offered one to his wife.

They clinked together in a toast. "You get lovelier every year," Gary said, and looped his arm around Sarah's for a sip.

"Gary," Sarah said, "you know you don't have to resort to flattery. I'll end up in your bed tonight, ready and willing."

Gary raised his eyebrows. "Assuming we make it that far," he drawled, and sank to the floor beside the coffee table. Sarah kicked off her heels before following suit.

She toyed with the hem of her knee-length dress. "Shall I remove anything more, or are we going to enjoy dinner like civilized people before the hot, animal sex?" she asked, her voice trailing into a low purr.

Gary leaned back against the sofa and sipped his champagne. "Lady, it's your birthday. You do what you want. Though, I certainly wouldn't mind if you wanted to dine *al fresco*."

"Don't you mean *au naturel*? Your family is French, and you don't speak the language?"

"If it all means nekkid, it's all good."

Sarah laughed, and popped a few buttons on the front of her dress so that the delicate lace of her bra was visible. "I can't wait to see what you've created tonight," she said, her face suddenly screwing into a frown. "I have to say, though, I'm a bit surprised that you managed to have these candles lit like this. Shouldn't they have burned down quite a bit?" They didn't live close to the restaurant, she and Gary had a quite a daily commute.

"Actually," Gary draped an arm around Sarah, "I had a little bit of help in preparing this surprise." He leaned away, inspecting the sliver of light coming in from the kitchen area,

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and added, "In fact, my help should be along any minute now with the first course."

Help? Sarah immediately put a hand to her chest to conceal her slightly bare bosom. Somebody else was in the apartment, and here she was, making suggestive comments and about to perform a striptease! She felt an urge to slap her husband's shoulder for keeping that from her; no doubt he would have encouraged her do something as embarrassing as that, to see her reaction.

Slowly she sank into Gary's side. Then again, the thought of a voyeur excited her somewhat. Her nipples hardened beneath the lace as the thought of a third party watching her dining in the nude rippled through her mind. She caught a glimpse of shadow in the hallway, and touched another button on her blouse but left it intact.

She hadn't confessed that desire to Gary, but she knew something was definitely afoot.

She stifled a gasp as Brian emerged in his waiter's uniform, black apron strapped around his waist, holding two steaming, shallow soup dishes. Standing erect against the backlit kitchen lent him a mysterious aura, particularly with his short, black hair tousled. Sarah had to admit, the young man looked handsome, especially as he smiled.

A telltale train of sweat glistened above his brow, and Sarah realized Brian must have dashed straight from the restaurant to get things ready before they arrived. His shift had ended before hers today, but she didn't think much of it as they rarely socialized with the staff. Sarah wondered exactly how hard Gary had him working in their kitchen.

He glided across the living room and carefully set the bowls down before the couple. "You're right on time," he said, the savory tomato and gouda aroma of the bisque tickling everybody's senses. "The entrees still have a few minutes to cook, so just relax and enjoy the first course."

"Thank you, Brian," Gary said. "I did tell you to help yourself to a drink, too. We'll be fine."

Brian nodded and, with one last lingering look at Sarah, retreated.

Sarah waited until the young waiter was out of earshot. “Gary,” she hissed, trying to keep the gaiety out of her voice. True, it felt wonderful to be pampered, but Brian had been at the restaurant since morning with the rest of them. Surely he would be ready to drop.

Gary chuckled as Sarah voiced her concern. “Don’t worry, Sarah. We have everything under control. Brian wanted to do this for you, and I wanted him here. He’s the best waiter we have, and he’s grateful for the cooking experience.”

“I noticed he did leave earlier than usual,” Sarah said, “and I doubt he’s not grateful for having missed a few tables on a busy Friday.”

“Don’t you worry. It’s all part of your birthday present. It’s worth the missed tips.” Gary leaned into Sarah and nibbled on her earlobe. “Trust me, by the end of the night everybody will be satisfied.”

“I like the sound of that,” Sarah said softly, relishing the erotic charge as Gary moved from her ear to her neck.

There was something in Gary’s voice that nettled at her, and continued to do so as they finished their bisque and beheld the beautiful presentation of lobster tails and risotto Brian served them. *Everybody will be satisfied*, he had said with a husky lilt to his voice. Sarah had a feeling Gary was talking about more than making up lost wages.

I want you happy, Gary had told her more than once. Brian had enjoyed a nice view this morning.

Sarah wondered what else Brian might see tonight.

* * * *

Gary held the neck of the dewy green bottle close to his left eye for inspection. “Well, babe, it looks like we killed it.” He upturned the bottle over his empty flute—not even a drop pooled at the lip of the bottle.

“Oh,” Sarah pouted, and downed the remaining few sips in her own glass. “Surely you have another one cooling in the kitchen?”

Before them lay the remains of dinner—discarded lobster shells, congealed drawn butter, and a few risotto pockmarks

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scattered on the tablecloth and plates. All superb, as delicious as it had looked, and Sarah was surprised to learn that Brian had cooked everything. He would definitely have no trouble with his classes, or in finding a job as a chef, if tonight provided any indication of his skills.

Brian had rolled up his sleeves, and Sarah noticed his long fingers and tanned forearms as he quietly cleared away the dirty dishes. "Brian, that was absolutely wonderful. So sweet of you to do this for me."

Brian returned a shy smile. "I'm happy to do it, Sarah. Gary wanted everything to be perfect."

"And everything has been perfect," Sarah assured him. The effects of the champagne made her feel giddy. Inside her brain was somersaulting, she knew. "The only thing that could make it even more perfect would be—"

"More champagne?" Gary suggested.

"I was going to say dessert," Sarah rejoined as Brian backed into the kitchen. "And I'm not talking about food," she added in a sultry whisper, squeezing her husband's thigh. "I'm not sure I can wait until the dishes are done." She did not know how long Gary had asked Brian to stay, but hopefully his tenure as birthday waiter would end soon so she and her husband could have their privacy.

"Actually, my dear," Gary stroked Sarah's cheek with the back of his hand, "we've taken care of that, too." He turned his head. "Brian?"

Brian poked his head through the door.

"Everything's set up?"

Brian nodded, an anxious grin spreading across his face.

"We'll be right there." Gary pressed his palms against the coffee table and raised himself into a standing position, stretching out the kinks and aches before extending a hand to Sarah.

"Ooh, wait a sec." Sarah unfolded herself from the floor. During the course of the evening her foot had fallen asleep, and now she leaned against Gary and stamped the blood back into her toes. "Oh, I hate that feeling," she complained, then looked up at her smiling husband. "What are we doing now?"

"We're going to have dessert."

“Not here?”

Gary shook his head. “In the bedroom.”

* * * *

Brian stood like a sentry just outside their bedroom. The apron was gone, and some semblance of order had returned to his unruly locks. Sarah imagined he had hastily run his fingers through his bangs just as they approached.

“What is all this?” Sarah asked them both, and received two knowing smiles as an answer.

Brian bowed low and extended his hand into the doorway. “Madame, your gift awaits you.”

Speechless, Sarah stepped gingerly into her dimly lit bedroom and gasped at the sight. Lighted candles were positioned everywhere—across their dresser, atop her lingerie chest, and along the windowsills. Gary had changed the sheets from this morning, she noticed. Their four-poster, cherry wood bed glowed in the candlelight with white satin sheets, and the faint aroma of vanilla wafted through the air.

“I feel like I’m in another century.” She gasped. She could not hear the chuckling behind her.

Her gaze rested upon a pale pink clothing box wrapped with a black ribbon on the center of the bed. She turned to Gary, who leaned against the doorjamb. Brian watched her reaction as well, his hand curled around the other side.

“Put it on,” Gary said. “We have to get everything else from the kitchen.” With that the two disappeared.

Sarah opened the box and parted the pink tissue paper to reveal a stunning ankle-length black nightgown with spaghetti straps. She wasted no time in stripping away her dress and stockings; the negligee plunged low in the front, forming a V just below her full breasts, and fit every curve. She studied herself before her full-length, admiring how the material shone in the candlelight and how no wrinkles were exhibited, save for one ripple about her hips. Even in the dim she could discern the outline of her thong panties, and she contemplated removing them. Save Gary the trouble of doing it later.

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No, she decided. Gary would enjoy that task. Besides, the thought of parading around in front of Brian without underwear...

Brian.

Why was he still here? Surely Gary wasn't going to have the young man linger while she wore this sexy number? She tiptoed to the open door and listened. A faint conversation rumbled from the kitchen, but she couldn't make out the words. Perhaps Gary was paying Brian and seeing him out, she assumed.

She peered outside, and was curious to see Brian walking slowly backward, balancing a tray. Gary darted out alongside him and caught Sarah's eye.

"Why aren't you in bed?" he chided her.

"What? Oh, right." Sarah turned quietly and crawled atop the sheets, tucking her legs underneath. Her heart beat fast. What was Gary planning? He was going to bring one of their employees into their bedroom, with her dressed like a 1930s movie vamp! There had not been a matching robe in the box, either, with which to cover her body. She found it difficult to believe Gary would allow another man to see her like this. Never mind her drunken confessions from earlier...

Oh, Lord.

She inhaled deeply to calm herself. Of course, the thought of another man watching her now sounded exciting. She looked down at her breasts. Two tiny bumps formed on her nightgown; her skin prickled.

"Here we are. Fresh from the second bottle." Gary entered with their champagne flutes, both filled. Brian followed close behind with the tray, which bore a small ceramic pot and various smaller objects Sarah could not quite distinguish. Only when Brian set the tray before her did she see the colorful array of fruits and cubes of angel food cake.

Sarah peered at the dark substance in the pot. "Oh, you made fondue!"

"Dark chocolate with a touch of Grand Marnier, just as Gary says you like," Brian told her. "I hope it turned out okay, I've been practicing on my roommates all week. I think they've each gained ten pounds." He offered a sheepish smile.

"I'm sure it's wonderful, just like everything else," Sarah said, and patted his hand. Their eyes met, and a charge surged through her body. Brian's eyes were dark, yet inviting, underneath two slim eyebrows. Why had she never noticed his eyes before? That same searing expression would certainly have melted a girl close to his age.

She cast a guilty glance at her husband, who handed her a flute and took the plush chair by the far corner of the bed. His smile was benign, and confused her. He looked as if he were there only as a spectator...that something was about to happen between her and the beautiful young man hovering over her.

Then she remembered more clearly her words from her heart-to-heart with Gary. *If only I were twenty years younger...*

She hadn't just confessed to fantasizing about being with two men. She'd mentioned Brian specifically. Somehow, the alcohol had loosened her inhibitions and repressed desires for their handsome employee.

Now here he was. Gary had not sent him away.

Was this her gift? Was Brian in on it?

Sarah shifted in place and folded her arms over her breasts.

"Well, good looking," she addressed her husband, now aware of the nervous timbre in her voice, "aren't you going to feed me like the goddess that I am?"

Gary sipped from his glass. "Ah, but as a god, I'm not inclined to such manual labor," he joked. "Why do so, when we have a perfectly willing servant right here?"

Sarah was surprised with how easily the smile came to her. *Gary, you devil.* "And is the servant perfectly willing?" she asked Brian in a low whisper.

"Very." His voice was smooth, no hint of nervousness. Perhaps Gary had been right; the young man did have a crush on her. What she would have given to hear Gary propose this birthday treat to him.

Brian plucked a large strawberry from the tray and plunged it into the fondue, twisting the small fruit so as to get as much chocolate as he could. He cupped his free hand underneath to catch any drippings, and held the strawberry to Sarah's waiting lips.

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She bit into it nearly up to the stem. The tart of the strawberry and richness of the chocolate exploded as one in her mouth, and she moaned her appreciation. The liquor's flavor was delicate, not overpowering. Brian had outdone himself with the dessert.

"S wonderful," she said, swallowing.

"Would Madame care for more?"

Sarah nodded enthusiastically. Brian hand-fed her some of the cake, then a few cubes of orange melon. Sarah savored every bite, letting the chocolate coat her tongue and the roof of her mouth before washing it away with the champagne. Occasionally her gaze would drift towards Gary, who remained frozen in the chair, his feet propped on the bed, clearly enjoying her delight.

Soon they were down to the last strawberry. Brian pushed aside the alarm clock on the nightstand next to Sarah and set the tray there.

"Only one left," she heard Gary say. He sounded far away. "Make it count."

Brian's grin was lopsided as he held the dipped fruit aloft. Sarah noticed this one, unlike the others, had its top cut.

Holding the fruit between his fingertips, Brian placed the wide end into his own mouth, pointing the dipped end at Sarah. Sarah did not flinch when he brought his hand to the back of her head and drew her closer. Her mouth closed over the strawberry, gently brushing against Brian's lips, and she bit. She stifled a cry of want as she forced down the fruit and watched Brian chew his half, all the while wishing for more strawberries to eat.

"Please tell me there's more in the kitchen," Sarah whispered, her heart and nether regions throbbing.

Brian shook his head and held the fondue pot before her. "Sorry," he said. "Seems we have more fondue than fruit. Of course, I suppose we can still finish what we have."

Sarah looked expectantly at Gary. A bulge in the crotch of his pants had formed, not likely from a wayward cloth wrinkle. "Do you mind if I finish the pot?" she asked.

"Of course not," he said. "It's your birthday. Do what you wish."

She moved to one side to allow Brian more room. He gratefully slid deeper onto the bed, reclining before her.

“How do you think we should finish the pot?” she asked him.

Brian tipped a forefinger into the chocolate. “There are a number of ways,” he said. “I could feed you like this.”

He offered her the covered digit, which Sarah took and immediately sucked clean, but not before giving Brian’s finger pad a gentle nip. She heard his breath catch and relished his growing excitement.

“Or,” he said, dipping again, “we could do this.” He smeared a strip of chocolate across his lips. Sarah did not wait this time to be beckoned. She lurched forward and captured Brian in a deep, chocolate-covered kiss. He smelled of drawn butter and strong cologne; his arms were strong and tight around her as his hands kneaded her bare back. He felt good, and tasted even better.

After several seconds they broke free, and Brian licked his lips. “Wow, this stuff *is* good,” he said laughingly. “No wonder my roommates were disappointed when I stopped making it.”

“Did you feed your roommates like this?” Sarah asked with a wink.

“No. Somehow, I don’t think Barry and George would have appreciated that.”

This brought a laugh from Sarah, and she fell lightly against the headboard, bracing herself from the dizzying rush of champagne and lust. After a deep breath, she looked up her lashes at the young waiter. “You know, that kiss made me realize something. You probably didn’t get to eat tonight.”

“Not true,” Brian said. “I had something in the kitchen earlier.”

“Yes, but you didn’t get any fondue, did you?” Sarah crossed her arms and pushed away the straps of her gown, letting the material fall to her waist. She watched for Brian’s reaction as her full breasts, each tipped with a hardened nipple, came into view. The young man did not disappoint her.

She sank down onto her back. “Perhaps you would like some now?”

“I would.” Brian hoisted himself to a kneeling position and inched closer to Sarah. Dipping into the pot with two fingers this

time, he positioned twin chocolate smudges on her peaks and dipped down for a taste.

Close to her heaving right breast, however, he stopped and looked up at Gary. "I just remembered," he said, "that you didn't try the fondue."

Sarah's head fell to the right. Somewhere in the course of her kiss, Gary had undone his pants; the lump in his crotch was more noticeable as he stood.

"You know, Brian, I believe you're right." With that, Gary eased himself onto his side next to Sarah and kissed her cheek. In unison, each man took a chocolate-covered nipple into his mouth, sending a shockwave through Sarah.

"Oh, yes!" She had always loved it when Gary sucked on her breasts, how he traced her aureole with his tongue, then bit the hardened flesh at the center. To feel two men on either side performing mirrored gestures was just too much, and she writhed underneath them. Gary must have coached Brian, told him what she liked, she decided.

They released at the same time as well, and Gary hungrily kissed her breastbone, moving up her throat and thrusting his tongue deep into her mouth. Sarah responded in kind, feeling hands tugging at the hem of her gown. She eased her knees upward to allow Brian more freedom, and the gown slid up to her thighs.

Gary raised his head. "Are you enjoying your birthday so far?"

"Yes," Sarah nearly cried.

"Just wait," he grinned. "It gets better."

Better? Any better and I'll explode.

To her disappointment, Gary eased back into his chair, first undoing his pants entirely. She watched him unbutton his shirt until a swatch of black satin obscured her vision, and she turned back to Brian. He had been trying to remove her gown.

Sarah sat up and helped him discard the material. The triangular black patch covering her smooth pussy was wiped away within seconds. Brian's gaze swept over her taut, lean body, the pup tent in his pants more prominent.

"Fucking hell, you're beautiful," he breathed.

“Don’t I get to see how beautiful you are?” Sarah asked, reaching out to tap his hip.

Brian looked down at his clothes, as if realizing he still wore them. With a brief excited laugh, his feet slid to the floor and he quickly undressed. Shoes, socks, pants, shirt and boxers were soon pooled on the carpet near her gown, leaving Sarah to behold a magnificently chiseled body; hard muscles cut into his arms, thighs, and abdomen. He had very little hair on his front but a thin trail leading from his navel to his crotch—the “happy trail,” as Sarah once heard a waitress describe it. Brian’s circumcised cock stood at attention above a feathery tuft of dark pubic hair.

Oh, my. He was not as big as Gary, but impressive nonetheless. To feel him sliding in and out of her slick wet...

“Turn around,” she ordered him.

Brian obliged, revealing to her his smooth back and tight buttocks. He looked like a runner, Sarah decided. Not an ounce of fat on him, not one to give into sweet temptations. At least, not of the food variety.

She cupped her breasts from the sides, pushing them together. “Come here,” she demanded hoarsely. “I want to feel that cock fucking my tits.”

But Brian shook his head and retrieved the fondue pot. “Not yet.”

“Oh?” Sarah playfully raised an eyebrow. “Doth the servant protest? Whose birthday is it, may I remind you?”

“But there’s still some chocolate left,” Brian said as he rounded a corner and stood in front of her prone form. “No sense wasting it.”

Of course not.

She spread her legs, feeling her labia separate unaided as Brian leaned closer and propped his elbows on the mattress. She watched him stare with awe into the depths of her secret place and stifled a laugh. He looked very much the child on Christmas morning.

Brian poised a hand over her, cautious, almost in disbelief. “You don’t know how long I’ve dreamed about doing this,” he said. He dipped a finger into the pot and, with his other hand, gently pried apart the delicate folds of skin at the crest of her

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mound, revealing her clitoris. His quick breathing tickled the sensitive spot and Sarah wriggled her hips lower, aching to be loved.

The chocolate was cool to the touch as he placed a tiny dollop on her pink diamond, smearing the rest on her labia. Sarah felt herself getting wet with anticipation, wondering how Brian would find this unique taste, how she would enjoy his mouth lavaging at her pussy.

He had wanted her for so long, now he could have his cake and eat her, too. She smiled. What was a cake without frosting?

He licked her pussy clean, tracing the edge of her cunt, causing her to constrict her vaginal muscles. The movement only encouraged him, and she listened for his stifled, throaty laughter as his mouth moved upward, capturing her clitoris. He lapped at her in circular motion, grasping onto her hips as she shuddered into a gasping orgasm.

She bucked her hips upward to meet the rising tide. "Oh, that feels so good," she hissed as another wave crested. She peered down the landscape of her body to see Brian's eyes closed, his nose positioned over her mound, suckling her.

She tilted her head toward Gary. He had freed his cock and was now gently stroking it, his eyes on the young waiter eating his wife's pussy.

"Is there any fondue left?" she asked.

Gary leaned forward to inspect the pot on the corner of the bed, his hand still gripped tightly. "No," he said with a touch of regret.

Sarah pouted. "Too bad." So many more places she had wanted to try it. "It tasted so good."

Brian's sticky grin rose and met her eyes. "You taste much better."

Sarah crooked a finger, and the boy obliged, crawling up her body, landing light kisses everywhere until he reached her neck. While he worked on her collarbone and the swell of her breasts, she leaned closer to Gary and beckoned him closer so she could take his cock into her mouth. Now this, *this* sparked her taste buds. She loved her husband's unique, salty flavor, and ran her moistened lips up and down his velvety, deep pink shaft.

One drawn-out groan from above told her that Gary very much appreciated her appetite, too.

She circled her tongue around the circumcised crown and traced a raised vein down to the base before releasing Gary. She sat up and smiled down at Brian, whose cock emitted a few sticky drops of pre-cum on her leg. He'd waited long enough, as had she.

"So," Sarah reached forward and stroked Gary's backside. "How are doing this?"

"However you like," Gary said, "Birthday Girl."

"I'm suddenly craving a sandwich...between two slices of white bread."

"Funny." Gary nudged for Brian to move, guiding the younger man to lie back. A brief turn back to the nightstand by the bed yielded condoms, which the man affixed quickly.

Watching Brian stretch his lean, tanned legs on their bed, Sarah twitched in place, feeling her pussy become even wetter than before. In this position, somehow, the waiter looked larger—whether he had grown or whether the condom exaggerated his true size she couldn't be certain, nor did she care. Her pussy ached, and she wanted him inside her.

While Gary backed away slightly, Sarah crawled on top of Brian and slowly lowered herself onto his shaft, hissing at first contact and the slow, delicious shock as her pussy walls accommodated his length. He filled her nicely, and Sarah enjoyed Brian's wincing response as she ground into his erection, swiveling her hips in circular motion to create an enticing, rhythmic friction.

With the heels of her hands planted on either side of the pillow, Sarah bent forward so that her breasts hovered just within kissing reach of Brian. He lifted his upper body and caught one nipple in his teeth, then sucked hard while his hands found her ass and kneaded. "Umm," groaned Sarah in dreamlike ecstasy. She cast a look behind her to check on Gary and discovered him watching her fuck Brian, fixated on the back view.

"Like what you see?" she teased.

"Beautiful," he said, tilting his head to view from an angle. "You should see the way you're taking his cock."

"I can feel it, that's plenty for now." She laughed, then turned back and smiled down at Brian. "How you doing, baby?"

Brian let out an exhausted gasp. "Incredible," he said. "Just don't stop, please."

Sarah laughed. "Don't worry, baby," she said, turning back to Gary. "Speaking of not stopping..."

"Loud and clear, sweetheart." Sufficiently covered and lubed, Gary palmed the base of his elongated shaft and, with his other hand, stroked her backside as she lowered onto Brian's cock once more. Sarah detected the direction of his greased fingers, walking down her skin to her anus, which he probed carefully.

"Mmm...ooh!" She startled quickly as two fingers were inserted, and when she realized that Gary meant to prepare her for his cock she relaxed. They had enjoyed anal sex on occasion, but doing so with another man in her pussy promised to heighten her ecstasy. At first, though, it sparked her concern, and fear. Would it hurt? Would she be able to walk afterward?

Would she care?"

"Beautiful, babe. Nice and slow." Gary breached her with his cock finally, and Sarah bent lower to accommodate him. Brian took that as his opportunity to nip at her best, and the swipe of his tongue against her sensitive skin sparked more desire within her. She looked down into his eyes, seeing her emotions mirrored in his.

"Having fun?" she asked, her voice light.

"More than you know," he said, and bucked upward, hitting a particularly flammable spot along her inner walls. Sarah gasped at the move, then realized Gary was now fully seated in her, too.

Oh, my God. She was fucking—loving, making love with—two men at once. Her entire lower body burned and trembled, craving more caresses across her thighs, more teasing on her clit. She bore down on Brian's cock just as Gary eased out and thrust back into her ass. Any more friction along both channels and she would surely combust. As it happened now, the buildup of her next orgasm proved expedient—it wouldn't be long now before she cried her release.

Her breath released in short bursts, and she found cadence with Gary's thrusts. They moved smoothly together, he in her and her on Brian. The thought that the two of them fucked Brian, though Gary had no direct contact, surfaced to mind. The man had schemed this night for her benefit, but to look at the bliss flitting over Brian's face as he screwed up to set his own release free told her differently.

The tingle of orgasm grew, and Sarah's arms became heavy. She wouldn't last much longer, and said so.

"I'm there, too, babe," Gary said, his voice a grunt now. "Let it go."

She did just that, and Brian followed quickly behind. She felt his cock pulse inside her, right as Gary let out a deep cry. Sarah rode the wave as long as she could, and tried to sit up with both cocks still lodged inside her. Gary felt warm against her back as he held her close. His heartbeat vibrated through her.

"Happy birthday," he whispered, kissing her neck.

Sarah tried to speak but found her voice no longer worked.

* * * *

Sarah couldn't recall exactly when she'd passed out, but clearly she had slept some after that incredible ménage. She woke to a darkened room, candles burned down to stubs, and a faint sensation of a kiss lingering on her cheek. She was naked underneath the sheets, next to her husband who, she noticed as her vision adjusted, was munching something from a large plate.

He smiled down at her and held the selection of chocolate-covered strawberries under her nose. "Hungry?" he asked. "I can't imagine a night like that didn't leave you starving."

"Thanks." She accepted one of the sweets, savoring the first burst of sweet, dark chocolate and tart berry. "I thought these were all gone?"

Gary winked. "Brian must have made more and left them for us in the fridge."

Unconsciously she pulled the sheets closer to her bare breasts. Like it mattered, the young man had seen plenty. "I see, and where is Brian?"

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“He couldn’t stay, but he said to say see you tomorrow at work and to thank you for the best night ever.”

Sarah laughed uneasily. It hadn’t occurred to her until now that she’d have to face Brian at the restaurant. How could she hide her emotions from the rest of the staff? Looking at Gary, she wondered how he could remain so calm and nonchalant. He had to work there, too.

“Couldn’t stay, or wouldn’t?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

“He had plans to meet with some friends late tonight. I think one of his roommates was going to fix him up.”

“Really?” That soon? Her husband must have seen her reaction, for he laughed out loud.

Gary bent down and kissed her. “Sarah, sweetheart. Don’t worry about anything. What happened tonight was your fantasy realized. Brian is aware of that, and so am I. We enjoyed it for what it was and just want you to do the same.” He set down the plate on the nightstand and snuggled closer. “Tell me, did you have fun?”

Memories of the threesome flooded her mind, warming her pussy. “Mm-hmm.”

“I’m glad. You deserve everything you want, and it’s my goal to make sure you get it.”

“What about you?” Sarah asked, drawing an arm around his neck. “You’re a pretty terrific guy yourself. What could I possibly do to make your dreams come true?”

“For one, you could move that hand a bit lower.”

“Seriously.” Sarah laughed. “I want to know your fantasies, too. Nothing would make me happier than exploring these new adventures together.”

“In and out of bed?” Gary asked.

“Wherever they take us.”

Sarah fed the rest of the strawberry to her husband, then indulged in a sweet and sticky kiss that lasted through morning, with thoughts of the excitement that lay ahead in this new chapter of their lives fueling their love.

About the Author

Nona Wesley read her first Harlequin novel at the age of thirteen, and since then has devoured every romance she can find. Twenty years later, her dream of becoming a romance author was put into motion with a contract from Phaze Books for her erotic short, *We All Scream*. Please visit NonaWesleyRomance.com to follow Nona's writing journey.