

EXOTIKA  
ELLORA'S CAVE



PAISLEY  
SMITH

*Birthday*  
GIRL

## **Birthday Girl**

*Paisley Smith*

It's Gemma's thirty-second birthday. She's not surprised when her gorgeous husband Nate whips out the blindfold and orders her to bend over for a birthday spanking. What *does* surprise her is that Nate has enlisted the help of a friend. Another woman!

Lindsey is a sexy Bohemian artist who has starred in Gemma's fantasies for a long while. She doesn't know what will happen beyond this single night of scorching sex play, but for now, Gemma fully intends to enjoy every new touch, taste, sight and sound her "birthday gift" has to offer.

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Birthday Girl

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# *BIRTHDAY GIRL*

**Paisley Smith**

## Chapter One

My bedroom disappeared and delicious darkness enveloped me as my husband Nathan secured my blindfold. He drew my hair aside and when he pressed a warm kiss to the back of my neck, chills skittered down my arms. I inhaled, breathing in the sexy male scent of him.

“Happy birthday, Gemma.” His smile was evident in his voice.

I swallowed thickly. Anticipation caused the fine hairs on my arms and the nape of my neck to rise. Something was up. Nathan’s smug tone was a dead giveaway.

His fingers trailed down to my wrists and then he grabbed my arms so suddenly I gasped. He laughed seductively.

“What are you doing?” I asked, aware my own voice was rising with a delightful mixture of excitement and panic.

Fear of the unknown thrummed through me although I trusted him implicitly.

Despite my feeble protests, he pinned my wrists behind my back and bound them with something silky. A necktie? I cringed. I knew I shouldn’t have gotten him a tie for Christmas.

Once he had me restrained, he slid his fingers between my legs and teased my naked pussy. “Bend over, birthday girl. Time for your spanking.”

It was my turn to laugh. “Uh, how about—*no?*”

The hand disappeared but there was little time for me to pout. Instantly, he moved in front of me. His thumb traced my bottom lip, tasting of the spices and herbs he blended when he made the sauce at his pizzeria. Oregano. Basil. I breathed it in. With the blindfold on, the familiar fragrances seemed more intense. Even sexy.

Insistent fingers tweaked one of my nipples and I sighed my pleasure. "That's better," I whispered.

"You're not out of the woods yet, baby doll," he said, toying with both nipples.

I gnawed my bottom lip as shards of pure pleasure shot straight to my clit. This was the best birthday ever.

But just as I was about to beg for more, his fingers tightened on my nipples and he tugged downward. "Bend over." This time, he wasn't giving me a choice.

I had little option except to bend to his will. "Nate, what the hell?" I cried as I bent from the waist. Shards of pleasure-pain shot from my breasts to my clit.

When I was in the desired position, he loosened his hold on my nipples but only a little. The stinging bite was far more pleasurable than I would have imagined. My pulse thickened at being bent over this way, blindfolded and bound, with my nipples in his vise-like grip. My clit screamed for attention.

Even given my arousal, I was not going to capitulate so easily. "Now what are you gonna do?" I asked playfully. "You can't hold me like this and spank me too." My tone was saucy. So was my grin. That's why I was all the more surprised when, although he never let go of his hold on my nipples, a sudden swat landed on my ass. Shocked, I jumped. A paddle? My heart thundered. Oh my God! There was someone else in the room!

I tried to stand but Nate held me fast.

"One," he said. The amusement in his voice both irritated and thrilled me.

"What are you—" I began but my question was cut off when another slap set my ass on fire.

Liquid heat spread through my bottom and I moaned in spite of myself.

"Two."

Who was this other person and what was Nate thinking? I couldn't form any other coherent thought than the fact that today was my thirty-second birthday. "Oh—"

*Swat!*

My voice was cut off by the sharp sting of the paddle.

“Three.”

An electric current generated between my nipples and my bottom. Cream gathered as my pussy clenched around its own hollow emptiness. The trepidation about the third party all but evaporated and the only thing I could think was that I wanted to know who this third party was and what diabolical plan Nate had for me.

More than that, I wanted to be spanked and fucked. Now.

His thumb and forefinger expertly rolled and squeezed my nipples, rendering me mindless. “Do you like that, baby?”

I swallowed.

“Answer me,” he commanded.

“Yes.” My voice was no more than a mere whisper. My head dropped. My thighs burned from holding this position and instinctively, I spread them wider, awaiting the next blow.

The paddle slapped my bottom again and my breath left my lungs in a ragged rush.

“Four.” Nate did not have to hold me any longer. I was a wanton, willing participant. Sensing that, he released my smarting nipples and I heard the sound of his belt buckle being unfastened and his zipper as his fly came down.

When the head of his hard cock touched my lips, I engulfed it hungrily. My fists clenched and I lifted my bottom a fraction of an inch. I no longer cared who was behind me. Only that they continued lighting this fire raging through my body.

I was not disappointed.

Another swat reverberated through my bedroom.

“Five.”

I groaned and sucked greedily. Heat inflamed my backside. Nate’s fingers threaded into my hair. He held and guided my head on his cock. I laved him, circling the head

with the tip of my tongue, nibbling the sensitive underside, dipping lower to pay attention to his taut sac. And all the while, the stranger in my room dealt me five more mind-numbing, ass-searing blows.

I groaned. Nathan groaned. But before he could come, he lifted my head, guiding me to stand. "You're going to get ten licks at a time, birthday girl," he said huskily.

Heady intoxication flooded me. My bottom was hot. Alive. Ready for more. I was thirty-two today and wanted every last lick I was due.

"Who—" I began again, desperate to know who was in the room with us, but Nate silenced me with a finger to my lips.

"Come to the bed," he said, leading me.

My knees trembled so violently I would have collapsed had Nate not been at my side. He loosened my bonds as we moved in tandem. I thought for a moment he might free me so that I could rip off my mask and identify the phantom paddler but Nate was too fast.

My hands were swept in front of me, bound again, but this time with a length of fabric Nate could obviously hold and control. He lifted me and tossed me on the bed, joining me only to secure my hands to the headboard so they stretched high above my head.

So much for ripping off the blindfold. "Remind me not to give you any more neckties," I said with a smirk.

The bed sank as the third person climbed on. My breathing quickened. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears.

What now?

"Now you're going to get a lick of a different kind," Nate said. That Cheshire Cat smugness had returned to his voice.

My pulse stampeded at the thought of a stranger eating my pussy. Who was this? Was Nate actually going to watch another man fuck me?



“Spread your legs,” Nate commanded.

When I did not immediately comply, he lifted them, holding my ankles effortlessly up and open. A torrid blush infused my cheeks that I was spread wide for a stranger’s view.

“Nate—” I began but my protest caught in my throat when I felt the softest kiss touch my clit.

I stilled.

My breath froze in my lungs.

Soft palms moved over my hips and bottom, moving inward and upward as thumbs opened my labial lips. The tip of a tongue flickered over my clit. Long locks of hair tickled my thighs.

A woman! *Oh my fucking God...*

A soft, sensuous kiss like that could only come from a woman’s lips. I sucked in a breath.

Immediately my clit swelled, aching for more. I lifted my backside, pressing it toward the stranger’s mouth. She took the hint and her lips closed on my sensitive flesh. I cried out, already on the verge of coming.

My pulse beat in hard, thick bursts and I clung to the strap holding my wrists. This was my fantasy. It had always been my fantasy.

To be fucked by my husband and a woman at the same time.

I’d experimented with bisexuality in college but, like most of my friends, hadn’t had the opportunity to re-experience it.

Until now.

Nate and I had always talked about having a ménage but that had only been a bedroom fantasy—dirty talk during sex. I never thought he’d act on it even though I had always secretly wanted it. Appreciation for him swelled through me.

He pulled my knees down to my chest, spreading my thighs open impossibly wider, running his big hands over my legs and bottom as he spread me for my lover.

“Does that feel good, baby?” he asked.

I could only voice a moan that told him without words that it did.

“Do you like to have a woman eat your pussy?” he asked.

My clit throbbed and my channel clenched. “Yes,” I cried, unable to think past the physical sensations coursing through my body.

A probing finger joined the tongue, searching, searching. *There. Oh yes, there.* I had forgotten how easily a female sex partner could find my G-spot.

Nate released my legs and soon afterward, I felt his hot, gentle mouth on my nipples, soothing their soreness.

I took the opportunity to explore my female lover with my feet and calves, running them lightly over her naked, silky skin, delighted to discover that her build was similar to mine – fit but not overly so. I wanted to see her, to watch her eat my pussy.

Her finger flickered against my G-spot and her mouth clamped down on my clit. I was on the verge of coming. Surging currents raced between my pussy and nipples and before I could suck in a breath, a wave of ecstasy unlike any orgasm I had ever felt crashed over me. I jerked against the bonds. My toes curled. Every muscle in my body tensed.

I heard my own voice encouraging my lovers, leaving them without a doubt exactly how good they made me feel. Nate’s hands. Her hands. Nate’s mouth. Her mouth. It was too much. Wild moans came out of me but I was so deeply seated within myself it seemed as if the sounds were coming from somewhere outside me.

She wrested every ounce of orgasm from me before I sagged limp and whimpering against the pillows.

My head swam and I hardly had time to come back to my senses before Nate lifted me and turned me over onto my wobbly knees. A seductive, feminine giggle met my ears as the bed shifted.

*What next?* I swallowed thickly.

“Shall we continue?” Nate asked, skimming my spine from top to bottom with one fingertip. When he reached the base of my spine, he continued farther, his finger tracing my cleft and into my creamy pussy.

I squirmed as the digit probed me and then slipped back out to circle my anus.

The bed shifted again and my lady lover’s thigh touched mine as she came to my other side. Something soft and covered with fur teased the backs of my legs and my bottom. All the while, Nate’s finger prodded the entrance of my rosette. God, he knew I loved to be fingered in that hole but for it to be witnessed by a stranger was too much.

I struggled and was instantly thwarted when he inserted his finger. All the way inside. I gasped and quivered.

“I’m going to finger-fuck your ass while you get ten more licks, birthday girl,” Nate warned.

I wanted to *woot* with excitement. Instead, I tightened in anticipation. The paddle flipped and I realized the other side was made of leather. That would leave a nice sting on my butt. I spread my legs a fraction wider, hoping—praying—she’d spank me with the leather side.

She braced a hand on my back. A *swoosh* and then...

*Slap!*

I yelped as the leather slapped my skin. *That’s gonna leave a mark.* Searing heat swelled through my bottom. Nate’s finger worked its magic. I wanted to press my thighs together to assuage my clit but I did not dare move.

“Eleven.”

Another. *Slap!*

I gnawed the pillowcase.

"Twelve."

My heart beat in my throat. I wished my hands were free so I could rub my clit until I came again.

And then Nate dealt the *coup de grâce*. He withdrew his finger. A cap snapped open and then I felt chilly lube drip onto my anus. He swirled it around and it was mere seconds before I realized he used the tingling kind. Exquisite torture. *Oh hell, fuck yes!*

Two of his big fingers pushed inside the aperture, pumping slowly at first and then like a piston. It hurt but I welcomed it. Trying to relax to take his thick fingers was nearly impossible and yet I actually arched into the next blow, taking those fingers deep as the leather paddle swatted my ass.

I hissed through my teeth.

"Thirteen."

Unlucky thirteen. I began to wonder if I could take much more. My ass burned, inside and out. Literally.

I spiraled inward until there was only the sweet torture being meted out to my bottom.

Nathan numbered each lick. "Fourteen...fifteen...sixteen...seventeen...eighteen..."

Only two more. I could take two more.

For now.

"Oh God, oh God," I mewled as another swat of the paddle landed on my bottom.

"Nineteen."

*One more. Oh fuck, I'm about to come.*

Hands rubbed my stinging ass cheeks, his and hers. Nate's fingers worked my hole and then...

*Slap!*

"Twenty."

Female fingers found and massaged my clit and that was all it took.

"I'm coming!" I cried, my voice muffled by the pillow. My hole seized Nate's fingers as violent spasms racked my body. My clit pulsed in the woman's hand and I rode the waves until at last they eddied away and subsided completely.

I sagged onto my tummy.

Vaguely I was aware of Nathan getting off the bed. His footsteps padded toward the bathroom.

I was alone.

*With her.*

Soft kisses peppered my offended bottom. Soft hands pampered my burning flesh. Flutters still shuddered in my channel. I was in utter ecstasy.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I realized I had twelve more birthday spankings to go but right now, I only wanted to rest in a woman's arms and enjoy my body.

Female kisses moved up my back and I stretched out to give her full access. She straddled me and I felt her warm pussy press against my flaming buttocks. I wanted to eat her. I wanted to taste her.

I was just about to tell her so when she drew my hair away from my nape and kissed the back of my neck. I sighed, loving the soft feel of her mouth, of her breasts pressed against my back and her pussy on my bottom. Women were so damn beautiful. So erotic and sensuous. I wished I wasn't wearing this blindfold.

Her limbs felt lean and trim against mine. I wanted to touch her, to run my hands over her skin while I kissed her mouth. There was nothing quite like kissing a woman's sweet, pliable lips, feeling her tentative tongue teasing and receding. Of tasting my own pussy on her mouth.

I shifted and she lifted off me just so I could turn onto my back and then her body was pressed against mine again. Breasts to breasts, pubis to pubis. I lifted my chin and

her mouth sought mine. Our teeth clashed and I had to remind myself to gentle my pressure. This was not like kissing Nate's strong mouth.

The tip of her tongue grazed mine and I opened my lips for more. She moaned into my mouth. Her hand trailed down my cheek, my neck, over my collarbone to where she cupped the side of my breast. I arched, begging her without words to play with my nipple. When the pad of her thumb brushed it, my nipple grew diamond-hard.

Frustration surged. I fought with my restraints but Nate had tied me too tightly. A whimper escaped my lips and my lover withdrew but only far enough for me to speak.

"Untie me."

She tensed.

"Untie me. I want to touch you," I said again.

This time, it was Nate's strong hands I felt. One tug and my hands were free. My arms ached as I lowered them. I reached immediately for my stranger-lover. She felt exactly as I thought she would. Lean and supple in all the right places. Feminine. I explored her face with the curiosity of the blind. Full lips. Straight nose. Sharp cheekbones. But what color hair? What color eyes?

Her straight, shoulder-length hair smelled of perfumed salon products. In sharp contrast, her skin had a scent that belonged only to her. I breathed her fragrance in, wondering if her pussy smelled and tasted as sweet.

I reached for the blindfold but Nate's stern voice stopped me. "Oh no you don't. Not yet."

I growled playfully and then laughed as I explored my lover. My pussy tightened when I cupped one of her voluptuous, natural breasts. She pushed herself up and I felt a nipple brush my bottom lip. At once, I drew her toward my mouth where I sucked and prodded it with my tongue. My fingers found her other nipple and I rolled it softly between my thumb and forefinger. Just kissing and touching her sent tendrils of desire unfurling through my body.

“Sit on Gemma’s face,” Nathan said. “Let her eat your pussy.”

*Yes!*

To show her that was what I wanted, I tugged at her thighs. She complied, straddling my head to lower herself until I breathed in the feminine scent of her sex. I discovered her with my mouth, tentatively at first, and then I pulled her down so that her pussy was against my face.

She was denuded of all hair and I tasted my fill of her fleshy lips and the treasures they hid.

Fresh desire swelled in my own clit as I savored her sweet cream, pushing my tongue far into her channel and then dragging it up and around her clit. I wound my arms around her velvety thighs and held her closer. Tasting her was like eating a ripe summer peach—juicy and sweet. She squirmed and rode my face, grinding her clit against my mouth. I latched onto it and sucked, encouraged by her sensual moans, squeezing her thighs and reaching up to explore the curve her back, the fullness of her breasts and the gentle slope of her abdomen while she rode my face.

The bed shook and Nathan’s body moved between my legs. His cock nudged my opening. *Oh yes, fuck me while I eat pussy!* I spread my thighs wide for him. One push and then he was inside me. I moaned against my female lover’s body as my husband began to fuck me, enthralled by the exquisite sense of completion and connection of being fucked and eating pussy at the same time.

*Happy birthday, me.*

Her fingers entwined in the hair at my crown. *Pull it, pull my hair,* I thought and then as if she had read my mind, she tugged. Hard. “Eat me,” she cried breathlessly. “Oh yes, eat me, Gemma.”

My hands tightened around her hips. Nathan pummeled me. I flicked my tongue fast and furious over my female lover’s clit and then her muscles tensed. She was coming and I knew it and something sparked me at the thought I had brought her this pleasure.

“That’s right,” Nathan’s voice met my ears. “Come on my wife’s tongue.”

After she stopped trembling, she wilted to the side, dragging a leg across me as she lay beside me. Nathan moved to my other side and I basked in the sensation of his calloused palm contrasted with my lover’s smooth hand touching and caressing me.

Nathan’s mouth brushed mine and he kissed me sweetly. “Do you like your birthday surprise?”

I moaned my acquiescence, too tired to speak. My entire body was heavy and sated, my arms and legs entwined with Nate’s and my lover’s. The one glass of wine I’d had earlier finally caught up with me.

My limbs grew heavy and I did not remember falling asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nathan handed Lindsey a glass of wine before he dragged up a chair and sat. Damn. Watching two women make love to each other was about the sexiest thing he had ever seen.

He’d known Gemma was into chicks but—

He turned up his beer and guzzled a quarter of it, loving the heady flavor and the tickle of carbonation. Propping his feet on the railing of the deck, he looked over his wooded backyard. “She’ll sleep until we go back and wake her up.”

Lindsey yawned. “I could do with a nap myself.”

Nathan cut his gaze at the pretty blonde. “Thanks for doing this.”

“My pleasure,” Lindsey said. “I’ve always had the hots for Gemma.”

“I’m glad you said something,” Nathan told her. “As a guy, I just don’t catch onto that kinda thing.”

Lindsey laughed. “She still has no idea who I am, does she?”

Nathan shook his head. Gemma was a smart woman. She’d figure it out sooner or later. Lindsey had been a faithful customer at his pizzeria for the past three years. Both



he and Gemma had always enjoyed Lindsey's company. She was a local artist and a successful one at that.

Nathan had always noticed Lindsey came to the pizzeria alone and wondered why a sexy, smart woman like her wasn't in a relationship. Until recently, he hadn't known Lindsey had been involved—with a woman. In a small town like theirs, it was prudent to keep that kind of thing on the down low.

But shortly after Lindsey broke up with her significant other, she'd related her girl-crush on Gemma to Nathan.

Nathan has almost felt as if he were going behind Gemma's back but she had often talked about her fantasies of having another woman join them. Gemma's sex talk might have only been fantasizing out loud but Nate was a fix-it type of guy and if Gemma said she wanted it, he was bound and determined to give it to her. While most men would have felt threatened by it, he'd sought a way to make it happen.

Now that he had seen his wife making love to another woman, he knew he wanted it to happen—a lot.

Gemma's happiness was the most important thing in his world. He swallowed. She'd looked pretty damn happy when Lindsey was riding her face. His cock jerked against his jeans. Gemma's pussy had never been so wet.

Pride swelled in his chest that he had brought the two women together. While he wasn't interested in anyone but his wife, it was certainly hot to watch her with Lindsey. They both had beautiful bodies but where Lindsey was blonde, Gemma was brunette. The contrast was stunning.

Lindsey yawned again.

"Why don't you go take a nap with Gem? I'll run out and pick up something for dinner," Nathan offered.

"Sounds like a plan," Lindsey said, pushing herself out of her seat. She flashed him a smile. "Take your time."

\* \* \* \* \*

I shifted under a blanket as the haze of sleep slipped away. Warmth snuggled next to me and the earlier events rushed back over me in a torrent. I had been thoroughly spanked and fucked by my husband and a woman.

And I was still blindfolded.

It was time to put an end to the mystery. I lifted the edge of the blindfold and blinked. Even though the room was cast in evening shadows, the light still hurt my eyes.

“Lindsey!” I exclaimed, unable to hide my surprise.

She blinked and opened her eyes.

I gaped. Lindsey? Ultra-sexy, artistic, smart Lindsey? A smile stretched my lips. Damn. Double damn. I had fantasized about Lindsey more than once but I never knew she was into women.

And how in the hell had Nathan known?

I ripped the blindfold off. “Lindsey?”

She grinned and nodded. “Have you enjoyed your birthday...so far?”

“Oh hell yes.”

She tucked a lock of blonde hair behind her ear. The act was so utterly feminine it stole my breath. Realization flooded me as I looked into her eyes. Everything made perfect sense. I had always wondered why Lindsey never dated men or introduced us to her significant other.

The previous week, Nathan had mentioned to me that Lindsey seemed to be having a difficult time over a break-up. I just had not known from whom. Evidently, she’d told Nathan more than Nathan had told me.

“I had no idea —” I began.

“I wanted to tell you but Nathan wanted to surprise you,” Lindsey said.

“It was a nice surprise,” I said. “I’m sorry about you and your partner.”

Lindsey shrugged. "It had been a long time coming."

Her blue eyes sparkled and she brushed an errant strand of hair away from my cheek. "I've had a crush on you for a year."

My heart swelled. "Me?"

She nodded.

I laughed. "You have been in more than one of my fantasies. I never thought Nathan would act on it though."

A warm blush crept into my cheeks when I thought of how I had talked aloud about wanting to eat Lindsey's pussy while Nathan and I had been making love.

"He's gone to the store," Lindsey said huskily. Her warm fingers trailed up my arm. There was no mistaking her meaning.

She wanted to make love to me. Just us girls. I shuddered with excitement.

My gaze darted from her eyes to her full lips and fresh desire to kiss her welled. She shifted toward me. As if I possessed no will of my own, I closed the distance between us and devoured her mouth. Our teeth clashed, our tongues met. I moved restlessly against her body, entwining my legs and arms with hers. Compared to Nathan, she seemed so small and fragile. I loved the feel of her silky hair, her velvety skin. Her breasts. Oh, her beautiful, full breasts. Touching her was almost overwhelming. It was as if I could not get enough of her at once.

Reluctantly, I dragged my mouth from hers but only long enough to seek out one of her taut nipples. I loved the feel of the pebbled bud in my mouth. Apparently, she did too. Her hands threaded into my hair and held my head there as she arched toward me.

My body trembled when she whispered my name. I wanted her. I wanted to eat her, to watch her come on my fingers and then I wanted to watch her head dip between my legs as she ate me.

While I continued sucking her breast, I reached downward and her legs flew open. She sighed as my fingers found her folds. Her pussy was smooth, freshly waxed. Her

hips curled toward me and I slipped my index finger inside her wet velvet sheath. Her muscles contracted around me as she undulated against my hand.

My own pussy clenched in response. I loved lavishing all my attention on her, knowing I was pleasing her and would be pleased in return after I had made her come.

Her hands roamed over my hair and shoulders as she began to rock faster against my hand. Cream gathered around my finger but I could tell she needed more. She needed my mouth on her clit.

She spread for me as I moved between her legs and kissed my way down her abdomen, down the thin strip of close-clipped hair to where her clit budded. She smelled sweet, fragrant with the hint of a spicy essential oil. I inhaled it as I flicked my tongue over her clit. Her thighs trembled.

My mouth locked on her labial lips and I sucked and tongued, working my finger in and out of her, reaching to tantalize her G-spot. All I could think was that I was making love to a woman. To Lindsey. Her fingers laced into the hair at my temples and she held it back, lifting her head to watch me.

“So beautiful,” she whispered, lifting and spreading, opening for me like a butterfly’s wings.

My lashes fluttered opened and my gaze found hers. It was the most erotic sight I had ever laid eyes on. Her lips were parted. Her nipples were like diamonds. Her sky blue eyes were stormy with passion. Sharp desire surged and I reached between my own legs to massage my clit while I tongued hers.

I fingered her faster. Her lashes drifted closed and the most beautiful smile claimed her lips as her head dropped back on the pillows. Her back arched. Her body tensed. I knew she was about to come. The hands that had gently held my hair now forced my head hard against her pussy. She rocked, grinding her pubis into my face, against my probing finger.

I locked onto her clit, alternately flicking it with my tongue and then sucking.

Before she cried out, I felt her channel spasm, slow and rhythmic at first and then hard as her sheath clamped down around my finger.

“Gemma,” she moaned, squeezing my head with her thighs, running one heel down my back as she rode out the orgasm. “Oh baby, eat my pussy. Make me come.”

Fucking A! I was about to come myself. As soon as she finished, I straddled her, seizing hold of the headboard. “Finger-fuck me,” I said breathlessly. “Hard and fast.”

I couldn’t wait for her to put it in me. A gasp tore from my lips as her hand cupped my pussy. I was so wet, her index finger slid into me easily. I dropped my head, holding her gaze as her finger worked in and out of my pussy.

Her hand found my nipple and she rolled it between her thumb and forefinger. “Come for me, Gemma.”

“Two fingers,” I said.

Another finger joined the first and my leg muscles went weak. Almost there... Almost...

“Oh hell yes!” I cried, reaching down to rub my clit while she fingered me. Bliss crashed over me and when she wrested the last spasm from my pussy, I sank onto her and my mouth fused with hers.

## **Chapter Two**

I eased into the tub, stepping between Lindsey's legs as I sat so that we faced each other.

"Hot, isn't it?" she asked.

I nodded. "Feels good, though."

Her contented smile told me she thought so, too. She reclined and rested her head on the rounded edge. Tendrils of blonde hair escaped her ponytail, curling in the steam. She was beautiful. Just looking at her made me want to touch her. And here we were, together in the bath, with our legs tangled.

There was so much about her I thought I knew. Now, she seemed a complete mystery that I desperately wanted to unravel.

"When did you and your girlfriend break up?"

She inhaled and I regretted my hasty question.

"I'm sorry," I said. "That's none of my business. I shouldn't have asked."

"No. It's okay," she said. "We've been apart about a month but things haven't been good between us for about six months."

"I'm sorry it didn't work out."

Her gaze leveled on mine. "I'm not."

I swallowed thickly.

She continued. "I found Katie to be a bit overbearing. Too jealous."

I stared, uncertain of what to say.

A slow smile crept across her face. "I think I'm going to enjoy being on my own for a while."

I bit my bottom lip. My heart pounded against my rib cage and I could not figure out why. Was it that I was fantasizing about being with Lindsey? I didn't understand. I loved Nathan. How could I possibly want to be with someone else in a way other than the playful sex we'd shared earlier?

Nathan had asked Lindsey to take part in my birthday surprise. Obviously, he did not realize he had reawakened a desire in me I had all but forgotten.

Or did he?

I looked at Lindsey. "What about...men?"

"Men?"

"Are you...completely gay or do you like men, too?" I asked. It was a fair question.

"I told Nathan we shouldn't surprise you about this."

My pulse stamped in my veins. Had they — *Oh my God!* Had my husband been considering an affair? Is that why he brought Lindsey into our sex life? Was I not enough for him? My mind raced with the possibilities, all of which were bad. I started to shake.

Lindsey leaned forward and placed her hands on my knees. "Gemma, I've been with guys in the past—but I prefer women. I told Nate we should tell you so that you would know I'll respect your relationship with him and won't do anything that would make you uncomfortable. I wanted you to know what my boundaries were before we ever started this."

*This.* What exactly was *this*? Already visions of having two lovers in my life filled my head and trickled down, softening me in spots I wanted to be touched and licked.

"So, you're not interested in Nate at all?" I asked, incredulous that another woman had no sexual designs on my six-foot, rock-hard, sexy husband.

"Nate's a nice guy," she said and smiled. "But I'm interested in *you*."

I began shaking again.

“See?” Nate’s voice startled me from the doorway. “I knew you two ladies would figure it out.”

My gaze flew to his. He stood, arms crossed over his chest, admiring the two naked women in his tub. “I think Lindsey would like to get to know you better,” he drawled.

I could scarcely believe it. My husband was giving me permission to have an affair – *with a woman?*

Lindsey stood and I watched rivulets of water trail down her peaches and cream breasts and her taut abdomen. Beads of water glistened on her pink clit, which peeped out of her folds. Unable to resist, I got on my knees and pressed a kiss to her sweet bud.

She lifted one leg and rested her foot on the side of the tub to give me better access. The need to satisfy her consumed me and I buried my face in her pussy, licking, tasting and suckling her clit. Her breathy moans encouraged me and I clung to her hips, eating her while cream gathered in my own pussy.

“I think we should continue this in the bedroom,” Nate said.

I peeped at him over her raised leg.

“You still have twelve more licks to go as I recall,” he said wickedly. “And this time, I’m wielding the paddle.”

My entire body hummed with excitement as I followed Lindsey out of the tub.

Nathan handed us both towels, which we used on each other, taking our time to kiss and caress the spots we dried.

Nathan was undressed by the time we finished and joined him in the bedroom. He stood at the foot of the bed, slapping the fur side of the paddle against his palm. “Come on, birthday girl. I want to watch you eat a woman’s pussy while I spank your pretty little ass.”

Anticipation spiraled in my core as Lindsey climbed onto the bed, stretched out on her bed and opened her thighs. I joined her, positioning myself on my hands and knees



between her legs. Wiggling my bottom enticingly, I glanced back at Nate before I lowered my mouth to Lindsey's pretty pussy.

She sucked in a sharp breath as I flicked the tip of my tongue over her clit and then flattened it to run it down and into her channel. She spread wider and I pushed her legs up and back, opening her fully to my hungry mouth.

Nate braced a hand at the base of my spine and my ass cheeks tingled expectantly. The first swat was just a teaser. I moaned into Lindsey's pussy. She drew her knees up to her chest and rocked against my mouth.

"Twenty-one," Nate said.

I spread my legs and arched downward pushing my bottom higher while I tongue-fucked Lindsey's pussy.

*Slap!*

"Twenty-two."

That familiar heat flooded my backside. I groaned. My clit pounded with a heartbeat all its own. I wanted to touch it, to rub it until I came, but I refrained.

*Slap!*

"Twenty-three."

That one stung. I loved it. Nate rubbed and kissed my offended bottom, taking his time to tease the parts of me that ached for relief.

I shot him a quick glance. "Fuck me, Nate. I want your cock in me while I eat her."

He climbed on the bed behind me and impaled me. I whimpered as I nuzzled Lindsey's pussy again, relishing the sensation of being filled to capacity with my husband's cock. Sucking and being fucked at the same time connected some crazy circuit inside me, making me mindless.

Nate's hand rubbed my bottom and then another hard slap landed on my ass cheek. I cried out. This was insidiously good.

"Twenty-four."

My ass burned and my pussy clamored for more as his cock withdrew oh-so slowly and pushed back inside with the same deliberate slowness. When he was all the way inside, he slapped my bottom again.

“Twenty-five.”

“Harder,” I murmured. “Fuck me harder.”

His pace quickened and all I could do was bury my face in Lindsey’s pussy while my husband pounded mine. I clung, breathing in the fragrant scent of her while Nate fucked me. I tilted my hips and found the spot where his balls slapped against my clit just right and then... “Oh fuck yes!” I cried. “I’m coming. I’m coming hard!”

Ecstasy emanated from my channel and radiated through my body. I wilted off Nate’s cock and onto Lindsey and when my consciousness rejoined my physical being, both of my lovers were caressing me. I wanted only to remain there, to enjoy this moment forever.

We all touched each other, kissing and cuddling for nearly a half hour before it occurred to me that Nate hadn’t come yet.

“Baby,” I said, twisting so that I was facing him. “You haven’t come yet.”

“It’s not my birthday,” he said with a grin.

I glanced at Lindsey, wondering if she would do anything at all with a man. As if she had read my thoughts, she arched an eyebrow. “Do you think he’d like two women to suck his cock?”

“Shit,” Nate said enthusiastically.

I laughed. “I suppose that answers your question.”

I moved over him, straddling one of his legs. Lindsey crept to his side and we shared a kiss as I ran my hand up and down my husband’s shaft. I’d always thought I would be jealous at the thought of another woman enjoying sex, even oral sex, with my husband but I wasn’t. Instead, I was turned on.

Both of us moved down to Nate's cock in tandem, running our tongues over his length like it was a melting ice-cream cone. I cut my gaze at Nate whose fingers were laced behind his head as he admired our work.

"Fuck yeah," he said. "Damn."

Lindsey let out a little giggle and as she took the head of his cock into her mouth, I dropped down to lave his tight sac.

Nate sucked a sharp breath between his teeth. I knew he loved this. His thighs trembled and he instinctively arched. Lindsey and I switched places and I tasted her mouth on Nate's cock as I sucked him, teasing the underside of his head with the tip of my tongue the way I knew he liked.

Lindsey's hair brushed my cheek as she tantalized Nate's balls. His head dropped back on the pillows. He was close and I knew the one thing that would send him over the edge.

I made a circle with my thumb and forefinger around his cock and used it as an extension of my mouth, squeezing and moving up and down, all the way over the head and then back down again.

Nate's body grew taut. One hand grabbed my hair. The other tangled in Lindsey's. His breath left his lungs in a rush and then a long moan emanated from deep in his chest. His cock spewed against the roof of my mouth and I sucked him, swallowing the salty sweet essence of him.

"Did you like that, baby?" I asked.

"That was hot!" he exclaimed.

Lindsey laughed and gave Nate a wink. "For a guy."

\* \* \* \* \*

While Nate grilled steaks, he insisted that Lindsey and I sit back and enjoy a glass of wine. That was fine by me. There was nothing in this world sexier than a man

cooking. A man ironing, maybe. And a man who could cook was a damn wonderful thing.

Lindsey tucked one bare foot underneath her and took a sip of her wine. Her relaxed posture, carefree hair and Bohemian clothes made my pussy contract. My lips parted with the realization that I was attracted to her. It wasn't just because she was pretty. I was really *attracted* to her, looks, personality, sexually, the whole sexy shebang. The thought both excited and terrified me.

"Can I ask you a personal question?" I inquired.

"Sure."

"When did you know you *liked* women?"

Lindsey did not hesitate. "When I was in high school. I experimented with one of my friends. We told ourselves that we were just seeing what it was like. You know? Pretending to kiss a boy or pretending we were being touched by boys."

She paused and then her gaze penetrated mine. "Only I wasn't pretending. What about you, Gem?"

"I was in college," I told her, compelled to share my story as well. "A few drinks. A few words of encouragement from some frat boys..."

Lindsey smiled. "You kissed a girl and you liked it?"

"Damn straight—well, not exactly straight." I laughed at my own unintentional pun. "When my roommate and I did it that first time, it was because we were curious more than anything."

"Did you have feelings for her?"

"Not really anything other than friendship," I said. "But we...made out...pretty often after that."

"Did you ever think you could have a relationship with a woman?"

*Not until now.* "I never thought about it." Her question took me by surprise.

“I tried having relationships with men but my fantasies were all about women. When a man touched me, it left me...unsatisfied in a way I could not explain. I realized I didn’t get as aroused from a man’s touch as I did from a woman’s. Sex with a woman was like fireworks.”

I swallowed and glanced at Nate. I loved him. Everything about him spoke to my body and to my desires.

But I also had experienced those *fireworks* Lindsey talked about when *she* kissed me. I knew my feelings didn’t have anything to do with being surprised and blindfolded and everything to do with the fact that I was genuinely attracted to Lindsey.

She sipped her wine and then her tongue darted out to retrieve a tiny droplet from the corner of her mouth. The urge to kiss her again welled but I remained in my seat.

What was happening to me? I’d been so confident in my relationship with Nathan. Nothing had changed about that or my love and desire for him—but now I wanted to explore the possibilities with Lindsey.

Her gaze dropped down my body and lifted to my eyes once more. My heart skipped a beat. The way she looked at me indicated she was thinking the same thing.

“Steaks are on!” Nate called as he placed a plate loaded with delicious-smelling filets on the patio table.

Over the course of the evening we all ate and drank more than we should have. Despite my inner turmoil, I’d never been more relaxed. More satisfied.

My heart leapt when I learned Lindsey had nowhere to be—that she could stay longer. Perhaps the night.

More than once, she glanced at me over the rim of her glass, her blue eyes clouded with a mix of wine and lust. My pulse thickened, throbbing in my veins and in my clit. And even though we had thoroughly fucked each other all afternoon, I wanted her again. I wanted to feel her hands on my body and Nate’s hands on my body. I wanted to reach out and touch her soft skin and Nate’s firm muscles, to have the three of us so knotted together I couldn’t tell where one ended and the other began.

"You sure are being quiet," Nate said as he sat back and crossed his legs at the ankles.

"Really?" I asked, but I knew I was guilty as charged.

"What are you thinking?" he asked.

I glanced at Lindsey and then back at Nate. "I was just thinking that I still have seven licks left."

Nate's dimples deepened. "I think we can get those in before midnight."

My bottom warmed at the thought and I wriggled in my seat.

"So, Lindsey?" Nate asked. "I think a few of my fantasies and more than one of Gemma's has been fulfilled today. What are yours?"

Lindsey laughed. "I have public place fantasies."

"Do tell," Nate prodded.

Lindsey drew her foot underneath her again. Her skirt bunched, revealing one sun-burnished knee. "I fantasize about going to a dark theater that's not very crowded and then surprising my girlfriend with the fact I'm not wearing any panties."

I giggled.

Lindsey continued, her gaze locking with mine. "When the movie starts, she reaches between my legs and massages my clit. Then I scoot forward so she can finger me until I come."

My own cream gathered at the idea of doing those things to Lindsey. I squeezed my thighs together to assuage my eager clit.

"And then it would be her turn," Lindsey added with a sexy half smile.

"Are you ladies *trying* to give me wood?" Nate asked. "'Cause it's working."

Lindsey leaned forward to set her wineglass on the deck. I watched her move, as if in slow motion. The ruffled hem of her skirt cascaded over her calf. A lock of blonde hair fell forward, obscuring her face before she tucked it behind her ear. Did she have any idea how damn sexy she was?

After she discarded her wine, she stood and started toward me. My heart thundered. I'd kissed her. I'd eaten her pussy. We'd done just about everything two women could do together and still the thought of kissing those pretty lips and brushing my fingers through the silky strands of her hair set every nerve in my body on fire.

Her eyes glittered in the candlelight as she placed her hands on the armrests of my chair and leaned over me. Her hair fell forward. She came closer and closer and I lifted my mouth to hers.

Our lips met—velvet on velvet. The kiss was soft at first, making me all too aware I was kissing a woman. I tasted her wine and her mouth and I opened as her tongue teased mine to respond.

A feminine hand found my breast and I arched into her palm, moaning into her mouth when she squeezed with the perfect pressure. Everything inside me wanted her. Everything.

"I think it's my turn to just sit back and watch," Nate murmured from his chair.

Lindsey thumbed the thin strap of my dress off my shoulder and slipped her hand underneath. Squeezing my nipple between two of her fingers, she palmed my breast. Her kisses moved to my ear and when she sighed, delicious chills raced up and down my spine.

I reached for her, finding her breasts through her clothes and lingering there while she continued to kiss my earlobe and then my neck. Her hands left my body and I ached in their absence but my dismay was short-lived.

Gathering up her skirt, she straddled me and guided my hand to her pussy as she lowered herself. Her mouth sought mine and my fingers sought her opening. She moaned when I inserted my index finger deep into her sheath, cradling her in my hand as she rocked gently.

Her breasts brushed mine and she began to move slightly faster. I loved the lithe, light feel of her body over me. Her hair tickled my face and her tongue copied the

motions of my finger working its way in and out of her. Tight and hot, her pussy gripped me and the way she was crouched over me gave me complete access to her.

Clutching the armrests, she began to ride my finger. Her eyes closed and she threw back her head so that the graceful curve of her neck and dangling earrings gleamed in the moonlight. Her nipples pebbled against her thin top and I could not resist cupping one of her breasts and then giving the tip a playful tug.

She moaned. "Two fingers. Put two fingers in my pussy."

My middle finger joined my index finger and Lindsey emitted a noise more animalistic than human. Her body vibrated.

I looked at Nate and when our gazes met, I motioned for him to come to me.

"Do you want Nate's finger in your ass while I finger-fuck your pussy?" I asked Lindsey.

Her response was to drag her skirt up in the back.

Nate moved in behind us and his finger vied with mine as he dampened it with her cream. I watched Lindsey's face, knowing Nate was prodding her anus. She sucked in a breath and tensed. He'd put it in her.

My own pussy tightened enviously.

When Nate and I began moving our fingers in and out in tandem, Lindsey relaxed into the motion. Biting her bottom lip, she clung to the armrests. I felt the pressure of Nate's finger pushing her channel walls against my fingers.

Lindsey's knuckles whitened and when I gave her nipple another tug, a shudder tore through her body. Her breath caught and then her head fell forward. She whimpered and her thighs trembled as I felt her channel clench around my fingers.

She was coming and the thought Nate and I had caused it made my clit throb like crazy.

"That's right. Come," Nate's husky voice encouraged as he encircled her slender neck with his free hand. "Come."



Long, low moans emanated from deep inside her chest. Her body vibrated with her orgasm and Nate and I continued to finger her until the tension left her limbs and she softened in our arms.

After she climaxed, Lindsey wilted in my lap and nuzzled her face in the curve of my neck. Nate and I both withdrew our fingers as Lindsey's arms wound around me. An almost imperceptible sob rattled her narrow shoulders. I gaped at Nate, surprised by her sudden vulnerability, but I held her in return.

She'd seemed so confident and so strong. So at ease with her break-up. Other than hanging out with her at Nate's restaurant, I didn't really know her. Still, my heart ached at the thought of her in pain.

"Are you okay?" I asked, my lips brushing her hair as I spoke.

She nodded and sniffed but when she raised her head, her eyes were glistening with moisture.

I stroked her cheek. "Are you sure?"

A blush colored her face as she clambered out of my lap. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm not usually emotional. It's just that—"

"What?" I asked.

She glanced at Nate and then back at me. "I feel so comfortable with you both. And I-I'd be lying if I didn't admit that I'm very attracted to you, Gemma."

My heart swelled and I realized I was also battling welling guilt. How could I possibly be attracted to anyone besides Nate?

"This is awkward," Lindsey said. She raked her hand through her hair. "I'm not ready to get involved with anyone right now. But what would you two think about doing this on a *regular* basis?"

## Chapter Three

*Hell yes!* “I—” I couldn’t voice what I was thinking. Not without discussing it first with Nate.

My gaze found his. A broad grin stretched across his face and his eyes widened with excitement. Well, there was his answer. But I wondered if he had thought it through. If we accepted Lindsey on a *regular* sexual basis, we would, in effect, be inviting her into our relationship.

Nate might be able to sit back and watch two hot chicks get it on and not be emotionally invested.

But I could not.

In fact, I was already struggling with my attraction to Lindsey. What if I fell in love with her? What if she fell in love with me? How would that work with three people?

I did not think she could possibly fall *in love* with Nate although there was no doubt she might care for him as a friend. Besides, I trusted Nate. He’d never given me any reason not to.

Visions of the three of us sharing candlelit dinners and intimate evenings danced in my head. My channel clenched at the thought. Lindsey wasn’t asking for a *relationship*. This was more like friends with benefits and I was obviously the one who would most likely benefit the most.

Lindsey shifted from one foot to the other. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have sprung that on you like that. It’s just that I’ve really — *really* — enjoyed myself today.”

Nate, who had seemed all for it, noticed my hesitation. Maybe he noticed something else because he said, “It’s totally up to Gemma. I spend so much time at the pizza place, I think it would be great for her to have a *friend*.”

My gaze flew from Nate to Lindsey. It wasn't as if this ménage relationship were permanent. Like I'd thought earlier—friends with benefits. And, oh God, I wanted it. I wanted her.

"What do you think, Gem?" Nate asked.

"I understand completely if you want to think about it—or even if you don't want to," Lindsey interjected.

But a slow smile pulled at my lips. "I think it would be nice to do *this* on a regular basis."

Some tension I did not realize I'd been holding melted out of me and before I knew what I was doing, I pushed myself up. With one step, I closed the distance between Lindsey and me and then I devoured her mouth.

Instantly, her arms wound around me. Her tongue sparred with mine as we opened our mouths to take our fill of each other. Tingles raced up and down my spine. My pussy tightened with liquid desire as Lindsey ground her pubis against mine.

We continued to kiss, wrapped up in our sensual dance to imaginary music. Her hands moved all over my body, gently sweeping back the hair from my face and neck, lightly grazing my bare arms, skimming my hips, cupping my bottom and then coming back to find my breasts.

I loved her touch. A woman's touch. Everything about it was slow and erotic and driven by passion. Somehow, this was different than the encounters I'd had in college. Then, I'd been inebriated and experimenting. This was something I could only describe as *real*.

My pulse rioted. Heat washed up the back of my neck. Lindsey's mouth played with mine and it occurred to me that I was kissing my girlfriend.

*My girlfriend.*

Lindsey dragged her lips from mine and gazed into my eyes with such desire my stomach flipped. "It's your turn," she said and winked.

Her hands slid down my arms and she took my hands in hers. I did not realize what she was doing until, without warning, Nate slipped the blindfold around my eyes and tightened it.

A gasp tore from my throat but a thrill tickled my insides.

“You still have some more birthday spanking coming your way,” Nate murmured in my ear.

My body tightened in response and my heart ran wild.

Nate’s nimble fingers began unzipping my skirt. Lindsey caught my top and I lifted my arms as she drew it off over my head.

“That’s better,” Nate said once I was completely naked.

The outdoor air felt different on my nude flesh than the inside air had, as if I were more exposed and vulnerable. My nipples tightened and chills skittered up and down my arms and legs.

Nate’s warm hands cradled my bottom and Lindsey’s palms moved over my breasts. I melted between them, overwhelmed by sensation. Nate’s cock was hard and I felt it prodding me through his clothes. Lindsey ground against me erotically while her hands roamed over my body, leaving wildfire in their wake. Nate’s hands skidded over my skin and at first, I tried to sort out who was touching me and where.

*Don’t think. Just feel.*

I heard myself moan. Blindfolded and inundated with touch, my consciousness spiraled completely inside my body. All coherent thought fled and there were only four hands, two big and two small. Two mouths tormented the most sensitive parts of my body. The nape of my neck. My breasts. My mouth. Oh God, my ears.

Then lower. I groaned.

Without warning, Nate lifted me, bracing my back against his chest, holding me up by the thighs and spreading me wide for my female lover’s mouth. I cried for sweet mercy as Lindsey’s mouth locked on my clit. Heaven. This was pure heaven.

My muscles burned from the stretch, contrasting the gentle flicker of Lindsey's tongue over my clit.

Rampant pleasure pulsed through every nerve ending in my body but I wanted more. "Spank me," I begged. "I want to eat Lindsey's pussy while you spank me."

Lindsey moved out of the way as Nate flipped me in his arms and carried me inside. He deposited me and I felt the now-familiar cool wood of the foot rail on our bed.

"Bend over," Nate commanded, the lack of question in his voice setting me on edge with anticipation.

Despite his firmness, this time I needed no coaxing.

The bed shook and I knew intuitively that Lindsey was climbing on and positioning herself so that I could bury my face in her luscious pussy.

Nate's hand pressed me downward and I groped Lindsey as I bent. Her hands caught my head, drawing me down until I found her sex. I inhaled the feminine scent of her come as I raked my tongue through her peaches-and-cream pussy lips.

She shuddered and tilted her hips toward my mouth. Her husky moan made my own channel pulsate, aching to be filled by my husband's cock. But I knew I wouldn't be getting that pleasure — just yet.

"Spread your legs, Gemma." Nate's order was but a hoarse whisper that caused tingles to race down my spine.

I instantly obeyed. My clit throbbed and I fought the urge to plunge my hand between my legs and rub it. I knew if I did, I'd come immediately and I wanted to savor this.

Lindsey's hands anchored my head and I trembled as I waited for the first sting of the paddle. *Please use the leather side. Oh please —*

*Pop!*

My body jolted. I moaned into Lindsey's folds. Searing heat coursed through my backside, radiating from the spot where the leather came in contact with my flesh.

Nate skimmed the furry side of the paddle along my inner thighs and over my offended buttocks. "Twenty-six."

My heart pounded in my throat.

*Slap!*

"Oh!" I cried. That one hurt and the pleasure-pain was insidiously good. My clit quivered.

"Twenty-seven," Nate said and I felt his hand delve between my legs. He patted my pussy and I lifted my bottom, begging for more.

"Don't stop," I muttered.

But he did stop touching me where I wanted it the most. Frustration surged. I whimpered and was just about to massage my own clit when another sharp blow landed on my bottom. This one was harder than all the others. I yelped and then groaned before I buried my face back in Lindsey's pussy and began to suck and lick in earnest. Beads of perspiration broke out all over my body. I quivered. My ass was inflamed and my channel ached.

"Twenty-eight."

I couldn't take any more and there were still four to go. I was so aroused tears welled in my eyes and seeped out from under the blindfold. I clung to Lindsey's hips and thighs, flicking my tongue over her clit and wishing someone was doing the same for me.

*Slap!*

I shook and sobbed. Conflicting thoughts raced through my head. *I can't take it. More. More!*

"Twenty-nine."

I felt my own cream oozing down one thigh. Sharp need coursed through my body and scorching heat flooded my backside. Lindsey's hands tightened around my head. "Eat my cunt," she demanded.

I loved being totally at their mercy. Their plaything. Moaning, I pushed my tongue into her channel and then brought it out to sweep it up and over her clit, repeating the motion with desperate desire to come and make her come. Her whole body was shaking. Mine was too.

*Slap!*

The leather sting bit me again. My knees threatened to buckle.

"Thirty."

*Two more. Only two more. And then –*

But I couldn't wait. I reached between my legs and a breath tore from my throat when my fingers came in contact with my own clit. I massaged my eager flesh furiously.

*Smack!*

"Oh yes," I managed to say before I latched onto Lindsey's nub. She was as close as I was.

"Thirty-one."

I rubbed myself harder. Faster. "Yes," I whimpered. "Oh—"

*Smack!*

"Yes!" Lindsey cried and as spasms racked her body, my own orgasm built and then crashed over me.

The orgasm hit me like a rogue wave, sending me plummeting into an abyss of pure physical pleasure. I sagged on the foot rail, wresting every last ounce of ecstasy from my body.

Just when I thought I could not take any more, Nate's cock prodded my weeping pussy and then plunged inside. He pumped into me, intent on assuaging his own lust.

It didn't take long before he ignited my ebbing orgasm and when I cried that I was coming again, Nate's own roar joined mine.

After he had filled me full of his cream, I felt him stumble backward and heard the dresser rattle as he obviously crashed against it.

I lifted the blindfold and looked back at him, love for this wonderful man flooding me as I looked into his passion-clouded eyes.

A lopsided grin stretched across his face. "Thirty-two," he said and then blew out a breath. "Happy birthday, baby."



## **About the Author**

Paisley Smith is a full time freelance writer and can usually be found in front of her computer writing, chatting, promoting or plotting.

A true southern belle, Paisley enjoys all things feminine, such as the perfect shade of lipstick, a pair of killer heels and a sexy, confident woman.

Sneak a peek at Paisley's site to see what she's up to.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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