



CHRISTMAS
CRACKERS

THE CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

SUZANNE GRAHAM

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

Christmas Crackers

Gifts of Desire

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT



Suzanne Graham

Dedication

To my Cooking Club, thanks for the great food and great laughs, Eileen, Christi and Joanne.
To True Colors, you are the best critique partners in the world, Ann and Ingram.
To Barbara and Will, I wouldn't be where I am today without the two of you.
Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

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Lexus: Lexus, a Division of Toyota Motor, U.S.A., Inc.

Chapter One

“Damn, their flight’s delayed.” Amanda turned away from the monitor in the baggage claim area to face her husband, Tom. “I can’t wait any more. These last seven months have been killing me.”

“Thanks a lot. I thought I was doing a good job helping you pass the time,” Tom said, loosening the knit scarf from around his neck and unzipping his parka.

Amanda grinned. “Oh baby, you have, but I’m going to explode if I don’t do something with this bundle of nerves curling through me.”

“I know how to take care of that.” Tom grabbed her by the hand and led her to the family bathroom next to the men’s and women’s restrooms.

“But we don’t have any kids,” she protested when Tom opened the door for her.

He shot her a look. “Are you really going to let that stop you?”

She shook her head and walked into the bathroom, hearing the lock click behind her. It wasn’t going to take much for her to reach an orgasm. Her panties had been damp all day in anticipation of being with Mark and Sabrina again, the sexy British couple they’d met while on vacation in the Canary Islands last May.

Tom reached around her, sliding his warm hand across her flat stomach and down the inside of her jeans. His fingers tickled her curls on the way to her clit. Her knees weakened as he trailed kisses down the side of her neck, and she leant back against him. “Oh yes,” she said as she unfastened the button on her jeans and pulled down the zipper.

When she started to push her pants over her hips, he growled softly in her ear. “Did I tell you to take off your pants?”

Feeling a new rush of wetness between her legs, Amanda shook her head.

“Please?” she asked.

“No. We’re not going to fill that hole of yours until our friends get here. I want you to really enjoy your Christmas present, and waiting is half the fun.”

She groaned and wiggled against his soft touch on her clit. “I thought you said you were going to help me.”

"I'll let you have a little something to take the edge off."

"Or keep me wanting more."

"Exactly," he said.

He held her firmly around the waist with one of his long, lean arms as he toyed with her clit. Using slow, light touches with the pad of his middle finger, he circled ever closer to the tip of her arousal. She wanted to thrust herself into his hand, but she'd learned from experience he would withdraw and refuse her any orgasm if she didn't submit to his pace. Little moans escaped her throat as he slowed his strokes, reaching the heart of her clit. She forced herself to remain still, even though she could feel his erection pressed into her back and she wanted to rub against him.

"You're so beautiful when you're flushed with sexual heat," he whispered into her ear. "Maybe we should wait and let this be Mark and Sabrina's first look of you." His finger stopped moving and rested on her clit. She caught sight of their reflection in the mirror, both of them tall and lean with dark hair.

She held still not daring to move or speak, afraid he would stop and leave her without relief. He'd really taken to the dominant/submissive role-playing they'd started after their last vacation, and she loved submitting to him. But damn, she really wanted this orgasm now.

"But I think I like seeing you climax even more," he said, circling her clit with a firmer touch and locking his dark eyes with hers in the mirror.

As she climbed closer to her peak, her eyelids closed and her head fell back onto Tom's shoulder. She lost awareness of everything around her, except Tom's finger driving her to her climax.

"Let me hear how much you like this," Tom whispered, sliding his free hand up under her sweater.

She was afraid someone would hear them, but she couldn't hold back her gasp when he pinched her nipple through her bra. He tugged and twisted it, driving a shot of stimulation directly from her tit to her clit, and she cried out as her orgasm rocked through her. Tom held her securely in his arms as her body tensed and shook.

Leaning against him, she struggled to catch her breath. He nuzzled her neck, nipping and teasing her sensitive skin with his lips. She shivered under his touch, still aching to have his cock inside her.

“You also look damn good after an orgasm,” he said, when her breathing returned to normal. “Now, let’s go see if our friends are here yet.”

* * * *

Amanda’s nerves flittered in her chest when she caught sight of Mark and Sabrina waiting for their luggage at the carousel. Seven months was a long time—what if they couldn’t recreate the connection they’d felt on vacation? Amanda felt like an awkward teenager on her first date. Before she could turn and hide or run away, Sabrina spotted her. Sending Amanda a brilliant smile, Sabrina walked with her arms outstretched and pulled Amanda into an embrace.

Sabrina was slightly shorter than Amanda and completely opposite in body type. Sabrina was all womanly curves and softness, such a contrast to Amanda’s thin, straight figure. Their complexions were as different as night and day, too. Sabrina had a classic English rose complexion—porcelain pale skin with peach undertones—and blonde hair, whereas Amanda’s dark hair and olive skin hinted at her Greek ancestry.

“Mmmm. I’ve missed you,” Sabrina said, giving Amanda a kiss on the lips before releasing her hold and greeting Tom in a similar manner.

Mark stepped up and eyed her. He was taller than Tom and so much broader in the shoulders. “You look good,” he said, reaching a hand out to her cheek and stroking his thumb across her lips.

Amanda stood transfixed by his large, muscular frame and dark eyes, waiting to see what he would do next. He reached his other hand up to her face and drew her closer to the heat of his body. He bent over her, and his warm breath caressed her lips as he kissed her hello.

When he finished the kiss, she was grateful for the steadying hand he kept at the back of her neck. Her legs felt a little wobbly. Any concerns she’d had about not making a

connection with Sabrina or Mark were sent packing. This couple was as affectionate and sexy as she remembered.

Mark released her and turned to Tom. "Good to see you, again," he said, giving Tom a manly hug with a thump on the back with one hand.

"We've been looking forward to your visit," Tom said, grinning. He picked up one of the suitcases next to Mark's feet. "Is everyone ready to go home?"

"I don't see any reason to hang out here any longer," Mark said. Carrying the second suitcase, he walked alongside Tom to the parking lot.

Sabrina took Amanda's hand and squeezed it as they followed behind the men. "Mark and I are so happy to be here with you and Tom," she said.

"It's been a long wait. I'm glad you were able to come," Amanda said. Then she broached the subject she'd been most uncomfortable talking about before their visit. "I hope you weren't offended by our request for health checks."

"Not at all, sweetie. With both of us on birth control and all of us healthy, it'll make this trip so much more enjoyable not having to use condoms. Oooooo." She wiggled closer. "I can't wait to get started. We're going to have so much fun."

Laughing, Amanda agreed.

Tom was opening the trunk of his Lexus when the women approached. "Just let me pull the snow shovel out before we put the bags in," Tom said.

"Were you expecting to have to dig your way out of the airport?" Mark joked.

"Tom believes in being prepared, and with the amount of snow we get here in Michigan, I'm grateful," Amanda said. "He's gotten us unstuck a few times with his shovel."

Sabrina shivered. "Brrrrr, is it always this cold here?"

"Hop in, Sabrina. The heater's already on, and the seat warmers should be toasty by now," Tom said, holding the back door open for her. "Mark, why don't you ride up front with me? It'll give your legs a little more space, and the women can talk and get reacquainted in the backseat."

Amanda felt the warm leather seats through her jeans as she slid into the back of the car. She loved this car's heating system, but it didn't have the best traction on the road. Tom had planned to buy snow tires last week, but he'd had to go out of town for work and had run out of time.

As the men got into the front seats, Sabrina reached out to touch Amanda's thigh. "You're too far away." Sabrina moved to the centre seat and put on the seatbelt there. "That's better," she said, sliding her hand along the inside of Amanda's denim-clad thigh.

Amanda quivered at the touch, especially so soon after her escapade with Tom in the bathroom and the anticipation of Mark and Sabrina's visit. She wouldn't be surprised if she left a wet spot on the leather seat when she got out of the car at home. Her panties were soaking through the crotch of her jeans.

With her other hand, Sabrina coaxed Amanda's head to turn towards her, and she kissed her with her thick, soft lips. Amanda tentatively reached under Sabrina's leather jacket to cup her breast. The weight and size fit perfectly in Amanda's palm. She rubbed her thumb over the nipple and felt it pebble against Sabrina's blouse.

"Mmmm," Sabrina moaned. "That's feels lovely."

Amanda lost herself in Sabrina's kisses and didn't notice her pants were unzipped until Sabrina's finger slid along Amanda's slick folds. She moaned into Sabrina's mouth and opened her legs to give Sabrina deeper access. Tom had left her hole aching to be stroked, and Sabrina's small hand slipped nearly all the way inside. Sabrina plunged in and out, and Amanda gasped as she climaxed too quickly.

With her eyes closed, Amanda waited for her heartbeat to slow. "Sorry," she breathed out.

Sabrina chuckled. "What for?"

"I really wanted that to last a little longer, but Tom had me worked up before your flight landed," Amanda said. "And he wouldn't satisfy me. He said I had to wait before I could get my Christmas present."

At the sound of a male cough Amanda's eyes flew open, embarrassment creeping up her neck. Somehow she'd forgotten the men were in the car. Then a smile tugged at her lips as she watched Mark shift in his seat and adjust the tightness in the front of his pants. She wasn't the only one needing relief.

"Damn, that was hot," Mark said, looking over his shoulder at her. The car swerved and Mark grabbed the dashboard. "Whoa, boy. Take it easy," Mark said to Tom.

"Sorry, wasn't me," Tom said. "Hit a patch of black ice. These country roads don't get cleared as well as the main ones, but we're almost home."

And for Amanda, it couldn't be a moment too soon.

Chapter Two

Mark scanned the road ahead, looking for any signs of a house. All he could see in the headlights' beam was a two-lane road with high banks of snow on either side surrounded by pine and oak trees. Not a single drive or mailbox or lighted window among them. "You really do live in the country," he said.

"Yeah, it's off the beaten track. We like being surrounded by the woods and not seeing any neighbours," Tom said.

Privacy. No one minding your business. That sounded good to Mark. In the small village where he and Sabrina lived, everyone knew everyone's business. He'd been able to shrug off the looks the older ladies had given him whenever he'd been at the market with Sabrina and Renee. But he'd hated seeing the old biddies whispering and pointing at the women as if they were deaf and dumb to their criticism. He'd really gotten pissed when men had approached Sabrina thinking she was an easy lay because she shared her life with her husband and their lover. The idiots didn't have a clue about the deep love and commitment Mark and Sabrina had shared with Renee for the three years she'd been with them.

Losing Renee in a car accident nineteen months ago had shattered Mark and Sabrina. Fortunately, they'd been able to grow closer in their grief rather than let it split them apart. In fact, their trip to the Canary Islands where they'd met Tom and Amanda had been planned in order to celebrate Renee's life at the first anniversary of her death. Renee had loved Tenerife, and Mark and Sabrina had gone back there to relive some of their happy memories together.

Sometimes when he was feeling mystical, Mark imagined Renee had sent Tom and Amanda into their lives. She'd been the eternal matchmaker within their group of friends. Pairing Mark and Sabrina with the American couple might have been her final farewell match.

"Home sweet home," Tom said, pulling the car in front of an A-framed house after driving down a long, single lane road. Large windows in the front and back provided a clear view straight through the centre of the house, which appeared to be the main living room.

“Lovely,” Sabrina said, getting out of the backseat of the car. “What a beautiful location, surrounded by all these trees.”

“The house is actually on a rise. From the back porch, you can see over a small valley where Tom and I go hiking. There’s a pond down there, too, for swimming in the summer,” Amanda said, leading Sabrina up the wide wood steps to the front door.

Mark helped Tom get the suitcases out of the trunk and joined the women hanging their coats in the closet in the slate floored entry.

“You and Mark are in the guest suite on this side of the house.” Amanda walked to the hallway to the right. “Tom and I have the master suite on the other side of the house... Well, I mean, of course you’re welcome to join us in our bedroom, if you want to. It’s not like you have to stay in your own room. I just thought you might enjoy some privacy during your visit,” Amanda stammered.

Mark watched as a blush crept up Amanda’s neck into her cheeks. He grinned. He’d seen her nervousness at the airport, too. She was so sweet. He couldn’t wait to get another taste of her, but before he could move in for a kiss, Sabrina reached Amanda’s lips first.

“This is perfect, Amanda. Thank you,” Sabrina said.

“Is anyone hungry?” Tom asked. “It’s eight o’clock here, but I don’t know what schedule your stomachs are on. Amanda and I can put together some *tapas* and drinks while you unpack and wash up. And feel free to change into comfortable clothes. We’re really casual when we’re at home.”

Mark’s stomach rubbed at the mention of food. “Food sounds good. I could definitely go for a pint and some snacks.”

“Take your time getting settled and come out when you’re ready,” Tom said. He squeezed Mark on the shoulder. “It’s good to have you here. Thanks for coming.”

Caught off-guard by the show of affection, Mark watched wordlessly as Tom turned and walked to the kitchen at the back of the house. Mark wasn’t sure about where he stood with Tom. Mark had experience as a man with two women, but being with another couple was new. The four of them had only had one night together in Tenerife, and the focus had been on giving Amanda a very special birthday present. He didn’t know what to expect this week between the four of them.

Sabrina caught his hand. "C'mon, love. Let's go take a shower and wash off this travel dirt. I'll wash your back, and you can wash mine."

Mark grinned and hauled Sabrina over his right shoulder. She shrieked as he carried her through the guest bedroom into the white marble bathroom. With his left hand, he turned the water on in the shower before he slowly set Sabrina on her feet, making sure she rubbed against his body all the way down. He leant over to kiss her, forcing his tongue between her lips and stroking the inside of her mouth. She moaned and sagged against him. He deftly unbuttoned her blouse and unfastened her bra, throwing them both to the floor while she worked on his pants, never breaking their kiss.

When they were both naked, he tested the water temperature in the large shower stall and helped Sabrina inside. She bent her head backwards under the steaming spray, and Mark watched it course down her body through the valley of her breasts and into the curls of her pussy. He squirted shampoo into his palm and massaged Sabrina's thick blonde hair into a mass of suds, making her purr. His cock pressed hard against her soft, rounded belly as he helped her rinse the shampoo from her hair.

Sabrina reached for his penis and stroked her palm along it. He thrust himself into her hand, getting harder thinking about her and Amanda in the backseat of the car.

"I think you should save this for Amanda. I think she's been waiting a little impatiently for you," Sabrina said.

He groaned and trailed his lips down Sabrina's neck. "It sounded on the way home like she'd been waiting a little impatiently for you as well," he said.

"Yes, I think Tom and Amanda have learned to play a few games since we last saw them. She wrote in her emails about some of the role-playing they'd been doing," Sabrina said, sliding around Mark so he could wash his hair under the water jet.

"Role-playing is fun. How about I make you my shower slave?" He reached out to grab her before she stepped out of the shower. She swatted his hand away.

"No, we should be good house guests and include our host and hostess in our pleasures," she said, leaving him alone under the steaming water with an aching hard-on. He considered seeking relief by the palm of his own hand, but Sabrina was right. He should save himself for Amanda.

Wrapped in a towel, Sabrina was unpacking their suitcases in the bedroom when Mark emerged from the bathroom naked. "Did you find my flannels?" he asked.

She threw his favourite lounge pants at him and a Henley shirt. "Need socks?" she asked.

"Nah, it looks like they've got plush carpet in the living room." He pulled on the pants and shirt.

"Good, because you've got the sexiest feet I've ever seen," she grinned wickedly at him. "It would be a shame to cover them."

He tugged on the towel wrapped around her. "What are you going to wear? Because it would be a shame to cover up any of you." He whipped the towel off, and catching her around the waist, he tickled her until she squealed and begged for breath. He paused when he heard a knock on the partially open door.

Amanda stood wide-eyed with one hand still raised to knock. "I'm sorry. I just wanted to check if there was anything you needed. I didn't mean to in-in-interrupt," she stuttered, not taking her eyes off Sabrina's lush nakedness.

Sabrina laughed, and Mark swatted her on the bum.

"We were just on our way out," Mark said. "Right, Sabrina?" He pushed her towards the door.

Amanda's mouth literally fell open as naked Sabrina took a step towards her. Mark bit the inside of his cheek to stop from laughing. For all the sexual heat she projected, Amanda still had a lot of innocence.

"You-you might be a little cold in the living room. We have a fire going, but you still might be cold without any clothes," Amanda said.

"You're right, and you look so comfy in your pyjamas. Let me put mine on, and we can have a pyjama party," Sabrina said.

Amanda had changed into a pink, snug fitting long-sleeve t-shirt and plaid lounge pants that sat low on her long waist. At a glimpse of her smooth taut stomach below the hem of her tee, Mark's cock jerked back to full attention.

"C'mon, Amanda. Let's let Sabrina find her pyjamas while you show me the way to the kitchen. I'm famished." Mark took Amanda's hand and kissed her on the cheek before letting her lead him to the centre of the house.

"I thought Amanda and I were going to be drinking alone tonight," Tom said, standing from the couch and handing Mark a tall glass of beer from a coaster on the coffee table. "I wasn't sure you and Sabrina were coming back out."

"Sorry. We had a little issue with Sabrina's choice of clothing...or lack thereof." Mark grinned at Tom.

"Damn. Sounds like I missed something good," Tom said. "Have a seat and help yourself to some food. Amanda and I went nuts trying out some new recipes earlier today. We didn't realise how much food we had until we laid it all out." He laughed, gesturing to the plates of food on the coffee table and both end tables.

"Thanks." Mark grabbed an empty plate from a short stack and picked two *empanadas* off the platter nearest to him. The first bite filled his mouth with a garlicky spinach and pine nuts blend. "Mmmm. So good," he said.

"That's my favourite, too." Amanda smiled at him over the rim of her glass of Sangria from the chair opposite him.

"What's your favourite?" Sabrina asked, sliding onto the leather sofa next to Tom. She'd slipped into her black chiffon chemise, matching thong and thin wrap. The tent in Tom's cotton sleep pants indicated Sabrina's outfit may be *his* favourite of the evening, Mark chuckled to himself.

"They were talking about the food. Would you like some Sangria?" Tom asked her.

"Yes, and I'd love to try some of those stuffed peppers." She sipped from a glass of wine, while Tom filled a plate with a selection of food.

After Tom handed her the plate, she sent him a sly look. "My hands seem to be full. Would you mind giving me a bite?"

Mark choked on a mouthful of beer at Sabrina's so unsubtle subtlety. She sent him a glare, and he laughed again.

Tom fed Sabrina an olive, but before he could remove his hand, she'd started to make love to his fingers with her mouth. He looked dumbstruck as he fell under Sabrina's charms. Amanda had been watching and she got up to take the plate and glass out of Sabrina's hands. Mark was surprised that instead of returning to her seat, Amanda knelt in front of Sabrina and ran her hands up her thighs, pushing the thin nightie up to Sabrina's waist and

pulled off Sabrina's thong. Feeling redundant, Mark sat back in his chair and watched the scene unfold before him.

Tom suckled at Sabrina's breasts while she stroked his cock and Amanda fingered Sabrina's pussy. With two lovers working her, Sabrina's orgasm came fast and hard. Once she recovered her breath, she shoved Tom backwards on the couch.

"C'mon, love. Let's ride this man," Sabrina said to Amanda.

Amanda slipped off her pyjama pants and knelt over Tom with her legs spread wide to receive him. Sabrina straddled his head, facing Amanda. She reached out and rubbed Amanda's clit as Amanda slowly impaled herself on Tom's long shaft. Amanda gasped and began rocking to an orgasm as Sabrina leant towards her and grabbed a tit in her mouth. From beneath Sabrina's pussy, Tom made growling sounds, and Sabrina moaned with pleasure.

They made a complete picture, and Mark had never felt so unnecessary. He wondered if coming here was really such a good idea for his relationship with Sabrina. He got up to get himself another beer rather than watch the triple climax that was about to happen. From behind the fridge door, he heard three distinct orgasms and he ground his teeth. He should have jerked off in the shower.

Suddenly feeling the effects of jet lag, he decided against the second beer and put it back on the fridge shelf. He walked quietly past the heap of flesh on the couch and went to bed alone.

Sometime later, Sabrina crawled into bed and curled against him in sleep. He wrapped her in his arms. Nuzzling her neck, he smelled Tom and Amanda on her and was filled with conflicting emotions. Maybe he wasn't cut out for a foursome. Maybe this was more than he could handle.

Chapter Three

Clad in her pyjamas, Amanda rubbed her eyes as she pressed the button on the coffee maker. Tom had kept her awake a long time after Sabrina had left to join Mark in their bed. Amanda had been concerned last night about Mark walking out of the room while she, Tom and Sabrina had been on the couch together, but then Sabrina had suggested that Mark was probably just tired from the trip.

Amanda startled when a pair of arms encircled her waist from behind. When she saw the small hands and felt the full breasts pushing into her back, she said, "Good morning, Sabrina. I hope you slept well."

Sabrina kissed down Amanda's neck to her shoulder, sending delicious shivers across her skin.

"Mmmhmm. Best night's sleep in a long time," Sabrina murmured.

"Are you two starting already? Can't a man get a cup of coffee first before he has to witness two beautiful women going at it?" Mark said. His tone of voice was light, but the scowl creasing his forehead showed Amanda that he was only half-joking.

She worried he might be a little upset about being excluded last night. Maybe she could make it up to him today. She really did want to get her hands on him. His body was so different from Tom's. Mark was taller, broader and more powerfully built. She was dying to trace her hands along the contours of his muscles, but she felt a little shy with him and didn't know how to make the first move.

She poured him a mug of coffee and handed it to him, smiling. "What else can I do for you this morning?"

He paused, and she hoped he was going to make a sexual suggestion. He'd left his shirt off this morning, and he stood before her in only his flannel pants. His bare chest radiated warmth, and an ache grew low and deep in her belly.

"I was hoping to get some breakfast. I didn't eat much last night, and I've got a mighty headache," he said.

Feeling chagrined she'd been thinking of her own erotic desires before his physical needs, she jumped into action, putting together a big breakfast of eggs, bacon, toast and fried potatoes. As she cooked, Tom wandered into the kitchen wearing his sleep pants and his robe. She put him to work setting the table while their guests sat and enjoyed their coffee.

After breakfast, Amanda proposed the four of them take a hike through the snowy valley.

"Did you bring boots?" Tom asked Sabrina and Mark.

"Yes, Amanda emailed us a list of recommended items to pack, including bathing suits for the hot tub. I brought one, but I was hoping it might be optional," Sabrina said with a wink to Tom.

"Of course. It's your vacation. Everything is an option." Tom grinned.

Amanda noticed a muscle twitch in Mark's jaw. He didn't seem to be enjoying the sexual banter at the table this morning. "Let me stick these dishes in the dishwasher and change clothes. Then we can get some fresh air," Amanda said, standing and reaching for Sabrina's plate.

"I'll help," Mark said. He stacked Tom's plate on top of his and grabbed the platter of leftover potatoes.

"It's a small kitchen, and since you've already got help, I guess Sabina and I will go shower and get dressed." Tom put his arm around Sabrina's waist and led her to the guest room.

Mark's muscle twitch grew more pronounced as his jaw tightened. Maybe this thing with the four of them wasn't working out too good. Mark didn't seem to notice Amanda at all, and he looked to be growing more jealous of Sabrina and Tom by the minute. If only Amanda could get her nerve up to make a move on him. But he was so large and intimidating, and he hadn't shown any interest in her since that first kiss at the airport.

She filled the sink with soapy water and scrubbed the large frying pan. When she stuck the pan under the faucet to rinse it, water splattered all over the front of her pyjama top. She looked down at herself and laughed.

"I'd never win a wet t-shirt contest," she said, referring to her small breasts. She held a dishtowel to her shirt to absorb some of the wetness. "I think we're done here. I'm going to

go change.” She thought she caught a lustful look in Mark’s eye, but he didn’t pursue her when she left the room.

Amanda took her time in the hot shower, hoping Mark would join her. After rinsing her hair two extra times, she accepted the fact he wasn’t coming and got out of the shower. She quickly blew her hair dry and put on her silk long underwear under her jeans and wool sweater. She saw from Tom’s discarded sleep pants that he’d been in to get dressed while she was showering, but she hadn’t heard him.

Amanda met the others in the front entry, and they pulled on boots and jackets and mittens. Soon, they were heading out the door into the fresh air. As they walked around the outside of the house, Amanda checked the temperature gauge on the back deck.

“It’s hovering right around freezing, just right for a walk,” she said.

The woods were still and starkly beautiful. The black wet trunks of the trees contrasted sharply with the piles of snow clinging to the branches. A snowfall from the previous night had covered the trails in four inches of new snow.

As the four of them walked the circuitous trail to the frozen pond and back to the house, Tom paired off with Sabrina, walking ahead of Amanda and Mark. When they returned to within sight of the house, Sabrina challenged Tom to a race to the hot tub. They ran off without a word to Mark and Amanda.

Amanda walked at a slower pace next to Mark, not saying anything, just breathing in the crisp, cold air. She wished she could find a way to make sure he was having a good time.

Passing a stump covered with snow, she swiped a handful and worked it between her mittens. It was the perfect packing snow, slightly wet and sticky.

“Is there something you plan to do with that?” Mark asked, eyeing the snowball in her hands.

She grinned. “I wasn’t thinking of anything until you mentioned it.” She threw it at his face and ran away as fast as she could.

Within two strides, Mark grabbed her jacket, but she spun out of his grasp and stumbled away, grabbing more snow with her mitten. She whipped around, throwing it in his direction, and tried to back away from him, but she tripped on a branch. Mark leapt on her, taking her to the ground, and held a handful of snow inches above her face.

“What will you give me so I don’t use this on you?” he menaced with his voice, but his face was lit with a grin.

Amanda’s heart raced. Finally, she was getting what she wanted – attention from Mark. “Hmmm.” She pretended to think. “I just can’t imagine what I would have that you might want.”

“Then I guess you’re going to get a face full of snow.”

“Wait!” she shrieked. “I thought of something.” She grabbed his face between her mittens and pulled herself up to meet his lips. She melted at the touch of his warm mouth against her chilled skin. He licked his way between her lips, exploring her tongue and the roof of her mouth. She moaned, wanting more of him inside her. She pulled him closer on top of her and rubbed her pelvis against the ridge in his jeans.

He broke the kiss. “Even though you’re hot enough to melt the snow, I think we’d be more comfortable inside.”

Before she could respond, he was on his feet hauling her out of the snow drift and towards the house. When they passed Sabrina and Tom in the hot tub on the back deck, Sabrina called out to them.

“Are you going to join us?” she asked.

“Yes,” Amanda said.

“No,” Mark said at the same time. “We’re already wet from our romp in the snow. We’re going in to dry off and get warm.”

He held the door open for Amanda and followed her into the mud room at the back of the house where they pulled off their boots and shed their jackets and mittens. Once her outerwear was off, Amanda looked at Mark for a sign of his next move. She’d been surprised he’d chosen not to get into the hot tub with the others. Was he going to send her to her room alone to change clothes, or was he going to continue the hot kiss they’d started outside in the snow?

Mark finished removing his boots and stepped closer to her. He held her face between his hands. “Now, where were we?” he asked, leaning down to kiss her. His lips brushed lightly over hers. When she pushed forward for more contact, he moved his head back out of reach. “There’s no rush. I want to savour this first time with you after missing you for so long.”

Oh, yes! He'd missed her. "I've missed you, too," she said, finally getting the opportunity to run her hands up his arms and over his shoulders, trying to feel the definition of his muscles through the thickness of his sweater.

He ran his hands down her back and over the seat of her jeans. "Your clothes really are wet. We should get you out of these before you become chilled," he said, unbuttoning the front and sliding his hands under the waistband to cup her butt. "Ah, your skin is already chilled. I think you're going to need a hot bath."

Her outer skin might be cold, but her insides were burning at his touch. She was willing to go anywhere and do anything he asked of her, as long as he kept touching her.

"There's a large soaking tub in the master bathroom," she said, leading him by the hand.

In the bathroom, she reached to turn on the water faucet, but Mark blocked her way. "Let me do it," he said. And when she tried to pull her sweater over her head, he stopped her and said, "Let me do that, too."

She stood still as his gaze roved down her body and back up again. She was still completely clothed but her skin tingled under the heat of his eyes. He was doing the dominant/submissive thing that she and Tom had played at doing, but with Mark it didn't seem like play. He was the real thing. A Dom with a capital D.

Amanda's clit started to throb. She was aching to feel his large hands on her skin, to feel him claim her and possess her.

He stuck his hand under the running water as the tub filled. "That should take the chill off you," he said. Then he reached for the bottom hem of her sweater and slowly raised it up over her head as she held her hands up. She hadn't bothered with a bra under her silk undershirt, and her nipples pressed against the smooth fabric. With his thumbs, Mark circled her pebbled tits, and they grew hard and tight.

"So lovely," he said.

"So small," she said.

He met her eyes. "Beauty comes in all shapes and sizes," he said in his deep voice.

And she believed him.

She shivered under his light touch as he skimmed his hands up along her sides, removing her undershirt. Then he continued where he'd left off in the hallway, unzipping

her jeans and sliding them with her long underwear over her hips and down her legs. He had her sit on the edge of the tub as he lifted one foot at a time and removed her socks with her pants. She shook with a chill from the cold tile under her butt and the air against her bare skin.

Before she realised his intent, Mark had swooped her into his arms and gently set her into the bath. The heat of the water stung her skin. She made a move to get out of the tub, but Mark laid a hand on the back of her neck.

“Shhh,” he said. “Just relax.”

At his touch, her body calmed enough that she no longer needed to jump out of the hot water. If he was a natural Dom, she must be a natural sub, because she was eager to do anything he asked of her.

Mark pulled off his sweater. Bare-chested, he knelt next to the tub and squirted body wash on a wash mitt. “Lean forward,” he said.

Amanda didn't want to take her eyes off his body. When she didn't move, he gave her a gentle push to comply. “Lean forward,” he said again.

Okay, maybe she wasn't a natural sub. Or maybe she just needed more training or whatever it was called. She was definitely willing to spend more time with Mark to get all the training she needed.

She wrapped her arms around her bent legs and rested her forehead on her knees above the water. Long, gentle caresses stroked her back, calming Amanda's mental state but creating a storm between her legs. She wanted the pampering done so she could get her hands on his body and they could get on with the pounding she craved.

Without speaking, Mark guided Amanda to lie back against the side of the tub so he could wash the rest of her body. She locked onto his eyes, sending him a plea to have mercy, to put her out of her misery. He must have got her message because he chuckled softly, but didn't alter his slow strokes around each breast and across her stomach.

“I told you there's no rush. I want to enjoy every minute with you,” he said, reaching the top of her pubic hair. She thrust up against his hand, but he moved to the right and continued his path down her leg under the water.

She cursed under her breath.

He chuckled again. “I heard that.”

Finishing the right foot, he moved to the left one and began his deliberate, torturous path up to the juncture of her legs. She wanted to cry out to him to give her more, but she was fairly sure he'd stop everything if she made any demands.

Finally his hand inside the wash mitt hovered close enough she could feel her curls tickle at his slight touch.

"No, I want to feel your slick folds with my fingers," he said, removing his hand from the mitt. She quivered with need.

He slid his hand over the top of her curls and slipped his middle finger into her cleft. Her butt muscles clenched when he made contact with her clit as she tried to remain still. He circled slowly and firmly with the pad of his finger as he tweaked her nipple with his other hand, pushing her over the edge. She climaxed with a rippling shudder, gasping to catch her breath.

"You are so beautiful," he whispered when she finally opened her eyes and looked at him.

And she felt beautiful and womanly when he looked at her that way.

He helped her out of the tub and dried her with a big, fluffy towel. When he carried her to the bedroom, she rubbed her palms over his chest and shoulders, revelling in the feel of his skin under her fingers.

He set her on her feet and pulled back the quilt on the bed. Then he laid her on the smooth, cool sheets. She felt so prized under his gentle care, but he was moving too slowly. He took his time getting his pants off and climbing into bed with her. She wanted him fast and now.

Finally, he was naked and covering her with his large, hard body. She spread her legs farther apart to accommodate him, and his erection lay snug against her opening. She arched her hips to encourage penetration, but he moved his hips away from her.

"Appreciate and savour the moment," he said, smiling down at her.

Even though she'd had an explosive orgasm in the tub, she needed another, and he was driving her crazy. Unhurried, he lowered his head and lazily explored her mouth with his lips. She sucked his tongue in her mouth, trying to arouse him to the same madness she felt. She derived some satisfaction from the sudden jerk of his penis against her outer folds.

He broke the kiss and gazed down at her. "I want to watch you as you come with me inside you," he said.

She expected him to slide into her with the same slow speed he'd used everywhere else, but he surprised her with one hard, quick plunge. She cried out with mingled pain and pleasure. As she grew accustomed to his thick cock inside her, he began pounding into her exactly as she'd craved. He drove into her with such fierce thrusts the headboard banged into the wall.

He watched her face as she wrapped her legs around his waist to deepen his penetration, and she rode the rising waves to her next orgasm. Her vaginal muscles clenched around him as she reached the apex of her climax. With her head thrown back, she cried out with ecstasy.

His shout followed close behind, and she nearly climaxed again during his pulsating release. After his final throb, he dropped his head onto the pillow next to hers while he caught his breath.

She stroked his silky black hair with her fingers. "You were right."

He grunted and nuzzled her neck.

"Appreciate and savour the moment," she said.

He rolled to his side and pulled her into his arms. She fell asleep with her head nestled against his chest and his soft kisses pressed to her forehead.

Chapter Four

Damn. Making love to Amanda had been sweet, Mark thought as he showered and got dressed for the evening. Making love? Where the hell did that come from? It was much too soon to be thinking things like that, but Amanda sure had wanted him and that felt good after watching Sabrina run off with Tom all day.

Tonight, they were going dancing, and Mark couldn't help but feel a little superior to Tom. From their time together on Tenerife, Mark knew Tom wasn't much of a dancer. This would be Mark's chance to shine with the ladies. Tom had gotten his chance on the couch last night, and Mark was looking forward to some equal time with the women.

He left the guest bedroom and stopped in his tracks in the living room at the sight of Amanda in a mini denim skirt and cowboy boots. Her long, lean legs seemed to go on for miles. He swallowed hard and skimmed up the rest of her outfit. She had a white cotton shirt unbuttoned low and tied up in a knot at her waist, so much smooth, perfect skin showing.

He cleared his throat. "Jeez, won't you be a little cold?" he asked, which was a stupid thing to say because she looked damned hot and he didn't want her to change a thing.

She laughed. "I'll wear a coat. I always get really warm dancing."

Mark looked at Sabrina and nearly started drooling. She was wearing a snug black t-shirt scooped low over her luscious breasts with hip-hugging jeans, which accentuated her curves. Standing next to each other dressed in black and white and with their different body types, the women looked like the best of all of Mark's fantasies.

"It looks like everyone's here," Tom said. "Let's get our jackets and go have a good time."

In the car, Mark sat in the back with Amanda. He couldn't keep his hands off the warm smooth skin on her legs. He looked forward to having her plastered up against him dancing in public again. Their hot salsa dancing was one of his favourite memories of Tenerife.

Tom dropped Mark and the women at the door so they could leave their coats in the car. While Tom went to park, Mark walked into the country and western bar with a hot woman on each arm, catching a few envious glances from some of the men. The music was

loud and pulsating, and Mark couldn't wait to get on the dance floor with Amanda and Sabrina.

Amanda tugged his arm and pointed to an empty booth. "Let's snag that one," she said.

Mark walked with the women to the booth before going up to the bar to get them drinks. By the time he returned to the table, it was empty. Setting the glasses on the table, Mark looked around until he saw Tom on the dance floor with Amanda and Sabrina. And damn it, Tom looked like he knew what he was doing with his feet. The man must have learned a few moves on the dance floor as well as in the bedroom during the last seven months. Mark slumped into the booth and took several long swallows of his beer.

Amanda caught his eye and motioned for him to join them, but he shook his head. He wished he could shake off his jealousy as easily. He was being childish. He wasn't going to have any fun if he continued sulking alone. He tossed back the rest of the beer in the bottle and slid out of the booth to join his friends on the dance floor, determined to have a good time.

The country line dances didn't give Mark any opportunity to hold Amanda snug against his body, and by the end of the evening, he was wound up tight from watching Sabrina and Amanda shake their stuff on the dance floor. The women had had a good time, as evidenced by the smiles on their faces all night. And Tom looked pleased with himself, too.

Mark waited near the front door with Amanda and Sabrina as Tom went to bring the car around for them. They slid into their jackets before buckling their seat belts.

Amanda lifted her dark hair off the back of her neck where a couple sweaty strands stuck. "Oh, I so need a shower when I get home," she said.

Mark grinned. "Shall I offer to help, again?"

She turned to him and smiled. "That would be nice."

"You're going to have to wait a little longer than usual to get home," Tom said. "We got several inches of new snow while we were in the bar. It doesn't look like the snow ploughs have gotten to the secondary roads yet. We're going to have a slow drive home with these road conditions."

Amanda leant forward and placed a hand on Tom's shoulder. "No rush, Tom. Just take it slow and be careful," she said. Then she sat back against her seat and slid her hand in Mark's.

He wanted to sit closer to Amanda. Hell, he wanted her on his lap, but he didn't want to risk either of them not wearing a seatbelt with these bad road conditions. His legs were much too long to move to the centre seat like Sabrina had done on the way home from the airport, even Amanda's legs were too long to sit comfortably in that middle seat without the ability to stretch her feet out under the seat in front of her. So Mark stayed on his side of the car and Amanda stayed on hers, and they held hands and stroked their fingers over each other's palms and anticipated their arrival at the house.

It took them twice as long to get back, but finally they were winding their way down the long driveway. Tom had picked up speed a little on his home turf, and Mark could feel the wheels slipping around a curve in the drive.

"Oh, shit," Tom said as the car started sliding to the right, and he pulled on the steering wheel in the opposite direction.

Mark looked in the direction of the slide. Sabrina and Amanda both sat on the side of the car that was heading into the ditch. Time slowed as the car slid over the bank of snow on the edge of the drive and landed on its right side at a forty-five degree angle with a sickening crunch.

"Sabrina? Amanda? Are you alright?" he asked. "Tom, you okay?"

"Yes," Tom said.

"I'm fine," Sabrina said. "Just bumped my head on the window, but I'm fine."

"Amanda?" Mark asked again.

"Yeah, I'm okay. Just scared the breath out of me for a moment," she said.

"Let's get in the house," Tom said. "I'll call a tow truck in the morning." He shoved open the driver's door and helped Sabrina crawl over the seat towards him and out the door.

Mark pushed his door open and reached to give Amanda a hand.

"Ow!" she gasped when she tried to move towards him.

"What's wrong? What hurts?" Mark's heart leapt into his throat. He scanned her from head to toe, looking for any signs of bleeding.

"I can't get my foot out. It's stuck under the seat," she said.

Mark leant down and ran his hand gently over Amanda's boot, feeling where her foot was lodged under the seat in front of her.

"Can you slip your foot out of your boot?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No. These are tough boots to get off even when I don't have my foot wedged under a car seat. I can't just slide out of it."

Mark reached down again and wiggled her foot to determine how securely her foot was trapped. He didn't get any movement. He looked up over his shoulder to see Tom put his warm coat over Sabrina, who was shivering in her sweaty t-shirt and leather jacket.

"I'm going to need help," Mark said to Tom. "Sabrina, why don't you start walking up to the house and get inside where it's warm."

She looked towards the direction of the house, which wasn't visible yet through the trees. There was no moon and the cloudy skies blocked any starlight from reflecting off the snow.

"I can't see much in the dark. I don't want to go alone. I'd probably stray from the driveway and get lost in the trees." She laughed a little. "I'll wait here until we can all go together." She clenched her jaw as her teeth started to knock together from the cold.

"Okay, Tom. Let's get Amanda out so we can all get warm in the house," Mark said. "Can you move the front seat forward while I work to free her foot?"

Tom slid into the front passenger seat and stuck his right hand down to find the controls. It seemed to take a lifetime for the seat to move a few inches so Mark could get his hand all the way around Amanda's foot and gently dislodge it.

She sucked in her breath when he pulled it free.

"I'm sorry. I tried so hard not to hurt you," Mark said.

"I'm okay," she said. "Wasn't your fault. I think my ankle got twisted when it got jammed under there. Thanks for getting my foot loose."

Mark slid out the car backward, bringing Amanda out with him in his arms. Tom got out of the car and closed the doors. He put his arms around Sabrina, who'd been hopping around to keep warm.

"Damn, I'm sorry, Sabrina," Tom said. "I just remembered I have a flashlight in my toolkit in the trunk. You could have used it to go on to the house ahead of us."

Sabrina laughed. "I didn't think to ask, but I guess I should've known you'd be prepared for emergencies after learning you carry a shovel in your trunk."

Mark hefted Amanda more securely in his arms. "Let's go. It's getting real cold out here."

"I might be able to walk, Mark," Amanda said.

"Not until we can check out your ankle in the light after you've warmed up. I don't want you to put any weight on it until then," he said.

Mark walked carrying Amanda behind Tom and Sabrina.

"Thanks for the lift, Mark," Amanda said. "It would be a long trek if I had to hop all the way home."

He leant his head down and kissed her cold lips. "Not a problem. I'm glad I'm able to help." At least he had one thing of value to offer the others, even if it was just the strength of his muscles. They didn't seem to want much else from him.

In the house, Mark carried Amanda to the couch and gently set her down. "How's your ankle feel?" he asked.

"I think it's okay," she said. "I think it just hurt when it twisted. I don't think there's anything really wrong with it."

"Well, let's see." He wrapped his hands around her boot and helped her slide her foot out, which wasn't easy because the boots were a tight fit. He tried to be careful, but he caught her biting her lower lip as her body tensed. "I'm sorry."

"I'm okay," she said, even though she didn't look like it.

Once the boot was off, he examined her foot and ankle with a gentle but firm touch. "There doesn't appear to be any swelling. Does it hurt anywhere when I touch it?"

"Really, Mark. Let me walk on it. I'm sure it's fine." She bent over and pulled off her other boot.

He stood and took her hand to help her off the couch. She twirled her foot, checking for range of motion. Then she tested her weight on it, and finally she took a step.

"You alright?" he asked, his arms out ready to catch her.

"Good as new," she said before she shivered. "Just a little chilled."

"You and Sabrina should go shower," Tom said. "Mark and I can change clothes after we get a fire started."

Mark watched Sabrina and Amanda sharing a look and a smile before they walked together to the master bedroom suite.

As soon as Amanda was out of Mark's sight, she let herself limp a little on her sore ankle.

"I thought you told Mark that it didn't hurt," Sabrina said.

"I said it was fine. I never said it didn't hurt. I didn't think he'd let me off the couch if I said I needed some aspirin. And I really want a shower," she said.

"But you're sure you're alright?"

"Yes, but I'll be better when I get under that hot water...with you," she said, feeling her pulse race.

Sabrina laughed while taking off her clothes. "Last one in is a rotten egg," she said, dashing into the shower stall.

Amanda threw down her blouse and bra and wiggled out of her skirt and panties. Then she followed Sabrina into the two-person shower a little slower because of her injured ankle.

Amanda felt intoxicated watching the soapy water run over Sabrina's large, beautiful breasts, all soft and round. She tentatively reached out her hands to cup them and graze her thumbs over the hardening nipples. They were so much more prominent than her own. She waited until the soap rinsed away, then she bent her head and licked a nipple, swirling her tongue around and around, enjoying the feel of Sabrina's tit. She laved Sabrina's areola then sucked the breast into her mouth deeply. At Sabrina's moan, Amanda felt a rush of warmth between her legs and her clit started to swell.

Amanda wrapped her arms around Sabrina and trailed kisses up her chest and throat until she reached Sabrina's lips. There she licked and nibbled on the fullness of Sabrina's mouth as she stroked Sabrina's lush bottom cheeks.

Sabrina backed Amanda up to the cold tile wall and reached between them. She lightly squeezed and plucked at Amanda's clit. Amanda's legs felt wobbly and she thought she would collapse, but Sabrina held her firmly in place with her body as she continued to torment Amanda's clit.

Amanda's breath grew ragged as her climax edged closer. When Sabrina began to torment Amanda's breast with her other hand with the same squeezing and plucking, Amanda's orgasm rushed through her. Sabrina held her tightly while Amanda gasped.

When Amanda had recovered, she pushed Sabrina down on the shower bench. Spreading Sabrina's legs, she knelt on the floor in front of her. Amanda had never tasted another woman, and now, she couldn't wait another moment. She wanted to make Sabrina moan and gasp and come hard from the strokes of her tongue and fingers.

She spread Sabrina's folds carefully and exposed her hard bud of flesh. She lowered her head and slowly dragged her tongue over Sabrina's clit. Sabrina jumped under Amanda's hands which emboldened Amanda to draw the nub into her mouth and suck hard. Sabrina moaned.

"Oh, love. That feels so good," Sabrina said, spreading her hands over Amanda's head.

Amanda circled Sabrina's opening with two fingers. Sabrina was wet and soft and hot. Still sucking and flicking Sabrina's clit with her tongue, Amanda inserted her fingers into Sabrina's velvety hole. As she drove her hand in and out, Sabrina's inner muscles tightened around her fingers.

"Oh, yes... yes... yes," Sabrina wailed as her climax shook through her body.

Amanda felt a new rush of warmth flood her own slit. She kissed Sabrina's inner thigh as she waited for Sabrina to recover from her orgasm.

"The men will be looking for us soon," Sabrina said when she'd caught her breath. "And I don't think the four of us would be very comfortable in this shower. It's not quite as big as the one in Tenerife."

"Yeah, we'd better finish cleaning up and get out before they try to get in," Amanda said, smiling into Sabrina's sex-hooded eyes.

They shampooed and washed, helping each other with long, gentle caresses. When they got out and dried off, Amanda handed Sabrina a thick white towelling robe and a pair of velour slippers.

"What are you going to wear?" Sabrina asked.

"I bought several sets of robes and slippers when Tom put the hot tub in. It makes me feel like I'm at the spa, and guests like them, too," Amanda said, opening the linen closet and grabbing another set. "I've got plenty."

“Are you ladies ever coming out? Or do we have to come in there and get you?” Tom bellowed from the living room.

Sabrina looked at Amanda, and they both laughed.

“We’re coming!” Amanda shouted as she and Sabrina hurried out of the bathroom.

Chapter Five

Mark had taken a quick shower after bringing in logs for the fire and changed into his lounge pants without a shirt. Now he lay on the floor propped up on his elbows next to the fireplace, watching Sabrina and Amanda emerge from the master suite wrapped in matching white robes and slippers. He figured they were naked under those robes as he caught glimpses of their bare legs as they walked into the living room, and Sabrina had the top of her robe so loosely crossed her bountiful breasts were barely concealed.

Tom stood from his chair at the sight of the women. Mark remained on the floor. He wondered if tonight would be a repeat of the first night or if they'd remember to include him in the festivities this time.

"Oooooo, look at our men, Amanda. Aren't they gorgeous?" Sabrina asked, running her hands up Tom's bare chest. He had only put on his sleep pants, too.

Amanda turned to Mark and came towards him. He noticed the limp she'd tried to hide from him. "It looks like your ankle's not so fine after all," he said.

"It's not serious, and I don't plan to walk on it for the rest of the night," she said, kneeling next to him on the floor.

He looked up and waited for her to touch him, his nerve endings lit with the expectation of her gentle caresses. But she didn't move. He waited and held her gaze. She wanted something from him, a signal or a command maybe. He didn't want to be in control of her responses. He wanted her to initiate the contact. He wanted her to show him how much she wanted him without his leading her along with his touches. So he stayed still and waited.

She drew in a deep breath and reached out her hand to touch his abs, dropping her gaze to his body. She traced over the contours of his muscles with her slender fingers, and he had to concentrate on breathing normal. Just her light touch was building up his libido. She slid her hand up his chest and circled first one then the other nipple with the pad of her middle finger. He forced himself to lay still and let her continue her leisurely exploration of his body. When she reached his shoulder, she leant forward and slid both her hands over his

deltoids and down his biceps to his forearms. She paused with her hands on his wrists, and he held his breath, hoping she wasn't done with him, hoping she hadn't wanted him only to feel his muscles.

She glanced up at him. He let out his breath with a shudder when she let go of his wrists and slipped her hands under the waistband of his pants and gently, slowly, oh so leisurely pulled them down over his hips. He lifted his butt off the floor so she could pull his pants all the way off, but her hands paused in their descent, leaving his cock still covered by his flannels. She looked at him and silently shook her head. Damn! What was she playing at? He lowered his butt back to the floor and waited to experience her next move.

She rubbed her thumbs over his hips and down his sides in little circles as his cock ached. Finally she finished her mini massage and pulled his waistband down the length of his cock and freed him from his pants. He thought he caught a slight smile at the corners of her lips as she fixed her eyes on his penis. She licked her lips and, without a single hesitation, swallowed his entire length into her mouth.

He fell back onto the carpet with a groan, struggling to hold back his swelling need for release. She used her hands and mouth to take him to the brink of his control. His hands fisted in the carpet, and he held his breath.

"I'm going to come," he ground out between clenched teeth.

"Mmmm, hmmm," she murmured with his cock in her mouth.

The extra vibration sent him over the edge. He came hard inside her mouth, and she worked to swallow his ejaculation. Spent, he lay dazed on the floor next to the fire.

She slid up his side, and he realised her robe was off when she pressed her warm flesh against the length of his body. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her down for a kiss. She was so tender and hot.

"I think it's my turn to return the favour," he said.

She smiled. "If you wish."

He flipped her onto her back. Starting at her jaw line, he kissed and tasted and nipped his way down her neck over her shoulder and across her breast to her nipple. He drew her deep into his mouth and sucked hard with her tit pressed to the roof of his mouth with his tongue. She moaned and shuddered beneath him. He felt his cock start to come back to life.

He released her breast and continued his kisses down her flat stomach to her navel. He delved in with his tongue and swirled it, enjoying her little gasp of surprise. Then he inched his way down to her mound of curls, where he lightly blew across them. When she bucked upwards, he held her in place with a firm hand pressed down on her hip. With his other hand, he stroked his fingers along the outer edges of her slit.

“Oh... yes,” she sighed. “More... please.”

He lowered his mouth to her clit and laved his tongue over and around the nub. She moaned and tried to push herself closer to his mouth. He held her still with his hand on her hip and deliberately slowed his pace while he slid two fingers into her hot, slick opening. With smooth strokes, he massaged her inner walls while sucking harder on her clit. Her moans turned into gasps, until she wailed out with her orgasm and a rush of hot liquid ran over his fingers.

He rested his cheek on her lean thigh as she caught her breath. She reached down and tugged at him to lie next to her. He wrapped her in his arms and snuggled into her sweet-smelling neck.

“Bravo,” Sabrina called out, clapping her hands.

Mark looked up at her and Tom on the couch watching him and Amanda on the floor.

“Oh, God,” Amanda groaned, hiding her face in Mark’s shoulder. “How do I keep forgetting there are other people in the room?”

He chuckled. “That’s the whole point. You should be enjoying it so much that nothing else around you matters.”

“I think it’s time to give Amanda her Christmas present,” Tom said.

“Sure.” Mark started to unwrap his arms from Amanda so her husband could take over. Mark was being relegated to the sidelines again. At least he’d had some time with Amanda.

“No, stay there. I’ll come to you,” Tom said, sliding off the couch to join them on the floor.

Tom kissed Amanda and tweaked her nipple. “Have you been a good girl this year?”

She smiled and nodded enthusiastically. Mark laughed with Tom at the eager look on her face, even though he didn’t know what Tom had planned.

Tom turned to Mark. "I hope you'll be willing to help me with this present. I realise now I should have asked you first, but I can't give her this without you," he said.

Mark was surprised to be included in Tom's plan. He'd already resigned himself to being the redundant male in this new relationship between the four of them.

"Sure, I'll be more than pleased to help, but I can't imagine what I could give her that you can't," Mark said.

Tom smiled. "But together we can fill her completely."

Amanda's eyes grew wide at Tom's message, and she reached out to touch both men at her sides. "Oh yes, I've been a very good girl this year," she said, nodding her head enthusiastically.

"Lie back down, Mark," Tom said, taking control of the situation. "Now ride him, Amanda," Tom directed.

Mark enjoyed this new role as observer *and* participant. Tom was in charge, and Mark just had to lie back and take pleasure in the moment.

Amanda lowered her slick sheath around his cock. He ran his hands up her thighs to her hips and rocked her. She threw her head back and moaned.

"Don't get too far ahead of me," Tom said as he applied lube to his finger from a small tube he'd retrieved from the pocket in his sleep pants.

Amanda's mouth fell open, and she gasped as Tom must have entered her anus with his finger. Looking over her shoulder, Mark watched Tom's eyes darken with his need while he prepared Amanda for his entry. Her body tensed as Tom held her around the waist and worked his cock into her back hole.

"Oh...oh...yes...yes. That feels sooo good," she moaned. Her fingers clenched Mark's shoulders.

Tom's breathing accelerated as he thrust into Amanda. Soon, the three of them found their rhythm with Amanda squeezed between him and Tom. Mark shuddered at the additional stimulation of Tom's penis rubbing against his through Amanda's inner walls.

"Yes...yes... Oh, God, yes," she wailed as her inner muscles spasmed around his cock, and her orgasm shattered through her.

He was close behind her with his own orgasm. He groaned, shooting the heat of his climax inside her. Tom followed him, shouting with his own release. They pressed her between them, riding the triple climax until all three of them stopped shaking.

Tom withdrew and fell onto his back on the floor. Amanda stayed sprawled across Mark's chest with his arms wrapped around her as he pulled in deep breaths of air.

From the couch, Sabrina's voice floated over them. "You know, I've been a really good girl this year, too."

Mark chuckled. "Yes, love, you have. And I look forward to giving you your present with some help from Tom."

"Of course." Tom smiled. "Because together, we can completely fulfil our women."

About the Author

Suzanne Graham has always been an avid reader and diary writer. After inheriting boxes of romance books from her aunt, she decided to try putting her own stories on paper. Suzanne met her husband, a fellow American, as an exchange student at the University of Warwick in England. They are proud parents of three boys. In her spare time, you can usually find Suzanne on the living room couch reading romances.

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Suzanne loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

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