



# Hard Discoveries

**Tonya Ramagos**



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**BY**

**TONYA RAMAGOS**

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## DEDICATION

*To my readers. May you never be afraid to experiment until you discover true happiness.*

# HARD DISCOVERIES

He came by way of invitation and already regretted coming alone. Cassidy Kipling set his suitcase on the plush carpeted floor of the sitting area and took in his surroundings. A two-seater sofa, a breakfast table for two, a heart-shaped whirlpool in a deep crimson perched atop a ceramic tiled base and candles of deep reds and bright whites scattering the gleaming surface. It should have looked too girly, he thought, or like a freaking candy cane. Instead, it seemed somehow masculine. Romantic, yes, yet oddly manly and arousing.

Because he couldn't explain the why of it, he let the thought rest and continued his appraisal of the rooms. A large opening with a pair of narrow steps led down into a room lit by the flickering flame of a fire in the hearth. The plush carpet of the sitting room continued here, covered only in part by a round bed dressed in solid, satiny black. Throw pillows of the deep crimson tied in the color scheme like droplets of blood amidst all the

darkness. Above the bed, large square mirrors gave the ceiling an exotic flare.

Instead of bothering with the bathroom next—surely, that was what the closed door to the left of the bed concealed—his attention was drawn to the far wall. A glass wall from ceiling to floor, caging off... “Well, would you look at that,” he muttered aloud as he pulled open the glass door and stepped into yet another room.

It was warm in here. Kept that way, he was sure by the small two-person sauna in the far corner. Kept that way to quickly dry the skin as one emerged from the pyramid shaped swimming pool. He let the door close behind him and knelt at the side of the pool and stroked his fingers over the water. Warm there too, he thought. Heated. Made for relaxing, for enjoying with a significant other.

“You’re going to wish you came with me when I tell you about this,” he said even though he knew Lily couldn’t hear him and felt another tug at his heart because his wife of eleven years had elected to stay behind.

To give them both time to think, to feel, he recollected. A bit of the old absence makes the heart grow and all that perhaps? Well, he was thinking. Wasn’t he? Definitely feeling. She’d wanted this and he’d promised to give it to her. There wasn’t anything he wouldn’t do for Lily. So he continued to let the thoughts and feelings flood

him as he kicked off his shoes, pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it with his shoes near the glass wall. His pants and briefs followed and he caught sight of his naked reflection in a mirror near the sauna. It made him pause, take stock.

He'd hit thirty-four this year. Mid-thirties, he mused. A man could no longer claim early thirties with that number. He'd passed his prime, he supposed. Or had he? Hell, he wasn't even sure what age was believed to be a man's prime anymore. At any rate, all things considered, he looked good. Maybe he was beginning to get a bit of gray hair at his temples mixing with his dark curls. Lily said it made him look more distinguished, handsome. He had a few laughter lines around his mouth and eyes, but laughter lines were good, he supposed. Showed he was a man who enjoyed life, had fun with it. They seemed to set off his eyes, too, the color of a deep ocean sea. And, as for his body, he considered and foolishly struck a pose for his mirrored audience. Well, so far he'd managed to hold onto lean curves, hard muscles and narrow hips. He had broad shoulders. Lily often told him they were one of his best features. Wide and strong and perfectly hardened for digging her nails into as he slammed his cock in her eager pussy.

Damn but he missed her, wished he were with her, *inside* her right now. Eleven years of marriage and he still felt like a teenager with a crush when

he thought about his wife. Eleven years of loving the same woman more than life and he still felt that quiet little tug in his gut that something was missing, that something prevented him from feeling entirely complete.

Which was how he'd found himself here, he supposed, alone in an incredibly glorious, romantic and yet somehow masculine room at a private resort. She wanted him to use this time to reflect, to ponder and discover what that something could be. For the life of him, he didn't have a clue. What could a man be missing when he had the love of a woman like Lily? He stepped into the heated pool. The size was too small for swimming, the water too shallow to do little more than submerge for a dunk. He did so as he contemplated the question. Lily held the kind of pristine beauty that could turn the original Barbie green with envy. Combine those incredible curves, flawless bronze skin, delicate features and natural long blonde hair with a sparkling personality and an adventurous sex kitten in bed and even Cassidy couldn't see what more a man could want.

Still, he did. Stupid though it was, he wanted, and holding his breath until his lungs burned while he drowned out all noise but the clambering in his own head didn't make him want any less. Frustration boiling, he pushed off the bottom of the pool, broke the surface of the water on a gasp

of air.

"Relax," he muttered as he raked his wet curls away from his face. "You came here to relax," he reminded himself and took a deep breath. Aggravation ebbed. "Not that you've ever been very good at it," he muttered.

"Perhaps I can help you with that."

Cassidy rounded on the voice, watched a wave of pool water splash over the side to drown a pair of large bare feet. He dragged his gaze up, the feet leading to a set of long legs clad in a pair of well-worn jeans riding low on the hips and just meeting the bottom hem of a crisp white tank. The face was younger than his own by a couple of years, tanned and boyish with a hint of five-o'clock shadow darkening his chin, cheekbones that demanded attention, eyes of deep smoky gray and hair as blond as Lily's.

"Who are you?" Cassidy demanded. Heat moved through his blood, warming him to equal temperature of the pool water.

"Name is David." A slow, lazy grin spread over lips of perfect bow shape and pale pink color.

"How did you get in here?" Cassidy shot a glance over his shoulder into the other rooms of the suite. Everything appeared to be as he'd left it. Except for this interesting addition, that was.

"Front door." David shrugged his broad strong looking shoulders in a nonchalant move. "You left it unlocked."

Cassidy thought for a second, but couldn't remember flicking the locking mechanism on the door as he'd entered. He guessed he'd assumed it was the type to lock automatically. "What do you want? Why are you here?" Twenty questions R us, he mused, though he supposed he had a right to ask anything he wanted when he found a strange man in his suite. A strange man, he thought again and studied David more closely. Cassidy couldn't put a finger on it but something about David struck him as oddly familiar.

"You could say I come with the invitation," David answered. His voice was smooth, a rich baritone. "How about a massage?"

Well, that made sense. He worked for the resort. A little lacking in uniform, Cassidy decided as he considered the other man. On the other hand, he'd received massages from therapists dressed in far less appropriate clothing than jeans and a muscles shirt. "Sure," Cassidy finally answered with a shrug of his own that mirrored the ones David used. He shot another glance into the other rooms. He'd forgotten to bring a towel with him. Though, to his credit, he hadn't actually intended to go for a swim. The fact that he'd been caught skinny dipping in a very shallow, very small pool no matter how private it should have been by this man, hadn't occurred to him before now. He felt a twinge of heat creep into his cheeks. "Just let me, uh, get out, put some pants on and I'll

meet you in the sitting room."

"Why don't we do it in here? In there?" David suggested with a pointed gaze at the pool.

Cassidy watched the man's smoky eyes go the color of a thunderstorm and uneasily shifted his weight on his feet. The water in the pool was a crystal clear blue and reached only to the lower part of his ribs. David wouldn't need any type of special glasses to see under the water, to see *him* through the water. He felt his cock jump involuntarily at the thought as if it knew he was thinking about it and wanted to do a little trick.

"The warm water will be great for loosening the muscles and make the massage all the more effective." As he spoke, David's gaze climbed Cassidy's torso, his chest, seemed to linger a half a heartbeat on his mouth, then finally settled on his eyes.

"I'm not wearing a suit," Cassidy said unnecessarily.

David held his gaze as his lips tilted in a barely there smile that made Cassidy's gut react in a way he'd only ever felt when looking at Lily. "We're both men, aren't we?"

It sounded so reasonable that, coupled with the oddly familiar and still strangely foreign sensations streaming through his veins, Cassidy didn't think to argue. Nor did he think to look away when David began to undress right there on the side of the pool. The man was a sculpted work

of art, Cassidy thought as David caught the bottom hem of his muscles shirt and pulled it up and over his head. Fine lines and hard ridges of pure, bronze toned muscles. Oh to be twenty-something again.

David's fingers paused on the button of his jeans and Cassidy's gaze darted up, slammed into the smiling and knowing smoky gaze of David's. Cassidy felt the heat creep up his neck but it was the ache in his cock that surprised him more. He cleared his throat and wrenched his gaze from David's only to have it fall involuntarily right back to David's fingers.

As if to toy with him, David traced the bronze skin just above his waistband, outlined the slight path of his hipbone where it disappeared into the low riding jeans. By the time he unfastened the button and slowly eased down the zipper, Cassidy's breath was coming fast and his dick was hard as a rock. Geezus! Was he actually getting turned on by this...guy?

Yes. Yes he was. There was no denying it, especially when he stood there in the pool, his balls on fire, his dick throbbing and his mouth salivating in anticipation for David to remove his pants. A wave of disappointment hit as David's jeans hit the floor. He wore bikini briefs, a soft baby blue that stood out against the deep bronze of his flesh, and kept them on much to Cassidy's growing displeasure as he moved to the pool's

edge, knelt to put a bracing hand on the side and gently jumped into the water. His gaze remained locked with Cassidy's, a deep perception and a world of intrigue swirling in the gray of his eyes as he moved in the water, stopping only when he stepped behind Cassidy.

Cassidy jolted when David's hands closed on his shoulders. Large hands, Cassidy noted, strong hands, long fingers, warm palms.

"Relax," David said, his voice barely above a whisper. "That's what you're here for, isn't it?"

Cassidy's mind reeled even as he forced his muscles to go lax in the other man's touch. He'd had massages before, given by both women and men. He'd never quite had one while immersed in a private, heated swimming pool, but that was no matter. What was the big deal?

"You're so tense," David commented, his long fingers kneading, caressing, driving slivers of—geezus, could that really be desire—from pulse points in Cassidy's neck and shoulders all the way to his hardened cock.

And that was the big deal, Cassidy answered himself silently. This man had him wanting things he'd never thought to want in his life! Certainly not from another man. Yet... He tried to convince himself it was the heat. The heat of the water, of the closed off room, coupled with the stress in his marriage, in his life and exhaustion. When had he last gotten a good night sleep?

"I've been a bit stressed lately," he heard himself admit as David's wide hands moved down his spine, fingers dancing, stopping just above the cleft of his ass before two-stepping up again.

"Want to talk about it? Not only do I give superb massages, sweetie, but I also have a wonderful set of ears."

"Two forms of therapy in one, huh? My wife and I have been having..." Problems, Cassidy was about to say, but that wasn't quite true. It was he who seemed to have the problems. Not Lily. "My wife is amazing, beautiful, sensual, loving. We've been married for eleven years and yet everyday with her still feels like the first."

"Then what's the problem, sweetie?" David's hands continued their amazing exploration of Cassidy's back, one hand moving to his neck, delving beneath his hair to massage while the other dipped over his shoulder, kneading at his collarbone.

"She's adventurous," Cassidy went on. Without really noticing, he let his head fall back. David was taller by several inches and Cassidy's head came to rest on the other man's shoulder. "She loves to experiment. In bed, I mean. She really gets off on trying new things."

"What about you?" David prompted gently and his hand grazed from Cassidy's neck to slide down his arm, then moved to knead the muscles

of his side.

"Oh, I love it, too. It's just that lately I've been..." Cassidy let the words trail off as tingling, breathless sensations coursed through him. Those hands, David's hands, the heat of them on his flesh, the tender pressured way they squeezed and stroked his muscles were taking his breath, making him feel lightheaded and dizzy with need. Sexual need. Geezus, his cock was so hard it screamed between his legs!

"You've been?"

At David's gentle prodding, Cassidy struggled to collect his thoughts. "I've been feeling like there's something missing, something I want maybe, but I don't have a clue what it could be."

"Don't you?"

At the question spoken barely louder than a whisper, at the warm tickle of air against the side of his neck, Cassidy turned his head and opened eyes he hadn't realized he'd closed. His gaze locked with David's, his eyes widening in surprise. Their faces, their noses, geezus, their mouths were no more than an inch apart. Cassidy let his gaze drop to David's lips, watched in awe and marveled at the stampede of elephants that ran through his gut when David ran a slow tongue over his bottom lip, teasing.

"Are you sure you don't have a clue what it is you're looking for?"

No, Cassidy thought as his mouth went dry. He

wasn't sure of anything anymore. David's hand grazed over Cassidy's side to his abs, his stomach, lower. Stop, he started to say, *knew* he should say, but couldn't seem to form the word on his tongue. Especially not when what his tongue wanted was to taste the lips of this man who was but a mere breath from him. Geezus, what was happening to him?

"I think you do," David continued, still softly, still easily as if afraid he would frighten Cassidy if he spoke any louder. He probably would have. Everything he was doing, saying, everything Cassidy could see in his eyes was scaring him nearly out of his mind and yet...

"I think you know exactly what you want," David told him. "It's the admitting it to yourself, to Lily, to me that's the problem. It think this," his voice dropped even lower and he leaned in to whisper in Cassidy's ear as his hand found Cassidy's hard cock, his fingers closing around his wide, rigid shaft, "is what you want, Cassidy."

Oh God, Cassidy thought and let his eyes close, his mind screaming in confusion, shock, denial, pleasure. Pleasure? Yes, pleasure. Geezus, David was right! This was exactly what Cassidy wanted. This was what he'd wanted all along.

"Tell me I'm wrong," David whispered as he began to stroke Cassidy's shaft, slow, pressured glides of his palm and fingers along the long length of Cassidy's cock. "Tell me to stop, Cassidy."

That's all you have to do."

"I can't!" The words burst from Cassidy's lips as though they'd been wrenched from him. He couldn't tell him to stop, didn't want to. God help him, he didn't want David to stop. He opened his eyes, met David's penetrating gaze and closed the distance between their mouths.

Cassidy gave in to the desire to feel, to taste, to explore. His tongue emerged from his mouth to lick his way inside David's parting lips, to find David's tongue. They tangled together in a dance as old as mankind, yet with a new choreography Cassidy had never dreamed. Never allowed himself to dream, he corrected himself as he surrendered further to the conglomeration of sensations rendering his mind useless, his body completely at the mercy of this man.

This man. Cassidy was kissing another man and it felt amazing, glorious, and, dear God, so right! David tasted of mint toothpaste and cola but it was the innate masculine undertone Cassidy drank in the most. He reveled in it, explored it, devoured it and found he couldn't get enough. He marveled at the roughness of David's whiskers on his flesh, lost himself more in the sharp daggers of pleasure he felt from David's slightly calloused palm on the tender flesh of his cock. Dimly, he heard the water of the pool slosh softly with the movement of David's hand as he increased the tempo of his stroking, the quicker pace drawing

an involuntary moan from Cassidy's throat that became lost somewhere in their fevered kiss.

Cassidy reached an arm behind him, cupped a hand at the back of David's neck, needing to touch, needing to deepen the kiss, needing so much more. David responded by allowing his tongue to go wild inside Cassidy's mouth, his hand echoing the action on Cassidy's dick and Cassidy felt himself claw toward an animalistic release more violent than any he'd ever experienced. He could feel David's cock hard and long against his back and moved against it, rocking, sliding, grinding over that massive lump until he felt David's breath turn to a frenzy, until he heard David's echoing moans of pleasure and need. Need. Sweet God above, Cassidy never felt a need such as this!

Heartbeats consumed by passionate moans and slivers of white-hot pleasure passed in a blurry haze until David dragged his mouth from Cassidy's. Cassidy wanted to protest, barely caught the words before they passed his tingling and swollen lips. His cock screamed in an agony of pure delight even as his balls tightened to the point of pain and even the protest lost form in his mind over the sheer rapturous demand building literally in David's hand.

"I'm going under," David told him and Cassidy frowned at the words. Going under? What did he mean? "Hold on until then, okay? I want to taste

your cum, sweetie. Just another minute before you let go.”

Cassidy stood statue still in the water as David slid around him, their bodies grazing with every inch. Though the movement of David’s hand slowed on Cassidy’s cock, it didn’t stop much to Cassidy’s relief. The other man moved until they stood face to face. David flashed him a smile that was sweetly seductive and hot as hell, then leaned in for another kiss, this one far more chaste than the last. David showered Cassidy with kisses, his chin, his neck, his chest. David paused at Cassidy’s nipple, his tongue snaking out to trace the pebbled surface. He nipped the tip of Cassidy’s nipple and Cassidy’s breath caught at the electric sensation of it, then his breath sizzled as David’s tongue licked the lace of pain away.

David resumed planting his garden of kisses, alternating a lick and a nibble here and there, moving all the while down Cassidy’s body. It wasn’t until David took a deep breath and submerged himself under the water that Cassidy finally understood and he held on. The moment David’s tongue licked over the head of Cassidy’s cock under the water, Cassidy’s knees began to tremble. His eyes widened as David’s lips closed around the head, still licking, still tasting and slowly sucked his cock deeper. His gaze darted over the surface of the water, up to the ceiling, over to the wall, back to the water before he finally

closed his eyes, cutting off all vision and leaving himself with only the ability to feel.

"Holy shit!" He expelled the words on a whoosh of air as David deep throated his cock. The warmth of David's mouth, the pressure of his throat around Cassidy's shaft sent shards of exotic sensation through Cassidy's dick and balls so sharp he thought his mind would shatter from the pleasure. Still, he held on, wanting to feel, needing this blow job to continue, wanting it never to end. He held on for as long as he could, as long as he dared, as long as the sliver of sanity in the deep recesses of his mind told him a man like David could hold his breath under water while doing such delicious things to Cassidy's cock.

David pulled back, letting Cassidy's cock slip from his lips, then drew it in again, this time grazing his teeth lightly over the shaft. He reached between Cassidy's legs, found his balls, cupped them, rolled them and Cassidy lost his grip. Sanity and reason, control and sound all fled with the powerful rush of his semen into David's mouth. David's lips milked Cassidy's cock, drank from it with a fervor that drained all strength from Cassidy's knees. He felt them begin to buckle as the last of his release spurted from the head of his cock into David's greedy mouth and would've gone under himself if David's arm hadn't tightened around him, held him up.

David broke the surface of the water with a

gasp and a wide smile brightening his handsome face. Though shaky and spent, Cassidy gathered enough strength to reach for the other man, pulling him into his arms, hard bodies pressed to mold muscle to muscle, line to line. Their gazes locked and Cassidy lost himself in the depths of David's eyes. What was it about this man that struck so familiar?

Compelled by both the question and the eyes, Cassidy raised a hand to David's face, slid his fingers along the man's cheek in a light caress as he moved to cup the back of David's neck. "Thank you for that," he whispered and drew David's face down to his. He meant to kiss him slowly, sweetly, to add weight to his words but the instant their lips touched, Cassidy felt himself explode. He turned to fire in David's arms, all energy returning with a vigor that wouldn't be sated again until he had this man.

Cassidy tasted his own cum in David's mouth, the lingering remains thick and salty sweet, served as still more fuel for the flames burning him from the inside out. He reached between their bodies, boldly delved a hand inside David's briefs and found his massive, rigid cock. Cassidy curled his fingers around the shaft, marveling at the girth, afraid to guess at the length. When he tore his mouth from David's they were both panting, his own cock already aroused to full erection, the air in the room around them sizzling with needs and

the promises to fulfill them.

"I want you," Cassidy said and gave David's dick a light squeeze, then bit back a smile as the man's eyes rolled back in his head. "Is that enough of an admission for you?"

"Oh sweetie, that's exactly the admission I wanted to hear," David breathed. He brushed his lips over Cassidy's once more, then grazed his hands down Cassidy's arms, locking their fingers together on one side while gently pulling Cassidy's other hand free from his briefs. "Why don't we continue this in the other room? Too much more of this in here and we're libel to scorch each other from the heat and, sweetie," he paused, slid a pointed gaze down Cassidy's body, "that flesh of yours is far too handsome to scar with burns."

Cassidy chuckled and let David lead him out of the pool. He walked dripping through the glass door into the bedroom of the suite and froze. He couldn't say for sure if it was the blast of cool air that had his cock shrinking like a turtle pulling back into its shell or the sight of his wife leaning half-naked against the bathroom doorframe, but the surprise barreled out of him on a heavy whoosh as though he'd been punched in the gut.

"Lily." Her name was barely a whisper. He couldn't seem to draw in enough air to speak it any louder, wouldn't have heard it anyway over the pounding of his pulse in his ears. Still, even

drowning in surprise and fear, the slow smile that tilted her red painted lips as she looked at him, the seductive sway of her slender hips as she walked to him, brought the beginnings of a new life arousal back to his cock. She was absolutely amazing! Her long blonde hair, left to hang free as he liked, flowed around smooth shoulders graced by a hint of lacy straps leading to a satin and lace negligee of white and crimson. The lace flowed over her ample breasts, the satin outlining their cups and exposing them to a lover's hand. His hands, he thought as his palms screamed to touch. Her abdomen and stomach were bare, her hips clad only in another thin string belonging to a pair of white crotchless panties. Crimson heels three inches high brought his gorgeous vixen to him and lust wove around the fear in his heart.

"You went skinny dipping without me." There was a pout in her voice, but her eyes glinted with something Cassidy couldn't name, something he'd never seen in all the eleven years of their marriage. She lifted a finger, the nail painted the same siren red as her lips, and trailed the tip over his pecks, down the narrow patch of curls on his chest and lower.

Flames erupted under her fingernail, leaving a trail of icy longing in its wake as her touch drifted away. "I wasn't expecting you." And wasn't that the most truthful thing he'd ever said to her? The woman, his *wife*, just caught him walking naked

out of a poolroom with a nearly naked man! Christ, what must she be thinking?

"I wanted to surprise you." She moved in, licked at the droplets of water that sparkled on his chest.

"You definitely did that," Cassidy breathed, but his attention was drawn to her tongue, the satiny feel of it gliding along his already super heated flesh. "Lily." Her name was barely audible even to his own ears as her finger reached its destination, curled around his slightly hard shaft and almost instantly brought him back to a fully aroused state.

"There now," she whispered and leaned in, brushing only the tips of her erect nipples over his chest. She knew it drove him mad, knew he wanted to feel all of her pressed hard against him, molded to him.

There was something he should say, something he needed to do. It was there, skirting at the edge of his thoughts, but he couldn't grasp it. Because Lily was grasping him. All train of thought always left him at his wife's touch. Her fingers tightened around his cock as her other hand slid around his neck and she kissed him. The woman was an exceptional kisser. A skilled tongue that needed no guidance or coercion, a sweetly feminine taste, and lips that broke all barriers of resistance or restraint. Cassidy could kiss her for hours and never want for anything more.

Her nipples grazed his chest and he growled low in his throat. Maybe this time he would want more. Because he sensed neither of them would be satisfied by a mere kiss, no matter how phenomenal, he yanked her to him, slamming her body completely against him until he could feel every curve, every nuance of her flesh. They fit so perfectly, angle for angle, line for line, just like always.

Cassidy lost himself in her kiss, in her touch, in his wife, in a reality where only the two of them existed. It was the large splayed hand that gripped his side from behind, the warm dance of a tongue along his shoulders and back that had true reality slamming into him. David. What was he supposed to do about David? What should he tell the other man? Christ, what was he to tell Lily about the other man?

He opened eyes he'd been unaware he'd closed and looked directly into Lily's ocean blue gaze. Without speaking, she caught his hands and pulled him to the bed, let go as she lay down and scooted back. She positioned herself in the center of the round bed, her long golden hair tumbling over the crimson pillows and black sheets making her look like a Goddess. She was a Goddess, Cassidy thought as she spread her legs, opening her tantalizing bare pussy for him. She was *his* Goddess.

"She's so beautiful."

Cassidy whipped his head around at the words, realizing only then that David had moved with them and now stood, his front pressing to Cassidy's back, his hand—no, not now—grazing down the flat planes of Cassidy's stomach in search of his cock. He tried to move, to get away, but David held him still.

"Cassidy."

His name spoke in Lily's most seductive you-know-you-want-to-fuck-me tone pulled his attention to the bed. Her hand made a pointed dive between her opened thighs, closing over her shaved pussy lips and one finger delved inside.

"Lily," he breathed her name on a hard exhale of teased longing. She did this to him a lot, made him watch while she pleasured herself with her fingers or sometimes her vibrator until he was begging her to let him fuck her.

"You know what I want, Cassidy." She withdrew her finger, brought it to her lips and licked away her own juices.

Cassidy whimpered at the sight and behind him he heard David whisper, "She's a fucking sex Goddess."

Her gaze dropped pointedly to his cock now achingly erect and in David's hand. "Come give it to me."

David released his hold on him and Cassidy climbed onto the bed. He stopped on his knees between Lily's feet and bent down, kissing first

her ankle, her shin, then her knee, the inside of her thigh. When his mouth closed over her sopping pussy, he heard her cry of pleasure, felt her fingers fist in his hair and push his face into her folds. She tasted of heat and desire, sweet and sticky, ready and wanting. He thrust his tongue into her opening, reached to find her swollen clit with his thumb and fucked her with his mouth, with his hand until she was writhing and screaming beneath him. When she exploded, he continued his delicious assault on her pussy until he'd licked away all traces of the sweet treat she'd given him, then resumed his kisses. His tongue moved over her belly, her abs, lingered to devour first one breast, then the other before trailing to her neck, her throat, her chin and, finally, her mouth.

Cassidy only half registered the shift of the bed behind him, lost as he was in devouring his wife. The wide hands, decidedly male hands, on his ass, his thigh, had him wrenching his mouth from Lily's on a shocked gasp. Before he could turn to look at David, his gaze locked with Lily's.

"It's what you want." She said it as more statement of fact than question.

Cassidy stared at her, wonderment adding to the turmoil that overtook his insides. Where he expected to see revulsion or anger or even pain in her eyes, he saw only understanding. Behind him, David slipped a slick finger between Cassidy's butt cheeks, found his anus and slowly delved

inside. Cassidy's eyes widened, but his gaze remained locked on Lily's. It wasn't as though he'd never been touched there, even fucked there. Lily had experimented on him, fingering him, then using her vibrator on him, sending him into a release that kept him aching for days after.

But this. Knowing it was David doing this and not his wife. Cassidy couldn't explain the myriad of sensations that rocked him with that realization. He heard himself grunt, almost cry out as David probed his finger deeper, wiggled and twisted, pushed and spread, then abruptly withdrew. The absence of something lodged in his ass without release made him beg. A single whispered word escaped before he could stop it. "Please."

Beneath him, Lily smiled. Her hand moved between their bodies and she found his pulsing cock, guided it to her needy pussy.

Cassidy plunged inside her without thought or design, watched as the move brought her back arching off the bed, her eyes closing, her lips parting on a surprised gasp of pleasure. Her hands were on his shoulders and her nails dug into his flesh, feeding his low hunger for pain, offering proof of her sheer enjoyment as he took her body.

When he felt himself on the near verge of a too quick release, he slowed his thrusts. When he felt David move closer behind him, recognized the head of the other man's cock resting against his anus, his thrusts into Lily stopped completely and

he closed his eyes, heart pounding, want warring with reason in his very soul.

"Cassidy," Lily whispered. "Open your eyes, my love. I want to watch you."

Cassidy opened his eyes and David inched the head of his enormous cock in Cassidy's hole.

"Tell me to stop, Cassidy. That's all you have to do." David echoed his earlier words from the pool in the same tenderly heated baritone he'd used then.

"It's what you want, baby," Lily said again.

"I can't," Cassidy ground through clenched teeth. My God, was he really going to do this? Was Lily really okay with this? Did he really *want* to do this? Yes. Yes, he wanted this, *needed* this.

"You can, Cassidy," Lily said softly, compassion lacing each word.

"No." Cassidy stared at his wife, his heart, and admitted the truth. "I can't tell him to stop."

"Then I won't, sweetie," David said and thrust inside.

"Yes!" Cassidy ground, the thrust of David's cock inside him from behind driving his own cock deeper into Lily. The pleasure was almost too intense, the fine line between need and satisfaction snapping as David filled him, as he filled Lily.

It was David who set the pace of their lovemaking. The other man folded himself over Cassidy, his hands moving over Cassidy's flesh, his mouth exploring as he moved in and out of

Cassidy in thrusts that were measured, controlled and pure perfection.

"Sweetie, this is incredible," he grunted. "You feel so good...so tight...so..."

Cassidy rode on the waves of David's words, reveled in the feel of the man at his back, in his touch, in the act of having him inside him. Beneath him, Lily gasped in her own pleasure, her hips rising to meet his, to meet David's stroke for stroke, her inner muscles tightening around Cassidy's cock like a vice. The hard edge of release took him by surprise and he fought to push it back, to prolong this incredible pleasure for as long as he could, but his body wouldn't allow it.

"Lily. Oh God, David." He growled their names in warning, sandwiched between their bodies as he was, completely at their mercy, it was all he could do.

"Go, sweetie," David grunted. "We're right there with you."

Cassidy looked into Lily's sex glazed eyes and saw David was right. She was hanging on that orgasmic edge, too. "I'm going to..."

David thrust harder, deeper inside him, effectively cutting off his words and sending him spiraling into the ocean of release. Lily cried out as well and he felt the heat of her juices flood around his cock as he emptied his seed inside her, as David growled his own release behind them.

Arms shaking from exhaustion, Cassidy

collapsed on top of Lily. Behind him, David withdrew and rolled to lay next to them on the bed. Almost absently, Cassidy reached out, idly caressed the man's shoulder. It was the only movement his drained body would allow. Ragged breaths merged as one, the scent of sweat and sex perfumed the air. Cassidy reveled in it, felt it as the needy, confused, empty space inside him closed with discovery.

Many long, panging moments later, Cassidy lifted his head and peered down at Lily. She was looking up at him with a wide, knowing smile on her face. Still, he felt uncertainty curl in his gut. What he'd just done, what they'd just done, what David just did to him... Could she really be okay with it?

"It's what you wanted," she said as if she read his mind. She probably did, he mused. The woman had always been psychic when it came to his thoughts.

"You aren't..." Cassidy hesitated, searched for the right word. "Grossed out?"

Lily laughed, a quick burst of sensually amused air. "Are you kidding? That was amazing!" She turned her head toward David, reached a hand to touch his thigh. "Promise me we'll do this again sometime, David."

"You truly are a sex Goddess, Lily, and I would be punished for all of eternity if you never invited me to sample your God again." David pulled

himself up to lie on his side facing them and propped his head in his hand. "All you have to do, Lily, is ask. You know where to find me."

Cassidy watched the by-play between his wife and this man, confusion swirling in the slowly clearing fog of his brain. "You know each other?" he asked dumbly.

"Of course we do," Lily told him gently. "I set this up."

"I'm crushed you don't remember me," David feigned a pout.

A very sexy, very arousing pout, Cassidy thought and wondered how he could have possibly ever seen this man and not remember him. Yet, hadn't David seemed familiar to him from the start? Cassidy stared at David, studied his handsome face, let his gaze trail over his sculptured body, his massive cock glistening with the remains of his own release that the discarded condom hadn't taken away, back to his face. It snapped in that instant. Memory. Recognition. "You just moved into the apartment next door."

"I'm not sure a month ago still qualifies as just," David grinned. "But yeah, I'm right next door. Any time you want me." He said the last with a tone of pure suggestion and a waggle of his eyebrows.

Cassidy and Lily both laughed.

"Damn man, I can't believe I didn't recognize you." Cassidy felt like a real idiot, even more so

for giving into sex with a handsome stranger.

David shrugged. "You've had a lot on your mind. Besides, it helped with the whole surprise Lily cooked up for you." He leaned in, caught Lily's cheek in his hand and kissed her. "I had to do that just once," he whispered against her lips, then he pushed himself up, caught Cassidy in the same way and kissed him breathless. When he finally pulled back, he let out a low whistle. "Now I'm going to the bathroom to clean up and leave the two of you alone for a few to chat. Be ready to do that again when I get back." He slapped Cassidy playfully on the ass, crawled off the bed and disappeared into the bath, closing the door behind him.

"I really like him," Lily said on a chuckle.

"Yeah, I do—" Cassidy broke off, met Lily's gaze and smiled. "You knew."

"Knew what? That it was a man you needed or that it was *that* man you needed?"

Cassidy laughed. "Both, I guess."

Lily nodded and kissed him. "I knew."

"And you're really okay with it?"

"Honey, I'm more than okay with it. What we just did with that man was one of our most exciting, satisfying, electrifying adventures yet and I do hope we can do it again."

"I love you, Lily." Cassidy rolled with her, pulling her on top of him, then down to kiss her again.

"And I love you, my heart," she whispered.

"Awe, you guys are going to make me misty," David cooed from the now open doorway of the bathroom.

Cassidy and Lily exchanged glances and smiles and held out an arm for him.

"I believe you promised us another round," Lily said.

"Yeah, I'm not sure, but I think there is still a few things I've yet to discover," Cassidy chimed. "Want to show me what they are?"

A slow, seduced grin spread over David's luscious lips as he sashayed toward them. "It would be my infinite pleasure, sweetie."

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bestselling author Tonya Ramagos spends much of her time daydreaming about one plot or another. Give her a cup of hazelnut flavored coffee and a keyboard and she is at her happiest. When she isn't writing, thinking about writing or plotting what to write, she can be found taking on the mother role with her 2 boys and the husband too. She enjoys taking long walks on the nature trails near her home in Chattanooga, TN, playing computer games, swinging on the playground, dancing and curling up with a good book.

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