

EXOTIKA

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Got Fantasies? Nikaya does. She longs to be loved by two men.

Nikaya is celebrating her birthday with a new Mustang. As she's climbing the mountain in her shiny new car, a police officer comes out of nowhere. He pulls her over and treats her to a birthday spanking. With a sore butt and a burning need to orgasm, she's whisked away to a cabin.

Braden and his best friend Hank have a few surprises up their sleeve for the birthday girl. They include whips, floggers, chains, blindfolds and more. They hope to make all her fantasies reality.

Three hot bodies, sex toys and a spanking machine are only the beginning for Nikaya.

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Amber Skyze

Dedication

To all my readers for supporting me and my books!

Acknowledgement

To my family. While they might not understand my need to write the stories I do, they fully support my decisions. To all the current and past frogs, for always being there to pick up their fellow authors when they're feeling down. And last, but not least, my editor Helen, for believing in me as a writer!

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Mustang: Ford Motor Company

Plexiglass: Arkema France Corporation

Chapter One

Nikaya floored the gas pedal as she climbed the windy mountain road in her new black Mustang. The beige plush leather seats caressed her legs. The Mustang, a gift to herself for her thirtieth birthday, roared up the hill with ease. Some might look at thirty as the end of having fun, a time to grow up and figure out where they were going in life, but not her. No, she knew exactly where she was going and the car was not some midlife crisis purchase. She looked at thirty like an awakening to a new decade—one that would allow her more freedom to explore who she really was.

With the top down she felt alive. Warm air blew her long sandy blonde hair away from her face. As she drove higher and higher into the mountain, blood pumped through her veins. She was free.

The sun dipped behind the mountain caps. Nikaya didn't worry as dusk settled upon the town of Desmond Point. She knew the lay of the land like the back of her hand. She pressed the pedal slightly harder with her high-heeled sandal, gunning the engine on the desolate road. Her fire-engine red fingertips gripped the steering wheel. One wrong move and she could find herself flying over the side of the mountain, crashing on the rocky bottom. Adrenaline soared, her heart pumped wildly. She loved living on the edge, the thrill of adventure.

A quick glance in her rearview mirror alerted her to trouble.

"Shit," she cursed, noticing the glare of the flashing red light. "Where did he come from?" The road had been virtually empty for the last two miles.

She slowed down and found a safe spot to pull over. Was this the right thing to do? The flashing lights weren't on top of the car, they were inside. She'd read articles about crazies who liked to pretend they were police officers. They'd pull over unsuspecting women and then rape them. Could this guy be one of them?

She tapped her fingertips on the wheel, contemplating what she should do. Should she call and verify he was for real? Her cell phone probably wouldn't get reception this high up the mountain. She couldn't take off and leave him standing there, just in case he was a true officer.

Another thought popped in her mind. Would he give her a speeding ticket? A ticket was not something she wanted for her birthday. Maybe he would cut her some slack.

"Evening, ma'am," the man said, approaching the car.

"Sir." His sun-streaked brown hair fell haphazardly around his face. He wasn't in uniform. He was dressed in black slacks and a short-sleeved white button-down shirt. The top three buttons were undone, exposing a small patch of dark brown hair. He looked more like someone who spent most of his days on the beach, rather than driving around in a police car. Another glance in the rearview mirror warned her he wasn't driving a police cruiser. A shiver of fear passed through her as she gazed into the most astonishing blue eyes.

"Do you realize how fast you were going?" he asked.

She shrugged, indifferently.

"I'm gonna need your license and registration." He leaned two muscular hands on the door.

He smelled of sun and sand.

Nikaya obediently dug through her purse, looking for the documents. Once she retrieved her license she handed it to him. "Look, officer, I didn't mean any harm. I—"

"Step out of the car, ma'am."

"Huh?"

"I said, step out of the car."

"What is this all about?" Surely this could be handled from the safety of her car.

"Now."

His stern voice prompted her out of the car.

"Hands against the car. Legs spread."

"You're joking, right?" She looked at his face and he didn't appear to be kidding. He looked stone-cold serious.

Shaking his head, he pointed to the hood of the car.

Nikaya did as she was instructed, cursing under her breath.

"Excuse me?" He placed a hand on the small of her back.

Heat coursed through her body from his touch.

"Nothing," she spat. Then added, "Sir."

He snickered behind her.

Condescending bastard.

His hand roamed south, resting on her bare leg. As he pushed his body against hers she felt his hardness rub against her. He whispered in her ear, "Spread 'em."

This definitely was not the norm, she thought, swallowing back the urge to cry. His touch felt hot against her cool skin. Nikaya spread her legs.

"I see from your license it's your birthday today." His hand crawled up her leg and under her skirt. "Ummm, no panties."

"I have no use for them. They're cumbersome," she admitted.

"Oh, so wet," he whispered, grazing his finger along the folds of her pussy.

Nikaya bit her lip, she would not moan. Just because the touch of his finger along her slit set her soul on fire. She would not allow him to know how he affected her.

"Did I do something wrong, officer?"

"You were racing up the mountain at a pretty high speed. Do you know the dangers of these winding roads?" He patted her down.

"I'm not armed."

Ignoring her, he continued his search. Both hands caressed her legs before he lifted her skirt up over her ass.

"I don't believe this is protocol, sir." Her legs grew wobbly under his touch.

"Are you questioning my authority?" He stood, gently guiding her body onto the hood of the car.

"No, it's just —"

She was quieted by his hand swooping down, smacking her across her bare ass.

"Ouch! What was that for?" She attempted to cover her sore cheek.

He quickly grabbed her hand and pinned it over her head.

"For getting obstinate with a police officer."

"I find it hard to believe you're a police officer."

"You don't believe I'm an officer? I guess I'll have to convince you."

His hand came crashing down on her buttocks again.

And again.

"Please stop. I'm begging you."

"Begging me, huh? It's your birthday and you know what that means, right?"

"What?" she choked. The sting in her cheeks sent the rest of her body into a tizzy. The burn had her pussy pooling with juices.

"You need to get your birthday spankings. One for each year. I see here you're thirty this year. I'm going to slap that sweet ass thirty times and each time my hand cracks those luscious cheeks I want you to count. Do you understand?"

She understood but she didn't agree with him. There was no way she was going to stand there and accept his spanking.

"I'm waiting for an answer, Ms. Murphy."

"And if I don't?"

He chuckled.

"Let's just say you won't like the consequences."

She was tempted to scream for help but knew no one would hear. Except maybe one of the owls hooting in the distance or a nocturnal animal but they wouldn't save her. There wasn't a house for miles and the likelihood of another car driving up the mountain at this time of the night was slim. She was at the mercy of this man. She had to do what he said or else.

"Yes, I understand."

"Good." He smacked her ass.

Silence.

"I'm waiting."

"One," she cried.

He smacked her a few more times.

"Two, three, four..."

"You've got the hang of this." His smugness irritated her. Her ass needed cool water to extinguish the burning radiating it.

He continued slapping her cheeks and she continued counting until they reached thirty.

"You've been a very obedient girl. Maybe I'll let you go without a ticket."

"I still don't believe you're a cop. Where's your cruiser? Where's your badge," she challenged. He pressed her harder against the car hood and draped his body over hers.

"You want to see my badge? I'll show you my badge."

The sound of his belt coming undone pierced her ears. The zipper descended. He still had a strong grip on her wrists.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

"Showing you my badge."

"I believe you. Just give me a ticket and I'll be on my way."

"Oh honey, I'm just getting started."

With his free hand he positioned himself behind her. His leg pushed hers farther apart. He guided his stiff cock to the edge of her cunt.

"You want this, don't you?"

She remained silent. She wasn't about to admit that she was turned on. The way he warmed her ass caused a stirring she hadn't felt in a long time. Excitement. She was highly aroused and the prospect of being fucked against her new car, on the open mountain road, had her adrenaline soaring. He nudged his way into her pussy.

She gasped.

"Your juices are coating my hard cock. You can't fight it. You know you need this." He released her wrists from his tight grip and placed both hands on her hips.

The desire to be fucked overtook her. Placing both hands on the hood, she accepted his cock as he pumped into her.

"Fuck me," she croaked. It was more of a plea. Her body needed release. Her cunt quivered around his hard cock. It fit like it belonged inside her, as if made perfectly for her.

"That's a good girl. You understand who's in charge." He reached under her tank top with his soft hand and grabbed her bare breast. He pinched the nipple, bringing it to an aroused state.

Nikaya ground her ass into him, demanding more. His balls slapped against her. The heat from her cheeks still evident, she cursed. "Fuck."

"It's good, isn't it?"

"I'm gonna come."

"Let it out. Bathe me with your juices," he coaxed.

Her head thrashed from side to side as the rippling shook through her body. All the blood flowed to her pussy as she crashed into a full-blown orgasm. The intensity of the orgasm had her seeing stars. Her scream echoed in the mountain. The piercing cry sounded like a wild animal in heat.

"Yes!"

He pounded away at her as her body rippled over and over. He was amazing. He pushed every button. As the climax slipped away, she fought to catch her breath. He slowed his rhythm, allowing her a moment to breathe. Regroup. Before she knew what was happening he drove back into her.

His hand threaded through her hair, tangling it in his fingers. He tugged as he bucked into her pussy. His other hand slapped her ass.

"Is this proof enough for you? Do you still want my badge?" he howled.

"No. Please, don't stop," she cried. She opened her legs as far as they would go. She wanted to feel him filling her to the top. She couldn't get enough of his cock slamming into her.

He tugged on her hair, pulling her head back. She kept silent. Her only focus was on being fucked under the starry sky. Her pussy lips trembled. She was ready to explode again.

He continued his assault on her ass as he pumped wildly into her cunt. She matched his speed, moving her hips and bending her knees ever so slightly so he could fill her completely.

She felt him pulse inside her. He was close. Pushing harder against him, she wanted to reach for his sac and massage his balls but she didn't dare.

"Fucking magnificent!" he roared. As he came inside her, Nikaya slipped into her own climax.

He collapsed against her on the car.

"Happy birthday, honey."

"Thanks, Braden."

"Was it everything you imagined?"

"And more." Nikaya lay there feeling fully satisfied. Her husband's heart beat rapidly against her back. She loved him with all her being. She was grateful to have a

husband who would pretend to be a police officer just to live out one of her most cherished fantasies.

"The night isn't over yet. I have more in store for you."

She bent her head to look at him. "Braden?"

"Shhh." He eased her off the car and gathered her in his arms. "From this point on I want you to trust me. No questions asked."

She gazed into his eyes and knew he had something exciting planned. She wouldn't question. Not after the amazing fucking he'd given her.

"I trust you."

"I'm going to blindfold you and take you somewhere. When we get there you'll get the rest of your surprise."

"But what about my car?" She didn't want to leave it here. She'd just bought it. There was no way in hell she was leaving it on the side of the mountain.

"Hank will take care of it." He pointed to his car where Hank sat waiting, watching.

A chill passed through her at the knowledge that Hank had witnessed their actions. She hadn't realized Braden wasn't alone.

"He's been here the whole time?" It wasn't a question, more of a statement. She didn't consider herself an exhibitionist but the thought of Hank watching as Braden fucked her gave her an unusual thrill. She found her legs growing wet from her juices dripping.

"Nik? You said you trusted me."

"I do, Braden. I just hadn't realized he was here. I'm surprised, that's all." She didn't want to offend him. After all he had lived out her fantasy for her birthday. Her cheeks still stung as proof.

Her face reddened as she realized Hank had witnessed her birthday spanking. Was he hard watching them? The thought suddenly turned her on.

"It's all part of the surprise. Now I'm going to blindfold you and Hank will take care of your car."

She trusted her husband of five years but she didn't like the idea of Hank driving her brand new car. She didn't like the idea of anyone driving her car for that matter.

"Can you drive my car and have Hank take yours?"

"If it will make you feel better."

Nikaya felt better with Braden behind the wheel.

"Turn around so I can put this on you." He held up the strip of cloth.

Nikaya obeyed. Holding her breath, she waited as he wrapped it around her eyes and tied it in a knot.

"Can you see anything?" he asked.

"No." Total darkness enveloped her.

"I'm going to lead you to the car and we're going to move on to your next surprise."

"Is Hank coming too?" She had to know if he was part of the next surprise.

"No more questions." He took her arm and guided her to the passenger's seat. Once she was settled in she heard hushed whispers coming from the back of her car.

He was planning something but she couldn't make out the words. Frustration took over as she sat blindfolded. She was tempted to climb out of the car, pull the stupid thing off and demand to know what was going on. But then she'd be acting spoiled. And that wasn't Nikaya. She was easygoing, fun-loving and trusting.

Braden had something special planned and she wouldn't ruin it for him. She'd have to accept she was at his mercy and go with the flow. If the rest of night was anything like him pulling her over and fucking her senseless, then she was ready.

"All set," he said, closing the car door and starting the engine.

"Let's go," she said.

Chapter Two

Nikaya felt her car come alive under her feet. With Braden behind the wheel and the blindfold on, her sense of smell livened. The scents of pine trees and camp fires in the distance were more pronounced and even Braden's heady fragrance tickled her nose.

Reaching her hand over, she rubbed Braden's leg.

"I can't believe this is actually happening. I believed you when you said we were going to a romantic dinner. I never imagined you'd go through with my fantasy. I just assumed you thought my fantasy was silly."

"Why would I think that, Nik? It's a great fantasy. What guy wouldn't want to pretend he's a cop and pull over a beautiful woman? You were soaked when I slid my cock inside you. I'm getting hard just thinking about it."

He moved her hand to his shaft, pressing against the confines of his pants.

"How long before we get to our destination?"

"Not too long, why?"

Nikaya wanted to do something for Braden. Something she knew he always wanted. Turning in her seat, she fumbled in the blackness to unbutton his pants and slide his zipper down. She freed him. Gliding her hand over his velvety soft cock, she had a good idea of where he was.

She bent over and took his crown in her mouth.

"Oh God, Nik. Not while I'm driving your brand new car."

"But you *always* ask me to do this. You concentrate on the road and I'll concentrate on this delicious joy stick." She licked the pre-cum off the slit of his smooth round head.

He groaned.

Satisfied, Nikaya continued licking, sucking and teasing his cock. The taste of her orgasm mixed with his assaulted her tongue. Wrapping her fingers around him, she used her free hand to steady herself.

"Your mouth feels so good," he whispered.

She wondered what Hank was thinking driving behind them. Did he know what she was doing to Braden? The thought had her wondering if he was growing hard too. Was he turned on by the thought of her pleasuring Braden while he drove? Right now she wished she had panties on to soak up the moisture growing between her legs.

Braden moved his hips slightly, filling her mouth with his hardness. She wanted to cherish this night forever.

"I'm going to load that beautiful mouth with my semen. Are you willing to swallow me, Nik?"

"Mmmm," she said, sucking harder. She was more than willing. She wanted nothing more than to taste her husband's juices.

The car took on a slower pace as she continued sucking. He was having difficulty concentrating on driving while she brought him sweet satisfaction. Nikaya loved knowing she had this control over her husband. She slowed her pace, drawing out his orgasm.

"Nik, stop teasing. You know I'm close."

She slid down until her mouth and hand met. The feel of his cap touching the back of her throat brought renewed stirrings in her cunt. She felt the arousal of her own climax building.

Bobbing up and down over his cock, she held her legs together, preventing her juices from running down her leg onto her brand new seats. Nothing like christening her car already. It was barely two hours old.

"That's it. Don't stop. I'm gonna explode. Oh fuck!"

She felt his balls tightening against her hand. His cock pulsed under her grip. Nikaya continued sucking as his hot juices shot into her mouth. He erupted like a dormant volcano coming to life after a hundred years. Nikaya sucked and swallowed until she drained every last drop of Braden's seed. She returned to her seat satisfied but hornier than hell. Wiping the corners of her mouth, she knew she needed to be fucked again and again and again.

"Shit, Nik. That was amazing. Your mouth is incredible."

His hand rubbed her hair. "I love you. And soon you're going to see just how much."

She hoped that included being fucked, because right now her pussy was achingly empty.

Braden grazed her slit with his finger. "Still soaked. Rub yourself, Nik. Make yourself come before we get there."

"Really?" She bit her lower lip, wondering if she should wait. "Will we be where we're going soon?"

"Remember no more questions. You're not going to be a bad girl, are you?"

Nik knew that stern voice. If she didn't know better he might pull over and spank her again for being stubborn. The idea of him lighting a fire to her cheeks brought added yearnings for release.

"Do it, Nik. I want you to rub that clit. Stick those fingers in that cunt and come all over your fingers. And when you're done I'm going to lick your honey off your fingers."

Oh God. She couldn't think. Her instincts were to climb over the seat and sit on his hard cock but his voice told her she should do as he asked.

Nik chose to oblige him. Searching for the lever on the side of the seat, she reclined the cushioned chair.

"That's my girl. Now let me see you spread those pink lips and coat your slit with your sweet nectar."

Lying back, she inched her skirt up over her hips. The cool leather brought little relief to her stinging cheeks. Widening her legs, she spread her pussy lips. She dipped her finger into her drenched folds and Nikaya coated it with her juices. She dragged it out until she reached her clit, covering her lips with her juice.

"You know what to do, Nik. You know what I want to see."

Nikaya wanted to see if he was keeping his eyes on the road or on her. The dangerous curves made it too risky to take his eyes off the road. She bit her tongue. If she questioned him it would only cause her punishment. And right now she only wanted pleasure.

"Yes sir," she called him for the second time tonight. The first time his pleasure didn't go undetected. When she had added "sir", his mouth turned upright slightly. He'd wanted to show his pleasure but was playing a role.

"My good girl." His hand patted the top of her head.

Her finger slid back into her hot channel. With her other hand, she rolled her nub between her thumb and forefinger. Gliding her fingers in and out, she gently pinched the tiny, swollen bud. Her arousal built quickly. She knew this was going to be short. Her skin had burned with the need to come long before she touched herself.

She pressed her feet against the floor and rolled her hips. She enjoyed the feel of her finger. She slipped another one in and pushed as far as they would reach.

"Pinch my nipples, Braden," she cried against the night breeze. All she needed was for him to squeeze her hardened nipples and she would skyrocket into oblivion.

"Are you asking or telling me?" His voice warned her she was being disobedient again.

"I'm asking. Will you please pinch my nipples?"

"Seeing as you asked so politely, I'll pinch your nipple for you. Lift your shirt so I can have access."

She removed her finger from her nub. She lifted her shirt up over her breasts. The night air hardened her perky nipples.

"I can't wait to have my mouth on those nipples or maybe a clamp. We'll see." She realized he was talking more to himself than her.

She returned to her aching clit and Braden granted her wish by squeezing her nipple. The searing pleasure-pain shot through her stomach straight to her clit and cunt. The spasms began instantaneously.

Grinding against her fingers, she shoved another digit inside, filling her channel. The walls of her pussy clenched her fingers, begging for her to press further and harder. "Harder. Pinch them harder please," she begged.

Braden's grip on her nipple was binding. She rode out the ripples as they coursed through her. The stars aligned and she gushed all over her fingers. Her breathing became labored as she floated through the last of the orgasm.

"That was glorious," she said, smiling. Her relief was sweet.

"Give me those fingers, so I can taste your sweet juices."

Nikaya removed her fingers and offered them to her husband's waiting lips. He sucked on each finger, moaning with satisfaction.

"I can't wait to drive my tongue into that pussy."

Nik shivered at the thought of Braden's tongue inside her pussy.

Tires crunched on gravel and pine needles as the car slowed and came to a stop.

"We're here," Braden declared.

As Nikaya heard him fastening his pants, she imagined him quickly tucking his cock back into his boxers, safe from prying eyes.

"Can I take the blindfold off now?" She was dying to know where they were.

"Not yet. But soon."

The sound of another car door closing warned her Hank was here too. Was he her surprise? They'd talked about the possibility of bringing another person into their bed but they never discussed who it would be. Could Hank be her big surprise?

Nik wasn't opposed to the idea of having both Braden and Hank. Hank was hunky in his own right. He looked like all the other sun worshippers on the beach, with his sun-streaked blond hair and his killer abs. Nikaya couldn't understand why after all this time he was still single. Maybe because he loved all women too much.

She smiled at the thought of having Braden and Hank filling her tonight.

"What's that smile for?"

"Nothing," she said innocently. She wasn't about to ruin his surprise for him. She would act like she hadn't a clue what he was up to.

"Time to go in and see your surprise."

A shiver passed through her. She couldn't wait for her surprise to begin.

* * * * *

Braden had been planning this night for eight long months. He wanted everything about it to be perfect. After all Nikaya deserved it. She'd been a loving wife for five years. So he knew he wanted to do something special for this milestone birthday. Something she wouldn't forget for years to come.

Keeping the secret hadn't been easy, because they shared so much of their everyday lives. There were a few times when he almost slipped.

The best part of the surprise was when Nik announced she was going to buy herself a Mustang for her birthday. Braden convinced her to take it for a drive in the mountain, with a promise they'd go out to dinner to celebrate her special day when she returned.

His plan couldn't have worked any better. She fed right into his idea. He hadn't had to worry how he would get to her to the mountain cabin because she gave him the answers he needed.

Now he was going to take his wife inside and complete her birthday.

With a hand on her arm and one on the small of her back, Braden guided her up the four stairs leading to the front door. The cabin was brightly lit up, waiting for them. Hank had driven up earlier and prepared for their arrival. Opening the door, they stepped over the threshold. The smell of wood burning in the fireplace brought a sense of warmth and comfort, exactly how he wanted Nikaya to feel right now. He wanted to put her at ease and get her ready for what lay ahead. Because she was in for one hell of a night.

Hank rushed past them to close the door to the secret room. Braden felt they should sit, have a drink and something to eat before the games began.

"Can I please take the blindfold off now?" she asked.

"I think we can allow that." Braden stepped behind her and untied the cloth. He held her hips as she steadied herself. She rubbed her eyes, adjusting to the light.

"What do you think?" he asked, excited.

"This place is beautiful."

"And it's ours for the night."

"Really? Whose place is it?"

Braden watched her walk around. She ran her finger across the stone fireplace and admired the intricate wood carvings in the furniture.

"Hank's. He bought it recently from an out-of-stater. Said he got a good deal on it too."

"Anyone want a beer or a glass of wine?" Hank asked, coming from the kitchen.

Nikaya smiled graciously before accepting his offer. "I'd like some wine, thanks."

Braden motioned his wife to his side. "I love you. I want you to know tonight is all about you."

She nestled her body against his. His cock rose to the occasion. God, the longer they were married, the more he wanted her. Braden didn't see them as a couple who'd ever grow tired of each other.

"Is Hank staying?" she whispered in his ear.

"Do you mind?"

Uncertainty crept into her eyes. He noticed she worried the inside of her cheek.

"It's okay to say no. If you don't want him here I'll ask him to leave."

She shook her head. "No, it's fine."

"Good. You won't be disappointed. I swear."

Hank returned with two beers and a glass of wine. Nikaya and Braden settled on the couch while Hank sat in the chair.

"How was business today?" Nikaya asked.

"Busy," Braden said. "We had parasailers all day long."

"Yeah, we had to turn people away today. Thanks to the beautiful weather."

Braden knew she was nervous. The way her legs bounced up and down and she couldn't look either of them in the eye. He wondered if he was wrong about her wanting to be with a second man. She didn't seem comfortable. Had he mistaken her willingness? Had she only said those things to pacify him?

He groaned. Damn he hoped not. This was a special birthday, one he wanted to make memorable. If he screwed up and misread her, it would be memorable all right. She wouldn't let him live it down for the rest of their lives. He would be making amends for eternity.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Starved."

"Hank is going to fire up the grill and cook us some steaks." He raised his beer in Hank's direction.

"What would you like me to do?" Nikaya asked.

"Sit tight. I've got all the fixings ready in the kitchen. It's your birthday. You're not going to lift a finger."

She smiled and some of the tension seemed to drain from her face. Braden rubbed her back. "I told you...it's all about you."

Hank disappeared and Braden moved closer. He placed a hand on her cheek. "Are you okay with this? You know with Hank and I...giving you...you know...your fantasy?"

"Yes. Are you?"

So that was what was wrong. She was worried about what he thought about her being with Hank.

"Honey, if I wasn't okay with this I wouldn't be doing it. I want this for you. For us."

She nodded.

He lifted her chin with his finger. "It's only for tonight. You know I don't want to share this body with any other man. But Hank is different. He's like a brother to me. And I know you find him attractive."

"Not like you, Braden. I love you and only you. You don't have to do this if it makes you uncomfortable."

"I wouldn't, Nikaya. Now let's just enjoy the night and not worry about anything. I'm fine with Hank being here. So if you are, it's settled. Believe me, you will have a great time tonight."

He winked at her and she melted into his arms. "I love you, Braden."

* * * * *

Nikaya couldn't believe what Braden planned for her birthday. This was not a romantic dinner for two at the seafood restaurant like he claimed. But the steak Hank grilled along with the vegetables was mouthwatering. The wine did a lot to ease her frayed nerves. She hadn't realized just how tense she was until Braden took her in his arms and kissed her. He took away all her fears. She hadn't wanted him to do this if he didn't feel comfortable. He always said she belonged to him and no one else. And she

hadn't minded, because she loved Braden and he gave her more than any woman could ever ask for sexually and emotionally. So Braden planning an evening with Hank was a big step for him. And while they'd discussed this before she never thought it would come to fruition.

"Would you like a refill before we move on to the next part of the evening?" Braden asked.

"Yes, please." So this was it. They were moving past the casual conversation and on to what? The bedroom? What would they do once they were behind closed doors? Would they all strip down and lie in bed and explore each other? Or would she be their specimen? She didn't know what to do or what to expect. But she didn't dare question anything. So she offered her wineglass for more and decided to just go with the flow.

Braden held out his hand. "Once we enter that bedroom things are going to change completely. We will be in control and you will do as you're instructed. Do you understand?"

"Uh-huh." She emptied the contents of her glass. Her pussy grew moist thinking about entering the bedroom with them. "Can I have more wine please?"

Hank laughed.

"There's nothing to be nervous about, Nik. You know both of us. Neither would do *anything* to hurt you."

Hank was right. They wouldn't do anything to hurt her but it didn't change the fact that she was going to be with two men. One being her husband's best friend. Yes, she'd always had a slight crush on him but she never dreamed she'd have sex with him.

"I know," she muttered.

"Ready?"

She looked into her husband's blue eyes and knew everything was going to be just fine. Taking a deep breath, she released it.

"Ready," she said, with more confidence than she felt.

Hank slipped into the room and Braden stood outside with his back to the door. "Before we go in you need a safe word."

"Safe word?" What the hell did she need a safe word for? Sex with two men couldn't get out of control, could it?

"I told you tonight would be unlike any other night we've ever shared. Now, you will need a safe word," he prompted.

She thought about a word that made her feel safe. The first word that came to mind was Braden but she obviously couldn't use that. Tapping her finger against her lip, she gave it some serious thought. Finally she shrugged. "I can't think of anything."

"How about mustang?" he suggested.

"Yes, that would be great." She felt free and alive behind the wheel of her Mustang. And safe. "Mustang is perfect."

"Okay, here we go."

His hand slowly turned the knob. Nikaya waited nervously for him to push the door open. She wondered if Hank was already naked on the bed, waiting for them. As he eased the door open and the room came into view Nikaya's mouth dropped and she knew this night was going to change her forever.

Chapter Three

Nikaya stepped into the room. She was amazed by all the floggers, paddles and whips hanging on the walls. The room was twice the size she imagined. In the middle was some sort of red, oversized torture device to lie on. It reminded her of the tumble mats gymnasts used. She couldn't imagine what it would be used for but it had a paddle attached to it.

Omigod! Was it one of those spanking machines she'd seen on the internet? They looked painful.

There were handcuffs, chains, leather straps. She felt like she'd walked into a sex dungeon or something.

Fear coiled in the pit of her stomach. She looked to Braden. "What's this?"

She wanted to reach out and touch some of the things hanging but was afraid. Would they be using this stuff on her? Yes, Braden had spanked her in the past and he occasionally used a wooden spoon from their kitchen but these paddles and floggers were much different. They screamed pain.

Dampness glazed her slit.

"Your surprise, honey." He moved closer. She could feel his breath on her neck. "I told you this was going to be a night you'd never forget and I meant it."

She swallowed. Twice. "But this place looks like a torture chamber."

"Yes, torture in the sweetest way." He licked the shell of her ear, sending chills racing through her veins.

He wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her closer. "Remember in the car when I said no questions asked?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"I think you've forgotten who's in control here. Do I need to spank this sweet ass again to remind you?" He pinched the sensitive skin.

"No." Nikaya hadn't forgotten her place tonight. She was to obey him completely or there would be consequences. The thought of them using any of the things in the room on her caused excitement to rock her to the core.

What if she couldn't handle the pain? She did have a safe word to use. She could call out the word "mustang" and Braden would stop. She had to trust her husband.

"Nikaya has chosen 'mustang' as her safe word, Hank."

"Sounds good."

Nikaya watched his brown eyes sparkle with delight.

"So at any time she uses the word 'mustang' we stop. No matter how much we want to continue. We must respect Nikaya's wishes."

Hank nodded his head in agreement as he walked over to a machine on the opposite side of the room.

"Absolutely. Wouldn't have it any other way."

She watched Hank, who stood behind the machine, wondering what his part would be in all this. This room was unbelievable. She had no clue Braden's best friend dabbled in such intense sex play.

"Pick your poison, Nik." Braden released his grip on her waist and nudged her in the direction of the wall housing all the paddles and floggers.

"You want me to pick something for you to spank me with?" She regretted the question as the words tumbled from her mouth.

"Nik, really. You're just asking for trouble tonight."

She bit her tongue so she didn't respond. She knew better than to question anything he said to her, so why had she questioned this?

Dragging her feet, she walked over to the wall and examined the items. An adult toy store didn't even have this many choices.

What should she choose? She knew what it felt like to be spanked with something wooden, so maybe she should try something different, something new.

She ran her fingers over the long, flat, black leather paddle. Would this hurt just as much? There was the heart-shaped paddle and what was this? She took the blue paddle off the wall for closer inspection. A snowman! They didn't leave anything out, did they? Placing it back on its hook, she smiled. Next to it was a long green one with holes in it. Plexiglass was her first thought but it was much, much thicker. And scary, like it packed a punch. Nikaya wasn't sure she would want to feel that against her bare ass or the back of her legs.

She moved on to the floggers. They came in all sorts of colors. Red, blue, green. Pink, black and dark cherry. Some were neon. And they ranged in sizes from mini to large, with different textured designs on them. Some had fur mixed with the leather, some were made of suede. As she touched one, it reminded her of horsehair, like on a mane or tail. One was even braided.

There were a few whips on the wall and Nikaya knew she didn't want to test them out. They definitely looked too painful to her. She hoped Braden would agree.

"Pick something soon or I'll decide for you."

She cringed at the thought. If she left the choice up to Braden he might pick the most painful one. Moving back to the paddles, she picked up the long leather one. God, she hoped she'd made the right choice.

"This one." She turned and handed it to Braden.

His smile showed his approval. "Not bad." He smacked the paddle across his hand a few times, testing it out. "Nice."

Glancing around the room, she wondered where he would spank her. There were no chairs for him to sit in while she lay across his lap.

"Take off your clothes," he demanded.

She gave him a concerned look. Strip? Right here in front of Hank?

She hadn't given this serious thought. She hadn't considered her body being on display for Hank to view. Yes, he'd glimpsed her bare ass earlier but that was different from being fully nude.

She was terrified yet excited at the prospect. Would he find her attractive? He'd been with so many women in his life she'd surely pale in comparison.

Her mind fought against the what-ifs. There was no time for doubts. It was a one-time deal. Tomorrow they would resume their lives.

Braden raised his eyebrow, questioning her hesitation.

Fuck it! She had nothing to lose.

She stepped out of one of her high-heeled sandals, swung the strap around her finger, then tossed it aside. She repeated her actions with the other sandal. Slowly she unzipped the back of her skirt. With careful ease she tugged her skirt down over her hips, releasing it to casually slide to the ground. Stepping away from the skirt, she pulled the tank top over her head and dropped it on the pile with her skirt.

Nervously, she stood naked for both men to view. She felt at a disadvantage standing there with no clothes, while they were fully dressed.

Braden moved in front of her. Caressing her breast, he tugged at her nipple, causing it to harden. "Beautiful and perky. You have the most beautiful round breasts a man could ever dream of." He bent and swiped his tongue over the hardened bud.

The warmth from his tongue sent shivers down her spine. Her pussy lips filled with her juices again.

"Do you know what I want to do to this body?"

She nodded, slightly. She wasn't sure if it was a question or a rhetorical statement. Either way she wasn't speaking.

Braden walked around her as he spoke. "Hank, have you ever seen a body this perfect before?"

"No, can't say I have."

Nikaya wondered if his penis was as rock-hard as Braden's. She could see Braden's cock pressing against his pants begging to be released.

"Her cheeks are still a little pink, just the way I like them." He pulled the tails of his shirt from his pants and unbuttoned the rest of it, exposing his washboard stomach. Nikaya wanted to reach out and run her fingers over his taut stomach, caress his patch of hair. She longed to run her tongue down the length of his hairline straight to his pants top. She wouldn't stop there. She'd continue past his barrier until she found what she was looking for—his engorged cock.

"They look like they're begging for more heat," Hank commented.

Nikaya wanted to scream. Her ass was hot enough from the spanking earlier. She didn't need another one.

Leather cracked against her skin.

She yelped.

"Ouch." Instinctively she reached for her ass cheek to rub the sting away.

"Nikaya!"

At the sound of his voice she stood up straight, hands at her side.

"Do not do that again or I'll be forced to tie your hands so you won't be able to use them."

Squeezing her eyes closed, she waited for the next slap. Braden swung the paddle, landing on both cheeks. She wanted to rub away the sting but refrained. The thought of having her hands tied kept her still. Braden meant business.

Another slap.

Her safe word lingered on the tip of her tongue. Should she use it? If she spoke it this would be all over. No more pain against her cheeks. But then she would miss out on all the fun, because she knew from experience Braden didn't dish out pain without the pleasure. No, she would endure a little longer.

After ten slaps across her cheeks Braden stood in front of her. "You're such a good girl." She opened her eyes. He cupped her face in his hands and descended on her mouth. His tongue plunged between her lips, searching, needing. Their tongues danced playfully. She wanted to melt into his arms and beg him to fuck her. She wanted to reach in his pants and feel his hard cock pulsing in her hands but she didn't. She stood accepting his hungry kiss.

He pulled her bottom lip, sucking it between his lips before releasing her. "Spread your legs," he demanded.

Nikaya obeyed.

His finger grazed her swollen slit. "Looky who's all wet again, Hank. My girl likes to have her butt tanned. You know what else she likes?"

"What's that, Braden?"

"She loves having her pussy licked. She squirms when I suck all her juices out of her lush lips and when I drive my tongue in deep. Mmmm."

Nikaya swallowed the moan that threatened to escape. He was driving her mad with desire. She wanted to come. Needed to come. Her pussy ached with the need for release. But she stood firm and held her requests inside.

"I bet she does. Let's see her squirm," Hank requested.

Nikaya could kiss Hank right now for asking.

"You think we should make you squirm, Nik?" His blue eyes held hers intently.

She stood silent.

"You can answer me."

"Yes."

"Then by all means, let's make her squirm."

Nikaya let the breath out she hadn't realized she was holding. He was going to give her some relief.

He started to walk away. Nikaya wasn't sure if she should follow. She decided to stay where she was.

"After another round of spankings," Braden said from behind her.

"What?" she cried. She knew she was in trouble this time. But she couldn't help it. She thought he was going to give her some relief.

"I've warned you. Now you'll have to be punished."

Great. What would he do to her now and how long would she have to wait for an orgasm?

"Over here," he said.

Nikaya turned to see where *here* was. He stood beside the torture device.

Slowly she made her way over to him.

"I want you to kneel on this cushion," he instructed. "Lay your body over this flat part. Once you've made yourself comfortable put your hands through those cuffs."

She wasn't sure she liked the idea of this. What would this device do to her? Should she use her safe word and end this before it got out of hand? Part of her wanted to know what it did. Another part of her feared the pain it might inflict, making her want to use her safe word.

She wrestled with what she should do. She wanted to please Braden and more than ever she wanted to be pleased. But fear coiled in the pit of her stomach.

"Nikaya? Are you going to accept your punishment or are you going to use your safe word?"

Relief washed over her. He'd read her mind. Another plus to being married to Braden. He always knew what she was thinking.

"You know I won't do anything I don't think you can handle. If it gets to be too much use your safe word. But I think you should at least give it a chance. You might like it."

Yes, she might like it but she might hate it too.

"Just say the word and this will all end. You can get dressed and we'll head back into town and celebrate your birthday any way you want."

She didn't want it to end. If it ended she would not get the orgasms she craved.

She shook her head no. She would not say her safe word. At least not yet.

"Okay, up here." He patted the cushion.

The contraption baffled her but she climbed on as he instructed. The padding was cold against her bare skin. Her nipples hardened from the coolness. In this position her ass stuck out for full view. No doubt her pink hole was on display too.

"Oh god," Braden groaned. He traced the rim of her tight hole. "I just want to stick my cock in your tight ass. But you disobeyed and need to be punished."

She wanted to feel him inside her too. In her ass or in her pussy would be perfectly fine. Fuck, in her mouth for all she cared. She wanted him.

Determined not to make another sound she waited for her punishment to begin. The sooner he inflicted the punishment the sooner his cock would be inside her where it belonged.

"Hands through the cuffs," he ordered.

Nikaya slid her hands into the leather cuffs. As soon as she did Hank tightened one, Braden the other. She couldn't escape. She was bound to the table.

"Now, I'm going to put this on low speed to start. We'll work our way up. If you're a good girl this could all be over quickly and then..." He rubbed his finger over her swollen clit.

She shuddered. "Fuck me, Braden."

Hot damn! She looked fucking sexy lying on the spanking machine all naked and her ass sticking out, begging to be fucked. Braden wanted to slide his cock into her pussy or her ass but she needed to be punished.

“Tsk. Tsk. My lovely wife. You seem to have forgotten the rules. Yes?” He pushed her long hair out of her face and placed it behind her. Her fiery green eyes were ablaze with want. She needed him, just as much as he needed her. He would make her wait a little longer, now that she had chosen to disobey him yet again.

He smiled knowing she must be biting the inside of her cheek or her tongue to keep from lashing out at him. Her facial expressions gave her away. She wanted to scream and curse and plead with him to skip the spanking and move right to the fucking but he refused. He wanted those cheeks redder. The redder they became the harder his cock grew.

“Fire up the machine, Hank.” And let’s fire up Nikaya’s ass.

Hank flipped the on switch and the paddle made its way to Nik’s cheeks. The wooden paddle slapping her ass was the only sound in the room.

Braden waited. He watched her face to see if she would cry out or say something—anything. She didn’t. She closed her eyes and pursed her lips together, fighting the urge.

Braden handed his paddle to Hank and motioned for him to use it along with the spanking machine.

Hank silently questioned him.

Braden nodded.

He mouthed the word, “Okay.”

Braden stood his ground in front of Nikaya, waiting to see what she would do when Hank slapped her with the leather paddle she picked out herself. Mixed with the paddle hooked to the machine, it was bound to pack more of a punch than she was prepared for.

The paddle swatted her skin and her eyes flew open. She tugged on the handcuffs, trying to get her hands free. Her attempts were unsuccessful.

Her eyes pierced him.

Now I have your attention.

Crossing his arms over his chest, he stared, daring her to make a sound.

Silence.

Hank continued slapping her cheeks with the paddle until Braden felt she'd had enough.

"We can let her rest for a few, don't you think, Hank?"

"I think she's earned it."

"I think she deserves something special for being so good."

Braden walked behind her and knelt. He nudged her knees, widening her legs. Braden sniffed her arousal before he noticed the juices pooling at her opening.

"Someone definitely likes having their bottom spanked, Hank. She's dripping."

Braden fingered her juices and then stuck his finger in his mouth.

"Umm, good."

He felt her quiver under his touch. She deserved release. Much to his delight she hadn't spoken her safe word. She'd braved her punishment and for that he would give her relief.

He dragged his tongue over her pussy, lapping her succulent juices. He moved up the length to her anus. He circled the hole with his tongue before returning to her sweet channel.

He pressed his finger against her tight opening. He'd stretch her out before inserting his cock in her. His finger entered until it reached his knuckle. He stopped and let her adjust to his finger invading her. When she didn't complain, he added a second digit. He knew she could easily take three when prepared but this was about a quick orgasm before they fucked her. Before the night was over, Braden and Hank planned to fill all Nikaya's cavities.

With two digits fully engulfed in her ass, Braden ran his tongue over her clit. She tried to squeeze her legs together but his head prevented her. With his free hand, he

gently moved her pussy lips aside and plunged his tongue into the depths of her channel. Sliding in and out, he continued his assault on her cunt. She moved her hips, forcing his tongue in deeper. He moved his thumb to her clit. He rolled the tiny nub in a circular motion, never leaving her ass or channel feeling deprived.

He heard the sound of a zipper descending. He quickly glanced to see where the noise came from. Hank moved to Nikaya's side and he was removing his cock from his pants.

Perfect.

He watched Hank fill her mouth with his bulging cock. When Hank tweaked her nipples, satisfaction filled him. Now she would feel all the sensations she loved so much.

Braden felt her tight hole start to contract against his finger. She was on the verge of a climax. He increased his speed, finger-fucking her tight hole, and drove his tongue into her channel.

She writhed under their touch.

"Go ahead, Nikaya. Let it out. Come for us," Braden urged.

He plunged his tongue in one last time. Her moans were stifled by Hank's cock filling her mouth. Braden felt her walls tightening as she careened into an orgasm.

When her spasms relaxed he removed his fingers from her and stood. Hank removed his shaft from her mouth and stepped back.

Braden moved to her face.

"Are you feeling better now that you've had an orgasm?"

She nodded. Her facial cheeks were as flushed as her ass cheeks.

"Good." He kissed the tip of her nose. "I'm going to uncuff you now."

Braden released the cuffs and she massaged her wrists. When she finished he helped her off the table and gathered her in his arms. He kissed her hair. God he loved her more than anything.

"You have permission to speak."

"Hank didn't get off," she whispered.

"Don't worry, he will."

"And what about you?" she asked.

"Nik, we know what we're doing and we will get off eventually."

She nodded.

"How are your cheeks?"

"Sore."

"But a good kind of sore, right?"

"Yes."

"Hank, do you have a pair of nipple clamps?"

"I do," he said. He retrieved a pair from the drawer in the stand over in the corner.

"Turn around, Nikaya," Braden said.

She turned and faced Hank.

"Go ahead, buddy. Do the honors."

Honey filled her cunt as Hank fastened the clamp around her swollen nipple. The pain quickly disappeared as blood filled the tiny bud. Hank pinched the other nipple and finished his task.

Despite her recent orgasm, Nikaya wanted to cry out and demand they fuck her. If she wanted to be fucked, she had to keep her mouth shut and let Braden get to that point in his own time. In his own way.

For now she'd suffer with the emptiness of her aching pussy.

Nikaya watched Braden cross the room to chains hanging from the ceiling. There were another set in the floor. They reminded her of shackles. Was he going to chain her up?

"Time for more fun," Braden said.

He held the wrist cuff in his hand.

"This means back to not speaking, unless one of us gives you permission. Over here, Nik."

Heart racing, Nikaya took small steps over to where Braden stood. She looked down at the floor, afraid if he saw fear in her eyes he would end the night and she wouldn't know what it felt like to be loved by two men. After all that was her ultimate fantasy. The cop thing was exciting and turned her on more than she ever thought possible but having two men fill her — that would be even more enticing.

He lifted her chin with his finger. "Nik?"

She looked him in the eyes not saying a word. *Please dear God, don't let him read the fear. Please don't let him end this night.*

"Is everything all right?"

She nodded.

"Are you absolutely sure? You know you can use your safe word at any time. If this isn't something you want to do I want you to say the word."

She loved her husband for caring so much. For making this night happen. She wouldn't be saying her safe word unless it got so unbearable she had no choice. Yes, his smacking her was painful, but it brought a pleasure she'd never experienced before. She didn't know how to explain it, but she loved the way it turned her on. She was here for the duration.

"Are you ready to continue?"

She nodded.

"Okay. Put your hand up here." He rattled the chain.

She took the last step forward and lifted her arm. Braden held her wrist as he closed the cuff around her skin. Hank lifted her other arm for her and fastened it. They bent over, and shackled her ankles. She was their prisoner. Fully at their mercy. She couldn't

run. She couldn't hide from anything they wanted to do to her. Unless she spoke the one word that would bring the night crashing to an end.

"I think we're a little overdressed," Braden said. "How about you?"

Nikaya licked her lips, imagining them stripping down to nothing. She knew what her sexy husband looked like naked but Hank, she'd only let her imagination run wild.

"I couldn't agree more," Hank said.

Nikaya feasted her eyes on the two men as they removed their clothing.

She stifled the groan that wanted to escape. They were gorgeous and they were all hers.

She wanted to run her tongue over the length of Braden's hard cock. Feel the ridge of his penis twitching as she covered his cap with her mouth. And Hank. *Ohmigod!* He was hot. She'd seen his six-pack abs before but his shaft. She wasn't sure she could handle him. His cock inside her mouth had felt like it was on steroids. It was definitely something you would see on the centerfold of a girly magazine. He was hot off the pages and tonight all hers.

A girl couldn't ask for anything more. She felt like she'd hit the jackpot tonight. Two men ready to pleasure her. *Happy birthday to me!*

"One last thing," Braden said, holding up the blindfold.

Her heart sank when she realized she wouldn't get to feast her eyes on their delicious bodies any longer.

"Why?" She let the word flow from her mouth, not caring about the consequences. She didn't want the view taken away from her.

Braden raised his eyebrow. "You dare question my motives?"

She wanted to shrug but couldn't with her hands confined in the chains.

Yes she dared to question him. She didn't want the blindfold. She wanted to see what was about to happen, not be left wondering, anticipating.

“It’s a shame you insist on being disobedient and speaking out. I’m a little disappointed. This means another round of punishment for you.” His look of amusement fueled her. She wanted her eyes to remain free to witness their actions.

Too late. Braden covered her eyes with the cloth, blocking all light. She was in total darkness for the second time tonight.

Chapter Four

Bound by the chains and now blinded, her sense of smell went into overdrive. Hot breath on her neck sent a chill racing down her naked body. Goose bumps pebbled her skin. It was Braden. She could tell by his musky scent.

The tip of his penis touched the crack of her ass. He was teasing her. Expecting her to say another word. Well, he was going to be disappointed. She knew one punishment awaited her and she wasn't foolish enough to cause herself another one.

Not even a moan escaped her lips.

"Are you enjoying your birthday, Nikaya?" he whispered.

She refused to answer.

"Hank, look at her perky breasts. They look delectable with the clamps dangling from them. They're just begging to be licked."

It wasn't the only thing begging to be licked. Her pussy was screaming to feel Braden's tongue on it again and again. And yet again. She wanted to feel him feasting on her until she raised the white flag in surrender.

She heard a sound to the left of her. Hank was moving. Where was he going? Was he leaving? She held her breath, waiting to hear the door open and close.

Nothing.

But he was still moving around the room. Why?

Braden moved. His body no longer pressed against hers left her feeling lonely. She wanted him. She wanted him inside her. Fucking her.

She'd have to wait it out. And hopefully by the end of the night, both Hank and Braden would be filling her.

Crack! The sound of her backside being smacked echoed through the room. Nikaya bit the inside of her lip, holding the scream in. She tightened her eyes, fighting back a tear that threatened to fall.

The pain from the paddle was a vibrant sting. Intense. Stronger than earlier.

The paddle cracked her cheeks a second time. Again she fought against the urge to cry out.

Hot breath returned to her skin. This time it covered her pussy. Was it Braden? Hank? Who had his mouth near her pussy?

Two strong hands held on to her thighs and immediately she knew it was Braden. She'd know his touch anywhere.

"Don't stop, Hank," Braden instructed.

He wrapped his lips around her clit, pulling it between his teeth. He sucked on her nectar.

A vulnerable moan escaped her lips. "Your mouth feels delish."

Fuck, what was wrong with her? Lost in a daze, she let the words slip again.

"Hank, something a bit harder. Our girl seems to enjoy being punished."

She almost let out a yell in protest but stopped herself. If she kept this up she'd never get to experience the joy of having two men fill her. And sitting would be a challenge.

Hank obliged and smacked her with something different. It must have been a flogger. She felt the strands draped across her torso. It had a distinct bite to it but Nikaya didn't think it packed the punch the paddle had. She definitely kept her mouth closed. She wasn't going to let them know she could handle this one better than the other.

Braden's lips surrounded her nub. His tongue licked feverishly over the top. Her attempts to thrash against his assault were useless. She was chained in the form of an X and there was little room for movement.

She was utterly and completely at their mercy.

Hank slapped the flogger against the backs of her legs repeatedly while Braden worked her magic button.

As the stirrings of an orgasm built in the pit of her stomach, Nikaya ground her teeth together, afraid she'd scream out as she rocketed into orgasm. She couldn't. She had to ride through this climax without speaking a word if she wanted her punishment to end.

And she did.

Ripples tore through her stomach, racing for her swollen clit. The flogging stopped and someone inserted a vibrator into her drenched pussy. She clenched her fingers together in a tight fist. She bit down on her tongue and let the feelings rack her body.

Her pussy convulsed against the vibrator. Braden continued sucking her clit. Her over-sensitized nipples filled, making the clamps feel tighter against her taut skin. Wave upon wave invaded her body. She writhed against the sensations, sending her crashing into orgasm after orgasm.

It was one of the hardest things Nikaya ever had to do but she remained quiet the entire time.

Breathless, she waited for the climax to subside. The hot prickly nerve endings began retreating back to normal. She longed to be in Braden's arms but that was impossible while she was chained.

The vibrator left her channel, leaving her surprisingly sad. She ached to be filled.

The blindfold was lifted off her eyes, she adjusted to being thrown into bright lights. As her eyes grew accustomed to the lighting, she saw Braden with a wide grin on his face. A look of satisfaction.

Thank God. Hopefully that part was over.

He removed a nipple clamp and ran his tongue over the sore skin. He moved to the next, repeating the tongue licking.

"You did great, Nikaya." He bent and unclasped one of her legs.

He was freeing her? She wanted to ask if they were done, if the punishment was complete, but knew better.

He freed her other leg while Hank worked on freeing her wrists.

Braden massaged her thighs.

"For being such a good girl, I think you're ready to move on to the next surprise we have in store for you."

Please tell me it's where you both fuck me.

"It couldn't have been easy to remain quiet with so many different sensations filling your body. I'm impressed with your ability. But I knew you had it in you. Everyone does really. If they concentrate real hard, anything is possible. Besides, your pleasure is heightened, making the end results that much better." He kissed the inside of her thigh. "You were amazing."

Yeah, so what's my prize for being a good girl?

Braden cherished the feel of his wife's silky skin under his lips. So soft and inviting. His cock burned with the need for release. He thought about fisting himself while sucking on her clit but decided to wait. He wanted to savor the feeling of his hardness filling her tight ass while she sucked on Hank. Oh yeah, the thought had him wanting instant relief.

Braden stood looking deep into her green eyes.

"I was thinking we should move this party to the bedroom. Any objections?" He looked her squarely in the eye. Any sign of hesitation and they were out of there.

Nothing.

"Great." He took her hand as Hank led the way.

"You'll find the bedroom to be more relaxing," Hank said.

Braden smiled. She still wasn't talking. He'd wait until they reached the bedroom before letting her off the hook. For now he wanted to watch her fight back the urge to speak out. Nikaya wasn't a submissive, just the opposite. She was a feisty spitfire who spoke her mind and said what she thought, especially if she didn't like someone. That's what he loved about her. He didn't want someone meek and mousey. He wanted a strong-willed woman who knew what she wanted and wasn't afraid to go after it, inside or out of the bedroom.

He wanted Nikaya to tell him if he wasn't hitting the mark or preferred it differently. He didn't want her totally silenced like tonight. Tonight was different. Tonight was all about role-play.

Three naked bodies strolled into the bedroom. There was a massive king-sized bed in the middle of the room. Hank had covered the bed in pink rose petals. Nikaya's favorite color. Braden's good buddy had gone out of his way to make tonight special. If it weren't for him most of this wouldn't have happened.

He was the one who'd found the red flashing light. It was his cabin. His secret room. Shit, Braden had never imagined a man would have an arsenal of paddles, whips and chains but he was glad he did. He owed his best friend, big time.

"In here you can speak freely, Nik. You can say whatever is on your mind without worry of punishment."

She turned to face her husband. "It's about damn time!"

They all laughed.

"This is all so beautiful," Nikaya said, running her fingers over the rose petals.

"You're worth it," Hank said.

Braden was touched by his words, making him happier he asked his friend to be part of this night.

It wasn't easy at first. Braden had contemplated asking him for months. How does someone ask their best friend to share their wife? Yes, it was only for one night but

Braden wasn't the sharing type. But he also knew this meant a lot to Nikaya. She wanted to experience what it felt like to be loved by two men. She didn't ask for much so it was hard to refuse her.

Hank had balked at the idea at first. He said there was no way he could sleep with his best friend's wife and feel comfortable about it. Braden had to convince him he was okay with the idea.

Eventually Hank came around and when he did he was full of ideas. Like the secret room.

"Hank's right, honey. You're worth it." He stepped behind his wife, kissing the base of her neck. He felt her flesh goose bump under his lips.

Hank was still in shock that he was part of this scenario. He'd thought it was some kind of joke when Braden approached him. He'd half expected Ashton Kutcher to pop out of a bush or something and tell him he was being punked but that hadn't happened. Braden was dead serious.

Who asked another man to share his wife? Hank wasn't sure that if Nikaya was his woman he'd be able to, even if it was her birthday wish. But he'd never been faced with that kind of decision so he couldn't really know for certain.

When he finally agreed all sorts of ideas came to mind. Sharing his secret room with his best friend and his wife seemed only fitting. He'd only shared this room with a few people. Not everyone was comfortable with this lifestyle.

Braden had been very open to the sight of his room. He felt Nikaya would be too. He told Hank that at times they role-played in the bedroom. This knowledge made Hank feel more comfortable about his decision.

They'd shared the business and most of their secrets since childhood, so why not the room?

Hank remembered the day he brought him to the cabin to show off the room. Braden had stood staring in awe at the array of spanking tools. He'd teased Hank about having a little too much but in the end, felt it was perfect for what he had in mind.

Punishing Nikaya held more excitement than he thought he'd feel, because he loved her on a different level. He never dreamed slapping that lush ass would turn him on so much but it had. His constant hard-on was evidence. And when she wrapped those tender lips around his cock, he'd fought hard not to spurt in her mouth.

Now the idea of making love to Nikaya thrilled him. All he wanted to do was bring her incredible pleasure. He wanted to watch her face light up with each new sensation.

There were times when Hank felt a twinge of jealousy for the relationship they shared. He hoped some day he would find his soul mate. His one and only. Finding someone beautiful on the inside and out, like Nikaya, wasn't going to be easy. She was a rare gem, a jewel to be treasured forever. For tonight he was going to enjoy what they were offering.

Nikaya's skin raged with fire at the touch of her husband's lips. His velvety kisses had her juices flowing. She wanted him to bend her over the bed and fuck her senseless while Hank watched. Then she wanted to climb on the bed and be sandwiched between those two amazing bodies. Today she was their temple and she wanted them to pay homage to her.

She spied a bowl full of condoms sitting on the dresser behind him. They were prepared in every way.

Braden ran a finger down her arm. She shivered.

"Lie on the bed." His tone was soft and undemanding.

She eased back until the backs of her knees touched the satin comforter. She sat. The fabric felt cool on her heated bottom. Sliding backward, she inched her way up to the pillows, her eyes never leaving Braden's face. Rose petals tickled her skin.

Relief flooded through her burning ass as the comforter cooled her stinging skin. She hadn't realized how much it burned until now.

"Something wrong?" Braden asked.

"I'm a little sore."

"Roll over and we'll take care of that."

Braden looked to Hank. "Lotion?"

"Coming right up." He moved over to the dresser and opened a drawer. He lifted out a bottle of lotion and handed it to Braden.

"Thanks. Go ahead, roll over."

Nikaya rolled over and settled into a comfortable position on the bed. Her head rested on her folded arms.

The cold lotion stung as it dripped onto her ass. Carefully, Braden rubbed it in, soothing her.

"Feel better?"

"Yes," she mumbled, feeling a little tired. A lot had happened over the course of the night and as she became more relaxed she grew sleepy.

She stifled a yawn.

"There's no sleeping right now," Braden teased. "There'll be time enough for sleeping when this is over."

Nikaya didn't want to sleep, she wanted to accept all they had to offer.

"I'm good," she said, closing her eyes. She would rest her eyelids for a moment.

Hank lay on the bed next to her. Brushing the strand of hair away from her face, he smiled.

"I think we need to rouse her. Her eyes are growing mighty heavy."

"Did we wear you out already?" Braden asked, climbing on the other side of his wife.

They had but she couldn't imagine sleeping with them so close to her.

He dipped his finger between her legs, searching for her pussy.

"She's still soaked."

"Then I say we fulfill her birthday fantasy," Hank said, running a finger down her spine.

She shivered as chills shook her body. The thought of both men being inside her stirred new sensations coursing through her. Molten hot lava rolling through her veins.

"Hmmm, I've been dying to fuck that ass of hers all night long. I think it's time she experiences both of us filling her."

Nikaya secretly smiled. This was what she waited for. This was why she refused to utter her safe word. This moment. The chance to have both men inside her.

"Hey, Nik, I want you to sit up. Hank is gonna climb underneath you."

Stretching, she yawned, pretending to be unenthused. All the while she was burning hot.

"Okay." She moved to the side of the bed, giving Hank room to move into the center.

Braden hopped up and plucked a condom from the bowl. "Here ya go, buddy."

Nikaya noticed the look of disappointment but agreed with her husband. He should wear the condom.

"Here, let me," she said, reaching for the foil package. Maybe if she put it on him it would ease his disappointment.

She looked to Braden to see if there was any concern on his face but there wasn't. He was smiling.

Hank handed over the condom. "If you insist."

Folding his arms behind his head, he nestled deeper into the pillows as she tore the package open and rolled the condom over his waiting cock.

"There," she said, inspecting her work.

"I think we'll wait a little longer to fulfill her fantasy."

"What?" Nikaya turned to her husband, disappointment filled her.

"I've been dying to have your lips wrapped around my cock."

She glanced at her husband's penis and knew the way it bulged he was straining for release. After everything he'd done for her, it was the least she could do.

"I'd love to satisfy you, Braden. What are we going to do about Hank? I did just sheathe him."

"We won't let that go to waste. Straddle him backward."

Hmm, Nikaya liked the idea of riding him cowboy style. From this angle she could see Braden's face.

She turned and searched his face for any regrets but found nothing.

Inching her way over Hank's body, Nikaya straddled him and eased her way down his hard shaft. He stretched her wider than she'd ever thought possible. She had to take him slowly, afraid she couldn't handle him. He kept his hands behind his head, letting her take her time. He allowed her to set the pace.

Once she was nestled in, she bit her lower lip.

Fuck, he's humongous.

"Braden?" Braden still stood on the side of the bed, watching. She wasn't sure what she should do at this point. Should she start riding him or wait? Her pussy was still adjusting to his enormous cock.

"Ready?"

Fuck yeah. I'm ready. More than ready.

She nodded yes.

"Okay. You get nice and comfortable on Hank. When you're comfortable I'll join in."

Taking Braden's cue, Hank brought his hands around and tweaked her nipples. They were still a little sensitive from the nipple clamps she'd worn earlier. The

pleasure-pain sent shock waves coursing through her straight to her pussy, which was beginning to enjoy the feel of Hank's cock filling her.

Hank was different. He was harder and rounder than Braden.

"Lean forward," Hank instructed, giving her back a slight nudge.

Resting her hands on Hank's muscular legs, Nikaya began a slow tempo, gliding her pussy up and down his cock.

He didn't object, instead he placed a firm hand on her hip. His other hand continued pinching her nipple.

Nikaya was afraid she would erupt into climax before Braden joined them. Hank's cock and fingers were overstimulating her, zapping her body with tiny jolts of electricity.

Braden must have sensed her nearness and climbed on the bed. He smiled down at her and mouthed, "I love you."

She mouthed it back.

He fisted his cock and brought it closer to her mouth. Pre-cum tickled her lips. She licked the tiny drops off the tip of his penis.

He groaned.

She moistened her lips with her tongue. Ready to take him, she opened her mouth wider. She leaned closer and covered his throbbing purple head.

She heard him suck in a breath.

Her tongue caressed his velvet skin. Gliding her mouth up and down, she teased the bulging vein. He shuddered under her touch. Hank started moving again, as she teased her husband's cock.

Excitement filled her as Hank pumped his cock into her pussy. Braden weaved his fingers into her hair, holding her head while he pumped into her mouth.

She'd never experienced something so delectable in all her life. Two cocks in her at one time.

Hank continued tweaking her nipple, heightening the arousal coursing through her body.

Braden's cock moved in and out while Hank's moved up and down. It took a few minutes but they all managed to find an easy rhythm. Nikaya lapped at his hard shaft, toying with the tiny crevice just below his cap. She knew when she hit his spot just right it caused a knee-jerk reaction to explode almost instantaneously. Normally he fought against her favoring that spot, wanting to draw out the pleasure. But tonight he allowed her to do as she pleased. She continued teasing the spot until she felt the stirrings in the base of his penis. He was ready to come. A few more quick licks across the spot and he was holding her head tighter, pumping wildly into her mouth, his seed pouring out over her welcoming tongue.

Hank's hand came around, teasing her tiny nub as his cock slid deeper and deeper into her channel. She rolled her hips, accepting every inch of him. As she sucked every last drop of Braden's seed she felt the stirrings of her own orgasm building in the core of her stomach. Her stomach muscles tightened and she clenched her pussy against Hank's cock. She swallowed her husband's seed as the climax took over her body. Braden removed his penis and his hands reached for her nipples, pinching both between his fingers. This was all too much for her to handle. She couldn't wait any longer. She let the orgasm take over. She cried out as Hank emptied his semen into the waiting condom. He let out a howl, drowning out her cries of ecstasy.

She fell into a crumbled heap on the bed, trying to catch her breath.

"You okay, honey?" Braden asked, rubbing her back.

"Delightful." It was the only word she could think of to describe how she felt in that moment.

"You're not tired, are you?" Hank asked.

"Not on your life." And she wasn't. She was rejuvenated from that experience. Ready to take them on again.

"Good, because we haven't gotten to the best part yet."

Yes, she knew what he meant. The part where they filled her. Two men fucking her at the same time. One filling her cunt, the other filling her ass.

Hank moved off the bed and entered the bathroom where he disposed of the condom.

He returned to the bed and sat on the edge.

"I can't thank you both enough for including me for this night. It's been nothing but incredible from the beginning. Braden, when you pulled Nik over pretending to be a cop, damn! And when you spanked her right there on the side of the road, for any passerby to see, holy shit, I lost my mind. And when you bent her over and took her. I have to say, I jerked off to the sight of you two."

His confession rocked Nikaya to the core. She wondered how he felt watching them now she knew.

She reached out and touched his hand. "I'm glad Braden chose you to share this experience with us. I don't think I could have done it with anyone else. But you...you're family to us. It was the right choice."

"She's right, Hank. I couldn't ask just anyone. Not when it came to sharing Nikaya. If you weren't my best friend, I don't think her fantasy would've ever become reality. I trust you completely. And I know this will never go beyond this cabin."

"Thanks."

Nikaya could tell he appreciated their honesty.

"And none of this would be possible without you. I still can't believe that room, dude. It's beyond anything I'd ever imagined."

Hank chuckled. "I'm glad you like it. Anytime you two want to come up to the cabin and experiment on your own, just say the word. As long as I'm not using it that is."

They all shared a laugh.

Braden slapped the bed. "So, how about we give Nikaya her fantasy? I think we've made her wait long enough."

"Sounds good to me."

Chapter Five

Braden readied her for his cock to fill her. Trepidation filled her. He'd filled her many times before but to have two big men inside her—she wasn't sure if she could handle both of them at the same time.

Hank grazed her nipple, bringing her back to reality. And reality was glorious. She had her husband's best friend's cock nestled in her drenched pussy, while her husband coated her puckered hole with cool liquid.

His finger broke through her barrier and Nikaya thought she was going to explode into an orgasm instantaneously. His finger buried in her ass, along with Hank's cock in her pussy, was better than she ever imagined.

Sparks filled her soul as Braden added a second digit. She knew she couldn't hold back, she needed release. Release needed her. She increased her rhythm, riding Hank up and down. Braden matched her speed with every thrust. Hank sucked on her nipple, pulling the hardened bud between his teeth.

The orgasm filled her and a moan escaped her lips.

Hank massaged her clit, sending her reeling. The flood gates opened and she rode the waves of her climax. Over and over she glided her pussy over his hard cock. Faster and harder Braden pushed his fingers into her ass.

She collapsed against Hank's chest, trying to catch her breath.

Braden removed his fingers, leaving her empty.

Taking it as a sign that she should remove herself from Hank, she attempted to climb off him.

"Stay put, darling." Braden's strong hand on her back kept her in place. "Lie back on his chest."

She did, thankful for the extra moment to regain her senses.

Just when she thought she had the chance to catch her breath, she felt Braden's hard cock nudging at her back door.

This was it. This was the moment she wondered about for the last few years. What would it feel like to have two hard cocks filling her?

"Ready?" Braden asked.

"Yes," she breathed.

Hank lifted her chin and looked her in the eyes. "Are you completely certain because if you aren't we can stop."

"I'm ready," she said in a strong voice. "I want this."

And with her final words, Braden pushed the head of his cock through her rim. He waited, giving her a moment to adjust to him.

She held her breath.

"Relax," he said, rubbing the small of her back.

How could she relax when she was being taken over by all sorts of sensations? Suddenly she wanted to push back and force him in farther, while riding Hank. She wanted to feel their hands caressing her body, touching her everywhere.

He slid another inch and waited.

Nikaya couldn't take it anymore. She needed him to fully engulf her. She pushed against him, forcing him to fill her to the brink.

"Nik?"

"I'm fine. I'm good. In fact, I'm splendid."

"Okay!"

"Just fuck me, please," she begged.

Braden and Hank moved, trying to find a steady rhythm. It didn't take long before they all moved in tune with the other. Three bodies molded together.

Nikaya eased herself to a sitting position.

Braden wrapped his arms around her, taking both breasts in his hands. His warm breath assaulted her neck, sending chills down her spine.

As the stirrings of her orgasm built in the walls of her pussy, she felt Braden's cock begin to twitch. He was ready too. She looked to Hank.

She wasn't sure but she knew she couldn't hold back the climax racking her body if she wanted to.

She let go as Braden pumped his seed into her ass, her pussy contracted around Hank and he let out an animal cry as he spent himself into the condom.

They did it. They simultaneously climaxed.

She leaned her body against Braden's. He was sweaty but she didn't mind. She was used to him. Hank rested his hands on her thighs. This was the perfect way to end her birthday.

"I love you, Braden." She smiled down at Hank. "I love you for sharing this with us. Thank you."

"You're more than welcome and happy birthday."

"Yes, honey. Happy birthday." Braden kissed her neck. "I hope this was everything you imagined."

Warmth flowed through her body. She felt loved and cherished and fulfilled. "Everything and more!"

About the Author

From a very young age, Amber Skyze began making up stories—the only child syndrome. Had anyone asked her back then if she would write when she grew up, she'd have laughed. It wasn't until raising children and reading all those romances that she decided, hey, I can write these. Then she discovered erotica and found her calling.

When not crafting hot, steamy tales, this New York transplant now resides in Rhode Island with her husband (the inspiration behind her stories), three children—who force her to work a day job—and three dogs. She's thrilled to join the authors of Ellora's Cave.

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

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