



# VANILLA WITH EXTRA NUTS

VICTORIA BLISSE



# Vanilla with Extra Nuts

*Victoria Blisse*

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## Foreword

“Nothing’s better than a healthy heart, which helps women endure the ailments of life—physical or romantic—and come out on top of it all. This anthology, with stories by some of the most talented romance writers in the market, will benefit hearts everywhere. It’s not often you can contribute to a worthy cause, one that may well affect you in your lifetime, and at the same time assure yourself of some excellent entertainment. Have a good time, and let your heart be your guide.”

Charlaine Harris



## Chapter One

“Oh, how I’ve missed you,” Adam moaned as my lips wrapped around his cock.

I smiled then pulled away from his crotch. “Well, you do insist on going off to Happy Mart 3 so often, dear. I can’t be chasing half way across the country just to fuck you as much as I’d like to.”

“I know, darling.” He brushed my hair with his hand as I lazily lapped at the head of his red, eager cock, “But they have no manager there right now. The assistant is doing his best, but until I appoint a new manager, I’m going to have to be there a lot. I’m sorry.”

“It’s all right, baby. I understand, but I do like to tease you sometimes.” I ran my tongue down from the tip to the base of his dick and licked across his balls. I traced my fingers down his thighs and back up again. He lifted his hips and I slipped a hand beneath his bottom and squeezed.

“Butt slut,” I hissed as he moaned, then I slipped my lips down over his straining erection. I’d missed my lover greatly over the past week, but school had kept me busy. Being a teacher is not as easy as many people like to think it is. I was glad to have him back, though, as my fingers were beginning to tire and I needed some real sexual satisfaction.

As I slid my mouth up and down his tasty rod, I insinuated a finger between his buttocks. He eagerly gasped as his cock disappeared into my mouth and my finger slipped to his anus

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and began pressing inwards. I continued to suck on him as my finger slid deeper. His cock throbbed and he whimpered. His hips bucked up and down, working himself onto my finger and into my mouth.

I had to pull my lips away because I knew he was close and I was not ready for him to come yet.

“You like having my finger in your arse, don’t you?” I whispered, excited by this newly discovered kink.

“Yes, I do,” he panted, thrusting onto my finger, desperate for stimulation.

“I bet you’d love it if I fucked your arse wouldn’t you? Maybe I should buy myself a strap-on cock. Maybe next time you come home I’ll fuck you?”

“Oh, fuck yes,” he groaned and I slipped my finger from his butt.

“Well, right now, you’re going to fuck me. I need your dick in my cunt.”

He loved it when I talked dirty. I loved it too. It made me feel sexy and as far from being a prissy school ma’am as it is possible to be. I lifted myself to my knees and straddled one over one hip, then as he brought his legs together I slipped the other soft, rounded thigh over the other hip. I was hovering just above his hardness, my plump, juicy pussy just a slight hip thrust above him.

“Fuck me,” he begged and lifted his hips. Our eyes locked and I smiled wickedly at his erotically pained look.

“With pleasure,” I whispered and as he held his cock in place I slid down. We gasped, then moaned, then closed our eyes in sync with each other and let the rhythm of lust enfold us in its sexual embrace. I moved as if in a trance. Hypnotically I lifted and pushed down my bum to push him in and pull him out of my pussy, the friction making me mewl with delight and my pussy muscles clench with pleasure.

Dropping my arms next to his shoulders, I leaned forward briefly for a hot, urgent kiss before slamming back down on his

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thick dick. My sex pulsed with mini orgasms as I moaned and cursed and thrust all the harder. He gripped my hips and his nails dug in as he got closer and closer to coming.

“Yes,” he growled as he filled me, “Yes.” He thrust again, his cock spurting inside of me. “Oh fuck, yes,” He groaned as he stilled and I stopped thrusting.

“Mmm, I do love it when you fill me with your come,” I gasped and lifted myself over to fall back on the bed beside him. “I love how it all slips and slides around my fingers when I slip them inside my used cunt.” He rolled onto his side and faced me and I showed him what I meant. With two fingers I pressed inside myself. I could hear the sticky squelch as I moved them and enjoyed the creamy caress of our juices mixing together inside of me. I pulled my fingers out with a groan and moved the sticky slick digits to my clit. I buzzed with pre-orgasmic energy and as he trailed his fingers up the inside of my thigh each tickle was magnified and the journey they took up to the juncture of my thighs was exquisite torture.

He slid two fingers inside of me and I moaned. He hooked his leg over mine and buried his face in my neck where his lips traced patterns over my shoulder and up my throat. The combination of his tickling kisses on my favorite erogenous zone, his body pressed against me, and his fingers within me brought me quickly to my peak. I rubbed harder, my legs vibrating as my orgasm built then erupted powerfully from my body. He clung onto me as I bucked and cursed and thrashed in my ecstasy. When I calmed, he pulled out of me and, taking his fingers to his mouth, he licked them clean.

“Mm, we taste good together,” he whispered.

“We feel bloody good together as well,” I exclaimed and he nodded. Our laughter mingled as we cuddled up together. “You know, men I’ve been with before have been really weird about touching or tasting their own come, even when mixed with my juices. I dunno, I guess they thought it made ’em gay or something.”



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“Men are weird,” Adam said with an emphatic nod of the head. “I don’t mind it at all, but then maybe I’m not typical as I’m bi. I like the taste of come as much as I love the taste of pussy juice.”

“You’re bi?” I asked, a little surprised but not particularly shocked.

“Yes,” he replied, “didn’t you know?”

“No,” I said. “It’s not really come up in conversation, has it?”

“No, it hasn’t.”

There was a moment of awkward silence. I didn’t know what to say. Everything I could think of sounded sarcastic or twee in my own head.

“You’re all right with it, though, right?” he asked after a moment of waiting for me to talk.

“Oh yeah. Least I think so. I mean, it’s not like you’re going to go off and cheat on me with some bloke just ‘cause you fancy guys as well as girls, is it?”

And we had only been together for three months. It wasn’t as if we were man and wife or something.

“Ah, well, maybe I should confess something to you while we’re on the subject,” he said, his posh shop manager voice coming into play. I began to worry. It was the voice he used to deliver bad news to customers and staff. “I’ve been seeing a man as well as you.”

“Oh,” I said, a stab of intense pain ripped through my stomach. I pulled my arm off his body and pushed it down in front of mine to create a barrier between us.

“I should have told you, Megan. I’m sorry. It’s just I didn’t know how to broach the subject and I didn’t want to ruin what we had.”

“You should have told me,” I said, still in shock. “I thought I meant more to you than that.”

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“You do, Megan, oh you do. I love spending time with you, I love fucking you, being with you.”

“But you were still off fucking a man behind my back. Is it better with him? Am I just your token girlfriend or something?”

I moved from shocked to angry. He’d lied to me. I thought we had the start of something special, but he’d been fucking someone else all along.

I rolled over and put my back to him, I didn’t want him to see the scalding tears that rolled down my cheeks unbidden.

“Oh, it’s not like that,” he sighed, and I felt him shift onto his side, the bed creaked a little as he moved. “Please, Megan, I didn’t mean to upset you. Damn, I should have told you upfront, I’m sorry about that. You are the most beautiful woman I know. Your curves are divine. The moment I saw you in the club that night I was intoxicated. I couldn’t keep my eyes off you. You are all woman and that is what drives me crazy with desire. I don’t want to lose you.”

“Are you going to stop fucking around behind my back?” I hissed, trying hard to lie still, my unladylike sobs made it difficult to stop my abundant body wobbling.

“I’m not fucking around,” Adam sighed, “but I don’t see why I can’t be with you both.”

“Well, in that case you can see yourself out. I can’t share you with anyone else.”

“Not even if I tell you he’s bi too and he thinks you’re gorgeous.”

“No. You betrayed me Adam. You need to go.” I sniffled. I needed him out of my space so I could cry in peace.

“Okay, I’m sorry, Megan. You know where I am if you want me. I still want you, think I always will.” He moved across the bed and I heard the ruffle and scrape of clothes and zips as he dressed. I tried not to think of his lithe body, his smooth hands, his plump lips. I tried to hold onto the anger that had burned so brightly minutes earlier, but as he whispered a

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goodbye and I heard the door of my flat clunk shut behind him,  
I sobbed so hard I thought I would break.

## Chapter Two

For a few days after I just walked around in a daze. I was on autopilot and thanked Heaven that I didn't have any of the more difficult year groups to teach 'til the other end of the week. I'd be more myself by then, I was sure.

I'd not gotten much sleep either. I was tired, but as soon as I tried to sleep, questions started to haunt me. Had I done the right thing? Had I been too hasty? Was it really cheating? And the most annoying thing was that I didn't have an answer.

I picked up my post as I walked into my flat after another long day of teaching. Tucked between the livid green junk mail and the credit card bill was a white, handwritten envelope. I so rarely get mail of such a nature that I got quite giddy as I tried to work out who it was from. I ripped open the envelope and started to read.

*Dear Megan,*

*I don't know whether this is wise, but I am missing you so much I wanted to at least try. I am so sorry I wasn't upfront about myself from the beginning. I should have been. I was having such a good time with you I just sort of forgot everything else.*

*I wish there was something I could do to make this all better, Simon does too. He likes you, as well you know. He's seen your photos and thinks your curves are deliciously sexy. He's upset that I'm upset and livid that I managed to upset you.*

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*I want to make it all better, I do. Can we get together to talk? I'm off to Happy Mart 3 all week this week, but if you can get to the store I'll talk to you there.*

*Miss you so much,*

*Adam.*

I was angry when I first read it. The tears I'd tried so hard to hide fell unbidden as the rage bubbled up inside of me. How could he be so arrogant? Just because he likes boys and girls doesn't mean he should be able to ignore the rules. People are monogamous. When you're with one person, you're not fucking anyone else. That's the rules.

But there was no doubting that I missed him. We'd only been together a few months but we'd hit it off immediately, and we went from casual date and shag to something far more like a relationship in just a matter of days. Well, I thought we had. Obviously Adam didn't see it that way. It might have been an ego stroke to know that another man found me attractive. I'm bigger than the skinny bitches on TV and not so many men admire my full and womanly curves. So when one does, I feel all the more flattered for it. But as much as my ego was flattered, the rest of me was just plain pissed off.

And missed him. It didn't matter how much I focused on how mad I was, it all came back down to that. I missed him and that is why I found myself on a train at four on a Friday afternoon. I had to see him, even if it would prove to just be closure. I couldn't bear another week of wondering what if and pining for him. I needed to hear Adam's excuses face to face to make up my mind properly and to either change the nature of our relationship or end it for good.

I was ratty when I walked into Happy Mart 3. It had been a horrible journey. The train had been packed tight with people. There had been delays and an overly amorous couple snogging in a corner. It made me feel sick to the stomach looking at such a happy couple in love. It was cold, wet, and miserable. The

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hotel I'd checked into didn't brighten my mood. It was cheap and nasty but all I could find at short notice.

I stood at the customer service desk and scowled until a handsome guy walked over and asked in a deep, buttered tone if he could help me.

"I need to speak to Adam Whittaker, is he here?"

"Yes, he is. Somewhere. Hold on one minute, miss, I will call him."

He walked over to the intercom. I tried really hard not to watch how his buttocks moved so smoothly under his black trousers as he walked away from me and pretended to barely notice how his wide shoulders made the white shirt hang so beautifully over his thick, muscled back. I really didn't peer at his back to see if his shirt was a little see-through, honestly I didn't. I just noticed it accidentally.

"Adam Whittaker to customer service, please. Customer waiting. Thank you."

"There you are, miss. He'll be here any moment. Now, if that's all I can help you with, I must get back to the shelves."

"Yes, thank you, you've been most helpful." I smiled, my cheeks flushed. He'd been great fantasy fodder too, but I wasn't about to tell him that.

"Oh, it's been my pleasure." He winked and I giggled like a little schoolgirl as he walked away. I took a deep, steadying breath and tried to get back to being serious instead of seriously horny.

"Megan?" Adam's voice made my heart leap, then plunge to the pit of my stomach, "are you all right?"

"We need to talk, when do you finish?"

"Erm, not long now. Let me just sort out a few things and we can go somewhere. Come on up and sit in my office while you wait. I shouldn't be long."

I followed him silently. I had a lot I wanted to say and a lot I wanted to do, like run my fingers through his blond hair

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and kiss his plump lips. That was not what I was there for, though. I had to remember that. This was going to be a closure not a reunion, if things went to plan. Part of me hoped that things wouldn't go to plan, but that was the part of me that was still imaging how the guy at customer service's naked butt would look.

"Here you go, Megan, make yourself as comfortable as you can. I shouldn't be long. I just have to tie up a few loose ends, you know."

"Okay." I sat down on a standard plastic chair. "I can wait."

"It's good to see you, Megan, I'm glad you came." As I really looked at Adam's face, I noticed the dark bags beneath his eyes and the drawn look to his skin. He hadn't had a good week either.

"Don't get your hopes up," I said. "I'm just here to get some answers. That's all."

He nodded solemnly and walked out of the room. I felt bad, as if I were kicking a skinny mongrel in its painfully visible ribs, but what could I do? I couldn't leave him believing I was there to get back together with him as I was fairly certain that wasn't the case. Well, the sensible part of me was a hundred percent sure. The more instinctive part of me, the one that wanted the customer service guy and had flashed memories of sex romps with Adam through my mind as I followed him upstairs, was busy trying to convince me I needed to get laid. As much as I wanted to let that part have its way, sensible me was lecturing me on why that wouldn't be a good idea.

Adam came back into the office far quicker than I expected.

"Right, I'm done. Where do we want to do this?"

"Oh, I thought you'd be longer than this. Erm, I'd like a bit of privacy, really."

"Well, my office is pretty private,"

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“Yes, but it’s not exactly comfortable, is it? I don’t want to feel like one of your employees getting the sack.”

“All right then, we can go back to my hotel then, if you’d like.”

“As long as you know I’m only here to talk.”

“Yes,” Adam interrupted, “I know that.”

“Well then, your room sounds good.”

“Okay, come on, before someone collars me to sort out yet another problem.” He said it with a sigh that pulled at my heart strings. He was having a bad time of it all round. I had to harden those strings though. If I started doing things just because I felt sorry for him, I would be in trouble.

“How was your journey?” he asked as we walked out of the warm supermarket into the cold air of a chilly autumnal evening.

“I got here in one piece and that’s about all you need to know about that,” I replied.

“Yeah, Friday rush hour journeys can be brutal. How’s school?”

“Same old,” I said. “The classes seem to be settling in well, I’ve gotten a handle on who the troublemakers are now and who are the ones who need extra help. I’m getting there, slowly but surely.”

“You’re an awesome teacher.” Adam rested his hand momentarily on my upper arm. “I’m sure all those kids realize that.”

I walked away from his contact, the weight of his hand felt too good and I didn’t want him to realize what power his touch had over me. Just that brief brush was enough to make my knees wobble and my heart pound in my chest.

“Have you got a manager for this place yet?” I asked, as genial banter was better than heavy, dense silence.



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“Not quite.” He ran his fingers through his hair, “I’ve held interviews this past week and now I’m re-interviewing a few that I short listed. I should be done sometime next week.”

“Oh, that’s good,” I said, unable to think of anything more inspired. Luckily at that point he led me into the foyer of an upmarket chain hotel and the conversation came to a close. We didn’t have far to go, his room was only one flight of stairs up. I was glad I’d not suggested going to my hotel room. It was embarrassing in comparison to the minimalistic grandeur of this place.

“I miss you,” Adam sighed as he shut the door behind him. So, we weren’t going to waste any more time on polite conversation.

“Adam, don’t make this any harder than it already is. You know I miss you, why would I be here otherwise?”

“But you said you weren’t here for that. That I shouldn’t get my hopes up.” He crossed the room and perched on the corner of a large double bed. I stayed on my feet close to the door just in case I did need to make a swift exit. I also didn’t trust myself to get any closer to him.

“No, I’m not. You hurt me, Adam, but I’ve not been able to get you out of my mind. I need to get some things straight before I can let this go.”

“I don’t want you to let it go,” he replied. “I never wanted to hurt you; I never meant to keep anything secret. I was a fool. I’ve been so low this past week all I want is to feel your body next to mine, to press my lips to yours and recapture what we had.”

“Don’t lie,” I interrupted, “that’s not all you want at all. You want cock too. You were two-timing me, Adam, all along. I know we’d not been going out long and I know that we weren’t that serious but, heavens above man, I thought we were more than just fuck partners.”

“We were,” he said, “and I should have explained myself from the start, but I was scared. So many women see me as a

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freak for what I am. Many of them believe I'm actually gay and in denial, others think I'm just insane. The point is I kept the info to myself because I didn't want to lose you, which was stupid, I know. But, Megan, I never meant to hurt you."

"Well, you did, a lot," I snapped back and walked a few steps parallel to the wall, the built-up frustration inside me needing some kind of release. "I am not bothered about you fancying blokes as well as women. That's by the by. It's not an issue for me. The issue is that you were fucking someone else whilst you were fucking me. I'd be as pissed off if it was a girl you'd been sleeping with. I thought we had something special, Adam, I really did. Then it became apparent that you were just looking for someone to make up a threesome."

"No, no, nothing like that," he sighed and pulled at the knot on his tie, loosening it, "I just kind of panicked and said something I thought might have appeased you. I was wrong. I mean, Simon does think you're attractive, even more so now that he's met you, but the threesome thing was just me being light-hearted really, trying to make it better. It didn't work."

"Hang on, when did I meet this Simon?" I asked, completely bemused and still marching back and forward by the door.

"Just now at Happy Mart, at the customer service desk."

"That was Simon?" My mind boggled. The hot young man I couldn't help admiring was Adam's fuck buddy. Oh boy.

"Yeah, that was Simon. He didn't mention anything, but he knew it was you the moment you walked in."

I shook my head as an image of Simon and Adam locked in a naked embrace lodged itself in my brain. "That's not important The issue here isn't how good looking Simon is; it's how you cheated on me."

"He is gorgeous." Adam smiled wistfully. "I didn't mean to cheat on you. I mean, I didn't see it like that. Simon and I have been, well, intimate for a year or so now. We're not boyfriends, neither of us really want that kind of commitment,

but we are in some kind of casual relationship. So when I met you, I didn't even think about Simon. We go off, we do our own thing. So when I was romancing you that was all I was thinking about. Simon didn't even cross my mind. I was always one hundred percent yours when I was with you. Sure, I had fantasies that involved you and Simon in them together, who wouldn't? But those were only fantasies, fuelled by Simon's eagerness when I showed him a photo of you."

"I don't get it," I sighed and watched as he undid the top button of his shirt. "Why didn't you tell me earlier about Simon? What really hurts is that I thought we might just end up being boyfriend and girlfriend. I'd started to imagine futures where you and I would be a we. I really thought we were exclusive to one another."

"I know. I've got no real excuse or explanation. It never came up. I never thought to mention it, and really, it's not something you can just throw into general chit chat. 'Oh, by the way, I have a gay lover who thinks your breasts are magnificent, fancy a threesome?' I didn't know how to broach the subject, and the way I did it probably wasn't very clever. I was just so relaxed with you I wanted you to know everything about me."

I'm not that much of a cold, heartless bitch that I wasn't moved by that. He'd trusted me enough to tell me the whole truth and I'd blown up in his face.

"I'm going to just be honest with you, Adam," I said, and took a step towards him. "I would like nothing better than to walk over there right now, to pull you to me, and to kiss you and just forget this whole business. I'd love to go back to the way we were, but that isn't going to happen. I don't know if I can live with sharing you. I've always been a pretty vanilla girl. I have the average fantasies of a straight woman. I dream of meeting a man, falling in love, marrying him, and having babies. Not at any point have I thought about sharing a man with someone else. I mean, you were honest with me about fantasies and I have wondered what it would be like to be with

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two men at the same time, but I always thought that was just fantasy. Anyway, what I think I am trying to say is that I want you, but I just don't know how to deal with this situation."

"Can't we just give it a go?" He stood up and took a step towards me. "All I am sure of from this conversation is we both want each other, both regret what has happened, and want to go back to how we were. Can't we do that and work out the rest as we go along?"

He was so close to me I could have reached out to touch him, but I didn't. I didn't know what to do.

"I want to do that, I do, but I still don't know if I can handle being less than your one and only. We could fuck right now and love it, but would we just be delaying the inevitable heartbreak? I don't want that, Adam, I really don't."

He brushed his hand across my cheek and ran it into my hair, holding my face gently in his hand a moment before he responded. His response was a kiss. At first I didn't do anything. I wasn't thinking straight. I was a little angry at how he'd ignored my question. This sweet impact of lips on lips was exactly what I didn't want to happen because if I just let my body feel, my mind would switch off and the issues would not be settled. Instead of stepping back, pulling away, or yelling at him, I stood completely still. I froze as my mind whirled and my body begged and I battled with myself over what to do next. The low, masculine moan that vibrated through to me was my undoing. It was as if the vibrations loosened me and my lips began to respond to the kiss, my arms wrapped around him instinctively, and my breasts pressed wantonly against his chest without me even realizing what they'd done.

Wrapping his arms around, he held me tightly as I had longed for him to do all week. He pressed himself into me. I could feel his arousal and sensed his relief. Our twin emotions twined around us and knit us together. I felt invisible hands pushing me towards him, keeping me from pulling away, and even though I knew it is all my imagination I didn't fight it. I

didn't want to. I wanted Adam and maybe that would be enough.

His hands worked up under my T-shirt and cupped beneath my lace covered breasts. He squeezed and gasped, then broke our kiss for a moment to pull the top up and over my head. His lips fell back to my neck and the newly exposed flesh. Fingers scrabbling with the clasp at my back, his lips trailed over my collarbone and down to the V of my cleavage. When the clasp gave and his fingers worked to slip away the straps down my arms, his mouth feasted on each new inch of tit that was revealed. When he had discarded the bra and was once again cupping my breasts, naked this time, he lifted my nipples to his lips to suck and nibble at them.

By that point I was helpless, lost in lust. A little corner of my mind felt uneasy, knowing that the issue had still not really been resolved, but the rest of me was just ecstatic to be touched by him again. I had missed him so very much. His ever-busy fingers now pulled at the button and zip of my jeans. It took him only a moment to loosen them and seconds more to pull them down to my knees. He knelt at my feet and pulled off my boots, then slipped my jeans down my legs.

I felt naked, maybe even more so as I only had on the flimsiest of knickers. Their tininess emphasized the largeness of the rest of me and I felt awkward. I was not terribly confident in my skin and would normally wear a light negligee that would hide all my bumps and imperfections. The exposure was uncomfortable, but as he rose to his feet and pulled me over to the bed with him, my worries melted away.

"Fuck, I have missed you," Adam said as he pushed me down to the cold sheets of the undisturbed bed. "You are so beautiful, I just want to..." But he didn't finish his sentence, or if he did it was masked by the sounds of him undressing. I lay back and watched as the tie was pulled down and thrown away, and I lazily traced a finger down over my chest as he worked to open his shirt buttons and pinched at my excited nipples as he fully exposed his gorgeous chest. His eyes were on me and so

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it took a while for him to unbelt and unfasten his trousers. I continued my fingers' trip down my body and as he shook out of his pants and underwear my fingertips slipped over the lace of my knickers to the damp area between my thighs. I spread them as I ran my finger up and down over the material directly above my clit and moaned. He cursed as he struggled to pull off his shoes and trousers and still watch me. I no longer felt self-conscious but reveled in my curves.

As he freed himself from trousers and shoes and stood up again, my gaze fell upon his very hard cock. It pointed eagerly up and looked painful. I wanted to soothe it. Adam grasped himself as I continued to stimulate myself through the slightly rough texture of my knickers. His hand travel up and down his length and a bolt of voyeuristic pleasure shot down from my eyes, straight through to my eager clitoris. I had to lose the material that kept my fingers from the softness of my intimate folds. I quickly hooked my fingers in the top on my knickers and pushed down, giving up once they were down towards my knees and spreading my thighs again. His moan lifted my gaze to his face, which was lost in lust.

I reveled in the power of my body. I had him hypnotized and controlled him through his lust. I was like a queen and knew I could bend him to my every sexual whim. I skimmed my finger up my inner thigh and back to the wet juncture through the sparse curls of pubic hair to the softly giving lips and finally onto the raised bump that gave me so much pleasure.

I groaned and rubbed, watching him stroking up and down his cock. The head squeezing out, then popping back behind the foreskin before sliding out once more. I wanted to taste the shiny juices on his tip. I wanted to feel the weight of his cock between my pussy lips. I just wanted him between my thighs.

As I imagined him wanking his cock between my lips, the movement of his hand stimulating me, my eyes closed and I gasped as I felt the material between my knees loosen and fall away to my ankles and off past my toes. My eyes flew open as

hands roughly pushed my knees apart and I looked down to see his shoulders between my thighs, his face pressed close to my cunt. His tongue snaked out and licked at the finger I still had pressed to my clit. I felt it lap around me and continued to rub at myself as the searching tongue plunged inside of me hunting down my juices noisily.

“Fuck,” I gasped and felt his nose nudge at my finger. I moved it away and almost instantly his lips were around my clit, sucking the ecstasy from my body, making my tremble and quake as explosions of lust made me cry out for more. He eagerly gave me more. I was so dizzy with pleasure that I couldn’t work out where his mouth ended and my cunt began. It melded into one as his tongue lapped and his lips sucked and kissed and his breath caressed me. I came. I screamed his name as I bucked against his face and his hands squeezed my thighs as he drank from me. He drained me of every drop of juice, sucking each lip and delving between my buttocks to retrieve the last drips of my ecstasy.

I buzzed all over, my skin was tight and tingly and my nipples were so hard they ached. I had come so hard, but I wanted more. I needed his cock and before I could voice my need he climbed to his knees between my thighs, pressing his cock to my entrance. I spread my thighs wide for him as he watched his cock disappear between my lips. He cradled my thighs in his strong hands as he thrust. He was slow at first, his gaze focused on my cunt and the obscene glory of his body pressing into mine.

“Amazing,” he murmured as he pushed his hardness into my giving body. I moaned. I couldn’t hold it in. It was so sexy to see him, the man I loved, watch our joining with such awe and veneration. As my cunt throbbed around him, he left his cock buried inside of me and dropped my thighs to rest on his hips. He pressed forward, his strong arms coming down beside my head, surrounding me. His chest pressed against my slutty nipples and sent a flood of pleasure down to my cunt from the impact. His perfect lips pushed against mine, and as I tasted my

## Vanilla with Extra Nuts

sweet, sticky juices in our kiss, his hips began to undulate, the rhythm made me whimper and wrap my legs around his back to pull him deeper into me.

“This,” he panted between kisses, “this I have missed, this perfection I have longed for. Please don’t leave again, Megan, please.”

The emotion caught in his throat and my eyes pricked with tears.

“I won’t,” I gasped. “We’ll work something out. I promise.”

As if some kind of barrier had been stripped away with my words, he pressed deeper into me and pulled out in a longer, more satisfying rhythm. He rocked forward and backwards, his pubis hitting mine and stimulating my clit so that at the moment he roared and flooded me with his come I shuddered with a second electric orgasm that zapped through me, making me tighten around him. My legs squeezed his hips, my fingers gripped his upper arms, and my back arched to press my chest to his. As he relaxed and collapsed onto me, I wrapped my arms around him, buried my face in his shoulder, and cried.

“Sorry,” I sniveled.

He gently stroked my back. “It’s all right, love. I understand. Let it all out. We’ve both had a tough week.”

I sobbed for a few moments more, thankful that Adam understood. Only then did I start to calm down. There were still challenges to face, but I had him back in my life and that was all that mattered.



## Chapter Three

“Adam?” I asked and he rolled over on to his side, one arm under my head, the other resting on my hip, his face close to mine, “What do we do now?”

“Give me ten minutes and I’ll be happy for a repeat performance.” He waggled his eyebrows and I laughed as I slapped him jokingly.

“No, I mean about Simon. What are we going to do about him?”

“Good question.” He silently pondered a moment, then he pulled away from me. “I’m going to call him and get him to come round and we’ll sort this out once and for all.”

“What? Call him now?”

“Yeah. Why not?”

“It’s all a bit...quick.” I’d hoped we’d have a few days just like we had been, just a couple before we’d have to face the Simon thing. I was wishing I’d kept my big mouth shut as he tapped numbers into his mobile phone. My stomach churned.

“Hey, Simon.” He smiled. I hope he smiled like that when he heard my voice. “Yeah, it was her. I know. She’s here now in my room. Want to come ‘round?” When I realized what he was asking, I shot up in bed and shook my head and arms emphatically. “Yeah, all right. See you in ten minutes, bye.”

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“Ten minutes?” I shrieked. “What are you playing at? I’m not even halfway decent and I don’t know what to say and I need to think and, well, and...and...”

“Hush, its best this way.” Adam slipped back into bed with me. “He’ll be over soon and we’ll get it all sorted out. He’s so eager to officially meet you I’m sure you’ll get on fine.”

He kissed me and pulled me back down under the bedclothes. I was still panicking deep inside, but as his lips pressed harder against mine and his hands smoothed down my curves, I began to calm down a little. He kissed down the side of my neck and I groaned. I loved to be kissed just there. It made me feel so deliciously vulnerable.

“That’s good,” I gasped, “but I’m a little scared still, Adam. I’m not sure I’m mature enough to handle this. I don’t know if I can share you, I don’t know.”

“Hush, darling.” He punctuated his words with gentle kisses. “It’s going to be okay, I know it.” His mouth wrapped round my left nipple and sucked and for a moment all thought left my mind as I enjoyed the erotic tug of his lips and the soft nip of his teeth. He cupped the other breast and I just reveled in his adoration. It felt so good to have Adam back and with a stinging jolt to my heart I realized how hard it would be to let him go again.

“I can’t let you go again.” I gave voice to my thoughts, I needed him to know a little of the tumult of emotion inside of me,

“You’re not going to have to, sweetheart. Don’t worry.” He moved back to my lips and kissed me so thoroughly I thought I might orgasm simply from his heated caress. He really knew how to kiss.

Just then there was a knock at the door.

“Fuck!” I jumped and scrambled for the blankets to cover myself. Adam just smiled and shouted, “Come in, Simon.”

## Victoria Blisse

Before I could protest, Simon was in the room and shutting the door behind him. He seemed even bigger now than I remembered him and I felt threatened by his presence.

“Oh, hey, I see you’ve started without me. Give me a moment and I’ll catch up.”

I was so stunned as he threw off his black jacket and undid his tie that I didn’t say a word until he had his crisp white shirt unbuttoned to the navel.

“Wait, stop, what are you doing?”

“Undressing,” he replied as he finished the last button and I was treated to the sight of his hard chest as he pushed the white material off his shoulders. For a moment all I could think about was tracing my hands over his body.

“But, I mean, well, don’t we have to talk first?”

Simon looked at Adam and they both shrugged in unison.

“I think actions are louder than words,” Adam said and kissed the nape of my neck. “We can talk later.”

I looked at Adam and scrunched my brows so he would know I was pissed off. He just kissed me in the middle of my forehead, then whispered in my ear, “Trust me, darling, it’s going to work out all right, just trust me.”

When I looked up again, Simon was naked. I gulped as I let my eyes trace the length and breadth of his delicious, hard body. There was no doubting I wanted to taste him and feel his body against mine. I looked up into his dark brown eyes and he smiled, willing me to be okay with this. I could see he was nervous too, despite his striptease bravado. I smiled back then and thought, “What the hell?” If we couldn’t work things out after we fucked, well, at least I would have the memories of a fantasy come true to keep me warm at night.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this?” he asked as he walked over to my side of the bed. “I’ll go if you don’t want me here.” Part of me wanted him to go, but it really was a tiny fraction of the whole. My body was desperate to feel his bulk pressed against my soft, giving curves.

## Vanilla with Extra Nuts

"I'm okay, I want this," I said, then followed it up quickly with, "I think I do anyway."

"That's good enough for me," he said and leaned in to kiss me. You know as well as I do that everyone kisses in a different way. Adam is a very smooth, very subtle kisser. He starts off slowly and builds up to a crescendo. Simon is not like that at all. His kisses are aggressive and hungry and leave you gasping for breath after only a matter of seconds.

I noticed, once I had become accustomed to Simon's kissing, that Adam's lips were on my neck again. I don't think I can find the right words to convey to you the sheer excitement that two pairs of lips on your body brings. A kiss is a thrill but two kisses at the same time from two different people is pure ecstasy. I closed my eyes and the two pairs of lips began to roam. I could tell who was kissing where, but after a while I just didn't care.

"I knew you'd love this," Adam whispered as he took a break from kissing. I could feel his long, lithe body pressed against my right side and his hand rested on my stomach. Simon was kissing still, down over my breasts, I marveled at how easily I accepted his sexual advances. "I knew there was a sweet little slut inside you, longing for this." Adam slipped his hand down my stomach to the juncture of my thighs. They were closed together, sandwiched between two hot men, so Adam lifted his leg and hooked it over the top of mine essentially holding me open so his fingers could slide into my cunt.

I loved the helpless feeling of being immobilized by his leg over mine. He teased his finger down into my pubic hair and lower until his finger rested over my sticky clit. His finger lay there for a moment and I held my breath. Simon had one of my breasts in his hand and his lips were wrapped around my nipple. Adam was on the other side, kissing down my breast then his mouth hit my nipple and I moaned out with the pleasure of twin mouths sucking so erotically. As if that wasn't enough, his finger on my clit started to undulate and I felt as if

he'd flicked a switch as my whole body was flooded with pre-orgasmic energy.

I vibrated with it from my hair tips to my heels, from my toes to my nose, and all the places in between. I felt wonderful, like a goddess being worshipped by her loyal minions. Simon's hand was over on my thigh now, pulling it open. He was no longer kissing, his chin rested on my breast and watching Adams finger rubbing up and down my juice slicked cunt.

My cheeks flushed, I barely knew the man and here he is looking at my naked body and what lay between my splayed thighs.

"I've got to taste that," he gasped and I opened my eyes to see Adam feed the finger he'd been masturbating me with into Simon's mouth. It was one of the most erotic sights I'd ever had the pleasure to see. Especially as my juices were mingled with Adams. Only minutes earlier he'd come inside of me.

"Nectar." Simon licked his lips. "I want more." And without another word he slithered down my body until his face lined up with my open pussy. I couldn't have closed my legs if I wanted to. Adam was draped over me on one side and Simon held my other thigh down with one of his big hands and I didn't have to try to move it to know that his strength would overwhelm my efforts to escape.

I felt helpless, I felt vulnerable, and I felt so incredibly alive.

His breath caressed my wet lips and my clit perked up under its soft, arousing caress. I don't think I breathed for a minute or more as I waited. Then as his mouth pressed against my plump lips I let it all out in one long moan. As his tongue lapped against me, bumping my sensitive flesh and my eager clit, I gasped and pushed my hips up. I felt the restriction of Adam's leg keenly as I tried to press more of my hungry pussy to the very talented lips and tongue rubbing me in all the right ways.

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Adam kissed me, cutting off my moans and muffling my gasps. Two tongues invaded me and teased me to the very heights of ecstasy. I was overloaded with the different touches and strokes over my body and I knew in a matter of moments I would explode. Then Simon stopped and I think I whimpered.

“Not yet, love, not yet,” Simon cooed and winked at me as I pouted down at him. “Damn, you and Adam make a fan-fucking-tastic cocktail. I always thought you would. I want to drink from your freshly fucked pussy on a regular basis now. It’s addictive.” I blushed but I smiled too. However, the smile was soon replaced as my jaw dropped. Simon parted Adam’s thighs and placed his juice covered lips around the very hard cock of my boyfriend. I’ve never seen a man give a blowjob before, nope never, so as well as being as hot as hell I found watching Simon’s technique very enlightening.

He used his hands to tease and stroke Adam’s balls almost constantly and he kept up a steady rhythm. I ran a finger through my sticky folds as I watched eagerly and took note. Simon pulled away suddenly and it was Adam’s turn to whimper with disappointment.

“You know I love your cock, baby,” Simon purred, “but right now I want to feel that gorgeous pussy wrapped around my dick. You don’t mind, do you, buddy?”

“No, no, I completely understand. Go ahead man, fuck her. I can see she’s gagging for it.”

My jaw dropped in disbelief at the way Adam just treated me like some kind of possession, but I said nothing because I really did want to be fucked and I was, as he’d said, gagging for it. Simon moved back between my thighs and leaned over to the bedside table. He opened the little drawer and pulled out a condom. Obviously he was used to Adam’s habits and for a minute I felt the old feelings of jealousy and upset overcoming me, but as Simon sat back on his heels, peeled open the packet, and rolled the condom over his thick cock I forgot all that and the lust overtook my emotions once again.

Adam pressed his cheek against mine as we both craned our necks to watch Simon's cock press between my lips. I felt so cherished, so sexy in that moment as one hot guy slipped inside of me and another held me close in his arms. Adam and I both watched enraptured for a few moments as Simon's cock worked in and out of my slippery cunt. I was on fire, my cheeks and my chest were enflamed with heat. I tingled all over, my skin so sensitive every subtle touch brought me ever closer to orgasm.

Adam kissed me and his hand ran down over my stomach. I closed my eyes and concentrated on his lips on mine. It was such a strange sensation to have one man fuck you and one man kiss you, but it is good and something I wanted to experience again and again. I groaned as his fingers slipped down to my clit. As Simon fucked me Adam rubbed me just how I liked.

Adam's lips left mine and again we were cheek to cheek watching what happened between my thighs. I found it hard to hold my eyes open as the pleasure grew in intensity but I did not want to miss one moment of this amazing experience. Eventually my eyes did close as the sensations became too much and the ecstasy shot through me with such power my eyelids rattled shut as the orgasmic scream ripped from me.

When I had more control over my body, I managed to open my eyes again. Simon rocked gently in and out of my cunt, making me twitch and dance with the stimulation. Adam had his cock in his hand and stroked himself leisurely, his gaze locked with Simon's.

Suddenly I realized how selfish I had been. How could I demand that Adam stop his relationship with Simon? That look showed me that he meant a lot to Adam, and as much as I might want him all to myself, I couldn't deny him this. Just as I began to think that maybe I should subtly bow out now, their gazes shifted to rest on me. I smiled and my heart flooded with relief. I wasn't sure how we'd make this work but I was

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determined that we would give it a go. The other option was just too depressing to think about.

Adam reached over my body and fished a condom out of the bedside table drawer. I watched as he rolled it over his long erection and waited to see what he'd do next. First he kissed me, then untangled his limbs from mine. I think Simon anticipated what Adam was going to do as he leaned forward and pressed his chest to mine. I wrapped my legs around him and was delighted to feel his soft lips against mine. He was a fantastic kisser, and although I'd come so hard already, I was ready for more. His cock stilled.

I felt extra weight press down on me. I suddenly worked out where Adam was and my cunt clenched with delight. Simon groaned and buried his head in my shoulder. He kissed my neck and his teeth nipped at my skin but he stayed stock still within me. I rocked my hips gently against him but I couldn't move much, what with all the pressure on top of me. I looked up past Simon's shoulder and could see Adam's face and the lust etched there. He was clearly fucking Simon. I could feel the impact in my cunt every time Adam sank into his boyfriend's arse. It was delightfully wicked.

"Fuck, yes," I hissed and Adam smiled down at me. I grinned back and gasped as his pace quickened and my eyes snapped shut to concentrate on the pleasure that flowed through me.

I was amazed by how much I could feel while Simon held so still. I felt his cock throbbing inside me and the impact of Adam against Simon's arse transferred through Simon to my clit. It was a teasing contact and I wanted to feel more of it. I was so alive with desire I wondered why I'd ever been worried about Adam's relationship with Simon.

"I'm so close," Simon gasped, loud enough for both of us, his lovers, to hear.

"So am I," I groaned.

"And me," Adam added.



## Victoria Blisse

His body shifted away and I heard the snap of a condom being removed. Simon pulled back from me too and I fought the instinct to pout at the loss of his body against mine. I sat up and the most delightful sight greeted my eyes. Adam and Simon were kneeling beside each other and stroking their hard cocks.

I leaned closer as I watched until my breasts were just in front of them.

“Fuck, this is so hot,” I gasped, then licked my lips. “Are you going to come all over me, boys?”

“Oh, yes, I am, baby,” Adam groaned, the strain showed in his face and I knew he would come soon.

“I am too,” Simon moaned. “You have the most gorgeous curves, Megan. Fuck.”

I smiled gleefully and waited. I watched them masturbating together both frantic but using differing strokes. Simon came first. His come was unctuous and landed right between my breasts. I took one finger and traced patterns in it, trailing down to my nipples and rubbing it into my chest. As I lifted the finger to my mouth and sucked some of the salty liquid, Adam came. His come blasted against my chest next to the spot Simon had hit. I trailed my finger through it again and mixed it with Simon’s that was already drying over my breasts, then sucked my finger clean.

The lads looked at each other with a wicked twinkle in their eyes, then pushed me back. I yelped as I impacted into the soft mattress and the pillows exploded around me. Before I could shout at them for scaring me like that, they were on top of me. Adam licked and sucked at my left breast and Simon was on my right. They licked their combined juices from my skin and drove me wild with their sucking and tickling tongues. I was on fire and ready to come again. I needed to come again in fact.

At almost the same moment, the two mouths began to sink south. I forgot how much I hated the curve of my full stomach

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as their kisses dropped lower and lower and covered every inch of it. I loved my tummy right then as their lips covered me and the slight roughness of their chins stimulated me. Lower they dropped and strong hands split my thighs and two bodies jockeyed for position between them.

My cheeks flamed with embarrassment as they both knelt there and just looked at me. I was wet and aroused and I needed some relief. They stayed there, staring down at my cunt and I felt as if I would cry if they didn't touch me soon.

"Please," I begged with a breathless tone and Adam was the first to react. He lowered his face to my pussy and licked. Simon held my thigh back and traced kisses up and down the sensitive inner skin as Adam feasted on my juicy lips and plumped up clit. His quick and eager lapping soon brought me to the brink but as I tightened, ready for release, he moved away to kiss along my left thigh and was replaced by Simon's just as eager mouth. They toyed with me like that for what seemed like forever.

"We want to watch you come," Adam panted.

"Yes, like you watched us. Come for us, Megan, please?" Simon begged.

I quickly ran my hand down to my cunt and began to flick at my clit. I needed to come and I wanted to come for them. They were there, right between my thighs, watching my fingers strum over my wet and aching pussy and as I exploded, my mind consumed with ecstasy, my body shaking and quivering from the blast, they began to lick at my juices. Both tongues jousting between my folds to lick up the sweet juices that trickled down, and with each flick and prod my orgasm continued on until I was satisfied. When I stopped shaking, they crawled up either side of me to cuddle me tightly between their hard bodies. My curves felt perfectly at home nestled there between two hot and incredibly handsome men.

## Chapter Four

I fell asleep snuggled between two bodies and woke up alone. On the bedside table was a note.

*We've had to go in to work, didn't want to wake you. Will ring you later.*

*Love,*

*Adam and Simon x*

I smiled as I remembered the events of last night. I couldn't believe I had been so wanton! I took a shower in Adam's room and got dressed, then headed back to my own hotel. I was happy and sated at first, but the farther I got away from Adam's room, the more worries popped into my mind.

It had been a hot experience, a fantasy come true even, but what if I was just a willing female body? They were two bi lads who were obviously very into each other. I had seen more than lust in their eyes as they'd looked at each other. But what about me? As much as I'd enjoyed my role as the female jam in their testosterone sandwich last night, that wasn't all I wanted to be.

I did want a traditional relationship. Love, marriage, kids, but I didn't see how that could work with a gay lover in the mix. Simon was handsome enough and incredibly sexy, but I wasn't sure I'd ever feel for him the same way I felt about Adam. What worried me was that Adam didn't feel the same

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about me. He'd missed me, yes, but was I just the sexual final ingredient in his mix of lovers?

I have never had great self confidence and I started to doubt that they even fancied me that much. I was just the easy, eager target. They knew I'd fuck the both of them because I was so desperate. So I went from triumphant, sexy, and ecstatic to defeated, frumpy, and dejected in a matter of a few hours.

When my mobile rang, I answered it without looking.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Megan, it's Simon." His deep, silky voice set off sparks in the pit of my stomach.

"Oh, hey," I replied, "you all right?"

"Yeah, just ringing to pass on a message. Adam says he'll be finished here by three and he'll meet you back at his hotel."

"Oh, okay. Will you not be coming?" There was a slightly bitter note to my voice, but I'm not sure he picked up on it.

"No, I'm afraid not. I don't finish 'til four. Hopefully I'll see you again soon, though."

"Yeah, okay. See you," I said and hung up my phone. I sighed. I'd have to ask Adam exactly what was happening and I had to face the truth that last night may well have been my last with Adam if he didn't love me as much as I loved him. Because I certainly did love him, last night had proven that to me.

I got to his room at four o'clock and he answered with a big smile and a deep kiss.

"I'm a lucky man to have such a gorgeous woman in my life," he winked as he closed the door behind us, "and such a sexy one too."

I blushed. I didn't know what to say, but I was saved having to think of something by Adam's insistent lips teasing mine to life. He pushed me back with each kiss until I felt the bed behind my legs. I sat down and he followed me down. He pushed my body back and pressed hard against my chest.

## Victoria Blisse

I bent to his desire, lost myself in lust, and before another thought passed through my mind, I was half naked with Adam's cock in my mouth. I realize I had serious questions to ask and a whole pile of emotional baggage to sort and order, but sometimes sex just takes over. Adam was gorgeous and I was convinced that this would be the last weekend I'd spend with him, so I lost myself, determined to enjoy Adam's body one last time.

I shut off my mind, or at least the part inclined to worry, and just enjoyed the sensations flowing through my body. It was not a long, lingering lovemaking session. It was a fast, furious fuck that left me dizzy and eager for more. I didn't need kisses and caresses. I was wet from the sight of him and the taste of his cock. He didn't have to whisper soft words of comfort and love; he just fucked me as I balanced on hands and knees, and I was his, my body on fire with desire.

Raw, brutal sex is a great instant fix for lust, but it does not fill your soul with calm. It leaves you aching and wanting more and as we lay entangled together, chests heaving, skin sweaty, all the worries and fears I'd felt before rose to the forefront of my mind and I knew I couldn't ignore them any longer.

"Adam," I turned slightly to look up at him. "I think I need to ask you something serious."

"Oh, I thought we'd covered all that last night." He looked surprised and a little worried. I couldn't blame him.

"So did I, but I've been thinking today and there are still things I need to know."

"Well, go on then, shoot."

"I'm not sure how to phrase this. Just bear with me a second." I took a deep breath and tried to think of the right words. "I guess what it all boils down to is this. If you had to choose, who would you pick, Simon or me?"

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"Megan, that's not fair and you know it." He shook his head and pulled away from me slightly. I'd upset him and I reacted with anger.

"No, it isn't fair, but it's also not fair if you're just using me for my female parts. It's not fair if all along this is just some ploy to satiate your bisexual lusts, a plot you and Simon have devised between you. It isn't fair to pick on some poor, fat woman because you know she'll be desperate for a lay and won't be able to resist the offer of two hot men."

"Do you think that's what we're doing?" Adam looked unbelieving. "Fuck, Megan, what the hell do you think I am? I'm a man, damnit, not a monster. Do you think every time we've fucked I've just done it for the pussy? I love your body, Megan. You are hot. Hell, I was afraid to approach you that first time we met because I thought you were out of my league. Where the hell have you got this stupid idea from?"

Just then a confident knock echoed on the door.

"Who is it?" Adam snapped,

"It's me, man. I told you I'd come 'round after work."

"Oh, yeah, hang on a minute." He looked at me. "I'm going to let Simon in. He needs to be in on this conversation."

"Well, let me pull my top back on at least," I growled. "You keep springing this guy on me when I'm un-bloody-dressed."

I smoothed my skirt down my legs and dangled over the side of the bed to pick up my T-shirt. Adam just pulled on his boxer shorts.

"All right, you can come in now."

I felt a little sorry for Simon when he walked in. I think he'd been expecting some kind of sexy surprise and what he actually got was a pair of very unhappy campers with faces like thunder.

"What's going on here?" he asked. "Why the faces?"

Victoria Blisse

"Well, she seems to think we're using her," Adam sniped and Simon looked truly surprised.

"What's the matter?" Simon threw off his jacket and walked over to the end of the bed. "I thought we all had fun last night?"

"Yeah, we did, really did. I enjoyed myself and then I got to thinking this morning and, I dunno, I started to doubt some things," I sighed and sat back against the headboard. "I'm not beautiful, I'm not even pretty but here I am with two extremely good looking guys. I started to wonder why."

"Oh," Simon said, "well, if that truly were the case, maybe I could see why the paranoia. But it isn't. You are hot!"

I blushed. "You're just saying that." I squirmed and looked down at my knees.

"No, I'm not. You're gorgeous. Ever since Adam showed me a photo of you on his mobile I've thought so. We're the lucky ones, darling. So, come on, what's really bothering you?"

I glanced up at Adam who was sat beside me. He didn't look as angry, in fact there was the trace of a smile to his mouth. When he noticed me looking, he smiled and ran a hand down my arm in a comforting stroke.

"Okay, I'm just going to say it," I said, then took a deep breath. "I'm jealous of you, Simon, and what you have with Adam. I'm afraid I'm going to lose him to you and, really, as much as I like you, I just want to have a relationship with Adam. I don't think I'm cut out to be a third of a threesome."

"Now we're getting to the nitty-gritty of it." Simon grinned. "Darling, I could never, ever take Adam away from you because he is totally besotted with you. He talks about you all the time and basically thinks you're the best thing since tight tank tops. When all is said and done, I should be jealous of you, but I don't do jealousy. Besides, I live all the way up here in the cold and frosty north and you two live in the warm and wimpy south together. I'm quite aware that Adam and I are

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sexual partners, friends even, but I'm never going to be in a proper relationship with him. Nah, too messy."

"Oh," I said and sounded just as intelligent as you'd imagine. "I'm starting to feel a bit foolish here."

"Simon is right, Megan. I have been inconsolable this last week when I thought I'd lost you. I do love guys as well as girls and I hope you can deal with that. But, Megan, at the heart of it all, what I mean to say is that," he twiddled his fingers and turned in his seat nervously, "well, I love you."

I reached out and stilled his fingers and smiled as his gaze met mine.

"I love you too, Adam."

We kissed and it was beautiful. Simon clapped in the background.

"Aw, you guys make the cutest couple." He sniffed and dabbed the corners of his eyes with a handkerchief from his pocket.

"So, what now? How is this going to work? I'm confused." I sighed.

"Well, this is how I see it—Adam, chime in if I'm wrong." Simon laid a hand on my thigh. "You and Mr. Handsome here will continue to do your thing down there in the south and, every now and again, say once a month, he'll pop up here on business and we'll have some adult type fun after work and sometimes maybe you'll come too and we'll have some fun altogether. I'd like that. And so it will go on like that until I find my dream person and this crazy threesome becomes a mad foursome."

My jaw must have dropped and Simon laughed. "Only kidding, kiddo. I'm not *that* into multiple people sex." I smiled and he laughed again. "Now, did I get that all right, Adam?"

Adam just nodded and wrapped an arm around my shoulders. "Does that sound all right to you?"



## Victoria Blisse

"It sounds just about perfect." I smirked and Adam kissed me once more.

"Hey, don't forget me." Simon pouted exaggeratedly, so I leant over and gave him a big kiss too. "That's better, much better."

"Yeah, I'm sorry guys, I just panicked. This vanilla girl isn't used to having so many toppings to choose from."

"It's all these nuts," Adam said, face straight and solemn. "Straight girls can never deal with all the extra nuts."

We all laughed and I wrapped an arm round each of the hot guys sitting on the bed and reveled in it.

"I can see the attraction of extra nuts." I grinned. "They're very good for your health, you know."

"I know," Simon smiled, "it's why I love them so." We both looked up at Adam at the same moment. "Wanna share some with me?"

I nodded and Simon yanked down Adam's boxers and made him yelp. I flung myself against him and knocked him down in the center of the bed and held him there as Simon removed his own boxers. Adam tickled me and I giggled until Simon got between his legs and started to lick and suck, then Adam's protests turned to moans of delight and he lay still.

As Simon trailed his kisses down Adam's rigid cock to his balls I took over sucking his dick. I couldn't resist. I leaned down, my clothed breasts still pressed down on Adam's stomach and licked him like a favorite ice cream before I whipped my tongue around him and plunged his sweet, creamy goodness into my mouth.

Adam crept a hand under my body and encouraged me to move round, it wasn't until my legs were next to his shoulders that I realized what he wanted to me to do. I let go of his cock for one moment and lifted my thigh over his head. He pulled down a few pillows and rested his neck on them 'til I could feel his breath on my sex lips. I felt so wanton, so naughty with his face so close to my cunt. I went back to sucking and licking his

## Vanilla with Extra Nuts

cock. Simon was tickling his tongue down lower, encouraging Adam to open his legs wider so he could lick down his perineum and to his anus. I closed my eyes then because Adam had started to lick and his talented tongue was too much for me to handle. I was overwhelmed by the skill of his lapping and I buzzed with mini orgasms each time his tongue whipped across my clit or buried itself inside of me.

I slipped into a steady rhythm, my fingers at the base of his cock and my mouth running up and down it. My tongue slipped and slid around its meaty girth. I only opened my eyes again when I felt Adam's pelvis tip up and I saw that Simon was now naked and between my lover's thighs. He had a condom on his cock and was lifting Adam's legs up and pressing them back against my shoulders to expose his arsehole.

I watched as well as I could with the distraction of Adam's tongue in my cunt and his dick in my mouth as Simon squeezed a little lubrication on to his finger and worked it into Adam's arse. I watched with fascination as two fingers sunk into him and felt the pleasurable moan from Adam as it reverberated through my cunt.

Simon then replaced his fingers with his cock and held still for a moment. Adam's tongue stilled too and I rested with my lips stretched around his cock as we all waited for Simon's next movement. As he slowly began to slip in and out, Adam and I picked up on the rhythm. Simon had to go fairly slow so not to knock my head as he thrust.

It took a little while to get everything right, so we could all stimulate each other at the same time, but with a little practice we got it. It was amazing to suck my boyfriend's dick and watch him being fucked at the same time. Having my pussy licked too was certainly the icing on the cake. I was overloaded with pleasure and I know the two guys were quickly building to orgasm too.

As my pants and moans became louder around Adam's cock, I felt it stiffen and his hips thrust with some urgency. I

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could hear Simon's arousal in the grunts and gasps as he fucked and I knew he would soon come too. We all held on desperately, I don't think any of us wanted this to stop, but Adam came first. Not surprising really. He grunted into my pussy, his tongue whipping around my clit as he came, pumping his salty goodness into my mouth. I swallowed it eagerly and ground my clit against his face. I wanted to come.

Just as my orgasm peaked, the taste of his come coating my mouth, I heard Simon roar and felt him go still. As Adam continued to lap, I shuddered and groaned and gently cleaned his cock. All three of us came up panting for breath. I climbed away from Adam's face in certainly a most unladylike fashion and Simon pulled away from Adam and disposed of the condom. We all climbed back onto the bed and under the sheets and cuddled together. Again I was snuggled tightly in the middle.

"Love you," Adam whispered and kissed my cheek,

"Love you, too," I replied and squeezed his thigh.

"I love you both, hot stuff and hot stuff," Simon added with a grin and I turned to plant a big, salty kiss on his lips. "That's what I wanted." He laughed.

## Epilogue

We were certainly not your average couple, Adam and I, but we did end up having the “normal” relationship I had always dreamed of. We were a couple; we married, had kids, and lived a long and happy life. It was your typical vanilla relationship, just with extra nuts.

Simon was Adam’s best man on our wedding day and part of his gift to us was given in the marital bed that night. Simon never lost contact with us, even when he married his soul mate, Andy. We always found time for each other. I always say there’s nothing wrong with straight vanilla, it can be dressed up with so many toppings. I, though, always have extra nuts on my ice cream. Always.

## About the Author

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan, and erotica writer. She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes, and biscuits that make people happy.

She was born near Manchester, England, and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love, and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life.

To find out more about Victoria, please visit her website at [www.victoriablisse.co.uk](http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk).

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