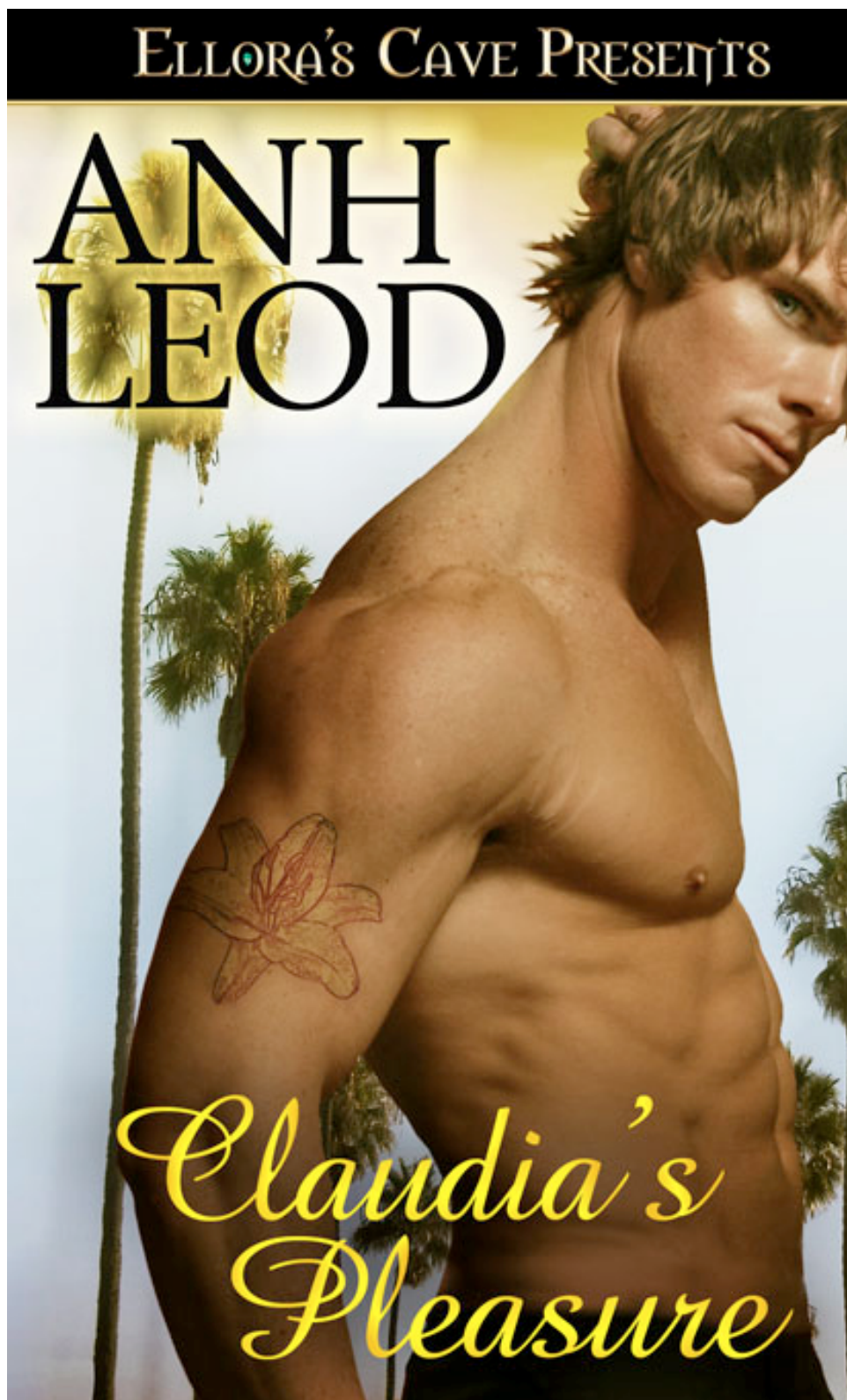


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ANH
LEOD

*Claudia's
Pleasure*



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Claudia's Pleasure

ISBN 9781419917028

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Photography and cover art by Les Byerley.

Electronic book Publication August 2008

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CLAUDIA'S PLEASURE

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Chapter One

"Yeah, lick that pussy good," Claudia crooned. She ran her fingers through her boyfriend Sam's nearly shoulder-length, glossy brown hair. He was giving her body every ounce of his effort, lavishing her pussy with long, juicy strokes.

"Is your cock hard?" she gasped, loving the way he opened her inner petals with his tongue, making her shudder and tingle all at the same time.

Sam took his hot mouth away from her just long enough to insert two fingers deep into her channel. "You know it is, but first I'm giving you all the attention you deserve."

That had been one of the secrets of their nearly seven-year relationship. Sam always warmed her up thoroughly before they made love. Even when she was just out of high school and they were having sex as often as five times a day she was never sore because she was so open and dripping with her own personal honey thanks to Sam's mad talent with her pussy. He played her even better than the guitar he strummed in his garage band.

She lay back on the bed as he went to work tonguing her clit. His fingers moved slowly and smoothly in and out of her channel. Her clit jerked as he sucked her hard on the right side, the sensitive side. There were definitely benefits of having been with the same man since high school. He knew all her buttons and wasn't afraid to push them.

The air was fragrant with the musky odor of a patchouli and cedar candle she'd lit to set a mood for herself. Sam never seemed to notice when she tried to create an atmosphere but he was always ready for her anyhow.

She dug her heels into the edge of the bed, levering herself up against his mouth. He took his fingers out of her pussy and leaned back so she could watch him lick his fingers clean.

"Damn you taste good, Dia."

"Let me give you some more," she said with a smile.

Sam didn't respond, just moved closer and spread her inner lips wide so she could grind on his face. She rubbed against his lips, feeling his tongue move with her.

Her hands reached above and she dug her fingernails into the crisp, white sheets atop the pillowtop bed. Their bed. The one they'd bought together three years ago.

She blinked. One of her heels slipped and her butt hit the bed, bouncing.

Sam's deep chuckle vibrated against her tender flesh.

"No more pedicures right before we fuck, Dia. Your feet are all greasy."

She shut her eyes, tried to find her way back into the moment. Her fingers splayed across the back of Sam's head and she tried to put him into the right spot.

He moved willingly into place and she rubbed her clit across his nose, his lips, his tongue, trying to bring her body to life. She gyrated her hips, leaking honey down Sam's chin.

Her movements sent a dragging warmth through her pussy but didn't seem to rev her toward any kind of sweet ending. After a couple of minutes, Sam wiped his face with those talented fingers and used her juices to lubricate her clit. The firm hand felt wonderful against her sensitive spot. He started to drag his hand away.

"Keep doing that," she begged.

Sam moved his mouth to her inner left thigh and tortured her with biting kisses while his hand gave her clit the firm attention it needed. He plucked and circled, rubbed and tugged. Her pussy gave up more of her juices.

She was close, so close. "Yessss," she moaned. "Yessss."

It was there, that blinding gold light that always overtook her senses when she came. "I'm so close."

"Relax, Dia. Come for me," Sam crooned.

She couldn't. All her muscles were tight, ready for the coming explosion. She was as tightly coiled as a triple knot.

Digging her heels into the bed again, she thrust against his palm. And thrust. And thrust again. The friction against his lubed palm did it. Her back bowed away from the bed, her legs quivered. She felt a pop inside her clit. A little fizzle of pleasure. Her golden light had vanished just out of her reach. She relaxed into the pillowtop and let her legs fall limp, just barely holding back a sigh of disappointment.

The bed sagged under Sam's weight and his handsome face hovered over hers. "Was it good?"

He had worked too hard for such a small reward. She smiled into his Mediterranean blue eyes and tugged his lips to hers. "It was great. Awesome. Now fuck me, you stud."

He grinned and stood above her on the bed. With one hand against the ceiling to keep his balance, he used the other to tug his boxers over his straining erection then pushed them down with one foot and tossed them to the floor. He dropped to his knees and flung one leg over her thigh, then the other, until he was between her now horizontal legs. The weight of his torso pressed down as he reached under her and pulled her butt toward him, then drove his cock home.

A little dazed, Claudia felt herself smile. Sam had never been one of those guys who liked to inch his way into a woman. She liked it that way though. When they were first together she could come from that first thrust alone.

Now, of course, his patented move was familiar to her body and it no longer had the element of surprise that brought her to a quick orgasm. But she'd already had an orgasm and the days were gone where she'd have a respectable three during any one lovemaking session.

She needed to be satisfied with that, right? Who kept the same passion for seven years, even when the first years had only been heavy petting because she was so young? She wished she knew how to get her O back.

Sam returned his cock to the entrance of her channel then pushed in with controlled strength. She spread her legs wide for a few strokes, then lifted her legs to cross them over his back. He reached up and stroked her smooth legs.

"I love it when you wax," he said, pumping deep into her channel.

She smiled and ran her fingers through his hair. At twenty-six, Sam Nash was the perfect guy. He'd lost none of his high school football star conditioning and still had a sculpted six-pack as well as the tightest buns she'd ever seen. After college he'd started a profitable career as a claims adjuster with a local insurance company. Not only that, he was nice.

Maybe that was the problem, she mused, not as distracted as she might be by his cock-in-pussy action. Maybe he was too nice. She could suggest they nasty it up a bit. He'd probably go for it.

Was that what she needed?

Sam pulled out, then flipped her over and moved her to the left edge of the bed until she could reach the wall with her toes. The wallpaper felt smooth against her feet but when she tried to use it to help her move back and forth on Sam's cock, her lotioned feet slipped and her toes dropped to the floor.

"Yeah," Sam said in her ear before she could get into place again. His hands moved to her generous hips. "Stay like that."

He was several inches taller than her and she found herself balancing on the toes of one foot to stay standing as he thrust up again and again, his knees bending smoothly. She reached back and linked her fingers behind his neck, thrusting her breasts out. They were small—but at least that meant they wouldn't sag—and exquisitely sensitive. She wanted him to play with her nipples, always a surefire way to get her to come.

But he was too close to his own completion to notice her request. She felt his body begin to quiver and, losing any hope of another orgasm for herself, she tilted her pelvis to give him maximum penetration, just how he liked it.

He thrust three times in quick succession, going so deep that she lost her balance and toppled onto the mattress with Sam attached, all the while he was shooting rich cum into her. As soon as he finished and they caught their breath, they both started laughing.

That was often the best part of all but Claudia still wanted her O. She tucked her chin and felt Sam's arms come around her and hold her breasts. The way he cupped her felt amazing, nearly as good as when he played with her clit. Now he followed her lead, when it was too late.

She considered asking him to finger fuck her to completion but really, what was the point? Sam's mind would already have drifted to something else.

"I'm going to take a shower," he rumbled in her ear, then let go of her breasts with a final nipple tweak.

She bit back a moan as her pussy tingled. "Want me to join you?" she asked.

"No, that's okay. You relax."

Ha, relax, when her body craved another orgasm? She lifted her head to watch his muscular thighs and perfect ass swagger from the room. What woman wouldn't be satisfied with a body like that in her bed? She was a lucky woman, even if she wasn't quite satisfied.

Ten minutes later, Sam was in bed with his pillow tucked up behind him, inserting his headset connector into his portable movie player so he could watch an action flick without disturbing her. Claudia flicked idly through a magazine Sam had left on her bedside table, not really paying attention until she reached one of those advertisements in the back for "male enlargement".

She frowned. What had happened to all those ads for sex toys that she used to see in the backs of magazines? She flipped to the last page. A pheromone ad, two "male enlargement" ads and one ad for an herbal erection stimulant. Nothing for women. Clearly she was reading the wrong magazine. She turned it over and well, yes, it was a

men's magazine. But they only received men's magazines, since Sam was the reader in the apartment.

Usually, Claudia preferred to surf the internet when she had free time, since she read so many scripts at work as assistant to a small-time movie producer. Her laptop was in the living room though, so she decided not to get it. She would watch Sam's movie with him. If there was a sex scene she could sneak her hand into his crotch and see if his big, beautiful cock was willing to play again.

She grabbed a bottle of hand lotion and smoothed it thickly on her palms so she'd be ready for the right moment.

* * * * *

Claudia's younger sister, Ellery, giggled as Claudia pulled her into a sex shop on Melrose Avenue. They'd come into Los Angeles for the evening since Sam's band, Rotten Tomatoes, had their regular gig at a bar in West Hollywood. While he was setting up, they'd taken the band's van and driven to the store.

"I didn't know you guys used sex toys. You always told me Sam was the best," Ellery said.

"He is," Claudia said. "I just want to spice things up."

She simply couldn't face a lifetime with any man without the promise of amazing sex. Sam had started to hint he was ready to get engaged and there was no way she could say yes without fixing her problem. As much as she loved him, she knew she'd only feel half alive without a whole lot of great sex.

Maybe somewhere in this colorful, brightly lit store lay the path to her O.

"Have you ever been in here before?" Ellery asked.

"Not for myself. I've picked up a few bachelorette party gifts here." Claudia took a few steps in and glanced around. Her gaze caught a condom bar, lubricant section, bookshelves and video section. She stepped past these and floated a hand along the top of a display rack holding fantasy costumes.

Those might add some fun but weren't quite what she had in mind. She moved toward a series of low shelves with an enormous assortment of vibrators, ready to be touched and considered. Was this what she needed?

Stunned by the variety on the display shelves, Claudia had no idea what to choose. She assumed Sam wouldn't mind any of her choices, although she couldn't be sure of that. Maybe she should have discussed this with him first, but it was too late now. She couldn't interrupt his band rehearsal with a "hey, honey, do you have a vibrator preference" phone call.

"How about a cock ring?" Ellery asked, picking up a package with a small blue silicone circle studded with raised dots.

"He doesn't need to stay hard longer," Claudia said, setting down a shiny blue vibrator not much bigger than a tampon. Sam didn't leave her in the dust, speeding toward his own orgasm—it was the quality of her O that was the issue.

"Okay but some of these have vibrators attached," Ellery said, holding up a pink ring with a tiny silver vibrator connected to it.

"Hmmm," Claudia mused. That would increase the intensity of their sex play. "Maybe I'll give it a shot."

"Cool," Ellery said. "Let me know how it works."

"Why don't you get one for yourself?" Claudia put down the silicone ring and considered a leather cock ring with a snap opening. It also had a small vibrator attached.

Ellery grinned sheepishly and held up a small yellow duck.

"You're getting a rubber ducky for your tub?"

"It's a vibrator, sis."

Claudia blinked. "Oh."

"Don't get out much, do you?"

Claudia shrugged. “Hazards of being happy with the same guy for years, I guess. But I’m ready to experiment now.”

She grabbed the leather cock ring and took it to the cash register. After all, it didn’t matter what she bought. She was just experimenting and had no idea what it was going to take to get her O back.

* * * * *

Sam’s eyes smoldered into Claudia’s as he stared down at her. Naked, they were tangled in freshly laundered sheets. Claudia had gone all out to set the mood—ignoring the last forty pages of a screenplay needing an edit—to make shrimp linguine, Sam’s favorite. A bottle of wine and a bowl of salad had completed their light repast.

While Sam finished up paperwork from an investigation he’d done that day, she’d taken two candelabras borrowed from the set of her company’s latest low-budget vampire movie and inserted tall white tapers, which now glowed from their shared chest of drawers in the bedroom.

She’d also diffused ylang ylang and lavender essential oils into the air half an hour ago and they still wafted sensuously throughout the room. A jazz CD played on their bedroom stereo.

The scene was set and it was up to her to enjoy it.

The tips of Sam’s hair brushed her breasts as he leaned down to kiss the right side of her neck, sending a delicious shiver along her body. She tilted her head to give him access, feeling a little like the heroine from that vampire movie.

Relax, she chided herself. Sam’s not going to bite. At least, not hard. As if in answer to her thought, his sharp teeth took a little nibble from the side of her neck.

Her nipples tightened into pearls at the shivery sensation. *Maybe vampires aren’t so bad.*

She turned her neck to the left. “Do that again, bloodsucker.”

Sam's laughter rumbled across her throat as he bent to obey. As his teeth nipped her, she felt a bolt of fire rush straight to her pussy.

"Mmmm." She ran her hands down his heavily muscled shoulders and traced the lily tattoo adorning his right biceps. The lily was in honor of his mother, who'd died their junior year of high school.

Right. Not a sexy thought, thinking of your boyfriend's dead mother.

Sam must have noticed her shifting underneath him because he looked up. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah, sure."

He frowned. "Last night you said you had a ton of work to do on that vampire script today. Don't you need to get it done?"

"What I need is for you to do me," she said. "C'mon."

"It's only eight," Sam said, after glancing at the digital alarm clock on his bedside table. "I can wait a couple of hours. I can tell you put some effort into this but if you've got to work, it can't be helped."

"You're supposed to be desperately in lust with me," she retorted. "You shouldn't be so patient."

Sam put his palm on the bed and pushed up until he was half sitting. "I know you went to a lot of trouble, Dia and I appreciate it but you just don't seem to be horny."

Exasperated, she grabbed his hand and dropped it to her pussy. "Feel that?"

He raised an eyebrow as he inserted his middle finger into her channel. It was still damp from those neck nibbles. She pushed against his finger until his hand pressed her clit. Gyrating a little, she grinned at him.

"Are you sure I'm not horny?"

"Okay, I'm wrong. I apologize," he said with a wicked grin, adding a finger and thrusting both in and out of her slick channel.

Claudia arched her neck, pushing her head back into the pillows plumped behind her. Her lower body ensured his hand made contact with her clit every time she rotated her hips. *Lovely.*

But not enough. After a couple of minutes she could tell she'd come eventually but it wouldn't be a big O.

"I got us a present," she said, struggling up.

"It's okay, relax," he crooned. "Enjoy."

"I am enjoying," she protested. "But I had an idea."

Sam ignored her and kissed his way down her stomach, using his tongue to tug a little at her belly button ring, left over from the exposed midriff fashion craze.

The ring she had in today was a steel heart with a ruby in the center. Sam had given it to her two years ago on their anniversary.

Claudia drew a little heart in the air with her fingers. "I heart you, Sam," she said as his lips drifted past her bush. *But I've got to get my O back somehow.*

She relaxed all her thoughts into that aching place between her legs. He tortured her nub with his licks and kisses. Rising to meet him, she spread her legs wide, her flexibility considerable thanks to regular yoga. His hands massaged her ass, dipping into her crack until she twitched. She ground against him and felt the heat begin to settle where his mouth moved, her body quivering.

All too soon, she lost control, breathing heavily as her body jerked, though her mind didn't explode into the stratosphere.

She lay back, panting. Sam crawled up the bed and flopped onto his side.

"See, that wasn't so bad."

"Of course not," she said, turning so she could tuck her body against his. "Not bad at all."

"Do you want to fuck now or do you need to get back to work?"

This time, she ignored him. After kissing his nipple, she rolled away and opened the drawer of her bedside table, pulling out the toy she'd purchased with her sister, plus a bottle of lube. She'd already cleaned and inspected it, even tested the ring on a cock-sized bottle of lotion to make sure it would fit her man properly.

When she turned back, Sam put his hand over hers. "What have you got?"

"Something for both of us."

"I can't see very well in the candlelight."

"Don't worry. I'll take care of you." Claudia got up on her knees and moved to straddle Sam's big thighs.

"This is already feeling kinky," he commented.

"Nervous?" She set the ring on her leg and opened the bottle of lube.

"Never," he said firmly.

"Excellent." Holding back a grin, she dropped the bottle of lube to her side and rubbed her hands together to warm the viscous fluid.

Gently, she lifted his balls and spread the thick substance where his scrotum connected to his body, then encircled him with her hands and spread the lube down his cock. She bent to lick his velvety tip before she finished covering him.

"Yum." She rubbed her hand through her pussy, transferring the remaining lube. Her labia felt swollen and ready for him, still very wet from her orgasm. Time to get this show on the road before she just gave up on the ring and rode him.

She'd chosen to use the last snap on the cock ring to fit his thick girth, so she found it by touch, wrapping it under his balls so the vibrator nestled against them, then snapped it together at the base of his cock.

"What are you doing?" Sam asked, his voice rough with arousal.

"Relax," she crooned, then leaned back over him, twisting on the vibe.

He bucked underneath her, clearly shocked by the feel of the little bullet-shaped unit against his testicles.

"Feels good, huh?" She wrapped her fist around his cock and began to stroke.

"Dia," he said. "*Babe*."

Usually she could suck him or give him a hand job for a couple of minutes before he even got excited enough to move his hips but this time he was writhing instantly.

"Damn," he gasped. "Hell."

The power so close to her hot, waiting pussy made her crazy. She wanted to impale herself on him but when she did that the vibe was supposed to be facing her clit. For now she was simply trying to get him accustomed to the idea of an unfamiliar toy.

Her fingers nearly slid off his cock as pre-cum leaked from his tip.

"Damn," she whispered, echoing him and began to stroke him with two hands now, matching his tempo.

"Is it our anniversary or something?" he rasped. "Cause this is anniversary-level sex."

She grinned and kept moving her hands but unable to help herself, shifted until she was riding one of his meaty thighs. Grinding against him, she coordinated her pace with her pussy against his leg.

They both moaned. The first orgasm had set her on a breakneck pace for a second, her body primed. He reached up and grabbed her breast at the same moment one of her hands squeezed the head of his cock.

"Do them both," she begged.

She bent over him and he tweaked her nipples.

She felt her nipples swell with pleasure-pain. Heat zinged through her. "Yes, like that."

"Yeah."

"Oh god, don't stop."

"I won't."

"Touch me some more. It feels so good, Sam, please," she panted.

“Kay. Oh yeah, Dia, I’m gonna—” he stiffened, then pumped hard three times. As his fluid began to leak thickly over her fingers, she shuddered hard against him. His hands dropped from her breasts.

Claudia became aware of the sound of her own breathing over the low hum of the vibe. She rubbed her shaking hands down her thighs so they’d be dry enough to unsnap the cock ring and turn off the vibe.

His hand moved up to her shoulder and tugged her down. She fell limply across his chest, her pussy still pulsing. It hadn’t been the big O but she couldn’t complain.

Chapter Two

After about ten minutes, the CD started over. Claudia had lost track of time completely. Sam gently rolled her off him and got up to change CDs. The throaty voice of Cassandra Wilson filled the air as his footsteps moved away.

Sam came out of the bathroom a couple of minutes later and pulled the sheets out from underneath her.

"Hey," she protested, "I'm relaxing here."

"Just a sec."

She felt the bed dip, then he pulled the sheets over them both and spooned against her. "I don't know how much that thing did for you but I enjoyed it."

"I'm glad," Claudia said lazily.

"Is that all it's good for?"

"No. When you put the vibe at the top of your cock instead of under your balls it's for my pleasure."

"Hmmm. Ready for some pleasure?"

She smiled into her pillow. "Always."

Sam pulled her on top of him so she could lubricate him and refasten the ring. "I like it when you're insatiable."

"That's what I like to hear."

This time, he fiddled with the vibe until it began to buzz. She positioned her pussy above his hard cock and slid down his length until her clit was nestled against the vibe. It sent a shock wave through her when it made contact and she quickly moved back up his body.

"Cold!"

He laughed. "Sorry."

"It will warm up in a second. " She slid up and down quickly, making sure to make only momentary contact with the vibe.

"Like it?"

"Yeah." It wasn't bad. Not bad at all.

He grabbed her hips taking some of the effort for himself as she moved. The vibe felt marvelous against her clit, giving her the extra sensation she craved. She began to lose a little of her control and her movements became sloppy. It didn't matter, as long as she ground herself against the vibe as she went moved along his big cock.

"Don't stop," Sam said. "Don't ever stop."

She spread her legs as far as she could to take full advantage of the vibrations. Sam helped her, moving his hands to the backs of her thighs and spreading his knees.

"Yes, yes, yes," Sam chanted, thrusting against her with the full force of his strong hips.

She was close, so close. Moving frantically now as the CD changed tracks, she was completely out of the rhythm of the song. But the vibe wasn't. It had gone sluggish on her. Now she was humping an almost inert piece of metal.

"Yeah, yeah." Sam grunted, then grabbed her hips again and held her in place as he came.

She felt her clit flutter then her body relaxed—total system overload and a great orgasm wasted. Letting her body collapse onto his, she closed her eyes and felt Sam's heartbeats. In a moment though, he was rolling her to the side.

"Got to get this thing off me."

She pulled her pillow toward her, wanting to bite it with sheer frustration.

His still-hard cock bumped against her ass as he spooned her again. "That was really hot, Dia. Thanks."

"Sure," she muttered. But what about her big O?

* * * * *

Sam dropped the guitar he was borrowing onto its rack in Joe's garage and stretched his arms behind his back.

"Want to go for pizza?" Niall, the drummer, asked. He worked off a tremendous amount of energy at rehearsals and always wanted to eat after, no matter how late it was or how early he had to be at the storage place where he worked the next morning.

"Nah. I'm going to stop by that temporary costume warehouse that just opened." Sam moved out of that stretch and massaged his triceps.

"Are you going to wear a costume for our Halloween night gig?" Niall asked.

Sam shrugged. "Maybe."

Joe, their lead singer and sole homeowner of the bunch said, "We have to discuss it. Either all of us wear them or none of us do."

Sam stood. "That isn't really why I'm going there. I thought my girl might enjoy playing vampire and it's easy to get a costume right now."

Niall grinned. "Kinky."

"We could all dress as vamps at our gig. I don't have a problem with that, except I couldn't sing with fangs," Joe said.

"Dude, who cares about your damn fangs," Niall barked. "Sam is trying to get laid here."

"Trouble in paradise?" Greg, their bass guitarist, asked. He was just out of college, a loan officer at a bank.

Sam was the only one in a long-term relationship. The others preferred one-night hookups, usually with girls who attended their shows, though he'd noticed Greg was getting jealous of Sam's situation. Who would blame him? Sam had sex on tap with a woman sexier than any groupie he'd ever set eyes on. Claudia's pear-shaped form oozed sensuality, as if all her body's energy focused around her tight pussy. She didn't mind showing herself off in sexy clothes or letting the world know how hot she was for

him with frequent public displays of affection. He never wanted let her go, so he just needed to make sure he kept his woman happy.

"No trouble," Sam said. "Just thought vamping it up would be fun."

"Why?" Greg was obviously looking for understanding.

Sam grabbed his jacket. "I was teasing her, biting her neck a couple nights ago and she called me a bloodsucker. In a long-term relationship, my friends, that's a sign your lady wants to play vamp and victim."

"Got it," Greg said. "Good to know."

"You got something in mind?" Joe asked the youngest member of the band.

Greg set his bass in its case. "I've got a third date with one of the tellers on Saturday night. I've seen her reading those vampire novels. The ones that say Erotic Romance on the side?"

"Oh yeah?" Niall leaned closer and dropped his sticks with a clatter on the concrete floor of Joe's garage.

"Yeah." Greg's green eyes widened lewdly. "Can I come with you, Sam?"

"Sure. No problem."

"Let me lock up and I'll come too," Joe said. "We'll get costumes for our gig and for your sex life."

Niall dropped his head to his snare drum but didn't protest.

"We'll grab food on the way, Niall," Sam said.

"Lock up the garage, Joe. We got places to go, things to do," Niall said, leaping off his stool.

* * * * *

Ext. Castle Melancholy – late evening.

Count Darken sits at a long dinner table, a goblet of blood in his hand. April sits at his right hand, picking at a plate of very raw steak.

Anh Leod

Count Darken

My love, you aren't eating.

April

Doesn't your cook know how to prepare meat? It's still bleeding.

Count Darken

It's delicious, just like you.

"Aren't you a tasty morsel."

Claudia blinked, not sure if she'd heard the words aloud or if they'd come from the script in front of her. It must be close to midnight and she'd been working on April's dialogue for hours, putting herself into the character of a naive young woman visiting a man she'd met through a personal ad. Of course, in this version of the story, the characters were eastern European and the blind date was taking place at a moldering castle. At least she was more comfortable curled up on her couch working on the shooting script than at the production office.

"You look good enough to eat."

That couldn't be the script. The fake Transylvanian accent in her head was much crisper than the slurred voice coming from behind her. What was Sam up to?

She turned, seeing a large Sam-shape in the doorway leading into the living room. Had she heard the front door open and close? Had Sam called his usual hello? She didn't think so.

"Such a lovely neck," the shape whispered.

As it came closer, the dark form resolved into a man in a billowing cape. His thick brown hair was slicked back into a ponytail and his mouth was glowing with green fangs.

"Ummm, Sam?" Claudia asked.

"Not Sam," he hissed, holding his hands up, fingers extended in the traditional vampire attack mode. "Count Sam of Castle Sex."

Claudia held back her smile. "Castle Sex, huh. I like that better than Castle Melancholy."

"Come." Her costumed boyfriend held out his hand. "You are under my, er, thrall. I want to suck your neck now."

She stood and took his hand. He swung her around, lowering her into a dip and nibbled at her neck.

"Ow!" Claudia clapped a hand to her neck, tapping Sam hard on the nose as she did so.

"Ow!" Sam repeated, nearly losing his grip on her.

Claudia's feet scrabbled against the floor as she tried to regain her balance. With an "oomph" from both of them, they slid to the rug, Sam on top of her.

She shook her head, laughing. "Nice fangs, pretty boy."

Sam bit the air with his fangs. "Thanks." He made a face and tugged one arm from underneath her so he could remove the fangs.

"Not comfortable. I can see why Joe didn't want to sing in them."

"What's with the getup? It's three weeks until Halloween."

"This costume was supposed to melt you into a quivering lump of lust."

"I'm always a quivering lump of lust when you're around but I appreciate the gesture."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Now let's see what's underneath this costume of yours, Count Sam."

"Not until I suck your blood." Sam nuzzled her neck. His fangless nips sent her into a fit of giggles and she couldn't stop. Sam gave up on her neck and started tickling her into a writhing, flailing heap, not stopping until she found the strength to flip him over and get the upper hand.

"What brought on the vamp attack?" she asked, cupping his package through his jeans.

"You enjoyed the nibbling the other night and I knew one of those temporary costume places was on the way home."

She leaned forward and kissed him. His lips felt smooth against hers and she tasted sweetness now.

"They must have had candy at the shop."

"Mints." His eyes unfocused as his cock began to swell under her hand. "All-purpose mints for the holidays."

She shifted a little, thinking to get her slacks off.

"Don't stop," he begged, rubbing himself against her hand.

There wasn't any lotion or lube handy, so she knew she couldn't keep up the hand action for long. Instead, after she unbuttoned his jeans, freeing his beautiful cock, unfettered by underpants, she climbed off and took him into her mouth in one deep stroke.

Sam's back arched as the pleasure hit. "Damn, I love that."

She bobbed her head, taking him as deep as she could, her pussy throbbing in time with his cock dipping into her mouth. His hands came up to her head and he pulled out the bobby pins holding her dark auburn hair in place. It flowed over her shoulders in an herbal-scented wave. He pushed it out of her way.

"I love your hair," he whispered. "Come here."

She struggled to hold her balance and keep sucking when he pulled her legs toward him. Her pussy throbbed as she felt his clever fingers at her belt, the zipper whispering down to her damp panties. She nearly took him into her throat as she tried to get onto her knees to push down her slacks.

Sam's hands pulled her panties down, then fell away. "Yeah, that's perfect, don't stop."

Since she hadn't gagged, she took him deep again. Maybe after seven years she was getting better at this. She always tried to freak him, was up for anything. He'd been so much more experienced than she was when they'd hooked up. A senior to her sophomore in high school and already on the music scene, he'd had threesomes and even been a part of a couple of trains at keggers. She loved that he was satisfied with her once they'd fallen in love but always wondered if he felt like he was giving up something he wanted.

Certainly he had the tamest sex life of any of his friends.

His hips began to thrust against her mouth, his hands sliding into her hair at the temples both to hold it out of the way and for something to grasp. Her pussy was desperate for the warmth of his cock but she'd settle for this, for now.

"Yes," he gasped. "Fu-u-uck."

She grabbed his hips and held on as his body poured itself into her mouth. His movements began to slow and she moved her mouth up and down him gently, allowing him to finish. When his hands left her hair, she leaned back, pleased with herself.

He lay quietly on the rug for at least thirty seconds. Just when she thought she could get a glass of water, he struck like lightning, pulling her on top of him, then tugging her legs over his shoulders. His hot breath branded her entrance.

"I love the way you smell when you're turned on," he groaned. "Damn, it can't be any better than this."

He speared her pussy with his tongue at the same time his fingers dug into her butt cheeks. Her mind went fuzzy and dim. Somehow he'd moved his tongue to her clit and his fingers to her channel but she wasn't sure how he'd pulled it off. It didn't matter. She was a prisoner to the hot sensations zinging from her pussy to the rest of her body.

This was perfect. Exactly what she needed. His hot mouth fastened on her, his tongue hitting her clit just right. She was close, so close to heaven, even in her awkward position half off the floor, her head tilted back.

She felt her clit begin to tingle, her body start to quiver. Her orgasm was coming, rolling over her in a wave.

The phone rang. Sam took his mouth off her, swearing but his fingers were still working her pussy and she couldn't hold off, couldn't stop it from coming and the ghost of the perfect orgasm that could be hummed through her blood.

"Sorry," Sam said, staring at his cell phone, which had fallen from his jeans. "It's my boss."

He picked up the phone as soon as she released her legs from his neck. She turned so her head rested on his thigh as he talked, holding back a tantrum with sheer force of will. She wanted her O back and the universe seemed to be conspiring against her!

Sam talked to his boss for twenty minutes, then had to do something on the computer. Claudia put her slacks back on and stared listlessly at the script. Did vampires really have all the fun? She slashed ruthlessly at the sections where the heroine, April, expressed her pleasure, turning the script into something closer to horror than romance. This wasn't a bad thing. B horror movies did just fine and it wasn't like she was cutting any breast shots.

An hour later, Sam came up behind her and kneaded her shoulders. "C'mon, let's take a shower together. I've got to head down to Anaheim in the morning to do an inspection."

"Okay." She got up from her chair, noting the way Sam's navy sweatpants hung low on his flat stomach. "How do you find the time to stay so gorgeous?"

He grinned and kissed her. "It's all for you. I've got the shower running."

She smiled when she saw the candles burning in holders on the bathroom counter. Vanilla scented the steamy air. He'd laid out towels and washcloths and a fresh bar of the brown vanilla soap Ellery made twice a year for her friends and family.

"You're so good to me," Claudia murmured.

Sam put his forehead against hers and began to unbutton her blouse. "You okay? I get the feeling you're a little restless right now."

Claudia sighed. "I feel like a little zing has gone out of me."

"Of us?"

"No but things just aren't quite as exciting as they used to be."

"Maybe we're getting into a rut," he said, pulling off her blouse.

She pushed off her slacks and kicked them into the laundry hamper. "I don't know. I really don't know."

Sam tugged off his sweatpants and picked her up, depositing her in the bathtub, then followed with the soap and the washcloths.

"Maybe we need to spice it up some."

"Is that why you went vamp on me?"

He wet one of the washcloths and rubbed it over the thick cake of soap. "Didn't you like it?"

"I loved it."

"It was supposed to be about you, not you giving me head."

"I love going down on you!" Claudia protested. "I just wish the phone hadn't rung when you were returning the favor."

"Maybe I should turn it off before starting anything."

"If you can." Claudia wasn't sure his career would survive his boss not being able to reach him at a moment's notice.

Sam rubbed the foamy washcloth along her neck then down the cleft between her breasts. "Tell you what. I'm in charge. We're going to spice things up a bit. Saturday night, you and me."

"What do you have in mind?"

Sam put a slightly soapy finger to his mouth. "Never you mind. I'm in charge of my lady's pleasure."

He turned her around so that her backside was up against his growing erection and soaped her up thoroughly. She leaned against him, letting him take control of her body. The scent of the vanilla and the warmth of the water were so soothing she felt like she was floating along the spray.

After a couple of minutes, when they were both clean, he pushed her torso forward until she was leaning on her forearms against the tile of the shower. Still feeling dreamy, she heard a slurping sound and guessed he'd opened the bottle of lube they always kept in the shower. The thick substance always fought when they tried to expel it from the bottle.

When his finger prodded her ass, she leaned down a little more and spread her legs. After a minute, he inserted a second finger, relaxing her muscles and getting her ready for him. Sam adored anal in the shower and so did she. They fitted together perfectly that way when they stood.

In her relaxed state, her muscles barely protested as he knocked his cock against her entrance, then started to push his way in. Soon, she was full. One of his hands was against the shower wall, carrying some of his weight and the other began to pluck at her nipples. She freed one arm so she could play with her clit as he pushed in and pulled out of her tight hole. It felt sore and perfectly wonderful at the same time. They hadn't taken the time for a shower together in months, she realized. She pushed up against him, increasing the sensation in her body and began to use her palm on the entire hood of her pussy, knowing Sam always came faster when he was in her rear channel. There wasn't much time if she was going to have a good orgasm.

"Yes," he moaned into her ear. "Is it good for you, Dia?"

"Always," she answered. "I love how safe I feel, surrounded by you like this."

She increased the tempo against her pussy, feeling his thighs begin to shake behind her. He was close.

"I love fucking you up the ass," he said. "I love you."

"Always," she whispered, closing her eyes as he thrust hard, deep, pressing her against the wall. His fingers squeezed her left nipple and she felt herself soar a little above herself, not the big O but certainly better than earlier.

When they were both done, he slowly pulled himself from her body then moved her back into the shower spray, leaning against the tile himself so she could relax, her legs between his, her back resting on his chest.

After a minute he asked, "You want me to wash your hair?"

"No. You should get some sleep."

He kissed the top of her head. "Thanks."

She stepped aside so he could rinse off, then he left her in the shower. Their shared bottle of shampoo beckoned and she reached for it, holding back a yawn. All things considered, it had been a long day.

While she lathered her hair, she wondered what Sam had in mind for their sex life. With his experience, spicing it up could mean just about anything. She smiled in anticipation.

* * * * *

Claudia's script changes had been approved and the low-budget production continued the next day, heavy on the fake blood, light on the fake sex. In Hollywood though, sex was about as common as cocaine and you never had to go far for a free live show. Not that she was looking for one.

The director had asked her to gather their supply of capes for the next scene, so she went looking for the costume rack waiting on a set prepped for that evening. The days on set often stretched into night but it saved on the budget overall. Her mind was on Sam and his promise to spice up her sex life. What did he have in mind? They'd tried toys and fantasy role play. Neither had given her the orgasm she craved, though she wasn't about to give up on either. A fresh battery in that little vibrator might be just the ticket to her missing big O.

Her mind was fixed on sex as she rounded the corner of the set and saw two figures at the edge of the vampire's bedroom set. Claudia had never been much of a voyeur but couldn't quite tear her eyes away when she saw their male lead bending over a blonde extra. The girl's legs were spread almost into splits across the velvet-covered bed and the actor's tight black pants were around his ankles as he grabbed her hips and thrust into her. The extra's head was thrown back, her eyes half closed with pleasure, little whimpers of enthusiasm sliding from her lips.

Claudia's clit pulsed in response. She crossed her hands over her sunny yellow blouse to hide her suddenly rock-hard nipples. The actor, Cherokee Ares, pulled himself out to the tip of his glistening cock then slammed back into the woman. For a moment Claudia wished she were the extra being filled by what she saw was a very impressive, very long cock. Who knew the darkly handsome star of the show had been packing that in his vampire costume?

The extra had long, fake red nails, since she was supposed to be one of the vampire brides. Her arms moved around Cherokee's shoulders and head. Claudia's mind flashed back to business. She wondered if the nails would leave marks on skin that would be photographed soon and she made a mental note to speak to Makeup. The extra's cherry red lipstick had spread from her lips and Claudia could see dark stains on the actor's neck too. She wondered if she should break up the sex show since she'd just heard the five-minute call for the next scene over the loudspeaker.

But she couldn't do it. They looked like they were having such a good time. The extra was past the point of no return, unable to be quiet. She let out moans or gasps at every thrust.

You could never tell with actors since they were excellent fakers but Claudia thought the girl had a good chance for a fabulous orgasm. The male lead had power as well as a king-sized cock. His thrusts were lifting the woman off the hard bed every time and she was right there rocking against him despite her awkward position spread wide across the bed.

As Claudia turned away so she could go talk to Makeup, she bumped a flimsy set door. She grabbed for the scenery to keep it from falling over. When she looked up, the girl's eyes were open and the male lead's face was turned to her.

Cherokee grinned, showing his pearly fake fangs. "You can be next," he said in his silky vampire accent.

Claudia swallowed hard. "If you don't want an audience, I'd suggest you keep it in your trailer next time."

His eyes danced. "Who said I didn't want an audience?"

The girl shrieked as the actor resumed his pounding of her pussy. She began screaming, "oh god, oh god," as the actor kept at it.

"Four minutes until you're supposed to be on set." Claudia rolled her eyes and walked quickly away. *Actors*. Still, she was impressed that he managed to keep the fangs on. Maybe she should check into her production company's supplier if Sam wanted to try his vampire act again.

Too bad she didn't have a trailer of her own. Watching them had really gotten her going. She wished she could hide somewhere and get herself off. It would be hard to concentrate with so much sexual energy coursing through her body.

She swore as she remembered the capes. Where was the costume rack? She'd been too focused on the actors to remember her job. Reversing direction, she walked quietly back onto the set and tiptoed around the edge of the bedroom, hunting for the rack.

She heard Cherokee grunting behind her, then he let out a yell. "Fuck, yeah."

"Ouch!" screamed the extra.

Claudia turned around and saw the actor slump forward on the extra. She fell back on the bed but immediately tried to push him off. Had he bitten the actress?

"Dammit," the woman swore. When she lifted her hand Claudia saw she'd broken a nail. "The director's going to kill me. Get off!"

The actress pushed again and the actor rolled over. She stood, wobbling a little and pushed the skirt of her long, white vampire bride dress down her legs.

Claudia saw the rack of extra clothing and grabbed it away from the wall where it had been camouflaged.

"I'm a mess, aren't I?" the extra asked, leaving the actor on the bed and stepping down from the set.

"I'm afraid so." At least Cherokee's fangs hadn't broken her skin.

"How long have I got?"

"No time at all if you're in the next scene."

"I'd better run. They could replace me in a heartbeat." The actress looked irritated behind her smeared mask of vampire makeup.

She hadn't come, Claudia guessed. All that effort and no reward. She followed the extra out the door, pushing the costume rack, wondering how much trouble their lead was going to get into for messing up a set, destroying his makeup and being late for his call.

At least he'd gotten an orgasm out of the deal.

Chapter Three

Claudia had taken her sex show horniness out on Sam's willing body late that Friday night when she got home but since then the long days at the movie shoot had taken their toll. She and Sam had gone three days without sex, which was way too much of a break from her point of view. Saturday night had come and gone without the spice Sam had promised too. He'd probably forgotten he'd be too busy with his band to plan a sexy evening for them.

She crawled wearily into bed and collapsed next to him in typical Monday night fashion. He'd probably already been in bed for an hour.

"How'd your day go?" Sam asked, rolling over to face her.

"We killed off the vampire brides today but not before I caught the lead fucking the blonde bride again."

"In his bedroom set?"

"No. We had a rooftop scene all prepped today, for the scene where the vampire gets attacked by hunters and kills them instead. He had the extra up against a chimney." She reflected. "I'm surprised it held up to all that thrusting."

Sam's hand brushed against her leg then found the warmth of her pussy. "I thought so."

She wriggled against him. "What?"

"You're wet. My girl's turning into a voyeur."

"I don't know, maybe." His thumb brushed her clit and she leaned back and spread her legs, draping one over his leg. "Don't you dare stop that. I need an orgasm."

"Wasn't planning to." He rubbed up and down her pussy in slow, easy circles.

She let out a deep breath, snuggled deeper into the sheets. "That's nice."

"What is it about watching that turns you on?" he asked lazily.

She gyrated her hips a little, trying to get her clit under his roving hand as much as possible. "I have no idea."

"Answer me," he said, sounding amused. "C'mon, be honest."

She tried to think about it, though her consciousness was focused on the heat of her center. "I saw his cock. It's impressive, though he doesn't appear to use it as well as he might."

Sam dipped one finger into her pussy. She giggled.

"It's bigger than that."

"Bigger than mine?"

"You're huge," she said, evading the question.

Thankfully for his ego, he let that one go. Not that his large, thick cock was anything to be unhappy about.

"So it was seeing his cock that got you going?"

She tried to think again. "I guess I got excited before that. Maybe it was his partner's face or her moans. Yeah, I think I liked hearing those sexy sounds they were making. They were really into it."

"Was it the same today?" Sam added a second finger to the first and pumped smoothly in and out of her pussy.

Claudia palmed her breasts, squeezing her nipples between her fingers to add to the sensations. "Yeah, the extra was moaning, Of course, I think she was faking it today. Not so much the first time I caught them. It was more theatrical this time. But he was just as into it."

"Did you watch them to the end?" Sam asked.

She sat up, pushed his hand away.

"What?"

"I can't talk about this anymore," she said. "I don't want to come while talking about Cherokee Ares and his live sex show." She wanted Sam to be the one to turn her on. He was her one and only.

She pulled herself over his thighs, feeling for his cock. "I love your cock," she said, running her fingers along his long length. Playing with her body had gotten him hard.

"I love your pussy," he said.

"I'm going fuck you," she announced, pulling his cock to her entrance and pushing down until he was deep inside her.

"Yeah, like that," he said, grabbing her hips.

"You were just asking me questions to get me excited," she accused, moving his hands to her breasts. She didn't need his help to establish a fast, hot rhythm tonight. An orgasm was halfway there already.

"What did you think?" he said, grunting when she took him deep. "That I was psychoanalyzing you? Fuck, keep doing that."

She laughed and that made her body buck on him. His cock rubbed hard right on that sensitive spot inside her pussy and she felt herself go liquid. She stilled, letting his hips do the work, rubbing back and forth on that perfect spot.

"Oh fuck, I'm going to—" Sam's hands left her breasts and grabbed for her hips, holding her in place as he shot cum into her.

Her pussy shuddered and she leaned over to get as much pressure on her clit as she could. He kept moving long enough for her to come too. She soared but didn't exactly break apart.

Still, it was pretty good for a late Monday night quickie. She had no complaints. Sam pulled her against him and they both went right to sleep.

* * * * *

The next day during a break, Claudia grabbed her salad from the tray and walked outside into the bright, crisp October sun. She'd decided to eat in her car so she could

get some peace and quiet. This morning she'd woken up disquieted. Sex with Sam had been great, so why had her dreams been so full of a kind of sexual adventure she'd never fantasized about before?

In her dream, she'd been transported from the white-on-white bedroom she shared with Sam into the lush, dimly lit vampire bedroom set at the studio. Forbidding pictures of men and women dead long ago hung from the ruby silk fabric walls. Oriental carpets were piled on the floor. The only furniture was a long mahogany chest where the candelabras rested and the bed. She hadn't been alone either. Cherokee had been there too.

The lighting reminded her of her own night of romance with Sam. This time though, in her dream, she had two men to pleasure her and she'd been desperate for both.

She found her elderly sedan, which hopefully she could upgrade soon, and unlocked it. Remembering that dream made her knees weak and she collapsed into the seat, shutting the door quickly before anyone could see her flushed face.

Once again, she wished there was somewhere private at work so she could reduce her tension level but there was no privacy on the lot. Of course that was exactly why she kept finding Cherokee with his bimbos.

In her dream, he'd been more of the suave vampire he played than the somewhat crude actor he was in real life. The fake Transylvanian accent sounded more realistic, thankfully. He'd been shirtless, his bronzed chest mirroring Sam's. Her boyfriend was on one side of the bed, Cherokee on the other.

They'd both smiled at her. Sam's grin was open, sexy, that smile that always made her wet. Cherokee's smirk was naughty, knowing and wicked. She could see the hint of fangs between his parted lips. In fact, she'd never seen him without them. Maybe Makeup glued them in before she arrived on set.

Claudia herself was in the middle of the king-sized bed, wearing a long, white satin gown with a lacy inset over the breasts, embroidered with pearls. Her dark ginger hair spread over the blood-red velvet pillows she leaned against.

Both men leaned over the bed in tandem. She could see lust in their glittering eyes and knew they were transported by the vision of her loveliness. She was pretty sure both of them had been wearing dark trousers but as they crawled up on the bed they were naked. Her hands moved toward each of their cocks and they instantly became hard. Sam's cock was the largest she'd ever seen it, so thick she couldn't cover the girth with her fingers and Cherokee's was magnificent too in its proud, jutting length.

"Vat do you vant with me?" Cherokee asked in his accented English.

Claudia opened her mouth and he leaned over her, thrusting his cock into her eager, waiting mouth.

She heard Sam's laugh, then his mouth fastened on her pussy, laving her open with his tongue. She writhed against him, taking Cherokee deep into her throat. Sam's tongue played her like a fine instrument, awakening her body to a fever pitch. His hands danced a tango up and down the insides of her thighs until she was insane with need, slippery with lust. Cherokee cried out, pulling his cock from her mouth. She only cared for a second because Sam knelt between her legs and plunged his cock into her. When she screamed with pleasure, Cherokee moved to her breasts, sucking her nipples, stroking the undersides and rubbing his cock against her thigh. His mouth was hot seduction against her and she held his head against her breast, then kissed Sam, who was now somehow above her.

He thrust into her, again taking possession. She cried out and he groaned an answer before pulling himself out and thrusting in again. He pressed in hard and fast, graceless but very effective. She could almost forget Cherokee was there but felt fingers stroking through her hair, gentle kisses pressing into her face, her arms. So many kisses, so much hot, hard flesh every time she moved. She smelled sex in the air, both familiar and exotic.

Her legs went up, feet locking around Sam's back so he could go even deeper. He thrust and thrust and thrust, her wetness helping to guide him surely and swiftly down her channel. It wasn't long before she felt his back break with sweat under her fingers, a sure sign that he was about to come.

Sam let go, gasping his pleasure as he shuddered inside her, then moved aside to give Cherokee his turn. Her boyfriend rested at her side, kissing her fervently while Cherokee sheathed his cock with a condom then positioned himself at her channel. She hadn't quite come yet but knew she'd have the orgasm of a lifetime as soon as he plunged inside her. Her hands reached for him —

Then the clock radio had turned on, blasting news radio into the bedroom. Claudia woke up sweaty, aching and so turned on she could scream but Sam had already jumped up and was in the bathroom turning on the shower. He didn't have time to satisfy her that morning. She rubbed her hand against her pussy, finding it wet and swollen. Turning on her side, she rubbed her clit with her thumb and plunged her fingers into her pussy, trying to stay in the dream long enough to have the big O she craved.

The news radio program switched to a commercial and horrible plinking piano music filled the room. Claudia came with only a whisper of the pleasure she sought, then threw a pillow at the clock radio. She missed.

What a morning.

Her salad lay open and unappetizing on her lap. She had to stop thinking about that dream. Patting her pockets, she found her cell phone and called her sister, who worked as a personal assistant to a director who was recovering from "nervous exhaustion" and didn't do much right now.

"I feel like I'm jumping out of my skin sometimes," Claudia confessed to Ellery.

"What's wrong?"

Claudia switched to the speakerphone so she could hold her salad better. "Today was the third time I caught our lead actor fucking someone on an unused set. He's moved to actress number two now, since his first partner has been killed off in the movie."

"How much longer is your shoot?"

"Ten days."

"So what's driving you nuts? Is he disgusting?"

"No."

"Is he as hot as Sam?"

Claudia hesitated. "Sam's a truly great guy, plus he's gorgeous, sexy..."

"But this guy's hotter."

"Not hotter but I think I've got a case of the seven year itch. We're not married but we've been together that long. I adore Sam and this actor's a total swordsman, if you know what I mean, but it's hard to be up close and personal with this actor's enormous cock and not, well fantasize about it a little."

"So you're thinking about him while you're making love with Sam?"

Claudia stared down at her salad. She should have asked for dressing, something to raise the taste factor. "Not yet. I haven't let myself. But I've thought about him other times."

"Like while you're driving?"

Claudia tossed her salad into the passenger seat. "Yeah, while I'm driving."

Her sister laughed. "Nothing like a little fantasy when you're pleasuring yourself, sis. Relax. It's normal."

"Don't you think it's safer to fantasize about people you don't really know?"

"Why, are you afraid you'll jump the guy just because you had a few orgasms in his honor?"

"He propositions me on the set. What if I slipped up and said yes?"

"Do you and Sam have an open relationship?"

"No."

"Have you ever cheated on Sam?"

"Of course not." Surely Ellery knew she'd never do that.

"So what makes you think you will now? You've worked for that production company for two years. I've seen some of your actors. B movies or not, those guys are hot."

"Yeah." Ellery was right about that.

"What else is going on?"

"I guess I've started to realize how much more experience Sam has than I do. I don't know. Maybe I'm jealous."

"What has he done that you want to?"

Claudia toyed with a cherry tomato. "I had this dream last night."

"Go on," her sister said.

"About a threesome."

Ellery gasped. "Sam's had threesomes?"

"Yeah, before us."

"Damn, Sammy boy. Who would have guessed? So you dreamed about a threesome?"

"Yep. Me, Sam and the actor."

"Nice." Ellery paused, then said, "at least Sam was in there."

"I guess."

Ellery exhaled into the phone. "Do you think Sam would be willing?"

"He might be but I'm not. I don't really want to have sex with this actor. He's not very choosy with his bimbos. I just like his cock and he's so, well, his cup runneth over with sexuality, you know?"

"Maybe there's someone safer you could have a threesome with."

Claudia groaned. "I cannot believe I'm talking to you about this. Have you had a threesome?"

Ellery laughed. "Yes and no."

Claudia sat up. "Really? Dish."

"It was at a party. A dinner party for ten. We got really drunk and Zac, my boyfriend back then —"

"The lush," Claudia interjected.

"Obviously and the reason we broke up in the end."

"Right. Go on."

"Zac bet one of his frat brothers he couldn't get me to come if he went down on me. It used to take me forever to come that way. I was so drunk I let the guy take the bet. He was pretty cute. I'd even kissed him at a party once before Zac and I hooked up."

"Did Zac win the bet? Did you come?"

"Not from that. In the end, Zac pushed his frat brother off me so we could fuck but the guy stayed around, kissing me and playing with my breasts while Zac and I screwed. Then I came. Man, did I come. But it didn't happen again. I dumped Zac a few weeks later."

Claudia tried to cross her legs but she didn't have the room in her car. "Jeez, Ellery, you're steaming up the windows of my car."

"It's a good memory," Ellery said. "In a skanky kind of way."

"Would you do it again?"

"I don't know. Maybe. But it's hard to get into the right frame of mind if you're sober."

"I wish it was impossible to find more than one man attractive at once," Claudia said.

"We aren't made like that. Anyway, that's half the fun, in my opinion. It adds spice to life."

"Yeah but you're playing the field right now. I'm not." Which was why Cherokee was driving her nuts. She wasn't used to paying attention to other men but his antics somehow forced her to notice him.

"You are correct and speaking of that, I'd better get back to work. I've got a hot date tonight so I want to blow out of here as soon as I can."

"Have fun."

"I will," Ellery lowered her voice. "He's a model-slash-actor. Very impressive upper body musculature."

"Enjoy."

"See you, sis."

"Love you." Claudia disconnected and tossed her phone into the coffee holder. She needed to get back to work too. Maybe she simply needed to pretend this actor's sex life was a porno movie, adding a little spice to her life and bringing sexual energy to her relationship. Still though, that dream had been amazing.

* * * * *

"How did the third date go?" Sam asked Greg as they were leaving the pizza joint after Thursday night's rehearsal. They had a gig Saturday night.

"Great."

"Get laid?" Sam thought Greg had gone quiet because he'd gotten to the next level with his date. That was usually when he went silent.

Greg grinned.

"Nice. You pull out the vamp gear?" Sam asked.

Greg shook his head. "Maybe on Halloween."

Sam raised his eyebrows. "Planning a future with her already?"

Greg pulled out his car keys. "I hope we last at least two weeks. I invited her to the gig Saturday."

"You're going to inflict the band on her?"

Greg looked worried. "You think it's a bad idea?"

Sam fished for his own set of keys. "I'll see if Claudia's coming. I don't think you want to give your new girl a full dose of Joe and Niall too soon."

"Have they hit on Claudia?"

Sam knew Greg existed in his own bubble but how could he have missed the come-ons? "Of course but she's not into that."

Greg opened his car door. "How'd you end up with a conservative girlfriend anyway? From what Niall says, that wasn't your scene before her."

Sam laughed. "Claudia's more of a freak that she lets on."

"Nice," Greg said with a grin. "Did you go vamp on her?"

"Yeah but that wasn't such a hit. Not that we didn't have fun but Joe's right, fangs are a bitch." Usually any extra effort he made sent Claudia into the stratosphere but nothing quite seemed to be clicking lately. Was something wrong with his girl or was he to blame?

"Good to know."

"Spicing things up never hurts though. Want to hit Toyz with me?"

"The sex shop?"

"Yeah. I promised Claudia I'd get her a present." Or something like that. He had to keep trying until he fixed their bedroom problem. He looked at Greg. Was the kid blushing?

"I've never been to a classy sex shop."

"You've got money in your pocket. Maybe you'll find something interesting."

"Yeah, let's do it."

"Great. Meet you there." Sam crossed the street to where his own truck was waiting.

* * * * *

On Friday night, Claudia had expected to be alone at home, assuming Sam was having one last rehearsal before his next gig. He hadn't called, so she'd met some coworkers for drinks at a Mexican restaurant.

When she pulled into her apartment parking lot though, she found his truck parked in his regular spot. The pulse at the side of her throat jumped in anticipation. Why was Sam home?

She parked her car next to his truck and turned off the headlights, then leaned back. Could she even handle going inside right now? She was so confused. The card in her pocket was burning a hole in the lining.

Drinks at Puerto Loco had started normally enough. She'd sat with their makeup artist, the producer's administrative assistant and the assistant set designer, chatting about the movie.

The assistant designer, Mya, seemed a little obsessed with Cherokee.

"You know he's screwing around with the extras, right?" Claudia asked.

Mya shrugged. "That just means he's available."

"I think all actors are crazy," the makeup artist said. "I wouldn't date them."

Mya giggled. "Who said anything about dating? But I'm not going to fuck him on the set either. That's just not my style."

"Does anyone know anything about him?" Claudia asked.

"He has European credits," the administrative assistant offered. Holly was a pretty natural redhead with a shy smile.

"I don't care about his credits," Mya said. "I just care about his cock. Have you seen it, Claudia?"

Claudia nodded. "Impressively oversized."

Mya sighed theatrically. "I want me a piece of that."

The conversation continued along similar lines for another twenty minutes. After five, Claudia lost interest and began people watching in the bar. She saw the usual twenty-somethings out for drinks on a Friday night. It looked like a couple of blind dates were starting up in each corner and a group of businessmen was chatting in a circle similar to her own.

A table full of models distracted her. The pack was shredding the sexual reputation of an A-list actor one of them had apparently had a one-night stand with. A pity. She'd thought the star was faithful to his wife. But who was faithful these days?

When she turned back to her group, she saw a man behind Holly, moving silently closer to her. The man had an oval face that was almost pretty, though his body appeared to be pure Hollywood stud with broad shoulders and narrow waist. He winked at Claudia and put a finger to his mouth. She started to shake her head but realized the guy's hair was the same flaming red as Holly's and they had the same cheekbones too. He must be a relative.

"Ack!" Holly shrieked when the guy put his hand on the back of her neck. She sloshed her strawberry daiquiri on her placemat and jumped up.

The guy laughed and she turned around, hands on hips. "Dylan," she scolded.

"Must be getting close to Halloween for you to spook this easily," he observed.

"You shouldn't sneak up on me," Holly said, giving him a rough hug and stealing a chair from the next table.

Dylan sat down and looked at Claudia expectantly. "You going to introduce me?"

Holly told him their names. Dylan barely glanced at the other women, though. Claudia felt very singled out.

"Are you an actress?" he asked her.

"No, a production assistant."

"Script editor," Mya corrected.

"Jill of all trades," Claudia said.

"Nice to see another redhead," Dylan said.

Claudia touched her hair self-consciously. "I think you and Holly are a lot more natural than I am."

"Looks good, though."

Claudia was glad she wasn't a natural redhead because then that fair natural redhead skin would be blushing. "Thanks."

"Why don't I buy this lovely group of ladies a refill?" Dylan said. "Claudia, would you help me carry the drinks?"

Mya smirked. Claudia shot her a death ray glare and stood, following Dylan to the bar.

The area close to the bartender was packed as happy hour came to an end.

"Friday night," Claudia observed.

"Yeah, it's always the same. People with nowhere better to go."

"If you say so. What brings you by?"

"Holly and I need to shop for a birthday present for our mother. She told me to meet her here."

"How nice," Claudia said, raising her hand to get the bartender's notice.

"I think you're beautiful," Dylan said, leaning into her ear as she was jostled from the other side by one of the thirsty businessmen.

"Thanks," Claudia said, wishing she could take a step back. Dylan had the most beautiful hazel eyes and it made her nervous to be so close to him. He smelled great too.

"Maybe you should come shopping with us."

"No thanks. I'm not good at picking out presents."

"A pity." He smiled at her. "Not quite the Jill of all trades then."

She was entranced by his face. Cheekbones, eyes, a gorgeous molded mouth. He was stunning. "I guess not."

His smile widened and his hand came up holding a slim billfold. He opened it and extracted a card, handing it to her.

She took it and glanced down. Hottie Dylan was an architect. He was gorgeous and had a good job. How often did you see that combination? Sam was another in that category, of course. She had no complaints about him.

"Call me," Dylan said with an air of supreme confidence. "Let's have a drink some night next week. I'll even buy dinner if we like each other."

"I'm not available," she said.

"Then why did you come to the bar with me?" he asked with a smile, then turned as the bartender stepped over to them.

Claudia made her excuses to her group of friends after her first sip of the drink Dylan had bought and nearly ran out of the restaurant to her car. What was wrong with her? If she was happy in her relationship then why was she finding so many men attractive right now? Was the universe trying to tell her something? First her sex life had started to fizzle and now this.

Was it time to end things with Sam?

Chapter Four

Claudia realized she'd been sitting in her car like an idiot for a good ten minutes. She hoped Sam hadn't looked out the window and seen her in the car. He was never home on Friday nights, so he must be planning something special. Meanwhile, she was sitting here mooning over a friend's gorgeous brother. She was such a bad girlfriend.

Her mother had told her years ago that she shouldn't settle down yet but should play the field until she was thirty. Claudia disagreed and thought she was lucky to find true love so early. Her mother had just gotten married for the third time, so her advice wasn't necessarily reliable. But then, Claudia had never taken the step of marrying Sam either. Not that he'd asked but he'd brought it up a couple of times once he'd gotten established in his career. And she'd dodged the issue like a true coward.

Maybe she felt like they were safer if they weren't married, given her parents' record of five marriages between them. Or maybe something wasn't right. Were they not meant for forever love?

She pulled Dylan's card out of her pocket and stuck it into her purse, then got out of her car and went to her mailbox. Sam had received a couple of truck magazines and they had filled up so much space that her paycheck had been crumpled into the back of the box.

She smoothed the envelope with her hand, hoping her check hadn't been torn. Any extras in her salary went to clothes so she could look acceptably Hollywood, someone who was hoping to move up the ranks to a better producer. She worked as many hours as Sam but had a lot less to show for it. Of course, she suspected she enjoyed her job more than he did, sometimes at least. Still, she wouldn't mind having his nest egg, though she had no idea what he was doing with his money.

When she opened the door a song, heavy on the bass, was playing in the living room. She knew she'd heard it before but couldn't quite recognize the melody. It had an anticipatory sound to it, as if it underscored something dangerous. Like a monster was about to pounce. A movie soundtrack, probably, that Sam had forgotten to turn off.

She set her purse down on the console table next to the front door, then kicked off her high-heeled shoes and stretched her toes on the Greek key rug in the small foyer. *Heaven*. She'd been in those shoes for nearly fourteen hours.

The living room was nearly dark, lit only by one low-wattage lamp on the mantel. Had Sam gone to bed? It wasn't like him. Maybe he wasn't feeling well. They were heading into cold and flu season, after all and he had a tendency to forget to lock doors or turn off lights and music when he wasn't feeling one hundred percent healthy. Concerned, she ignored the small pile of phone messages and bills perched on the coffee table and moved toward the stereo so she could hear Sam's snores.

"You've been a bad girl." A man's low whisper floated into the room.

She stopped next to the coffee table, transfixed. Who was that? Sam? It didn't really sound like his voice. Was he pretending to be a vampire again? Her heart skipped a beat then began to thump faster. Should she grab a potential weapon or try to call 9-1-1? The monster music was so not helping her panic level.

"Sam?" She slowly crouched down and reached blindly through the air until her fingers touched a tall crystal candlestick.

As she lifted it, the candle fell out and hit the rug with a low thump.

The voice held a chuckle. "Making a mess? Now that makes you a very bad girl."

Claudia heard a hollow thud from the direction of the man.

"What do you want?" she asked, raising the candlestick. Where was Sam? Was he okay?

The man stepped forward from the shadows. She caught a glimpse of what looked like black leather pants, a matching vest. A strong male hand, the forearm corded with muscle, held something. A paddle. Had he hit the wall with it?

She peered into the darkness, as the man let out a rumble of laughter. Was that one of Sam's bandmates, Niall, probably, playing a joke?

"Wait a minute," she said. "What—"

The hall light flicked on and Claudia blinked the man's face into focus. She saw his eyes. Piercing blue eyes. She sagged with relief. *Sam.*

"You scared me half to death," she accused. "I thought you were a thief."

He'd never looked like this before. His hair was slicked back from his face and in the darkness she hadn't been able to see his usual ponytail. He always wore button-downs or T-shirts. She couldn't remember seeing him in a vest like that before, or any shirt that bared his arms to his powerful shoulders. Somehow he found the time to fit in visits to the gym, probably the same amount of time she spent shopping, really. The pants weren't his usual business slacks or baggy jeans but tight, molded leather. His cock and balls looked huge cupped behind the lace-up crotch front.

No wonder she'd thought he was a stranger.

As she stared, he flipped off the hall light again.

"You didn't recognize me?" he said, his voice low and accusing. "You bad girl. You keep other men here when I'm gone?"

Claudia's traitorous mind flashed to Dylan, then to Cherokee. Not that she'd ever bring them back here into their nice little apartment. "No, of course not. But the music, it was scary. I'm tired, a little buzzed too, probably."

She heard the hollow slap again, realized it was probably Sam hitting the paddle against his free hand. Inexplicably, she felt a rush of warmth zing to her pussy. She was excited, she realized. Terrified and horny all at the same time.

"My bad girl is scared?" Sam said silkily.

"I have been bad," Claudia said. "I went out drinking and left you all alone."

"I get ideas when I'm alone," he agreed.

No kidding. She peered through the darkness but couldn't see clearly enough to figure out what he was doing with the paddle. "What kind of ideas?"

"I decided you needed a spanking."

Claudia pressed her legs together tightly, as another trickle of warmth escaped her pussy. Her clit throbbed. "You know best," she said.

"Come here," he ordered. The music from the stereo moved into a running sequence, lots of fast notes zooming up and down the scale.

"Okay." She took a step forward, then realized she still held the candlestick. Leaning over, she set it down on the table.

"What are you wearing?"

"A linen pencil skirt. My navy blouse."

"Panties?" He rasped.

"Thong."

"Naughty girl. What color?"

Claudia tried to think. "Cream, I think, since my skirt is taupe."

"Take off the thong," he said.

"Okay."

"Okay, sir," he amended.

"Sir? I have to call you sir?"

"Yes, or Master."

Claudia took a deep breath. "What fantasy is this, Sam? S and M or spanking? I'm confused here."

"There's a difference?" His voice rose into its normal register.

"My friend Mya reads a lot," Claudia said. "There's a difference."

Sam cleared his throat. Claudia held back a giggle. She shouldn't have broken out of their fantasy but it was hard to engage when it wasn't consistent. She had to give her Sam credit for trying though.

"Spanking I guess. You're naughty, I'm in charge. Call me sir."

Claudia gave him a saucy salute. "Yes, sir."

"You do need discipline. Now, off with that damp thong."

"How do you know it's damp?" she demanded.

He chuckled. "I know my bad girl. I bet you're soaking wet from the music alone."

"It is kind of creepy," she agreed, bending over to pull up her tight skirt.

Sam's voice rumbled along with the bass on the soundtrack, making low ba da bum sounds. Claudia hiked her skirt to her waist then tugged on her thong. It was sealed to her crotch and pulling it away from her hot, wet flesh was a thrill in itself. She bit back a moan as it released her throbbing pussy.

"What's going on over there?" Sam asked, stopping his counterpoint.

"Just following orders," Claudia said, unable to keep her fingers from stroking her pussy as she dropped her thong to the ground.

"I can't believe you did that," Sam said. "Panties don't belong on the living room floor."

"Sorry," Claudia said, reluctantly removing her fingers from her clit and reaching for the thong. She stepped toward Sam. He let her pass and she dropped the offending bit of clothing into the bathroom laundry basket. That was one room she had memorized, even in the dark.

When she turned, he locked his arm around her waist and guided her into the bedroom. The room was dark except for a nightlight plugged in at one corner of the room. Usually the friendly penguin light waited in a drawer for overnight visits from Sam's niece. It wasn't the sexiest of nightlights but Claudia supposed it added a little

light without disturbing the dark drama Sam had going. After all, he needed to be able to see where his paddle was going.

Sam moved them to the bed and sat down on it. Claudia tried to straddle his legs but he pushed her away.

"No, no, bad girl," he said. "I want that skirt up around your waist."

"Can't I just take it off? It will wrinkle."

Sam slapped the paddle against his hand. The penguin nightlight allowed her to see the gesture this time and she decided to obey.

"Yes, sir." She wriggled the tight skirt up over her hips, exposing herself to him.

Sam ran the paddle down her belly, then lower. She swallowed hard as he rested it against her clit and couldn't help pressing her hips into it.

He put his hand on her hip, stopping her motion. "No, no. Bend over, bad girl."

"Over your lap?" she asked. "Are you serious?"

He took her hands and pulled her to the side of his legs. "Over my knee."

She wasn't sure what he'd do if she didn't obey, so she draped herself over his lap, keeping her balance by resting her palms on the floor. Had she ever felt so exposed in her life? She knew Sam was enjoying her position. The tight, warm leather cupping his cock pressed against her left hip. She could smell his aftershave and the light tang of his sweat.

"Are you going to start being good now?" he asked.

"Never."

"Never?"

"Never, sir." She grinned, despite her awkward position.

The sudden swat of the paddle against her ass made her lose her smile. It made a wooshing noise and the contact stung.

"Hey," she said, offended. "I thought this was supposed to be arousing."

Sam didn't speak but he rubbed her butt until the sting went away. Then, still silent, he swatted her again with the paddle. At least she didn't have to work tomorrow. She wasn't sure she'd be able to sit.

Her butt felt very warm. The third time he swatted her, she moved a little on his leg and her clit received a full-friction rub.

"Not bad," she whispered. "Sir."

"Are you going to start being good now?" he repeated.

"No." Her voice was breathy.

He swatted her again. She made sure to move against his leg, letting the paddle push her into his warm flesh instead of fighting it. Her head felt heavy from its downward position but the blood was beginning to flow to her abused ass too, making the skin tingle.

The swats continued, now much noisier in the sounds the paddle made than in the actual contact with her posterior. She cried out theatrically, the movie soundtrack offering guidance as to the appropriate timing for her shrieks of mock-pain.

Then a pause came. Sam's hand rested on her ass.

"You're nice and warm. I think you've been punished enough," Sam said.

Claudia wriggled on his leg, pleasure shooting through her pussy. "Fuck you," she gasped. "I'm bad. Spank me some more."

"No, that's enough. All this moving around you're doing is driving me nuts." He picked her up airplane-style and turned, dropping her belly-first onto the bed.

She sighed with pleasure, knowing what was coming. Rustling came from behind her as Sam undid the laces on his leather pants and she pulled in her knees so they could fuck doggy-style.

Her fingers found her dripping wet pussy and she pushed two inside, readying herself for him. Spanking was great foreplay she decided, swirling her thumb around her clit. She felt the bed sag as Sam climbed on, then he was behind her, mounting her.

Instinctively, she moved into a reverse cat stretch, driving her behind up to wait for his cock. He pushed against her, then she felt her pussy lips accept the tip of his cock. Smoothly, slowly, he worked his way in.

"You're so wet," he groaned. "Damn, Dia."

"All for you," she purred, knowing in a tiny corner of her brain that it wasn't true. Dylan had made her wet at the restaurant, priming her for tonight.

"I know." He wrapped an arm around her breasts, playing with her nipples and letting her take some of his weight. His cock never stopped moving.

She clutched at him with her inner walls every time he was fully inside her, determined to make him crazy. It was the least she could do, since she really was a bad girl. Maybe she didn't deserve him and her less-than-perfect orgasms were her body's way of telling her so.

Fighting sudden tears, she pushed her well-swatted butt against him, allowing him to go as deep as he could, taking the pleasure until it was almost pain.

"I love you," he gasped and she knew he was ready to come.

He'd gone to a lot of effort planning this. She'd never faked an orgasm in her life and wasn't about to start now, so she blanked her mind except for the feel of his cock in her pussy, her well-worked clit, the g-spot he was sliding against with each deep thrust.

"I love you too," she cried, pushing back against him. Her hand ripped his from her breasts and pushed his fingers to her clit. He rubbed her hard, inexpertly but she didn't care now. They were both ragged, close, needy.

"Fuck," he yelled. "Yeah."

He pressed her to the limit. Her mouth opened, she couldn't control her breathing or even move. His fingers plucked her clit as if it was a grape on a vine. She felt her body go up in flames as Sam's body spasmed.

When his orgasm hit, he lost his balance. Distracted, Claudia took his weight for a few moments, then collapsed against the bed. Her clit twitched, her inner walls spasmed but it wasn't good enough.

She was still a bad girl and she was still searching for her O.

* * * * *

They were a little awkward with each other for the rest of the weekend, almost as if their games had gone too far, tame as they were. It was becoming more and more obvious they had problems. For one thing, Claudia had no idea what Sam was thinking.

On Monday, she found herself with an excuse to call Dylan. Her boss had mentioned his wife wanted to redo and update their guesthouse. He muttered that she wanted to knock out walls to create a more spacious feeling. Claudia told him about his administrative assistant's brother Dylan and her boss said to set up an appointment if he did guesthouses.

The shoot was winding down, so she decided to spend the afternoon at the office catching up. Her script edits were done on this movie but her boss wanted to get going on a soft porn project he'd received a script for from a cousin who'd just graduated from some Ivy League college.

At her desk in her half-walled cubicle next to Holly's cubicle, she looked at Dylan's business card, unable to determine what kind of architecture he specialized in. She did her best to check him out on the internet but that didn't tell her much either. It appeared that his work had been featured in an upscale home magazine in Arizona but the web page had been deleted so she couldn't find out any more.

She sighed. It was so déclassé to ask a man's sister about him but it was that or actually call him.

"Holly? You there?" she called.

"Of course. I'm always here."

Claudia looked up and saw Holly's red curls pop over the cubicle wall.

"What's up?"

Claudia showed her Dylan's card. "Think your brother would want to work on the boss' guesthouse? Does he do that kind of work?"

"The boss man must be betting the vampire movie is going to make some bucks."

"He just got the word today that it had been accepted into a film festival, so he must think he's going to find a distributor there."

"That's great. Maybe we'll get a Christmas bonus this year." Holly glanced down for a moment. "I need new shoes."

"So buy a pair," Claudia said. "You aren't that broke."

"Nice shoes," Holly said. "I have my eye on a pair of six-hundred-dollar red stilettos."

"Oh, that kind of need."

"Exactly." Holly grinned. "Anyway, back to my brother. I don't see why not. Do you want me to call him?"

"The boss told me to set up an appointment. So I'll do it." Claudia's pulse jumped as she said the words. Was this forbidden territory or just another business call?

Holly shrugged. "No problem. He's in town."

"Great. Thanks." Now what? As Holly plopped into her ergonomic chair, Claudia realized she couldn't call the guy when she was sitting next to his sister. What if he flirted? Who was she kidding, of course he would flirt. The question was, would she flirt back?

"I'm going for coffee. Want anything?" Claudia called.

"No thanks."

Claudia grabbed her wallet and left the office. Her production company wasn't swanky enough to have an office on a studio lot but they were in an office building only half a block from a nice coffee shop. When she was outside, she pulled out her cell phone and Dylan's business card and called.

She wound her way through two assistants before she reached him.

"Hello, Claudia," Dylan said, his voice holding a hint of amusement. "I was wondering if you'd call."

"I've been thinking about you," Claudia blurted, then stopped, twisting his card in her fingers. She forced herself to stop, in case her boss wanted the card for his Rolodex. He was old-fashioned that way.

"You have?"

"Yes. Professionally, I mean."

"Why? You planning to fix me up with a job?"

"Better than a blind date, right?" Claudia said.

His voice lost its amusement. "You're not one of those partner-happy women who wants every man to be in a committed relationship, are you?"

Clearly, Dylan was not one of those commitment-happy guys. He fitted right into the Los Angeles scene. "No. It's just that my boss decided to renovate his guesthouse. There's wall moving and a new kitchen involved so I thought of you. I mean, you're an architect."

"Right."

"Holly said you took jobs like that."

"True."

"Would you like to meet with me? I can get pictures of the guesthouse first."

"That won't tell me much but I'll meet you for a drink."

"At the Mexican restaurant again? It's close to work."

"Sure. About six tonight?"

"Sounds good. Thanks." Claudia disconnected, then rushed back to the office. She would have to call her boss, then rush over to take the pictures before the meeting.

She stopped dead in the street, her hand outstretched to the front door of her office building. This was an awful lot of work to do in order to meet one sexy guy for a drink. If she wanted this so badly why didn't she just call him for herself?

Loyalty, she supposed. Loyalty to Sam, even if things weren't perfect. But she wouldn't be the first woman to set up the next relationship while still in the first one, as a backup if nothing else.

Within an hour, she had a key to the guesthouse and was on her way there to take photos for her meeting with Dylan. After she passed through a security gate at her boss' palatial home, she drove onto the circular driveway in front of the stucco guesthouse. Complete with red tile roof, it matched the main house, which had been in her boss' wife's family for decades, Claudia recalled. The style was called Spanish Colonial Revival and had been popular in the 1920s in the Los Angeles area.

Her key turned easily into the ornate lock on the door. When she walked in, the air was chilled and quiet but she saw mail on a chunky wood desk by the front door and realized someone was living in the guesthouse. Why hadn't her boss said anything?

"Hello?" she called. No answer but the guesthouse had a second floor. She dashed upstairs on the iron-railed steps leading from the foyer, calling again but the second floor was as silent as the first. In fact, the house was downright quiet, as if the electricity was off.

Claudia stepped into a black-and-white tiled bathroom, clean but smelling faintly of mold as if it wasn't being used. She flipped on a light switch and it did work. Shaking her head, she decided the house must have excellent soundproofing.

Her cell phone rang. She jumped, surprised by the sudden noise in the stillness. Sam's picture was on the screen when she pulled the phone from her purse.

"Hi," she said, stepping back out into the hall.

"Have we got any plans tonight?" he asked.

"Why? Are you going to rehearse?"

"No, I just thought we could have dinner. We didn't go out all weekend, since I had the show."

Claudia thought about her drink with Dylan. If she didn't let it turn into anything other than the business meeting it was supposed to be, they would be finished in an hour. Maybe Sam's call was a sign to behave herself.

"I have a business meeting at six. Want to meet me at seven at Puerto Loco?" That would force her to stay on the straight and narrow. Maybe she could even see Sam with Dylan, which would underscore what a hottie her man was.

"Yeah, that works."

"Great, see you there. I'll probably be in the bar."

"Okay. Don't get too sloshed before I get there," he teased.

"No problem. I have to stay focused enough to take notes."

"Love you, Dia." Sam hung up.

Claudia mouthed the words "love you" as his image faded from her cell phone screen. What was she going to do about him?

The second floor of the guesthouse was laid out like a gallery above half the first floor. From where she stood she could see down into the foyer and if she walked toward the master bedroom she could see into the living area.

The bedroom was furnished with heavy Spanish Colonial furniture. The thick woods making up a bed, bedside table and chest of drawers were ornately carved. Claudia was impressed by the enormous size of the bed. Big enough to sleep four adult men, it would require custom sheets and blankets. It was covered with an ornate red and gold quilt. Claudia sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled up one end of the quilt. Hand-stitched, she guessed, by a quilting master. The fabric seemed quite new so it wasn't an heirloom piece. Underneath the quilt, she discovered the bed was freshly made. She could smell a powdery fabric softener on the high-thread-count linens. They

felt rich and soft under her spread fingers. One day she was going to sleep in a bed like this, she decided, before standing and smoothing the quilt back into place.

She took one last look at the atmospheric room, then went out. A sitting room at the end of the floor had similar furniture, though when she went out to the gallery she saw that the living room below had more comfortable modern furnishings.

She took pictures, noting especially the small closet in the bedroom, lack of outlets, phone and cable hookups and unused space, including a small empty room on the other side of the bathroom. Downstairs, she found the living room attractive but could see immediately that the cramped kitchen needed updating. The fixtures and appliances were so elderly they probably qualified as antiques. Maybe she'd meet a hot interior decorator next and provide her boss with another referral!

"I guess that's enough," she said aloud, heading back toward the foyer. Feeling nosy after all her picture taking, she took a quick glance at the top piece of mail on the desk by the front door. The envelope was addressed to "Resident" at an address only one digit off the address of the main house and the postmark was dated two weeks earlier.

"Maybe whoever was living here moved," she said out loud again, then shivered. The quiet of the place was giving her the creeps.

She glanced at her watch as she hurried out to her car. Her appointment with Dylan was only forty minutes away. She'd spent more time in the guesthouse than she'd realized.

Chapter Five

The usual slow-motion drive through rush-hour traffic in Los Angeles put Claudia at Puerto Loco ten minutes late. When she rushed into the bar, which was fairly quiet as expected on a Monday, she saw Dylan's red hair in the corner. He had a cell phone to his ear but looked up and smiled as she approached.

She waved and hurried to him. "Sorry," she mouthed. "Traffic."

He nodded, then bent his head a fraction to finish his conversation. She got the attention of a waitress and ordered a white wine, then sat down. When Dylan pointed toward the middle of the table, she dipped into the vegetarian nacho platter that Dylan had ordered but apparently not touched.

"Yeah, I'll call you later," Dylan said into the phone. "Late tonight, or tomorrow. I know we need to talk."

The nachos almost but not quite, obliterated the smell of Dylan's amazing cologne. It made Claudia think of a summer afternoon on the beach. She felt herself relaxing and pushing her chair slightly toward his.

That guesthouse had given her such an eerie feeling. It felt uninhabited yet lived in, somehow, sterile yet full of personality.

When she reached for another nacho, her hand brushed against Dylan's. She hadn't even noticed that he'd finished his call.

"Sorry," she said, with an embarrassed grin. "I must be hungry."

"Are you sure you aren't a natural redhead?" he asked. "You have the fair skin." He pointed to the freckles on his hand.

Claudia put her hand to her cheek. He wasn't kidding, she'd actually blushed simply because they'd touched hands. She had it bad.

"But no freckles," she said.

"I'll have to be the judge of that." Dylan took her hand then gently pushed up the sleeve of the blousy white silk shirt she wore underneath a sleeveless forest green minidress. "No, no freckles."

She grinned when he leered toward the open collar of her shirt. "I'm not unbuttoning so you can see my chest. I promise no freckles."

"Spoilsport." He grinned back, then threw a ten-dollar bill on the waitress' tray when she arrived with Claudia's wine.

Claudia took a sip then pulled out her cell phone. "I was just at my boss' guesthouse. I took lots of pictures for you. Hopefully that will give you some idea of what the project involves. The poor place definitely needs updating."

Dylan took her cell phone out of her hand and set it on the table. "You didn't really bring me here to talk about the job, did you? You could have just emailed me these photos."

Claudia blinked. He'd caught her on that. "You know I'm in a relationship."

"But something's missing," Dylan said.

"You don't know that."

Dylan took her hand in his. He glanced down, then circled her wrist with his fingers. "I'm taking your pulse, Claudia. It's speeding up, can you tell?"

There was no doubt about that. She could feel the pulse against his hand now. When she tried to pull her wrist away, he held it steady. Her nipples hardened as if he was taking possession of them too but she knew the triple fabric layer of bra, blouse and minidress kept them hidden from view.

"What's missing?" he asked. "Why are you here?"

"Why do you care?" she asked. "I'm a relationship girl. I've had boyfriends since I was eleven. I'm not your type."

He lifted his eyebrows, then let them fall. The gesture made him look absolutely naughty. "I've got no objection to being the extra man."

"What do you mean?"

"Maybe you're looking to spice things up in the bedroom? How long have you been together?"

"Seven years."

"Maybe you have an itch I can scratch."

Heat settled low in her belly at the mere thought of this. Would Dylan's hands on her body, mouth on her skin, feel any different from Sam's? "You want to have an affair with me?"

Dylan shrugged and leaned back in his chair, still holding on to her wrist. "Is that what you want?"

"I just want the best sex of my life, every time," Claudia said, not sure why she was telling him this. "It used to be a *bona fide* guarantee with Sam. He, well, we, I suppose we're in a rut."

"What used to be exciting?"

"When we first got together, I knew he was way more experienced than me. He'd done lots of kinky things. He knew what to do with me and made me crazy. But we're monogamous. I guess maybe we don't have anything new to bring to each other after so long."

"Have you tried to spice it up?" He wriggled his fingers against her wrist. The gesture was somehow suggestive.

She laughed. "You have no idea. We've both tried and I love that about him, believe me. But something always goes wrong."

"Maybe you like the rut."

"No," Claudia said. "I want my orgasm back." Her pussy tingled as she said it. Saying the word orgasm out loud seemed so naughty, particularly with a strange man running his fingers sensuously up and down her delicate wrist bones.

He raised his brows again. "How long has it been?"

"Don't misunderstand. I always come. I just miss the kind I used to have. The kind you have to come down from."

"You want to be screaming and hanging from the chandelier?" He winked.

"Pretty much. I'm greedy." She pulled her thighs together, feeling a sticky wet feeling between her legs. This was going too far. Their conversation was being translated to her body like foreplay. She reached for a chip and chomped down noisily.

"That's cool." Dylan released her and grabbed his longneck beer.

Claudia, feeling like the conversation had gone too far and too long, grabbed her cell phone and found the pictures of the guesthouse. "I really did want to talk about the job. The guesthouse is cool, though it made me a little nervous."

"Why?"

"It's really still. I almost felt like I was in a horror movie and someone was going to pounce. But that's probably just because we're shooting a vampire movie and I'm easily spooked right now. Even my boyfriend freaked me out in our apartment."

"Was the electricity off in the guesthouse? We're so used to it that we forget it makes noise."

"No. I thought of that. You know, I'm not even sure if someone is staying there or not. I couldn't tell."

"Do you still have the key?"

"Yes. In my purse."

"Is it far?"

"Not once the traffic has died down."

Dylan took the cell phone from her and scrolled through the pictures. She explained each one. Finally, he asked, "They want to update the kitchen?"

"The upstairs bathroom too, I think."

"That's too bad. It's a lovely period room."

"Tiny, though."

He nodded. "There's space to enlarge it. I'd like to take a look in person though. Take some measurements."

"We could go tonight. Assuming no one is staying there."

He pressed his lips together. Was he holding back a smirk? She didn't mean to be propositioning him. This was business, no matter what her pulse was doing.

"Do you have the phone number there?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No. I didn't even find a phone."

"Might need to do a retrofit then, pipes, wires," Dylan said to himself.

"I think the structure is about eighty-five years old," Claudia said.

"All right, then. Eat up and we'll head out."

She blinked at his decisive tone. This wasn't her man, she suddenly remembered. "Oh, I can't."

"No?"

"I said I'd meet my boyfriend," Claudia confessed. "He's coming here at seven."

Dylan glanced at his watch. "It's almost that now."

Claudia turned and as if on command, Sam appeared in the archway leading into the restaurant's bar. She waved to him and after a moment he spotted her and waved back.

In this public place, he still proved to be a handsome man, tall and dark, his blue eyes full of deep intensity but his mouth holding an easy grin. Claudia noted the women's eyes following him as he wove his way through tables to reach them at the

end of the room. She knew the women would check her out when Sam got to them and wonder what it was that she had to hold a man like him.

And here she was, what? Throwing it away? Or interjecting some play, some excitement into her life that she could bring back to their bedroom? Certainly Sam would have no problem getting her going tonight. She was already wet, ready. Her nipples were still hard little peaks. She'd fuck him in the parking lot if she could but didn't want to be too obvious about her horniness in front of Dylan, even if it was his fault.

Even if he already knew she was wet and ready.

Claudia stood up, turning away from Dylan to hug Sam and give him a quick peck on the lips. When their lips were touching though, she flicked her tongue against his lips, a signal she hoped he would understand.

She pulled away. He resisted for a moment, then squeezed her shoulders and tilted his head slightly.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

He frowned, confused by her mixed signals.

Dylan pointed to his glass. "Want a beer?"

"Sure." Sam's glance moved away from her. He walked around the table and held out his hand. "Sam."

"Dylan." Dylan stood and shook hands, then held his beer and two fingers so the waitress could see him.

"Are you with the production company?" Sam asked, holding Claudia's chair out so she could sit down again.

Obviously they weren't getting out of there any time soon. Claudia sighed. "He's Holly's brother. You've met Holly."

"Sure. The redhead you sit next to at your office."

Dylan pointed to his own bright hair. "That's her but I don't work with them."

"So what's up?"

Claudia was glad her boyfriend didn't seem perturbed by the meeting. "Dylan is an architect. I was showing him pictures of my boss' guesthouse."

"I thought we'd drop by there tonight," Dylan said. "I'm heading out of town for a client review tomorrow but I can come up with some ideas if I take a look now."

"We can do that," Sam said. "We don't have other plans, right?"

"Right," Claudia agreed. Though she wasn't sure about going into that strange guesthouse with two attractive men. Particularly into the bedroom.

The waitress came with Sam's beer. He finished it off quickly while Claudia walked them both through the pictures on her cell phone again. She caught Dylan looking at her with a calculating twinkle in his eyes once or twice but he didn't take the conversation out of the architectural subject matter. He and Sam had some of the same interests since Sam sometimes worked with architects when he was researching his insurance claims on damaged houses. They conversed like old friends. Claudia could tell Sam liked Dylan by the easy way the conversation flowed.

Twenty minutes later, Sam and Claudia were climbing into Claudia's car, Dylan following. They'd pick up Sam's truck on the way back.

Now that the evening traffic jam was over, it only took twenty minutes to retrace Claudia's path to the guesthouse. Claudia noted that the windows were dark. If someone was still staying there, they weren't at home. Most of the windows in the main house were dark too, for that matter. Her boss must have one of his frequent charity things.

Sam parked her smoking sedan in front of the guesthouse. Claudia winced when she smelled the air. Her elderly car was burning fuel again. Dylan pulled behind them in his hybrid sedan. Sam took a moment to admire Dylan's new car while Claudia fumbled for the key, which had mysteriously fallen down to the bottom of her purse.

The two men seemed to be getting along famously. She saw Dylan clap Sam on the shoulder as they bent over the engine of his car. Sam pointed at the engine and their heads leaned toward each other, almost touching under the hood.

Sometimes she thought Sam was more comfortable with men than she was with women. Her main relationship was with him while Sam had all his bandmates and spent considerable time with them. Sure, she had her work friends but for the most part Hollywood was viciously competitive and you didn't want to get so close that you might inadvertently reveal a personal secret, putting you at a disadvantage. Her only true friend was her sister.

If Sam and Dylan became instant friends, at least she'd feel too guilty to have an affair with Dylan. Of course, it might also put them both in the same orbit more often, giving her additional temptation. More confused than ever about the nature of her desire, she unlocked the front door and waited for the men to notice her.

When, two minutes on, they were still leaning over the car, she decided to go inside.

"Why don't you two look at my car? You know, the one that's falling apart?" she called.

Sam waved his hand at her in an absent-minded gesture. She shook her head and stepped into the dark foyer.

"Hello?"

There was no answer. She ran her hand over an ornately carved newel post on the imposing staircase and decided to check out the bedroom again. The room appealed to her in a creepy, decadent kind of way.

The staircase was darker even than the entrance. She held the handrail tightly as she went up. In the bedroom, she sat down on the bed, her feet dangling off the floor. If she broke up with Sam, what beds would she find herself sitting on in the future? She liked her settled life. The excitement in her daily existence came from her job. But there was the problem. Her sex life should be exciting too.

"What brings you here?" A husky male voice pierced the darkness.

Claudia rocked back on the bed, so shocked she nearly lost her balance and had to grab the quilt to catch herself.

"Who's there?" She asked, reaching for her purse. Maybe she could throw it at him. If she screamed, would Sam and Dylan hear her? Or had they sneaked in behind her without her hearing?

Claudia tried to focus her eyes into the darkness. She thought a chair rested by the richly curtained windows at the far end but couldn't quite remember. A shadow detached itself from the darkness. Then she saw a flicker of light and a candle was lit on the bureau. A large mirror was behind it and the light reflected, increasing her vision.

She made out a tall, broad-shouldered man with shaggy dark hair cascading to his shoulders. It wasn't Dylan and the hair was too long to be Sam's. He walked toward her. Could it be Cherokee, the actor, with his pants buttoned for once?

"I was wondering if someone was staying here. I saw mail downstairs but it was old," Claudia said, trying to inject a note of humor into her voice. "I have a key and I'm here to show an architect around."

When he was a foot away from her, she was sure of her identification.

"I know—the boss told me," Cherokee said. Before Claudia could react, he sat down on the bed next to her, his long legs easily touching the wooden floor.

"I'm sorry for the interruption." She scooted away from him on the mattress, glad he was an unknown actor. If a major star was staying at the guesthouse, her career probably would have ended tonight with her invasion of his privacy.

"It's not an interruption," he said, leaning so he was close to her again. "Now, where is the architect? Is he joining you here on this big bed?"

"Ah," Claudia said, forcing a smile that she wasn't sure he could see. "You know, I don't think this room was supposed to be renovated. I just like it."

He patted her knee. His fingers came to rest on the inside of her leg. Her bare skin tingled with the contact and she remembered how his hands had grabbed the hips of the extra as he'd moved inside her.

"I don't want you to get the wrong idea," she said, wondering if he'd complain to her boss if she ripped his hand off of her leg and ran for it. Was Cherokee high enough up the food chain to lose her the job? Probably.

"I can smell your arousal, your heat." His fingers drifted up the inside of her leg.

At least he wasn't acting like he was angry with her. Far from it, in fact. She realized she had stopped breathing, now that she was inside of one of her workday fantasies. She didn't really want this guy, did she? His fingers moved halfway up her thigh, heading quickly toward that sensitive spot right before her pussy. She felt nervous, edgy, incredibly excited. Now a flicker of a nighttime dream came to her. She'd dreamt of Cherokee after seeing him with those other women, she'd wanted him unconsciously for herself.

"My boyfriend is downstairs too," she said, searching her clouded brain for a protest, an escape.

"Excellent. He can join us."

"And the architect?" Claudia squeaked.

"Him too. He looks like he'd enjoy himself with us."

"You saw him?"

"Certainly. Through the window."

Claudia slid off the bed and was at the window in a flash, pulling back the curtains. Wondering if Cherokee would stop her, she pushed up the unlocked window and leaned out.

"Sam!" she called. She could see the men down below, still bent over Dylan's car. No response. She called again, a note of hysteria entering her voice.

Then, Sam extricated himself and looked up. "Claudia?"

"Come upstairs. Now, please."

Sam turned back to Dylan and she saw the hood of his car drop down, the metallic thud muffled slightly by the distance. How sweet. They had actually taken a look at her poor smoking sedan. The two walked toward the house and the open front door.

She sighed with relief, knowing she was safe. After all, what did Cherokee expect? That she was going to turn into one of his sex bimbos with her boyfriend only feet away?

"Are you going to stand there?" Cherokee asked. "Feeling a little flushed?"

She was flushed actually, as well as being hot and bothered. First Dylan, now Cherokee. Her quest for the perfect orgasm was turning her into a walking mass of hormones. She couldn't remember feeling this alive in a long time, this susceptible to the enticements offered by other men. What would it all lead to?

Really, she couldn't even think of what to say to Cherokee. She felt rooted in place. Thankfully, the sound of footsteps distracted him. With the additional light streaming in from the window, she saw him rise from the bed and move over to her. His gliding stride caught her by surprise. Had she ever noticed how sensual, how predatory, his walk was? He should move like that in character, instead of like a crude beast. They might actually have a hit on their hands but of course it was much too late to start shooting his part again. She wondered if her boss knew he had a potential star on his hands, a new Antonio Banderas or someone like that. Where was he from, anyway?

As footsteps sounded in the gallery outside the door, Cherokee put his arm around her and pulled her close.

"Claudia?"

She saw two shadows move through the doorway, then form into men when they came toward the lit candle.

"It's very atmospheric in here," Dylan commented.

Cherokee cleared his throat. Sam bounded forward at the unexpected male noise.

"Claudia?" he repeated. "Move away from my girlfriend."

"It's okay. This is Cherokee Ares."

"That means nothing to me," Sam growled.

"He's the lead in that vampire movie I'm working on. I guess he's been staying here and I surprised him."

"In his bedroom?" Sam put his hands on his hips.

"Obviously I didn't know it was his bedroom," Claudia said stiffly. "It was an accident."

Cherokee squeezed her shoulders and pulled her forward until they were standing next to the bed, a few feet from the other men. He smiled a wide movie star smile. Claudia could see his fangs again. Were they a semi-permanent implant that he was stuck with until the shoot was over? What a pain!

"You must be the rocker," Cherokee said, holding out his free hand to Sam. "And you, I think, must be related to that redhead secretary I see sometimes."

His slight accent seemed stronger now and his diction had changed.

"Is that how you describe me?" Sam asked with some amusement, shaking Cherokee's hand.

Claudia shrugged, very conscious of Cherokee's arm around her. "It sounds sexy."

"You've got to hold the female interest anyway you can," Dylan said, shaking Cherokee's hand as well.

Claudia noticed that Dylan held Cherokee's hand far longer than Sam had.

Cherokee tugged Claudia to the bed and they sat down together. Sam raised his eyebrows but didn't say anything. She felt somewhat imprisoned but not exactly unsafe. More like she was being led by a chain she couldn't quite see. A chain that was attached right to her clit.

Three of the most handsome men she'd ever seen were in the bedroom with her. One of them was her lover. The other two had made it clear they were interested.

"Sam?" she said, so over stimulated she could hardly think straight.

"Dia," he said back. "What have you gotten us into here?"

She folded her hands low on her lap, as if covering her genital area was any protection. "I thought I was just going to give Dylan a tour. But then you guys hit it off and I came up here."

"You had something on your mind other than a tour. You came to the room that doesn't need to be shown," Cherokee said.

"The vibe here is pretty heavy," Dylan agreed. His dark shape turned to Sam. "You two into group stuff?"

"Claudia's never shown any interest," Sam said.

"But you're a rocker," he said.

"It's been a long time," was Sam's only response.

"You're willing to share me?" said Claudia, dumfounded. Could her relationship handle this? Yes, she was so incredibly excited. She wanted her clothes off. She wanted to throw herself at Cherokee, let Dylan run those molded lips over her body. She wanted Sam's cock in her. But what did he want?

"Dia, it's obvious we need to shake things up. I want you to be happy. I've been trying to figure out something appropriately kinky."

Cherokee chuckled, then pulled her backward onto the bed until her back was against the quilt. He stood up. The other two men moved forward until they were all looking down at her.

"Sam?" Claudia whispered. "Think this will be fun?"

He smiled. "Absolutely. That's the point, right? I'll be here with you all the way. You want to stop, just say so."

Right at this moment, she had no interest in stopping. Her pussy felt heavy and she felt her juices dampening her panties.

"Okay," she breathed.

He held out his hand, pulled her up until she stood slightly away from the bed in front of them. When he nodded, she put her hand to the strap of her mini dress.

"I hope someone has condoms," she said with a nervous laugh. Dylan reached into his pocket. Cherokee went to the bureau. A moment later he was back with a box, tossing it onto the bed. Two single wrapped condoms dropped on top of the box.

"I guess you three men were more ready than I was," she quipped, playing with the strap. "I've never done this before."

"C'mon, Claudia," Sam said, his voice hoarse with the sexual intensity she recognized from the early days of the relationship. If it took this to bring them back to that level of arousal, then it was worth it, aside from her being able to enjoy the other two hot men.

"Don't be coy," Cherokee said. "It is time to stop watching and join in."

She pushed down one strap, then the other and shimmied out of the loose dress. Then she stood in the moon and candlelight, clad only in her long silk blouse and lingerie. Cherokee said something under his breath that she couldn't hear. Dylan's hot hazel gaze seemed glued to her hands.

Her fingers went to the top button of her blouse. She tried to remember what she was wearing underneath. Did it match? Obviously it was boring white so it wouldn't show through the blouse. But lace-trimmed, she thought. Something from a little lingerie boutique, with matching boy short panties. Yes, that was right. Courtesy of a shopping spree before a mini-cruise she and Sam had taken to two months ago.

Slowly, she pulled the blouse from her shoulders, then let it float down her arms until it dangled behind her, holding her hands in the fabric. Her breasts felt hot in her bra, more full than usual. She wanted to be touched, rather desperately in fact. Were they going to do more than look?

"There's not nearly enough light in here," Dylan said.

"I disagree," Cherokee said. "She's exquisite in moonlight." He walked around Claudia until he was standing behind her, then ran his fingers lightly along her arms until he reached her blouse.

Instead of pulling it away from her as she expected, he wound the fabric around her hands, further imprisoning her.

"Claudia's never been into bondage," Sam cautioned.

"Look at her breasts," Cherokee said in response.

Chapter Six

Claudia knew her nipples were jutting from behind the lace of her bra. After a searing glance, Sam took a step forward and reached around, snapping her bra with one clever finger. As the straps fell down her shoulders, he cupped her thinly covered pussy with his hand. She gasped, feeling the way the damp fabric instantly warmed in his hand, glad that he was the first of the three to touch her so intimately.

"You're soaking," Sam said. "Enjoying yourself, Dia?"

What she felt was flushed. But her heart was pounding. Someone needed to play with her breasts or she was simply going to die.

She watched Cherokee's arm snake around Sam's waist and wasn't sure if her boyfriend noticed because his gaze was linked to hers. Then Sam's shirt was being pulled up. He didn't protest as Cherokee took his shirt off. She realized that all the attention wasn't necessarily going to be all on her.

"Nice," Dylan said. She understood he was commenting on Sam when he continued, "you put some hours in at the gym."

"Yeah, thanks. Claudia, you've got to tell me what you want from this. I want you to be comfortable."

"I don't know," she said. "I just—" She bit back a gasp as Dylan moved forward and put his hands on her breasts.

"Yes," she gasped. "That's what I want."

Dylan's fingers slid up her flesh and pinched her nipples.

She let out a sound that wasn't quite a word.

"You're sensitive," Dylan said, tweaking her again.

Her knees nearly buckled, her breath harshened. She couldn't reach for any of them with her hands pinned behind her. The fabric on her pussy began to tighten. Sam's hand released her pussy and she felt her panties rip. Cherokee pushed the scrap of fabric down her leg and she stepped out of it.

"You ready for this?" Sam kept his eyes on her as he undid his belt and pulled down his jeans while Cherokee toyed first with her belly button ring, today silver with red crystal dangles, then, when she didn't protest, with her damp curls.

Her hips moved against Cherokee's hand in silent answer. Soon Sam was naked, his erection jutting forth. Claudia licked her lips in response to the sight of his gorgeous penis, somehow new to her in this situation.

Cherokee moved to Dylan, removing his suit as the other man tugged and rolled Claudia's nipples whenever he had a hand free. Sam pushed his way between them and knelt between Claudia's legs. He parted her lips and put his mouth against her in a warm kiss, then speared her with his tongue.

Her head began to fall back from the pleasure but she forced her eyes open, wanting to watch as Cherokee disrobed Dylan. She wondered if his body hair was as red as that on his head but it was impossible to tell in the dim light. Still, there was enough to tell that he had a toned body as well as a thick cock already leaking fluid. His body was as beautiful as his sculpted face.

While she checked out Dylan's body, Cherokee was disrobing too. When his familiar body was naked, he leapt onto the bed and grabbed her long ginger hair. She found herself being pulled toward his enormous cock and he thrust himself into her mouth just as Sam's tongue speared her channel again.

She was stretched almost beyond endurance, beyond pleasure. Sam rarely managed to play with both her breasts at once, as he was always partially absorbed with her pussy or her ass. But Dylan played with her equally as Sam's mouth loved her down below.

Scent hung heavy in the air. She smelled Dylan's cologne, Sam's aroused body, the candle's beeswax, Cherokee's pleasantly musky skin so close to her nose. He had no body hair at all, making it easy to take him deep.

With her hands constrained and Cherokee's body leaning her back she started to lose her balance. Sam guided her down on the bed, Cherokee's cock never losing contact with her mouth as he dropped to his knees, then to his side next to her.

She heard a rustle of plastic as someone opened a condom, then felt a male body behind her, one muscled leg outstretched. Another body climbed onto the bed on the far side. She felt the fabric of her shirt pulled from her hands then one of her arms was tugged over her head and her bra was pulled off. A rod of hot flesh pushed into her free hand. Dylan's cock.

Another cock probed at her entrance from behind. She wriggled herself into place, sensing it was Sam. He pushed inside, sending fireworks dancing through Claudia's body, just as Dylan leaned forward to kiss her breast.

Cherokee roughly pulled Dylan away from her, locking his arm around the redhead's neck. She saw a flash of Cherokee's tongue as he kissed Dylan. The other man accepted the kiss and they made out as Claudia worked their cocks in her mouth and hand.

Sam's hand moved to her pussy, pushing hard on the flesh above her clit. She cried out around Cherokee's cock and he broke the kiss, then smiled at her when he saw she wasn't in distress. He leaned in closer, still kissing Dylan and rubbed his cock against her turgid nipples.

She began her climb to orgasm, pushing back against Sam, making his cock move faster, deeper inside her. Through unfocused eyes, she saw Dylan lean over her, sink his mouth around Cherokee's glistening cock to take over from her. Cherokee shuddered as Dylan took him deep, far deeper than Claudia had been able to manage.

She felt Sam shudder unexpectedly. He shuddered again.

"Fuck," he gasped. He stopped moving, breathing hard. Claudia's body stopped its slow climb after a couple of experimental glides along his still-hard cock.

Dylan pulled his mouth off Cherokee. "My turn."

Cherokee grabbed the box of condoms and tossed one to Dylan. Then he put his hands on Claudia's breasts, working his cock in between her small mounds. Sam rolled away from Claudia and Dylan slid in behind her. His thickness was exactly what she needed in her slick channel, though he wasn't as long as Sam. She squeezed her inner muscles hard around him and heard him groan.

Her boyfriend leaned over her, capturing her mouth with his while Dylan's cock stretched her body in hard, staccato bursts. Even though she didn't know his body very well, she was sure he was close. Would she be able to come before he did?

The answer was no. He'd been so close already that only a couple of minutes ticked away before she felt him sag against her, his thick cock losing a little of its girth. But as Dylan rolled away, Sam released her mouth and she saw the glint in Cherokee's eye. He'd already sheathed himself and she knew what she was in for.

As soon as his feet touched the floor, he pulled her onto her stomach.

"Hold her," he said to Dylan and Dylan leapt off the bed, quickly restored from his orgasm and spread her legs around Cherokee until only her torso was on the bed. Sam bent until his face was touching hers, then kissed her as Cherokee slammed his cock inside.

Dylan kept her legs up but still managed to play his fingers along her thighs, holding her tightly around Cherokee.

She'd never felt so full, wasn't really sure she liked being so stretched but the triple sensations were driving her wild. With Dylan holding her legs, Cherokee had free reign with his hands. He played with her clit using one hand and stroked her belly with the other. Sam's kisses kept her occupied too and he reached his hands underneath her to play with her breasts until she could no longer focus on his mouth, on anything but the feel of the cock pounding her and the fingers on her clit.

Her body felt like it might split open with pleasure as she began to climb to her favorite peak then a little beyond. She shook from head to toe and her vision grayed out. Every touch, every stroke, every word of encouragement from these men heightened the joy radiating from her body. When it released her, Claudia's head sank to the bed. Tears came to her eyes and her muscles truly relaxed for what felt like the first time in months. Cherokee pulled out of her and Dylan's torso dropped to the bed next to her. Dylan back's arched as Cherokee sank his cock deep into the other man. She heard the harsh moans of their shared pleasure as they moved together.

Sam helped her crawl onto the bed and curl her body into his. He cradled her, telling her how glad he was that she'd enjoyed herself, how much he liked watching her come. She wished it was just them alone and wondered if it would ever be the same again between them. Would her body ever respond to him alone like it had tonight when it had taken three men to give her back her O?

* * * * *

Claudia had been so overcome by her amazing orgasm that she hadn't felt like having sex again any time soon. Her amazing orgasm had satisfied her, yet stressed her out at the same time.

On Friday, she came home at eight p.m. after a long day at work. Shooting had wrapped the day before and the cast plus crew had partied late into the night, followed by paperwork galore the next day. Cherokee had never shown at the party so she hadn't faced any awkward encounters with him. In fact, she'd only seen him at a distance since Monday night because she'd mostly been working at the office.

She was ready for a glass of wine, a hot bath and an early night. Though she expected Sam to be off at rehearsal, she saw his truck in the parking lot when she pulled in. Sighing, she hoped he didn't want to go out. She wasn't up for a night of clubbing.

When she walked in the front door, she immediately guessed Sam was as worn out as she was. Jazz played gently on the stereo and she saw an open bottle of beer on the coffee table.

When she came out of the kitchen holding her glass of wine and a plate of cheese and crackers, Sam was exiting the bathroom in his bathrobe, wet hair pushed back from his forehead.

"Rough day?" she asked, dropping onto the couch and putting her bare feet on the coffee table.

He dropped a kiss on the top of her head and sat down next to her. "Rough couple of days. I feel like I've hardly seen you."

"We finished the shoot yesterday. Busy week." She set her plate and glass down on the coffee table.

"Why don't you take a shower?" he suggested. "It will make you feel better."

She stretched her neck from side to side. "My muscles are tight. Maybe we can give each other massages?"

He nodded absently and she had the feeling he wasn't listening. "Sure, Dia."

She grabbed a cracker with cheese and her wine glass then went into the bathroom, still steamy from Sam's shower. He'd left enough hot water for her though, if she didn't dally too long. She found the sweet spot of perfect hot water on the dial only a few degrees to the left. At least ten minutes of hot water remained.

With her head back, the spray soothing her scalp, she wondered what it was going to take to put things back together with Sam, if they even could. It was one thing to pretend normality but they'd stretched things to the limit Monday night. Sam had once lived a life of sexual adventure but that had been followed by nearly seven years of monogamy with her. Did he want to go back to his old style? Did she want that for herself?

Through the rush of water, she thought she heard the doorbell ring but couldn't be sure. Maybe one of Sam's bandmates had stopped by since they didn't appear to be rehearsing. She hoped not—she wanted to be alone with him. They needed to talk.

When her ten minutes was up, she turned off the water and rubbed a towel over her hair, then dried off. Sam had come in at some point without her hearing and left a short, bright blue silk nightdress on a hangar in front of her bathrobe.

Had he gone shopping for her? She'd never seen the gown before but the blue was a brilliant contrast to her ginger hair.

Still, Sam had never shown any particular color awareness before.

When she was dry and had smoothed a peach-scented lotion on her legs and arms, she slipped on the gown. The low-cut bodice covered her nipples and the fabric ended at mid-thigh. Through the steam, she couldn't see herself in the mirror and was glad the gown had a flair at the bottom to hide any figure flaws. The rest of the gown clung to her damp curves.

She opened the bathroom door, carrying her empty wine glass. The music in the living room had been turned off but she heard rustling in the bedroom. It was only a few steps in either direction, so she stepped toward the noise.

There were three men in her bedroom. Sam, now in black pajama bottoms, his hair back in its usual thong, Dylan, his cropped red hair a halo around his handsome face and Cherokee, his black mane flowing wild to his shoulders.

Her first response was to cross her arms over her chest. Her second was a feeling of disbelief. Her third was a sense of clarity. This wasn't what she wanted. She wanted Sam, only Sam. Her orgasm wasn't worth all these complications. She just wanted to be alone with him, in their small apartment, enjoying each other's company.

"Dia, the guys stopped by," Sam said with extreme understatement.

"I just got back into town tonight," Dylan said. He was still in a tailored navy suit, though his tie was askew.

"You weren't at the wrap party," Claudia said to Cherokee.

"Business," Cherokee said. "A B-lister dropped out of a meaty supporting role and I'm under consideration. I had to do a screen test."

"Congratulations."

"Thanks. They called me today. I've got a meeting with the producer tomorrow. Shooting starts Tuesday if I get the part."

"You must be really busy," Claudia commented. "And Dylan, you must be tired from the flight."

Dylan shrugged. "I thought we might all go out. Get a little buzzed, see where the night takes us."

"Thanks for the offer," Claudia said. Her eyes met Sam's. His expression was neutral. She supposed that meant he was leaving their sexual future up to her. He'd given her the opportunity to choose.

She set her wine glass down in front of the alarm clock and stepped over to Sam. The gown rode up halfway across her butt as she reached up to hug Sam and kiss him deeply but she didn't care. The men had seen her ass before.

When she pulled away, she cradled his face between her hands and said, "I only want you. You're enough for me, Sam. And if I'm enough for you too, let's say goodnight to the guys and make love."

Sam took her hands from his face and kissed them each in turn, a grin tugging at the corners of his mouth. Then he broke his eye contact with her and looked up. "You're out of here. Thanks for stopping by."

Cherokee shrugged. "I need to rehearse."

Dylan didn't look as pleased but said, "I'm beat anyway." He sketched a little wave. "See you around."

As the two men left the bedroom, Sam picked Claudia up and twirled her before dropping her onto their bed.

After the outer door clicked shut, Sam leaned over her and said, "Things were going to get very rocky if you'd said yes to them. I'm all for a little experimentation on rare occasions but I'm a one-woman man and I want you all to myself."

She smiled. "I'm a one-man woman, Sam but I'm glad you gave me the opportunity to find that out for myself."

"It's fair. I know I'm older, more experienced. The time was going to come when you got antsy."

"I'm glad it's over," she told him, grateful that he looked as attractive to her as ever. Cherokee and Dylan, magnificent as they were, paled in comparison to the man she knew so well.

He grinned. "Me too."

She lay back against the pillows, draping herself artistically across the bed.

"Funny, Dia."

She blinked her eyes innocently. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Poser." He leapt onto the bed. It shook underneath her and his triumphant grin made her laugh. He started laughing too and it was hard to get their lips to pucker properly when they tried to kiss. When he moved toward her neck, his temple bumped her nose.

"Ow!" She grabbed at her nose, still laughing. "Are we a romantic comedy or what?"

She felt him take a hold of the flounce at the bottom of the nightgown and begin to pull it up.

"Where did this gown come from?"

He nuzzled her neck, still stealthily moving the fabric north. "I bought it for you."

"No rehearsal tonight?"

"Cancelled."

"It's only a week until your big Halloween gig."

"I wanted to see you."

She wriggled her hips so he could push the beautiful gown he'd chosen for her over her head. "Sweet."

He kissed her again. "I love you. You know that, right?"

She pushed her hands into his hair and held his face inches from hers. "Always. I love you too."

When her nightgown was off, she helped him push down his pajamas. He slid between her legs and she folded herself around him. His kisses were seductive, drugging. His hands played with her breasts, teasing both nipples simultaneously until they were aching peaks. She rubbed her pussy against his belly and felt herself grow wet, soft, open.

When he moved down to kiss her breasts the sliding sensation against her pussy was almost too much to bear. His body was a sensual playground for her, his very smell an aphrodisiac. How could she ever have thought she wanted anything else?

His kisses moved south, his tongue dipping into her belly button, again adorned with her red heart. She bent her legs and tilted her pelvis to give him full access to her intimate folds. He laved her clit in a slow, steady rhythm, exactly what she needed after the long week. Her body responded with a slow spiral to pleasure but after a couple of minutes she pushed him away.

"Make love to me," she whispered. Pulling his mouth to hers, she kissed him, tugging him into place.

She reached down to guide him into her, finding his cock was wet with his desire, huge and hot in her hand. When he was poised at her entrance she moved her hands to his muscled butt and pulled him inside, her back arching into the ecstasy of his perfect size filling her.

They moved together in the way they had for years but it felt new, special, full of promise. She wrapped her arms and legs around him and tucked her face into his neck, wanting to be as close to him as possible. Every plunge of his body was met by hers.

Every retreat was a battle to get him back inside her as quickly as possible. Her pulse quickened. His back broke out in a sweat. Their moans began to form a counterpoint and Claudia lost track of time, reason, anything but the sensations of his body moving with hers. This was timeless. This was meant to be.

She moved her legs up even farther on his back, crossing her ankles. The new angle moved his cock inside her even deeper, pressing every erogenous point in her body. His hands moved to her nipples. He toyed with them, pulsing them between his fingers. She couldn't take it any more and dropped her legs from his back so she could drive her pelvis into his with each thrust.

"Dia," he gasped. "Keep doing that."

"I can't stop," she said. "Don't ever stop."

"No, no." His movements became jerky but his cock still went deep.

Her hands slid off his damp back. She held on for dear life as her body began to quiver with a coming explosion.

"I'm going to come," she said.

"I will too."

"I love you," she told him.

"Yeah, oh yeah."

She felt him poised on the edge and let herself go, blind and deaf to anything but the sensations of her body. She saw stars, she felt her body split apart but Sam was still there with her, pulsing in a shared rhythm of love and when she came down he was with her, his warm body holding her close, making her feel treasured, the way she always felt in his arms.

About the Author

Anh Leod is a goddess-in-disguise who hopes readers will enjoy her romantic, erotic stories as much as she enjoys creating them. Her favorite things are love and chocolate. She writes about love because, after all, it's awfully hard to write about chocolate all the time.

She also writes as Heather Hiestand for Cerridwen Press.

Anh 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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