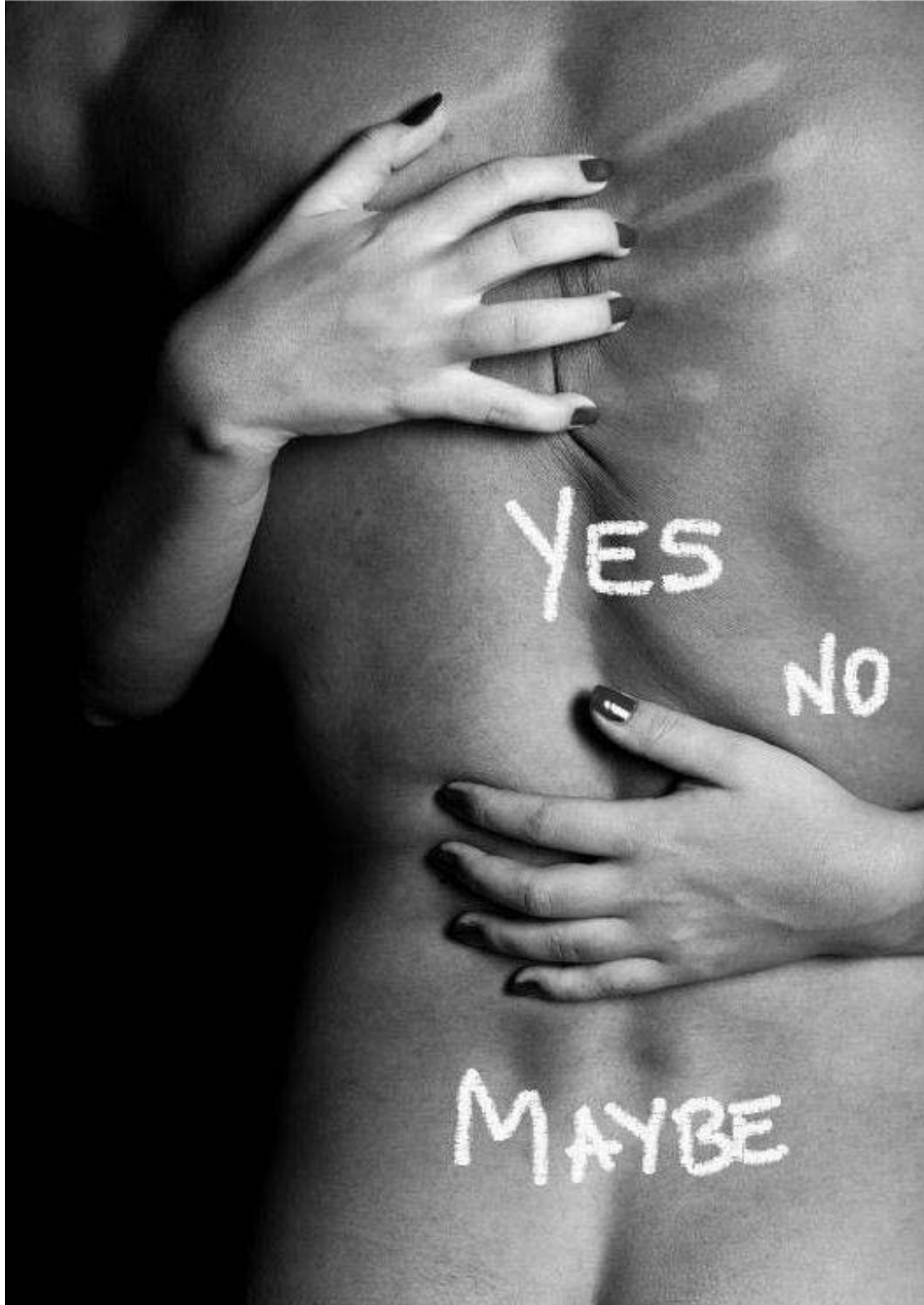


Emma Hillman



WARNING: This book is not transferable. It is for your own personal use. If it is sold, shared, or given away, it is an infringement of the copyright of this work and violators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This book is for sale to ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be accessed by minors.

All sexually active characters in this work are 18 years of age or older.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are solely the product of the author's imagination and/or are used fictitiously, though reference may be made to actual historical events or existing locations. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Cover Design: Emma Hillman
Yes, No, Maybe © October 2009 Emma Hillman
eXcessica publishing
All rights reserved

Yes, No, Maybe
By Emma Hillman

Author's Note

If you would like to know how Kevin and Mia met, please read Location, Location, Location first (eXcessica © 2009). This novel can be read as a stand-alone book however.

Chapter One: Kevin's List

1. Print out a copy of the List and distribute to all the players.
2. Each player individually fills out his or her own List. Answer Yes for "I'd totally do that!", No for "Never ever!" and Maybe for "Possibly, if the circumstances are right...".
3. Compare the Lists together.
4. Have fun!

* * * *

69 — Yes.

Biting — Yes.

Blindfolds — Yes.

Bondage — Yes.

Bondage Toys — Yes. More toys!

Body Paint — Yes.

Cock Rings — Yes.

Delaying Gratification — Yes.

Dirty Talk — Yes.

Double Penetration — Maybe if you're willing. I've done it before. Have you?

Erotic Massage — Yes.

Erotica — Yes.

Exhibitionism — Maybe.

Fantasizing Together — Hell yeah.

Fantasy Rape — Maybe, but not my thing.

Fingering (Giving, Anal) — Yes. You know how I love your ass, baby.

Fingering (Receiving, Anal) — Maybe.

Fingering (Giving, Vaginal) — Yes.

Fingering (Receiving, Vaginal) — N/A

Fisting — Maybe.

Food Play — Yes.

Full Body Kissing/Mouth Play — Yes.

Group Sex (four or more) — Maybe. 4 is a lot though.

G—Spot Play — I know how much you love that so a definite yes.

Hand Job (On Penis) — Yes please.

Hand Job (On Vulva) — Yes.

Ice Cubes — Mmm, why not...Yes.

Intercourse (Anal) — Fuck yeah.

Intercourse (Vaginal) — Yes.

Lap Dance — Why have we never done that? Yes!

Massage — Yes.

Making Videos — Good thing we have a safe. Yes.

Masturbation — Yes.
Monogamous Group Sex — Intriguing idea. Maybe.
Mutual Masturbation — Yes.
Nipple Clamps — No for me. For you? You chose — Maybe.
Open Relationship — No.
Oral — Giving to Opposite Sex — Yes.
Oral — Receiving from Opposite Sex — Yes!!
Oral — Giving to Same Sex — Been there, done that. Not interested any longer. No.
Oral — Receiving from Same Sex — Ditto. No.
Outdoor Sex — Man, that brings back memories. Yes.
Position — Kneeling — I'm game for every position. Yes to all.
Position — Rear Entry
Position — Side by Side
Position — Sitting
Position — Stand And Carry
Position — Standing
Position — You on Bottom
Position — You on Top
Phone Sex — We're good at that, I must admit. Yes.
Pornography — What does that mean? Watching porn? Yes.
Public Sex — Uhmm. Maybe.
Quickies — Yes.
Role Play — Wanna be my nurse? Yes.
Rough Play — Yes.
Sex Clubs — Could be interesting, what do you say? Maybe.
Sex Parties — Same answer. Maybe.
Shaving/Grooming — Yes.
Spanking — Anything to do with my favorite part on your body is gonna be a Yes.
Strip Tease — Yes.
Swinging — No.
Taking Erotic Photographs — I'm not very good at that but why not. Yes.
Threesome (MMF) — That'd be your call. Wouldn't be my first time by far but it'd be for you. What do you think, honey? Maybe.
Threesome (FFM) — Yes.
Titty Fucking — Yes.
Uniforms — Nurse uniform? Yes.
Vibrators — Yes.
Wax (Dripping) — Yes.
Webcam Sex — We're good at that one too. Yes.
Webcam Sex with Strangers — No.

Chapter Two: Mia's List

1. Print out a copy of the List and distribute to all the players.
2. Each player individually fills out his or her own List. Answer Yes for "I'd totally do that!" No for "Never ever!" and Maybe for "Possibly, if the circumstances are right..."
3. Compare the Lists together.
4. Have fun!

* * * *

69 — Yes.

Biting — In the heat of passion, yes.

Blindfolds — Yes.

Bondage — Can I tie you up this time? Yes.

Bondage Toys — I know how much you love your toys. Yes.

Body Paint — Yes.

Cock Rings — I like the one which rubs against me at the same time. Yes.

Delaying Gratification — Yes.

Dirty Talk — Yes.

Double Penetration — With a toy or...? Yes.

Erotic Massage — Yes.

Erotica — Yes.

Exhibitionism — No.

Fantasizing Together — Maybe.

Fantasy Rape — I guess. Maybe?

Fingering (Giving, Anal) — Maybe?

Fingering (Receiving, Anal) — Yes.

Fingering (Giving, Vaginal) — Uh, no?

Fingering (Receiving, Vaginal) — Yes.

Fisting — You have big hands. Scary. No.

Food Play — Yes.

Full Body Kissing/Mouth Play — Yes.

Group Sex (four or more) — 4 or more??? No.

G—Spot Play — Yes!!

Hand Job (On Penis) — Yes.

Hand Job (On Vulva) — No.

Ice Cubes — Yes.

Intercourse (Anal) — Yes.

Intercourse (Vaginal) — Yes.

Lap Dance — Maybe.

Massage — Yes.

Making Videos — Maybe.

Masturbation — Yes.
Monogamous Group Sex — No.
Mutual Masturbation — Yes.
Nipple Clamps — That's...Yes.
Open Relationship — Maybe.
Oral — Giving to Opposite Sex — Yes.
Oral — Receiving from Opposite Sex — Yes!
Oral — Giving to Same Sex — No.
Oral — Receiving from Same Sex — No. Maybe. I don't know.
Outdoor Sex — Yes.
Position — Kneeling — Yes.
Position — Rear Entry — Yes.
Position — Side by Side — Yes.
Position — Sitting — Yes.
Position — Stand And Carry — No.
Position — Standing — Yes.
Position — You on Bottom — Yes.
Position — You on Top — Yes.
Phone Sex — Yes.
Pornography — Yes.
Public Sex — No.
Quickies — Yes.
Role Play — Maybe.
Rough Play — Yes.
Sex Clubs — Like a strip club? Maybe.
Sex Parties — What does that mean? Maybe?
Shaving/Grooming — Yes.
Spanking — Maybe.
Strip Tease — Maybe.
Swinging — Maybe?
Taking Erotic Photographs — Of you, yes.
Threesome (MMF) — Maybe.
Threesome (FFM) — No. I don't know. Would it make you happy? Maybe?
Titty Fucking — I know you like that one but I don't get the appeal. Maybe.
Uniforms — Yes.
Vibrators — Yes.
Wax (Dripping) — Ouch. Maybe.
Webcam Sex — With you? Yes.
Webcam Sex with Strangers — No.

Chapter Three: The Aftermath

"You want an open relationship?" Kevin roared as he looked up from the printed sheet of paper. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"I didn't...I don't—" Mia licked her lips. Damn it! "I thought that's what you'd want me to answer." And she'd been dead wrong, she realized as she read his answer. A definite no. Shit! "I'm sorry."

"Why would you think that? Have I ever said that?"

"No, no, it's just...I know how you were in your previous relationships and I thought—"

"I didn't marry any of them, Mia! I married you and surely that's gotta count for something!" He jumped up and started pacing the room. "Maybe to swinging?" He whirled around and stopped in front of her. "You want to try swinging?"

"Uh, no. I thought you—"

He cut her off, "No, let me guess. You thought I'd like that too." She nodded, biting her lower lip hard. "Fuck, baby, did you do the same to the rest of the list? What's the point of doing this if you don't answer truthfully?"

"I didn't! I mean, I did answer truthfully. I just wanted to please you, that's all."

"You agreeing to give your answers pleased me, don't you see? I thought it'd be fun."

She hadn't thought the same thing at all. She'd been too busy worrying that him making her do this was a way of telling her he needed more from their relationship, that he wanted to spice things up. That he wanted an out. Damn it, she really should stop thinking sometimes. "I'm sorry, I promise the rest is all mine."

"Is it really?" He stared back at her until she nodded. "Right," he sighed as he settled himself once more in his armchair.

"Nipple clamps?" "Nurse?" They both said at the same time. Kevin gestured to her to speak up first.

"Do you have a nurse fetish I didn't know about?"

He grinned. "Yeah. I've probably spent too much time being patched up over the years."

"No kidding." She thought of all the times she'd read he'd been injured during one game or another. Being a pro football player paid well but it was hell on the body, that was for sure. She could write a list of all the scars marring his skin, each a testimony of how hard he'd played.

"Nipple clamps? Really?"

The curiosity on his face brought her back to the present and she felt herself start to blush. "Yes, I...I've always wanted to try them. You know my breasts, only the nipples are sensitive so I thought clamps would do the trick. Well, I hope anyway."

"New toy to buy, I'm on it." He winked at her, making her giggle.

Kevin and his obsession for sex toys was legendary. It was quite amazing in itself that he'd never bought clamps before. He sure had everything else in his box of goodies.

"Another woman?" "Another man?"

"You first." She nodded towards him.

"A maybe for a threesome with another man? Baby?"

"It's just a fantasy," she replied instantly. "I don't think I'll ever go through with it but it sounds better with two men than two women."

"I said the opposite."

"Typical. I guess that was to be expected though."

"Maybe. I just wouldn't have thought you wouldn't mind two guys. Wouldn't you be more comfortable with another woman?"

She thought about it then shook her head. "I don't think so. I would spend the whole night comparing myself to her and that's just...No. I don't need that."

"Why would you even do that?" Kevin looked at her, clearly nonplussed.

Mia's lips tilted into a sad smile. "Because that's what women do. So you've had a threesome with another man before."

"Yeah," was his curt answer. She stared at him until he gave in. "You know I try everything once, baby."

"Not good enough. Who was it?"

"I'm not telling you."

"So it means I know him. One of the guys on your team?"

"Mia, stop it."

"It is, isn't it?"

"Mia!"

"Did it happen more than once?"

He tried another tactic. "Why don't you want to try the stand and carry position?"

That shut up her quite effectively.

“So?” he persisted.

“I just don’t think I’d enjoy it.”

“Why not? You like doing it standing up, it’s the same principle.”

“Yes, no, it’s not the same thing!”

“I don’t understand, baby.”

“You wouldn’t,” she muttered under her breath. She didn’t want to explain her reasons, especially not to him. He seemed to think she was confident, that she loved her curves and was proud of them. And sometimes that was true. When he looked at her naked body and automatically got an erection, she didn’t mind them then. But when she went to games with him and saw his friends’ wives or girlfriends, saw the difference between them and her—his wife—she grew faint. It wasn’t that she didn’t trust him or didn’t think he loved her. She knew that, had always believed him when he said he loved her body. He’d married her after all.

But he’d had his fair share of partners before her and they’d all looked like those trophy wives. He’d had a type: long and straight blonde hair, tanned skin, lithe bodies. Women who worked out or danced for a living, women who took care of themselves or spent their ‘vacation’ under the knife of a skilled surgeon.

“Mia? Baby?”

She looked up to find him sitting on her chair’s arm. “Yes?”

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, I just...I was just thinking of something.”

He looked at her in silence before tracing her lips with his thumb. “I’m strong, you know.”

Closing her eyes at his words, she felt tears pool in her eyes. God, she hated being like this. “I know.”

“Trust me,” he whispered, his breath meeting hers as her lips opened on a sigh.

“You know I do.”

“With everything?”

Her eyes opened and caught his gaze. “What?”

“What if I pick one item of your list and organise it? Will you trust me when I say you’ll like it? Will you let yourself go all the way?”

She licked her lips. “What item?”

He smirked. “I ain’t saying, you’ll just have to wait and see.”

“Kevin, I—”

His mouth found hers and as she groaned under the sweet assault, she forgot she’d wanted to say something. Like ask him whether that included the Maybe items too or just the Yeses. Shit, maybe she should have thought a bit more when she’d answered. His tongue slipped between her parted lips and she let go, too caught up in the sensations stirring her body to worry about the future.

They made love that night and when Kevin got to her and realized how wet she was, he nearly patted himself. Seemed like the List was working already. Now he just needed to organise a little surprise for his wife...

Chapter Four: You Asked for It

Mia was reaching for the stubborn bottle of detergent at the back of the kitchen cabinet when something slammed into her. She went flying down, managing at the last minute to grab hold of the jamb. “What the hell?”

“Don’t move your head,” a strange voice announced behind her. Her arms were jerked back and she hissed in pain. “Don’t scream or you’ll regret it,” the man admonished as he tied handcuffs around her wrists.

She felt her eyes widen at the sound of her freedom clicking away. “Who are you?”

“No one. Don’t move your head,” he repeated as he wrapped something over her eyes, effectively blinding her. She tried to blink but the material was too thick. “There.” He tugged on the cuffs, forcing her to stand up on shaky legs. “Let’s go.”

“Where?”

“Shut up! Did I say you had the right to speak?”

She slammed her mouth shut. Shit. What was going on?

He directed her through the house and as she stumbled on a step, she knew without a doubt where they were going. The bedroom.

“I don’t think—” A slap landed on her ass. Hard. “Hey!”

"I said, don't talk. Next time I'll make it worse."

How much worse could it be? she wondered then realized she was dressed and the slap had been cushioned by the denim. Considering her butt cheek still tingled, she wasn't sure she wanted another one of those.

"In here." He pushed her all of a sudden and this time she did more than stumble, she fell down straight onto her knees. Pain lanced up her thighs, making her groan. The man didn't seem to care however as he wrapped his fingers in her hair and squeezed. "Such a perfect position. You were made for this, baby, weren't you?"

Oh god no, Mia felt her throat dry up. She didn't want to give him pleasure, didn't want to feel him in her mouth.

He never gave her a choice however. His hands left her head and she heard the sound of a zipper being drawn down then a sigh of relief. Fingers bit into her cheeks just before he pressed her lips open.

"Wider," he grunted as he pushed the tip of his cock between her teeth. "And don't fucking think of biting me."

She hadn't thought about that at all! She was too busy wincing in pain: her knees were killing her, her arms were bent behind her, she was blindfolded and now she had an anonymous dick in her mouth!

"That's it, suck me. Make it good." The man's hands found their way once more into her hair, cupping the back of her head as if to give her directions.

Mia forced herself to relax her throat as he slid in then surged back. She breathed easier for all of a second before he pushed between her lips once again.

"I ain't here to do all the work, ya know. Suck me! Use your teeth! Come on!" His voice sounded agitated and she realized how right she'd been when his fingers dug into her scalp.

She hissed but he just kept on fucking her mouth as if he had all the time in the world. When she felt him pull back, she twirled her tongue around his head and sucked on the precum there.

He groaned, the sound harsh in the otherwise silence. Then he did something she hadn't expected: he stepped away.

"What?" She found herself asking before she had the good sense to clamp her lips shut.

"I have other plans for you." He grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her upright. She swayed on her bare feet, feeling weirdly senseless with her arms tied at her back and her eyes covered. She had no sense of direction left, she realized as he pushed her further into a room. Her thighs bumped into something and he grunted, "Hold still."

She heard his clothes shuffle, guessed he'd moved away, then another sound rang. The snip snip of scissors. Oh god. Shivers run up her spine. "No."

"I'm not asking for your opinion." He was suddenly in front of her and she felt cold metal on her collarbone. He traced it with studied slowness, her breathing hitching as she wondered what he was going to do. He wouldn't hurt her surely. He wanted something from her and he wouldn't get that if she started bleeding. Right?

Sharp edges glided down over her t-shirt, not bruising her but scaring her just as much. The scissors stopped when they reached the hem of her top before moving back up. This time however, they were cutting through thin cotton.

He was cutting her clothes off! A wave of relief washed through her. That lasted until he did the same to her bra and then she saw red. She'd loved that bra! "What do you think you're doing?"

"What did I say about not speaking up?" he warned as he pressed the sharp points into her stomach.

She sucked it in and gulped. "Sorry?"

"That's better," he approved as he began cutting away at the thick denim. "Hold on tight, this is gonna be more difficult."

She was pretty sure he'd nicked her once or twice by the time the shorts fell away from her. Then he simply grabbed her panties and tore them off her body. She was naked in front of him but she still couldn't see anything. She didn't know what he was thinking as he looked at her, couldn't guess at his reaction. She hated it.

Harsh hands grasped her hips, forcing her around until she was bent over the end of the bed. She squealed but he ignored her and her weak attempts to dislodge him. He was already pressed tight against her naked back, his balls brushing against her cuffed hands. One knee parted her thighs and then he was there, thrusting into her with one long push.

"Shit," she gasped. She wasn't ready, damn it! She wasn't wet enough for someone his size. But he didn't care; he just kept on pounding away as if she was just there for his pleasure. Like a blow-up doll made of warm flesh.

"Too hard for you?" he taunted as he grabbed her breasts from behind. His fingers closed around her nipples and squeezed.

She closed her eyes under the blindfold at the overwhelming sensation. Even if she didn't want to like it, she could feel herself start to get wetter. Her hips were picking up his tempo, rocking back against his pounding cock with ease. Damn treacherous body!

"Feel this?" He suddenly drew out of her and brushed his length against her clenched fingers. "Feel how much you want me?" He coated her skin with her own juices, forcing her hands to close around him. "You asked for this, remember? You want this. You want me."

Her lips formed the word “No” but nothing came out. Because she couldn’t deny it, not with the proof now smeared over her fingers.

He chuckled and pushed back inside her, stopping when he was in to the hilt. “I’m gonna fuck you hard now and you’re going to come.”

It wasn’t a question.

But he was right. By the time he started grunting, his nails digging into the skin of her hips, she was close to the point of no return. He’d moved her body slightly so that the angle of his thrusts had changed. And the more he rammed into her, the more she gasped. Her walls felt too sensitive all of a sudden, his cock too big for her. But she knew better than to complain so instead she pressed her face on the bed’s coverlet and held on.

And suddenly she was coming. She screamed as pleasure hit her, her breasts tingling as they brushed against the bed. He roared behind her and swore, spilling himself inside her. His hands clamped tight on her waist, he bit the side of her neck so hard she jerked up. He wasn’t finished coming though and she couldn’t go anywhere, not until the last drop was wrenched out of him.

He slumped on top of her, making her grimace. He was too heavy and she really wanted to get untied; she needed to be able to breathe better too.

“Fuck,” he groaned behind her as he pulled his cock out of her with a wet sound. “That was amazing, baby.”

“Can you get the cuffs off? My arms are killing me.”

“Sure.” He quickly unlocked them before sending them flying to the nearest table. “Are you okay, Mia?” He jerked the blindfold off and she blinked at the sudden sunlight.

“I’m fine.” She grinned at her husband, looping her arms around his neck. “That was great.”

“Yeah, it was,” he commented as his hands cupped her bare butt. “Let’s do that one again in the future.”

“Sounds good.” She leaned on her toes and brushed a quick kiss on his lips. “That bite was a bit much though. And the scissors too.”

“Were they? But they fit my persona.” He smirked down at her, obviously pleased with his creativity.

She couldn’t fault him on that one, she realized. He’d been great, had completely taken her by surprise. Had even scared her. The thrill had been a major kick and she could already feel herself wanting more. “Should we go take a shower? I’ve worked up a sweat. Fear will do that to you, you know.”

Kevin's eyes lit up. "You don't say. I guess that could be arranged. I do have the day off after all."

"You sneak!" She hit his shoulder as she brushed past him, en route to the bathroom. "You told me you wouldn't be back before tonight!"

He chuckled as he followed her, his gaze on the ass he loved. "All in the name of fun, baby, all in the name of fun."

Chapter Five: You've Been Naughty

"So I heard you were injured at today's training session," someone whispered in his ear.

He jerked up and groaned when the sudden movement made him bump his ankle against the coffee table. "Mia!"

"Yes?" she asked, her tongue playing with his earlobe.

"Not now, babe. I'm in pain and I can't find the fucking painkillers. Where did you put them?"

"Somewhere safe."

"Well, find them! I can barely walk and I'm tired of..." His voice trailed off when his wife rounded the corner and appeared in front of him. "What—" His mouth snapped shut. She was wearing a white and incredibly tight dress. He could discern the edges of a bra and thong beneath the white satin, could even guess at the fishnet stockings running up her legs. Then he spotted the white hat adorned by a red cross perched jauntily on her head and laughed. "Oh baby."

She put a hand on her hip and stared down at him. "You've been naughty."

"I have?"

"You do not talk this way to your nurse, do you understand?" She grabbed the stethoscope that hung between her cleavage and tugged it off. "Do you hear me?" He didn't answer, too caught up in her play-acting to realize he was supposed to play a role too.

She whacked the metal end on his uninjured leg, making him hiss in pain. "Hey!"

"Are we clear, Mister McIntyre? I am in charge here."

"I don't think so." He instantly rebelled, crossing his arms over his chest in an instinctive gesture.

"Is that right?" She hooked the stethoscope back before her hands drifted to her dress' neck. She unhooked the first two ties and bent down towards him, holding herself up with her palms flat on the coffee table. "Do you see this, Mister McIntyre?"

He gulped. "Yeah."

"This can be yours if you start behaving nicely. Good boys get rewards in this unit, you know."

"Do they?" He licked his lips at the sight of her breasts, barely covered by a bright red sheer bra.

"Yes, so what will it be?" She stood back up slowly, smoothing the dress over her hips.

He knew the gesture was intentional but he couldn't help but follow the way her hands caressed her clothed flesh. He wanted it to be him touching her. For a second, he completely forgot about his ankle or the pain lancing up his leg. He stood up and made a grab for her but she sidestepped away from him. And he swore loudly as he put all his weight on his injured foot, nearly sending him to the floor. "Fuck!"

"See, that's what happens to naughty boys. They do things they shouldn't and then they get hurt!" She appeared in front of him and pushed him back down to the sofa, arranging his leg across the coffee table so it laid flat. She fussed over it, tried a cushion before rejecting it then finally she looked up and caught his gaze. "That's better. I'll go and find your medication. Until then, play nice." She flounced out of the room, fully aware he was staring at her with hungry eyes.

* * * *

Half an hour later and he wasn't feeling the pain any longer. The medication she'd administered had started working, of course, but it was mainly because of the woman currently straddling him.

"Close your eyes," she admonished and he did as ordered. "Very good. Now think of something relaxing, like the beach or your favorite place on earth. Anything that will make you unwind."

"That's gonna be difficult," he couldn't help but comment.

"This isn't a request, Mr McIntyre!"

"Yes, m'am."

"That's better." She settled down onto his lap, her dress riding up on her thighs exposing the lacy tops of her stockings. "Close your eyes and let your mind wander." Her voice was soft, her fingers even more as she started kneading his scalp.

He sighed as he let his head hang down, loving the way she was massaging his tension away. He loved his wife really. Loved the fact she'd gone and bought a nurse costume, just for his pleasure. Loved that she was role-playing with such splendid aplomb. For someone who was usually shy in unknown environments, she was amazing.

"That's it. Think of something that makes you happy."

"I am."

"Shush!" She squeezed her thighs around him. "Do not talk."

"I'm not allowed to talk?" he asked, opening his eyes to stare at her.

Her lips were pursed at his disobedience. "No! Close your eyes and do not talk until I tell you so!"

His left eyebrow rose. "Really?"

Her eyes turned dark. "Do not make me punish you, Mr McIntyre."

He wouldn't have thought it possible but her response made his cock grow even harder. "Or what?"

She leaned down until their mouths nearly touched and said, her voice low, "Or I'll go upstairs and leave you here, unable to move. And I'll get myself off and make you listen to my moans of pleasure, knowing it could have been you making me come."

"Fuck." His hands grabbed her hips.

"No touching!" she admonished yet again, jerking his hands off of her. "Now, where were we? Ah yes, close your eyes, Mr McIntyre."

He thought about contradicting her, pretty sure he could climb up those stairs if he put his mind to it. His body had seen worse after all. This was just the latest injury in a long string and it was nothing compared to the one time he'd been stuck in a cast for months on end. The team's physio had said he'd be back on his feet in a couple of days and he was fine with that. It meant he'd be able to be at the newbies' next training session. But what the hell? If Mia had gone to all that trouble for him, waiting for the perfect moment to unveil her costume, he should at least play along. And so he followed her orders and closed his eyes once again.

Stopping himself from touching her, he leaned back against the sofa's soft leather and sighed. Her nails raked through his hair, making goosebumps appear all over his body. He loved it when she did that.

"Very good, Mr McIntyre. I see you've decided to listen."

"I have," he said, not bothering to open his eyes.

"Then I guess you're allowed your first reward," she replied just before her lips brushed over his.

He growled, the sound lost as the tip of her tongue traced his mouth, slipping inside for a quick taste. His fingers clenched around her hips, his nails digging into the soft satin. He wanted nothing more than to claim her mouth and kiss her hungrily but he knew she was expecting him to stay put. And so, as he'd decided he would play along, he resisted the temptation and stayed passive under her caresses.

Mia drew back a little and frowned. What the hell? Why wasn't he kissing her back? She stared at his impassive face, at his wet lips just begging to be kissed but...Oh. Of course. He was waiting for her to make a move. She was the one in control after all. Duh, she rolled her eyes at herself before leaning down and making sure her breasts brushed against his chest. She felt his body tense and smiled. There you go. This was going to be fun.

Except that when she tried kissing him again, he didn't counter her caresses with his own. His tongue never came out to play, his lips open and unmoving. "Kiss me back," she whispered, nipping his lower lip.

"Are you sure? I won't get punished if I do?" His Southern accent had grown thicker, a clear sign he was getting thoroughly aroused.

"You will get punished if you don't do anything." She pressed her lips against his and waited with bated breath.

He finally took control, his tongue tangling around hers in a hard kiss. His hands never moved from her hips but she could feel his cock press against the front of his shorts. She fought the need to rub herself against it, her thong already drenched with her own juices. She was more than ready for him, she thought as she broke the kiss and stood up. She had to get back into character fast or she was going to jump him in the next second or so.

She moved so she was standing behind the sofa, her hands pushing on his neck until his head was hanging down. And then, when he couldn't touch her, when her body wasn't pressed tight against his, she started up her massage.

By the time she finished long minutes later, he was nearly a puddle on the floor. All the tension had left his body, even his arousal had gone down. Oh, he still remembered what she was wearing and what she was doing but really, he couldn't focus right now.

"Right, Mr McIntyre, now that's done, let's move to something more serious."

He opened his eyes and leaned back against the leather seat, trying hard not to fall asleep. "Uh?"

Mia's eyes narrowed. "Are you sleepy, Mr McIntyre?"

"No," he replied but a yawn betrayed him.

"I see," she hissed, obviously furious with him.

He winced. Shit! She'd done all this to please him and here he was, falling asleep as she attempted to seduce him. "I'm sorry, Nurse. I think the painkiller was a bit strong."

She snorted at his excuse. "Whatever you say. You shall be punished for that breach of protocol, Mr McIntyre."

“Protocol?” He couldn’t help but enquire. “What protocol? I haven’t been—”

“Hands behind your back!”

“What the hell?”

“I said, hands behind your back!”

“Why?”

“Did you forget your first lesson, Mr McIntyre? No talking until I give you leave to do so. Hands behind your back now or...” she let her voice trail and watched as he fought with himself before finally giving in. As soon as he’d assumed this new position, she unhooked the rest of her dress, leaving it to hang open before straddling him once more. Then she pushed down the cups of her bra, her breasts popping free.

He licked his lips, his eyes irremediably drawn by the lovely sight. His cock rose at once as he imagined pushing it between the two soft mounds, her tongue coming out to lick his tip.

“Play with them until I tell you to stop,” she said before brushing her right nipple against his mouth.

He didn’t need to be told twice!

* * * *

She didn’t know how long she could keep this up. Mia nibbled on the head of his cock, loving the groan that rang above her head. His hands were still behind his back and she knew he wanted to grab her head and push her down. Wanted her to take him fully into her mouth, her fingers running circles around his balls. But this was her show and this just wasn’t what she had in mind.

Her breasts were still aching from his earlier administrations; he’d sucked and tugged and pinched them with his teeth until she’d nearly come. She’d never had such a strong reaction before and it’d shocked her so much she’d climbed off of him and had pushed down his shorts, ready for more. But now she wasn’t sure. Giving him a last lick, right from where his cock met his balls to the leaking tip, she drew up and stood between his legs.

“Baby,” he grunted, his eyes catching hers. “Suck me, please!”

Her eyebrows snapped together. “Who do you think you’re talking to?”

He blinked. “I mean, Nurse, please.”

“No.”

“But—”

"I said no, Mr McIntyre!" she repeated just as an idea popped into her head. She couldn't help but grin as she let her hands glide down her front, parting the dress until they encountered the sides of her thong. She slowly drew it down her legs, kicking it off before standing back up. She didn't want to take the dress off so her bra would have to stay as it was, pushed down under her breasts. It wasn't very comfortable but it would do. "Legs together!"

He moved his right foot off the coffee table and sat back on the sofa. "What about my arms, Nurse?"

"Did I say you could talk?"

"No, Nurse."

She straddled him and said, "You can bring them back forward but on one condition."

"Yes?"

"To touch me."

His left eyebrow cocked, he slid his hands under the parted dress before asking, "Touch you, Nurse?"

"You are to give me pleasure."

"Like this, Nurse?"

She gasped when fingers glided between her thighs, encountering wetness and spreading it across her throbbing clit. "Yes!"

"Or this?" His smirk was mischievous as he entered her with one long finger before pressing it against her inner wall.

"Damn it," Mia moaned as he rubbed her G-spot to life.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you would enjoy that." He instantly stopped, dragging his hands back up to palm her thighs.

Her head jerked up and she glared at him. "This isn't funny, Mr McIntyre. Get back to work!"

"Yes, Nurse." He was obviously proud of himself and at another time she would have laughed with him but her body was nearly vibrating with need. She needed to come. Soon.

Now.

His thumb flicked her clit. It was all it took for her to shatter.

* * * *

She'd just come down from her high when he'd grabbed her waist and pulled her up on her knees. Before she could protest that she was in charge, he'd aligned himself and pushed her back down, impaling her on his cock.

She sighed at the feel of him stretching her. "Kevin."

"No more Mr McIntyre?" he grunted as he bumped into her cervix, rolling his hips and making her see stars.

"I don't think I have that much control. I'm sorry," Mia said as she took up where he'd left off, knowing his ankle was still hurting even if he didn't seem to care. She was going to do all the work.

Well, that was the plan anyway. Nothing ever went right with her husband, she mused minutes later as he grabbed her hips and forced her to speed up her movements.

She was bouncing up and down on his lap, her ass slapping against his thighs. He bent down until his teeth were clamped around her left nipple, biting at the hardened nub to the point of pain. She gasped, her walls clenching around his pounding cock.

He looked up, grinning in triumph. He knew she was close, could feel it in the way her body had tensed. "Come for me, Mia."

"This is supposed to be—"

She never finished her sentence.

Chapter Six: Interlude

"Baby?"

Mia looked up from her sketches, eyes blurry after hours spent drawing them over and over again. "Yes?"

"How was your day?" Kevin dropped a quick kiss on her lips before settling into the easy chair in the corner.

"Okay. I've been trying to get these right but there's still something missing."

He looked at her, a smile playing on his lips. "Do you need my help?"

"No, thanks." She was working on her first lingerie collection, the idea suggested by Kevin when he'd noticed her overflowing underwear drawers. He'd pointed out she loved the stuff, loved surprising him in sexy get-ups so why didn't she sell any? Which was a very good point indeed. So she'd been trying to

draw ensembles that would appeal to her and her clientele but so far, nothing seemed to end up the way she'd planned it. And even Kevin's offer of helping, ie. undress her to do 'research', hadn't made her body react. Maybe she just wasn't in the mood. She sighed. "So, how's the ankle?"

"Perfectly fine." He crossed his legs and stared at her across the room. "I met Charlie at the club and we went out for a drink afterwards."

"And?" She turned back to assess her sketches, trying to find what was wrong with them. Clearly she had no experience with drawing lingerie but she sure as hell loved wearing it. She should be able to do this!

"Are you listening, Mia?"

"Sure."

"Babe," he commented, waiting for the silence to grow between them.

Mia's head jerked up five minutes later. "Sorry!"

Kevin shook his head. "I know how you are when you're working, hon, and I get it but I was trying to tell you something here."

"Sorry!" she repeated. "What's up?"

"I said I had a chat with Charlie—"

"Oh." She refrained from scrunching up her nose. She really didn't like the guy. He was an old team mate of Kevin's and he was the quintessential football player. Big, brawny, a huge ego and nothing up there. All right so maybe that was a bit harsh but the guy was just not nice. If only the trail of young women who dated him would see this however... "And?"

"He's invited us to a party."

Shoot. "Really?"

"Don't look so excited, Mia."

"I'll try." She forced her mouth into a semblance of a smile. "What is it and when?"

"It's a...sex party. Saturday night. His place."

She jerked up in her seat. "A what?"

"A sex party. It was my fault, I admit it. I was telling him about the nurse costume and that List and he thought we'd be perfect for his party. I'm sorry, baby, but I couldn't say no."

"You said yes? Hold on, you told him about our sex life?" Her sentence ended up on a yell. "Kevin, for pity's sake!"

"I know, I know." He held out his hands as if trying to ward her off. "I apologize, baby, I know it's personal but...I let my ego talk, I'm afraid. He kept telling me about all his escapades with the girls he dates and I couldn't shut up any longer. I wanted to prove to him that even if you're married, you can still have fun. A lot of fun."

"But—but—" She bit her lip. She couldn't believe he'd told that prick about those things! Oh god, what was she going to do the next time she met him? He'd imagine her in a nurse costume, she was sure of it. "Hell." Mia stood up, blindly leaving the room as thoughts whirled inside her head.

"Mia?" Hands jerked her to a stop before turning her around.

Kevin was staring down at her with an apologetic look on his face. It wasn't enough however.

"I can't believe you did this."

"I'm sorry," he repeated, his hands drifting up and down her arms. "I was just tired of him going on and on about it."

"He was trying to rile you up! He always does!"

"I know." Kevin's eyes had turned dark. "But I wanted him to understand that I love being married. He seems to think I'm bored at home all the time so I tried to prove him that's not true. That we have fun, probably more than he does—"

"And then he invited you to a sex party?"

"Yeah." He grimaced.

"And you still didn't get that he's inviting you only to prove you're wrong? That he has 'more' fun?"

"I know that! That's why I said we'd go!"

She looked back at him as if he'd gone crazy. "Kevin, think for a sec. This doesn't make any sense."

"Yes, it does." His fingers began kneading her nape. "Don't you see? Once he sees how fucking hot you are, how good the sex is between us, he'll understand my point."

"No, he won't!" Mia whirled around and fled.

* * * *

"Mia?" Kevin's soft voice interrupted her inward rant.

"I don't wanna talk."

"Let me explain."

"No, Kev, I think you've done enough explaining for the day."

"Please." His breath hit her nape but she forced the shivers away.

"Don't, I want you to call him and say we won't go."

"He'll never let us live it down if we desist, honey."

"I don't care! I don't even like the guy!"

"Mia, don't be like this."

He was starting to get pissed off, she could hear it in his voice and it angered her so much she turned around and hit his chest with her open palm. "Don't be like what? You started it! You told him, someone you know I don't like, about our sex life, Kevin! How do you think I feel?"

He cringed, clasping her hand between his. "I already apologized for this. You know I have to stay friendly with him, Mia; we've talked about this before."

"For the good of the game," she mimicked, rolling her eyes at his excuse. "I don't care right about now. You told him things that are...that are really intimate. Things that should have stayed between us. I don't want him to know what we do behind closed doors. I don't even want to—"

He cut her off, "I know, I know. I'm sorry, okay? I just wanted him to see you like I see you!"

Silence met his words.

Mia licked her lips before finally saying, "I don't understand."

"You're always putting yourself down, don't you see? I know that's why you didn't want to try that stand and carry position, isn't it? Can't you see I love you just as you are?"

"Kevin—"

"No, let me finish!" he ground out, his gaze locked on hers. "I love you, Mia, but I miss how you were when we first met. Do you remember how carefree you were? How you just took what you wanted, never caring what other people thought? I miss that! I want it back, that's why I thought the List would, you know, help in some way."

"You don't understand."

“Yes, I do.”

She shook her head but he ignored her. He didn’t understand that when they’d met, those fateful weeks spent bumping into each other and having sex wherever they found themselves, that hadn’t been her. She’d been playing a part: the sex vixen who didn’t wear underwear and accosted strangers for a good time. But it’d never been her. Oh, she’d managed to get what she’d wanted: the man of her dreams. And she still played around with that persona, making sure to keep him interested. Deep inside her, however, it was another matter. She wasn’t that sexy, confident woman. She was shy and insecure, wondering what he saw in her that kept him by her side. “Kevin—” she tried again but he clearly didn’t want her to talk.

“Not now, Mia, I have something to say. I know you hate the guys and the way they behave with women and all, I know you think they don’t like you but that’s not true.”

“Oh, please!”

“It’s not! It’s just the way you act around them. You’re not that shy woman, Mia, you’re not.”

“Yes, I am! That’s what I’ve been trying to—”

“Stop lying to yourself! You’re more than that, can’t you see? That’s what I love in you.”

“Kevin, you’re not making any sense.” She brushed his hands away and started to leave.

His voice stopped her in her tracks however. “We’re going to that party, baby. I’ll make you see my point, one way or another.”

“What if I don’t want to?”

His face somber, he replied, “Then I’ll just have to tie you up so I can put you in the car. I’m sure they’ll love it, it would fit right in with the spirit of the party after all.”

“You wouldn’t dare.”

“Watch me.”

They didn’t talk for the rest of the week.

Chapter Seven: Get Me Out of Here!

“I hate you,” Mia announced as she got into the car, her hands holding on to her short skirt.

“No, you don’t.”

"Don't tell me what I feel, Kevin, or I'll..." she let her voice trail, knowing he was right. She couldn't hate him, she loved him too much for that. Sighing, she stared out of the window as the car sped out of their driveway.

"You look stunning by the way," he said, his gaze focused on the road.

"Thanks." She bit her lip as she looked down at herself. Oh, she was sure Kevin loved it. He'd bought it for her after all. But she felt incredibly tense and awkward in the lace trimmed denim corset and skirt. It was short and it revealed far too much. Her boobs were spilling over, her legs were bared by the garters and stockings. Between that, the high heels and the fact she was panties-free, she wanted to crawl into a hole and die of shame.

Which was really stupid of her because the last time she'd worn this, she'd loved parading in front of her husband. His eyes had lit up and he'd immediately jumped on her, dragging the skirt up her thighs until her mound was uncovered. Then he'd leaned down and had licked her slit, humming when he'd discovered how wet she was.

Damn it, she thought, she was turning herself on! God, she really was stupid sometimes. Look at her all dressed up on the way to a sex party with people she hated, knowing fully well she was going to have an evening from hell but just one thought of her husband and she was wet. Silly Mia.

"We're nearly there."

She looked up at Kevin's voice and felt panic take over. She wasn't ready to face them. And Charlie, oh god, not him! Not after what Kevin'd told him. He was sure to make a comment or two and she wouldn't know how to react.

The car slid to a stop but before she could grab her purse and run away, Kevin slid his right hand behind her nape, drawing her close. "Hey, don't be afraid. I'll be right there. I'll never leave your side, okay?"

"Promise?"

"Promise." He pressed his lips against hers, forcing her mind to focus on his intense kiss. She clung to him, her breasts nearly popping out as they moved closer. "I love you," Kevin said as he drew back, his eyes automatically lowering for another look. "Shit, baby, you look so fucking hot."

"So do you."

He was wearing a charcoal suit and an open-neck shirt, just tight enough so you could see how well he took care of his body. He grinned at her reply and climbed out of the car before walking to her door and holding it open for her. "Thanks. Come on, babe, showtime."

Mia squared her shoulders and stepped out of the car. She felt shaky but she tried not to show it as they made their way to the villa's entrance. She could do this. Yes, she could.

* * * *

Hell, plain and simple.

Mia gulped as she watched the half dozen or so couples lounging around the spacious den. They were all football players, the usual gang that hung around Charlie. It should have made her feel better that she knew them all but it didn't help one little bit. It was worse actually.

She could feel their gazes on her as soon as they stepped into the room and not even Kevin's arm, heavy around her waist, could alleviate the panicky feeling lodged inside her.

"You're amazing and I love you. Remember that," Kevin whispered in her ear as he smiled to their host approaching them with a smile and an outstretched hand.

"Kev! There you are, I was wondering if you were coming after all."

"You know me, always late." Kevin clasped his hand. "What's up?"

"Oh you know, the usual." The blonde man turned towards her, a glint in his eyes. "Mia, Mia, Mia. Look at you."

She bit her lip, aware this was a crucial moment. She wouldn't screw it up. She sure as hell wasn't going to make Kevin a laughing stock amongst his friends. "Hey Charlie. Thanks for inviting us."

"Oh but babe, it was only natural. After what Kevin told me..." He smirked as he bent down and skimmed her cheek with his lips. His hand grabbed her shoulder, holding her into place whilst he murmured in her ear, "I never thought you could be so naughty."

She drew back, dislodging his hand. "Everyone has their secrets, Charlie. Surely you should know that."

"Uhm, very true. Right, come on, we were just about to start." He gestured them forward and as they said hello to everyone assembled, she tried to forget what they were here for. It was just like any other party after all. The same group of people, the same 'dates'. The usual groupies. Mia stared at the women's perfect skins. At their perfect bodies, revealed in skimpy tops and skirts. She was so not up to their standard.

"Shhh." Kevin tried reassuring her, his right hand drifting down to cup her butt. "I was right, they're loving the way you look."

She snorted. Yeah, right.

"Here are the rules: for those who've never been to one of my parties before," Charlie looked at them and winked, "no swinging unless both partners agree. You can have sex anywhere you want in the house and garden but my bedroom is off limits. Toys are available in the kitchen. Oh and there's a buffet laid out in the dining room for anyone who gets hungry. Alcohol and other fun stuff in the study. There's also a selection of hardcore porn set up in the theatre if you feel like it. What else?"

A girl—she couldn't be more than twenty—raised her hand. "Do we need a safe word?"

Charlie chuckled. "Only if you feel like getting tied up and spanked, my dear. There's an assortment of bondage paraphernalia in the red bedroom if you feel like it. Anything else?"

One of the guy's girlfriends—Kendra—Mia recalled from seeing her at another function, asked, "When do we start?"

"Well, now, my lovely." He clapped his hands. "Time to party!"

Mia watched as couple after couple disappeared to view what was on offer, leaving herself and Kevin to stare at their retreating backs.

"Okay?" he asked, turning her around so he could gaze into her eyes. "It's not that bad, right?"

She shrugged. "We haven't seen anything yet. Kevin, I don't—" She cut herself off.

"What is it?" His hands drifted down her back, cupping her ass with obvious relish. "I want you, baby."

She fought the need to roll her eyes. "You would. I just...I'm not sure I want to do anything people can see. I love you, Kevin, but I'm not—" His mouth claimed hers, stopping her hesitant explanation. She knew he was doing it on purpose but right now, she didn't really care. Her arms looped around his neck, she leaned up on her toes and sighed why her breasts pressed against his hard chest. If he could just make her forget where they were, that would be perfect.

But life's not perfect as she found out a minute or so later when loud moans brought them back to reality. "Already?"

"Seems like it. Come on, let's go see what's going on." Kevin grabbed her hand before tugging her out of the room.

They stumbled upon one couple in the hallway leading up to the kitchen.

"You are kidding me," Mia groaned under her breath. She watched, her eyes getting wider by the second, as Kendra sucked on her boyfriend's cock. Right there where everyone could see them. "That's crazy."

"It's the point of this party, babe." Kevin's hand tightened around hers. "Let's, uh, walk around them, should we?"

The guy's eyes opened as they brushed past and he smirked at Kevin. "Hey dude. Why don't you get some of that too?"

"I'm fine for now, have fun you two." Kevin walked past them without stopping.

They stepped into the kitchen only to find two couples testing out an array of toys. She didn't know them well but they all smiled at each other before going back to what they were doing. Kevin got closer to the collection, already checking out the wares and what he had or hadn't at home. "Check this out," he said as he picked out a chain with two clamps on either side. "Perfect!"

Mia gulped. "I guess."

"Isn't that what you wanted to try? Nipple clamps?"

She winced. "Do you really have to announce it to the whole wide world, Kevin?"

"Don't worry, hon." A woman grinned at her from across the table. "We're an open bunch. You can try them on now if you want, we won't mind."

"That, we won't," her partner agreed, his eyes focused on Mia's cleavage.

She could feel Kevin tense at her side and nearly sighed in relief. He was jealous! Did that mean they would leave sooner rather than later because he couldn't take it? She heard him take a deep breath before saying, "What do you say, baby?"

Mia looked up, clearly taken aback. "Now?"

"Why not?" His eyes glinted at the thought.

"I'd rather—"

"Go on, babe, try them," the guy said, egging her on. What was his name again? Alan? Allen? Something along those lines.

"Don't be mean, Al. Here," his date said, grabbing the clamps from Kevin's hands. "I'll show you." Everyone watched as she drew up her top, exposing a pair of small breasts. They were awfully perky but then she was awfully young. She pinched them until they were bright red, even going as far as licking her fingers to make them wet. "There and then you just do this." She tightened each clamp, moaning as the pain increased in her breasts. "Mmm, I love it," she announced just before taking all her clothes off. "Right, sweetie, I need to fuck."

Al smirked as she pushed him out of the room. "We'll bring them back to you a.s.a.p.!"

"Wow." Mia crossed her arms over her chest. That had been...hot. She couldn't deny it, not to herself; it'd been weird, a bit like a porn film but real. The girl had touched herself, obviously getting a kick out of being watched, and they hadn't moved. Not a single one of them had left the room. They'd all been focused on her hands on her breasts, at the way she'd bit her lower lip when the first clamp had tightened around her hardened nipple.

Kevin pressed himself against her back, his arousal trying to dig a way out of his pants. "I need something, Mia, and I need it now."

"Okay," she heard herself respond and before she knew it, they were hurrying out of the kitchen. They strode aimlessly until they found themselves in an unused closet. Mia watched as Kevin closed the door behind him and turned around to face her. He immediately grabbed her corset and pulled it down, her breasts popping free out of their confines.

He palmed them, his tanned hands soft. "She had great tits but yours are so much nicer, baby."

"Thanks." She leaned back against the nearest wall, her mind still on the earlier episode. Who would have thought she'd have been turned on by what'd happened? By another woman on top of things. Shoot.

"Mia?"

"Yeah?" She blinked back to the present, suddenly noticing he'd taken his pants off, his cock glistening in the semi-darkness.

"Are you wet?"

Her thighs clenched in reaction. "Yes."

"Really?" She nodded. "Did you like watching her, baby?"

"Yes," she couldn't help but reply.

Kevin stilled, his mouth just inches away from her breasts. "Really?"

"I don't know why but I...I liked it. Can we please fuck now, Kev? I need you."

He pinched her left nipple with his teeth just as his fingers slid between her thighs. Her skirt was short enough that he could touch her with ease, the pad of his thumb eerily finding her clit. "Fuck," he growled when he felt how ready she was. "I told you you'd like it."

"We haven't seen everything and it was just one little— Ah!" He'd leaned down until he was cupping her thighs, standing up in one swift move. She felt her feet leave the floor and automatically tried to wrap her legs around him, her arms looped around his neck. "Kevin!"

"I've got you, I've got you!" He pressed her back against the wall, holding her there with the force of his will as he growled, "Climb up!"

"I don't know how!"

"Come on!"

She wriggled up as best she could and suddenly her calves were pressed against his butt. "Better?"

"God yeah." He thrust up, his cock entering her in one powerful push.

She gasped when he settled down, the head of his cock pressed almost painfully tight against her cervix. "Kev."

"Okay?"

"It's...I don't know." She couldn't think of another reply.

"What if I do this?" He rolled his hips, his pubic bone brushing against her clit.

"Oh." She blinked. "Do it again!"

He chuckled, the sound cut short as he repositioned her. "You do it while I hold you."

"I told you this position wasn't worth it." She felt awful when she realized he was holding her full weight, especially when she felt the muscles in her thighs start to complain.

"Shut up and move!" he growled, his face red.

She did as ordered, rolling her hips then trying to push up so she could slide up his length. That seemed to work well, considering Kevin's groan. She alternated between both movements, pressing her back further against the wall as she tilted her pelvis forward. Before she knew it, a groan rang above their heads...and it wasn't hers.

Kevin's hands tightened around her thighs as he pumped inside her for a final time, swearing inwardly that it was already over.

He let her go all of a sudden and it was a good thing her back was to the wall otherwise she'd probably have a very big bruise on her bottom right about now. Instead she managed to cushion her fall, her thighs quivering as she forced herself to stay upright. "Okay?"

He nodded as he leaned against her, engulfing her in a tight embrace. "That was great, baby."

"Uhuh."

"You didn't come, did you?" he whispered into her hair.

"No but that's fine. I wasn't close at all."

"I know." He took a step back and looked down at her. "It wasn't that bad though, was it?"

"No but next time, warn me."

He grinned. "But what would be the fun in that?"

She was still shaking her head by the time he opened the door, their clothes restored to a semblance of order.

Chapter Eight: Who Knew?

They stepped out of the closet, a 'we've been naughty' look in their eyes but no one was there to spot them. Kevin took the lead and went in search of a bathroom, knowing his wife needed to clean up if they wanted to have some more fun. Opening the first door on his right, he peeked inside and felt his eyes widen. "Wow."

"What is it?" Mia stepped beside him. "Oh hell."

There was a couple having sex in the Jacuzzi. Actually it was Charlie and his latest conquest, a statuesque blonde with fake tits and even faker hair. The man in question looked up at the sound of their voices and grinned. "Come on in! We were just having a lil fun." He winked before kneeling back down between the woman's legs. He parted her shaved sex and tweaked her clit. "Such a nice pussy, babe."

"Thank you." The girl leaned back on her elbows, her eyes closed. "Eat me, Charlie."

"I aim to please," he replied before giving her a small lick.

Mia felt frozen in place. What was wrong with her? This was Charlie and she hated him but she couldn't seem to be able to move. She tried to blink but that didn't work either, her gaze stuck on his tongue tracing the girl's slit. Shit, she wanted some of that. She nearly slapped herself at the thought. No, no, no, she didn't want that. Or Charlie for that matter. She wanted her husband, the one who was staring at the woman like he'd never seen a naked one before. "Kev!" she hissed.

"What?" He didn't even turn around, his attention elsewhere.

"Let's go!"

Charlie obviously heard her as he stopped what he was doing and looked back at her. The girl, clearly annoyed at this change of pace, growled and tried to grab his head to push it back down. Ignoring her, Charlie stood up in the tub, his cock preceding him by a good ten inches.

Wow, Mia thought. She'd never seen such a big one before. Certainly not in real life. That was amazing.

"You're checking him out." Kevin had finally returned to Earth.

"She sure is." Charlie smirked, proud of himself. "So nice of you to finally notice me, Mia."

She licked her lips before finally looking away. "Uh?"

"Wanna come in here and have some fun?"

"No, thank you."

"Are you sure?"

Mia felt her body tense at the intensity in his eyes. It looked like he wanted her. How was that even possible? This was Charlie and he didn't even like the way she looked. She'd heard him tell Kevin early on in their relationship, hating the guy and his guts ever since. "Ye—es."

"You don't sound so sure. I'm good, you know. Candy, tell her," he gestured to his date to speak up.

"He is. He's got a wicked tongue and his dick is huge!" Candy lied back against the side of the Jacuzzi, eyes half-closed. Then she spotted the other man in the room, his gaze on her wet core. "Hey baby, wanna have some fun while Charlie takes care of your woman?"

Mia stepped in front of her husband. "I don't think so."

"I wasn't asking you, I was asking him." Candy sat up, eyeing up her rival. "I'm sure he'd like a bit of variety."

Hands curled into fists at her sides, Mia opened her mouth but was beaten to it by Kevin. "Thanks for the invitation but we'll leave you to it. Bye!" He grabbed her hand and pulled her out of the room.

Anger still riding high inside her, Mia wrenched her hand away from him and stalked off.

"Baby? Baby, come on, don't be like that!"

"I hate this guy, I hate him! I hate her too!"

"Then why were you checking him out?"

"Oh, for pity's sake!" She whirled around and stabbed his chest with a pointed finger. "Like you weren't checking her out?"

"I don't hate her like you do him."

"Great excuse, Kev, just great."

"Is it because he's so..." his voice trailed as he tried to find a way to describe things.

"Big?" she helpfully supplied. "And yes, I'd never seen such a big one before. It was quite, ah, impressive, I guess you could say."

"More impressive than mine?" His voice had been low but she clearly heard him.

Stopping in her tracks, she leaned on her toes and wrapped her hands around his neck. She dropped a quick kiss on his lips and looked at his face. "I love your cock." She grinned before adding, "And it's all mine."

He groaned as he bent down and claimed her mouth for a urgent kiss.

* * * *

Mia sighed as she lounged back on a deck chair, tucking her feet underneath her to warm them up a little. Kevin had gone to the dining room to get them some drinks and nibbles and she'd agreed to meet him outside. The garden was deserted, probably because night had fallen and it was getting quite chilly. But she didn't care, she was just happy to be out of the house, away from knowing glances and interested eyes.

They'd toured the whole house in the past hour, cringing at some sights and giggling at others. Everyone else was otherwise engaged, having sex in any corner they could find. They'd even stumbled on a couple in the red room, the girl who'd asked about a safe word earlier, tied to the wall as her partner slapped her ass. She'd stared in disbelief as the woman screamed her release, taken aback that she could come with no other stimulation. She'd never thought spanking could be that good. Surely there had to be a trick to it.

Still musing over this, she didn't hear the footsteps coming behind her, only jerking in her seat when hands clasped over her eyes. "Hey!"

"Shhh," a voice rang behind her.

Mia stilled. Was that Kevin? The thought left her head when lips drifted across her nape before nipping her skin. Gotta love her husband, he always knew what she liked. Her head hung down as the lips kept their deliberate caresses, even going as far as biting the spot where her neck joined her shoulder. She moaned out loud, the sound ringing in the otherwise silence.

She could feel his lips form a smile against her skin, worry nagging at her mind. There was something not quite right but she wasn't sure what it was. It felt good, his caresses felt good. The two hands slowly running up her chest felt even better. Soon he'd tug down the corset and cup her breasts and she'd like it—Hold on a minute. There was no goatee, no bristly hairs brushing against her skin as he kissed a way up her other shoulder.

She opened her eyes and whirled around, gasping when she spotted the man standing behind her chair. "Charlie!"

"Hey baby. Lie back down, I'm not finished."

She stood up instead and stepped away from him. "What are you doing here? And what the fuck were you doing?"

“I was making you feel good. You moaned, babe, you can’t deny you loved it.”

“I thought you were Kevin!”

He smirked as he inched closer to her. “Oh come on, you don’t have to lie. There’s no one else here after all. You knew damn well I wasn’t your husband. You knew it was me, didn’t you?”

“No!”

In a swift move, he grabbed her hands and pulled them behind her back, effectively trapping her against him. “Don’t lie, Mia, I know you want me.”

“I don’t!” She so didn’t.

“I saw you staring at me earlier. You want my big cock inside you, don’t you?”

“For pity’s sake, I don’t—” His lips slammed onto hers and she managed to snap her mouth shut just in time. His tongue stabbed at her, trying to force her to open up. He clamped his fingers around her two wrists and she groaned, hating the fact he was so big he could hold her with just one hand. Damn football players! She wriggled against him in a desperate move to break his hold but he just chuckled and slid his knee between her thighs. Her skirt rode high, so high she could feel air on her sex.

“Are you wet for me, Mia? I’m going to enjoy fucking you.” He bit her lower lip hard but she resisted and didn’t open her mouth. Then his free hand was suddenly between her legs, touching her in places that hadn’t felt another man’s touch in years.

And that’s when Mia realized she was stuck. She couldn’t move away because he was holding her in place; she could feel his enormous erection against her hip and knew he would stop at nothing. Weirdly enough, the guy wanted her and it looked like he really thought she wanted him too. That’ll teach her not to stare at another man’s cock! Fuck! Where the hell was Kevin? She wrenched her head to the side, hoping to dislodge him. Instead he let go of her hands and grabbed her hair, holding her so his mouth could work on hers. All right, enough was enough, she thought as she started beating on his chest with her closed fists.

“What’s going on here?”

Chapter Nine: Highs and Lows

Charlie pulled away from her and eyed the newcomer. “Hey, what—”

Mia used the opportunity offered and wrenched away from him, staggering a little when she found herself free. She tugged her skirt down and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand before focusing on the blonde man walking towards them. Her eyes lit up. “Nick! You’re back!”

“Hey baby.” He grinned as he gave her a hug. “I didn’t know you’d be here.”

"Me neither, Kevin's idea." She smiled up at him. "I thought your term only finished in two weeks?"

"Yeah but I managed to finish my papers early." His gaze went to Charlie. "What were you doing with her, man? She's taken, remember?"

"She wanted it."

Mia gasped at his cheek. "I didn't! What can I do to make you understand that?"

"If the lady says no, it means no." Nick crossed his arms over his chest as he stared at his former team mate.

Charlie swore under his breath and with a final look at Mia's flushed face, strode back towards the house.

"Phew," Mia said, feeling her knees give out. She quickly sat back down on the deck chair. "Thanks, Nicky."

"You know you're the only one who can get away with calling me that, right?" He sat down beside her and took her right hand. "Are you okay? Do you need me to go and kick his ass? Why are you here anyway? You're probably the last couple I'd have imagined coming to one of Charlie's parties."

"I'm fine, just a little shaken." She bit her lip, her gaze lost in the distance. "So you knew about them."

"Sure, Charlie always invites me." He grimaced when he realized what he'd just admitted to. "It's just when I want some, uh, you know?"

"Entertainment?" she proposed with a faint smile.

"Yeah." He looked at her then, really looked at her for the first time, taking in her ensemble. The milky skin on display, the breasts nearly popping out of the corset. Feeling his breath hitch, he asked, "Where's Kev?"

She shrugged. "I don't know, he was supposed to get us some drinks and meet me back here. Haven't you seen him?"

"Nope, I got sidetracked in the den but I haven't been here that long. Wanna go look for him?"

Mia stared back at the house. "I...I don't know. What if we find Charlie instead?"

"I'm here, I won't let him get to you. Actually I might just kick his ass. I can't believe he tried to move in on you." She stared back at him in silence, knowing she couldn't tell him what'd happened. How Charlie had touched her, how his fingers had dug inside her. She shivered and Nick caught the movement, taking her hand in his and adding, "Promise."

She recalled Kevin's earlier promise of never leaving her side. Look how that'd turned out. "I don't know."

"What's up with him anyway?"

"Who?"

"Charlie. He's never usually that bad."

"He...he seems to think I want to have sex with him."

Nick stayed silent for a second before asking, "And you don't?"

"Of course I don't!" She glared at him.

"Sorry, Mia, I didn't mean it that way. I just don't get why he would be seducing you when there are so many other—" He snapped his mouth shut.

She laughed, the sound almost painful. "So many other women who are so much more his type, you mean? I know I'm not up to their standards, don't worry."

"That's not what I was going to say."

"Yeah, right." She stood up and squared her shoulders. If Kevin wanted to stay inside doing god knew what, then she'd go and find him. She just hoped he wasn't with another woman. She wasn't sure she could take it; her heart ached just at the thought.

"Fuck, Mia!" Hands grabbed her shoulders and whirled her around. "I didn't mean anything like that. I'm your friend, remember?"

She blinked at the rage dispelled on Nick's face. "Uh, okay."

He shook her. "Trust me on that one."

"It's fine, Nick, don't worry about it."

"For fuck's sake," he growled. "Look at me."

"I am looking at you." All right, the poor boy had lost his mind.

"No," he hissed through clenched teeth. "Look down."

Her eyes drew down, her mouth opening on a gasp when she noticed the way his pants tented. "I so didn't need to see that."

“But at least now you know I like the way you look.” He took a deep breath and added, “Okay, let’s go back inside. I’m sure Kevin’s stuck somewhere.”

“As long as he’s not stuck between someone’s legs,” she added under her breath. She was doing her best to forget what she’d just seen or what he’d just said. Nick was her friend, their friend. He was always hanging out at their house, had been for years, even before she’d entered the picture. Kevin had taken him under his wings when the younger man had decided to play pro ball. He’d been there too, counselling him when Nick had decided he’d had enough, that he wanted to study to become a marine biologist instead and move to Florida.

Shoot, she loved Nick as a friend. Didn’t she? Then why couldn’t she stop wishing she’d seen him naked instead? She wanted to compare him to Charlie, to Kevin even. See if age really did matter. Licking her lips, she didn’t see Nick’s gaze on her or the way he held himself, as if he was trying really hard not to jump on her.

* * * *

They found Kevin or rather he found them. He was half-slumped against the banister in the middle of the staircase going to the upper floor.

“Kevin?” Mia hurried up to him.

“Nick, I didn’t know you were back!”

“Hey man. How are you?” Nick was frowning by the time he got to his friend.

“Just fine. Baby, you look hot. I wanna fuck you.”

Mia gasped, “Kevin!”

He ignored her recriminations, grabbing her hips in both hands and pulling her close. He nuzzled her neck. “Mmm, you smell good. I owe you one, don’t I? I’m gonna eat your pussy until you scream my name, baby.”

“Kevin!” She couldn’t believe he was saying this out loud. In front of Nick on top of things! “What’s wrong with you? Are you drunk?”

“Nope, haven’t had anything but juice. I wouldn’t do that to you.” He slid his knee between her legs and pressed their hips close. He rocked against her core, moaning as he got himself off. “Ohh, baby, let’s party.”

Mia looked behind him and gestured helplessly. She didn’t know what to do. This was her husband and yet, it wasn’t. There was something wrong with him and he acted as if he’d imbibed a bit too much but he’d said it wasn’t that. “Nick?”

"It's not alcohol." He rubbed a hand over his face. "Kev, are you feeling light-headed at all?"

"Kinda but it's fine. Hey Nick, have I ever told you about Mia's nurse costume?"

"Shit!" she groaned. "Do something!"

"Sure thing, baby. Just hold on while I suck your tits."

"No! I wasn't talking to you! Nick, do something."

"Let's get him upstairs."

"Oh yeah, great idea. We can have some fun up there." Kevin wriggled his eyebrows. He grabbed Mia's hand and pulled her up the stairs. He entered the first bedroom he found and pushed her towards the bed. "Get naked, I have plans for you."

"Uh, not right now." Mia looked around her, trying to think of a way out. They needed to calm him down but how? She stared back at Nick who was looking just as clueless, never realizing Kevin was doing things behind her back.

Hands grabbed her, pulling her back until she went falling down onto the bed. She shrieked but her husband wasn't taking no for an answer. She reacted too slowly when she spotted the cuffs in his hands, cursing when he slapped one around her right wrist and then around the corner post. "Kevin! Untie me this instant!"

"Oh no, not before we have some fun. You need to get naked first and all."

"I can't get naked if I don't have both my hands free," she tried reasoning, to no avail.

"I can do that for you." He advanced towards her and she moved back against the headboard.

"Kevin, don't do this. Nick's here and now is just not the time."

"Oh yeah." He turned towards his friend. "Forgotten about you. Wassup, dude?"

"Uh, everything's fine." Nick blinked. "You're high, man. Can't you feel it?"

"Nah, I'm just horny." Kevin turned back to his wife. "Hey lil lady, let's see those tits."

With one sharp move, her breasts spilled out and Mia closed her eyes, too ashamed to look. "Don't do this, Kevin."

"Don't do what? This?" He tweaked her right nipple until it stood proudly. "Or that?" He bent down and sucked on it, her thighs clenching in reaction.

"Please," she tried again. "Not now." She opened her eyes and saw Nick watching what the older man was doing. "Nick?"

He jerked at her voice but Kevin reacted first, drawing up until he could face his friend. "Hey man, long time we haven't done this. Come here and share!"

What? Mia's lips formed the word but nothing came out. What the hell? "No!"

"Oh yeah. You're gonna love it, baby, I'm sure of it." Kevin grinned down at her. "You know how you love it when we play with toys."

"You're not making any sense." She sighed, wondering how she could get herself untied. Maybe Nick could get the key if she distracted Kevin long enough?

"Sure I am. No toy required here, me and him inside you, baby!"

She froze at the image that'd popped into her mind. Oh god, she wouldn't be able to think of anything else now. Nick and Kevin together, her sandwiched between their two sweaty bodies. Two pairs of hands giving her pleasure, two sets of lips kissing her one after the other. She felt herself start to burn and only belatedly realized this wasn't a fantasy. This was real and Kevin had a plan, one she had to derail as soon as humanely possible. Acting on instinct, she focused on Nick and said, "Help me out here!"

He gulped at her plea, clearly torn. "Mia, I'm not sure—"

"Not this! Do something, get the key, knock him out. Come on!"

He rocked back on his heels and watched Kevin grab the hem of her skirt to pull it up. She shrieked and in the next second, Kevin was slumped on top of her, a dead weight in a dead faint. "You knocked him out?"

"That's what you told me to do!" Nick's voice rose.

"No, no, that's great. Thanks, Nick. Could you just, uh, move him off me and find the key?"

He exhaled but did as asked, pulling the older man to a lying position beside her. Then he rummaged in his pants' pockets and dragged out a set of miniature keys. "Got them."

"Great, can you please untie me?" Mia's free arm was curled protectively around her bare breasts, trying to hide herself and yet knowing fully well it wasn't having much effect. Between this and her skirt riding high, she was nearly naked for his eyes to see. And see they did. Oh yes. She could feel his gaze on her as he leaned over her and slid the key in the cuff's lock, the metallic click ringing loudly.

"There you go," he finally said as he drew back. "Need my help?" He gestured towards her corset and she shook her head. "All right, I'll go talk to the others then and try to find out who drugged Kevin. Stay here and lock the door behind me, will you?"

She nodded, watching him cross the room with a determined stance. “Nick?” she called out as his hand rested on the door’s handle.

He turned around. “Yeah?”

“Thank you.”

“Oh, it was my pleasure.” A small grin played on his lips as he left them alone. One half-dressed woman and her dead-to-the-world husband.

Chapter Ten: Interlude

Mia stared out of the kitchen windows as she sipped her coffee. They’d spent the night at Charlie’s house while Kevin slept it off and she listened to the debauchery going on outside their room. Someone had tried to break in at one point and she’d shaken Kevin, trying to wake him up in case Charlie burst in and had his way with her. Because she was pretty sure he’d been the one drugging her husband. It was too much of a coincidence that he’d appeared outside and tried to have sex with her, never looking afraid that Kevin would burst in on them.

It was just incredibly lucky Nick had been there. She didn’t want to think what would have happened if he hadn’t come back early from college. She’d have had no choice but to let Charlie do...she shivered and pushed the thought away. Nothing had happened and now Kevin was resting in their room. He was coming down from his high and it wasn’t pretty. She grimaced, remembering his face when she’d told him about the night’s events. At least she could be sure they wouldn’t go back to one of Charlie’s parties in a long while, if ever. That had to count for something!

She took a deep breath and forced her fingers to unclench from around her mug’s handle. She was wound tight, had been for hours for that matter. Her mind kept being assailed by memories of Charlie’s hands on her, of the feel of his fingers opening her up. She blinked, forcing the images away. She had to think of something else. She hadn’t told Kevin everything, knowing he’d probably go and kill his friend otherwise. Shit, think of something else! She suddenly recalled her husband’s comment the night before, the one stating clearly that he and Nick had had threesomes together. Oh, she’d known Kevin had tried them before, he’d told her himself. She’d guessed it was probably someone she knew because she couldn’t see him trust another man who he wasn’t friendly with. But Nick...

The doorbell rang, startling her so much she spilled coffee all across the counter. Cursing under her breath, she quickly grabbed a sheet of paper towel and mopped it up. The doorbell rang again and she hurried out of the kitchen, suddenly remembering Kevin was supposed to be sleeping upstairs. She wrenched the heavy door open and snapped, “What is it?”

Nick rocked back. “Hey, is this a bad moment?”

She blinked at the man who she’d just been thinking about. “Uh no, no. Come on in.”

"Are you sure?" She nodded as she took a step back to let him pass. "How is he doing?"

"He's fine. Well maybe fine is a bit much. He's coming down."

"Ah, I see. I thought I'd check up on him. And you, of course."

She smiled, walking past him to lead the way to the kitchen. "Thanks. Coffee?"

"Sure." He sat down on a stool and propped his elbows on the counter, his gaze never leaving her.

She busied herself with the coffeemaker and poured herself another cup, all the while trying to ignore the handsome man sitting only inches away. Damn it, Mia, she admonished herself. This was stupid. He was sitting there just like always; nothing had changed. No, that wasn't true. He'd seen her nearly naked the night before, had implied he liked the way she looked. That she'd given him a boner...Shut up mind! "There you go." She handed him a cup and sat on a stool, the one furthest away from him.

His eyebrows rose at the gesture but he didn't say anything, simply stared at her over his coffee cup. "I told Charlie to leave the country for a while."

"You didn't."

He grinned. "I did. I told him that Kevin would kill him as soon as he heard the truth."

"He wouldn't though, they're friends."

"Were, I would say. But Charlie knows what a mean left hook Kevin has so he followed my suggestion. He left for Barbados this afternoon."

"Thank God," Mia sighed. "I was getting worried about what might happen." Or what would happen if Kevin ever learnt the truth. She hoped Charlie's sense of self—preservation would mean he'd never tell him the truth.

"I know." He smiled gently. "It gives you and Kevin a few weeks to come to terms with what happened."

"Could have happened."

"No, Mia, he tried to force himself on you."

She shrugged. "He wouldn't have done anything."

"Don't lie to me. I wouldn't have been there, he wouldn't have stopped."

She bit her lip, knowing fully well he was right. She'd been thinking the same thing after all but saying it out loud just made it sound so much worse. And it's not like she could go to the police or anything.

Who would believe her, a woman who'd gone to the culprit's house for a sex party in the first place? "Let's talk of something else."

"Do you want me to tell you about it?" His voice was low but his eyes steady.

Her mouth opened but she snapped it shut when she realized she didn't even need to ask what he was on about. She knew what he was asking and she was tempted, so very tempted to say yes.

Chapter Eleven: Stuck

"Tell her about what?" Kevin stumbled into the room, his eyes hidden by a pair of sunglasses. "Thanks for what you did last night, man. I owe you one." He slapped Nick's back in an affectionate gesture. "Baby, could you get me some coffee? I'm dying here."

Mia rolled her eyes but she slid down from her stool to get him a cup.

Kevin took her seat and leaned his head down until his forehead was resting on the cold counter. "I feel like shit."

"You look like shit," his friend commented as he took another sip of coffee.

"Thanks," Kevin growled back. "I haven't done drugs in years but now I remember why." Mia's hand stilled on the coffee jug. Say what? "Fuck, remind me to kill Charlie when I feel better, okay?"

"He's already left for Barbados."

Kevin took the glasses off, all the better to glare at his friend. "You told him to leave, didn't you?"

Nick shrugged. "I might have. There's no point in your talking to him. He screwed up and he knows it."

"He put drugs in my drink so he could be free to fuck my wife!"

Mia winced at his roar. Shoot, he really needed to calm down. He already felt bad enough as it was and it's not like he could have known something like this would happen. "Kevin, it's okay. Just—"

He glared at her. "It's not okay, don't you see? If Nick hadn't saved you, what would have happened?"

"I didn't save her, she was already pushing him away."

Mia glanced at Nick, acknowledging his lie with a nod. "Nick's right, I'd never have let Charlie get to me. You know that."

"Do I? You were checking him out only moments before, it's normal the damn guy thought you were fair prey!"

She gasped. "Are you freaking kidding me?"

"Kev, you're obviously still not feeling well. Why don't you go back upstairs?" Nick slid down from his stool.

"So you can fuck her too?"

"That's it." Mia slammed her palms on the counter, the shock reverberating in her forearms. "Who do you think you are, McIntyre? Are you even listening to yourself? I understand that you feel bad because you weren't there to look out for me but still, that doesn't give you leave to insult me or Nick here! And who are you to talk like this when you're the one who invited him to share me last night?"

"I what?" Kevin's face turned even paler.

"You pawed me in front of him as if I was a freaking blow-up doll!"

"Mia—"

"No, I'm tired of his excuses." She glared at her husband. "I'm the one who nearly got raped, Kevin. I'm the one who was half-naked in front of you two while you were spilling secrets about our sex life left and right. I'm the one who spent the entire night with you snoring at my side when someone was trying to break into the fucking room! So shut up, will you?" With a soft cry, she whirled around and fled the room.

* * * *

She'd locked herself in her study. Kevin sighed as he butted his head against the door. He'd screwed up. Again. "Mia?" he called out but all he could hear was sniffles. Shit, she was crying. He hated when she cried, it always made him feel helpless.

"Do you want me to try? Or should I leave?" Nick appeared at his side, his eyes somber.

"I don't know."

"I think she just realized what really happened. The shock, you know."

"Stop being so damn nice, Nick. I shouldn't have said that, it's my fault."

"You've hit the paranoia stage, you're not yourself. She'll understand."

"I hope so." Kevin rubbed his tired face, his body feeling leaden. "Did I really do all those things?"

"Yeah."

"Shit."

"You were out of it, Kev, don't berate yourself."

"I asked you to share her?" Nick nodded, trying his best to keep a blank face. "And you didn't take the opportunity offered?"

Nick reared back. "What?"

Kevin turned around, leaning against the wall as the room started to whirl. "You know what I'm talking about. You want her."

"I do but I would never do that to you!"

"Not even if I ask you?"

"What? Fuck, you're still high, aren't you?"

"No." Kevin paused. "Well, not really. Let's go back downstairs. I need to lie down and I want to show you something."

* * * *

It took hours but Mia finally found the courage to leave her study and face the outside world. She stopped at the bottom of the stairs and froze when she heard male voices coming from the kitchen. Nick was still here?

She stepped into the room, only to find both men chatting away as they—hold on a second. "You're cooking?"

They turned around at her voice, both beaming proudly. Kevin wiped his hands on a towel before motioning her forward. "Come here, baby." She took a few hesitant steps but he was faster, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her close. "I'm sorry," he whispered in her hair. "I shouldn't have said those things and I apologize." He drew back, nudging her face up until their gazes locked. "Forgive me?"

She bit her lower lip, hard. She knew he hadn't been feeling good, knew he probably hadn't even been himself at the time but he'd hurt her. "I don't know."

"Mia, come on." He closed his eyes for a second. "I know I screwed up. It was my idea going there and you were right, it was a spectacularly bad idea but you know why I did that. I love you."

"I love you too," she replied, tears pooling in her eyes.

"Cheese!" The voice interrupted the tender moment and they both turned towards Nick, who happily took a picture of them with his phone.

“Hey!”

“Sorry but you were too cute.”

“Cute?” Kevin asked, his left eyebrow cocked.

“You know what I mean.” Nick winked before pocketing the phone. “So, dinner anyone?”

Chapter Twelve: A Hard Place

“Stop it!” Mia giggled as she tried to avoid Nick’s tickling hands. “Nicky!”

“Stop calling me that and I’ll stop tickling you.” He’d cornered her against the back of the sofa, Kevin rolling his eyes at their childish antics. “So what will it be?” he asked just as he slid his hands up her sides.

“Argh! Don’t! Don’t! I’ll stop!”

“Promise?”

“Hell no.” She laughed at his shocked face and managed to get away from him, running for her husband who was standing nearby. “Kevin, hide me!”

“Children, behave.” He grabbed her hands and pulled her close. “Come here you.” He fell down on the sofa behind him and pulled her on his lap.

She fidgeted in his hold, never sure she wasn’t too heavy sitting like that. Which was stupid of her because he’d never minded before. “Kev—”

“Shush,” he murmured, tilting her face to the side before claiming her lips for a hard kiss.

She groaned at the sweet assault, twisting around so she could loop her arms around his neck. For one brilliant minute, she completely forgot about the other man in the room, too caught up in the sensations brought to life by her husband and his very skilled tongue. Drawing back, she gazed at his parted mouth, looking all shiny and wet. She surprised him when she caught his lower lip in her teeth and tugged.

“Fuck, baby,” Kevin growled, his hands clenched around her hair. His cock was rock hard, just imagining what might happen that evening and now this... “I want you.”

“I can feel it,” she whispered against his mouth, rubbing her thigh against the front of his jeans.

“Uhm,” Nick coughed behind them, startling her so much she yelped. “Should I leave?”

Mia turned around, a pained expression on her face. "I'm sorry, Nicky, I completely forgot you were there."

"No kidding. And stop calling me that!"

"I thought I was the only one who could call you that?"

Nick rolled his eyes as he settled himself in the overstuffed armchair directly opposite from them. "Maybe but don't do it when we're in public."

"I wouldn't dare." She grinned back at him. The smile left her face when she felt Kevin's hands wrap around her midriff, pulling her back against his chest. "Kev?"

"Just lean back, baby. I wanna feel you close."

"I can't get any closer than that," she muttered, arranging her legs so they hung to the side. She settled her face in the crook of his neck, inhaling his earthy scent.

"Sure, you could," Kev answered with a grin, his left hand coming to rest on her thigh.

"Very funny."

"It wasn't meant to be funny. Sexy maybe but not funny."

She bit her lip, fighting the will to laugh. "What's up with you?"

"Just making sure you know what's going to happen tonight."

Looking up at his face, she shook her head. "I'm not stupid, babe. And Nick isn't either so no need to spell it out."

Both men froze. Kevin licked his lips before saying, "What do you mean?"

"Do you really think I don't know what you have in mind?" She grabbed his hand in hers and traced his knuckles, ignoring the intense gaze of the other man in the room.

"We don't—" Kevin tried then stopped. "I don't want to lie to you. Not today, after everything's that happened."

"Then why do you think I would be okay with something like this, today of all days?" She was genuinely curious. She'd understood what was going on when she'd realized Nick was going to stay the night. Between that and the fact he kept stealing glances at her, staring at her legs or cleavage when he thought no one was looking, it hadn't been too hard to guess. But what she didn't understand was why Kevin thought today was it. Did he think this would help her?

"I want to rid you of Charlie's image. Of what he would have done if Nick hadn't intervened." Kevin intertwined their fingers together. "I thought you deserved being seduced, pleased...loved, today of all days."

She gulped at the emotion on his face. "Nick?"

"Yes?" The younger man was sitting upright, his hands gripping the armrests.

"Are you sure you wanna do this?"

"Hell yes. I've been wanting you for years, Mia, you should know that."

"We haven't known each other that long."

"Kevin—" Nick looked at his friend who nodded his assent. "Kevin used to tell me about you. When you met, you know that car crash? I was on bed rest after a nasty injury. I was stuck here with nothing to do and Kevin thought he could, ah, entertain me with his escapades."

"He told you about us?"

"Everything," Kevin helpfully added, dropping a kiss on her hair to mitigate his announcement.

"Everything?" She cringed. "Even the—"

Nick got there first. "Supermarket. Club. The fact he was the first one to take you up the ass."

She gasped at his words. It felt too weird hearing him say these things. "I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything, baby. It was just to make you understand why tonight is happening. Why I've been wanting you for so long, craving what Kevin got as I laid there, unable to move. And then I met you but you were both so in love, I knew I didn't have a chance."

"And now we're married." She felt obliged to add that important piece of information.

"So you are. But you've answered the List and you did say you wouldn't mind having a threesome. Well, with two men, at least," Kevin said, his voice sharp. "Right, baby?"

"You showed him the List."

It wasn't even a question but Nick nodded anyway. "Is that a problem?"

"It was private!"

"I'll be inside you before night falls, Mia. Do you really think it matters?"

Her eyes wide, she stared unblinking at the man she'd thought she knew. Guess she'd been wrong.

"I'll go get changed," Kevin announced, just before pushing her off his lap. "Be back in a few."

Mia stood there, still in shock, as she watched her husband exit the room, clearly leaving them alone to get better acquainted. What the hell was happening? She took a deep breath and said, "I should go get changed too."

"What's the point?"

"What?"

"You're gonna be naked soon anyway, right?"

She took a step back and bumped into the sofa, her knees giving out. She found herself sitting once more, her gaze on the man she'd thought was her friend. "You're scaring me, Nick."

He froze at her words and exhaled. "I'm sorry." He made his wrists pop, shaking the stress away as best he could. "It wasn't my intention. It's just...I've been waiting for a long time for an opportunity like this, baby, and I can't believe it's finally here."

This wasn't happening! This was a dream, just a fantasy based on what'd happened the night before. She was sleeping, she was sure of it. "I'm just me, Nicky. I've seen the women you've dated across the years, I'm not your type."

"Yes, you are. When I settle down, I'd like someone just like you."

"Okay, that's even worse. I'm outta here." She stood up swiftly and turned to leave, her exit stopped by his voice.

"Don't you want to know how it could be between us?"

Chapter Thirteen: One, Two, Three

"I'm happily married, Nick. I love Kevin!"

"I'm not saying the contrary," he said, stepping right behind her. "I love Kevin too, he's my best friend."

She whirled around, her eyes flashing. "Then why are you doing this?"

"I want you!"

"That doesn't explain anything! It's just your body's reaction to what happened yesterday or what Kevin's told you over the years. It's just lust, Nick. Surely you can control it?"

"Why should I?" He grasped her hips. "Tell me this, Mia, why should I control myself?"

"Because I don't want this."

He snorted. "Sure you don't."

"I don't!"

"Tell me you're not wet right now."

She gasped. "I can't believe you just asked me that. For pity's sake, Nick, don't you see? This is going to ruin our friendship and for what? One night together?"

He smiled, a sad smile that didn't reach his eyes. "So that's your problem. This, tonight, won't stop us from being friends, Mia. I promise you that."

"How can you promise me anything? You're so full of shit, you just want to get laid!" She jerked his hands off of her.

"Can't you see?" His voice was harsher than she'd ever heard it before. "It's not gonna change anything because I've always been fucking you in my mind! Except now I'll be remembering instead of fantasizing but it's the same thing!"

"No, it's not!" She crossed her arms over her chest, wondering when Kevin will finally decide to make an appearance. "You're one of my best friends, Nick, my best guy friend and here you are, proclaiming tonight won't change matters but how can you know that? No one can because we haven't done anything yet!"

"Then let's do something!" he snapped back. His hand shot out, palming her nape and pulling her forward. Their mouths met with a bang, his teeth nearly cutting into her lips. He gentled the kiss once he was inside her, tangling his tongue around hers almost leisurely.

Mia held herself stiffly, almost leaning back so she wouldn't touch him. But his touch was arousing and she almost hated him for it. He was a good kisser, damn it! She found herself responding to him, her stance mellowing as his other hand slid down her back in a slow caress.

He broke the kiss and drew back, gazing at her until she opened her eyes and met his stare. "All right?"

She nodded, too confused to say anything. And that's when Kevin decided he could join them again.

"Had fun without me?" A hard chest was suddenly pressed against her back.

She jerked in surprise, feeling ashamed that she'd let Nick kiss her. That she'd enjoyed it. "Kev, I—"

"Shh." He didn't let her finish, turning her around so he could gaze down at her. "This is going to be just for you, baby. Anything and everything you've ever wanted to try, we'll do. Anything you don't want to do, just say so. Okay?"

She felt her breath catch in her throat, indecision making her falter. "I don't know."

"You told me it was one of your fantasies," Kevin reminded her as he dropped soft little kisses all over her face.

She closed her eyes as she let herself go in his embrace, hooking her arms around his neck so she wouldn't fall. His lips drifted down the side of her neck, nipping the sensitive skin there until she was wriggling against him.

He exhaled as her body brushed his, his erection painfully tight in his pajama pants. "Baby?"

She blinked, opening her eyes to stare at his attentive face. "I don't know if I want it to become a reality."

"Is it because of me? You don't want me?" Nick's voice rang behind her and she couldn't help but turn to face him, the pain in his voice too flagrant to ignore.

She recalled what he'd told her only minutes before: how he'd wanted her for years. She couldn't get her mind around it; it just seemed too good to be true. This was Nick Hamilton, the golden playboy of the football fields. The media had nicknamed him Apollo and with good reason. He was tall, taller than her husband even, his tanned skin offsetting his clear blue eyes and golden hair. He was beyond handsome and he wanted her. The bullied teenager she'd once been cringed at the thought, wondering if she wasn't being played. But no, this was her husband and one of their best friends. They wouldn't do this to her.

"Mia?" Nick asked, bringing her back to the present.

She shook her head. "That's not it, Nicky. It's just..." She let her voice trail as she wondered how to explain what laid heavy in her mind. "A fantasy is safe. I'm not sure...I mean I don't think you'll like—"

Kevin cut her off, "Nick, d'you remember what I said when I explained the reasons behind the List?"

Nick nodded, his gaze sharpening when he looked back at her. "I want you, Mia. I saw you last night and you were barely dressed and it was all I could do not to jump on you."

"Really?" She licked her lips at his words. Wow.

"Yeah. Feel this." He grabbed her hand and pressed it against the front of his shorts. "That's what kissing you did to me."

"Oh." She shivered at the feel of his hard cock under the strained material. She wanted to see him naked, she realized. Wanted to compare his body to her husband's, wanted to feel them both against her bare skin. Then she snapped back to the real world and fear overcame her once again. "I don't know."

"What about we start slow and you see if you like it?" Kevin pressed her back against his chest. "You can say no at any point and we'll stop and we won't speak about it ever again."

"I don't want this to ruin our friendship," Mia said out loud, her gaze locking with Nick's.

"It won't," he replied, stepping forward until his lips brushed hers. "Promise."

Chapter Fourteen: Let's Be Strong

Mia was sitting on the sofa, sandwiched between the two big men, feeling ill at ease and excited at the same time. Kevin had decided they should go slow so nothing had happened yet, unbelievable as that was. He'd slid a hardcore porn movie in the DVD player, winking as he said, "Just to set the mood."

She hadn't said anything but she didn't think Nick needed it. He was still hard, his cock clearly defined under the thin cotton of his shorts. She wriggled in her seat as she tried to ignore the two men beside her, her eyes focused on what was happening on the large screen. Kevin had picked out her favorite movie, the one where the woman was pleased in several ways by several different partners. She didn't know how he knew it was her fave because they'd only watched it once and not even in its entirety. She'd jumped him before they'd even watched half, so turned on she'd impaled herself on his cock without any preliminaries. Ah, come to think of it, that might be why he'd picked it tonight.

"Are you getting wet, baby?" His voice drifted over her as his arm looped around her shoulders, pulling her against him. "Would you like us to do this to you?"

She looked at the screen and gasped when she noticed the heroine lying spread-eagle on a wide bed, two men at her feet. They, very slowly and very deliberately, began licking a way up her legs until she was writhing beneath them, her sex dripping even before one of the men bent down and began sucking on her clit. "Fuck." Mia found herself moaning at the sight. Her thighs clenched and she could feel moisture pool on her panties.

"Are you?" Kevin repeated in her ear as his left hand slid down her body to cup her sex through her jeans. She jerked up but his arm around her shoulders held her in place. His fingers rubbed against the thick material, his thumb pressing hard against the stitching running along her clit.

"Kev!" She felt her legs stretch out on their own volition, her thighs parting to accommodate his caresses. Her body felt languid and she realized she'd let herself go, half-leaning against his chest.

A tanned hand appeared in her line of vision and she blinked at the sharp reminder there was another man in the room. Agile fingers opened up her shirt, parting the two halves so her bra appeared. His skin was rough as he ran a fingertip along the scalloped edges, sending shivers running up her spine. "All right?"

She looked at his face, her eyes widening at the intense look displayed there. "Nick..."

"I want this to be good for you, baby. I want you to remember it later on, I want you to get yourself off thinking about me as I've done for years fantasizing about you." His voice was low but the words sharp. He dipped one finger under a cup, teasing her nipple with light touches.

"Harder," Kevin suggested behind her.

Mia jerked, realizing she was leaning against her husband. Okay, this was too weird.

"Harder?" Nick looked up. "What do you mean?"

"Her breasts aren't really sensitive so you have to be quite harsh. That's how she likes them to be touched. You know, pinch them, tug them, that kind of thing."

"Hard, got it," he answered with a smirk. With one quick tug, he had unclasped the front snap of her bra, her breasts falling to rest on her chest. "Nice," he muttered, his hands palming them with obvious relish.

"You like them big, don't you?" Kevin commented, his eyes taking it all. He was giving them space for now, knowing she had to get used to Nick's touch if they wanted to do everything they had in mind. His cock pulsed in his pants at the thought, imagining her screams when she'll spasm around them both. Fuck, he couldn't wait!

"Yeah," Nick replied almost absentmindedly, his attention focused on the nipples calling out to him.

"Really?"

He'd almost forgotten about the woman to whom belonged said breasts. He sent her a quick smile and nodded. "Yeah, always preferred big ones. And yours are real, baby, even better."

"Uh, thanks?"

He grinned at the hesitation clearly discernable in her voice and bent down to take a nipple in his mouth, flicking it with his tongue. She didn't move, didn't react in any way. Oh right, hard. He nibbled on the hardened tip, pinching it with his teeth for a long second.

She gasped, her hands clenching in his hair.

"That's it, Nick, but you can do it even harder. She won't mind," Kevin said behind her, thanking his lucky stars he was tall enough to see above her shoulders. He didn't want to miss a single second of this.

"Is that right, Mia?"

She blinked, gazing at Nick while wondering what was the question. Her mind wasn't on the conversation, her body tensing as his fingers tightened around her other nipple. He pinched it and held the position until she moaned.

“You really like that, don’t you? What about if I do both at the same time?”

She wasn’t sure she’d live through it but she sure as heck wasn’t going to say no! He did just that, both thumbs and index fingers clamping on her nipples. He pressed and pressed until her back arched, her pelvis thrust forward.

Kevin couldn’t help himself, he had to do something. Nudging her face to the side, he forced her head into a certain angle and took her mouth for a hard kiss. She moaned, the sound travelling to his throat as her hips jerked up. It almost looked like she was going to come with only her nipples being stimulated.

“Mia? How was that?”

She broke the kiss and panted, “Great. Just...great.”

“Then what about this?” Nick asked just before taking her already bright red nipple in his mouth. He chewed on it, something he’d never done to a woman before, always careful of their sensitive skin. But Mia could take it, he was sure of it. And she did, her hips pressing into him. He let go and looked up, loving the way her face had flushed. Loving the fact it was him making her feel this way. This was it, what he’d been yearning for all these years. “Mia,” he whispered and moved up to claim her mouth.

She hadn’t expected that and they found themselves lying almost on top of Kevin who simply chuckled. “Hey there. Maybe we should move this somewhere else, like say a bedroom.”

“Good idea, man. Not that I’m not liking this sofa but it’s getting a bit cramped.”

“But what about the movie?”

The two men looked at each other and burst out laughing.

Nick said, “Don’t worry, baby. I’m sure we’ll come up with something just as good.”

Chapter Fifteen: Too Much

Kevin had guided them to the main guest bedroom, its imposing four-poster bed taking most of the space. Mia smiled at him, relief apparent on her face that this wouldn’t take place in their bedroom or their own bed. Not that she didn’t love Nick but this was something that should remain separate from their marriage. Okay so that didn’t make much sense but considering they were currently undressing her, she had the right to be unclear.

Her husband knelt at her feet, tugging her jeans off her legs while Nick drew her shirt and bra down her arms. They stepped back and stared at her only clad in a tiny pair of panties.

“Take them off,” Kevin ordered, his voice hoarse.

"I thought that was your job?" she countered, feeling Nick's heavy gaze on her body.

"Now, Mia."

She suddenly realized what he was doing: he wanted to make sure she wanted this. As she hooked her thumbs under the elastic at her hips, she took a deep breath and decided to go for it. She bent down, exposing her bare butt and wondering how it looked like in the semi-darkness. Her husband knew her well enough not to turn on the overhead lights, instead relying on just the table lamps. She kicked the panties away with her foot then turned around, facing them with fear inside her. Exhilaration soon won out however as she spotted the naked desire on their faces. Both were gazing at her with hungry eyes and she could feel the tension ebb away. "What now?" she asked, her right hand on her hip.

"You decide," her husband answered. He licked his lips and added, "You're wet, baby, I can see it from here."

"So can I," Nick confirmed, his eyes on her red slit. "I want to eat you up."

"Oh." She blinked. That sounded great! But first..."Get naked you two."

Kevin didn't even respond, he simply drew his pants down his legs and kicked them off. Then he stood upright, arms crossed over his chest as he waited for his best friend to do the same. Nick seemed frozen in place however.

"Nicky?"

"Uh, yeah, sorry. I just...I hope you like what you see."

Mia couldn't believe what she'd just heard. This was Apollo Hamilton and he was worried about what she was going to think? Was he kidding? "Nicky, you're a god. Strip."

"A god, uh?" Kevin wrinkled his nose.

Mia blew him a kiss, her gaze returning to their friend almost immediately. She couldn't help it; she wanted to urge him to go faster as he took his t-shirt off and let it drop at his feet. Then his eyes on her, he hooked his thumbs in his shorts and dragged them down his long legs.

Her breath caught in her throat. He hadn't been wearing underwear—of course not—and his cock rose proudly in front of him, pointing towards her as if it was asking for her. It wasn't as long as Kevin's but it was wider; oh yes it was. She licked her lips as she stared at his leaking tip.

"Go for it," her husband's voice rang between them.

Startled, she looked up and asked, "What?"

"I won't mind, baby. Tonight is for you, remember? You can do whatever you want."

She should have known he'd know what she'd been thinking, she mused as she took a step forward and knelt in front of Nick. Who gasped and clenched his hands into fists at his sides.

"Mia, don't. This is supposed to be for you, Kev just said so."

She looked up at his worried face and grinned. "But I want to do this, don't you see?" Lowering her head, she took the head of his cock into her mouth and sucked. Precum hit her tastebuds and she quickly licked the slit, wanting some more. She wanted everything he could give her and as he growled, his hands cupping the back of her head, she let go of her inhibitions and worked on giving him the blowjob of his lifetime.

"Stop, stop! Fuck Mia, please stop!"

She came back to herself minutes later when Nick's desperation cut through the fog surrounding her. She leaned back, his cock popping out of her mouth with a wet sound. It was nearing a purplish color, his balls looking engorged and almost painful. "Nick? Is there something wrong?"

"You almost killed him, baby," Kevin replied with a smile, eyeing his friend with an amused glance. "We're just starting, Mia, you'll have time to suck him to death later."

"I was just...enjoying myself." She felt herself start to blush as she got up with some difficulty, her knees shaking at the strain.

"I could tell." Kevin grabbed her hands and pulled her forward until she was ensconced in his arms. "Did he taste that good?"

She blinked. "Yes." Her husband really knew her too damn well. "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize," Nick answered behind them, his voice sounding strained. "It was fucking amazing but I want to be inside you the first time I come."

"Oh." Such a nice thing to say. She beamed at him. "Let's get to it then." Both men groaned as she climbed onto the bed and settled in the middle of it, patting the coverlet on both sides of her. "Come on, I ain't getting younger."

Kevin was shaking his head as he jumped up beside her. In a swift move, he had her on her back, his mouth claiming hers for a hungry kiss.

The bed dipped on her right, fingers drifting up her side and tickling her at the same time. She wriggled at the caress, breaking the kiss so she could call out, "Nicky, stop it!"

"What's wrong?"

"It's ticklish," Kevin replied for her.

“Oh.” Nick seemed to consider this for a second before asking, “What do I do then?”

Kevin sat up. “Whatever you want.”

It didn’t take Nick long to make up his mind and lean down to kiss her breath away. Kevin watched as his wife’s tongue met his best friend’s, listening to their moans as they explored each other’s mouths. This was going to be something else all right. Sliding down the bed, he pushed up her legs until they were bent at the knees and settled in between them. With a glint in his eyes, he lowered himself on his elbows and parted her sex with his fingers.

Her hips instantly jerked up, making him laugh. She was so sensitive. Grinning, he let his hands drift all over her, awakening her and her clit. By the time he slid a finger inside her, her little nub was bright red and begging for his tongue. Except she suddenly tensed, her thighs tightening around him in an effort to dislodge him. “Baby? What’s wrong?”

She pushed on Nick’s shoulders and sat up, her face ashen. “Don’t!”

“Don’t do what?” Kevin grabbed her hand in his and squeezed. “What’s going on? Did I hurt you?”

“No, no, it’s...” Her voice died as she realized she hadn’t told him everything about the night before. The last person who’d had his fingers inside her had fled the country and here she was, trying really hard to forget about it all. Even having a threesome in the hopes it would make it all disappear. But one touch from her husband and she was already panicking. Shit! “It’s nothing.”

Kevin’s eyes never left her face and he frowned. “I don’t like it when you lie to me, Mia.”

“I’m not—” She stopped herself short. She was lying to him, he was right. “It’s nothing. Please keep going.”

“Not until you tell me what’s wrong. I thought you were into it, baby.”

“I was. I am!”

“Then what is it?”

“I think I know,” Nick interrupted, grabbing her other hand in his. “Did he touch you there, sweetheart?” No! She begged her friend with her eyes. She hadn’t wanted him to know, please Nicky don’t say anything. But he was already shaking his head, clearly understanding what she was asking silently. “No, Mia, you need to tell us what happened or it’s going to stay inside you and fester and...Just let it go, baby. We’re here for you, you know that, right?”

“I can’t.” She swatted at their hands and made to leave the bed but they grabbed her fingers again and held her put.

“He touched you? He actually put his fingers inside you?” Kevin’s voice was deadly as he stared up at her. “I’m going to kill him. I’m going to—”

“See!” Mia stopped his tirade. “That’s why I didn’t want you to know! It doesn’t matter, okay? He pawed me because he thought I wanted him. He was as out of it as you were and—”

“He wasn’t on drugs, Mia, I was! He has no excuse, no fucking—”

“He was drugged on lust and you know why!”

Kevin glared at her for a few silent minutes before relenting. A heavy sigh left him as he slumped against a corner post. “You’re right. It’s my fault, I shouldn’t have told him about our sex life.”

“Guys,” Nick intervened. “I understand what’s going on but we’re here tonight to forget about everything that’s happened and start anew. No?”

Mia stared at her husband, unsure of what to respond. Nick was right of course but the thought didn’t help as it should. She didn’t know if she could let them touch her there. Just the thought was making her skin crawl, which was undeniably stupid because she’d loved sucking Nick or even feeling Kevin’s excitement as he touched her. That was it, she was stupid. End of the matter.

“Let’s try, at least?” Nick asked, his gaze going from one to the other. “Or do you want me to leave?”

And that’s when Mia took a deep breath and squared her shoulders. If Nick was brave enough to step in the middle of their relationship and try to help, then she should be brave enough to try. They loved her after all and it would make Nick happy. And probably Kevin too, if his current state was any indication.

She nodded and held her husband’s gaze until he did the same.

Chapter Sixteen: Not Enough

She was lying there, her legs wide open and her eyes closed as her husband taught his best friend how to touch her. The moment was surreal but as she listened to their hushed conversation, she could feel her heart rate speed up. This was arousing as hell.

“See that spot there,” Kevin’s voice rang just as a fingertip rested on the left side of her slit, slowly gliding down until it stopped at her entrance. “That’s her favorite one. So if you touch her there and suck on her clit at the same time, she’ll be screaming in no time.”

“Left side, clit, got it. That’s her clit?” Another finger, this time the skin a bit rougher, pressed against her hardened nub for a fleeting second before retreating.

“Yes, cute isn’t it?”

“It’s tiny.”

"I know, she needs a lot of stimulation before it can bring her pleasure. That's why I usually just go for her G-spot. That turns her on in no time."

"G-spot? Fuck, I've never been good at finding those."

"That's okay, I'll help ya."

Mia opened her mouth then clamped it shut. They sounded way too absorbed in their task for her to interrupt them. Instead she forced herself to relax and opened her thighs wider.

"Right." Kevin cleared his throat. "Baby, are you okay up there?"

"Yeah." She took a deep breath as a finger breached her entrance. Just focus on your husband, she told herself. This is Kevin and you love him. "I love you," she said out loud.

"Love you too baby." He grinned up at her before focusing back on his task. "Okay, here it is."

Mia jerked as her spot suddenly came to life, a harsh fingertip pressing against it until she couldn't help but groan. "Kev!"

He chuckled, obviously pleased with himself. "Nick, your turn," he said just before taking his hand off.

"No!"

Nick paused at Mia's outburst. "You don't want me to touch you?"

She opened eyes she hadn't noticed she'd closed and gazed down at his worried face. "No, sorry, didn't mean that. I was talking to Kevin...I think." She blinked.

"She didn't want me to stop caressing her."

"Ah." Nick acknowledged his friend's comment with a nod. "Gotcha. So it's fine with you, babe?"

"Yes, just do something before I die!"

Both men laughed at her words but as they leaned back down, eyes glued to her core, they knew it was time to take it up a notch. Nick followed Kevin's instructions, his middle finger entering her slightly before curling the last knuckle into a hook. He searched her inner wall for that elusive spot and found it almost instantly, the rough skin already quarter sized. "Wow."

"See what I mean?"

Nick glanced at his friend. "Yeah, it's huge."

"I know, it's easy to find and she loves being touched there. That's why she loves doggie too."

“Hey!” Mia leaned up on her elbows and frowned at her husband. “That’s not fair! You love that position too!”

“I do, that’s true, but you know you love it when I take you like that and my cock rubs against your spot at every thrust.”

Her eyes darkened almost imperceptibly. She’d always loved him talking dirty, it just sparked an extra something. “I do.” She licked her lips, her gaze locked on Kevin’s as they both recalled shared memories.

“How’s that?”

Nick interrupted the moment but that was fine, Mia thought as she felt her hips start to follow the rhythm set by his finger. “That’s great, Nicky.”

“Perfect.” Kevin nodded. He grabbed her left nipple between harsh fingers and tweaked it, sending electric shocks straight to her sex.

“Do that again!” She closed her eyes once again and leaned back, missing the look of understanding that passed between the two men.

They moved in unison: Kevin taking a nipple in his mouth, biting on it just as Nick’s teeth tightened around her clit. She keened, the sound getting higher when two fingers entered her and pressed against her spot. Oh god, she was going to lose it. And soon.

It was the first orgasm of many.

Chapter Seventeen: In the Middle

Her eyes never let go of his as she slowly, oh so slowly, took him inside her. His cock was definitely bigger than her husband’s, she thought, feeling it stretch her. She welcomed the pain, her mouth already open on a gasp. She’d been so well loved, so pleased over the past hour, all she wanted was for the ache inside her to stop. She needed to be fucked, plain and simple.

And so, as she felt his head bump into her cervix, his coarse hairs against her butt, she exhaled then slid up. This was going to be fast if she had anything to do with it. She was going to milk him, tighten her walls around his cock and he was going to come. Yes, sirree!

Of course, her plan had to go awry at the first hurdle. Fingers grasped her hips and she stilled. “Kev?”

“Hey.” His breath hit her neck. “Stop moving and lean against Nick.”

Her mouth opened; she fully intended on telling him off for stopping what was supposed to be a very good fuck when his meaning took hold in her head. Oh hell. “You mean...?”

"Yeah." He pushed on her shoulders, clearly impatient to get started.

She caught Nick's warm gaze and asked, "Is that okay with you?"

"That was the plan all along, baby. I'm cool."

"Well, as long as you're cool," she couldn't help but respond.

He laughed and cupped the back of her neck with his hand, dragging her forward for a thorough kiss. She felt so good with his tongue tangling around hers and his cock pulsing inside her that she nearly missed Kevin's first caress. His fingertip pressed against her rose, spreading lube on her skin but also inside her, and she nearly jumped off of Nick at the unexpected touch.

You stupid girl, she admonished herself when Nick broke the kiss and nudged her face up. You knew this was going to happen. That was the whole point of a threesome after all, right?

"Okay?"

She nodded at the man she was straddling, his dick pushed deep inside her. "I will be."

"You've never done this before, haven't you?"

"Not with...another man, no."

"Kev and his toys." Nick couldn't help but grin and she replied in kind.

"Yeah."

"Stop discussing my sex life you two and get ready. Here I come." Kevin's voice rang behind them just before he moved into position.

Mia took a deep breath and leaned against Nick's chest, taking comfort in his embrace as she forced herself to relax her lower body. An insistent pressure started, hardness poking at her until her muscles let go. Her husband growled as the head of his cock slid inside her. He stilled with just the tip of him there and they both exhaled.

This was weird. Good but weird, Mia thought as he kept on pushing forward, only stopping when he was to the deep of her. She had two cocks inside her, two big ones on top of it all. She felt stretched in all directions, the pressure unbelievably real and never ending. They must have had some kind of sign because they started retreating at the same time. Then they thrust up, still moving in sync. It was scary as hell the way they acted together sometimes. All rational thoughts left her when she realized they were only separated by a thin, very thin, membrane. It was too much to take and as she stopped thinking and started feeling, she felt herself start to fly.

"Okay, Mia?" Kevin asked, his voice tense. His movements were beginning to be erratic, his breath coming out in short pants.

Nick's fingers tightened on her waist, his cock jerking inside her.

"Nicky?"

"Yeah?"

"Are you close?"

"Yeah."

"Kev?"

"Same."

"Can I come then?"

"YES!" came roaring out of two mouths.

She concentrated on the feel of them inside her, of their cocks stretching her. Of their bodies slick with sweat trapping her. How they'd pleased her earlier, taking her to new heights as they licked and sucked and caressed and touched her to a shrieking climax. And another one. And another one. Never stopping, only pushing her further. Never taking their own release because they were there for her. They loved her...and she loved them.

She clamped her lower muscles, encasing their pounding cocks in a tight inferno. She pulsed and spasmed and they felt it all. Her mouth opened on a loud scream, the sound of pure pleasure snapping something inside them. They swore, they gasped, they shouted...they filled her with their cum and she loved every second of it.

Chapter Eighteen: Interlude

They stood on their front porch, watching Nick's car fade in the distance, silence suddenly surrounding them. It was mid-morning and they'd spent the night having sex, incredibly hot sex. Nick had been true to his word, never taking more than what was offered; sometimes even having to be persuaded to try something, like have fun with Mia while Kevin took a restorative shower. That had been her decision and hers alone: she had wanted to give him that, the chance to spend some quality time together in bed, watching each other as they reached for the stars. Hearing his growl as he came inside her, his nails leaving marks in the delicate skin of her hips.

She shivered at the thought and smiled when her husband drew her close, enclosing her in his warmth.

"Okay?" he asked, his voice gruff.

"Yeah, you?" She turned slightly, wanting to see the proof in his eyes.

He nodded and caught her gaze on him. "I'm fine. I just...I hope you don't regret it."

"Why should I?"

"I don't know." He turned around and pushed her inside the house, closing the door behind them. "I don't want to see you hurt, not again. I love you and I want you to be happy."

"I am happy, Kevin. I have you after all." She smiled as she took his hand in hers and tugged her up the stairs. "Let's go."

"Go where?"

"I need a bath and you're going to wash my back."

"I see." He couldn't help but shake his head at her assumption but followed anyway. As long as she was happy, he thought; as long as she'd forgotten all about that disastrous sex party, he could live with himself and the knowledge he'd screwed up.

Maybe.

* * * *

Mia was leaning back in her desk chair, her attention not on the sketches lying in front of her but on the List that had started it all. She couldn't remember all her responses but her mind had memorized Kevin's answers; oh yes, it had. She thought back to what'd happened only a week ago, Nick's intense face a permanent image in her mind. She couldn't seem to think of anything else and yet, whenever he came to visit or they ate out together, she did her best to act normal. Never letting it show that she remembered every single second, that she still heard his hoarse cries in her ears. Felt his cock stretch her, pain and pleasure mixed inside her.

And the thing was...it wasn't that she wanted to experience it all over again. Been there, done that. But now that she knew how good a threesome could be, how much joy it could bring, she wondered about Kevin's wish. She wanted to please him just as he'd pleased her. Wanted him to come his head off just as she had.

She wanted him to be shared too.

She bit on her lower lip and closed her eyes, recalling that fateful evening at Charlie's house. Kevin had watched all these different naked women and she'd known then that he'd liked what he was seeing. Oh, not enough for her to get overly jealous, knowing deep inside her he wouldn't sleep with any of them if she wasn't there. But that was the thing, wasn't it? He wouldn't say no if she was there too, if she was a willing participant.

Shit, she couldn't do this! Her mind rebelled. She didn't like women, had never had any bi tendencies throughout her formative years. She loved men, loved feeling them pound inside her. Loved feeling their harsh fingers on her more sensitive skin.

Could she really go against her own preferences just to pay her husband back?

* * * *

"Why are you asking me this?"

Mia frowned at Nick's question. They were sitting in a corner of their local café, empty at this time of the day, hands curled around their steamy cups of coffee. Licking her lips, she avoided his gaze and said, "I'd just like to talk to her. Do you have her phone number? Oh and her name would be great too. Thanks."

"You don't even know her name but you want to give her a call. About what?"

"It's personal."

His hands tightened around his mug. "Try again."

She hesitated then spotted the look in his eyes. He clearly had refrained himself from stating why this wasn't a valid excuse any longer. Of course, the damn man had been deep inside her only days before but still...shit, she didn't want to tell him! She didn't want to tell anyone. "I want to ask her something."

"I thought you'd agreed to forget about everything that'd happened that night?"

"At Charlie's?" He nodded. "Maybe but this is different."

"How?"

"Can't you just give me her number?"

"No."

"Why?" She was starting to get pissed off.

"Because I want to know why first."

"You're not my dad, Nick!"

"Lucky considering..." He shook his head, regretting his words. "Cut the bullshit, Mia. You know she's not someone you'd usually associate with. So, why do you want to talk to her? I'm guessing it's not to ask about Al?"

"God no." She shuddered at the thought of the lecherous man she'd encountered in Charlie's kitchen, recalling his heavy gaze on her breasts. "It's just...I, uh, I'd like to give Kevin a present."

"And?"

She sighed. "Can't you just let it go, please Nicky?"

"Nope, spill."

"You're a pain, you know that?"

A grin blossomed on his handsome face. "I know. Come on, baby, you know I love you. I just don't want to see you hurt again."

"I won't."

"And you can be sure of that because?"

"Because like I said, this would be for Kevin."

He stared at her in silence for a few seconds before saying, his voice hard, "It's that fucking List again, isn't it? You want to give him a free pass with that girl?"

"Yes...and no."

"Very helpful, Mia."

"I didn't want to tell you or anyone else about it so lay off, will ya? It's not as if it'd be the end of the world if we have sex with her!"

"We?"

Oops.

"Uh, yeah. It's Kevin's fantasy, to see me with another woman."

"But..." Nick clearly had lost his power of speech. "I don't know what to say."

She grabbed his hand across the table and squeezed. "What we had will always be special, Nicky, but I want to pay him back. I...I feel bad that I got everything and all he got was—"

"He had it good too, don't you think otherwise. He loved it, Mia. We loved it. It was amazing and I don't see why you feel as if you should repay him in any way."

"Because he's my husband."

“And? Come on, don’t you see? It was a one time thing—”

“And this would be too. I want to make him happy.”

“He is happy, he’s got you!” Nick’s voice rang through the café and Mia watched as he sat back in his seat, eyes dark with anger.

“Nick, please. I’m not asking you to understand, I just need her phone number and her name and I’ll contact her myself.”

“Don’t do this, Mia.”

He was nearly begging her and she felt tears prick her eyes at the tone of his voice. “Please Nicky, help me out here.”

“You don’t even like women!”

“I know.”

“You’re going to get hurt, baby, I know it. I know you.” He sighed. “Can you really imagine yourself having sex with her and Kevin? Comparing yourself to her?”

She gasped. She hated him knowing her so well, damn it! “I’ll get past it, I’m sure I will.”

“Will you really? What if Kevin pays her more attention?”

“I’ll just...I don’t know! I haven’t even asked her about it yet! I’m sure we’ll come up with a set of rules or something. You had rules too, right? It’ll be the same thing!”

“Fuck.” He grabbed his head in both hands and groaned. “I swear, you’re going to make me crazy before I even hit 40.”

“That’s okay, you’ve got a while to go yet.”

He groaned some more and she smiled, loving the fact they were still close. This was Nick and he was her friend and even if she could still feel his lips on hers, it had to be ignored. That and she really needed to get that number out of him!

Chapter Nineteen: Pretty Please, With a Cherry on Top

“Hello.”

“Hi, this is Mia McIntyre. We met at Charlie’s a few weeks ago.”

"Oh hey Mia, Nick told me you'd be calling!"

She looked at the phone in her hand and blinked. Say what? "Nick talked to you?"

"Yeah, it's not like I know him well or anything but I've met him a few times before at Charlie's. So I understand you have something to ask me?"

"Hold on a sec, did Nick tell you why I'd be calling you?"

"Uh, yeah. Is that a problem?"

"I'm...I'm not sure."

"He's really protective of you, you know that? I mean, I know you're married and all but he's way out there. He did this whole tirade about how I shouldn't take advantage, and how I should be nice and do whatever you want but make sure your man doesn't like me too much. I mean, wow!"

Oh Nick. She was going to kill him! "I'm sorry, Bella. I didn't know he was going to talk to you, I just asked him for your number."

"It's okay, I mean no harm done and all."

"So you accept?"

"The threesome thing? Sure."

"Uh, should we go through some rules or..."

"I got a better idea, let's meet up. What about we go out tomorrow night?"

"Us three? Or will Al be there too?"

"No, silly, I meant us two. So that we can get to know each other. I understand you've never done this kind of thing before?"

"That's right." Help! Help!

"Then let's do a recce tomorrow."

"A recce?"

"You know a preview kind of thing?"

"You want us to have sex?" Her sentence ended on a shriek but it only made Bella laugh.

"Maybe not that far, hon, but we need to get comfy with each other so the threesome will work out fine on the night. Sounds good?"

She almost made sense, damn it. "I guess."

"So we're on? Oh I know! I've got the most perfect idea!"

Mia swore under her breath, feeling suddenly quite panicky. "What is it?"

"You're the nipple clamp girl, right? The one who wanted to try them but was too shy?"

"And you tried them instead. Yes, that's me."

"Oh, Al loves your tits. He kept wanting to find you in the house and see if you were naked yet."

Ugh! She so hadn't needed to know that! "Thanks?"

Bella laughed. "I'll come and get you tomorrow evening at seven sharp. Tell your husband you're going out for the night with a friend and that you might not be back until morning."

"Morning? What?"

"You never know!" The girl laughed before hanging up.

Mia gasped as she stared at her beeping phone. What the hell just happened? She thought of calling back Bella but considering their latest conversation, she wasn't too sure what it would bring her. Guess she now had to wait until tomorrow and pray the girl didn't have some crazy-ass ideas...shoot, of course she had! What in hell had she done? She bit her lip when she realized she was going to have to lie to Kevin on top of things. It wasn't like she could tell him she was going to spend the night with another woman, in the hopes they could become friendly enough to have a threesome together.

Help!

Hold on a second. She could do something a lot more constructive until then. Find Nick and do some serious yelling!

* * * *

So what do you wear when you're going out with a woman you've only met once, someone you're going to have sex with on top of it all? Mia tilted her head to the side as she contemplated the clothes in her closet. It didn't help that she had no idea where they were going, be it a club or something else. But Bella was young, probably even younger than Nick, and she guessed they didn't have the same ideas as to what an evening out entailed.

"Still here?" Kevin's voice drifted over her as his arms sneaked around her waist. He pulled her close and she breathed his scent in, enjoying his hard chest against her bare back. Then he pressed his hips against her butt and she couldn't help but shiver at the feel of his denim covered erection. "Wanna have some fun before you get ready?"

She chuckled. "How come you're horny? I thought you were working on next week's training session."

"I was," he replied, nudging her head to the side so he could kiss her neck. "But I thought I'd take a shower to clear my head and here you were, naked and looking so tempting."

Mia closed her eyes, love bubbling inside her. "I was trying to decide what to wear tonight."

"Well, where are you going?"

She took a deep breath and exhaled. She hadn't told him much: just that she was going out with a friend and she didn't know when she'd be back. That she might stay over in case she drank more than usual. "I..." She licked her lips. "I'm not sure. She just said she had an idea but who knows what that means."

"So who's the friend? I know how much you miss your girlfriends."

She smiled as she turned around in his embrace and looped her arms around his neck. "I do but I visit New York often enough for work and it's easy to meet up with them then."

"So?" His eyes glinted and she knew he'd realized she was being deliberately evasive.

"It's Bella."

"Bella?" He tried to come up with a picture that fit the name. "Who's that?"

"Al's girlfriend? The one we met at the party?"

Kevin's eyes widened when he finally got who she was. "The girl with the—"

"Awfully perky breasts? Yup."

"You're going out with her?"

"Yeah, we...we saw each other at the café last week and started talking and well, she's really quite fun. Nice too. And it'll do me good to go out, don't you think?"

"Sure." His eyes bored into hers as if he knew she was hiding something. "Just...be careful, okay?"

"Oh I will, don't worry." Before he could expand on that subject, she pressed herself against him and let her right hand slide between them. She cupped his arousal and squeezed. He moaned. "So you

were saying something about taking a shower?" She led him to the bathroom with her fingers curled around his belt loop.

They walked into the shower room, wide enough for several people—oh, she blinked at the thought, remembering Nick standing naked in front of her, water pouring over his tanned body. His proud cock. How she'd knelt down and taken him in her mouth, his growl ringing loudly in the tiled room.

"Mia? Mia?"

She blinked back to the present and realized he'd gotten undressed. She immediately knelt down. "You were saying?"

"You were far away, baby."

"Sorry." She shot him a smile. "Let me apologize properly." She leaned down and licked his tip, savoring the taste of him. Just like always.

"No." Fingers clenched into her hair, dragging her upwards.

She blinked at the pain but followed the movement and two seconds later, she was pushed, face first, into the nearest wall. "Kev!"

"I need to fuck you."

"But—"

"No buts, I want to feel you tight around me. I want to pound into you." He grabbed her hips and tilted her pelvis so she was almost bent at the waist. Her palms skidded onto the wet tiles but she managed to hang on, a moan rising in her throat. "Show me your ass."

She loved it when he got like this, almost losing control because he couldn't wait. "What's gotten into you?" she asked just as he trailed his finger down her cleft, pressing into her rose then retreating.

"Stop talking, let's fuck." He widened her stance and flicked her clit. The caress was too quick to do much good but before she could complain, he'd slammed into her.

She hissed as she felt her head bump the wall but he didn't hear, too caught up in the feel of her tight channel. His right hand caressed her butt before his thumb slid down, pushing into her other entrance just as he slammed his cock once more into her.

She screamed, the sound reverberating around them and he grunted, taking his thumb out before doing it all over again but with two fingers. "Kevin!"

"We don't have any lube, I know."

She wasn't going to say that at all actually. She felt stretched and it was good, amazingly good. He changed positions so that the head of his cock brushed against her spot each time he thrust into her, the dual stimulation pushing her higher. Fast.

"You're mine, do you hear? Can you feel my cock inside you? My fingers in your ass? You're mine, all mine!" He growled just before stilling and shooting his load inside her.

That was all it took. She shattered and hoped she wouldn't end up on the wet floor just like last time.

Chapter Twenty: First Times

Mia recalled Kevin's terse voice as he left her to get dressed earlier, still spent from the dizzying bout of sex they'd just had. He'd told her not to wear something sexy and to fucking hide her tits, end quote. He clearly was worried, it sounded almost like jealousy except she didn't understand why. Oh, she was planning on having sex with someone else tonight of course but he didn't know that. Did he? No, she shook her head as she slid out of the house and closed the door behind her. Nick wouldn't have betrayed her trust, he wouldn't have told Kevin. But she couldn't help but wonder what earlier had been all about. It'd been amazing but quite out of character, even for someone like her husband.

He'd locked himself in his study by the time she'd gone downstairs so she'd simply blown him a kiss through the door, listening to his succinct "Have a good evening" before turning on her heels and escaping outside. She waited on the front porch, her eyes lost in the distance as she prepared herself mentally for the evening to come. She was going to have to let go of her prejudices, all of them. She'd never been intrigued by women or their naked bodies. She didn't want to know how a woman's lips tasted down there. But the more she thought about Bella, the more she remembered that little scene at the party: how she'd touched herself, her nipples small and almost dainty before she'd tugged at them and got them ready for the clamps. Mia shook her head: she was getting wet, she could feel it even through the thick material of her black jeans. Maybe it wouldn't be that hard after all, she mused. Then a car appeared at the bottom of their drive and she felt her breath falter. Here we go...

"Hey!" Bella's face appeared in the window. "Jump in!"

Mia gave a final look over her shoulder, her eyes narrowing when she saw a curtain flutter downstairs. Kevin? No, he was tucked away in his study, getting his lesson ready. Nevermind, she shook her head and climbed into the massive dark grey SUV. "Hey Bella. Thanks for picking me up."

"No worries. Let's go to my place, have a drink or two and then we'll go to the store."

"The store?" Mia asked as she tightened the seat belt around her.

"Yeah, you'll see." Bella grinned at her before flooring the car.

Oh fuck.

* * * *

So the girl was nice, Mia told herself as she leaned back against the soft leather sofa. Bella was so carefree it felt great to sit back and just enjoy having no responsibilities. Drinking and laughing, eating junk food and eyeing the men on the wide TV screen. It was just like one of those PJ parties she used to have when she was a teenager. Except this time, they were drinking alcohol and the woman beside her had a glint in her eyes, one she'd been doing her best to ignore.

Bella was still giggling at something she'd just said, a comment on the way the TV show's hero was dressed, when she pointed to the woman who'd appeared on the screen. "Now her, I like. I could definitely do her."

"I don't know." Mia shook her head. "I don't see it myself."

"Come on! She's got huge tits and she's got those lips. Yum!"

"Sorry but nope."

"What? Can you truthfully tell me you've never had the hots for a woman? Never ever?"

"Not really."

"Mia!" Bella sat up, green liquid nearly spilling out of her martini glass. "Come on!" Mia shrugged, feeling a blush spread on her face. "Why do you want me to join you and your husband then?"

Mia looked at the younger woman and knew she had to tell her the truth. "It's a present. He's...he's given me something and I want to repay him, I guess you could say."

"By giving him a threesome?"

"Yeah. It's crazy, I know." Mia sighed as she crossed her arms. She'd known it was mad of course but if even Bella, the woman who'd tried everything under the sun, thought so too, she was screwed. And they hadn't even done anything yet!

"Oh yeah, it's nuts. It's very cute too. And romantic. Sexy."

"Really?"

"Sure. It means you love him, true, but it also means you trust him completely. That's hot, hon."

"Oh." She'd never thought about it that way but Bella was right. "Thanks."

"You're welcome." Bella sent her a cheeky grin. "So no woman at all?"

"None. Except..."

Bella grabbed her hand excitedly. "Except? Except?" Her voice rose on the last word.

"Can you—" Mia let out a small laugh. "I was gonna ask if you could keep a secret but that's somewhat irrelevant now. I must admit I'd quite liked it when you stripped and, uh, touched yourself that one time."

"Me? Except me?"

Full tomato alert, Mia thought as she felt her cheeks blaze. "Sorry, I shouldn't have told you anything."

"No, no." Small fingers closed around hers. "I'm glad you did. That makes me...I have a secret too."

"Don't, Bella, it's fine. You don't have to reciprocate or anything."

"It's okay, just hear me out. I'm bi, right?" Mia nodded, having already guessed that one. "And I love it, I love having all those possibilities in front of me. It's the best feeling in the world."

"But—"

"But what? How do I do it?"

"Yeah and...what about Al? Isn't he your boyfriend?"

"Yes and no. It's complicated but let's just say he doesn't mind me having some fun as long as I close my eyes to his extracurricular activities."

"Really?"

"Yup, seems fair too."

"I guess. I just...I'm not sure how you do it."

Bella shrugged, "It's just who I am. It's...I had a difficult childhood and I need that freedom. I don't think I could survive without it."

Mia looked back at her, knowing now wasn't the time to pry. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"Sorry enough to kiss me?"

She gasped, nearly choking on her drink. "Now?"

Bella grinned at the look on her new friend's face. "You should see your expression, babe. Classic!" Leaning forward, she traced Mia's lips with her fingertip. "We're going to have to do it at one point or another, you know that, right?"

"I do."

“Good.” She jumped up and stretched out her hand. “Let’s go.”

“Go? What? Where?”

“I have a surprise for ya. Come on, Mia, or we’re staying in and having some fun.”

Mia was at the door in two seconds flat.

Chapter Twenty-One: I Hate Surprises

"Surprise!" Bella cried out as they parked in front of a superstore, albeit not your usual kind.

"A sex shop?"

"Yep, I thought that would kickstart your education. Come on, let's go! It's gonna be so much fun!"

Fun wasn't exactly what she'd have said, Mia thought as she followed her friend into the store. It was huge and it had everything. She'd never seen anything like it and she wondered if Kevin knew about it. He had to, it was probably heaven for him a place like this. All these toys! Smiling, she spotted Bella bent over a shelf and went to join her. "Found something?"

"Yeah. Look at this, what do you think?" She held up a metal chain.

"For?"

Bella couldn't help but laugh, "For you, silly!"

"Me?" Clearly dumbfounded, Mia took a step back. "Why?"

"I thought you wanted to try one of those?" She grabbed the pair of clamps that went with it and held them up in the air, right in front of Mia's eyes. "No?"

"Uh, yeah." She licked her lips, recalling the last time she'd seen Bella with nipple clamps in her hands. "That's right. It's...let's just say, I'd like to see how they work. Or rather, if they work."

"Oh they do, believe me."

"I do. I saw you, remember?"

Bella smirked, obviously remembering too. "Damn right. Okay, so which ones would you like? I'm guessing you should try some adjustable ones first."

"Why's that?" Mia leaned down and eyed the selection on offer. She had no idea what to choose; usually Kevin was the one buying when it came to this type of paraphernalia.

"Well I haven't seen them yet but I'm guessing your nipples are bigger than mine. I have very small tits after all."

"Oh." Mia tried her hardest to force the image that'd popped into her mind. "Right. So adjustable? "

"Yes, or you can have some vibrating ones. Or some clover clamps? Uhm, although those might be a bit much for a newbie." Bella turned towards her and said, "What about you try some of them? They have changing rooms over there." She pointed towards the other end of the store. "That way, you'll know if they're worth buying or not."

“Uh.” Let’s see. Did she really want to try these things on here? No! “I don’t think...” Her voice trailed as she watched Bella stride off, her hands full. “Shit.” She hurried after her.

* * * *

“So?” The voice came over the black curtain, impatience running through it. “What do you say?”

Nothing, Mia glanced at her reflection in the mirror. She hadn’t even taken her bra off yet, let alone tried any of them on. “I need a few minutes.”

“You’ve been in there ten already!” She had? “I’m coming in!”

“No!” Too late. The curtain parted and a small shape darted inside before swiftly closing it behind her. “Bella!”

“Shh!” The younger woman had a finger over her mouth. “I’m not supposed to be in here. Only one person per cabin, those are the rules!” Of course, that made a lot of sense. Otherwise everyone would get aroused by the things on display and they’d all trooped in here for some little relief. “Why are you still dressed?”

Mia nearly groaned out loud. “I’m not sure about this.”

“Hon, this is nothing compared to what you’re going to have to do later on. If you’re not sure...I don’t know. Maybe we should forget about the whole thing.”

She shook her head almost violently. “No, Kevin deserves this. He’s gonna love it and I want to make him happy but...I’m not that confident.”

“With your body?” Bella caught her gaze in the mirror, moving behind her. It would have been funny, considering how much smaller—everywhere the other girl was but comprehension lit her eyes. Mia nodded. “Oh honey, don’t. I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t think I’d enjoy your body, don’t you see?”

“I don’t know.”

“Trust me on this. I wasn’t too sure about doing this in the first place. The first and only time I had a threesome with a married couple was horrendous and I’d told myself I’d never do it again.”

“So what made you say yes?”

“Nick did. He pleaded on your behalf and he was damn persistent.”

“I see.” And she did, Mia thought. He’d known how important it was for her to do this for Kevin. He’d understood. Sighing, she crossed her arms over her chest and stared at her reflection: the thick bra hiding her breasts, her softly rounded stomach poking over the waist of her jeans.

“And you.”

“What?”

“I remembered you from Charlie’s party. After all, Al kept talking about you and I have to say I’d love it if I could be the one seeing your tits instead of him. It’d drive him mad!”

“You’re not planning on telling him, are you?” Or she was so out of here!

“No, no, don’t worry. I’m just saying.” She grinned in the mirror, two soft hands closing on her shoulders. “Now let me help, okay? If you really want this.”

Mia closed her eyes and reopened them a second later. “Okay.”

A soft smile appeared on Bella’s face before she disappeared from view.

Chapter Twenty-Two: Help!

She’d lied; Mia pursed her lips together as she felt Bella’s soft hands work on her bra’s clasp. She didn’t want this, or rather she did but somewhere in her mind where it would stay a fantasy. Something that she could read about in one of her books, something that would turn her on at the time but wouldn’t have any consequences.

“Okay?” Bella asked, her fingers tightening on the snaps. “Nearly there.”

Mia imagined what would happen next: her heavy breasts would fall and she’d watch herself in the mirror, the bright overhead lights showing her everything that was wrong with her body. And she’d hate it and herself but she wouldn’t say anything because Bella was there and it was important she was pleased. After all, they needed a happy Bella for the threesome, right?

Fuck, what was she thinking? What was she doing? Why? Because Kevin would like it and he was due a present, her mind rebelled but she quickly shot it down. Who was she kidding? Like he hadn’t taken any pleasure in their night together with Nick? Like he hadn’t thoroughly enjoyed showing Nick what made her tick, how high she screamed when he touched her or fucked her in a certain way?

“Stop!” she shouted, surprising the other woman so much she squealed.

“Fuck, you scared me! What’s wrong?” Bella’s head appeared in the mirror.

“I can’t do this.” Mia grabbed her top and shoved it back on, getting an earring trapped in the soft cotton and pulling on it sharply to get it off. “I have to go!”

“Why? Come on, Mia, we’ve talked about this. You asked me!”

"I know and I regret it, I'm so sorry Bella. I think you're great and I'd love to be your friend but I can't do this. I can't. I just..." She turned around and hooked her purse over her shoulder. "I gotta go. I'm sorry. Bye!" Pulling the curtain aside, she left the changing rooms in a hurry, striding through the store as if the devil was at her heels. She skidded down the front steps and stopped short when she realized one thing: she had no car. "Fuck!" Her grand exit ruined because she'd forgotten Bella had driven her here. She didn't want to wait for the other woman though, knowing perfectly well she was going to try and change her mind again. And she'd probably succeed too.

The thought spurred her on and as she opened her purse and searched through it, her mind scanned her remaining options. She could call Kevin and ask him to come get her but then she'd have to explain what she was doing here and why. What'd happened. Or she could call Nick and he would come, of that she had no doubt. Or... She heard her name being called out from a departing car.

She eyed the enormous truck that did a U-turn and slid to a stop in front of her with a wondering look. She couldn't remember anyone she knew having such a car but maybe it was new. It sure looked sparkling clean.

The driver's window slid down and a face appeared. "Need a lift?"

She gasped. "You're back?" Her voice sounded too much like a shriek but with good reason. Charlie was staring at her. Charlie! He was supposed to be out of the country!

"Yeah, got back yesterday. I tried calling Kevin earlier but he wasn't answering."

"You think? Are you freaking nuts? He's going to kill you if he sees you!"

Charlie looked back at her. "I wanted to apologize."

"A bit late, isn't it?"

"Please, Mia. I'm not proud of what I did."

"I sure hope not." She crossed her arms over her chest, feeling strangely disheartened.

"Do you need a lift? Or is Kevin with you?"

"No, he's...not here. And no thanks."

"Waiting for someone?" He looked around, clearly wondering who she could be with in such a location if not her husband.

Shit! "Yeah, something like that." Mia looked towards the shop's entrance and spotted a flustered Bella, gazing around as if looking for something. Or someone. For pity's sake! "We need to talk. Can you drive me home?"

Charlie's eyebrows snapped together but it didn't take him long to answer. "Sure, hop on."

She hurried to the passenger's door and climbed into the tricked-out car, closing her eyes when she heard the tires spin on the gravel. They were off. She was free or nearly enough, she thought as she eyed the enemy. She'd have to apologize to Bella tomorrow but for now, she and Charlie were going to have a little conversation. "Why did you do it?"

The car slowed as they came up to an intersection, Charlie drumming his fingers on the wheel as he thought about her question. "Do you want the truth or...what?"

"What do you think?"

"I don't know. I don't know you, Mia."

"Good point. The truth and only the truth would be nice. Now talk."

His eyes darkened at her tone but he exhaled before saying, "I thought you wanted me. I really did."

"I got that, I can almost understand it but what I don't get is why you thought you needed to drug my husband? Of all the stupid things to do! Who do you think you are? God?"

"I wanted you for myself, okay?"

"What does that have to do with anything?"

He braked to a stop on the side of the road and turned towards her. "I've been listening to him telling me about you for all these years, Mia. I was against your marriage and—"

"I know." She interrupted him. "I heard you two talk once."

"You do? You did?" She nodded. "I'm sorry you had to hear that but I believed you were a gold digger. And not a particularly cute one at that." Her mouth opened but she didn't know what to say to that. Thanks? "I know, I know. I didn't know who you were or how much you were worth at the time. And Kevin quickly explained how you'd met and how the sex was fucking amazing. How he didn't want to let you go. It was crazy! The man was a confirmed bachelor, screwing groupies left and right and you pop in and he's talking about marriage!"

"And you're telling me all this, why?"

"Because I wanted to see for myself what all the fuss was about. Everyone knows Nick's had a crush on you for years. On you, for fuck's sake! You're fat!"

She blinked, amazed he could still insult her after everything that'd happened. "Take me home."

"I'm not finished!" His face had turned angry and she suddenly wondered whether getting into his car had been wise. The man had pushed himself on her only weeks before after all, the damn thing too close to an attempted rape. Even if it'd been a sex party and the lines had been blurred.

"Charlie?" she asked, her voice soft.

"I'm sorry." He took a deep breath. "I didn't mean it like that. I mean, yes I did but...Okay, it's easy. I didn't get it so I'd thought I'd see for myself. You were the ones accepting my invitation to the party. You were the one arriving dressed like a hooker. You were the ones who interrupted me and Candy. You were checking me out!"

"You drugged my husband! You almost raped me! Nick wouldn't have been there, what would have happened, Charlie? You'd have forced me?"

"I...I don't know."

His face blurred and she realized she was crying. "You don't know? That's your response?"

"I don't know! I can't say anything else, I won't lie to you, okay?"

"I guess that's something," Mia replied, brushing her cheeks angrily. "Take me home, please."

"Sure." He put the car back into Drive. "I'm not proud of what I did, Mia and if I could, I'd erase that whole evening. But I want you to know I'm sorry."

She looked at his profile in the semi-darkness, his face hard as he stared straight ahead. She didn't know him well enough to know if he was telling the truth as he'd said he would. She couldn't even guess if that was the whole story or not. If he was really sorry. Tears leaked, wetting the sides of her nose and she sniffed. She was so tired of this whole thing, so tired.

Kevin wouldn't let it go so easily, she knew, and she hated being the one coming between the two friends. If she hadn't been there, none of this would have happened and life would have gone on as usual. A little voice in her mind chirped in, commenting that it'd been Kevin's idea to go to that party in the first place but still...her husband couldn't see her come out of Charlie's car. He'd go ballistic and she didn't want him to kill the other man, as screwed up as he was. Fuck, what had she been thinking telling him to drive her home? "Can you drive me somewhere else?"

Charlie shot her a look. "Sure. Where?"

"Nick's?"

His hands tightened on the wheel and he clearly refrained from asking questions. "Okay. Hold on," he said before taking the next right, the wheels squeaking as they righted themselves.

"Thanks."

Nothing else was said.

Chapter Twenty-Three: A Friendly Discussion

"If you say I told you so, I'm out of here," Mia said as she stepped into Nick's condo and immediately veered towards the kitchen. She opened the freezer and pulled out the bottle of vodka she'd known would be there and served herself a healthy dose. Then she rummaged around the fridge for some OJ and finally, after she'd taken her first sip, she leaned back against the counter and stared at him.

"Do you wanna talk about it?" Nick asked, grabbing her glass and taking a sip.

She frowned, gesturing for him to get his own drink. "I don't know."

"That bad?"

"No, yes." She sighed. "I'm just that stupid."

"You're not stupid," he immediately countered.

"Tell that to Bella."

"What happened?"

"I...I chickened out."

"Ah." He grabbed another glass and filled it up with straight vodka, downing half of it before he added, "Did she try to do something you didn't like?"

"No." Mia shook her head. "It never went that far. We were out at that sex superstore over in Willington. Have you ever been there?"

"Yeah, it's got everything under the sun. Quite amazing really. They have this porn collection that—" He stopped himself and cleared his throat. "So you were over there and?"

"She wanted me to try some, uh, stuff and I freaked out. I left her there. Shit!" She grabbed her head in both hands and groaned. "I'm so fucking stupid!"

"Shh," Nick murmured, stepping closer to her and wrapping an arm around her shoulders. "I'm sure she'll understand."

"I'm not so sure about that. I'm the one who asked her to do this and then I just leave her there and all she'd wanted to do was to make me try on some nipple clamps. Stupid!" She bit her lip and looked in the distance, her thoughts in disarray.

His cock twitched at her words and before he knew it, he was hard. He licked lips that had gone dry before saying, "I see. Would you like me to, I don't know, call her and explain?"

"I don't know." She took her drink and downed it. "Ouch, that's harsh."

"Babe!" He pulled her glass away and looked at her reproachfully. "Now's not the time to get drunk."

"Whatever. I think it's the perfect time. I'm such a bad wife." She brushed her arms with her palms, tears pricking her eyes.

"Why do you say that? You wanted to give Kevin the opportunity to have two women at the same time. If you ask me, I'd say he's very lucky having you for a wife."

"I screwed it up, Nicky, don't you see? It would have been perfect but no, I had to go and ruin it. And for what? Because I couldn't imagine touching her. Kissing her. It just...I couldn't bring myself to do it!"

"Hey," Nick said, his fingertip on her chin nudging her head up. "Look at me."

"Not now, Nick." She tried to move away but he stopped her.

"Look at me," he repeated, his voice soft.

She sighed as she gazed into his eyes, love and understanding brimming from them. "Nick..."

"I love you, you know that, right?" She nodded. "You're amazing. You just gotta start believing in yourself a little more, baby."

"Thanks Nick but I don't see—"

He interrupted her, his hands sliding down her back to clasp her hips. "You know that's why Kevin pushed you to do the List, right?"

"Yes. And look how great that turned out!" Nick's eyes darkened and she realized what she'd just said. "Sorry, Nicky, I didn't mean it like that. I loved our night together."

"Thanks." He took a deep breath then exhaled. "You've gotta believe Kevin is doing this for your own good. I know it backfired with that fucking party but he's doing it for you. He wants you to love yourself."

"I do!"

He eyed her with disbelief. "Mia, come on."

"Okay so maybe I don't. Not always. But I'm not that bad."

"You're not. When you let go, you do so fully and that's an amazing feat, baby. I mean, you had the courage to take two men inside you at the same time. And you enjoyed it, didn't you?"

"Yeah." She licked her lips, her eyes lost in his.

“See?” He smiled, a soft smile that tugged at her heart. “When you let go, you have fun and you’re this sex goddess—”

She giggled, cutting him off. “Sex goddess? You drunk already, Nicky?”

He grinned. “No but you know what I mean. You just get into the moment and you stop thinking about what you look like or whether you should really be doing this. You let yourself enjoy it and baby, that’s fucking sexy.”

And just talking about it, recalling how she’d looked like that one evening, her lips parted as she took him in inside her, was enough to make him hard as a rock. He could feel himself start to lose control, lust stirring inside him. He stared at her, looking so innocent under the bright lights, her mouth shiny from the vodka. He wanted to grab her and pull her to his bedroom. He wanted her pliant underneath him, his name on her lips as she shouted his release. He wanted her, plain and simple.

But she hadn’t come here for sex. She wasn’t one of his usual dates; she was married to his best friend. Fuck! At that moment, he almost hated her. “Would you like me to drive you home now?” The sudden change of topic threw Mia and she gazed at him, dumbfounded. He took a step back, his body no longer brushing hers as he grabbed his drink and downed the rest. “So?”

“I guess. I just don’t know what I should tell him. I mean, I was supposed to spend the night with a friend and now you’re driving me home?”

“You could say we’d met up at a club and Bella was too drunk to drive you home, or you got a migraine and you asked me to drive you. I don’t know!”

“I don’t want to lie to him.”

“Then make up your mind, Mia!”

She gasped at his tone. “What the fuck is your problem?”

He stared at her in silence, hands tightened into fists. “I need you out of the house.”

“What?” She blinked, shocked at his words. What the hell was going on? He’d been complimenting her only minutes before, his speech awakening something in her and now this? “What’s wrong? Did I say something—”

“No, I just need you to leave. I’m expected somewhere and I can drop you off on the way but that’s it.”

“I see.” She didn’t see at all but she grabbed her bag and hooked it over her shoulder, desperate to leave. She’d find something to tell Kevin, she always did. “Let’s go then.”

“Great.”

She tried asking him what was wrong once they were safely tucked inside his car but he ignored her, increasing the volume of his stereo until rap was booming out from the speakers.

She tried recalling their conversation, certain she'd said something that had hurt him. Maybe coming to see him tonight had been another bad idea in her latest list of screw-ups. From Bella to Charlie to this....she sighed and stared at the twinkling lights in the distance.

"Nick?" She called out his name, wanting to see the usual love in his eyes. Needing the reassurance she hadn't hurt him. "Nicky!" This time she'd shouted his name over the music.

He looked at her and snapped, "Don't call me that!"

"Oh, sorry." She blinked back tears.

The next thing he told her was "Bye." as she got out of his car fifteen minutes later.

Chapter Twenty-Four: I Don't Wanna Talk

"Was that Nick's truck?"

Mia sighed. Of course. He had to see her arrive. "Yes."

Kevin stepped out of the den as she dumped her purse onto the hallway table. "What's up? I thought you'd be gone the whole night."

"I thought so too but I decided to come home early." She brushed past him but he wasn't that easily swayed. He followed her to the kitchen and watched as she poured herself another vodka. It seemed tonight was the time to be drinking. She wanted to lose herself in the alcohol, forget about everything that had happened in the last hours. She didn't know what was wrong with Nick but if she was truthful, that was what'd hurt the most. He'd basically thrown her out of his home, intent on pushing her away when he'd been praising her only minutes before. It just didn't make any sense.

"Mia? Mia!"

"What?" She turned to face her husband, avoiding his eyes whilst she was at it.

"What the fuck happened? And why was Nick driving you home?"

She looked up then, catching his gaze. Her breath faltered when she spotted the tension on his face, his shoulders hunched as if he was expecting bad news. And that's when she realized she couldn't tell him the truth. He didn't need to know his wife was a screw-up. "Can we not talk about it now?" She took a step forward and pressed herself against him. "Please?" Leaning up, she grasped his shoulders and brushed her mouth over his parted lips, her tongue sneaking in for a quick taste.

He growled, his hands automatically cupping her hips. "Mia, what—"

She pushed her advantage, tangling her tongue around his before kissing his breath away. She didn't want to talk. Not now. Not ever. So she did what she knew would shut him up. She broke the kiss and knelt down, popping his pants open before sliding her right hand inside.

He hissed as her fingers trailed his erection before cupping him firmly. "Baby, what are you doing?"

"What does it look like?" She smiled up at him and prayed he would play along. Please, Kevin. "I love you."

He jerked, startled by her announcement. It took him a few seconds to reply, "Love you too, baby."

She didn't give him time to say anything else. She drew his erection out and fell on him, her mouth widening to take him in. She had to do this right or he would start talking again, she just knew it. Closing her eyes, she concentrated on the feel of him and forced her throat to relax, inching his cock deeper and deeper. She could do this, she'd done it before after all. She just hated it but now wasn't the moment to start complaining. She'd been a bad wife and she had to redeem herself, she thought as she felt him bump the back of her throat.

He growled above her and ran his fingers through her hair in a vain effort not to tug her to him. He wanted to fuck her mouth, he loved doing that but she hated it and now...Fuck! "Baby, I gotta move."

She let his cock slide back up then bit lightly around his tip, her teeth raking his sensitive skin. She knew how much he loved that and she smiled inwardly when she heard him hiss above her head. Okay, here goes...She did it all over again, letting him glide down her throat until she thought she would choke. But no, she held on and as she did it time and time again, Kevin's nails digging into the back of her head, it began to grow easier. So much so that when he finally came, cum spurting into her throat, she didn't even mind. She didn't gag either. Go her.

She let go of him and grabbed the counter, pulling herself up as she swayed on her booted feet. She left him there and hurried out of the room. She needed to get changed. She needed quiet.

She needed to stop thinking.

* * * *

She woke up in the middle of the night and hiccupped, startled to find a wet spot on her pillow. That's when she realized her cheeks were wet too, tears still trailing down her face. She quickly rubbed at them then turned around under the duvet, trying to find a comfortable—and dry—position.

"Baby?" Kevin was looking straight at her and she knew he'd heard her cry.

"I had a nightmare. Go back to sleep."

"About what?" he asked, his hand finding hers under the covers. He squeezed her fingers and drew her forward, moving her until she was half-lying over him.

"I'm not sure," she lied. She remembered clearly what her dream had been about. It'd started like a pretty awesome fantasy: a naked Kevin splayed between female legs, groaning as he touched her. Then he'd knelt up and she'd seen the woman's face. It hadn't been her, it'd been Bella. He'd turned his head then and she'd followed his gaze, and spotted herself sitting in the corner of the bed, her hands tight around the sheet as she hid herself and her bare body. He'd looked at her with contempt and said, "See, that's what great tits look like!" He'd pointed to Bella's chest before softly caressing a perky breast. The woman had moaned, her hips jerking up at the small caress. "See how responsive she is? I don't have to work at getting her hot, she is hot!"

"But—"

He'd cut her off, clearly not interested in what she had to say. "And she's got this big clit, it's amazing. I love playing with it." His hand had traced a path down the woman's flat stomach, smoothing down her sex until his thumb brushed her tight nub. The woman had screamed and she was coming, just like that. As if all it took was one caress and a tweak from her husband.

"And she likes women too. She likes everything. She's the perfect woman, you know. I'm sure she'd make a perfect wife too. I'm sure she wouldn't say no to anything I'd ask. Wouldn't you, Bella?"

The woman had opened her eyes and smiled languorously. "I'd do whatever you want me to do, Kevin. I'm yours to command."

"See this, Mia? That's how a woman should be. That's how my wife should be!"

"I agree." Nick popped onto the bed as if by magic. He stared at the woman sprawled there, her tanned legs draped decorously on the satin sheet. "She's so hot and tiny. Just perfectly proportioned. Hey Bella, what do you say about a threesome?"

"Oh yeah!" The giggly girl sat up, her breasts never jiggling at the sudden move. "Let's! I so love having two big cocks inside me!"

"Perfect. Mia, leave us. We don't need you any longer." Kevin motioned her towards the door.

"Yeah, you can go now," Nick added before turning to the other woman and saying, "I love you, Bella."

"No, I love you Bella," Kevin countered, lying down on top of her.

Mia closed her eyes and shivered. They didn't need her any longer. They loved another woman, someone who met their requirements so much better than she ever did. Tears trickled down her face as she stood up and fled the room, their laughter ringing loudly behind her.

She moaned in her sleep, the sound wrenching as much as her sobs had been. What the hell was going on? Kevin wondered as he smoothed her hair down her back, the soothing caress having managed to put her back to sleep.

Eyes opened, he stared at the dark ceiling and tried to quiet his wife.

Chapter Twenty-Five: No is No

It started the next morning.

He woke up, her ass pressed against him so tightly he had an instant erection. Tugging her loose shirt over her midriff, he let his hand cup her stomach and thrust against her butt cheeks, loving the way her smooth skin got him even hotter. “Mia?” he called out softly, wanting her to wake up so he could greet her properly. He thought about the evening before and that scene in the shower room, how tight she’d felt. How loud she’d screamed. He wanted this again but this time, he wanted her on top of him. Yeah, he nodded to himself, she was going to ride him to heaven and back. Of course, she really had to wake up first. “Baby? Wakey wakey!”

“Mmm,” she groaned, turning around in bed until she was lying on her back.

He jumped on the opportunity offered and deftly tugged her shirt higher, baring her full breasts to his roving eyes. “Oh yeah. Hello you two.”

“Who are you talking to?” She hadn’t opened her eyes yet, still not fully awake. Was there somebody else in the room? Should she start to worry?

“Your tits. I’ve missed them.”

She frowned. “Uh?”

“Don’t worry, baby. Just lie there for now and I’ll make you feel good.”

“What?”

He didn’t let her question him any further, simply bent down and took one nipple into his mouth. He laved it before suckling on the hardening nub, his right hand palming her other breast at the same time.

Mia forced herself to awaken. Kevin was caressing her and she wasn’t sure what to think. She thought he preferred Bella. Wasn’t that what he’d told her the night before? Images spun in her mind, of him showing her what she was missing, of how she wasn’t good enough. Dread rose through her and she jerked upright, knocking him back.

He grabbed the duvet and pushed himself back up. “What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?”

Yes! She wanted to scream but instead she shook her head. "No, I'm just tired. Night." She turned so her back faced him. She grabbed her pillow with one hand, holding on to her control at the same time. He didn't want her. She wasn't good enough after all so what was the point? Closing her eyes, she ignored his soft voice or the way his fingers drifted up her spine. For once, his touch didn't bring shivers. Her body felt cold, almost frozen.

She let her mind empty, clinging to the darkness that was calling her name. She fell back asleep, her husband forgotten.

* * * *

The next time it happened, it was days later.

He'd tried cornering her ever since that damned wake-up call, the one that had never occurred, but each time she'd avoided him. Oh, she was becoming an expert at never being home when he was or retreating into her study when it was dark and he wanted nothing more than to cuddle up with her. But no, she was too busy, always having an excuse or another weak reason why she couldn't spend some time with him.

He was starting to wonder if she was seeing someone else but no, he couldn't believe that of her. She loved him. He was sure of it. "Baby?" he asked, watching her across the kitchen table.

"Yeah?"

She never looked at him anymore and he was missing it more than he could have ever imagined. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Just thinking about my collection."

"How's it coming along?"

"Not bad. I have a few ideas I'm playing with." She picked a slice of bread and began torturing it, flakes of crust tickling down from her over-agitated fingers. "You? How's the season shaping up?"

"Fine."

"Great." He sighed as she finished another glass of wine before standing up and depositing her empty plate into the sink. "I'll do the dishes later. Just leave them there."

Her lips quirked into a semblance of a smile before she fled the room; and as he heard the door of her study closing, he leaned his head down onto the cool wood and fought the need to scream.

His chair squeaking against the tiled floor, he got up abruptly and followed her. He couldn't go on like this! He entered her study in a flurry of movement and stopped short when he saw her. She was

leaning against the window, her gaze lost in the distance. She started at his sudden arrival and turned around. "What's wrong?"

"We need to talk."

"Not now. I have work to do."

"Work being looking out the window?" he snapped back, his temper rising.

"I was getting into my zone. What the hell is wrong with you?" She frowned, looking at him as if he was the one at fault there.

"What is wrong with me? What is wrong with me?" His voice rose. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"No, I'm simply asking a question."

She sounded so reasonable it drove him mad. He took two steps forward and cornered her again the window, her back pressing against the chilled panes in an effort to avoid him. Grabbing her hands in his, he pushed them up until they were on either side of her head.

He'd trapped her. "Stop it!"

"No, we're going to talk one way or another."

"About what?"

"Oh for pity's sake, Mia, stop acting as if everything is right in the world!"

"What do you mean?"

Her eyes were wide, too wide, he noticed. Why was she so scared? "What's going on, baby? Why are you acting like this? Did I hurt you in any way?"

"No." She shook her head from side to side. "It's got nothing to do with you, it's just me. Let it go, please."

"What is it? I can't help if you don't tell me what it is!"

But she didn't want him to help, she thought but didn't say out loud. She liked being this shell, no emotions peaking from inside her. No fear, no passion, no recriminations. Nothing.

She was nothing.

And it felt great.

"Mia, please." Kevin drew down until their foreheads bumped. "Let me love you."

She bit her lip, hating him for using the L word on her. "Don't."

"I love you so much. Please baby, let me help you." He brushed her lips softly with his and she forced herself to stay put.

She hated the feel of him so close to her. She didn't want to feel, damn it, but if that made him stop bothering her... "Let's go," she said before pushing him off of her. She left the room and hurried upstairs, her clothes dropping off with every step. She got to their bedroom, already naked, an excited husband hot on her trail.

Chapter Twenty-Six: I Need Instructions

He had thought he'd cracked her. How wrong had he been.

Kevin felt like he was going to scream soon, and not in ecstasy. He looked up at his wife, her legs spread open as if in invitation. He'd tried everything: kissing her slowly and languorously; nipping at her nipples just like she liked; sucking her clit to a hardened nub, his finger sliding inside her to play with her spot. But not even that had made her react.

She was just laying there, her eyes closed as she breathed slowly. She wasn't even wet, after all this! What the fuck was going on? He nearly pulled at his hair when he traced her rose and that didn't even make her shiver.

Was it him? Maybe he was doing something wrong? His mind rebelled at the idea. This was Mia and he'd been making love to her for years now. He knew what she liked, damn it! He'd always managed to make her come, from that first time on her desk to their wedding night. He knew his wife, he did.

Then why wasn't she reacting?

"Baby?" She didn't even blink, as if she hadn't heard his voice. "Mia?"

She stirred. Finally. "Yeah?"

"What would you like? I aim to please."

"Oh." She kept her eyes closed. "Whatever you want."

"No, this is for you."

"Just, you know, whatever. Fuck me, Kev."

So we can be done with it, he clearly heard the unspoken words. Suddenly furious, he jumped off the bed and strode to his cache. He opened the heavily lined box, her secret present for him on their

wedding day. He'd loved it, still did, but now as he stared at the display of toys, he wondered what he was doing.

Eyeing her favorite, he quickly picked it up and let the box close with a bang. He joined her once again on the bed and did his best to ignore her blank face; instead he focused on the body he knew so well and went to work.

He opened her up and thrust the toy home, wincing when he felt resistance. She wasn't wet enough and it'd probably hurt and yet, she hadn't moved. Not a single inch. Shaking his head, he turned it on and heard the vibrations start. Her legs stiffened but she still didn't say anything.

For fuck's sake! He was going to make her come, one way or another. Tilting the toy until he was sure it was hitting her G-spot, he started moving it in small increments. Round and round, up and down, his tongue following the same rhythm on her clit.

Her hips jerked up.

Yes! He exulted inwardly but never stopped. Instead, he picked up the pace, his thumb hitting the vibe's controls so it moved more rapidly.

Her breath hitched.

He looked up just in time to see her mouth open and a small moan escape. Then she became still once again.

It took him a while to understand that had been her orgasm.

Angry at himself, at her, at the world, he pushed her thighs wider and settled over her. In one push, he was inside her to the hilt. He made love to her, somewhere in his mind hoping it would change things. That feeling him inside her would awaken something in her. But no, nothing happened. Not when he sped up, his thrusts erratic. Not when he leaned down, his teeth biting into the tender skin of her shoulder. Not when he shouted his release, pumping inside her wildly.

And not when he slumped on top of her, blinking back tears of frustration.

"I love you", he whispered against her hair.

He waited for her reply and it took a while before she finally came out of her torpor and responded in kind.

* * * *

"I need help." Kevin stormed into his home, looking near bursting point.

Nick eyed him up before shutting the front door. "What's up?"

"I don't know what to do. I just...I need help, Nick. I can't deal with it anymore. You have to talk to her, get it out of her. Get her to react. Something!"

"Is something wrong with Mia?"

"You can say that again." Kevin slumped into the nearest armchair.

"What's going on?" Nick asked, hating himself for not having known about this sooner. He'd avoided Mia ever since that night, when he'd been forced to push her out of here. He wasn't that nice, he couldn't not want her! "I haven't seen her in a while."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Don't play this game with me, Nick!"

"I...I've been avoiding her." He settled on the sofa, his fingers tense on his thighs.

"Why?"

"She came to see me and we were talking and I...I wanted her, all right?"

"And?" His friend looked at him steadily, knowing there was more to the story.

"And I told her she needed to leave. I don't have that much control!"

"I'm sorry."

Nick blinked. "What? Why?"

"I shouldn't have asked you to spend the night with us. It was stupid of me."

"No, no, I loved it. You know I did!"

"Maybe but Nick, don't you see? You promised her it wouldn't have any effect on your friendship and now she can't even talk to you without you wanting her!"

"It's not that, it's just she was talking about sex and there's so much I can take before—I'm a man, I can't help it!"

"She was talking to you...about sex?"

Fuck, Nick groaned inwardly. He really needed to learn to shut his big mouth. "It was nothing."

"You know why she went out with that girl, don't you?" Nick stared at him in silence. "Nick, I need your help here! She's been behaving strangely ever since that night. I need to know what happened!"

"Strangely how?"

"She's...it's like she's cut herself off from everything. She's here but she's not. We haven't kissed in days, haven't had sex. I...I tried to make love to her yesterday and she agreed but she just laid there. Laid there! Mia! Do you know how unbelievable that is? And here I was, doing everything I know she likes but she wasn't responding. She wasn't even moving! She was just lying there, like a freaking doll!"

"Kev—"

"And you know what? I tried, I used a toy and it worked. Yeah me. I got her to come. And it was pathetic. It was like...not even a wave, it was so weak! And then I fucked her and it was as if I was raping her. My own wife!"

"Kevin, stop—"

"So you see, I really need to know what happened that night. I don't know what you've been hiding but you have to tell me. Something needs to happen before I blow a fuse. I love her but I've reached my limit."

"You don't mean that."

"I do. I love her but I've been living with a ghost for the past few days and I can't take anymore. I can't." His voice broke on the last word.

"I'm sorry." Nick leaned forward. "I'll tell you everything that I know."

And he did.

Chapter Twenty-Seven: Tell Me Why

"What is this? An intervention?" Mia tried to slam the door in their faces but they were a lot bigger than her. It was yanked out of her hand as they pushed it open once more and stepped into her office.

"Yes, it is. We're going to talk."

"No."

Kevin stared back at her, hoping to see fire in her eyes but there was nothing there. Just that blank expression that he'd grown accustomed to over the past week. "I'm not giving you a choice, Mia."

"Why is he here?" She didn't turn to look at Nick but her voice was frosty.

"Because he's involved in this. Isn't he?"

"Baby, what's wrong?" Nick tried to grab her left hand in his but she took a quick step back and avoided his touch.

"Don't call me that!"

He blinked, startled by her obvious anger. "I'm sorry I was rude last time. I didn't deal with the situation very well, I mean I should have explained why I didn't want you there but—"

She cut him off, "I don't care. You need to leave."

"He's not leaving." Kevin came to stand in front of the door, barring the way.

Mia shot him a glare but he didn't back down. "I was talking to the both of you. I want you to leave this room. This is my office and I have work to do."

"Cut the bullshit, Mia. You don't order us around—"

"Like you do me?" Her voice rose and finally, finally, he could see a spark in her eyes.

So maybe this was the way to go. Anger her so much she wouldn't be able to stop herself from reacting. "I'm your husband. It's my right to order you around if I want to. You pledged it on your life, remember?"

"I didn't do any such thing! Fuck, who do you think you are?"

"Your husband?" he replied, his tone sarcastic.

Her eyes widened. "Get out of here."

"No." He crossed his arms over his chest. "We're going to talk about this, Mia. Nick told me about your plan, what you wanted to do with that girl. Al's girlfriend."

"He what?" She whirled around and was on Nick in an instant. "You told him? You fucking told him?" She slapped her palms on his chest, taking him by surprise and sending him bumping into the nearest wall. His head crashed into a painting with a loud sound and he groaned in pain. "Nick?" She stopped short in the middle of the room, staring at him as if he was a ghost. "Nicky? Did I hurt you?"

"Ouch." Nick's eyes were still closed as he cupped the back of his head with a shaky hand. "Fuck, that hurt."

"Nicky?"

"I'm okay," he replied, opening his eyes to look back at her. "You pack a punch, babe."

"I'm sorry. I...I overreacted."

"No." He shook his head. "You didn't. You were right to get mad at me. I hadn't thought I'd need to ever tell Kevin about what you'd planned but look at you, baby. You're not yourself, can't you see?"

She wrapped her arms around her and turned her head so she could look out the window.

Kevin sighed as he took in her countenance. He'd thought what'd just happened with Nick had gotten through to her, that she was back with them but no. One mention of that night and she was gone. Again. "Mia?" He stepped behind her and dropped a soft kiss on her hair. "Stay with me. Stay with us."

She sighed. "I don't understand."

"Just tell me your version of that night, that's all I want to know."

"And then you'll leave?"

Her tone was so hopeful, he felt his teeth grind together. Did she really want out so bad? Maybe leaving her was the right thing to do after all. "Yes, I promise. We'll leave once you've told us what happened that night." And how it managed to affect her so much she'd changed radically in the matter of a few hours.

"Fine." She walked around her desk and sat down in her chair. She eyed them over the expanse of wood, her fingers laced together on top of her sketch pad. "So?"

Kevin motioned his friend to sit on the other chair and leaned back against the wall opposite her. "So, speak."

She took a deep breath then licked her lips before finally saying, "I thought you'd like a threesome too so I contacted Bella and asked her. She said yes but she thought we should get to know each other better first. So I went out with her and it...let's just say it backfired."

"What happened?" Mia glared at him but he didn't care. "You said you'd tell us everything, Mia."

She had? Her mind felt blank. Maybe she had. Sighing, she traced the edge of her pad with a fingertip and continued, "She thought it'd be a good idea to go to that supersexshop. I'm sure you know the one I'm talking about." He nodded but she didn't even look up at him. "Anyhow, she wanted me to try some stuff on and I freaked out. I suck, what can I say?"

"You don't suck."

"That's exactly what I told her too." Nick leaned forward, elbows propped on his thighs. "Don't you remember what I said that night, baby? That you were amazing just thinking about giving Kevin such a present? You've gotta stop berating yourself!" She snorted and clearly that hadn't been the reaction he'd been hoping for. "What?"

"Whatever you say. Can you go now?"

"No, this isn't everything. Is it, Mia?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you?" Kevin advanced towards her and propped his palms on the desk, bending down so their faces were level. "You freaked out that night. You had a nightmare, I remember that clearly. What was it about?"

She looked away from him. "I don't wanna talk about it."

"You don't have a choice, Mia. You promised you'd say the truth, remember?"

Had she? She couldn't remember, damn it! The fog was trying to clear inside her head and she hated the sensation of not having that comfort blanket anymore. "Stop harassing me!"

"I'm not harassing you, I'm just asking questions. Right, Nick?"

"Right." Came the hesitant response from their friend.

No, no, no. Nick wasn't her friend. He was the enemy. He'd proved that when he'd pushed her out of his house, then he'd reappeared in their bed and had told her how Bella was so much better to his liking. How beautiful she was in comparison. How he loved her. Kevin had too. She remembered that quite clearly.

Hold on a second. She blinked but Kevin's hand on her chin interrupted her thoughts. "What?"

"I asked you a fucking question. What happened that night?"

"I just told you!"

"No, you forgot to tell me that Nick didn't want you to stay in his house because he couldn't control himself around you. You forgot to tell me that the girl wanted to fuck you before the threesome, that she wanted you to try on nipple clamps and that's what made you freak. You forgot to tell me that you thought you were a bad wife only because you couldn't go through with it. Who do you take me for, Mia? Do you really think I would hate you because you couldn't let another woman touch you?"

"Yes." Her voice had been low but he heard it clearly.

"What? You thought...what?" He felt himself lose ground. She really thought he was that insensitive. What the fuck?

"You love Bella more after all," she quietly added.

"Who's Bella?"

“Al’s girlfriend,” Nick helpfully supplied, his gaze focused on her. “Why would Kevin love her more, Mia?”

“I don’t even know her name! I’ve never even talked to her before, let alone fucked her!”

“What?” Her head jerked up at his words and she blinked, the fog clearing once and for all. “What did you say?”

“Why do you think I love her more? Are you fucking crazy? I’m married to you, aren’t I?” Kevin’s face had reddened and you could see a vein jerk in his neck. He looked nearly out of control.

“But you said so. You did, I remember it clearly. You made all those nasty comments about how she looks so much better, how hot she is, how—“

Kevin roared, “I never said that! I didn’t even know about her until Nick told me the whole fucking story!”

Mia gasped, her eyes rolling in their sockets. Oh god. “I’m sorry.” She stood up abruptly and fled the room; nothing could stop her whirling thoughts however.

She’d gone into hibernation because of everything that’d happened that night, how bad she’d felt for ruining it all. But the rest of it, the worst part of it, hadn’t been real. It hadn’t been, right?

She was that insane, it appeared. A sob broke out and she ran up the stairs, intent on hiding somewhere safe. Somewhere where she could cry in peace and curse herself for the days she’d wasted. For the pain she’d caused her husband.

And all because she’d hated herself, just like always.

Chapter Twenty-Eight: But You Said

“I give up.” Kevin plopped himself down on the sofa, bourbon splashing on his fingers.

“No, you don’t,” Nick replied as he sat down opposite him, eyeing his friend over his glass. “She needs time to come to terms with it.”

“She thought I’d fucked that...that whore!”

“No, she dreamt about it. There’s a difference.”

“No, there isn’t,” Kevin ground out. “Her subconscious told her I preferred that girl and why? Because she’s thin and has perky tits? Because she’s bi? What the fuck? I’m not that fucking shallow!”

“She knows that, Kev. Just give her time.”

"I'm tired of giving her time." He downed his glass and got up to serve himself another. "She obviously doesn't think she's good enough for me and I'm fucking tired of proving it to her."

"Kev—"

"No, Nick, I know you want to see her happy but she's gone too far."

"She wasn't in her right mind, come on! What are you gonna do? Throw away all these years because of one little mishap?"

"One little mishap? Fuck you, Hamilton! Do you know how hard it's been all these years, reassuring her left and right that I loved her? That she was good enough for me? And for what? For her to believe the contrary as soon as something bad happens?"

"I get that you blame yourself for it, Kevin. I know you, you hate being the one instigating all this—"

"I didn't instigate anything!"

"Yes, you did. You were the one who came up with the List. You were the one who ordered her to go to a sex party, knowing perfectly well what would happen there considering you'd been to Charlie's before!"

"Fuck you." Kevin glared at him but he didn't leave.

Nick considered his stern expression and sighed. "Come on, man, you knew how she was before you got married, didn't you? And yet, you still loved her."

"And what did that get me?"

"Stop being so fucking dramatic." Nick finally snapped, his blue eyes stormy. He stood up and started pacing the room. "I don't know why you're so mad about this. So what if she's not sure of herself in public? You know she lets go once she knows people well. And come on, it's not like she's like this all the time. She's a fucking sex goddess!"

"A what?"

"Stop interrupting me! You knew she wasn't like any of the usual girls you dated, you knew she wouldn't fit in your group of friends but you married her anyway!"

"Because I loved her!"

"My point exactly!"

Kevin stared back at him, his fingers clenched so tightly around his glass it shattered, broken pieces drifting down his legs to pool on the floor.

"Just think about the rest of your life, Kevin. I know sex is important to you and all but she's more than that. She's your wife, the mother of your future children. She takes care of you when you're sick. She even got a nurse outfit just to please you!"

"I know." Kevin sighed, his eyes downcast. He was trying to think where the broom was but for the life of him, he couldn't remember when she usually put it.

"It's not like she's like this all the time. I get that she's insecure around our group, I mean they're not the easiest people on the planet. All the guys tend to date bunnies or whoever had the biggest tits or shortest skirt in the club last night. Mia's different. She only lets go in private and really, man, you should be pleased."

"Nick, you can stop now." Kevin's voice was tense.

"What? Oh, sure. I just wanted to help."

"It's okay, you've done your bit. That was a very nice speech and I know how much you love her but she's still my wife."

"I never said the contrary."

"I know." Kevin rubbed the back of his neck tiredly. "I just want her to be as carefree as she used to be."

"She is! Haven't you listened to a word I said? What do you want? For her to actually go through with that fucking threesome with Bella so you can congratulate yourself your wife's still hot?"

"Nick, that's enough." Mia appeared in the doorway, her eyes dark.

"Mia, I—"

She waved her hand in the air. "I know, you were taking my defense and I thank you. Kevin, can we talk?"

"About what?" He never moved from his spot, glass crunching under his feet as he crossed his ankles together.

"I..." She licked her lips. "I wanted to apologize for my behavior over the past few days. I screwed up."

"No, you didn't. It was just—"

"Nick!" Kevin hissed through clenched teeth. "She's talking to me."

"Oh, right. Sorry," the younger man said. He leaned back and took another sip of his drink, being careful not to look at them.

Mia took a deep breath before adding, "I had this nightmare. It was you and Bella and then Nick popped in. It was...excruciating and I think...it felt like it was real. Like it had really happened."

"You really think I would like her over you?"

"My mind thought so, yes."

"You're my wife, Mia."

"I am but you're the one who decided we should do this List thing because you thought I wasn't good enough."

"No, no, no. I never said such a thing!"

"You implied it," she replied, her gaze locking with his. "That's what you just told Nick, no? That you wanted me to be like I used to?"

"It's not the same thing!"

"I don't see the difference. If you want me to change my behavior, it's because you obviously don't think I'm good enough. That I don't do enough now, that I don't please you enough—"

He was on her in a second.

Chapter Twenty-Nine: Hugs and Kisses

"Don't ever say that again," Kevin said just before he draped an arm around her back and pulled her tight against him. "Ever, do you hear me?"

"I hear you." She looked up at his troubled face, clearly taken aback.

"I love you. I love that you're my wife. But I just wanted you to be happy, isn't that too much to ask?"

"I am happy. I was happy!"

"So you don't miss the way you were when we were first dating?"

"No, yes. I don't know." She bit her lower lip and thought it over. "It was just an act, Kev. I thought you preferred women like that so I put up this front—"

"Maybe but baby, I felt your body then. You weren't faking."

"I never fake." She cocked an eyebrow at him.

"I know." He grinned as he lowered his head and kissed her lips softly. "Do you get what I'm saying though? It's not that I don't think you're good enough or that you're not pleasing me. Hell, you're always pleasing me!" He frowned then reluctantly added, "Except these past few days, that was, uh, different but baby, I just wanted you to see yourself like I see you. Like Nick sees you."

Nick's head jerked up at the sound of his name. "Uh, Kev's right. We want you. Charlie wanted you. Even Bella wanted to have sex with you!"

Kevin nearly groaned at their friend's speech. Couldn't he learn to shut up for once? Did he really have to talk about them? Like she needed the reminder of those two nights? "Baby, don't listen to him, just—"

"No, he's right. They did want me, unbelievable as that is." She pulled away from him and thought about it. Charlie had wanted her; she'd thought so at the time. Even if he now said it was because he wanted to see what she was all about, confirm what Kevin saw in her, he had been hard. That, she couldn't deny. She'd felt his arousal against her after all and had grown worried he'd go through with it.

Her mind veered to the girl she'd left the other night. Bella. The one with the lithe body and perky breasts. The one so different to her it was almost a joke comparing them both. But she'd been the one saying they should get to know each other better before the threesome. She'd been the one taking her to see toys and persuading her to try out clamps. Mia recalled the look on Bella's face when she'd slid behind her and had started undressing her. She hadn't looked revolted at the thought. Instead she'd looked...eager. "Fuck."

Arms wrapped around her midriff as she was pulled back against a hard chest. "So do you believe us now?"

She nodded, feeling dazed all of a sudden. She'd gone through that depressive phase for nothing. She'd just felt so bad, so tired of trying that she'd given up and why? Because Kevin wanted her to loosen up a little. Because he wanted her to feel at ease amongst his friends. Because he loved her and wanted to see her happy.

Turning around in her husband's embrace, she leaned up on her toes and aligned her mouth with his. Just before he deepened the kiss, she whispered, "I love you" against his parted lips, feeling his fingers tighten around her hips in reaction.

They kissed as they hadn't in days, heat quickly spiraling between them. Kevin groaned into her mouth when she plastered herself against him. Their hips rubbed together, his cock painfully hard in his pants. "I want you, baby. I want you so bad."

"I know." She quickly unbuttoned his shirt, dragging it open so she could run her nails across his abdomen.

He hissed as she lowered her head and bit his left nipple, giggling when she felt his hands move up to her head. He held her against him but she was already moving down, intent on getting to his erection. "No!"

She looked up, fear rising in her eyes. "What? Did I do something wrong?"

"No, baby. I meant no, it's my turn."

"Oh." She blinked and before she knew it, he was on his knees in front of her. She leaned against the wall at her back, her eyes never leaving him.

He drew her top over her chest, smiling when he saw her breasts encased in delicate lingerie. "Take it off," his voice was rough but his gaze tender as he watched her obey him.

Her shirt landed at their feet but they'd already moved on. He quickly drew down her skirt, her underwear bunching as he slid everything down her legs at the same time. She kicked them off.

He leaned back and stared at her in silence. "I love you."

A smile formed on her face at the intensity so clear in his voice. He was watching her, almost naked except from her bra, and he wanted her. He loved her. "Kevin..."

He parted her thighs, his palms soft on her skin as he drew them up until they met at the juncture. A gasp escaped her parted lips but he ignored it, too busy smoothing her folds open.

"I want to eat you so bad," he murmured, his attention focused entirely on her sex.

"Oh god." She closed her eyes and arched her back.

He dragged his thumb down her slit, his touch heavy enough to make her clit pay attention. Sliding his forefinger into her, he went in search of her spot and rubbed it to life.

Yes! He almost shouted in relief. He could feel her walls tighten around his finger, wetness spreading inside her.

She groaned out loud. He always knew how to give her pleasure. How to rub inside her and get an immediate reaction. His tongue played around her clit, making sure to put enough pressure on it. It awakened slowly but surely and before she knew it, her fingers had clamped onto his hair. "Kevin!"

"Come for me, Mia," he said then his teeth were there too, biting onto her nub to the point of pain.

She keened, the sound ringing high above their heads. His finger pressed harder against her G-spot, rubbing it over and over again. Pleasure exploded inside her and she shattered.

Chapter Twenty-Nine: Look

His finger still impaling her, he looked up and said, "Let's move this to the sofa, babe. We'll be more comfy there."

She nodded and opened her eyes. And gasped. "Nick!"

Kevin's head jerked around and he groaned out loud. "Fuck, dude, I'd forgotten you were there."

"I know." The younger man was sitting up straight, his thighs tense and his fingers clenched tight. He would have looked fine if it wasn't for the way his khakis tented. "I'm sorry. I didn't want to interrupt the moment when you started kissing and then it went further and I was still here and I just...I didn't know what to do."

"Oh." Mia licked her lips, her eyes fixed on him. So that meant he'd seen everything. How Kevin had caressed and licked her to a loud climax. He'd been right there, taking it all in. Getting aroused at the same time. Probably wishing he could join them. A small moan escaped her.

Kevin felt his eyebrows rise. He'd just felt her twitch around his finger. "Baby?"

"Yeah?" She looked down at him, still kneeling at her feet.

He smiled when he spotted the arousal in her eyes. The little minx. She was enjoying Nick watching them! "Let's move to the sofa."

"But what about me?" Nick asked, already moving from his seat.

"Stay put!" Kevin ordered, earning himself a disbelieving stare from his friend.

"What? Why?"

"Because I think this is going to be good." Kevin slid his finger from her, smirking when she pouted at the loss. "Don't worry, baby. I'm going to fuck you hard and it'll be just as good."

"Better," she said, licking her lips.

"Better," he agreed. He stood up and with his hand on her lower back, made her walk to the end of the sofa. "Hold on to it, Mia."

"And you say I'm the one who loves that position." She shook her head but leaned down, grabbing onto the armrest with both hands.

Her ass rode up high in the air and Kevin growled at the lovely sight. "It's too bad we don't have any lube down here."

"Fuck," Nick couldn't help but comment at his friend's words. "Are you trying to kill me here or what?"

"Nah, not yet. Just sit there and watch us. Watch her." Kevin grabbed her hips in both hands and said, "Open your legs, baby." She did. "Okay, I want you to look at Nick. Can you do this for me?"

"You want me to look at him?" she repeated, sounding somewhat hesitant.

"Yeah, just look at him while I fuck you."

"All right."

"Good. Nick?"

The younger man looked up from Mia's wide eyes. "Yeah?"

"Enjoy the show," Kevin said with a wink just before he parted her folds. In one swift move, he was inside her.

* * * *

Nick was going crazy.

He was sitting here, watching the woman he loved being fucked roughly by her husband and all he wanted to do was to join them. But that wasn't possible, he reminded himself for the umpteenth time. They'd just been through a rough patch and this was their way of making things better. And if he had to get involved because Kevin thought it a good idea, then he would stay here and take it like a man.

"Fuck!" he groaned when he noticed Kevin tugging her bra down. Her breasts sprung out, dark nipples begging to be pinched, and he watched as strong fingers did just that. But they weren't his fingers.

His hands were resting on his lap, copping a furtive feel once in a while because he couldn't not touch himself. He nearly asked out loud if he could jerk himself off but decided it would break their stride.

Kevin rammed into her one more time.

She was trying as best she could to hold on, not wanting to come too quickly. She was enjoying this far too much and Nick's eyes on her weren't helping matters. She could see how hard he was, how desperate he was getting and it scared her and excited her all at once. She nearly asked if he wanted to join them then shook her head. No, this was for her husband.

"Talk to her, Nick." Kevin's voice was barely above a growl. He could feel himself start to lose control but she wasn't there yet. She was holding herself back and he wasn't sure why but he wanted her to come with him. He needed it. "Tell her what you want to do to her."

Nick licked his lips as he watched Mia's eyes widen. "I...I don't know, man."

“Please, Nick. She loves dirty talk. It gets her off. Doesn’t it, baby?” He rolled his hips, hitting her spot on a downward motion.

Her back arched, her nails digging into the sofa.

He wanted to say no, Nick thought to himself, but he couldn’t. He owed her that much. “Look at me, Mia.” She looked up, his gaze locking on hers. “I want to fuck you so badly.”

“Nicky!” she groaned and bit her lower lip.

He smiled. “Are you close to your release, baby?” She nodded. “Do you want me to tell you what I would do if it was me inside you right now?” She gasped. “I want to fuck your ass. I really do. I’ve been fantasizing about it since last time. I want to be the one stretching you, feeling you tight around me. Mmm, baby, I can almost feel it. You’d love it, wouldn’t you? You’d love having my big cock in your ass...”

That’s all it took. Kevin felt her walls clamp tight around his pounding cock and he thrust into her one last time. His mouth opened on a yell but she beat him to it. She screamed and screamed, milking him for what seemed like hours.

“Fuck,” he swore and closed his eyes, spent.

Chapter Thirty: The End

Nick watched them snuggle on the sofa, whispers of “I love you” ringing in the air. It hurt. God, it hurt. He wanted to be the one sitting there with her, seeing the look of contentment in her eyes and knowing it was thanks to him. But it could never be.

With a heavy heart, he left them, never bothering to say goodbye. He closed the front door behind him and stood on the porch, thoughts whirling in his head. He still had a few weeks before he was due back in Miami but he didn’t think he could take staying here, not after tonight.

He strode towards his truck and climbed in. As he revved up the engine, he took a final look at the house and sighed. It was time for him to let go. Mia was in love with her husband and she would always be. But that was a good thing, he tried reassuring himself. Kevin was a great man and they both deserved to be happy.

If only his heart would agree...

The End

ABOUT EMMA HILLMAN

Emma Hillman never plans her stories. She just lets the characters have fun and hopes the ending will make sense. It usually does.

She lives in Paris with a husband, a toddler and two loud pets. She speaks several languages but only reads books in English because she says it sounds better. She's been running her fiction web site for years and has made many friends and fans across the world, and is very thankful for their continued support and inspiration.

Between working full-time and taking care of her family and house, she can be found reading fiction, cooking or watching Playhouse Disney—don't ask.

If you enjoyed YES, NO, MAYBE,

you might also enjoy:

LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATIONBy Emma Hillman

Mia Adams keeps bumping into her fantasy. Literally. From crashing her car into his to ramming his shopping cart at their local supermarket, each encounter brings her closer to the man she's always dreamed of: Kevin McIntyre, a former pro football player with an attitude and a propensity for swearing.

He seems perpetually angry but she has to admit the look suits him. She's pretty sure experience makes perfect too because the man has some serious skills. Let's just say she's been screaming his name a lot lately. Although, sometimes, it's to shout at his disappearing back. She shouldn't care, however, that he doesn't seem to remember her name or that he keeps leaving as soon as he gets what he wants. They're just having some fun after all.

Then why is he inviting her to his house? Did he change the rules and forget to tell her about it? The sex must have gone to his head, there is just no other explanation.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, toy play, and anal sex.

Excerpt From LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION:

She gasped, her finger slipping out of her mouth with a wet sound. "What is it? Did you find them?"

"No!" He turned back to the desk and clasped its edges with both hands. He willed his erection down but he couldn't get her out of his head. She was messing with his mind, damn it! "Did you spike my drink?"

"What?" She sat up. "You think I drugged you?"

“Yes!” He whirled around. “You did, didn’t you? What did you put in my Coke? GHB?”

“Man, you are crazy.”

“What did you do?” he roared as he grabbed her armrests and loomed over her. “Tell me!”

“Nothing! And don’t you think you’d be feeling impaired right now if I’d put something in your drink? You drank it down in one gulp!”

He pushed himself upright and started pacing. She made sense, damn it! He was feeling fine, except from the way his jeans were tenting. So maybe she wasn’t at fault there. Maybe it was just his body’s way of reminding him he hadn’t had sex in a while. Why now though?

He’d told her the truth earlier: she wasn’t his type. He usually went for the long-limbed, fake-tanned-and-boobed women that seemed to always be around football players. Groupies, bunnies, whatever they called themselves. He didn’t care as long as they were hot and ready to fall in his bed.

But this woman was different. She wasn’t thin or tanned. Oh, she was curvy as hell and her ass was round just like he liked them. He could definitely do something with that ass. Oh yeah. Fuck, McIntyre, get a grip! She was crazy! He didn’t need the aggravation, that was for sure.

She watched him rake his hand through his hair. He looked agitated and angry and just plain hot. God, she loved this look on him.

Hearing her sigh, he turned to face her and spotted her half-closed eyes. “What now?”

“Mmm?” She blinked. “I was just thinking how hot you look when you’re angry.”

He felt his teeth snap together. She was unbelievable! “So you like it when I get angry?” His voice was deceptively soft.

BUY THIS AND MORE TITLES AT

www.eXcessica.com

eXcessica’s BLOG

www.excessica.com/blog

eXcessica’s YAHOO GROUP

groups.yahoo.com/group/eXcessica/

Check out both for updates about eXcessica books, as well as chances to win free E-Books!

And look for these other titles from Emma Hillman:

BEHIND LOCKED DOORS

by Emma Hillman

She wakes up to find herself locked in a harem. It would have been a great as a dream, except it isn't. And now she's stuck with four men, or Masters as they want to be called, and an assortment of other women all but begging to satiate their hungers.

Follow Thursday's first weeks in the harem as she fights not to get caught up and end up one of these nameless women. She keeps on telling them no but this is their game and they all want to be the first to get the ultimate prize—to make her come.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, group sex and some f/f elements.