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**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

# TRUCE OF TRUST

Lisabet Sarai

### *Dedication*

To G and K—hoping that you'll both forgive the fantasy

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## Chapter One

"I'm home!" Leah's voice rang through the silent house. No one answered, but she noticed the screened doors to the deck were open to the balmy September breeze. Someone must be around.

She parked her overnight bag near the door, dumped her briefcase onto a chair and headed down to the basement. Daniel was probably in his studio; he wouldn't have heard her.

Two doors faced her at the foot of the stairs. Leah cracked open the one on the right, peeking inside. She didn't want to distract her husband if he was in the throes of a creative fervour.

Daniel hunched over the synthesiser, his eyes closed, while his nimble fingers danced across the keys. Headphones nestled in his lush, black curls, sealing him away in his magic world of sound. He had the face of a Renaissance poet, elegant features harmoniously arranged—finely drawn cheekbones, strong nose, arched brows, sensual lips. His buccaneer moustache offset the androgyny of his countenance, giving him the air of a rake, and indeed, he could dream up some extravagant mischief when he chose. Now, though, he was focused inwards, listening to the melodies in his head.

Love clutched at Leah's chest, as it always did when she beheld his beauty. She ached to touch him. She imagined standing behind him, resting her palms lightly on his shoulders, feeling the shift and surge of his muscles as he played. She wanted to brush that stray curl away from his pale forehead, to run her tongue down the side of his neck and along his collarbone where it disappeared under his Led Zeppelin T-shirt. She would reach around to his chest, circling his sensitive nipples as her own tightened and throbbed, challenging him to ignore her caresses if he could.

Instead, she simply watched him, marvelling at his grace. She was about to shut the door and leave him in peace when his green eyes snapped open.

"Leah!" He tossed the earphones onto a pile of sheet music beside him. "Why didn't you say something?" In an instant, he was in front of her, cradling her against his chest. "God, I missed you."

He swept her into a kiss whose intensity confirmed his words. His mouth locked onto hers, his lips soft but his tongue brazen. He tasted of coffee and tobacco, his two vices while he was working. His passion melted her, as it always did. Her legs turned to rubber. Hot juices pooled between her thighs.

His swelling erection prodded her, through his jeans and the fabric of her dressy trousers. He reached between their bodies and unzipped her. His long fingers slipped into the opening, wriggled under the elastic of her panties and came to rest nestled in her bush. He moved his fingertips in gentle circles across her pubis in an intimate, teasing massage.

"Did you miss me?" he murmured, close to her ear. Leah tilted her pelvis, working without success to bring her hungry clit into contact with his roving fingers.

"Of course," she replied, cupping his bulk in her palm to seize the offensive. It was true. In the middle of the afternoon's editorial meeting, she'd had a sudden, highly distracting vision of Daniel

lying naked on their bed, stroking his cock. Mr. Jamison, seeing her flush, had inquired sharply whether she was feverish. She had to excuse herself to go splash some cold water on her face.

Did Daniel actually jack himself off while she was at work? She ran her thumb over his denim-covered hardness and was rewarded by his shudder of pleasure. His potency still astonished her, after ten years of marriage. He was the only multi-orgasmic man she'd ever known. He might well have relieved his tension during the afternoon and still be stone-hard as he was now. "But you didn't wait for me, did you?"

His finger slipped between her swollen lips and brushed the tip of her clit. She gasped, circles of pleasure rippling out through her body from that hidden centre. He was driving her crazy.

"Do you mind?" He bent to her lips again, this kiss more yielding, almost a supplication.

Leah lost herself in his arms. She parted her thighs, silently begging him for satisfaction. Inside the tight confines of her panties and trousers, Daniel's skilful fingers worked their magic. Sensation built upon sensation, every touch a new thrill as he stroked, kneaded, and pinched her flesh. A climax coiled in her pelvis, tighter with every moment, the delicious ache making her jerk and writhe on the fingers that impaled her.

"I never get off without thinking of you," he whispered in her ear. At the same time, he plunged his hand deep into her cleft. His words and his fingers together sent her spinning off the edge. The knot of tension suddenly unravelled, sending tendrils of pleasure whipping through her. She jerked and shuddered as delight exploded in her sex then expanded to include her whole being.

Leah would have slumped to her knees if Daniel's hand had not still been embedded in her crotch. He wiggled his fingers, waking echoes of her cataclysm. When he was sure she could stand, he pulled his hand out of her damp garments. Grinning, he licked each of his fingers with a flourish.

"You're outrageous." Leah sank into a convenient chair, still a bit shaky.

"You inspire me." Daniel unzipped his jeans. "See what I mean?"

His long, slim penis bobbed invitingly, pale against the indigo denim. Saliva gathered in Leah's mouth.

"Care for a taste?" As usual, Daniel knew what she was thinking. She could almost feel him, the skin that sheathed his erection satiny against her tongue, the ripe bulb caressing her palette. His flavours were vivid in her mind, the salt and the bitterness of his fluids. Something nagged at her consciousness, though. She sighed, regret mingling with desire.

"Tonight's your night to cook," she said. "Maybe you should get started."

"Ah, right. Actually, I've got something special planned." Daniel stuffed his erection back into his pants, resigned but cheerful. "This can wait until later, I guess. It's just that I get so excited, seeing you..." His kiss was light, playful. "I'll finish up here and be upstairs in a flash."

"Thanks, hon." Leah straightened up her own garments, trying to ignore the clinging wetness of the fabric between her thighs. "Is Greg home yet?"

She was sorry as soon as the words left her mouth. Daniel's face clouded with anger and hurt.

"How should I know? I've been down here for hours. I haven't heard anything from in there." He jerked his thumb in the direction of the room next door, the room that Greg had furnished as his dungeon. "He's probably upstairs, glued to his computer."

"I'll go see." The delight she'd felt only moments ago evaporated. She wished with her entire being that Daniel could understand.

"Do that," he snapped, jamming the phones back onto his head, clearly settling into a funk. "I'm sure that he missed you, too."

"Probably he did," Leah replied, her voice weak. She turned to Daniel as she opened the door, pleading for one more smile from her sexy husband.

Daniel just scowled as he listened to the tracks he had previously recorded. He didn't look up as she left.

## Chapter Two

Leah stood before the door to Greg's room, her palms wet and her heart slamming against her ribs. It was always this way – the almost sick feeling of excitement that she associated with him.

He opened the door before she could knock. His hearing was amazingly acute, like all his senses.

"Ah, you're back, little one." Six foot four and solid as a tank, Greg towered over her. Everything about him screamed power – the corded biceps straining against his shirt, the tree-trunk thighs, those velvet-brown eyes that pierced her soul, catching every nuance of emotion. His soft, rich voice mesmerised her. She had the urge to kneel at his feet, but before she could act on the impulse, he grabbed her around the waist and pulled her into the room, closing the door behind them.

He pressed her body against the wall, her wrists pinned above her head. He needed only one huge hand to hold her fast. With the other, he unbuttoned her blouse. He peeled her bra away, revealing her brazenly rigid nipples. He pinched one of the protruding nubs, hard enough to make her yelp. Moisture gushed into her already sodden panties. He bent to lave away the pain with his hot mouth. Blessed relief flowed through her, only to be shattered by his teeth closing down on her flesh.

"I can smell you," Greg crooned. "I could smell you coming down the hall. My little slut, come home to her master."

"Yes, sir." Some fragment of Leah's consciousness cringed at Greg's corny lines, yet they never failed to arouse her.

"But why are you wearing pants? You know that I want you to always be accessible."

"Sorry, but I had a meeting..."

"No excuses. Take them off, now. Before I tear them off." He released her wrists. Leah unfastened the waistband, pushed the trousers to her ankles and kicked them into a corner.

"Panties, too. I would think that you'd know better, by now."

Greg's voice was gruff, but he was smiling despite himself. His smile grew broader as she bared her sex to his fierce gaze.

"Turn around. Lean forward and put your hands against the wall. Spread your thighs."

Her heart was pounding so hard that her chest hurt. She could scarcely breathe, she was so aroused. She leaned into the wall, glad for the support, and arched her back, presenting her bare buttocks as he had taught her to do.



Her naked skin registered every motion, every shift in the air. She knew he was watching her, admiring her as yet unmarked flesh, making her wait. She sensed his own excitement, held in check. She felt the weight of his will, bearing down on her.

Would he spank her? Give her a taste of the crop? Most of his toys were stored in his dungeon, but she didn't doubt that he kept one or two implements of punishment here in his bedroom, just in case.

Would he unsheathe his oversized cock and fuck her?

Her mind whirled, every vision lewder than the last. Without a word from him, without a touch, her lust rose to the boiling point. Her juices overflowed, dribbling down the insides of her thighs. She blushed, knowing he would not miss this detail.

One thick finger swept through her drenched folds. It lingered for the briefest instant on her aching clit. Leah cried out, trembling on the edge of orgasm from this single touch.

"You're amazingly wet, slut. But then you always are, when I'm around."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me what you want. Should I whip you? Tie you up? Shall I bugger that tight ass of yours?"

"Whatever you wish, master."

"But what do you want?" Greg knew that the shame of admitting her kinky desires only fanned the flames of Leah's arousal. In the past, he'd made her beg him to do terrible, obscene things to her. Then he had satisfied her desires. At this moment, though, her only wish was to please him. How could she explain that?

But he saw. He understood. He brushed aside the red-gold locks trailing down her back and planted a kiss at the base of her neck. Leah shivered at the wet caress. Fresh moisture swelled in her sex. "You're mine, aren't you?" he murmured, licking his way down her spine, reaching around front to cradle her breasts and massage her nipples. "Really mine. My own little slave, to use and abuse." His tongue found its way into the crack between her butt cheeks and circled her sphincter. "To fondle and to fuck."

Leah arched back, opening herself to his mouth and his hands. Her whole body vibrated with pleasure. He pulled back, leaving her poised on the brink of the precipice.

"Well, what I want, slave, is for you to come. Come for me, Leah. Now."

He did not touch her. He did not need to. His voice was enough, the mere force of his will. The gentlest nudge, yet irresistible, his command released the ecstasy he had stoked within her.

Leah convulsed, pleasure slamming into her from all directions. Helpless and grateful, shaken by spasms of sensation, she was still aware of Greg's eyes upon her, of his love and approval.

She crumpled to the floor, weak and twitching. He gathered her into his arms and laid her on his bed, then stretched out beside her.

"I think that you missed me."

Leah nodded, still unable to speak.

"I've been thinking about you, too. I've got lots of new ideas, new things that I'd like to try. Maybe tonight."

"Maybe," she murmured, snuggling against him, completely sated.

Greg sat up, his nostrils flaring. "Maybe you should take a shower before dinner." He trailed his finger up the sticky skin inside her thigh. Her clit throbbed; his casual touch made her ache all over again. "You reek of pussy. And we wouldn't want to upset your husband."

The acid in his voice when he mentioned Daniel ate straight into Leah's soul. She rolled off the bed and tried to untangle her clothes.

"Don't be like that."

"Like what?"

"You know what I mean. You both agreed. To be civil to each other. To share me."

"Hey, I'm perfectly polite to him in public. But you can't blame me for being bitter. You love me, but you're married to him."

"I love Daniel, too."

"It's not the same."

"No, you're right, it's not the same. That doesn't mean it isn't real."

"He doesn't satisfy you. Only I know how to give you what you really need."

Leah's eyes grew damp. "He gives me things that you could never understand, Greg."

"That pussy? Hah!" Greg's scorn did not hide his hurt.

"That's enough. If you don't like the situation here, you can leave."

"And have you come running to me every few months, the way you used to? Looking for a bit of rough love?"

"I wasn't the only one who wanted those visits." Leah buttoned her blouse, then sank back down onto the bed.

Greg brooded for a while. "No, you're right. At least now I get to see you every day. It kills me, though." He clutched at her arm, looking so wounded and desperate that Leah was afraid for him. "Sometimes I think I can't stand it any more. You're mine, Leah. Mine!"

Leah pulled away from Greg as gently as she could. She stroked his cheek. "Yes, I'm yours. But I'm also his."

She left as quickly as she could, buttoning up as she fled. She couldn't bear to see the fury and despair that twisted his features. He still didn't comprehend that his pain hurt her worse than any agony he could ever inflict deliberately.

## Chapter Three

*They bring out the worst in each other, Leah thought.*

When the two were at odds, Greg would sulk, refusing to talk to anyone. Or he'd become surgically sarcastic, slicing deep to expose every nerve. Daniel's glibness would turn into whining and melodrama. He'd start to drink much more than was good for him.

In some sense, it was all her fault. She was responsible for their frustrations and discontents. If she loved only one of them, if she made a choice, that would be that. The victor would be satisfied, and the loser would vanish from her life, moving on to a new relationship.

That was the theory, anyway. She knew it didn't work that way.

She had tried to choose, ten years ago. She had married Daniel, travelled the world with him, settled down, as much as she was ever likely to. Her ties to Greg wouldn't let her rest.

She would dream of his voice commanding her, his hands alternately caressing and tormenting her. She craved the sensation of his cock ravaging her until she was too sore to walk. She yearned for the near-telepathic connection they shared when he called her to his dungeon and bound her to his service.

"Give me your body—give me your mind," he had whispered in her ear on that night long ago, when she was young and impressionable, before she'd ever met Daniel. Malleable, he called her, gently mocking. Indeed, he had moulded her desires into strange and fearful shapes. Lust, obsession, love, whatever, it flowed between them like currents of fire.

Whatever it was, it wasn't enough to keep them together. Greg's sensitivity could turn into irritability. His sense of power could dwindle to miserable inadequacy. He was intuitive, but didn't always share his insights.

She had been young. She reacted instinctively to his desire, but didn't really understand his heart. She thought that she was nothing more to him than his slut, and never would be.

Meanwhile Daniel exploded into her life and swept her off her feet with his quirky gallantry. They had skinny-dipped under the full moon, drunk vodka and pondered philosophy until dawn, spent entire Sundays in bed feasting on each other's bodies.

Daniel wrote her poems and sang her the blues. He took her to the strip clubs in the seedier part of town, then later ploughed her with long, slow strokes while they fantasised about the dancers. He recounted picaresque tales of his travels—bus trips through jungles in Sumatra, hurried couplings under the bridges of Paris, epiphanies in the mountains of Peru. He promised to take her with him on his next set of adventures.

She had married Daniel. Greg still hadn't forgiven her.

They had settled a continent away from Greg, but the distance wasn't enough to wipe him out of her dreams. Daniel was considerate, indulgent, not requiring monogamy, regardless of his own feelings. But he couldn't understand why Leah would fly across the country only to return marked and moody, tearful and needy. Their lovemaking would be wild, frenzied, on the night she came back. Still, for a week after she had visited Greg, a wall of silence separated her from her husband. He wouldn't speak his hurt, but she ached as much as he did.

Meanwhile, Greg would complain about the infrequency of her pilgrimages, making sneering comments about 'your husband'.

When the magazine had hired her, bringing her from California back to Boston, the whole situation came to a head. Instead of being three thousand miles away from Greg, she was only thirty. The proximity magnified all the emotion—Greg's, Daniel's, and her own. The situation quickly became unbearable.

Finally, in desperation, she had suggested to Daniel that Greg move in with them. To her surprise, both men agreed.

That was more than six months ago. Six months of misery and bliss, open warfare and uneasy but welcome peace.

Tonight, the two men seemed to be on their best behaviour. Daniel had outdone himself, serving up an incredible feast of poached salmon in pastry shells, scalloped potatoes, and a mesclun salad, with brandied pears for dessert. Greg had complimented Daniel, quite sincerely, on the meal, then meekly helped her wash and dry the dishes.

Now the three of them sat out on the deck, finishing off the second bottle of wine and enjoying the residual warmth of early September. The air still smelled of summer, ripe raspberries and sun-browned grass. In the woods that edged the yard, night birds called. A crescent moon rose over the treetops. The strains of Bach's 'Musical Offering' filtered through the screen from inside, mingling with the bird song.

At least Daniel and Greg shared the same taste in music, thought Leah dreamily. She leaned back in her chair, finally relaxed. She glanced over at her husband. His eyes were closed. He was lost in the glorious melody. As though he felt her scrutiny, he turned to her, his handsome face luminous with joy.

Checking on her other lover, she found Greg was watching her, a gentle half smile on his full lips, with no hint of his usual mockery. Leah smiled back, grateful that he was acting like such a gentleman.

*I'm incredibly lucky, she thought. Most women search all their lives for one true lover. I have two. Perhaps I should feel guilty, knowing that they have agreed to our ménage in order to please me. But all I feel is gratitude.*

Hope and relief washed through her. Maybe this would work after all. They just had to adapt, to get used to living together. To give up some of their individual selfishness for the sake of group harmony. She'd been selfish herself, expecting them to suppress their natural jealousies and

insecurities just to please her. She needed to be more understanding. It had to be difficult for them, sharing her. Both men were so dear to her — she needed to work harder to show them.

Greg stirred in his chair. "It's late, and I've got to work tomorrow. Finish your wine, Leah, and come to bed."

Daniel looked up abruptly. "Wait a minute. Tonight's my night."

"No, it's not. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays she's with me. In case you've forgotten, this is Friday."

"That's not fair. She was away last night at her seminar. So she and I should be together tonight as compensation."

"Sorry, old man." Daniel was three years older than Greg, who liked to rub that in. "You know that's not how the system works."

"Well, perhaps we need to consider changing the system. Somehow it always seems to work out that Leah is away from the house on my nights."

"Please..." Leah rose from her chair, trying to intervene, but it was as though she wasn't there.

"I'm sorry, but that's not my problem. Anyway, you shouldn't be such a bad sport. After all, you had her to yourself for years."

Daniel snorted in exaggerated disgust. "To myself? Hardly! I couldn't make love to her without wondering if she was fantasising about you. I couldn't look at her without seeing the marks that you had left."

"Marks she asked for, don't forget."

"That's what you claim, at least." Daniel was sexually adventurous, but he had no interest in BDSM. Leah knew that he was truly perplexed by the power dynamics between her and Greg.

"Believe me, I can make her beg to be beaten," Greg said smugly. "Isn't that true, little one?"

Leah blushed fiercely, as embarrassed as she was angry. Of course, Daniel knew this about her, but still she didn't want to admit it out loud.

Both of them stared at her in mute accusation.

"Answer me, Leah." Greg put a hint of steel in his voice. Shivers of anticipation raced through her in response. Her deepest instinct was to obey him, but she resisted, silent and rebellious.

"Why do you put up with him?" Daniel donned his wounded boy expression, pouting under his moustache. "All he does is hurt you. He has no respect for you. I can give you all the love and tenderness that you need."

"You have no idea what she really needs," said Greg softly. His aim was true, as always. Daniel slumped in momentary defeat, then roused himself.

"If that's so, then why did she marry me?" he asked, playing his own trump card.

Leah had heard it all before, and suddenly, she couldn't take anymore. She turned her back on them and headed for her room, ignoring their voices calling after her.

Her overnight bag was still packed from her business trip. She pulled out the dirty things and threw in some clean underwear, jeans and jerseys. She was debating whether to bring a dress when her door opened. Stubbornly, she continued her packing.

Greg towered behind her. He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her around to face him. "Where are you going, little one?"

"Away. Away from the two of you and your constant bickering."

"He started it, after all, with his claims about things being unfair." He bent to kiss her. She turned her head away, unwilling to be mastered, but he grasped her chin and pulled her mouth to his.

Leah didn't want to surrender, but she couldn't help it. She was dizzy with instantly kindled lust. He nipped at her lips, probed her with his tongue. He drank her in, consumed her. Between her thighs everything melted. The room began to smell funky, as though he already had her naked and open before him.

Without taking his mouth from her, he grabbed her nipple and twisted it, hard. Her body arched against his, the familiar pain quickly transformed to shimmering pleasure. He broke the kiss and looked down at her, shaking and helpless with desire.

"You're mine," he whispered. "You'll always be mine. You just keep him around because you're afraid to give yourself completely to me. Afraid of going too far. You don't trust your own desires."

Leah had a vision of Daniel, his wine glass filled to the brim with vodka, filling page after page with angry, aching prose. There was a wrenching pain in her chest. *They've grabbed my heart and they are rending it into bloody pieces.*

This pain had no sweet after-echoes. She tore herself from Greg's grasp.

"You're wrong." Her throat tightened into a sob. "I love him. It's different from the way we are, but it's just as real."

"If we were together, by ourselves, you'd forget him."

"No!" His arrogance, sometimes so exciting, was nothing but frustrating to her now. "You don't understand. He's a part of me, just as you are."

He reached for her again. "I'd make you forget him, Leah. I'd beat him out of you." His voice was gentle, contrasting with the violence of his words. Underneath his bravado, she could feel his need.

Leah hardened herself, knowing she had to escape.

"Let me go, Greg."

He stepped back and brushed his shaggy hair out of his eyes. They were brighter than normal, probably with tears. Guilt settled like a stone in her gut, but she ignored it. *There's nothing I can do*, she finally realised.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know. To find some peace."

"When will you be back?"

She didn't answer. She had no idea, in fact. All she knew was that right now, despite her resolutions, she couldn't cope with their conflicts and animosity. Let them work it out between the two of them. Let them see how they liked it when neither one of them could claim her.

Greg slumped down onto her bed. She left him there and headed for her car, grabbing her briefcase and laptop on the way out.

The house was dark and quiet. She wondered where Daniel was.

She worried about the two of them, alone by themselves. She knew they wouldn't physically harm each other, of course. That wasn't either of their styles. Would they continue to argue, when she wasn't around to be influenced? Would they simply hunker down and ignore each other?

She couldn't afford the luxury of concern right now. They were adults. They could do as they pleased.

She threw her bag in the back seat of the Corolla, climbed into the front, and paused for a moment. She breathed deeply, trying to calm herself.

"Leah."

Daniel's face was at the open car window, mottled with shadows. She smelled alcohol and sweat. He reached for her arm. She let his hand rest on her bare skin for a few moments before gently extricating herself from his grasp.

"Let me go, Daniel."

"Please, Leah, don't leave. I'm sorry that I let him get to me. I should know his tactics by now." His speech was slightly slurred. "I should think with my brain, not with my cock."

"I have to get away for a while."



"Let me come with you, then. We could go down to that B&B in Newport, the one on the cliff. The one with the champagne..."

Leah couldn't help but smile, remembering that naughty, romantic evening. "No, Daniel. I need a rest. From both of you."

"You're not going to meet him somewhere, are you?" His suspicion cut her to the quick.

"No, of course not. Don't you trust me?"

"Well, yes, but..." There was quaver in his voice. Great, now she had made both her lovers cry.

"I'll be back as soon as I figure things out. Meanwhile, maybe you and Greg should think about the future. The present arrangements don't seem to be working very well."

"You're not leaving us permanently, are you?" Her desperation must have been audible, because Daniel sounded frightened.

"I don't think so. I don't *know*, Daniel, I don't know anything. I don't know what to do, about you, about us, about any of it."

He was silent for a moment, deep in thought. Then he opened the car door and took her in his arms. "Kiss me goodbye, at least," he murmured. It was a languid, endless kiss that turned her body weightless. She was floating on some cloud, laced with lightning.

When he released her, she almost pulled him back into another embrace. An ironic smile shaped his handsome mouth. "Have a good time," he said. "And don't worry about us. We'll manage."

He watched in the driveway as she pulled away, his lithe, loose-limbed figure painted red by the taillights. The lonely image glowed in her mind as she headed north.

## Chapter Four

Leah drove up I-95, ten miles faster than the speed limit, the argument replaying over and over in her head. Blinking the tears out of her eyes, she tried to focus on the traffic swarming around her. Her imagination conjured up the picture of a horrible accident, strobe lights flashing, sirens wailing, her body broken and bloody on the pavement. It would serve them right if something happened to her...

She shook her head, trying to dispel the morbid image. She shouldn't allow herself to succumb to melodrama. Leave the theatrics to her lovers.

But what could she do? Was there any way she could convince them that she loved them both? That was what really bugged her. Each of them assumed that she preferred the other, despite the fact that she gave her entire self to each man when they were together. When she was with Daniel, she never thought about Greg. Meanwhile, her master's force of will could completely wipe her husband from her mind.

She worked so hard to show them how much they meant to her. It didn't seem to matter. By now she was quite convinced that monogamy was not her natural inclination, that she had more than enough love for two men. She tried to imagine life without one or the other; it was like losing one of her limbs. Still, she knew they wanted her to make a choice. They just couldn't believe that her love for one did not diminish her feelings for the other.

Daniel and Greg were both sexually imaginative, but socially they were far more conservative than she was. They claimed to subscribe to her polyamorous philosophy, to be willing to share her. In practice, they acted like cave men, brandishing their clubs and trading insults, trying to scare off the 'competition'.

Leah tried to calm her whirling mind. Time alone would do her good. She had nearly a dozen manuscripts stored on her computer, waiting for review. Reading and editing would keep her mind off the dilemma of her two warring lovers. Perhaps she'd even be inspired to work on her novel. Meanwhile, Daniel and Greg could get a taste of life without her. Maybe, by some miracle, they'd be inspired to call a truce.

Where should she go, though? The dashboard clock told her she had been driving for more than two and a half hours. A sign flashing by indicated that she was ten miles outside of Portland. Maybe she should just pull off and find a motel. If she kept moving north, though, she might be able to find a place by the ocean. The sea always soothed her. She and Daniel had visited the Maine coast several times since they'd moved back east.

The thought of Daniel pierced her carefully composed calm. She suddenly missed him terribly. She could imagine his delightfully-tousled head, his always-kissable lips. His distinctive musky scent rose in her nostrils, almost as real in memory as in the flesh. She'd always suspected their connection was partly chemical, a case of mutually compatible pheromones. How else could she explain the instant attraction the first time they met, when her friend Claudia brought him to her birthday party?

Daniel. She wanted him. Maybe she should call. No, she'd be strong. She had to resist the temptation, leave him alone for a while to contemplate her absence. Besides, if she phoned Daniel, she'd only make Greg more jealous.

Leah sighed deeply. Her chest hurt. God, she was tense! And tired, too. She pulled off at a twenty-four hour diner to get some coffee and consider her options.

She sat at the counter stirring the black liquid, trying to ignore the stares of the truck drivers in the booths around her. Where could she go? She was eager to get off the highway, to find a comfortable place to sleep. Despite her exhaustion, the notion of a night in an anonymous Motel 6 or Super 8 depressed her.

The memory surged up full blown. Sitting on the porch of a wooden cabin, gazing out at clouds banked above the ocean, rosy with the setting sun. The call of a loon, echoing through the oaks, and the scent of Daniel's pipe. They had spent a glorious long weekend in that magical place, a rustic and peaceful enclave that had been a seaside amusement park in the days of the trolleys. What was it called? Oak something? She did remember that it was near Rockport, about forty miles north.

Leah flipped her phone open and punched directory assistance. "What city, please?"

"Rockport, I think. Or it might be Camden."

"What name?"

"Oakwood Cabins? Or maybe Oak Shores?"

"I don't find either of those names. I do have a listing for Oakland Seashore Cabins, in Rockport."

"Yes! That's it!"

"Hold the line. I'll connect you."

Leah noticed it was eleven thirty. She hoped that she wouldn't wake the management. The warm voice that answered, though, sounded fully alert.

"Oakland Seashore. Maggie speaking."

"Yes, hello. Sorry to call so late, but do you have a cabin available for tonight?"

"Sure. After Labor Day, we're normally pretty empty. Would you like an ocean view?"

"I'd love that! Thank you!"

"How long will you be staying?"

"I'm not certain. A few days, at least."

"Well, we're open until Columbus Day, and you're very welcome till then. What's the name?"

"Barnes. Leah Barnes."

"Fine, Miss Barnes. How soon will you be here?"

Leah remembered the twisty length of Route 1 that she had to navigate in order to reach Rockport. "At least an hour. Maybe an hour and a half. Sorry to be such a bother."

"Never mind, I'll be up. Take your time, and be careful. I'll keep the sign lit, too, so you don't miss us. You know where we are? You've stayed with us before?"

"Yes, about a year ago. We loved it."

"We? Will there be two guests, then?"

"No." Leah winced. "Only me, this time."

She hung up, newly energised by the coffee and the prospect of seaside accommodation. Based on her recollection, Oakland Seashore would be a perfect retreat, the ideal place for her to work, and heal.

Despite the sign, she nearly missed the two stone pillars that marked the gateway to Oakland Seashore. The crescent moon had set long ago; the night was inky black, especially here in the country. Worried that she'd hit some nocturnal animal, she inched the car along the narrow lane leading into the park. She was grateful when the lights of the old frame house came into view. She parked in the gravel-paved field on the side and got out, a bit stiff from her long drive.

She took a deep breath. The scent of the sea overwhelmed the other end-of-summer smells. The cool, salty breeze excited her despite her exhaustion. For the first time since she left home, she felt a spark of hope.

Maggie, the owner, met her at the screened door with a wide grin on her weathered face. "Come on in, Miss Barnes. Would you like some tea?"

"No, thanks. I'm beat. You must be tired, too. Sorry that you had to stay up for me."

"Never mind. I've always been a night owl. We don't get many guests arriving so late, though." Maggie scanned Leah's face, frankly curious. "Ah, I remember you! Your husband's that handsome young musician. What's his name?"

"Daniel." Leah felt reluctant to talk about him.

"Right! I remember he had a guitar—we sat for hours on the porch one afternoon, while he played all those old folk songs for me."

Leah remembered, too. Maggie must have seen something of her distress in her expression.

"You do look exhausted. Look, here's the key. It's number seven, all the way at the end of the path. You can register in the morning."

"Thank you, Mrs..."

"Just Maggie, please. I'll see you tomorrow. Breakfast's served from seven till ten." She handed Leah a flashlight. "Here. You'll need this. It's blacker than the Devil's oven out there."

A trail of wave-polished beach stones led to the door of cabin number seven. A forty-watt bulb encrusted with a season's worth of dead insects lit the porch with a soothing if feeble glow. Leah trudged up the steps with her bag and briefcase. The key, hanging by a chain from a smooth hunk of driftwood, turned smoothly in the lock.

The cosy room welcomed her. Leah thought she'd never seen anything as appealing as the double bed, with its calico quilt and white-enamelled iron frame. She didn't turn on the light. She didn't bother to undress. She threw herself down on the bed, unable to remain upright any longer.

The puffy mattress embraced her. Her breathing slowed as sleep stole closer. Her limbs became heavier by the second. Raising her arms above her head and pointing her toes toward the door, she tried to stretch the kinks out of her muscles. Her fingers brushed against the cold metal of the bed frame.

Perfect for bondage. The thought popped up, unbidden. She tried to push it away, to let drowsiness smother her obsessions. It was useless. Instead, lewd images flooded her mind, visions of her own naked body spread wide, tied hand and foot to the convenient bars. She could almost feel the pull of the nylon rope that Greg favoured, sense the strands biting into her wrists and ankles. She saw him—her master—standing over her, his muscled chest bare, black hair half-hiding his demon's eyes, mocking grin exposing his sharp teeth, running the strands of a flogger through his fingers.

She was instantly wet, as wet as if he were there in the flesh. Her nipples shrank to hard knots that tingled where they pressed against her cotton jersey. Her clit swelled like a plump, juicy grape, threatening to burst at the slightest touch. Her breath came shallow and fast. She could hear his voice, rich as velvet, teasing her, taunting her with her burning weakness.

"You can't run from me, little one. You can't escape your own shameful desires. I know you. We're linked, eternally. I'll always find you and bring you back to suffer the punishment that you deserve. To give you the pain that you crave and the release you need."

The images, the sensations—they were so real. As she hovered in a hypnagogic trance on the boundary of consciousness, she wondered whether he truly did have some psychic power as he sometimes claimed. She'd felt this before, the touch of his mind even when they were apart. As always, she didn't know if it really was his disembodied commands that she heard, or the dictates of her own perverse imagination.

Leah was a practical woman, or so she liked to think. Rational, sensible. When it came to Greg, though, she wanted to believe in magic.

"Touch yourself," his voice whispered.

*But I'm bound,* she thought.

"You're free now, Leah." She felt the ropes dissolve. "Show me how my slut pleasures herself. Show me how the mere thought of your master submerges you in lust."

She pulled up the skirt that she had donned after her pre-dinner shower. As he had instructed, she wore nothing underneath. With her left hand, she parted her slick lower lips, exposing her clit. She could hear her master chuckle at the sight of her helpless arousal.

She brushed a fingertip over the aching bud. A shiver shook her frame. "More," he commanded. Leah circled the nubbin, teasing herself the way she knew he would have. "More. Don't pretend you're shy, slut. Do it."

She rubbed her finger back and forth over the nub, launching bolts of lightning through her sex. Faster, harder, her flesh screamed. She obeyed. She drew her knees up and spread her thighs wide, one hand battering her clit while the other plunged into her hungry depths. In her mind, Greg had loosed his huge cock and was stroking himself in time with her thrusts. *Fuck me, master*, she pleaded mentally. She felt herself stretch to the point of pain as he forced his impossible bulk into her pussy.

*Yes!* She clamped down on delicious hardness that filled her so completely. Spasms rippled along her inner walls, each one more powerful than the last. She arched up, pushing him deeper, mashing her clit against her palm. Pleasure sliced through her, cutting her free.

She climaxed with a terrifying intensity. Her entire body jerked and shook, animated by the electric sensations coursing through her. Again and again, pleasure arced from her centre out to her limbs, which twitched helplessly. The tumult continued forever, until she thought she could endure no more.

At last, the shuddering delight faded away. She opened her eyes. Light filtering in from the porch allowed her to see that the room was empty. Her pussy, however, still felt full. Her hands were still wedged between her legs.

In the throes of her fantasy, Leah had forced her entire fist into her sex. *Master*, she thought, *what have you done to me?* Gingerly, she extricated her balled-up fingers from the stretched folds. A twinge of pain blended with the quivers of pleasure that woke in her clit. She was simultaneously shocked and elated.

"Good girl," Greg whispered in her head. "Now sleep."

She had no choice but to comply.

## Chapter Five

Leah woke to the screech and twitter of birds in the trees surrounding the cabin. The pearly light filtering through the gingham curtains told her that it was barely dawn. *I should go back to sleep*, she thought. *It must have been nearly two when I crashed.*

She was alert despite the hour, however. Slumber did not appeal to her. She rose and showered, noting ruefully that her thighs were sticky and her pussy sensitive and sore. She shook her head. What had gotten into her last night? She hardly ever masturbated. Of course, living with two virile men, she rarely needed to be content with self-pleasuring.

She resolved that she wouldn't think about Daniel and Greg. Not yet, at least. The shower was pleasantly warm, but she shivered when she stepped out onto the tiled floor. The temperature had dropped overnight, and being a summer place, the cabin was not heated. She was grateful that she had brought a jacket. Autumn was not far off.

She pulled on a pair of jeans and a long sleeved knit shirt. Nobody here would upbraid her for being sexually inaccessible. She grinned to herself. Men were exhausting. It took so much work to keep them happy.

Donning her jacket, she stepped out onto the porch. The birdsong increased in volume. The cool morning air was like wine, a bracing tonic that roused her further. Her spirits rose when she saw the ocean, no more than twenty feet from the cabin steps.

Last night she had been too tired to even look. Now she gazed out across tranquil waters of Glenn Cove, shimmering silver under the mother-of-pearl sky. Near the horizon she could just make out the charcoal smudge that she knew was Vinalhaven Island. She and Daniel had rented a sailboat, two summers ago, and visited the quaint villages that clung to its craggy shores. They had brought wine and a picnic lunch, which they ate on board, anchored within view of Seal Bay lighthouse. And then, stretched out on cushions on the floor of the boat, they'd made love.

Leah recalled it vividly. The summer sun deliciously hot on their bare skin. The raucous gulls wheeling overhead, spying on their public coupling. The intoxicating scent of Daniel's sweat, dripping off his bronzed torso onto her breasts as he held himself above her, slowly working his cock in and out of her aching pussy.

No, no, no! She was not supposed to be thinking about them. Taking a deep breath, she resolutely pushed the memories away. She let her eyes sweep across the peaceful seascape, seeking some of that peace for herself.

Something flashed in the distance. Light flowed along the horizon in both directions, growing thicker and brighter, until an orange disk breached the ocean's surface. Leah squinted out over the water as the rising sun painted paths of gold across the silver waves. A new day dawned, full of beauty and promise.

She could live without them. For a few days at least. Locking the cabin door behind her, Leah headed to the big house for breakfast.

The proprietor bustled around the roomy kitchen, frying up bacon and eggs and slicing what looked like home-baked bread. "Morning", she called over her shoulder. "You're up early."

"The birds wouldn't let me sleep," said Leah with a smile. "Mmm, that smells wonderful!"

"Hope that it tastes as good as it smells." Maggie set a heavily-laden plate down on the table in front of her.

"Goodness, you're going to make me fat."

"Nonsense. You're too skinny. You could use some meat on your bones. Coffee?"

"Please. Black with sugar."

"Here you go." Maggie sat across from Leah with a steaming mug of her own. She watched as Leah raised a first forkful of eggs to her mouth.

"So. What brings you out here all by yourself? What happened to that sexy husband of yours, with his dark hair and his soulful eyes?"

Leah nearly choked on her toast.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I should know better. I'm just a nosy old biddy. Interested in everybody else's business."

"No, that's okay." Leah struggled for composure. "I came up to work. On my novel. I'm a writer."

"A writer! So your husband's not the only one who's artistic."

Leah's full mouth gave her an excuse not to respond. Maggie continued to chatter.

"Lots of writers spend time here, 'specially in the summer. It's so peaceful and quiet, no distractions."

"That's what I want. No distractions." *No fantasies*, she thought. *No worries. No regrets.*

"Well – why don't I make you some sandwiches to take back to the cabin? Then you won't have to interrupt your work for lunch."

"After all this food, I don't know if I'll be hungry for lunch."

"Oh, you'll be hungry. It's the sea air that does it." Maggie cleared Leah's empty plate. "See what I mean?"

"That was delicious."



"Thank you kindly. But out here, everything tastes good. Look, why don't you go into the parlour and fill out the registration card, while I see to those sandwiches. How long did you say you're here for?"

"I'm not sure. It depends on how my work goes." *And on how long I can stand being away from my lovers*, Leah added silently.

"Well, just leave the departure date blank. You stay as long as you like."

A scarred wooden bar stretched across one end of the parlour, serving as an impromptu reception desk. A massive fieldstone fireplace graced the opposite end of the room, with a stuffed moose head hung over the mantel, surveying the room with glassy eyes. The house sat on a small rise. Out of the bay window that on the left wall Leah could see the sea, sparkling in the distance. Her mood brightened again. How could anyone be lonely or unhappy in such a beautiful place?

Maggie came in just as she finished signing her name. "Here you are," said the proprietor, handing Leah a heavy brown paper bag. "Ham, tuna and egg salad. I threw in a couple of bottles of orange juice, too."

"What do I owe you?"

"Oh, don't worry about that now. I'll just put it on your bill."

"Thanks. I really appreciate it."

"Never mind." Maggie followed her to the screened outer door. "Have a good day. And if you need anything, just let me know."

Back at the cabin, Leah stuffed the bag into the little refrigerator that hummed in one corner. She brushed her teeth, then unpacked her notebook computer.

The climbing sun had burned off the morning chill. She decided to try working on the porch. She settled into one of the comfortable wooden chairs, put her feet up on the table, and opened the first document she planned to tackle, a review by a well-known author that Jamison had slated for the next issue. Maybe later she'd do some writing of her own; right now she felt too fragile.

She managed to make good progress, finishing two of her assignments and starting on the third. She was halfway into an essay about indigenous cultures in the Amazon when she realised she was starving. Her watch told her that it was nearly two.

*I'll be darned*, she thought. She took out Maggie's bag and wolfed down two of the sandwiches.

After lunch, she tried to return to work, but she felt too drowsy to concentrate. She nodded off twice in the middle of a page. Finally, accepting the inevitable, she shut down her machine, went inside and threw herself onto the bed.

She was asleep in minutes.

*She was bound – not with Greg's smooth synthetic ropes but with some kind of coarse vine that chafed her wrists. The twisted lianas, strong as steel cables, held her suspended between two posts buried in the dirt. Her feet touched the ground, but just barely.*

*Except for a colourful scrap of cloth that hung from her waist and hid her sex, she was naked. Looking down at her bare flesh, she saw that crude designs in black and red had been sketched on her torso. Her nipples had been painted a vivid scarlet. They felt stiff, encased in some kind of hardened paste.*

*The forest rustled around her. Wood smoke hung in the air. In the distance, she heard the wail of human voices.*

*What the heck? Where was she? She struggled in her bonds, bouncing between the posts. The vines only gripped her more tightly.*

*The voices came closer. It was some kind of song, in a foreign language. Then, the jungle was silent again, save for wind among the leaves.*

*Suddenly the clearing was full of bodies. She was surrounded by short, brown-skinned men with flattened noses and thick lips. Bright feathers were tangled in their coarse black hair. Streaks of red and circles of white decorated their chests. Garlands of animal teeth hung around their necks. They brandished stone-tipped spears as they sniffed at her, poked at her breasts, fingered her ginger locks.*

*The Amazon, Leah realised. Ah. A dream. Yet the rope biting into her flesh felt completely real.*

*Someone barked a command, full of authority. The natives moved away from her. A man stepped forward, out of the jungle, taller by two heads than those who served him. He wore a terrible wooden mask, with staring eyeholes and vicious teeth, and a lavish feathered head dress. A breast plate fashioned of animal bones hid his brawny torso. A horn like an antelope's arched up from his groin, a frightening parody of an erect penis.*

*His corded thighs were bare. Leah recognised them.*

*"Greg," she whispered.*

*"Mine!" the chief thundered, shaking a skull-shaped rattle. "This woman is mine!" He reached out and tore off her loincloth, exposing her sex to the eyes of the tribe. She felt moisture gather between her legs at their scrutiny. Her lower lips swelled and separated; her rigid clit peeked out between them. A native raised his nose to the breeze, and she knew that all these men of the forest could smell her arousal.*

*"I will take her and use her. Then you, my loyal warriors, can have your turn."*

*"No!" Leah cried. The notion of being taken by these – savages – terrified her. Yet at the same time, her juices flowed more swiftly, dribbling down the insides of her thighs.*

*"You cannot refuse me." The chief stripped off his mask, revealing her lover's fierce, familiar eyes. "You do not want to refuse me."*

*He was right. She melted in the heat of his gaze. He pulled away his false erection to reveal his real one, a spear of flesh that trembled in its eagerness to pierce her. She held her breath, awaiting the savage pleasure of his first thrust.*

*"Wait!" The voice was higher, and equally familiar. "You can't have her. She belongs to me. She is my wife." Daniel strode into the clearing, magnificently attired in a gold breastplate, a cape fashioned from tawny skin of some wild creature draped over his shoulders. A retinue followed him, from some different tribe, their long hair braided, their faces painted a ghostly white.*

*Daniel faced his adversary, uncowed by Greg's superior height. "You are too late. I claimed her long ago. She chose me." He flipped his robe aside, baring his own cock, long, slender and elegant, as pale as the faces of his guards.*

*Leah smelt his musk in the air, overwhelming the smoke from the native's fires. She ached to take him into her mouth, to feel the smooth ivory of his skin against her tongue.*

*"You want me, don't you? Tell me! Tell him!"*

*Tears sprang to her eyes. "Yes," she whispered. "I want you."*

*Greg glared at her. "Slave. Reject him."*

*"No ... I can't."*

*"Tell him, Leah," Daniel urged. "Tell him you want only me."*

*"But ... that's not true."*

*"You see?" Greg was triumphant.*

*"No, you don't understand..." Leah pleaded, trying to make them see how things were. They just wouldn't listen.*

*"Get out of here, you runt."*

*"No way. I'm not leaving without my wife."*

*"You mean, my slave?"*

*"Get it through your thick skull once and for all, she's not yours."*

*"I'll make her mine, once and for all." Greg nodded to his men. They began hauling at the left post, trying to pull it out of the ground.*

*"Not if I have anything to say about it." Daniel's warriors attacked the right post.*

*"Please..." Leah moaned. The shouts of the natives drowned her out.*

*She wobbled as the supports holding her were seized by the crowds on either side. They raised the posts until her feet no longer reached the ground. She dangled by her wrists, the vines slicing through her skin.*

*"No...! Wait! You're hurting me..."*

*Daniel's army took off in one direction. Greg's minions headed in the other. The pain mounted. Her arms were being pulled out of their sockets.*

*"NO!" she yelled at the top of her lungs, as they began to tear her apart. "Let me go! LET ME GO!"*

She woke up screaming, drenched with sweat, her jeans soaked with pussy juice.

## Chapter Six

Leah shook her head, trying to drive away the remnants of the dream. So transparent, but so true. The fact was, these men both claimed to love her, but really it was all about their egos. Neither one cared enough to see how their rivalry tore her apart.

That wasn't completely fair. They did, sometimes, glimpse her pain. They'd be apologetic and guilty, and then perhaps they'd act civilised for a while. But before long, the old possessiveness and suspicion would take over again.

Leah sighed. Maybe what she needed was a distraction. A glance at her watch told her it was already four thirty. She'd get dressed up and go into town for dinner.

She peeled off her sodden jeans and underwear. It felt too cool to shower. She donned the one dress she'd brought, a long-sleeved shift with a V-neck made of forest green rayon. The soft, clinging fabric highlighted her curves, while the colour made her hair gleam like burnished copper. She couldn't really get a clear view of herself in the small mirror above the bureau, but she knew that she looked good. *Eat your hearts out, boys*, she thought, smiling as she got into her car.

She waved at Maggie, who sat rocking on the porch, as she headed for the gate.

Rockport was a picturesque town set on an inlet of Penobscot Bay. This late in the day, and in the season, the sidewalks were mostly empty. She wandered along First Street, which paralleled the water, browsing in the few shops that were still open. Most sold kitschy souvenirs—plaster lighthouses, stuffed plush moose, seascapes painted on driftwood planks, key chains made of shells. She happened on a clever T-shirt, decorated with a guitar-playing lobster. She knew Daniel would enjoy it. But then she'd need to find a gift for Greg. Anyway, she shouldn't be buying presents for either of them. This trip of hers was supposed to be a kind of penance. She wanted them to feel bad about the way they treated her.

She strolled to the wharf near the entrance to the cove. The sky was darkening, moment to moment, from turquoise to teal to indigo. A few clouds hovered near the horizon, streaked purple and gold. The wind had picked up; she slipped her arms into sleeves of the jacket hanging off her shoulders.

Her stomach growled. She could hardly believe she was hungry again. Well, that was why she was here, after all. From her previous explorations, she knew exactly where she wanted to go.

The Captain's Table opened onto First Street, but the dining room and cocktail lounge were cantilevered out over the water on pilings. Wonderful smells welcomed her as she stepped through the door into the low-ceilinged room. The uneven planks under her feet and the huge beams above her head made it feel as though she were on a ship. Starched white cloths, crystal goblets and candles on each table provided an elegance to offset the rough nautical ambience.

She decided that she didn't want to sit at a table alone, so she settled herself on a stool at the brass-trimmed bar, ordering baked haddock and a glass of Pinot Grigio.

What would Greg and Daniel do for dinner? she wondered idly. She ordered a second glass of wine. It was her night to cook. Well, too bad. Let them eat take out.

The fish was delicious, moist and flavourful. She savoured every bite. Finally, she pushed her plate away with a satisfied sigh. She was considering whether she should request another wine, when a new glass appeared magically before her. "From the gentleman at the end of the bar," the barman told her. "With his compliments."

Leah peered in the direction indicated. There were several groups of customers in the way. Business had picked up since she had arrived.

Noticing her gaze, her benefactor picked up his own drink and strode to her end of the bar.

"May I join you?" he asked. He towered over her, looking down at her breasts with an expression of frank appreciation. Leah found that she was blushing. His nostrils flared. She wondered whether he could smell the musk, leftover from her dream.

"Ah—of course. Thank you for the wine."

"You're very welcome." The stranger seated himself on the stool beside her. He had dark, thick hair and a moustache that reminded her of Daniel's, but he was more solidly built—actually, rather like Greg. His clothes were casual, the Maine uniform of plaid flannel and denim. Still, she heard culture and education in his voice, none of the twang of a Down Easter. "I couldn't help wondering what a beautiful woman like you was doing eating all alone."

"Oh—um—I'm up here working. I just decided to come out and take a break." She couldn't figure out why she felt so flustered. She sipped her wine, trying to calm her racing heart. "I'm married." She held up her left hand as if to prove her statement.

"So I see. If I were your husband, I wouldn't let you out of my sight."

*Cheeky bastard*, Leah thought. Still, she felt herself getting wet.

"Well, he trusts me. To be faithful." She sat up straight on her stool and held the man's eyes, trying to get control of the situation. "And I am."

"I don't doubt it. More's the pity." He took a mouthful of his drink, which smelled like whisky, and patted her knee in a proprietary manner that once again reminded her of Greg. "Don't worry, I won't try to tempt you."

*Like hell you won't*, she thought. But she felt her pussy dampening anyway.

His hand moved casually up her thigh. "I'm Roger."

"Leah." He held her hand a few seconds longer than was customary. She fought down her arousal.

"So, what kind of work do you do, Leah?"

"I'm an editor for a major magazine." She couldn't pretend, with this man, that she was a novelist. He seemed to see right through her.

"And your husband?"

"A musician. A composer." Why should this guy care about Daniel anyway?

"An intellectual, artistic family. I imagine that you're very compatible. How long have you been married?"

"Ten years. I'm very happy with him." Leah heard insincerity in her voice. But she truly was happy. She loved Daniel dearly. It was only the constant conflict between Daniel and Greg that wore away at her contentment.

"I congratulate you." There was a challenge in Roger's eyes. What did he want from her?

Leah drained the rest of her wine. She suddenly felt a bit tipsy. "Thank you." She wanted to stand up, to bring this embarrassing conversation to an end, but discovered that her legs were wobbly.

"It's so important to have someone. Someone who can fulfil all your needs."

She tried to rise again, succeeding this time. She signalled for her check. "Yes, well, you know—I actually have another lover as well." Roger's look of surprise emboldened her. She grinned mischievously. "He lives with us. With my husband and me."

"Really? How fascinating!" He arched one dark eyebrow. Clearly he wasn't expecting this from her.

"It is, actually. They share me."

"In the same bed?" She couldn't believe how rude he was. She put on a demure expression.

"No—not usually. Greg likes to have me to himself. So he can tie me up and beat me."

"Leah, I am truly impressed." Now that she had taken the offensive, Roger looked distinctly uncomfortable.

"And Daniel would be happy to spend all day licking my pussy."

"But of course..." Her would-be seducer obviously realised that he was out of his depth.

Leah signed the credit card receipt with a flourish. She held out her hand. "Thanks again for the wine, Roger. It's been a pleasure talking to you."

She flounced out of the restaurant without waiting for his reply, shaking with silent laughter.

*I'm too drunk to drive*, she realised once she was out on the sidewalk. Damn. She wanted to get back to her cabin, to shower and bury her worries in sleep, but she'd have to wait. She headed back to the wharf, taking deep breaths of salty night air to clear her head.

It was cold down by the water. Leah zipped up her jacket and hugged her arms to her chest. A mist hung over the water, swaddling the boats tied up at the dock, though the sky was clear overhead. The waning moon glittered against the star-studded velvet backdrop, sharp as a scythe.

What exactly had happened back there, at the restaurant? Desire, certainly – the man had been attractive, all the more so because of his resemblance to both her lovers. But also defiance. Rebellion. Leah was so tired of trying to please the male sex. Perhaps the real solution was for her to strike out on her own.

A foghorn boomed, close by. She felt the vibrations in the planks under her feet. As the echoing died away, it was replaced by another sound, the shrill call of her mobile. She flipped it open and recognised the number.

For a moment, she considered letting it ring. She decided that would be selfish and unkind.

"Hello."

"Leah. It's Daniel." The signal was weak. He sounded as though he was on the moon. She felt awkward and guilty, as if he had caught her in an act of betrayal

"Hello, Daniel. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm okay." He paused; there was awkwardness on his side too. "We're both okay. We were just wondering when you're coming home."

She said nothing, just listened.

"Not that we're trying to rush you or anything," her husband continued. "We flipped a coin to see who should call you. We didn't want to bother you; we know you're looking for peace and quiet. But – we were wondering. Because we miss you, you know..."

"I miss you, too. Both of you. But I'm not sure I'm ready to come back yet."

Disappointment was palpable in the silence on the other end of the line. The bellow of the foghorn split the night once more.

"Well, whenever you're ready, we'll be here. Waiting for you."

"Thanks. Thanks for calling." There was that feeling again, her heart lacerated with thorns like some bleeding martyr's. "I love you, you know."

His voice was almost too low to hear. "I know. And I'll give your love to Greg, too."

"Yes. Yes, please do."



"See you soon," he said, all in a rush, and hung up.

Her tears blurred the crisp edges of moon.

Leah had just been fooling herself. She saw that now. There was no way she could live without them—either of them. But how could she bear to live with them, when they were constantly at each other's throats?

She trudged back to her car, perfectly sober but weighed down by despair. All she wanted was the oblivion of sleep.

## Chapter Seven

Leah's slumber was as black and featureless as she craved. No dreams. No fantasies. She woke at dawn again, restless but less depressed than she had been the previous evening.

For once, she wasn't hungry. She drank one of the remaining bottles of juice as she sat on the porch, watching the sun rise. It was clearly going to be another gorgeous day.

Aside from the twitter of the birds, Oakland Seashore was amazingly quiet. She hadn't seen any other guests since her arrival. That suited her fine. She didn't feel up to engaging in small talk.

The place was different in the summer. She remembered voices calling from the cove, visitors taking advantage of the resort's two rowboats. She recalled the mouth-watering smell of steak grilling on the common barbecue. In July, this cabin wasn't nearly so private.

She remembered Daniel taking her, here on the porch, where anyone heading down the path to the water could see.

It had been late afternoon, the sun slanting through the tall oaks and making patterns on the grass. They had just returned from a walk along the shore. Leah reclined on one of the lounge chairs. Daniel sat cross-legged beside her. She had been staring out at the sea, watching the progress of a sail, when she felt his hand on her thigh. He toyed with the hem of her sundress, then slipped his hand underneath. The very first contact awakened her flesh to new sensitivity. His fingers stroked upward, moving towards her centre, becoming bolder by the instant. Her pussy moistened in anticipation.

"Your skin's so smooth," he murmured. He trailed his fingers along the inside of her thigh, where every touch evoked shimmers of pleasure. His touch feathered across the wiry curls hidden under her panties. Indirect pressure flowed down to her swelling clit. Her nipples snapped to attention.

He slid two fingers between her thighs, rubbing the damp cloth that covered her sex. Her muscles clenched. "Daniel..."

"So wet, too." He brought his fingers to his nose. "My ocean lady. I've got to taste you."

Before she could say or do anything, he crouched between her legs, pushing her skirt up to her waist. "Lift your hips, Leah, so I can get these off you." A stray breeze rifled her bare sex like ghostly fingers. "Oh, baby, you smell so good..." He spread her lower lips and bent his mouth to the exposed folds.

"No, Daniel, anyone could see..." she had begun, but his tongue turned her protests to gasps and moans of pleasure. He had eaten her until she writhed and groaned, begging for his cock in her pussy. Then with a mischievous smile, he had straddled her and sunk his lovely hardness deep into her body.

Anyone could see. Voices rang across the water, laughter and snatches of song. She thought there were footsteps crunching down the gravelled path, but she didn't care, arching up to meet Daniel's thrusts halfway, clenching her muscles around him to keep him inside her. Anyone could have heard her yells as they came together, in a blaze of sensation that left them both trembling and breathless.

The proprietor had looked at them oddly at breakfast the next day. Had she caught a glimpse of them, rutting like animals in full view of any passer-by? Maybe that was why she remembered them so well.

Leah sighed. Everything reminded her of him. Of them. Maybe if she got away from the cabin, the memories would give her some respite. Perhaps she could take one of the boats and do some exploring along the coast. The skiffs wouldn't be safe for venturing out very far, but if she stayed within sight of the shore, she'd be fine.

The notion appealed to her. She grabbed the remaining sandwiches from the fridge and headed for the main house.

"Ah, good morning!" Maggie was her usual cheerful self. "Want some breakfast?"

"No, thanks. But I was wondering whether I could use one of the boats."

"I don't see why not. You know how to handle it?"

"Well enough. I was a summer camp counsellor, years ago. I'll stay close in."

"Okay, then. They're still tied up at the dock. The weather's been so lovely, I figured that I didn't want to move them inside yet." She handed Leah a slip of paper. "Here's our card. In case you get into any trouble, you call."

"Thanks. Great. I should be back in a few hours."

"Whatever you like. Enjoy yourself."

The aluminium boats were light, easy enough for one person to handle. She headed south along the rocky coast, towards Rockland and Owl's Head.

The physical activity of rowing was an unexpected pleasure. She gloried in the sense of her own strength as she sent the boat skimming through the waves. The sun grew hot; she stripped off her jacket so she could feel the warmth on her bare arms. The sky was a Wedgwood bowl overhead, smooth blue puffed with white dots of cloud.

She rowed on, focused on the sense of speed and freedom that came from propelling herself forward. The sun climbed until it was directly overhead, and her stomach began to growl. Noticing an inlet up ahead, she pulled towards shore and looped the painter around one of the boulders piled up at the water's edge.

Perched on a sunny rock, she ate the last two sandwiches. She felt better than she had in days. *I'm strong, she thought. I can choose to live on my own, if that's what I decide to do. I'm free.*

*You'll never be free of your desire for me.* She heard Greg's voice in her mind. Sudden longing tore at her heart. She fought back. It wasn't true. He had no power over her, unless she gave him that power.

*But you did. You gave yourself to me, body and mind. Don't you remember?*

How could she forget? She had been so young, so naïve, in her first year of graduate school at Brown. She had come up to Boston for the opening of her old friend Laura's show, at that trendy gallery on Newbury Street. And then she had seen him, towering above the other art connoisseurs, dressed all in black. She had melted the moment he turned his eyes on her, before they had even spoken.

"I'd love to spank you." Those were his first words. She had turned strawberry red, embarrassed beyond speech by his crudeness. "Your lovely bottom would be as pink as your face is now." Moisture gathered in her pussy and spilled over. She felt sticky and dirty and incredibly aroused.

"Come with me. I live a few blocks from here." His hand was on her arm. His touch felt hot, feverish. She wanted to feel his fingers all over her body.

"I—I can't. I'm staying with Laura—the artist. She'd worry if I disappeared."

"But you want to come, don't you?"

Leah could not answer. His nostrils flared. He knew she was soaked and aching.

"Give me your number then. And your email."

Mutely, she wrote in his little black book. He had called her the next day, and every day for the next two weeks. Telling her about himself, and about what he saw in her. Seducing her with tales of what he'd like to do with her. Opening her eyes to desires she had never known she harboured.

By the time she boarded the train from Providence to Boston, she felt as though she knew him. Strange as it seemed, she trusted him. He had not disappointed her. During that first visit, he had spanked her until she writhed and cried and came in his lap. He had tied her to his bed and licked her pussy for hours, wringing climax after climax from her hyper-aroused body. And he had fucked her with his huge, fascinating cock, not only her pussy but, for the first time, her rear hole. Then he had kissed and cuddled her and told her she was a good slut.

Staring out the window of the train, on her way home, she'd felt how stretched and tender she was, behind. She had cherished the sensation. "You really do trust me," he had whispered, almost awed, lying on top of her with his softening cock still buried between her butt cheeks. "Thank you, little one."

Leah realised that tears were streaming down her cheeks. It was no use. She loved Greg. She loved Daniel. She couldn't run away from the truth. She had to go home and face them, find some way to bring peace into their shared lives. She was free to leave, sure—free to be lonely and lost, free to throw away the gifts that fate had given her. She would not make that mistake. Somehow, they would work things out.

Climbing into the boat, she pulled away from the shore and headed back towards the cabin. With luck, she could be home by seven or eight tonight.

The trip back seemed endless. Finally she tied the boat up to the dock. As she climbed up the slope towards the big house, Maggie waved enthusiastically from the porch. *Good*, Leah thought. *Now I don't have to talk to her*. She made her way down the pebbled path to her cabin, grimly determined that she would make everything right.

A familiar smell tickled her nostrils. Pipe smoke-familiar but distinctly out of place in this isolated woodland setting. What was going on? Could it be her overactive imagination again?

She rounded the bend and Number 7 came into view. The same weathered, white-painted shingles. The same green shutters and gingerbread trim. The same glorious view of the sea.

One thing had changed, though.

Lounging on the porch, watching the path for her arrival, were her two lovers.

## Chapter Eight

"What the...?" Leah stopped short, near speechless. Both men were smiling. Both looked so delicious she felt weak with desire. She wanted to grab Daniel and cover his face with kisses. She wanted to fall to her knees at Greg's feet. If she went to Daniel first, though, she'd make Greg jealous—and vice versa. So she just stood there, glued to the spot, torn between wonder and frustration.

"Hello, Leah." Daniel put down his pipe. He held out his arms in an obvious invitation. Leah gave Greg a worried glance, expecting to see his face twisted into a jealous scowl, but her master just nodded amicably. She sank into her husband's embrace, dizzy with his scent, drinking from his lips like a woman dying of thirst.

"Now Greg," Daniel instructed when he finally released her.

"Come here, little one." Greg's welcome was rougher and more lewd—a pinch of a nipple, a grope of her butt cheeks—but his kiss still stole her breath away. By the time both men had finished welcoming her, her heart was pounding away at twice its normal rate, and her panties were distinctly damp.

Leah sank down onto the steps, helpless and confused.

"What are you doing here? How did you find me?"

"We missed you, of course." Daniel grinned. "We just couldn't take any more waiting."

"Yeah, and we worried that left on your own, you might not want to come back. We figured we'd better come in person to—persuade—you." Greg's voice managed to suggest all sorts of nasty and delightful methods of persuasion.

"But how did you know where I was?"

"Daniel figured it out," Greg replied. "He knows you pretty well, it seems."

"It was the foghorn," added Daniel. "When I called you last night. That gave me the first clue. Then I remembered this place, how much you'd loved it here. It seemed like a natural escape. When I called early this morning, Maggie remembered me. Otherwise, she said, she wouldn't have given out information about any guests."

Leah smiled at this fresh evidence of Daniel's irresistible charm. "And you came together."

"How else? Greg drove. I navigated. We got here about an hour ago. Maggie told us that you'd taken the boat, but she let us come down to the cabin and wait."

Leah wondered what Maggie had thought about Greg.

"Look, Leah." Greg sounded uncharacteristically humble. "This isn't easy for me, but I want to tell you that I'm sorry. You trust me, I know, but I guess I haven't always trusted you. Dan and I have made a pact. We're not going to fight over you. Whoever you want, whoever you fuck, it's your choice."

"I want you both." Tears pricked the corners of Leah's eyes. "That's what I've always wanted. But how...?"

"The night you left, we just ignored each other. I sat in my studio until dawn with my headphones blaring punk rock. Greg holed up in his dungeon."

"Lashing the whipping bench until I more or less collapsed."

"The next day, I got roaring drunk. I raged around the house, screaming insults at him and kicking the furniture. Finally, I broke down the door of the dungeon."

"You what?" Leah couldn't imagine Daniel so angry. Her husband looked sheepish.

"Yeah, well, I was pretty surprised myself."

"So was I. I always thought Dan was something of a pussy."

"Anyway, Greg was in there, watching videos. Of you."

Leah blushed furiously. Greg liked to film her when she was trussed up on his bondage rack, or hanging from the hook in the ceiling, or writhing on his dildos. He had begun years ago, long before he'd moved in. He told her the videos kept him company when she wasn't with him. Most of the time she couldn't bear to look at the results. They were too raw.

"He managed to calm me down," her husband continued. "Then he showed me some of his recordings. I couldn't believe it was you."

"I watched the way your body reacted to his strokes. I watched your face. And I finally began to understand." Daniel leaned over and caressed her cheek. "It was tough to look at you like that, in his power. Under his thumb. But I saw the truth. That you wanted it. That surrender took you to the heights of ecstasy. I watched him play with you and I understood that it was not abuse, but love."

It was unbelievable, but Greg looked embarrassed. "I hope that you don't mind my sharing the flicks, little one. It seemed like the right thing to do."

Leah nodded, overwhelmed. She turned to Daniel. "So now do you think that I'm a perverted slut?"

"I always knew that. If you weren't, I never would have married you. But now I understand the exact nature of your deviance."

They all laughed. The tension evaporated. Leah stood. She reached for Daniel with one hand, for Greg with the other. "I'm so glad that you came. I haven't been able to stop thinking about you. Either of you. I thought that maybe I had to choose. But I couldn't decide which of you I could

possibly give up. Then I thought that the solution was to cut myself free from both of you. Just the idea made me feel like killing myself.

"I just can't do it." She squeezed Daniel's hand. "I'm yours, baby. Nothing can change that." She turned to Greg. "And yours. Always. If you'll have me."

She dropped her lovers' hands long enough to fish the key out of her pocket. "Come on. I'll show you."

The cabin felt crowded with all three of them inside. Greg's head nearly touched the ceiling. Leah squirmed past them to stand near the bed. She kicked off her shoes. Her eyes locked with theirs as she unbuttoned her blouse and threw it into the corner, then unfastened her bra. She peeled off her jeans and her underwear in one motion. No one breathed.

She stretched out on the old-fashioned quilt, propped up on her elbows. The men's eyes were wide, as though they'd never seen her naked before. Leah laughed. "Well? What are you waiting for?"

There was a mad scramble as her lovers struggled to remove their clothing. Daniel finished first. He threw himself onto the bed, landing with a bounce next to her. "Leah. Can I kiss you?"

She took him in her arms. "Hon, you can do anything you want!" His mouth fastened on hers, his moustache tickling her under the nose. Desire swept through her like a hurricane. She opened to his probing tongue. His palm settled on her breast, his thumb making gentle circles around the nipple. Sensation spiralled down to her pussy. Her clit tingled and throbbed, aching for its own massage. She spread her thighs in invitation.

A weight settled on her opposite side and then she felt the touch she craved, circling the taut nub at the apex of her sex. She knew the hand of her master. A new flood of moisture welled up and overflowed. He flicked her clit back and forth, driving her crazy. Meanwhile, other fingers sank deep into her. She twisted and bucked, grinding herself the hand working inside her folds. Sharp pleasure radiated from her clit; smoother, fuller sensations gathered in her depths, as her muscles clenched against the invading digits.

Wetness now, a hot mouth suckling one swollen nipple—Daniel?—and then the scream of the other, captured in an iron grip and twisted almost beyond endurance. Greg. Gentle fingers stroking along the slippery length of her sex, tickling and teasing, then a blunt digit plunged with delicious force into her rear passage. Daniel released her from his kiss and Greg claimed her mouth, sucking fiercely at her tongue as though he would swallow her whole.

She hovered on the edge of climax, suspended between them, gentleness and fury. Innumerable fingers stroked, pinched, probed her most private places. She writhed helplessly, trusting them to lead her where she needed to go.

Her hands were above her head, clenching at the coverlet. Now someone grasped her wrist and brought her hand down to an endless length of hard flesh, rooted in silky curls. Daniel's body arched like a cat at her touch. He rubbed his cock against her hand, steel sheathed in satin. She



wrapped her fingers around him, squeezing while stroking the underside, the way he liked. A shudder ran through him. Reflexively, his fingers pushed deeper into her pussy.

"Suck me, slut," Greg whispered in her ear. She turned to find him kneeling next to her, his erection bobbing in her face. Eager for his taste, she swallowed as much of his length as she could. The bulb grazed the back of her throat. She lapped hungrily at the rigid column filling her mouth. "That's good," he groaned. "Now suck."

She pursed her lips and worked her tongue, building up the suction until he groaned anew. She pumped at Daniel's cock in the same rhythm. It was strange—the two cocks somehow seemed to belong to one man. As she brought them closer, she could feel their excitement, climbing in tandem. She sensed them both losing control.

Yes, she thought. *Let me give them back some of the pleasure they've shared with me.* She yearned to feel Daniel's cum spilling over her fingers. She wanted to savour the bitterness of Greg's fluids flooding her mouth. Her own pleasure seemed unimportant.

But Daniel pulled his cock away from her clutches. "That's incredible, but I want to come inside you."

Greg slid his from her lips. "So do I. Lie on your back, Dan."

Leah scrunched over to the side as Daniel flipped over. His pale cock arched up towards the ceiling. Leah couldn't help leaning forward to lick the gathering moisture from the tip. Greg landed a stinging slap on her butt. She thought he might be angry or jealous, but when she turned to look at him, he was grinning. "Okay, that's enough of that for now. He won't last if you tease him that way." He gestured towards Daniel, whose grin was equally broad. "Climb on top. I'm sure your cunt is wet enough to handle two cocks."

His crudeness made her wetter than ever. Was that what they had planned?

Daniel reached for her eagerly. Leah straddled her husband and positioned her pussy lips above his rampant cock. Taking him in her fist, she rubbed the bulb over her slick tissues. The sensations nearly toppled her over the edge.

She felt Greg's hands on her shoulders, pushing her down. She moaned as Daniel's rigid flesh slipped into her cleft, settling deep inside. Daniel shuddered, struggling for control. She clenched her inner muscles, delighting in the sensation of fullness.

"If you think you're full now..." Greg began. His fingers slipped between her rear cheeks and circled her rear hole. She gasped as she realised what he meant.

"Now lean forward, your chest on his. Don't her tits feel good, Dan?"

"Fabulous," Daniel answered through gritted teeth. He stroked his fingertips across the delicate skin along one side of her breast. Her pussy convulsed in a mini-climax. She felt Daniel swell inside her.

She wanted to ride him. She bounced up and down, feeling his shaft slide along her sensitive tissues. It would take so little...

"Hold on! Not yet! Please ... spread your thighs a bit more, little one. Yes, that's it."

Greg knelt behind her, stroking her ass. "I didn't bring any lube, but you seem to have an ample supply." He pushed his finger into Leah's vagina, next to Daniel's cock. Her husband stiffened, then relaxed as the finger was removed. Now Leah felt Greg's wet fingertip, circling her anus, slipping inside. She was afraid, as she always was when Greg prepared to bugger her. He was so big. Yet she knew from experience that she could take whatever he wanted to give her.

He had two fingers inside her now, stretching and lubricating her most private place. Obscene pleasure shimmered through her at his touch. She felt the round knob of his cock, pressing against her loosened sphincter. "Open for me now," Greg murmured. "Let me in."

He jerked his hips. His cock plunged halfway into her. There was sharp pain and terrible, guilty delight. Daniel gripped her arms, his fingernails digging into her flesh. Greg thrust again, driving himself all the way into her bowels. She and Daniel screamed together at the invasion.

"There, that's a good little slut," he murmured, sighing as he settled into her.

She felt unbelievably full, Daniel's bulk stretching her pussy, Greg buried deep in her ass. It was too much. If she moved, she'd come.

"Now, Dan. Let's fuck her the way she deserves."

Greg began to move, gently pulling partway out of her before plunging back in. Daniel thrust from beneath her, keeping time. They began slowly, but their speed and their force quickly increased. Every stroke was more intense than the last. Every part of her pulsed and flowed with incredible pleasure. With every stroke, Daniel's pelvis ground against her clit. With every invasion, Greg pushed deeper, opened her wider, stripped away the last shreds of her decency. She howled like an animal as she hung, skewered on their iron cocks, shaking with one helpless climax after another.

They worked her for what seemed like forever, crisis after crisis, each one deeper and fuller than the last. She didn't want it to end. All she wanted was to lie there, pinned between her two lovers, suffering the almost unbearable pleasure they gave her.

"I can't hold on much longer, Dan," Greg growled, pistoning in and out of her ass. Daniel answered with an inarticulate yell. His cock swelled inside her pussy and then burst, flooding her with cum.

Greg roared and slammed his cock into her bowels. She felt the spasms as he emptied himself inside her.

A final orgasm welled up, a magnificent crescendo that overwhelmed her. Her entire body convulsed. Searing electricity coursed through her limbs, sparked in her pussy, danced in her rear, sizzled back and forth over her skin. *I'll burn to a crisp with this heat, she thought. I'll be consumed.*

Suspended between her two lovers, that's all she wanted.



## Chapter Nine

The Captain's Table was busy, full of locals out for a nice Sunday dinner. Leah, Daniel and Greg sat at a table near the window, looking out over the harbour. A wisp of moon hung in the night sky, too meagre to be reflected in the water.

They were just finishing dessert, apple pie and vanilla ice cream. The cinnamon flavour lingered on Leah's tongue. She swallowed the last bit of wine that remained in her glass and sighed with contentment.

Daniel and Greg were deep in conversation—about music, she thought, or maybe computers. She couldn't believe how comfortable they seemed with each other. As for her, she felt as though champagne were running through her veins. Light and free, full of bubbly joy.

Her pussy and her rear were sore. The pain woke welcome memories of their three-way lovemaking. Greg had called it fucking, but she knew better. She watched their handsome, intelligent faces, glorying in the knowledge that they both loved her. She was the luckiest woman in the world.

Daniel must have felt her gaze. "What's up, hon?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm just so happy. I wish that it could always be like this."

"It can," Daniel replied. "It will." He leaned over and kissed her with a passion that made her feel drunk.

"Really, we've made a commitment." Leah had never seen Greg so serious. "A promise to ourselves, and to you. We'll work as hard as we can to respect each other. We'll fight against jealousy."

"We'll smother our male egos," Daniel added with a grin. Their laughter drew the attention of other diners. "From now on, we'll focus on you. Our goal is to please you. You're our lover and our mistress."

"Well, let's not take this too far," Greg interrupted. "She's still my slave." He reached under the table and stroked her thigh through her dress. "Something changed today, though. I never thought I'd be able to share you. Now that I have, I realise that no one else could ever be a threat to what connects us."

"Certainly not me," Daniel quipped.

"But will you really be able to keep this up, when we're back home, back to our regular routine? You won't bicker about who gets me each night?"

"Well ... Maybe that's no longer an issue, after today," Daniel offered. "At very least, we have a new way to settle any disagreements."

"Hey, I don't know whether I can handle both of you at the same time on a routine basis. Right now I can barely walk."

"You're tough," purred Greg, sliding his hand up under her skirt. "You have no idea of your limits, slut."

The couple at the table next door overheard him and responded with a stare of disapproval. The three of them giggled.

"I've been thinking, though," Daniel continued. "We should change the house deed to make Greg part-owner."

"What?" Greg looked startled.

"Well—right now it's our house. Leah's and mine. You're just a tenant. I wouldn't blame you for feeling like a second-class member of the family. If this ménage is going to work, we need to be on an equal footing."

"Dan, I'm floored. That's incredibly generous. Thank you."

"But, I do want something in return," Daniel added, a sparkle in his green eyes.

"What's that?"

"A key to the dungeon."

A delicious little shiver arced up Leah's back.

"Why don't we head home?" she said. She signalled for the check. As she did, she noticed a familiar face at the bar. Roger. "It's still early. And I've definitely been revived by that excellent meal. Of course, I don't know how energetic you two are feeling."

"Let's go," said Daniel, pulling back her chair. "We can show you."

"Right," Greg growled. "The night is young. And in case you didn't notice, the bed in that cabin is perfect for bondage."

Leah felt her pussy dampen. "Actually, I did notice..."

They sauntered out of the restaurant, arm in arm in arm, laughing and teasing each other. Roger watched them leave, his jaw dropping in amazement. Leah winked at him on the way out.

Outside, on the sidewalk, Leah pulled her two men into a three-way hug. She kissed one, and then the other. She didn't care who saw them. This was her life—the way it was meant to be.

Daniel slipped his arm around her back and cupped her breast, flicking at the nipple that peaked instantly in response. Greg played with her ass, running a finger up and down, pressing the slithery fabric of her dress into the crack. Boldly, Leah stroked Daniel's erection with her right hand,

Greg's with her left. Daniel moaned. Greg pinched her butt until she yelped. Her pussy wept with joy.

It was lucky that Greg drove an SUV with a big cargo area. Because Leah didn't think that they were going to make it back to the cabin for a while yet.

## About the Author

I became addicted to words at an early age. I began reading when I was four. I wrote my first story at five years old and my first poem at seven. Since then, I've written plays, tutorials, marketing brochures, software specifications, self-help books, press releases, a five-hundred page dissertation, and of course, erotica. I'm the author of four erotic novels and two short story collections. I also edited the ground breaking anthology *Sacred Exchange*, which explores the spiritual aspects of BDSM relationships, and the massive collection *Cream: The Best of the Erotic Readers and Writers Association*. My short stories have appeared in more than two dozen print collections edited by erotica luminaries such as M. Christian, Maxim Jakubowski, Mitzi Szereto, Rachel Kramer Brussel, and Alison Tyler.

My lifelong interests in sex and the written word became serendipitously entwined nine years ago when I read my first Black Lace book by Portia da Costa. Her work inspired me to take my fantasies out of the closet (and private email files) and expose them to the world. The rest, as they say, is history (although granted, no more than a minor footnote!).

I've always loved travelling; my husband seduced me in a Burmese restaurant by telling me his foreign adventures. Since then, I have visited every continent except Australia, though I still have a long travel wish list. Currently I live with him and our two exceptional felines in Southeast Asia, where I pursue an alternative career that is completely unrelated to my creative writing.

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