

*Family Heirlooms*  
**In Her Fantasies**



*Selena Illyria*  
Changeling Press

# **Family Heirlooms 2: In Her Fantasies**

## **Selena Illyria**

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Will giving Tana a ménage hurt or help their relationship? Devin's about to find out.

Tana has always fantasized about a ménage, but due to past hurt, she's never asked Devin for one.

Devin wants to give the woman he loves what she wants. With the help of a family heirloom, she's about to get the fantasy she's always desired.

When it's over, will their relationship remain intact, or will her fears drive him away?

## Chapter One

The gentle chime of bells filled the air and mingled with the soft murmur of the crowd. Every once-in-awhile someone shouted in surprise and excitement as the telltale blare of trumpets heralded Jackpot for all to hear. Tana wove through the tables of the XanLax Resort, Spa and Hotel's dining area, allowing her serving platter to float ahead of her so she could concentrate on avoiding grabby hands.

"I'll be right with you, honey," she called out when a man raised his hand for service. "Hold on a second, sugars, your beer and cocktails are being mixed as we speak."

A wink here and a smile there helped avoid the shouting and angry swearing that usually followed a delay. Tana arrived at her destination unscathed and leaned down, allowing the side of her breast to brush against her patron's shoulder.

"Anything else I can get you, tiger?" She ignored the bolt of lust that shot straight to her core. Liquid heat pooled in her stomach, sliding down, dampening her panties. She said a silent thank you to the makers of her uniform for using the best patent leatherex money could buy. It was thin enough to feel the heat rolling off of the man in waves but didn't show the pebbling of her nipples.

He shifted in his seat. Steel gray eyes shot through with blue shards gazed up at her. A firm hand settled on her back, the weight not unwelcome. Lust coiled in her stomach as tingles of arousal shot through her pussy lips and down her thighs. She shifted slightly, hoping he wouldn't notice her response. The steady thrum of her heartbeat stuttered then increased as he stared at her, unabated heat revealed in his

gaze. His eyes darkened to storm cloud gray. His hand moved down to trace the curve of her ass and stopped at the top of her thigh.

"You can allow me to take you home." His raspy, deep voice sent a heat flooding her body. She sucked in a breath as the world stopped for a moment. All she knew was his steely gaze and gruff voice.

Swallowing, she reached out a shaky hand to remove a wadded up napkin on his table before taking a step away from him. The pulse of heat didn't fade away with the small distance she put up. It only increased. His stare followed her movement, but he made no motion to push his chair toward her. Instead, he settled back with his body slumped in a relaxed pose. There was an energy there, just under the surface, like a predator ready to attack. He shifted again, turning more toward her.

Licking her lips, she answered him with as steady a tone as she could manage. "Sorry, tiger, my shift isn't over yet." She winked, ready to turn and leave this sexy temptation.

His voice stalled her. "What if I give you this?"

Biting her lip, she glanced over her shoulder and narrowed her eyes. He waved a hundred credit chip at her. Whirling around, hand on her hip, she glared at him.

Opening her mouth, ready to give him a scorching retort, he held up his hand stopping her. "We can use this to get dinner and I can buy you drinks. No sex, promise."

The desire in his eyes still burned in dark gray heat that warned her of danger ahead. Pressing her lips together, she weighed her options. *Pick up his beer and dump it on him or get a free meal? Decisions, decisions.* Tana reached out and snatched the chip. "You owe me and I damn well better get a full body massage, Devin Montano. And chocolate -- the good kind." She placed the chip onto her serving platter and turned to leave. A giggle bubbled up inside of her. She put a bit more sway into her walk, and felt the heat of his gaze following her every move.

When she reached the bar area and put in her order, she deliberately leaned forward on the bar. She was quite thankful that her uniform was a bit on the short side.

Tana looked down at her skirt. It stopped at mid-thigh with a crisscross corset design on either side. The black material shone in the bright overhead light, making the contrasting red thread stand out even more. Then there was the zippered corset with openings on either side of her top, showing off her smooth, even cocoa skin. The low sweetheart neckline showed off a lot of cleavage but clung to her breasts to ensure there would be no clothing malfunction -- much to her and all the other female servers' relief. The thigh-high, lace-top, sheer black stockings were a bit much. The thick soled platform heels with the thin stiletto spikes made her feet hurt just looking at them, but Devin thought she was sexy in her server outfit. Occasionally, he insisted on a bit of role play while she wore it.

Tana didn't mind in the least. If she wore this outfit, he'd wear his leather pants for her or a mock-up of his military uniform. She turned around and placed her elbows on the counter behind her, surveying the tables. Her gaze landed on his table and she smiled. He was still looking at her. He ran a hand through his wild, thick wavy hair that fell to the base of his skull. A wily strand fell over his eye.

Her fingers itched to brush it away. She took in his features: sharp jaw shadowed by golden brown hair, his sensuous lips curled into a smile. The tip of his tongue flicked out, moistening his lips. She wanted to scrape the sensitive flesh with her teeth, to suck his lips until they were red.

Moving her gaze upward, she took in the rest of his face: a straight nose turned upward at the end, hooded gray eyes framed by golden brown lashes. A high forehead was hidden by hanks of hair which continued to fall into his gaze, causing him to push them back. Normally he'd have slicked his hair back into a low ponytail, but even then tendrils would still escape to frame his face.

"Tana, you're up." A nudge at her arm caused her to tear her gaze away and turn around, almost grumbling for the interruption.

"I know, honey, I know. As soon as your shift is over, you can take that delicious piece of man home and have your wicked way with him. For now, customers and tips

await you.” The bartender, Novak, pointed toward her section and made a shooing motion.

“I know. I know.” Placing the drinks on her tray, she input the data on which tables to go to and followed along after it. Handing out the orders was easy. It was avoiding the groping that took a bit of athletic ability, especially in five inch heels.

She made her way back to Devin’s table. “Anything else, tiger?” Tana hadn’t meant to sound so tired, but she couldn’t help it. Her feet and back hurt, and there was the start of a wicked headache over her right brow that made her wince. Another trumpet blast had her shutting her eyes and praying the slot machine would explode.

“Hey, hey, what’s wrong? Migraine?” Devin reached out, stroking his thumb over the pulse point at her wrist. The gentle sweeping motion soothed her, but the contact had heat racing up her arm and slipping down the center of her body to her pussy. Gritting her teeth, she fought to focus on the last part of her evening before she could return to the oasis of their home. She picked up the chip and handed it back to him.

“Get us dinner to go. I want to finish this day and get a nice hot bath before I cuddle with you and finish reading my book.” Tana bent down, not caring if she was giving the table behind her or anyone else a show. With a gentle kiss on the lips, she brushed his hair back and straightened up.

He traced his fingers up her forearm before letting go. “You got it.” Devin grabbed her hand again, placed a kiss over her pulse point and pushed back his chair. He swiped his credit card and headed out to the main floor of the casino.

For a moment, she watched his ass. The tight muscular cheeks moved up and down in his worn jeans, the back pockets faded from much use. Heat curled in her stomach as her panties dampened. She imagined feeling the heat of his skin, her nails biting into the firm flesh, the scent of sex and sweat in the air. Her cunt contracted.

Shaking her head, she pulled away from the fantasy. Later, she thought, before picking up his bottle and moving away to gather the rest of the discarded glasses,



napkins and bottles. By the time her shift was over and she'd finished clean-up, Tana was more than happy to go home.

## Chapter Two

The drive home was torture. His cock pressed against his fly and his balls ached for release. Instead of trying to put Tana in the mood, he opted to run a bath while she settled down on the couch with the dinner he'd picked up. Turning the faucets to get the right amount of heat, he poured the bath milk and the salts in, turning the water soft lavender. He slipped in the flash drive, scrolled down and opened the story she'd been reading. While manually scrolling to her bookmark a word caught his eye. As the water level rose, he read the scene. His mouth went dry as his earlier arousal flared to life again.

He unfastened his belt and fly to ease the pressure. It didn't help. Need pulsed down his spine. "Shit." He eased a hand into the front of his jeans. The first touch set off a spark that made him shudder. The heat grew as beads of sweat broke out on his forehead and upper lip. Using just a gentle touch, he grazed his fingertips over the sensitive skin of his overheated cock. The simple contact wasn't enough. He almost shoved the waistband down to fully free his dick, but didn't.

Shaking his head, he pulled back his hand, refusing to come like that. Devin had known Tana liked to read about *ménages* and had an idea that she wanted one, but something in her refused to ask him for one. He had no problems with sharing her so long as he got a say in who joined them and where they got to stick their cock. Also, it wouldn't be a committed thing. Tana was his woman. No one else would be in their relationship.

Closing the file, he stepped away from the book and set up the hologram to project the words out for her to read while she rested her head on the lip of the tub.

Once the bath was full and the ideal temperature, he closed the taps and headed out to the living room to let her know her bath was ready.

She was curled up on the couch, eating a salad. Tana glanced up. "Hey, am I gonna eat all of this?"

She'd unpacked all the food and arranged it on the coffee table. He grinned and settled down on the couch next to her, grabbing a grilled chicken salad. "Your bath is ready. Finish eating and go relax. In a few minutes, after I eat, I'll be there to give you a massage."

"I'm really glad I decided to keep you -- if only for your massage." She glanced at him. Her lips twitched but she didn't smile.

"What? The hot sex isn't enough to convince you to let me stay?" He dug into his salad and looked over at her.

"It's adequate." She gave him a cheeky smile.

"You will so pay for that later. If I wasn't hungry --" he started.

"Yada, yada, yada. Idle threats. You know you're not going to do anything." Tana narrowed her eyes at him. A challenge sparkled behind a fan of black lashes.

He contemplated playing around for a few more minutes but went back to eating instead.

"Ha, I knew it! You're a chicken. I win." She laughed. The tinkling sound caught his breath and made him smile.

"I love that sound," he sighed, before shoveling another forkful of salad into his mouth.

"I love it when you make me laugh," she responded.

Devin led her to the bathroom and slipped out while she undressed. He changed into pajama bottoms and returned to help her relax in the bath. Pushing away his arousal, he kneeled behind the tub.

Tana was already soaking in the lavender water. Gentle tendrils of steam filled the air as the perfume of the bath salts whirled around them. Inhaling deeply, he sat on

his heels and grabbed the loofah. Running the rough sponge over her shoulders, he took his time, plunging it into water and then scrubbing her skin in a gentle motion.

"Don't you want to get in here? It would help me get clean much faster." Her voice had taken on a slight slur that told him she was relaxing under the heat of the water.

He didn't have to see her face to know she was smiling. "No. If I get in there, you know what I'd want to do."

"Mmm, hot, sweaty tub sex." She rocked to the side and her right arm disappeared into the tub.

Groaning, his movements faltered. "Tana."

"What? Just getting nice and clean."

Gentle waves slapped against the side of the tub. Squeezing his eyes shut, he blew out a breath and decided to change the subject. "I loaded your book for you. Even have it opened to the page you left off on. Why don't you read that?"

He didn't realize his error until she'd reached up and pushed a button on the wall. The hologram started up and floated in the air in front of her. Again the passages caught his attention, and his cock surged upward as it filled with blood. The front of his pants tented, and he bit his lip to keep from making a sound.

Arousal came roaring back. He heard the soft splash of water, and droplets of warm liquid hit him in the face. Blinking, he reached up and wiped them away. It took a moment for him to regain some semblance of control. *This is about her, not you*, he chastised himself before picking up the loofah again and squeezing out a dollop of body wash. He went about cleaning her shoulders and nape. Clearing his throat, he dropped his gaze and moved around to the side of the tub.

"You're always reading those ménage books. Do you find that really hot, two guys on one woman?" Devin wanted to smack himself in the head. He'd already read enough of her book collection to know the answer to that.

"Yeah, it is," she said simply, lifting her hand to touch the hologram in the corner of the page. Tana said nothing else, which left him wondering what she was hiding.

"Tana, it's okay. You can tell me if you want a ménage," he urged.

Her body stilled. She remained silent, much to his irritation.

"You never talk to me about your fantasies. I've told you all of mine and we've even acted out a few." The seconds ticked by and still she said nothing. "Baby --"

"I don't want a ménage." Her voice was brittle, hard and sharp. He winced at the tone.

"Tana, I just want you to be open with me." Her lips were thin, nostrils flaring. He could see the indecision in her eyes. Slipping a hand into the water, he caressed her leg. "Talk to me." Shucking his pants and ignoring his hard-on, he stepped into the basin and settled down across from her. Picking up her foot, he began to massage it, working over the heel first. "Tell me what you find hot and sexy about it."

She looked away. "Do you want one?" Tension radiated off of her in waves. He pressed hard on her instep. She groaned and slipped deeper into the water.

"You have well over a hundred books on the subject. Even your porn collection is made up of ménage and bondage. I want to make you happy, honey, in every way, shape and form. That includes carrying out your sexual fantasies." He waited for her response. She'd never let him tie her down or spank her, never once mentioned she wanted it, and yet he'd caught her watching it, hand between her legs, rubbing her clit, fucking herself with her vibrator. Devin had never said anything, just waited for her to bring it up.

He continued to work over her foot, now concentrating on the toes. Her eyes had drifted shut but the tension hadn't abated.

"Tana, talk to me. Did I do something wrong? Say something wrong?" For a moment he wondered if he should tell her what he'd seen. Opening his mouth, he started to spill his secret, only to have her cut him off.

"I was in a relationship -- before I met you, of course. He -- I --" She paused and licked her lips. He watched her throat work before she spoke again. "He saw me reading one of the books. Until then, I'd never said anything. I always hid them. You know I grew up in a very conservative household so my fascination with sex was

always hidden. When I went away to college I discovered this whole new world I'd never known existed."

She fell silent, emotions flitting across her face, some happy, some angry. He allowed her to work through what she was remembering and feeling before he said something. "I know you said college was a wild time for you."

Tana nodded. "I saw my first ever ménage when my roommate and her boyfriend brought his best friend into the mix. They thought I was sleeping. I'd never been so horny in my life. I watched them do it all. They both fucked her, one in the mouth, the other in her pussy."

Her cheeks flushed a deep red and he smiled. "They went at it all night long. At one point the best friend was sucking the boyfriend's cock while he was eating her out. I came so many times I lost count. They just wouldn't stop and I couldn't turn away. After that I found the books online, watched the porn, but I never said anything. I was torn between what I felt and what I grew up with. Once I left college, I knew I liked the idea of a ménage, the fantasy of it, but I never had the guts to try it. I met a guy who I thought was open minded."

Her features became shuttered, and all Devin could do was move the massage up to her calf.

"He claimed to have done a lot of stuff -- bondage, ménages. He'd even fucked a few men, but preferred women. I thought maybe he'd understand. So one night I told him my fantasy. It took him a day, but he asked me if I wanted to do it, to actually act out the ménage. I told him yes." Tears glimmered under her lashes. A single drop slipped down her cheek as she drew in a deep breath and slid lower down into the water until her mouth was just above the waterline. "My stuff was out on the curb the next morning. He called me a slut and a whore. Said I was dirty, and that I couldn't handle a good thing when I had it -- that I would just want more. He said it in front of our neighbors. My sister was with me."

Devin spoke through gritted teeth. "I want his name, and then Jason, Rev and I will go beat him until he's a spot of blood on the ground."

Her eyes flew open, panic in her gaze. "Devin, no! No, I won't give you his name. He's behind me." She sat up, water sluicing down her body. For a moment, he was distracted by her full naked breasts and flat stomach. Tana got up on all fours and crawled toward him. She sat on her heels between his thighs. Slipping a few fingers under his chin, she caressed his cheek. "It's okay. I'm okay. I'm with you now."

He didn't miss that she was trying to distract him. Instead of letting go, he decided to push. "No one calls you those things and gets away with it. I want his name. I'm sure Jason can find his address. And it's not okay. You're not okay." Devin didn't miss the way she flinched. "You still carry this around with you. Something else happened, didn't it? Your sister told your parents, didn't she?"

He waited for her response. Her chin dropped and her eyelids lowered. Devin's jaw clenched. It had taken ages for her parents to accept him into their family. If it wasn't his messy hair, it was his job at the university as a professor. And if it wasn't that, it was something else. Nothing was ever good enough for them, not even their own daughter. "Baby, tell me Cadra told your parents. Did something else happen?"

The time it took her to answer was killing him. He wanted to scream, shout, beat something or someone to a bloody pulp. Instead, he sat there and watched the woman he loved as she struggled to find the words. Her mouth kept opening and closing. The tears slipped down faster and faster.

"He'd taken great care to pack my things, putting the porn and erotic romance, along with my sex toys, on top. He knew my sister would be with me, knew she was coming in that day. She took one look and told me I couldn't bring that stuff to her house, that it was disgusting. She refused to have it anywhere near her. I had to get a friend to pick it all up. Then we went to my parent's house for their anniversary party. Cadra told them as soon as we were through the door -- everything, all of it -- not leaving out my sex toys or the books. She acted so horrified." Her voice faltered. She began to move away.

"No you don't, Tana." Devin reached out and grabbed her arms in a gentle hold. She let him drag her to him, falling against his chest. Her body shook as she sobbed. He

hugged her to him, holding her close and letting her cry. His anger curled up in a tight ball in the pit of his stomach. *Don't say anything. Don't kill them. Just be here for her.*

After a minute or two she stopped and lifted her head, tears streaked down her face. The shadows in her eyes were still there. Using his thumb, he brushed away the moisture and placed a soft kiss on her head. "I love you, Tana, with every fiber of my being. Even if you're a ménage wanting, sex toy freak who refuses to let me tie her to the bed," he joked.

Tana swatted him on the arm and sniffled. She shifted to lay her head against his chest. Tracing circles over his pectorals, she continued her story. "At first they said nothing. When they finally spoke, they acted as if they didn't know me -- which was kind of true. I'd changed. I wasn't their little girl anymore, the one who wouldn't dream of keeping things from her parents and who agreed with them on everything. My world view had changed. Even my choice in college wasn't what they wanted for me, but I'd assured them nothing would happen and nothing really did. It's when I graduated that I truly started to explore what was out there."

Devin stilled as her finger moved down to circle his nipple. Dragging in air and telling himself to breath normally was difficult, especially when she flicked the sensitive tip with her fingernail. Electricity raced along his spine, buzzing around his balls and causing his cock to jump. He made a small noise. Tana continued with her story as if he'd said nothing.

"They told me either I get rid of the stuff and move back home or they'd disown me. Just like that. I was so confused. I liked who I'd become, what I'd found. Sure the asshole didn't help things, but I'd finally started figuring myself out, you know? To have them give me an ultimatum, it hurt so much. And Cadra, standing there smirking and acting like the perfect angel didn't help matters."

"We can kill her later," Devin muttered. "Drop her off at a strip mall. She'd faint from shock."



Tana laughed, and her body shook against his, causing her breasts to jiggle. He bit his bottom lip and swallowed back a groan at the brush of her hardened nipples against his chest.

"I'm sorry, baby. I can't make up for what they've done, but I accept you, all of you. Even the part that licks whipped cream out of the tub and hoards Tuneverain chocolate like it's going to disappear." He chuckled when she smacked him in the arm. "But seriously, I love you, Tana, and I want to give you your every dream and fantasy. It may take a while to get you the right ring, but --"

She cut him off with a finger pressed to his lips. "I love you. I don't care about a ring. I know you're committed to me and want to get married."

He nipped her fingertip. "I know, but it's taking awhile, and Mom doesn't seem to understand I can't afford the bigger stuff. Anyway, that's not the point. I know you want to try a ménage. I came home early one day and saw you." Heat crept up his neck and cheeks. "It was so hot, I almost came. I know you fantasize about it, and -- unlike the asshole -- I really want to give it to you. I want you to experience that, but I will say I'll lay down the rules, okay?"

She sat up. "You -- you really would do a ménage if I asked?"

Devin reached out and grabbed her waist. She was his dream come to life. "You're beautiful, you know that?" He leaned forward and scraped his teeth over her shoulder. She shuddered and buried her hands in his hair. "And so fucking sexy, it almost hurts. I love watching you come. The look of pleasure and arousal is the best aphrodisiac. Just think of it, baby, my cock in your pussy and another cock in your ass."

He slipped a hand down and around her buttocks. Slipping a single finger between her ass cheeks, he found and teased her puckered back entrance. She jumped in his arms and pushed her hips back.

"Or maybe you'd want someone fucking your mouth while I fuck your ass?" he murmured against her skin as he planted soft kisses down her chest. Devin moved his hand lower to tease the entrance to her core. "Maybe we'll tie you down."

He blew on her nipple before flicking it with his tongue. "Have you been a bad girl, baby? Do you need a spanking? Dress you up like a school girl, a naughty student. Maybe I should ask Rev to be with us. We can be your professors, and in order to get an A..." He let his voice trail off, allowing her to fill in the blanks.

She groaned. Her hold on his hair increased to the point of pain. He hissed and reached up to dislodge her fingers. "Easy, baby. I know how much you loved that fantasy with just me."

He grinned when she whimpered. "Will you allow me to organize it? You, me and Rev for a night of indulging your fantasies? And I promise you, I won't run screaming and calling you all manner of horribleness. On my family's honor, I swear it."

She pulled away, much to his annoyance, and looked up at him. Indecision and pain lurked in the brown depths. "Let me think about it, okay? Please? I just..."

He shook his head and kissed her. "I understand. I totally understand, baby. Take all the time you need. I'm not going anywhere. Well, unless you tell me where you've been stashing the chocolate."

Another slap on the arm and she settled down again. "Water's getting cold," she pointed out.

"We could refill the tub," he responded, seeing the start of a wicked idea in her eyes.

"Or we could have hot shower sex. I think I need your cock inside me and your fingers in my ass."

## Chapter Three

Tana stood up from the tub and raced over to the shower stall, slipping and sliding as she went. The remnants of the emotional confession still shuddered through her: flashes of her parents' tight lipped faces, disapproval in their eyes and the satisfied smirk Cadra had on her face at their parents' outrage. Tana'd lightened the confrontation a lot in the retelling. Nor had she mentioned the downward spiral aftermath, in which she'd sunk into a deep depression for a year while staying on her best friend Azure's couch.

Cadra didn't helped, texting her daily updates on what her parents planned on doing with her old room. It wasn't until she'd met Devin of the Montanos that they'd started to speak to her in a civil manner. At first she hadn't been sure why that was. To her, Devin was just a professor of military history. When she'd first met his mother Melody on the family estate, she'd understood -- and almost turned tail and ran.

It was terrifying to interact with someone who came from money. She'd met his brother Jason and his fiancée Stacia who both assured her she was fine, even with the red streaks in her hair and not so fashionable clothing. Devin really didn't care about those things. But the scars of her parents' and Frank's betrayal still ran deep. Her parents might have lightened up, but that was only because they wanted to get closer to Melody Montano and her connections.

Tana turned the knobs on the shower. It took a while for steam to billow up into the air. With a sigh, she stood under the spray and reached for the bar of soap. She ran it over her body. With each swipe of her hand, she felt a little bit better, as if she was

washing away the memories of her family and the past. All that mattered to her was Devin and their love.

"Hey, you started without me." Devin entered the shower stall and shut the door. He scooped the bar from her hand and soaped her back. The mood shifted from emotional and tense to relaxed.

"You always take care of me." She leaned back into his touch.

"Always will, baby." He worked over her body and in the process her arousal bloomed, spreading outward. Heat slid through her torso and down her arms and legs. Her nether lips felt heavy.

She groaned. Lifting her hands, she cupped her breasts and massaged them. "Devin, I love you."

Squeezing the globes, she used her fingers to pinch and roll the aching buds. Sparks of electricity shot straight to her cunt. Groaning, she pinched and held them letting the heat and pain build until she couldn't take it. Letting go of the nubs, heat washed through her chest and speared her pussy. A moan escaped her mouth as her cunt contracted.

"Mmm, and maybe a bit of pain?" Devin slapped one of her ass cheeks. The sting turned to a slow burn that increased her need. He did it again on the other side. The beginnings of an orgasm spiraled in her gut. She rolled and tugged on her nipples again as he slid a hand between her thighs to delve into her folds, finding her clit.

She cried out at the first brush over the sensitive bundle of nerves. He worked her clit with slow circles while his free hand soaped up and down her legs, then over her stomach. Devin's hand moved away from her clit as he slid in front of her and brushed her hands away.

Tana grabbed a second bar of soap, rubbed it between her hands and put it back before grasping his cock. She watched her hands, one on top of the other, working in opposite directions. The wide mushroom head flushed deep red with pearls of white forming at the slit before being washed away by the water. Her reward was his groan. Devin flexed his hips as his hands faltered on her breasts. She didn't care about her

pleasure. It was about him. He'd held her when she sobbed, comforted her when she'd felt miserable and tried to make her laugh. His pleasure was more important to her. He was the most important person in her life.

Dropping to her knees, she lapped at his cockhead, tasting water and his salty tangy flavor.

"Tana," he groaned. "No, not like this. You..."

She took the flared crest into her mouth. Tana sucked and lapped at the slit. His body trembled, and his fingers slid into her hair, holding on tight. Freeing one of her hands from his cock, she cupped his balls and took more of his shaft into her mouth. She swirled her tongue over the wide head, flicking the V at the base of the cockhead. Inch by inch, she swallowed it, tracing the underside of his cock with her tongue. The clean scent of soap and water swirled around her as the heat and desire within her increased. By pleasing him, she pleased herself. She took more of him into her mouth until her lips hit her hand, and then she drew back, dragging her teeth lightly over his soft damp skin.

Tana continued to play with his balls as she lapped at the slit, savoring the flavor of him. He pulled on her hair hard enough that she stopped and released his dick. Tilting her head up, she gazed back at him in confusion.

"What...?" She looked at him, water pelting her face and getting into her eyes. Her vision blurred.

"I need to be inside you. I don't want to come in your mouth right now." His voice was rough. Devin let go of her hair and stepped back. When he held out his hand, she took it and stood up. Wiping the water out of her eyes, she smiled.

"Well, then." Tana settled her back against the wall and spread her legs. A steady pulse of heat threaded through her veins. The ache between her legs increased as she waited for him to join her. He pushed a button, opening a small panel to reveal the bottles of extra shampoo, conditioner, body wash and bars of soap along with a small, smooth black box.

Devin opened the box and extracted a small foil wrapped package. With one hand he brought the packet to his lips. He slipped the other between her legs. His fingers teased her entrance, rimming it with soft strokes while his thumb circled her clit. He slid in first one finger, then two. A third joined then stretching. Her cunt squeezed, trying to draw the digits further inside her tight passage, while his thumb pressed down on her clit.

The pressure inside her built. She squirmed, rocking against his fingers, trying to get closer to climax. He tore the packet open and handed the foil to her.

“Put it on me,” he ordered, his voice low and gruff, sending a thrill down her spine.

With shaking hands, Tana extracted the condom. Despite the water pouring and her vision blurring every few seconds, she managed to get it on him. Finally, he began to move his fingers. In. Out. Around. Repeat. His slow steady rhythm was driving her crazy. His thumb swiped over her clit. Each touch set off sparks. Her orgasm spiraled higher until she was sure she would come even before he entered her.

Devin withdrew his finger and grabbed her waist. She let out a small cry of protest. He lifted her up as she wrapped herself around his waist and neck and held on. Positioning himself at her entrance, Devin drove upward, sliding into her, pulling back and entering her over and over again. Tana moaned and contracted her inner muscles around his cock. He grunted and lowered his head, taking her lips in a slow kiss. Their joining was slow and passionate. The heat grew. Their bodies slid against each other. Each brush of her nipples against his chest set off electric sparks, increasing her need.

“Devin, please.” She released one arm from around his neck and slid it between them. Delving her fingers between her thick pussy lips, she found her clit and stroked it, circling and pinching the bud. Tension sang through her body as she grew closer to orgasm. Up and down he drove into her, seemingly going deeper with each pass. Her climax came in a gentle wave that washed over her. Her muscles jumped and twitched as she shook in his arms.

He withdrew and began slamming into, fucking her harder and faster until he crested. His cock expanded inside of her. He came, crying out her name as his body shuddered.

When it was all over, Devin sank down to the floor of the shower, his arms still around her. He placed kisses all over her face. Burying his head in her neck, he let out a sigh as the water pelted them. "I guess we're going to have to get clean all over again."

She smiled. "But it was worth it."

## Chapter Four

Devin sat in the lounge waiting for his best friend, Rev Daniels. His leg jingled as he looked around. Although Tana hadn't agreed to it yet, he wanted to clear things with Rev. If he was going to give her a ménage, he wanted someone he could trust to not go yapping all over the place about it. He knew Tana well enough to know it would be a one time thing.

They were both extremely happy with each other in all aspects of their lives. Their wedding would be at least three years in the making, but they'd agreed they wanted to take things slow, planning and paying for everything themselves. Devin had even turned down his mother's help. He didn't want to hurt her feelings, but he knew that's what they needed to do.

At the moment he felt good in his life. His career was stable. He had a woman he loved and good friends. Looking around and checking his watch, he prayed Rev would show up soon. His class started in half an hour.

"Hey, why'd you beep me this morning?" Rev took a seat opposite him.

Devin blew out a breath in relief and sat back. "I have a request that I need to talk to you about. It has to do with your past."

Rev lifted an eyebrow but said nothing.

"It's okay. You know I don't judge. It's just that Tana -- she wants something like that, and you're the only person I trust with this type of thing." Devin watched his friend, taking in the hardened features and guarded expression in Rev's green eyes.

Rev ran a hand through his choppy brown hair and sighed. "We'll get a beer after classes, okay? If you're going to go ahead with this, then there are rules."



Devin nodded. "I know."

Rev nodded and pushed back his chair. Standing up he glanced around. "Why the fuck did you ask me to come here? We could have done this in your office."

Devin shrugged. "They're upgrading my computer system today."

"OK. I'll meet you at the pub later."

The day went by in a blur. By the time six o'clock rolled around, he was ready for a beer and more. He put in a call to Tana, letting her know he'd be late. When he got to the pub, Rev was already waiting for him with a beer. Pulling up a chair, Devin sank down across from his friend, relieved that he'd survived another day. "Why'd I decide to do this again?" he asked as he popped the top off his beer.

"Beats me. I work at the library. With actual books. You'd think, with all the research they do on their mini-chip computers, they'd know what those are." Rev rolled his eyes.

Devin chuckled. "The university is considering bringing those awkward things back, what with all the problems they're having with the system dispensing the eBooks."

"Still? I thought they were bringing in a tech for that? What happened?" Rev took a sip and shook his head.

"The college is haggling over the price since it's not just one level but all levels affected by this glitch. It doesn't help that parents are calling to complain. One kid got an eBook for the female sexual studies class. Another kid received the rituals of the Ornamenic cult. His parents, survivors of that cult, were not amused, even talking of suing. I hear things are better back on Earth." Devin sighed.

"You ever been back home?" Rev asked.

Devin shook his head. "Nope. Have you? Do you want to?"

Rev shrugged. "I was born and raised there. Left as soon as I had enough money to catch a shuttle off world. I'm not going back. Anyway, you want to explain what brought this request on?"

Devin nodded and took a pull on his beer. "Tana's fantasy is a ménage and bondage. She hasn't said as much, hasn't even agreed to my suggestion. But if she agrees, I want you to be our third. I trust you."

Rev shook his head. "It ain't a matter of trust, Dev. It's a matter of can you take me fucking your girlfriend? I don't mind. I like Tana. She's attractive and I want to help you guys out, but I've been asked to do this before and it's ended badly. I won't do it if I think it will fuck up our friendship."

"One time only, Rev. I've had awhile to think on it. Really think on it."

"Yeah, but that's not what I'm saying here. It's the reality of the deal. Sure, you can tell yourself you're fine, but when I get there..." His voice trailed off and he looked away.

"I understand. If I begin to feel weird or uncomfortable, I'll let you know. I promise," Devin assured him.

"I'll hold you to that, 'cause man, I'd hate to lose you as a friend. Why hasn't Tana said yes? If she fantasizes about it..."

"There are issues. Past pain. Before I do the official arranging, I want her to tell me in her own words that she wants a ménage."

"And the bondage aspect?" Rev asked. His features were still guarded.

"That too." Devin didn't want to say it, but the thought of adding a bit of bondage to their sex life aroused him.

"You okay with that part?" Rev asked. His gaze had become hard and intense.

"Yes." Devin didn't elaborate on how okay he was.

Rev nodded and settled back. "Hey, I have tickets to the Gravity ball game. You want to go?"

Devin smiled. "I'd love to. Just tell me when and I'll check."

Rev nodded and they settled back, talking about school business and the latest sports stats. By the time Rev left, Devin had decided to try something new. Leaving the pub, he headed to Greene, Moore and Price Jewelers where his family stored their

priceless heirlooms. Even though it was well after closing time, they opened the door for him and ushered him into Talon Price's office.

The small man bowed. "It's a pleasure to see you again, Mr. Montano. Is there anything I can get you? Tea? Coffee, perhaps? Or some Orion Delta Scotch?"

Devin shook his head. "No, no, nothing, thank you. I'd like to see the remaining pieces in the collection, please."

Without needing elaboration, Talon withdrew a key card from his desk and scurried over to the wall. He placed his palm over a section of dark wood. A square panel slid back to reveal a large orange safe. He slid the key card over an electronic panel. The safe door pinged before swinging open to reveal two red velvet boxes.

"As you know, your brother Jason gave the necklace to his girlfriend Stacia. The bracelet and ring are all that's left." Talon walked back to the desk and reverently placed each box on the shiny glass tabletop. He opened each one slowly, as if revealing a prized possession.

Devin didn't need the show. He already knew what he wanted. "The bracelet. I want that one."

"Have you --" Talon started.

Devin cut him off, shaking his head. "I'll notify her as soon as I leave here. You are not to say anything. Do you understand?"

The smaller man's nose twitched and scrunched up in a look of annoyance. "I understand perfectly."

Snapping the other box shut, he took it back to the safe and closed the door. "You've made a very wise decision. I hope she enjoys it." Talon bowed, which Devin took as dismissal. Shutting the lid of the jeweler's box, he left the office eager to see what this family heirloom had to offer. He'd heard enough stories to be both intrigued and wary.

He got into his car and hit the start button but didn't go anywhere. Just a peek, he thought. Devin flipped open the box and looked down at the delicate gold chain. Thin vines with leaves encircled the whole of the band with a large opal at the center,

vines surrounding the jewel, as if cradling it. A lobster claw closure completed the circle. A sense of peace fell over him as he stared at the opal. He turned it this way and that, so the gem caught the bright hover lights from overhead. Orange, red, yellow, purple and green flashed with each turn of his hand. "She's going to love it."

Devin scrolled through the computer screen and hit the selection for the casino. The car lifted up into the air and took off, weaving through late evening traffic. He dialed her phone on the way there, eager to get her home.

\* \* \*

Tana leaned against the bar waiting for her shift to end. It had been a slow night, much to her relief and annoyance. Slow night meant low tips.

"Hey, cheer up. You've got a hot guy to go home to. I have a dog who thinks it's a cat, and therefore I should do its bidding," Azure leaned a hip against the bar and looked out over the dining area.

Tana laughed. "I told you, you should have gotten a cat. So, I have something to tell you." She looked around making sure no one was nearby. "Dev offered me a ménage."

Azure's eyes widened. "Lucky bitch! I should never have introduced the two of you. How'd he find out?"

Heat flushed Tana's cheeks. "He caught me watching my porn, but never told me. Anyway, I know he's not Frank but... What should I do?"

Azure rolled her eyes. "What do you mean what should you do? Fuck him senseless and go for it."

Tana laughed. "Az, need I remind you --"

Azure cut her off. "He *offered*, Tan. As in brought it up himself and actually pays attention to you, along with your reading material and the porn you try to hide. Frank was an asshat who wouldn't have noticed the house was burning down unless his ass was on fire. Trust Devin. Although, you should let me hex your family." Azure tossed her long dark brown hair and grinned. "Let me make them suffer. I promise it will all even out in the end."

"Az, no." Tana shook her head. Despite wanting her family to feel the same pain she had when they'd rejected and harassed her, she chose not to.

"You say no but your eyes say yes, Az, make 'em pay." Azure gave her a wicked grin. "I have connections. No one will know."

Again, Tana shook her head. "No. That's the end of it."

"Fine. Can I ask you something?" Azure sat down on the empty stool next to Tana. "Do you think that Devin could do what Frank did? Do you think he could be that cruel?"

Tana didn't have to wait to answer. "No. He would never do that."

"Then why the hell are you so scared of trying it out with him?" Azure stared at her. The questioning gaze made Tana uncomfortable. Shifting from one side to the other, she looked out over the dining area. "I guess I'm just scared of the 'what if' factor. What if this all gets screwed up and I lose him? What if I like it so much I want more? How would he feel about that?"

"In other words, you're letting what may never happen scare you? Let's be honest. You like ménages but do you think you can live like that? Two men all the time?" Azure asked.

Tana thought about the question. "I love Devin. He's enough. The sex is always hot. The ménage is something to try. Sure it's hot, the idea of two men at the same time, but in reality, no. I only want him."

"What about the bondage factor? You okay with that?" Azure pressed.

Tana sucked in a breath as liquid heat filled her pussy. She swallowed hard as the warmth spread through her body. Restless energy filled her up. Squeezing her thighs tightly together she tried to ignore the dampness of her panties and the tenderness of her breasts. It didn't help that her nipples had become hardened, sensitive nubs. Another swallow and a deep breath later, she was still fighting with herself to calm down.

Azure laughed. "You want it, you kinky thing. Go for it. Lay out your side and make yourself clear. Isn't that what a good relationship has, that mythological

communication thing?" Azure shrugged and stood up, programmed her hover tray and walked away, leaving Tana in a high state of arousal.

When her cell phone buzzed at her hip, Tana fumbled for the small device. "Hello?"

"Hey, baby. Do you want me to pick you up at the casino?" Devin's gruff voice whispered in her ear.

A flash of being alone with him in the tight confines of the hover car sent heat to her face. Memories rose of what they'd done in the back seat of the vehicle. Shifting from side to side, she answered. "Could you? I need to talk to you." She tried to sound normal and failed. Instead, her voice came out low and husky, intimate.

"Do I need to stop anywhere? Toy store maybe?" His tone had become rough. She heard the creak of leather in the background. Heat threaded down her spine to spread through her groin.

"No. We've got everything we need at home." She ended the call before she did something that would embarrass the both of them. Focusing on the task at hand, she programmed her hover tray out of sleep mode. For the next hour or so she did her job until it was time to quit. She changed out of her uniform and into her street clothes.

Devin was waiting at the entrance to the dining area. He extended his arms as soon as he saw her, and she walked right into them, relishing the press of his body against hers, his heat seeping into her. A sense of peace entered her body, starting from the top of her head and slipping down to her toes. She felt safe and loved. Sighing, she snuggled in closer, burying her nose against his shirt and breathing in his unique scent, savoring the scent of musk, soap and paper books.

Devin hugged her tight and rested his chin on the top of her head. "Got a surprise for you."

"Ice cream?" She hoped it was ice cream. Tana needed a sugar pick-me-up. The slow shift had left her bored and sleepy.

Devin chuckled. "Sorry, honey, you should have mentioned that while I was still on my way here. How about I take you home, cook and we can talk, hmm?"

He gave her another kiss and pulled away, much to her annoyance. "Get back here. I was becoming very comfortable. I think I could have slept against you standing up," she grumbled.

His short bark of laughter made her smile. "You can use me as your cuddle toy when we get home." He grabbed her hand and led her out of the casino to the parking lot. The soft buzz of the hover lights floated over head. The occasional hover car zoomed overhead, bringing with it a strong updraft. She looped her arm through his and held on tight.

"I just want comfort food, mac-n-cheese with bacon bits, please? From scratch, not the box stuff." Tana leaned her head against his shoulder. Keeping up with his longer stride was difficult but doable. When they reached the car, he opened her side first, lifting the door up and gesturing her to proceed. She got in and buckled up.

"Can we stop for ice cream on the way? I have a craving for butter pecan with a scoop of brown fudge ripple." She turned on the radio and settled in.

"Sure. While you're at the ice cream shop, I can go to the toy store and get a few things." He got into the driver's side and started the car.

Tana tried not to ask, to just let him surprise her, but curiosity got the best of her. "Toy store? Like as in sex toys or toy toys?"

"You'll see. Have you decided yet if we're going to do the ménage thing? I'd like to, that is, if you're still interested, to test the bondage thing. See if you're comfortable with that." He'd suggested it without looking at her. Apprehension radiated off of him in waves.

Another slice of heat raced down her spine and she squirmed, her panties getting damper. Azure's question rolled around her head. "I trust you." Her voice was firm and sure. "I want to do it, the ménage and the bondage. You can call the shots but I want to do it."

His sigh of relief loosened up her own tension. He turned his head and gazed at her. "Any preference? Leather? Rope? Handcuffs? I asked Rev if he'd be our third, if you said yes, since he's done this before."

She nodded. "I'm fine with that. Um, how about a bit of everything?"

He took his hands off the wheel and rubbed them together. The car drifted to the right and Devin reached out and grabbed the wheel again before they wandered too close to the laser dividers. "Sorry about that. I was going to do my evil scientist laugh."

Tana rolled her eyes. "Dork! Just keep driving and we should be fine."

"Okay, so you want a bit of everything. I can get that. There is one thing, though, I want to bring up. I took the bracelet from the vault. You remember what I told you about my family's heirlooms?" Devin kept his gaze ahead of them.

Tana wasn't sure what to say. "I always thought that story was sort of silly. I mean, even when Jason and Stacia tried to demonstrate the necklace's power for us, it didn't really work, did it?"

Devin laughed. "My brother has a one track mind when it comes to his significant other."

"And it didn't work when he let me wear it. I got nothing." She pointed out.

"True, but Mother has always thought that maybe it works only with people destined to be together." Devin turned the craft toward the busy downtown district. The sidewalks were alive with pedestrians out for the night, mingling around the clubs, shops and restaurants. Neon signs that floated above the shops changed color every few seconds with a new message.

Tana didn't want to think about whether the stories concerning the jewelry were true. Nor did she want to think about what would happen if this relationship didn't work between her and Devin. His mother had seemed very insistent that the items did have magical properties, so had his brother. Tana didn't put much trust in magic. Even having a witch for a best friend didn't really make her believe things like that existed.

Devin parked the car near the ice cream parlor and they both got out.

"Meet me back here in thirty minutes, and don't get lost among the ten thousand flavors. I have no desire to wander the aisles for you just because you can't decide." He gave her a kiss before melting into the crowd.



For a moment Tana stood there staring after him. It took someone jostling her to move for her to take action. Entering the parlor, she shivered at the sudden blast of chilly air. Goosebumps broke out over her skin.

She knew where everything was but took her time and wandered around. Her mind rolled over the information that Devin had given her. It was both terrifying and pleasant to know that he'd taken charge and started things in motion. The bracelet factor she dismissed as family legend. It was a pretty trinket that she'd accept but wouldn't put too much stock in. She was just honored that he trusted her with something so precious.

Tana grabbed a To-Go bowl and punched in her order, watching as the machine dropped each scoop into her container. Devin was waiting for her, leaning up against the car, holding a brown paper bag. His lips curled up in a smile when he saw her. "You didn't get me one," he pouted.

"You didn't ask." Just to torture him, she popped the top off and dug into the treat before getting in her side of the car.

"You'll pay for that later." He started the car and programmed it for home. Silence fell between them as she ate her ice cream. "I take it your time in the parlor was more than just to fulfill a craving?"

The question was quiet but felt so loud in the small interior space. "Yeah," she answered truthfully. "I've decided to let go and trust you. I'm a bit miffed that you organized it without talking to me first, but I understand why you did it. You wanted to make sure that it would be somebody we both trusted and to make sure it was someone who understood the rules as Rev does. I just wish you had told me you were going to talk to him about this."

"I know." Devin reached over and grabbed her hand, giving it a firm squeeze. "I want to give you your fantasy, baby. I just wanted to be prepared. I'm sorry I offended you."

Tana shrugged. "You didn't offend me, just caught me off guard."

They arrived at the apartment and Devin parked. "I can't wait to get my car back," Tana mumbled as she left the car.

"What? Don't you just love my driving?" Devin teased.

"No. I just don't want those gremlins touching it anymore. How long does it take to repair a hover cuff? Surely not two weeks?" Tana grabbed her purse and shut the door before heading to the elevator.

"They told you they were backed up. Remember the accident on the Delta 5 I-9 highway? All the garages are backed up with work. Don't worry. You'll get your big blue Bertha back soon." Devin stepped into the cab with her and hit the button for their floor.

"Seriously, who thought hiring gremlins to work at a garage was a good thing?" Tana leaned against the back of the elevator and bowed her head. "I'm tired, babe."

"Which is why I'm cooking. You just relax, and then after dinner you can have a shower while I clean up." Devin slipped an arm around her waist.

She sighed and rested her head on his shoulder. "You take such good care of me."

"You deserve it, baby." He kissed the top of her head. The elevator stopped and the doors slid open. Devin withdrew his arm and grabbed her hand. "Let's go home."

On entering the apartment, Tana kicked off her shoes and curled up on the couch with her ice cream.

"Tut-tut, no dessert before dinner." He grabbed the container and took it into the kitchen with him.

"Asshole!" she called out.

"You know you love me for it. Try this on." Devin came into the living room holding the red velvet box. He held it out to her. For a moment she didn't want to take it. Raising her hand, she let it hover over the box before accepting it. The warm velvet was soft, tickling her palm.

"I'm going to go start dinner." Devin retreated back to the kitchen leaving her alone to examine her gift.

She flipped open the top and sucked in a breath. "The necklace was gorgeous, but this..." The gold winked at her under the soft light of the lamp next to her. Tana traced a finger over the vines and leaves, feeling the soft prick from the sharp tips of the design. Different colors flashed with each turn of the stone in the light. Soft yellows, oranges, reds, greens, purples and blues twinkled back at her.

She undid the clasp and pressed the metal against the couch arm as she closed the lobster claw back. Shaking her wrist, she let the cold metal slid over her skin. The heavy jewel hung down, spinning away.

Electricity shot up her arm. She sucked in a breath as her nipples pebbled and her heart rate picked up speed. Heat spread across her chest and slipped down her abdomen. Her arousal roared back to life as liquid need pooled in her cunt to dampen her panties. Her clit ached for attention as the tingling returned.

She shifted in her seat as lava pumped through her veins and the need to move took her body. Her toes curled and relaxed as sparks burst inside her, lighting the fire burning in her gut.

"Devin? What's happening?" She grabbed the couch arm in a death grip as pulses of pleasure tripped up and down her spine. Heat flashed over her face. She bit her lip as she rocked back and forth, looking for the sweet friction that would set her off. The beginnings of an orgasm began to twine around and around, spiraling higher and higher but not bringing her the sweet relief she was looking for.

When her gaze settled on him in the doorway of the kitchen, she sucked in a breath and moaned. Devin was naked. The hard planes of his body were bathed in a soft golden light: from his broad shoulders, the toned muscles of his arms, the trim waist, and the hard ridges of his abdomen to his long, athletic legs. His cock rose up from a bed of golden brown curls. The tip of the shaft was a ruddy red and already leaking pre-cum. She could see his heavy balls just beneath.

Tana wanted to get on her knees and worship his cock, to lap and suck and kiss the hard rod until he came in her mouth. She squeezed her eyes shut to keep from going to him. It became difficult to breathe. When she opened her eyes again, she felt

lightheadedness descend on her. Closing her eyes again, she counted to ten. "Is this real?" she whispered.

Devin's soft footfalls came toward her. "Tana, what's wrong?"

He cupped her face, his thumbs stroking her cheeks. The simple contact burned. Her skin felt hot, too hot. Sweat beaded on her brow and upper lip. When she opened her eyes again, all she saw were his eyes, a sea of storm gray, staring back at her. Passion, so hot it burned, looked back at her. She whimpered as desire flooded her body. She became lost in the sensations of pain and pleasure.

Tana could feel the press of leather around her wrists, the gentle bite of Devin's teeth on her nipples and his fingers slipping between her damp folds to stroke her clit. Logically, she knew this wasn't happening. And yet she could feel cool air against her bare skin causing goose bumps to rise.

Pushing his hand away, she stood up and ran into the bedroom. Stripping off her clothing, she went to the dresser and extracted her vibrator.

"Tana, what's wrong?" Devin followed her into the room.

She groaned and climbed onto the bed, flicking the vibrator switch to on. Getting on all fours, she balanced with one hand while pressing the sex toy to her clit. Electricity shot through her and her body bucked.

"Baby?" Devin's voice was closer. She glanced over her shoulder at the foot of the bed. His body was now covered in sweat. His golden hair clung to his cheeks and forehead. His lips appeared puffy and swollen as if he'd been kissing her for hours. He stroked his cock. Long thick fingers slid up and down the shaft. More dribbles of pre-cum slipped over the tip. She blinked, squeezing her eyes shut as she worked the vibrator over her clit, along one side of her sex and up the other before moving it back down to tease the entrance of her core.

When she opened her eyes again, there were now two of Devin, both stroking their long thick cocks. Both men were looking at her with a hunger and need that took her breath away. She groaned and leaned down, pressing her head against the soft cool

comforter. Moisture dampened the tops of her thighs. She dipped the vibrator into her tight heat before pulling it out and then pushing it back in.

In. Out. Deeper with each push. One hand clutched the sheets in a death grip as the pleasure increased. When cold liquid slipped between her ass cheeks, she moaned and pushed her hips back, hoping -- praying -- it was what she thought it was. Her body was no longer alone. She was bespelled by need and desire. Heat and sensation coursed through her body. When she felt the slide of something soft and hot against the crease of her ass, she moaned.

"Please," she whimpered. Tana wanted her ass and pussy filled with cock, even if one of them was really her vibrator. She pushed back her hips, asking without words for what she needed. A sharp slap on one ass cheek tore a cry from her throat. The pain was brief. The heat that spread through her sex only heightened her arousal.

"Please," she asked again.

"Tell us what you want," Devin's voice murmured close to her ear.

Tana didn't know when he'd climbed onto the bed. She didn't care. All she wanted was relief from the fever clawing through her veins. She turned her head and then looked over her shoulder. There were two of him, both with long thick cocks. A whimper floated up into the air. She worked her vibrator faster, pushing it in and out of her pussy. Each thrust rubbed along the sensitive tissues of her aching channel. It wasn't enough. Her back passage clenched, feeling so empty. She yearned for him there.

"Ask for what you want," the Devin next to her whispered as he traced the shell of her ear with the tip of his tongue. She felt her ass cheeks part and a second tongue licked over her anus. The quick swipes only teased her. More of her juices spread over the tops of her thighs. Tana squeezed her muscles around the vibrator and drove it even further into her tight passage. The quivering head of her vibrator ran over that secret place inside of her that caused stars to burst before her eyes. Everything seemed to be heightened. The sensations intensified. She felt more cold liquid drip onto her anus.

One finger slipped in past the first ring. It was joined by a second, then third finger, stretching her back channel.

Tana rocked back onto those fingers, wanting to be stretched and filled. The Devin closest to her peppered kisses down her neck and over her shoulder. A hand cupped her breast, massaging the round globe. He pinched and tugged her aching nipple. Her orgasm tightened as fire licked through her veins. She was melting, burning, drowning. Her hand continued to work the vibrator as a cock pressed against her anus. Sucking in air, she waited for that first push, that first bite of pain before he slid in fully.

The Devin in front of her flicked and sucked her nipple into his mouth while his hand drifted down her stomach. His fingers slipped between her thick pussy lips to find and work her clit. He circled and pinched the nub. The pain and pleasure bounced back and forth until they meshed into one large ball of sensation.

The second Devin thrust forward, his cock pushing past the first ring. She held her breath, waiting. Biting her bottom lip, she squeezed her eyes tight. Everything went still. She didn't move her hand as the second Devin worked his way into her.

"So tight," he grunted, before drawing back and thrusting in again, going just a little deeper each time. The first Devin began to move his fingers again, rubbing her clit with more pressure while he sucked, bit and laved her nipple.

Caught between the two men, Tana was overwhelmed with heat and need. Sweat dripped down her face and rolled along bridge of her nose. Her body shook as the beginnings of an orgasm rolled through her. Tension sang along her muscles as she tried to hold it back. The wave continued to build. She wanted to come with the second Devin deep inside of her. He continued to thrust. The ache faded into a delicious friction. Now she was filled from behind with one Devin while the other Devin was giving her other breast the same treatment he had given the first one.

She worked her hand faster, in tandem with the Devin fucking her ass. Letting go, she fell forward into the vast abyss as colors, sounds and sensations melted into one. The tidal wave crashed through her, taking her with it as she climaxed. Body shaking,

sobs torn from her mouth, Tana came. Her heart had turned into a jackhammer beating rapidly against her chest. Collapsing on the bed, she gulped as much air as she could, relearning how to breathe again.

The cool sheets felt amazing against her overheated skin. Muscles twitched and jumped as she spiraled down from her climax. The warmth and pleasure continued to roll through her as the afterglow settled on her.

“Holy shit, that was hot,” Devin exclaimed.

Tana blinked and looked around, her vibrator stilled humming in her cunt. Juices slipped down her thighs. She tried to lift her head but it felt too heavy.

“Wha --?” Her voice was husky and slurred. Licking her lips, she tried to speak again. “What happened?”

Devin’s scent, along with the musk of sex, swirled around her. She felt fingers sifting through her hair and sighed at the soothing touch.

“The bracelet. It played out your ultimate fantasy.”

“That was real?” She closed her eyes, unable to comprehend what had happened. “Never mind. Tired.” She felt arms scoop her up to carry her somewhere. Tana didn’t care. The energy it took to stay awake was too much. Closing her eyes, she drifted off to sleep in Devin’s arms.

## Chapter Five

Devin tried to ignore the thick wet mess on his stomach and the band of his jeans. When he was in the kitchen and he'd heard Tana's moans and cries, he'd shut everything off and gone to see what it was. The image that met him in the bedroom was one of the hottest things he'd ever seen. Tana had been naked with two doppelgangers of him. One had been teasing her ass. The other had been sucking on one of her nipples. She had gotten out her vibrator and was fucking herself with it. For a moment he'd thought of joining in, but instead had taken a seat with a clear view of the bed and watched as she was driven closer and closer to orgasm.

He'd shoved down his jeans, spat in his hand and jerked off. When she came, so had he. It had been pure pleasure watching her giving into her fantasy. "Next time, I'll be a part of it." He placed her in the bathtub and ran the water. Once the basin was filled, he shucked his clothing and joined her. Taking his time, he cleaned her up and then himself before drying them both off. He placed her on the couch in just her robe. He stripped the bed and put on fresh bedding before carrying her in and slipping her under the covers.

Devin got dressed and headed to the kitchen to finish cooking dinner, even though he knew it would be late before she ate anything. The soft ringing of his holovid started and he groaned. For a moment he didn't want to answer it, knowing who it was, knowing he'd screwed up.

Wiping his hands on a dish towel, he went to the small vidport station and pressed answer. The large screen flashed and an image of his mother's face appeared.



"When were you going to tell me? You and Jason, I swear, neither of you tell me anything," she started.

Devin sighed. "Not even a hello or how are you? I forgot to tell you. I had other things on my mind. I'm sorry."

"Did you use it yet?" Melody Montano asked.

Devin ran a hand over his face. "I put it on her, the thing reacted and she's napping right now."

He refused to go into details of what exactly happened.

"So the bracelet accepted her, played out her fantasies?" Melody pressed.

Devin clenched his jaw. "Yes," he said through gritted teeth.

"You don't have to be rude. Are you sure it was her fantasy?"

Devin closed his eyes and counted to ten. "Mother, it was her fantasy, and I'm not going to tell you what it was. If you press, I'll hang up, plain and simple."

"Devin!" Melody looked horrified.

"Mother." Devin opened his eyes and gazed at her. "Mother, I love you but I'm not going to have this talk with you. Some things are private. You pry, and I won't be coming to dinner again."

Melody sighed. "I just wanted to know. I assume you saw it and are fine with it."

"Is there something you're not saying?" He had a clue as to what she wanted to say but refused to say it for her.

"She's a normal. I like Tana, I really do. I love that she's going to be part of our family, but she's still an outsider." Her words and face were calm but Devin was seething.

"And so were you before dad married you," he gritted out. "Or did you forget you had to learn the magic in order to control the heirlooms? Forgot that, didn't you? Jason doesn't know, otherwise he really would have hit the roof when you interrogated Stacia."

Melody reared back. "You wouldn't tell him that, would you?"

Devin shook his head. "Not if you don't push me to it."

"Devin!" Melody exclaimed, shocked.

"Mother."

"Fine, but if there's trouble..." Melody started.

"There won't be. Thank you for your concern. We'll be at dinner this Friday."

Before she could say anything else, he did hang up.

Dragging in a deep breath and blowing it out, he turned back to the kitchen only to find Tana leaning in the doorway.

"What was that all about?" She folded her arms over her chest.

"Mom being the same person she always is. How are you feeling?" He went to her and wrapped his arms around her waist. Placing a kiss on top of her head, he sighed, feeling calmer.

"She talking about me being a normal again and all that crap?" Tana shifted her head and gazed up at him.

He nodded, not wanting to say the words aloud. Tana shrugged. "I like your mom, but she's really got to get over that. I'm glad you warned me ahead of time."

"After seeing what Jason went through with Stacia, the confusion and all that, I felt it was the right thing to do. I wanted to be honest with you before I introduced you to my mother." Devin pulled back. He lowered his head to give her another kiss when the timer went off. "Fuck."

"Good, because I'm hungry. All that fantasizing really takes the energy out of a girl." She pulled out of his arms and slipped into the kitchen.

"Fine, kisses later." Devin followed her into the room. "I've decided we should have breakfast for dinner: pancakes, maple syrup, waffles, bacon and scrambled eggs."

Tana licked her lips. "I'll take it all. What are you having?"

She loaded up her plate with food while he stood there laughing.

"Uh, you're not going to eat all that." He grabbed his own plate and loaded up.

"Yes, I am. I'm hungry. So very hungry. All that sex wore me out." She grabbed a small bottle of orange juice and headed to the table.

"So that means I won't be getting any tonight?" he teased.

"Yeah, I'm sore. Your damn fantasy clones were rough." She smiled.

"And you enjoyed every bit of it. Just think of when we add the handcuffs or the leather or maybe even the rope." Taking a seat next to her, he grinned at the prospect of exploring this new side to her love life. "Are you happy? Really happy? Did you enjoy it? Do you want to do it again?"

She wiped her lips. "Yes, I'm sure. I want to do the ménage thing, but only once. After that, I can use the bracelet."

He laughed. "So there will be three of me?"

"Oooh, there's a thought, three sexy versions of you. I wonder how this thing works. Maybe I can dress you up in three different costumes. Hmmm. We'll have to experiment later." She grinned.

"Yes we will." They fell into a companionable silence, eating dinner. Once they were done, they cleaned up together before going through their nightly routine and crawling into bed. He slipped his hands around her waist and held her close.

"I can't wait to give you your fantasy."

"And I'm happy you want to give it to me." She snuggled against him and sighed.

## Chapter Six

"So she's agreed to it?" Rev slipped books back on the shelf and pushed the cart further along the row.

"Yeah. Is there anything I need to get? I have the cuffs, the leather, the rope, lube, blindfolds..." His voice trailed off. Nervous energy filled him at the thought of actually acting out Tana's fantasy.

"I can bring my stuff if you want. Make it more comfortable for you. Although, it sounds like you've got everything for the basics, which is what we'll be doing. Anything beyond that is between you two. This is a one-time thing. I don't do commitments." Rev continued to put books back on the shelf and push his cart. The ancient wheels squeaked along, the only noise in the nearly deserted library.

"I know. The great Rev Nalanis-Ducat doesn't get tied down to anyone or anything. The mysterious drifter who likes paperback books instead of technology, only has a cell phone and laptop, and scoffs at modern tech. He walks everywhere. Come see the amazing walking man, folks," Devin teased.

Rev glanced over his shoulder at him, giving Devin a cool look.

"What? You don't like tech, that's fine. I was just teasing. Anyway, we need to set up a day and time for this." He leaned against a shelf and watched Rev examine a thick volume before sliding it on the shelf.

"Gotta be the weekend. I do bartending on Saturday, so Sunday before the school break? Just be sure this is what you want." Rev stopped and turned around. His gaze was sharp, intense. "Make damn sure this is what you want."

Devin nodded and explained what had happened with the bracelet.

"Damn. You told me about your family's magic, but... Fuck." Rev shook his head. "Powerful stuff. Forget about me. That's what you have to watch out for."

He pointed his finger at him before picking up another book off the trolley.

"I gotta head to class, but I'll see you on Friday for the game." Devin left before anything else could be said. He stepped into the sanctuary of his lecture hall and prepared for class. Instead of his students filing in, only his mother strode through the doors.

"This wing of the campus has been put on lock down due to a Bartronian warthog on the loose. This gives us a chance to talk." Melody made her way down to the desk and sat behind it, as if she owned it. Folding her hands over top of each other, she gave him a stern look. "First of all, I understand why you were angry about my... prying, but I wouldn't be a good mother if I didn't care."

Devin gritted his teeth. "First, how the hell did you get in here if this area has been closed off? Second, it's not the caring that's the concern. That you forget your history and act as if that's a small glitch on the path of what we find unacceptable. The fears you had when you became part of Dad's family, when grandmother treated you the same way, is what makes this unacceptable. I told you that when I heard how you treated Stacia, and I refuse to allow you to treat Tana that way either. Our family magic should not be a reason to exclude people. You didn't do that to Sam, Lorie's husband, so what gives?"

Devin dragged over one of his student's seats and sat down. Melody opened her mouth, shut it again and then sighed. "He's a man."

Devin stared at her. The reason didn't compute. His brain kept stalling. "I don't understand."

Melody ran a hand over her face. She looked tired. He studied her closely and saw the dark circles under her eyes. Her skin looked worn and pale.

"Even in this day and age, men can't carry children unless there are special circumstances. Therefore, the men who marry into this family don't have to worry about the line of magic continuing. It's the men who carry the power. They are the ones

who pass down the magic. The coven of witches who gave us these heirlooms said the line of magic bestowed upon our family would be passed down from father to son. That is why the heirlooms never reacted to Lorie or me. We don't carry the power, you and Jason do."

"And?" Devin pinched the bridge of his nose, already tired of having to drag the information out his mother.

"The witches have all died, Devin. There are no more left. We, the Montano family, are all that remains of them. Their magic lives on in us. If either you or Jason were to pick someone who couldn't handle the magic, or if you couldn't find someone at all, then their legacy would be lost. The heirlooms would lose their powers."

Devin didn't miss the sadness in his mother's eyes. "Why didn't you tell us any of this?" Stress weighed his shoulders down and the front part of his brain began to ache.

Melody turned her head. "Because I didn't want to burden you with this."

Nervous energy simmered along Devin's muscles, demanding that he move. He began to pace as he turned over this new information in his head. "Mother," he sighed. "You did burden us with this. You did it by interrogating the women we love in order to judge them worthy rather than let us decide for ourselves. You pushed the burden on us by questioning our judgment. We then had to defend our choice -- a choice which would have pitted family against love. You know Jason and I love you dearly, but we might not have spoken to you for years because of what you had done."

Melody looked up, tears in her eyes. "But if you'd chosen wrong..."

"It would have been on us. Our love lives are not up for you to decide. Yes, we would have risked the magic being lost, but what good is the magic of the heirlooms if we stopped talking to you, or if we lost the loves of our lives because you drove them away? The magic aspect, no matter how astounding it is, is nothing compared to a possible mother-in-law who felt she had the right to insult the women we love, a mother-in-law who would have felt it her duty to drive them off without giving them a chance. Do you understand? Was it really worth it?"

Melody opened her mouth and closed it again. The tears began to fall. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I got so caught up in the family legacy that I forgot there were people involved. Stacia stood up to me. I respected her for that, but all I saw was a possible future of fear for Jason, of someone who was afraid of commitment and consequences. I've been dreading the phone call for months that they've broken up. And Tana is nice but she's..."

Devin gritted his teeth. He resisted asking her what Tana was.

"Your gift isn't really magical so to speak. You can calm people down and get them to see reason. You'd do anything for the one you loved. I didn't think Tana appreciated that. You're a professor for crying out loud and she's a..." She turned her face away again.

"Waitress," Devin finished. "Yes, she waits tables, and yes, it's not a fancy job like Stacia has. But I don't care about money. Neither of us do. I don't make a hell of a lot of money as a professor, but we're happy and we love each other, and we've put away quite a bit of money for the future."

"You don't even have an engagement ring! You refuse to let me help." Melody shook her head. When she lifted her face he saw the confusion.

"Because I want to pay for the ring myself, and pick it out with no help from you or anyone else. I come from money." He shrugged. "It's nice, but that's not gonna buy something that comes from the heart."

Melody's features softened. She gave him a small smile and reached out, cupping his cheek. "When did you become so wise? You get that from your father, you know."

Devin grinned. "I try. Do you understand now what your interference did? What it could have done? Do you get why you have to let us decide our own paths, regardless of the heirlooms?"

"I'm starting to see it, but they're still important to our family, part of our heritage," Melody pointed out.

"Yes, I know and I won't forget that, but I refuse to let it control my destiny or choices. Magic or no, I like being able to decide where I want to go. Now, I have to go

check and see if they've caught the wildebeest or whatever it is you let loose. Tana and I will be at the family dinner. I love you, Mother."

Melody stood up and so did he. She wrapped her arms around his neck and gave him a squeeze. "I love you too, son. Go home, play hooky, have fun with that beautiful fiancée of yours." With those parting words, she hit a few buttons on the cuff wrapped around her wrist and vanished.

Devin sighed. "We're going to have to take that away from her one of these days."

Vibrations came from his pocket. He slipped his phone out and checked the LED display. Rev's number popped up. Slipping the headset on, he hit the talk button.

"Hey, sorry to call you like this, but a buddy of mine is in a jam, and he needs my help. It's an emergency. I don't know how long this is going to take, so I'm sorry, but I have to bail on the ménage thing." Heavy breathing and the hard pounding of feet slipped through the speaker.

"Are you running?" Devin asked.

"Yeah, gotta catch the hover shuttle out of here to Praxius Omega Ten. There it is. Gotta go, man. Sorry again."

The phone clicked off before Devin could tell him it was okay, and that he understood. For a moment he wasn't sure what to do. The fantasy sequence that the bracelet had played out surfaced in his mind. He grinned. "Let's give that bracelet thing a test drive."

\* \* \*

Tana yawned. It had been a long day which was only made longer by fears of rejection and past hurts rising up and down like those moles in that damn whack-a-mole game. As soon as she had shoved one down, another would rise until she gave up all pretense of not being afraid that Devin would leave her. It was a relief that the day was over and she could go home.

She stumbled toward her car and leaned against it. The waxen light of the hover spotlights floated above, illuminating the brand new silver paint job and bumper. She



petted the hood and kissed it. "So nice to have you back, Herby. I've missed you so much. I won't let those horrible mechanic gremlins near you again, even if they did realign your brakes, rotate your tires and give you an oil change free of charge. Never again."

She stroked the hood and closed her eyes.

"Uh, you two want to be alone? You know there's a word for that, something about people marrying inanimate objects and such. Did I ever show you the story about the guy who tried to marry the *Nouveau Arc de Triomphe* in New France? You do not want to know what he tried to do for their honeymoon." Azure made gagging sounds behind her.

Tana blindly reached out and smacked her friend. "Shut up. You don't know what it's like having to turn your hover car over to those gremlins. You have a brother who's a mechanic and can fix your car anytime you ask." She opened her eyes and hit the toggle. "Get in."

Making her way around the car, she paused to look up at the sky. Deep purple stretched as far as the eye could see. Stars winked down as a few hover trucks and cars flew overhead. She breathed in the cool, crisp night air and made a wish that having the ménage wouldn't cost her Devin. Despite the pep talk from Azure and Devin's reassurances, in the back of her mind she feared the same backlash from Devin that she'd received from her family.

Drawing in a deep breath, Tana opened her eyes and continued around to the driver's side. She climbed into the car and started it up, programming the first of two destinations into the onboard computer before takeoff. The vehicle lifted and flew upward, merging into the early night traffic.

"Okay, what's wrong? You're throwing off some serious vibes at me." Azure shifted in her seat.

Tana tried to ignore Azure's stare, instead focusing on guiding the car through the lanes. "Nothing's wrong." She'd gone for nonchalant and knew she failed. Her voice had been too tight and high.

"Eeeh, wrong answer. Try again." Azure's focus burned the side of her face. With a sigh, she glanced at her friend while they sat at a red light.

"I know what you're saying, what both you and Devin are saying. You say take the risk and trust him. And Devin assures me that nothing will change, but how can it not? We're inviting another person -- his best friend -- to join us in the bedroom. I don't care what Rev's past is, or that he won't mind at all. Seriously, how can he or Devin not mind? Devin is sharing the woman he loves with another man, a man he claims to trust completely. Rev is attractive and all but... I want Devin. No other guy does it for me. I like the idea of a ménage, but I'm scared I'll lose him, and I'll be the cause of a rift between him and Rev." She sighed. "I don't think I thought this through very well."

Azure's silence only made things worse. As the seconds ticked by, her fears grew worse. A hand covered her shoulder and gave it a squeeze.

"These are valid fears, honey. I suggest you talk to Devin about it. I think he's a good guy who would never have brought this whole thing up if he didn't think it would work out. I don't blame you for getting scared. After what you've been through, it makes sense. But remember, you can't live in fear your whole life, or you'll be jumping at shadows and playing it safe." Azure gave her shoulder another squeeze before settling back in her seat.

Tana tried to think of something to say. Instead, tears filled her eyes. "I know. I did that for months on your couch. Afraid to go out, answer the phone, everything. If you hadn't dragged me to the grocery store, I wouldn't have met Devin." A smile tugged at her lips.

"Yeah, the veggie aisle. Who knew veggies could be aphrodisiacs?" Azure teased.

"Have you seen the way some of those veggies are shaped?" Tana pressed the gas and took off.

"You are sick. I'm not inviting you to go food shopping with me ever again."

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Azure turn her head and stick her tongue out. She smiled. "Uh huh, you just don't want to admit how depraved you really are. Come, join us on the dark side."

"Oh, look, there's my house. Thanks for the ride, babes." Azure gave her a quick kiss. Tana pulled the car to the curb and Azure hopped out. "And remember, talk to Devin. He won't steer you wrong."

As soon as the car door slammed and the quiet descended, the fears rose once more. With a sigh, she hoped that Azure was right. By the time she got home, all she wanted to do was crawl into bed and not talk about anything. The very idea of admitting to Devin that she was having second thoughts scared her. She unlocked the front door and sucked in a breath. The living room was alight with tiny purple votive candles everywhere. Silver rose petals covered the floor, creating a pathway to the bedroom.

Her heart stuttered in its rhythm. The scene was right out of the night he proposed, only as far as she could see, there was no dinner waiting for her. Stepping into the room, she shut the door behind her as quietly as she could so as not to alert him to her presence. After locking the door, she hung up her coat and purse and stripped off her boots. Tiptoeing across the living room barefoot, she headed for the bedroom and peeked inside.

Devin was moving around the room with ease. He wore only a pair of worn low slung leather pants. The soft golden glow of the candles illuminated a wide expanse of tanned skin. Her gaze followed the ridges of his spine to the slight dip at the base. Emblazoned on his back was his form unit's crest: a large hawk, wings spread wide, holding two swords in its talons. He turned toward the bed and the dark faded image of a full sleeve of ink was revealed. Because of the temperate climate and rare hot summer days, no one but his closest friends and family would ever know about the ink work.

She continued to watch him move. He was silent in his task, his bare feet not even causing the floor boards to creak. Devin moved with the fluid grace of one of the

big cats from Earth she'd studied in school. She watched the play of his muscles glide under his skin with each movement he made.

He placed rope, leather cuffs and a silk blindfold on the bed. His long fingers caressed the fabric of each item with care. A ripple of heat slid down her spine, watching those soft caresses. She could imagine feeling the calloused tips of his fingers tracing down her back, slipping between her ass cheeks to caress her anus and move further, teasing her sensitive flesh.

Sucking in a breath, she closed her eyes and steadied herself. Heat danced up her arm, sliding across her collarbone to glide down the center of her body. Her breasts became full and achy. Arousal danced through her blood as her nipples beaded, pressing against the thin lace of her bra. She turned away from the scene and willed her body to calm down. Tingles raced along her nether lips and down her thighs to spread along her back and up her spine. Her toes curled as pleasure slammed into her. Her pussy contracted and her juices dampened her panties.

She clawed at her shirt, needing it to come off, then at the fly of her skirt. Her top was the first go, landing somewhere beyond the candlelight. Next, was her skirt. The rough fabric whispered down her flesh, setting off ripples of sensation up and down her legs. All that remained were her bra, panties and stockings.

She shook her head, refusing to take those off. She concentrated on breathing in through her nose and out through her mouth slowly as she tried to regain control. The heat pumping through her body was too much. The ache became a demanding pulse. Without a thought, one of her hands came up and slipped over her stomach. A small sound slid past her lips at the light touch. Her fingers moved over the silken flesh, pausing to circle over her navel before sliding past the waistband of her panties. The thin line of hair she encountered tickled her fingers. For a moment she was reminded of the nights when Devin would follow that path down to her pussy.

Her hips bucked as she caressed first one plump nether lip, then the other. A sob formed in her throat as indescribable pleasure welled up inside of her. Relief and need clashed as she teased her aching flesh. Tana massaged the folds before slipping between

the thick petals to find and massage her pulsing clit. The first touch tore a gasp from her. She circled the hardened bud, drawing out sharp bursts of pleasure.

The contact wasn't enough. Tana wanted him -- needed Devin. As if sensing her need, she felt lips blazing up one leg. Another mouth kissed up the other. Shocked, she opened her eyes and looked down to see two Devins, just like before. Only one was dressed in leather, the other in jeans. Both looked up at her. Storm gray eyes filled with heat and need so strong she was breathless at the sight. Strong hands clamped down on her hips, holding her where she was. The men kissed and nipped their way up her shins, over her knee and continued on to her thighs.

"Spread your legs wide for us, Tana." Devin's voice was so low and husky the sound increased the blaze inside of her. She did as he asked, widening her stance for them.

The one in the jeans remained on his knees as the Devin in the leather stood up.

"Rev couldn't make it. With the help of the bracelet, you're going to get your ménage tonight. The question is do you still want it?" He didn't play fair, tracing a finger along the neckline of her bra. His finger moved back and forth. He paused in the center to tug the material down.

The rough lace rasped against her sensitive tips, setting off sparks in its wake. The fabric bunched under her breasts. Both her nipples were now free. She groaned when he bent down to flick and worry at the left aching nub with his teeth.

The leather clad Devin cupped the other mound, stroking over her peak with his thumbs. Arcs of electricity shot straight to her clit. Jeans Devin lapped her pussy through her panties, flicking her clit with firm strokes that left her breathless.

Leather Devin, teasing her breasts, paused in his actions. "Well, Tana? Yes or no?" He went back to tormenting the aching tip. Taking the bud between his teeth, he sucked it into his mouth. Each hard pull of his lip sent a sharp line of heat and pain through the nipple, pushing her arousal higher. Strong hands gripped her legs, keeping them spread, as the Jeans Devin continued to tease and torment her clit through her panties.

A sharp ripping sound tore through the air, and she felt a cool breeze on her damp sex, only to have it replaced with a hot mouth and hard tongue. She cried out and rocked against Jeans Devin's mouth as Leather Devin transferred his attention to her other nipple.

Tana buried her hands in his hair and held him there. The line between pain and pleasure disappeared as the two melded into one. An ache began in the pit of her stomach, coiling tighter. Each pass over her clit, every lick on her nipple pushed her toward the precipice.

It all suddenly stopped. Shocked, she growled and looked down at Devin who smiled back at her. Both men pulled back. They folded their arms over their muscular chests and stared at her, heat and something else, something predatory, lurking in their gazes.

"You didn't say yes or no."

She stared at him. Pulses of heat shimmered in her veins and need crawled along her skin. Her body was one pulsing, throbbing ball of desire. Sweat formed along her brow and upper lip. Her heart raced in her chest as her lungs demanded more air. All thought was swathed in a mist of arousal. She didn't just want the ménage, she needed it. Her orgasm had stopped altogether. The weight of it sat in her stomach, as if waiting for the spark to set it off.

Shaking, she fell back, leaning against the wall for support as she tried to catch her breath. "Yes, I want it," she panted.

"The rule of the night is trust. Do you trust me?" Devin raised an eyebrow.

Tana did trust him. All her worries and fears melted in the face of the man she loved. "I trust you."

"Go into the bedroom, take off your bra, sit down in the chair, close your eyes and be ready for pleasure." Dark challenge glittered in his eyes.

She didn't have to be told twice. Tana raced into the bedroom, stripped out of her bra and sat down in the chair just as he told her to, even spreading her legs. Both Devins came into the room. The one in leather grabbed the cuffs off the bed while the

other knelt between her legs. His hands rested on her knees. He leaned forward and kissed his way down her belly as his hands stroked her thighs. The Devin in leather moved behind her. He grabbed her hands before she could push the clone toward her sex. She felt the firmness of the leather encircle her wrists before she heard the hard snap of chains.

Tana yanked hard on her bonds and found she could only move her arms about five inches away from the back of the chair. At first, fear shredded through her. Panic caused her to struggle. The thought of being trapped and possibly left like that pushed its way to the forefront of her mind. They'd played games before but not like this. She continued to try and break loose despite Jeans Devin kneeling before her, stroking her thighs.

"Shhh, it's okay. Be still. Be calm. I won't leave you," Leather Devin whispered. He placed butterfly kisses along her neck. She felt hands cup her breasts and massage them. A tongue circled her navel as the touch on her thighs slowed down. Her heart hammered against her ribcage. The need to struggle died down at the soft touches of both men. "It's okay, baby. I won't ever leave you like this. Well, unless it's the Intergalactic Bowl."

She yanked on her restraints and growled. "You'll be a eunuch if that happens."

"See there? Took your mind away from being bound. How are you feeling? Better?"

His touch moved down her arm as she mentally assessed herself. Her heart imitated a jackhammer on a low setting but breathing was easier.

"I'm going to blindfold you. We've done it before. Trust me," he whispered.

She gasped when she felt a tongue on one side of her labia. Closing her eyes she gave into that pleasurable touch. Darkness surrounded her as she let go. She found that if she focused on the sensations, it wasn't so bad, but the fear remained, lying close to the surface. With each breath, she drew in the scent of desire.

Lips pressed against hers. She opened her mouth, allowing entrance for Devin's tongue. Mint and something tangy flowed over her taste buds. He stroked the insides of

her cheeks, traced the edges of her teeth, and tickled the roof of her mouth before running his tongue against hers. The kiss was soft, exploratory. She balled her hands into fists. Tana wanted to sink her fingers into his hair, feel the softness against her palms. She wanted to press her aching breasts and sensitive nipples against his chest, feel his heated skin against hers.

Muffled whimpers rose between them. It took her a moment to realize the sound was coming from her. He pulled back, and in that instant she wished she could see his face. Frustration rose and she pulled against her bonds. Being cuffed wasn't fun anymore. It wasn't even sexy.

"Shhh, easy, easy. Relax and trust me," Devin whispered as he peppered her face with kisses.

"I want to touch you," she gritted out.

Fingers ghosted over her sides, over her hips and down her legs. "You will," he whispered.

She gasped when two fingers were suddenly thrust into her cunt. They pumped in and out at a leisurely pace as lips kissed up one side of her leg. Another mouth latched onto her breast, tugging on her nipple. Sparks shot straight from the tightened peak to her clit. She bucked and squirmed in the chair, trying to find something to relieve the aching bundle of nerves. An orgasm began to build, spiraling tighter with each stroke.

The fingers stopped. Tana growled. A small burst of heat exploded in her belly at the first brush of a thumb against the sensitive bud. She gasped and pushed her hips forward as she contracted her inner muscles, increasing the pressure inside of her.

"Give me something, anything. Move!" she gritted out. Dissatisfaction began to build again only to be quelled at another light touch on her clit. Tipping her head back, she bit her bottom lip and prayed they would do it again. The fingers slipped out of her aching pussy and were replaced by a mouth, lapping and nibbling along her labia.

Another set of lips kissed their way up her arm, across her shoulder and down her chest. A tongue circled her nipple before a set of teeth scrapped over the turgid



peak. Sensation washed through her as the climax built. She squirmed and rocked her sex against the mouth on her pussy while thrusting her chest out toward the man sucking and pulling at her nipple.

She still felt empty inside, like something was missing. "Please," she moaned as a tongue flicked her clit. Tana lifted her leg and hooked it over Devin's shoulder, drawing him closer. His mouth worked her pussy, flicking her clit every so often. He released her nipple and kissed his way over to the other taut peak, sucking that into his mouth and showing it the same attention. Sensations shimmered through her. Their attentions weren't enough. Tana needed more caresses, more kisses, more touches, more of everything. Her body ached for their hands and mouths all over.

The darkness around her heightened her senses. She could smell her arousal, the dual scents of musk and sweat. The wet slurps and suckling sounds bombarded her ears. Pain and pleasure meshed and pulled apart, driving her mad. Her nails dug into her palms drawing out the hurt. Droplets of sweat slid along her skin like a thousand tiny feathers drifting over her heated damp flesh. Cool air brushed against her body only to be replaced by warmth. The heat of their bodies pressed against hers. She wanted to be in-between them, feel them gliding against her. Her cunt and back passage ached to be filled.

"Please. Please. Please," she chanted. Her thoughts unraveled when Leather Devin, between her thighs, bit down on her clit. She cried out as heat flooded her abdomen and extended outward to envelop her. Tana shook as the orgasm washed over her. A soft pop reached her ears as Jeans Devin released her nipple. Cool air brushed against the wet peak. The bud tightened even more, setting off sparks.

Leather Devin's mouth continued to move over her pussy, sucking, biting and lapping. He pulled his mouth away and thrust his finger into her pulsing cunt once more, fucking her into another climax. Her back arched, her body becoming taut as it took her far down into a pit of fire and feeling. She shook against the back of the seat as her muscles twitched and vibrated. The cuffs fell off her wrists. Her arms hung at her sides. For the moment she couldn't move them.

Drifting on the liquid feeling that moved through her body, she sighed and focused on just breathing. Her heart pounded against her chest in an erratic rhythm. Leather Devin continued to lap at her pussy with soft swipes of his tongue as he drew his fingers out of her sopping channel. She moaned as a flood of heat and arousal crawled through her body as his fingers brushed against the sensitive walls of her cunt.

"Devin," she moaned. Tana didn't know what she wanted. Her thoughts were tangled. A fog of desire wove through her mind breaking apart any coherent idea. Arms slipped under her body as the mouth on her cunt pulled away. She whimpered at the loss of sensation.

"Devin," she tried again.

"It's okay, baby. I'm putting you on the bed."

Cool sheets pressed against her skin. Sighing, she relaxed into the mattress and let the seconds tick by, not caring what he did next.

Hands covered her body. They stroked her arms, caressed her breasts and slid down her stomach. They rolled her over onto her stomach and touched her shoulders, back and ass. Moaning, she pushed her ass up, asking for a more intimate touch. Leather Devin swatted her ass. Stinging pain went through one cheek before being soothed away with kisses and caresses.

"Say it. Tell us what you want," Devin growled. The bed shook beneath her.

Her ass cheeks parted. A tongue flicked at her anus. "I want you to fuck my ass." She moaned and pushed her hips back.

Stinging pain spread through her ass as Leather Devin spanked one cheek after another. Heat followed, heightening her desire. She rocked her hips back again.

"Tell us what you want." Jeans Devin laid kisses along her warmed skin. Caresses from his hand soothed the pain away.

Lowering her head to the mattress, she rested her forehead on the duvet. "I want Jeans Devin to fuck my ass and Leather Devin to fuck my mouth." Her voice was muffled by the coverlet.

She squeaked when Jeans Devin smacked her ass again. This hit was harder than the other ones.

"We're in control. One of us is going to fuck your mouth while the other fucks your pussy. And just to add a bit of fun --" Devin reached over and produced an anal plug shaped like a cock. "This will be in your ass."

*I'll be stuffed*, she thought. Heat flared through her abdomen as she groaned. Her juices stained her inner thighs as the need grew. Energy began to pour into her like water while desire danced along her skin raising goose bumps. The ache between her thighs began again. Sweat slipped down her forehead, dripping into her eyes, blurring her vision. She blinked back the moisture and focused on the man before her. Jeans Devin parted her ass cheeks again and began to lap at her anus before trailing his tongue down to swirl around her clit and back up again to her back entrance. Up. Down. Circle. Each swipe and lick caused the ache to increase. She thrust her sex back at him, praying he would give her some relief.

Squeezing her eyes shut, she tried to get more contact, rocking her hips up and down. Every time she moved, he stopped. When she stilled, he continued. Gritting her teeth, she held back the demand on her tongue.

Fingers caressed her cheek. "Look at me."

Tana tilted her chin up and gazed at him. Shadows danced across his face, but she didn't miss the heat in his eyes.

"Trust me. Trust us. Let go and feel. Allow the bracelet to amplify your need. You're safe." He lowered his head and pressed kisses on her forehead, the tip of her nose, both cheeks and lastly upon her lips.

Her eyes fluttered shut as she gave in, latching onto his touch. His lips continued to move. The bed shook as his mouth moved lower, blazing a trail with open-mouthed kisses, licks and nips, while his counterpart resumed tormenting her sensitive flesh with sucks, bites and laps of his own. Each touch sent threads of heat straight to her pussy. The ache in her stomach grew as fire surged through her veins. Jeans Devin took her mouth in a possessive, bruising kiss. She balanced on one hand, sliding her fingers into

his thick, silken tresses. Clutching them, she pressed her lips against his, answering his possession with one of her own. The laps and bites on her nether lips increased. Leather Devin circled her dripping entrance before thrusting his tongue inside of her.

Tana's vaginal muscles clamped down, trying to draw him further inside. He withdrew and then pushed his tongue in again and again as he rubbed her clit. The orgasm built into a large ball that contracted and flexed, growing bigger and bigger as she drew closer to climax. She gripped his hair tighter as her body tensed. Fire sizzled up and down her spine. Sensation washed over her from head to toe, setting her nerve endings alight. The precipice drew closer. All she needed was something to push her over. Sharp pain lanced her nipples as he pinched them. Her eyes flew open. Her gasp was swallowed by his lips moving mercilessly over hers.

Tension sang through her as the orgasm burst, sending her over the edge, screaming as she came. Intense pleasure lit up her nerve endings. Her toes curled and she clutched the duvet in a death grip. She pulled back her head, struggling to breathe as her heart pounded against her ribcage. Her arms and legs shook. Her mind was a complete blank. Small aftershocks rippled through her as they continued to touch, caress and kiss her through it all.

"Look at me, Tana," the Devin in front of her ordered. She wasn't quite sure who was doing what anymore, nor did she care.

Doing as he commanded, Tana looked at him and watched as he unzipped his fly and shoved the waistband down. His cock jutted up from a nest of curls. The shaft was flushed a deep red, the head crimson, shining in the muted light of the room. He stroked his cock in long slow strokes. She licked her lips, wanting to taste him. Jeans Devin drew closer.

The first brush of his cock coincided with the slick sensation dribbling over her back opening. The lube was massaged with the pad of Leather Devin's thumb. The arousal began to ramp up again. Moaning, she pushed her hips back. Newfound energy coursed through her body, strengthening her legs and arms. She began to relax. Breathing became easier. Her heart rate slowed. Allowing her weight to sink into the

mattress, she moved forward and licked at the slit at the crest of his dick. The salty tangy taste of his seed rolled over her taste buds as his unique scent of musk, soap and sweat swirled around her.

The thumb teasing her anus pushed forward, sinking past the first ring then withdrawing. More lube was applied and the process was repeated. Then it became an index finger, joined quickly by the second finger, stretching her back passage. The pain was brief. Need began to build again. Jeans Devin pushed his hips forward, brushing his cock against her lips. She swirled her tongue around the wide crown before taking it into her mouth. Tana concentrated on breathing through her nose as she swallowed more of him. He was so thick. His cock stretched her mouth almost to the point of pain. His shaft was hot and hard and yet the skin was velvet soft.

Tana moaned around his shaft when she felt something pushing against her back entrance. Relaxing her muscles, she closed her eyes and concentrated on the anal plug that was being pushed into her back passage. The fullness stretched the sensitive tissue. The first ache faded as her pleasure spiked. Tana pushed back, taking more of the fake shaft into her ass until it filled her fully. Lifting her head, she gazed up at Jeans Devin. "Now?"

He gave her a wicked grin. The sound of foil tearing split the air. Pressure was at her dripping entrance. Jeans Devin pushed forward. She took his cock into her mouth at the same time that Leather Devin sank his cock into her pussy. Jeans Devin grabbed her hair and held tight. She stilled, allowing them both to use her for their pleasure. Their desire fed her hunger. Tana closed her eyes and slipped into just feeling. The plug in her ass began to vibrate. In concert, both men withdrew, paused and then drove back in.

Tana felt like a conduit of desire, channeling all their lust into her. The pleasure built like blocks being stacked one on top of each other. With each thrust, they both pushed deeper inside of her. Leather Devin pounded her ass. The soft fabric of his pants hit the back of her thighs, each slap adding a new element to the sex.

Tana moved with them, rocking back and forth. Jeans Devin's balls smacked against her chin as Leather Devin's balls smacked against her slit. Jeans Devin's cock hit the back of her throat. On the next push, she swallowed him. Both Devins grunted. The grip on her hair and hips increased. She felt both their cocks expand and lengthen. They came at the same time. Tana swallowed Jeans Devin's seed. She felt Leather Devin's cock slide out of her, setting off sparks as he went.

Devin pulled out of her mouth, still hard. "Lie down." His voice was low and husky. She rolled onto her back, spreading her legs wide. Devin covered her. He reached between them and positioned his cock at her entrance. With one thrust he was inside. She groaned and arched her back. Tana wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. He moved inside of her, sliding against the sensitive walls of her vagina.

They rocked against each other, moving in a dance as old as time. He thrust in and out of her slowly, taking his time. The fire and arousal built higher until it consumed her. The tidal wave took her as she came. His mouth covered hers, swallowing her cry. When he pulled back, he buried his head in the crook of her neck, murmuring her name. He came, spurting his seed deep in her pussy.

She relaxed into the mattress. Her limbs slid off of his body and fell to the bed. Sighing, she pressed kisses against his temple. "I love you, Devin. Thank you."

"Anything for you," he murmured.

## Chapter Seven

They were alone now. The clone had vanished. Devin lay on his side, stroking her back. Moonlight streamed in from a nearby window illuminating her bare skin. The scent of sex still drifted on the air, filtering through the room. His heart rate had calmed down. His body sank into the mattress as he rolled off of her, and though he could feel sleep tugging at his eyelids, he refused to go under. His fingers traced up and down the ridges of her spine. The only sound that could be heard was her gentle breathing mingling with his.

"I love you, Tana." He lowered his head and kissed her shoulder. She stirred under that soft touch. Rolling over, she gazed up at him, confusion in her eyes.

"Aren't you tired --" The rest of her question was smothered in a yawn.

He grinned. "Couldn't sleep. I've been thinking. I knew the instant I saw you that you were something special. You were in that sexy uniform. I couldn't stop watching you. The way you moved, everything you did was sexy."

She laughed and snuggled closer to him. "Really? Everything? How about when I smacked into the column while I stared right back at you? That sexy?"

He echoed her laughter and kissed her forehead. "Yeah, that too. So damn cute and sexy. Now can I continue?"

She raised an eyebrow but fell silent. He took that as permission to move on.

"After the first date, I knew I wanted more. And when you agreed to being exclusive, I was the happiest man on the planet. Then you said yes to my proposal... No words can express the joy you gave me then and continue to give me every day we're together." He drew in a deep breath. Devin didn't want to stop talking for fear that if he

didn't finish this expression of his sentiments, he'd never be able to again. "You trusted me with your heart. I can't tell you how much that means to me. I accept you, all of you, even your past and all your fantasies. Yes, the ménage one too. As long as you're happy, honey, I am too."

She opened her mouth, shut it again and continued to gaze up at him, her expression open. Something shimmered in her eyes, and he watched in fear as the first tear slipped down her temple. "Baby, what's wrong? Did I hurt you? What'd I say?"

She shook her head. "Nothing. You didn't hurt me. You just... You're so wonderful. I'm sorry. I'm just sorry I never told you sooner about me... and the ménage thing." Tana gave him a watery smile.

His heart contracted. Emotion welled up inside of him. "I understand why you did it. They hurt you. You're still licking your wounds, still unsure. I know that what we did tonight won't help heal what that asshole did to you or what your family did, but I will never stop trying to prove to you that I love you and I'm here for you, whatever happens."

"You've already started to heal me," she whispered. Tana pushed up onto her elbows and turned into him. She wrapped her arms around his neck, burying her head against his chest. Placing a kiss over his heart, she drew back. "I love you, Devin."

Everything that needed to be said was there in her eyes. He closed his eyes and hugged her back. "I love you too, Tana. Always."



## **Selena Illyria**

Interracial Author, Selena Illyria was born with an overactive imagination. With great curiosity and a love of writing that pushes her imagination there are many worlds she'd love to explore from paranormal to sci-fi from cyberpunk and beyond.

Are you willing, dear reader, to step into her worlds? If you do feel free to poke around. Mind the pixies. They can be very um...excitable by newcomers. \*wink\*

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