



TEASE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

MAKING THE MAN

Yoette Hines

THE SCANDALOUS ANTHOLOGY

Making the Man

Yvette Hines



TEASE PUBLISHING

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Making The Man

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Chapter One

Take the exit right, then merge left

Obeying the computerized voice of his GPS, he maneuvered his car from the middle to the right lane as directed. Taking the final exit to his aunt and uncle's home, he lifted his hand and rubbed the back of his neck. He was weary both physically and mentally. It had been a long drive from Oklahoma. Glancing over at the screen, he spied the mileage remaining and sighed with relief. In two miles he would reach his destination.

Hunter took the exit and continued down the road, following the directions as they were announced. Flexing his ass cheeks periodically, he tried to return the feeling back to them. The last five hours had been non-stop.

In 425 feet your destination is on the right

Shifting his gaze down the neighborhood street, he spotted his Uncle Jim's forest green Expedition parked on the street. He almost groaned with excitement.

Pulling into the empty driveway as his uncle had instructed him, Hunter wasted little time in turning off the GPS, grabbing his wallet, removing the keys, lifting his overnight bag from the passenger seat and hopping out the car. He was taking a moment to stretch his arms and rotate his head before knocking.

"Hunter!" his aunt squealed as she threw open the door and launched her five-two frame at his chest. "I'm so glad you made it."

"So am I, Aunt Cindy." Hugging her back, he saw his uncle come around the corner.

"Now, Cindy, turn the boy loose. You act like you haven't seen him in twelve years. He was just here for Thanksgiving."

"Oh, hush-up, Jim, I can love on him all I want. He's my only nephew." Aunt Cindy waved Uncle Jim's comment away, but still stepped back.

She was correct. Out of all ten of Hunter's cousins he was the only boy. His parents had three kids, his Aunt Pam and Uncle Kyle had two girls, Uncle Derrick and Aunt Kim had four girls and Uncle Jim and Aunt Cindy had one girl.

Stepping into the house, he embraced his uncle, patting the older man on the back.

"Hunter, get in here and take a seat. You have to be tired. How was the drive?" Uncle Jim led the way to the living room.

"I am. I forgot how much your body can ache on a long drive," Hunter said. His right butt muscle was still cramped.

Aunt Cindy came out of the kitchen carrying a platter and TV tray. "I figured you'd be too tired for a big meal, so I just made your favorite Italian sub and some home fries."

"Oh, Aunt Cindy, I think I just fell in love with ya." Hunter watched her set down the dish on top of the tray before him.

"Hey, boy, get your own woman. This one here ain't up for grabs," his uncle announced as he swatted his aunt on the ass, causing her to yelp.

Shaking his head at their antics, Hunter took a large bite of his hoagie. He didn't have to voice his agreement of his uncle's words. He knew he needed a woman to make him his favorite meals and to curl up beside at night. The last girl he'd dated quickly left him once he'd lost his job. Over the last seven months he'd been looking for more construction work while Amy found a new man to sink her nails into.

Aunt Cindy had told him that she wasn't the one and when he found the girl for him she'd knock his socks off and she'd stay by his side no matter what. He had to believe his aunt was right.

"Tomorrow, my friend Dillon and I will help you get your furniture into your apartment." Jim got up and pulled a ring of keys from the hook by the door and tossed them to him.

"I appreciate that." Grabbing them out the air, Hunter pocketed his apartment keys. "Thanks again, Uncle Jim, for getting the keys and checkin' out my apartment for me."

"That's what family does."

Aunt Cindy walked in and set a large glass of sweet ice tea with an orange slice floating on top beside his plate.

Remaining silent, Hunter polished off his sandwich and fries and thought about his uncle's words. If it wasn't for his Uncle Jim, he would still be out of work. Construction work was hard to come by. Even though the county company he worked for had some new city projects on the horizon, he'd been out of work for so long that he couldn't wait until he heard from them in a few months. Uncle Jim had pulled him aside during Thanksgiving and offered him a job. His uncle's accounting firm had paid for his move. In the last four months, Hunter had taken some online training to prepare him for the job. He'd done some basic managerial accounting at the construction company, giving him a nice starting pay with the company.

Just thinking about his uncle's help had his throat a little tight and made it worth the drive to a new state. "Still. Thanks, Uncle Jim."

Nodding, his uncle said, "If you need, you can take about a week to get your apartment together."

"Great," he said, setting his fork down after finishing his potatoes. Getting his apartment together really wasn't his concern once he unloaded his truck. Most of his worries came from another area, clothes and what would be expected of him. Glancing down at his work roughened hands, he'd known what to do with them on a site. He was an excellent builder, but he'd never pictured himself in a suit and tie and making small talk about things that weren't sports and fishing related. He'd attempted to shop in the last few months but he didn't know where to start and he hated malls.

"Are you too tired for pie?" His aunt stepped back into the room with a piece of pie on a plate and a large dollop of whipped cream.

"Too tired for pie?" He clutched his chest. "Aunt Cindy, you wound me." Switching plates with her, he said, "If I only had one breath left, I'd use it to swallow a mouthful of your pecan pie."

His aunt preened and flushed. "You're going to make some Virginia girl a lucky woman."

Uncle Jim's chuckle accompanied his as Hunter slipped a forkful of the warm gooey dessert. Knowing his aunt, she'd timed the pie by his last check-in call three hours ago and he was more than grateful. His mother, her sister wasn't a baker at all. Lydia O'Neil's idea of dessert was a frozen pre-packaged dish.

"Please tell me, Cindy darlin', you don't have a long list of women you've arranged for Hunter to meet?" Uncle Jim pulled his wife onto his lap.

Folding her arms under her hefty bosom, she said, "No, I don't, Jim." She swatted his shoulder. "Give me some credit. I'll wait 'til Hunter asks for my help."

"Um, hmm." Uncle Jim didn't seem convinced.

He did want to find someone, but going through a list of eligible women collected by his aunt wasn't Hunter's idea of fun. It ranked second after shopping. "Aunt Cindy, I do need your help."

She beamed. "Really?" She rose off her husband's lap in excitement. "Oh, my, well, I can call my friend Monica. Her daughter Jennifer returns to the states in two months from Korea where she's been stationed for a year. She's a pilot in the Air For--"

"Whoa, there." He waved his hands in front of him, stopping her flow of idea. "Not in getting me a date... in clothes."

"Clothes?" she repeated.

"Yea, I tried to go to the shops, but it gave me a headache. The people would try to help me but I wasn't sure what I was even askin' for. I'm so used to jeans and T-shirts." Glancing at his uncle then back to his aunt, he said, "But, I don't want to embarrass Uncle Jim."

"Oh, I see." She tapped her lips with her fingers as she thought. "Well, I think I can help you."

"If you don't have time, I understand."

"Darlin', how about those ladies who helped you three years ago?" Uncle Jim inquired.

"That's right. When I started at the South Hampton Charity Organization." Her face lit up as she turned and left the room mumbling.

"Aunt Cindy hired some ladies to help her shop?" Hunter frowned. "As I remember it, my aunt lived at the stores."

"She does, but this charity goes to different events and does a lot of speeches, and your aunt is used to PTA meetin's, cookie clubs and yard sale people. These women who helped her are like coaches or somethin'."

Perfect. They might be just what I need.

"Got it!" She cheered, waving her cell phone over her head as she came into the room.

Pulling his phone out of his pocket, he got the number from his aunt.

"Synoma and Anjolie are wonderful. I can't recall the name of their company, but I learned so much from them. They are just what you need."

He logged in their names and saved. "Thanks, Aunt Cindy, I'll call them on Monday."

"Very good."

Grabbing his dishes and the tray, his uncle said, "You look about beat."

Running his hands over his head, Hunter confirmed, "I feel like I just went ten rounds with the Sandman and I didn't win."

"Well, you know the way to the guest room. I've got it ready for the night," she told him.

He got up from the couch, knowing if he didn't get up then he'd never be able to until the morning. "I'll see you both in the morning." Hugging his aunt, he grabbed his bag from the door then headed up.

The only thing keeping him from getting directly in the bed was the warm shower he craved. Twenty minutes later he was in bed and racing toward sleep.

~YH~

"Syn, I tell you. If I have to go out with another jerk who tries to grab my ass before we even make it to the restaurant, I will scream."

Looking across the breakfast table at her best friend, Synoma smiled. Anjolie's long brown waves still wet from her shower and knotted on top of her head, her face appeared fresh exotic with her Hispanic features. As someone who has always been interested in design, Syn enjoyed watching people's body and form, dressing them up in her mind. Her best friend was the perfect model. "That bad, huh?"

"Yes." Grabbing a blueberry bagel out of the bag in the center of the table, Anjolie stood up. Her bare feet slapped against the floor as she moved to the toaster oven and put the parted bread inside. "Peter was an asshole."

"Bet you told him so too?" She dug into her grapefruit.

Anjolie turned, her robe slipped down her right shoulder and revealed the curve of her shoulder and the top swell of her small breast, and she smiled. "I did. Even though what I really wanted to do was introduce my knee to his nuts and ask him how he liked being touched."

Laughing, Synoma asked her friend, "Whatever happened to nice guys, Anjee?"

"Tell me about it, Syn." Removing her bagel, she returned to the table and added butter from the dish on the table.

Synoma sighed. She hadn't dated a guy in over a year. She'd become so disgusted with meeting the jerks and assholes in the dating scene, it was tiresome. "I want a guy that's sweet and a gentleman."

"Confident, but not cocky," Anjolie interjected.

"Strong not a bully," she added.

"A nice body," her friend sighed.

"And sexy."

"Very sexy. The kind of guy that makes your panties wet at the sound of his voice."

"Or when he touches you, your body tingles and your nipples tighten." Synoma felt her nipples pull taut just with the thought of the dream man.

Anjolie moaned and fanned herself. "Girl, remind me to pick up batteries on the way home."

"No need, while you were out last night I picked up an eight pack from the store."

They both laughed.

Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro, Overture* began to play. Synoma got up and grabbed the business phone from the coffee table in the living room.

"Good morning, Upgrade You consulting. This is Synoma. How may we service you?" Synoma walked back into the kitchen in her slippers and resumed her seat. This was the great thing about working from home. You could plan your day in your pajamas.

"Well, I was given your number by someone who said you could help me." The husky timbre voice was as potent as whiskey, the southern drawl made it even more pronounced.

She felt dizzy just listening to it. Synoma knew she'd have to add great voice to the list of male qualities. A panty wetting voice to be precise.

Anjolie must have noticed something because she raised a suspicious eyebrow at her.

"I hope we can, Mister..." Synoma waited for him to fill in the gap.

"Hunter O'Neil," his name came out strong and proud.

She couldn't help but sigh silently. "Mr. O'Neil, what was it you needed?" *Me*. The word shot into her mind before she could stop it. Taking a deep breath, she tried to regain control of her thoughts.

"You see--." He stopped then started again. "Look, I don't do well over the phone talking about myself, so if you tell me where your office is, I'll just make an appointment and come by."

"There's no need for you to do that, Mr. O'Neil. We come to our clients," she informed him.

"That's good. So, how does this work?"

The hesitant tenor of his southern drawl made her warm inside and brought a grin to her face.

Anjolie must have noticed the expression because she raised her eyebrows at Syn in question.

Lifting a finger, Synoma signaled that she would let her friend know in a minute. "Simple, I ask you some preliminary questions and set an appointment for you." Moving into the office, she flipped through the scheduler. "What is a good time for you this Wednesday? We are full until then unless it is an emergency. If so we can meet you after hours."

"It feels like an emergency."

The rumble of his laughter traveling through the phone line into her ear was similar to a caress and caused a frisson of heat to slip along her spine. She sat before she lost strength in her legs.

"But, it's not. Wednesday works for me," he finished.

"Is eight o'clock too early?"

"Nope."

"A few more questions, Mr. O'Neil."

"Fire away."

Are you single? Clearing her throat, she asked, "Is this for work or a one time event?"

“Work.”

“In what way will you need our assistance? Clothing, etiquette, corporate knowledge base?”

He groaned. “All of those things and probably things I don’t even know about.”

“Tell me what’s going on.” He sounded so frustrated, she wondered if he was the type to run his hands over his head or the kind that sank low on a couch and stared at the ceiling for answers.

“I’m a construction worker. Always been a construction worker, until several months ago. I got caught up in all the job loss stuff. My town got hit pretty hard. Now, I’m goin’ to be an accountant.”

Trying to gather all her ducks in a row to help him, she asked, “So, do you need tutoring in accounting?”

“Naw, nothin’ like that. I’ve got that stuff down. Just everythin’ else. I mean what do people talk about in an office? Am I still good with sports?”

She giggled. Hell, he had her giggling like a school girl. “I think sports are still a safe topic in a lot of settings. Anjolie and I will be able to assist you, no problem.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Glancing down at her watch, she realized it was time for her and Anjolie to get out the door for another client. She hated to end the call, but she had to do it. “If there’s nothing else, we’ll see you in a few days.”

“Until then, Synoma.” The call ended.

A man that remembered her name the first time she said it. Looking down at his name on the planner, she thought to herself how Mr. Hunter O’Neil was one of a kind.

Anjolie walked in and perched her hip on the desk.

“So, what had you looking all gaga faced?”

“Mr. O’Neil.”

Tilting her head, Anjolie peeped at the book, reading upside down. “Our Wednesday appointment?”

“The one and only.” Synoma rose and moved around the desk.

Following her out the door, Anjolie said, “Well, do tell.”

“I’ll fill you in on the way to our appointment.” She climbed the stairs to the second floor. “Now we need to get dressed and out the door. The ladies at the women’s shelter are waiting.”

“Yes, they are.”

They went into separate directions at the top landing.

Chapter *Two*

Hearing the doorbell, Hunter finished moving his clothes from the washer to the dryer, before going to the door. His one bedroom apartment wasn't large but it was functional and suited him. Still having to cover the part of his mortgage that his renter didn't pay, he couldn't afford to pay for a lot of space. Once he settled more comfortably in his job and his house sold, he'd look for something else.

"Mr. O'Neil?"

He was unsure which one of them had spoken because he was too busy staring. He couldn't believe his eyes. In the archway of his door were two of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen. Now there was celebrity beauty then there was natural unadulterated beauty. That's what these two women possessed. Every fiber of his being recognized it, one part in particular, his cock. If he didn't get himself under control, it would be rearing its broad head.

Taking a deep breath, he cleared his mind. "You got it."

The caramel colored goddess's full lips pulled into a small smile and he swore another star sparkled in the blue sky beside the sun. "Good morning. We're with Upgrade You consulting. This is Anjolie and I'm--"

"Synoma," he finished. She was better than he'd imagined over the phone.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. O'Neil." The woman name Anjolie held her hand out and laughed softly, a sound similar to music.

Claiming her delicate hand, he purposely gave her one of his good southern boy smiles. This Hispanic lady with her brown waves framing her heart-shaped face caused his pulse to leap. "Glad to meet ya' both." Allowing her hand to slip out of his, he stepped back. "Please come in."

"Thank you." Synoma was the first to enter, wearing a form fitting white skirt suit with burgundy trim. The outfit complimented her high plump breast and the curvaceous shape of her hips. She smelled of orange spice, an exotic citrus blend.

Anjolie followed Synoma, in a snug black pants suit. The light blue buttons on the coat were unfastened, allowing a seductive glance of her matching top beneath and her small pert breast. Her aroma was like a sweet strawberry bliss to his senses.

Their combined scents made his dick leap behind the zipper of his jeans. Shaking his head, he told himself that there was no way either of these two classy women would waste a moment with a man whose wardrobe consisted of jeans, jeans and a t-shirt.

Synoma pivoted in a full circle, allowing him another glimpse of her ass and said, "Your apartment is--"

"Small, tiny, quaint."

Laughter bubbled up out of her and she glanced over at her partner, Anjolie. "I was going to say well decorated."

Shifting his head from left to right, he tried to see what she saw.

"You've kept your pictures on the wall minimal. The furniture is mid-size and not overtaking the room and your colors are natural. Chocolates, tan, sky blue and grey."

"I can't take the credit for it." He shrugged. "I saw it in a magazine and tried to match it."

"That's even better. It tells me you have an eye for *attractive* things." Synoma clutched her briefcase under her arm, but never broke eye contact with him. "So do I. We should get along fabulously." She fingered a straight ebony lock to rest behind her ear.

Was it his imagination or was she flirting with him? "You might be right, Synoma."

He definitely didn't imagine her chest rising high as she took a deep breath. *Maybe I'm not the only one affected in this room.*

"Mr. O'Neil, would you prefer to sit in here or at the kitchen table as we go over the consulting plans for you?" Anjolie's angelic voice floated between them, drawing both their attention to her.

"The kitchen table is probably best." Hunter quickly realized that he needed to keep this meeting on the most professional setting. The comfort of his living room with these two delectable women was too much. Maybe it was because it had been a while since he'd been with a woman. Whatever the cause, he didn't want these ladies to think he was a horndog.

Once they were around the kitchen table and each of them sipped ice tea, Anjolie began, "Mr. O'Neil--"

"You both can call me Hunter. It's what I'm used to."

"We will because you requested it, Hunter." He could have sworn Anjolie's voice lowered when she said his name.

Anjolie leaned her upper body over the table as she continued, "However, I need you to get used to working in an arena where people use their last name at greets and talking in meets. Limit first names and nicknames unless instructed to do so by a boss or client."

"Got it." He punctuated the comment with a thumb up signal.

"Synoma has a degree in fashion design and a certificate in interior design. My degree is in journalism with a minor in marketing. We opened this business four years ago to help women transition from home to workforce. Now we work with the local area women's and men's shelter, as well as the prison release program at the employment agency. In between all of that we see individual clients."

"You ladies are busy."

"It gets a little hectic from ten to five, but it's worth it to help people." Synoma leaned back in her chair, every bit the woman of class.

"How did you all end up working together?" he inquired, shifting his gaze from Synoma's light brown eyes and Anjolie's hazel ones.

"We've known each other since middle school," Synoma began.

"During a summer in high school we both ended up volunteering at a women's homeless shelter in Richmond and have been best friends ever since," Anjolie said.

Hunter watched the smile the two ladies gave each other, full of respect and admiration. In that one look he could see the bond between the two women and hoped that nothing ever interfered with it. Two sets of eyes shifted toward him.

Anjolie set a thin packet before him and a sheet of paper. "This is the standard contract we use with all of our individual clients. It will tell you about the prices for our services and what they entail. As well as the stipulations on full refunds." She paused, allowing him time to review the contract and sign.

He asked a few clarifying questions to ensure he understood. It was pretty straight forward and he didn't really need her to explain. He just enjoyed hearing her talk. The soft Spanish lilt to her voice was as soothing as a caress.

"As you read through it please initial at the end of each paragraph then sign and date it on the second page." Synoma instructed.

If Anjolie's accent was a turn on, Synoma's husky tone sent his body into overdrive. Underneath the tabletop his dick was wasting no time in stretching to maximum length. *Fuck*, he admonished himself. It was the wrong choice of word to use, even mentally. His mind flashed a picture show that turned up the heat below his belt. If he didn't get his self under control, he would start to sweat, evidence that he was under sensual distress.

"I thought y'all would be more expensive."

"It's hard times for everyone. Besides, we've never had high prices because most of our clients have no money. We keep enough irons in the fire to keep our prices low and still pay the bills." Anjolie's hazel eyes lit up when she talked about their company.

Nodding, Synoma pointed at the top of the single sheet of paper. "Here is the plan for today. First, you and I will go shopping--"

"Uuughh." His groan cut her off.

Stretching her hand across the table, she squeezed his, her large light brown eyes capturing his. "I promise it'll be fun and painless. I've already mapped out our destinations. Before we go I'll need to take a look at your closet to see what articles you already own. No need to waste money in duplications." She pulled away.

He missed her touch.

"That's easy. Look at what I have on." He opened his arms wide. "Multiply it by ten, throw in some sneakers, steel-toed work boots and a pair of navy blue *Dickies* and you got it."

Synoma's smile was broad as she stared at him. Then said, "Don't worry I'll have you geared up for Monday in no time. I also know some great outlet places and we get store coupons daily because of our charity work that will help offset the cost."

"Now you're speakin' my language."

"Glad to hear it," she confirmed.

"After lunch, you and I will meet," Anjolie told him. "You can follow Synoma to our house and I'll go over some corporate know-how with you."

"Sounds like a plan." He lifted his glass and took a liberal drink.

Collecting the contract, Anjolie stood up. "I'll get out of here so Synoma can work her magic."

"I hope she's a great illusionist." Hunter rose from his chair and hoped that the erection he knew was in his pants had receded enough not to shock the ladies.

Synoma got up as well and they all moved back to the living room. Hunter opened the door for Anjolie and waited for her to go down the stairs and get into her car. Waving her off, he turned back to the lovely woman awaiting the chance to remake his style.

"We'll start with your closet, Hunter, if you don't mind leading the way." With portfolio in hand she waited for him.

"Right this way to my bedroom, Synoma." He wished they were moving to his room for more stimulating reasons than to peruse his closet. "Have at it." Pulling open the door to the small walk-in closet, he turned around to catch her eyeing his queen-size bed.

"It's very comfortable. You can sit on it if you'd like."

She whipped her head around to look at him. He clearly picked up on the light flush to her cheeks.

"I'll take your word for it." She sounded winded, but took purposeful steps to the closet. "Is this it?" Moving hangers from left to right, she then squatted down to inspect his shoes.

That damn skirt was going to be the death of him. The material's snug fit over her tight ass gave him fantasies. He had a desire to bend her over the nearest piece of furniture, shove the seductive clothing up her hips and bury himself between her legs. "That's all." His words came out more rough than he'd liked.

She glanced in his direction then said, "At least you have a suit."

He chuckled. "I picked it up for the interview."

Her eyelids stretched wide around her light brown eyes. She stood quickly, balancing her long legs in high heels. "A brown suit with a navy blue and brown pinstriped tie, I'm sure you looked good, Hunter. However, it's not close to an interview suit."

"It was a good thing that the interview was just a formality and my uncle got me the position or I'd been a lost cause."

She smiled, full lips pulling up at the corners. "I doubt that. The suit only adds to the man, it doesn't make him."

He realized in that moment, he wasn't only attracted to her, he liked her as well.

"Let's go shopping." She sashayed out of his room.

Following her, he asked, "Can't we just order on-line?"

"That takes away all the fun."

"Fun, yea right," he grumbled. Grabbing his keys he escorted her out the apartment.

~YH~

Closing the door after Synoma, Anjolie turned toward him. "Synoma said you all had a good time and got you some great suits and business apparel."

"Three and a half hours ago I would've said I didn't think that was possible. But, it wasn't bad. Synoma has a talent to make a silk purse out of a pig's ear." He tugged on his own ear.

"Your apartment's too neat for you to be a pig, Hunter."

"Maybe."

She grinned.

His gaze was drawn to her lips. They were rose-tinted and shiny from the gloss she was wearing. He wondered if it was a flavored gloss and how it would taste if he kissed her. *Get it together, Hunter.*

"For our part we will need television." They moved up the stairs, turned right and entered a room.

Crossing the threshold he paused when he saw the sixty inch flat screen TV mounted to the wall and two thirty-two inch TVs on stands on the left and right of the big television. "Wow. I think I've just entered heaven."

Her laugh was melodic. "I take it you like my media room."

"That I do, darlin'." Turning to her, he asked, "Tell me you at least occasionally watch a game on this."

Nodding, she said, "Syn and I both like basketball and we follow the Panthers' football team." She stepped closer to him and lowered her voice, pretending as if she was telling a secret. "You have to promise not to tell the rest of Virginia though."

The smell of strawberries surrounded him again. This time there was a hint of vanilla, and he wondered if it was from her lip gloss and desired a taste. "I'll keep your secret."

She must have heard the desire in his voice. She took a slow step back, but not before he saw the darkening of her hazel eyes. She wasn't immune.

"Let's get started." They sat on the cinnamon suede couch with its round dark green pillows. "My job is to assist you in building your core knowledge of the accounting world. By your information you gave to Syn, you are moving into a complete new realm."

"That's definitely true," he confirmed.

"How I've decided to do this is to take you from basic knowledge and go from there. If you're already familiar with an area, let me know and we'll move past it."

"Gottcha."

Leaning forward she grabbed a stack of magazines from the glass coffee table. "Here are the different magazines I suggest you become acquainted with."

Taking them from her, he listened to her as she explained the significance of *Forbes*, *Money*, *Market* and *Economist* periodicals. The soft lilt to her voice made everything she said that much more captivating. It stirred his blood.

"When it comes to the business world, Hunter, a person must be able to relate at work as well as social events. You need to keep yourself up on current facts in the world and your career. Sports conversations are always a good opening, but major news is a bigger bite."

He scanned the magazines as he listened to her, alternating from pages to her angelic features.

Picking up the universal remote, she leaned back and turned on all three televisions. “*Bloomberg* is your twenty-four hour financial station. If you don’t have direct TV, get it. Also, on the left we have *CNN* and *Fox* on the right. No matter your opinion on either channel. With the right and left wing view you will be able to grab a more balanced opinion of an issue.”

Hunter told himself that he would have to remember to hug his aunt the next time he saw her. He was thankful she’d directed him to these two ladies. He was learning so much he’d never even considered when he chose to take the job. The more time he spent under their guidance he felt less like a fish out of water. The fact that they both were attractive was a delicious bonus.

Chapter *Three*

Hearing the business phone ringing, Anjolie glanced at the clock over the fireplace to see if it was five yet. They didn't answer the line after office hours. She and Synoma had learned that in their first six months. Some clients were very needy. They didn't mind helping but their job was to assist them in establishing a new life and network system that didn't include them. It was four fifty-two, the person was lucky. "Upgrade You, this is Anjolie. How may I be of service to you?"

"Hello there, darlin'."

Anjolie heard Hunter's voice through the phone and her body instantly warmed, even though it had been over a week since they had worked with him. This southern boy still made her feel off balanced. She knew that he had the same affect on Syn, because the night after they worked with him they'd both discussed how smart, funny and attractive he was. But he was a client then and they'd left it at that.

"Hunter, what do we owe the pleasure of this call?" Sitting down on the living room couch, she couldn't help but slip her shoes off and curl her legs underneath her. Hunter made her feel like a teenage girl with her first crush.

"Well, it's me that owes the two of you." His voice was strong as the finest bourbon and just as intoxicating.

"Can we take that to mean your first week at the company has gone well?"

"Very well."

She didn't doubt it. Hunter was smart and a fast learner. "So, you're calling to thank us. That's very nice of you. We always like to get follow-ups." She hoped the dejection she felt wasn't in her voice. It was true that Hunter was a client, but she and Synoma truly enjoyed being around him and would have liked to be friends with him. Even though he didn't need anymore of their services, it was policy they couldn't be the one that put that out there.

"Yes, I am, Anjolie. I also hoped you ladies didn't have plans tonight and I could take y'all out. As a thank you," he added. "It's Friday night and a little last minute. If you two already have plans, I understand."

Her heart leaped. "Syn and I don't have plans outside of vegging out in front of the TV."

"Well, touch bases with her and if it's a go, I'll be there about six thirty. Call me back if not and I'll try another day."

"Tonight should be fine." Hell, most nights were fine. Neither she nor Synoma dated much and most of their weekends they spent relaxing unless there was a movie or show playing they wanted to see. However, that was not the case this week.

"Nothin' fancy. See y'all at six thirty," he confirmed before hanging up.

Placing the business cell phone back on the desk, Anjolie walked out of the office. Hurrying through the house, she ran up the stairs and to the left and entered Synoma's room. "Syn, don't put on your sweats. We're going out."

"Out where?" Syn asked, walking out of her large closet in her black lace panties and top.

Anjolie was always taken aback at how pretty Synoma was. Her best friend was lean but curved in all the best places; ass, thighs and large breasts to boot. Syn's narrow waist was tone and the light brown complexion of her skin glowed. But the most attractive thing about her was how Syn carried herself with such grace and elegance. She really should've been a model.

Crossing the room, she plopped down on her friend's large pillow top king-size bed. "Hunter just called and he wants to take us out to say thank you for helping him."

"He did?" Synoma walked into her bathroom and stood in front of her mirror. She slipped the bobby-pins out of her hair holding the chignon in place and dropped them in a tin.

It didn't escape her notice how her friend's voice became breathless, nor the high rise and fall of Synoma's breast. That was confirmation that Synoma was still just as unsettled by construction worker turned accountant, just like she was.

Their house had two master bedrooms. Anjolie opted for a media room off hers and Synoma went for the enormous walk-in closet and waterfall shower. There was only one other room upstairs and that was the standard guest bedroom with its own full bath.

"Yup. He'll be here in about an hour or so." Anjolie slipped from the bed.

"Did he say where he was taking us, Anjee?"

"Not really. Nothing fancy." She headed out the room, stopping to glance at her friend. "But does it matter, Syn? We're going out with a sexy man who gives us both chills. That's good enough for me."

Synoma smiled. "I agree."

~ YH~

"Wow! How do y'all make casual look so damn good?" Hunter stood at the door and allowed his gaze a slow stroll down both ladies' bodies.

Syn was dressed in another skirt. This one was a faded dark blue miniskirt and accompanied by a purple top. The material clung to her and allowed a sneak peek of the cleft between her breasts. Her legs were deliciously bare and she wore black stilettos on her feet.

Anjolie was not outdone in her worn light blue jeans that ended in a wide cuff at her toned calves and the tank top molded against her small breast. Her own heels made her just as tall as Synoma. She was just as delectable.

He still towered over them by three inches.

"Thanks, Hunter," Synoma said.

"You're very sweet," Anjolie added.

Escorting them out to his Pueblo Gold F-250, Synoma opted for the back seat while Anjolie slid in the front.

Getting behind the wheel and revving the engine, he said, "I hope you ladies like pizza."

"Yes!" Anjolie cheered.

"I think you just stole my heart," Synoma announced.

He caught her smile in the rearview mirror and was blown away at how it made his heart jump. "Ditto, little lady."

~ YH~

"Can you dance, Hunter?" Synoma's silky voice came through the line.

It was his lunch hour and he usually ate it at his desk while working. He didn't have to but he always felt like he had more to prove compared to the college grads around him. So, he came in early and stayed through lunch to keep on top of things.

Stopping what he was doing, he leaned back in his chair, giving her his full attention. Over three months had passed since the night he'd taken them out for pizza and they'd given him their private cell phone lines. Syn and Anjee became good friends of his and the three of them spent most nights hanging out. They did movies, shows and the ladies spent time acclimating him to the area. They even drove up to Richmond for a Harry Connick Jr. special concert because the singer was a favorite of Syn's. He also knew that Syn enjoyed old movies including westerns, which was something they enjoyed together. On Sundays they'd watched basketball games on Anjee's big TV. In the weeks, he'd discovered Anjee loved classic cartoons. She had a collection of *Tom and Jerry*, *Popeye* and *Looney Tunes*. While making hot fudge sundaes one night, he'd learned so much about the women, that he discovered Syn hadn't dated in two years and Anjee's last boyfriend was eleven months ago. Anjee had

dated a slew of jerks in that time and Syn had kept to herself. Both wanted children one day, but were not in any rush. He knew currently Syn was on the pill and Anjee used some type of ring.

They weren't the only ones who shared about past relationships. He'd talked about his ex and how she'd bailed on him after he lost his job. The closer he got to them, the more he wanted them. He was like a vampire lusting for the taste of blood. His desire for them both had not abated over the course of weeks but had gotten stronger. Most nights he had to jack-off to sleep and still awoke with a hard-on each morning from dreams of them. Some times one or the other would be in his dreams, but most of the time it was both of them at the same time. After those he'd have to get himself off in the shower before work.

He covered up his groan by saying, "Yes, Syn, I can dance."

"Country line dance or..." she hesitated.

Laughing, he explained, "Country and I can hold a decent rhythm to most top forty songs."

"Great."

The relief in her voice did not escape him. "What do you two gorgeous girls have in mind?"

"Saturday night we're taking you dancing to a Norfolk club called Dexter's. It's a sports bar and club."

"I can't wait."

"Well, I'll let you get back to work."

"Talk to you soon, Syn."

"Good-bye, Hunter."

~ YH ~

"Nice. We got here just in time there's still room on the dance floor." Anjolie allowed Hunter to remove her coat as she looked around the club. The crowd was heavy already, but she knew it would be dense in about an hour and in two hours there would be no room to turn around. By that time it was so much fun no one cared.

"I never understood the sports bar club concept." Hunter slipped Synoma's coat from her shoulders and placed them both on the back of chairs as he stared at the layout. "There's no purpose for the TVs playing the sports channel because you can't hear anything with the music."

"That's true, but a fair number of people hang around the bar all night with eyes glued to the screen anyway," Synoma threw in.

The waitress came by and they all ordered a round of drinks. Hunter got a beer and Anjolie and Synoma ordered watermelon cosmopolitans.

They sat at a table on the edge of the square shaped dance floor as they drank their drinks and chatted about work over the last few days since they'd all been together.

She and Synoma were halfway through their second cosmos, peach this time, when she leaned toward Hunter. "Alright, Hunter, darlin'," Anjolie said, attempting to mimic his sexy accent, "let's dance."

Hunter took her hand and guided her to the floor. Anjolie had to admit to herself she was a little anxious about Hunter's dancing ability. But, after five minutes of dancing to The Black Eyed Peas *Meet Me Halfway*, she was assured he was definitely steady on his feet.

Tonight he wore dark blue jeans and a long sleeve light blue v-neck shirt. As his hand took hold of her hips and pulled her flush to his body, she noticed how good he smelled. His scent was a warm musk, not too overpowering just subtle enough to make a woman want to bury her face in the curve of his neck.

When *Sexy Chick* by David Guetta came on, he pointed to Synoma and beckoned her to join them.

~ YH ~

Synoma enjoyed watching Hunter dancing with Anjolie. He had a sexy way of moving to the music. His hips rocked and pumped the beat and drove her crazy. When he called her to the floor, she found herself standing and gyrating with them before she could think how she got out there.

One song blended into another as the three of them bumped and grinded against and around each other. Hunter managed to dance with both of them with ease. He kept himself in the middle by turning and shifting his body or by swinging them around, making sure each of them got an opportunity to be in front and behind him. A rhythmic man sandwich.

The heat level in the club increased, but Synoma admitted to herself that it didn't compare to how hot her body was getting being touched and held by Hunter. She was always turned on by a man that could dance. To her being able to move on the floor was synonymous with the ability to make love well.

As the night wore on and each song played, there wasn't a doubt in her mind that Hunter would master a woman in the sheets as he was doing on the dance floor.

~ YH~

"Where did you learn to move like that?" Anjolie asked him four hours later as they all sat on the couch at the ladies' house. She was curled up with her gorgeous legs underneath her. The outfit she wore was a pink pair of short-shorts with a matching vest top. She'd slipped the white strap heels from her feet. He had been amazed how she'd danced in them all night without limping. With her long waves hanging down her back, her Latin heritage was very evident.

"At home, all the workers would get together at one house or another and we played cards when it was just the guys. Occasionally, some of the men's wives joined us and they wanted a party. We all were from different backgrounds so you learned a little of everything. Oklahoma might be in the middle of the country, but it is a melting pot of people." Glancing between Anjolie and Synoma, he admitted, "I felt a little rusty at first. It's been over a year since I've danced."

"Well, it didn't show," Syn assured him. "You were great and we had a blast." Unlike Anjee, she sat facing him with her long legs crossed. In true Syn form she was wearing a dress. This time she displayed her luscious body in a black satin halter dress. Just like Anjee her black heeled sandals were off her feet too. For once, her natural corkscrew curls were free and hanging loose on her shoulders. He knew from prior conversations that her mother was black and Italian and her father was black.

All night he had fought one erection after another. Between Anjee and Syn he couldn't keep his thoughts away from considering how it would feel to bump and grind with both of them in a bed rather than a club. Thoughts of feeling his cock buried inside either one of them made it hard for him to hide his reaction. If they noticed his arousal, they covered their knowledge well. He was grateful they didn't call him a sick bastard and kick him out of their lives.

"I'm glad." Lost in her light brown gaze, Hunter couldn't say who moved first. All he knew was his hand was fisting her hair and he and Syn's lips were fused together. When her lips parted on a moan his tongue slipped between her lips.

He felt a hand caress his back. When he and Syn parted, they both were breathing heavy. Turning toward Anjee to see if she was appalled by his actions, he noticed her breathing was just as labored. As if she'd been caught up in the kiss too. Unable to deny himself, he hesitated only a moment before palming the back of her head and sealing his lips to Anjee's.

Their kisses were different. Whereas Syn liked to be coaxed to open her mouth, Anjee liked a more aggressive kiss and to have her bottom lip suckled.

Hunter found himself in a sensual fog. He was unaware how they all went from kissing and touching each other on the couch to migrating from the living room to an upstairs bedroom, discarding one article of clothing after another.

None of them spoke much or voiced concerns about what they were all about to do as if no one wanted to break the sensual spell surrounding them. They'd all been inseparable over the last three months and at that moment the situation was playing out like an inevitable course of action.

Standing next to the king-size four poster bed, he took his time removing the remaining articles of clothing, his jeans and underwear. Looking his fill at Syn and Anjee, two women he already thought were stunning when dressed. Nude, they were breathtaking.

Synoma with her brown skin and full breast and hips and Anjolie with her pert breast and large nipples and her tan skin made his hands tremble a little with the desire to touch. The knowledge that both of them sported hairless pussies made his dick amazingly hard. He didn't know who to touch first. One thing he did know was that he had wanted them for so long, if either of them touched him, he'd go off like a rocket.

"Ladies, I want to enjoy this night and ensure you both are pleased." He shoved his clothes down his legs and stepped out of them, displaying his erection. "As you can see I'm on the edge. I'll need to come one good time first." Glancing from left to right, he asked, "Who'd like to do the honors?"

"Syn can," Anjee volunteered. "She can suck a fresh *Frosty* up a straw. She taught me how to give head."

Shit, he almost came just hearing Anjee say it. To Syn, he inquired, "Is this true?"

With flushed cheeks, Synoma confirmed her best friend's words, "Yes." She took the few steps between them, closing the gap. Standing before him, she asked, "May I?"

He smiled. Never in his life had he ever had a woman ask so sweet and regally if she could give him a blow job. "By all means, darlin'." His voice was rough to his own ears.

Smiling she lowered herself to the floor before him. Her hands were soft and nimble as she caressed and stroked him. Squeezing and pumping his cock until a pearl of cum beaded up on the tip then she took a moment to manipulate his balls. Without hesitation she licked away the juice as she swirled her tongue around the tip. He could see the shine left on the broad head. Before he could prepare himself, she opened wide and guided him into her mouth. Inch by delicious inch she didn't stop until her lips bumped against the base.

She worked every oral muscle around his length. Holding his hips she sucked hard and bobbed her head back and forth, fucking her own mouth with his dick. Her tongue rippled along the underside, licking and caressing him. Humming her satisfaction as she pushed him faster towards his end, he wanted to savor every second.

Anjee's eyes were focused on Syn's actions, licking her own lips as if she could taste him.

"Come here," he called out, not wanting her to be left out.

Looking up, she walked toward him. He wrapped his arm around her waist and kissed her deeply the way she liked. With his other hand, he tweaked her nipple and felt her shiver in response. "You like that?"

"Yes," Anjee whispered against his lips.

Kissing her again, he lowered his hand until he felt the wetness of her cunt on his fingers. Gliding one between her puffy lips, he located her clit. The swollen kernel begged for attention and he obliged it.

Synoma pulled back, licked his sensitive head then deep throat him once again. He groaned. Unable to resist, he thrust his hips, meeting Syn's mouth on the down stroke. Moments away from satisfaction, he pressed two fingers into Anjee's sex and angled them to stroke across her sweet spot. Spreading her legs wider, Anjee dug her nails into his arm and rode his hand.

The dam broke for him and Anjee at the same time. Their bodies shook as the verbal sounds of their release echoed around the room.

Chapter *Four*

When he'd recovered enough to see straight, he glanced down and saw his semi-erect cock sliding from Syn's mouth. She'd swallowed every drop of his cum and her eyes were bright, proving she'd enjoyed herself. Reaching for her, he helped her rise and kissed her. When she let him in, he swept his tongue around her mouth, not caring that he could taste his own flavor blended with hers, he wanted to thank her for what she'd done.

Stepping back, he said, "On the bed." She'd given him pleasure, he'd pleased Anjee and now it was Syn's turn.

She climbed on the bed and he arranged her, just how he wanted her, on her back with her tantalizing thighs spread wide. Syn's sex shined with wetness, showing him that she'd become aroused by her own actions. Using his thumbs he separated her soft bare folds and exposed the distended flesh in the center. Her scent called to him, teasing him to taste her mouth-watering pussy.

Bending forward, he started at the rosette of her ass then move upward until he arrived at her clit. Once there he flicked and circled it, then swirled his tongue between her labia and dipped it into her sex. Pressing his face against her, he buried his tongue as far as he could and savored the taste of her essence. Then he returned to her clit and sucked it into his mouth, giving her the same treatment as she'd given him.

He didn't let up, not when her hands fisted his hair as she thrust her hips up to him or when Anjee gripped his hardened shaft and stroked him. Syn came hard, thrashing and quivering against the comforter. As her body calmed he gave her one final swipe then pulled away.

Glancing at Anjee he swatted her on the ass then winked at her. He climbed on the bed with his head on the pillows. "Ride me, Syn. I want to see those big beautiful breasts bounce as your tight pussy surrounds my dick."

Obeying him, Syn crawled to him on hands and knees, as agile as a cat. She spread her thighs over his hips as he angled his cock to the mouth of her sex, awaiting Syn's descent. Pushing down, she took the tip of his shaft into her body and hissed. She was just how he'd imagined, tight and hot. Wiggling and arching her back, she didn't stop until she'd received his full length into her body. The fit was so snug he had to hold her hips to keep Syn in place so he could regain his control.

Once he'd stabilized himself, he allowed Syn free rein. Capturing her bountiful bosom, he fondled them as she rode his cock, loving the sight. Not forgetting the other woman in the room, he pulled Anjee beside him. "I want to taste you," he told her.

She rewarded him with gratitude by giving him a brief but passionate kiss. Eager, Anjee straddled his face as she took hold of the headboard and availed her sex to him. Her scent was different than Syn's, however, no less intoxicating. Holding her warm supple thighs in his hands, he lightly brushed across the tip of her clit. A wave of satisfaction shook her body as she sighed aloud.

That was all the encouragement he needed. He relished every lick and nibble he gave her sex, enjoying her shouts of pleasure. Occasionally, he had to pause to catch his breath as the fisting of Syn's sex around his dick caused his balls to draw up tight. He refused to come again until he'd given the girls maximum pleasure.

Anjee was the first to orgasm, she screamed and gripped the headboard and threw her head back in wild abandonment. She moved away and curled herself against him as he returned his attention to Syn. Her face was flushed and her eyes squeezed, contorting the perfect symmetry of her face. She was on the edge.

"Syn, baby, you're beautiful. I love the feel of your cream coating my dick." He touched her from thighs to waist then circled her body to grab her ass. With each cheek firmly in hand he thrust up, meeting her on the down stroke.

"Hunter. Hunter." She chanted his name every time he pushed himself to the hilt inside of her.

All it took were three more thrusts of him burying his length deep inside her pussy and she came. Her sex shuddered around his shaft. Unlike Anjee, Syn bit down on her bottom lip, making her cries of ecstasy more whimpers of gratification. However, they were just as powerful.

Leaning up he kissed Syn as he lifted her off his throbbing member. He was in serious need of an orgasm, but he didn't want to miss the opportunity to be inside Anjee.

Shifting their position, he got to his knees, pulled Anjee beneath him as Syn sat quietly beside them recovering. Bending down he took one of Anjee's nipples into his mouth. Her breasts may have been small, but her nipples were long and extremely sensitive. As he licked and circled each of them, Anjee cried out and wiggled below him.

"Small but sensitive, what a delicious treat, Anjee," he whispered against them. Sitting up, he spread Anjee's legs and draped each of them over his thighs. Her smooth sex was wet once again, as if she hadn't just had an orgasm. In response, his cock jerked in appreciation of the sight. He was so hard he didn't know how much longer he would last. The desire to push into her cunt and ride her hard made him dizzy with anticipation. "How do you want it?"

"In her ass," Syn called out.

He whipped his head around and stared at Synoma unsure of what he'd heard.

Before he could ask her to clarify, she continued, "Anjee likes to be fucked in her ass. She says it gives her the best orgasm." Syn said it as if they were talking about Anjee's choice of topping on a pizza.

Glancing down at Anjee, who stared at her hands and appeared shy for the first time that night, but no less aroused. Her body seemed to be quivering with excitement.

"Is this true, Anjolie?"

He didn't really need her to clarify, once she'd lifted her gaze to his face and he saw how brightly her eyes shined.

"Yes, Hunter, I like it in my ass. I enjoy it slow but deep," she said softly.

"Well, ma'am, I aim to please." He winked at her. "Condom?"

"In the top drawer of the nightstand," Syn told him.

Reaching over, he opened the drawer. "Wow, Syn, this is quite the erotic collection." There were vibrators and dildos of all sorts. He removed a gold foil wrapper and lubricant.

"You should see mine," Anjee confessed.

"We'll have to try some of these out one day."

Syn took the condom from him and rolled it down his dick, he hissed at her sure touch.

Anjee poured a liberal amount of lube in her hand then stroked his length, oiling his covered member.

He had to push her hand away. If she continued, he'd spend in the condom before he was inside her.

Circling her clit with the tip, he then slipped up and down from her slit to the puckered hole ensuring her readiness.

"Please," Anjee cried.

Wasting no more time, he placed the thick head of his dick against the rose tinted opening and slowly entered her body.

"Ohhh," she moaned, pushing against him as he worked his hard shaft in and out of her body, pushing an inch deeper with each re-entry.

When he was all the way inside, he paused, allowing her body a moment to become accustom to the licentious invasion. Even the smallest movement caused a delicious clenching of her rear walls around his cock.

Unable to restrain himself further, he began a ginger thrust, giving it to her as she'd requested.

When he noticed her hands moving to her sex, he said, "With all these hands available there's no need to touch yourself, Anjee." Turning to the other companion, he said, "Syn, give me your hand."

Light brown eyes assessed him.

Through the night, he hadn't missed how both the women pleased him, but never touched each other. He'd enjoyed delighting both of them. However, now it was his turn to bring one of his own fantasies into the mix.

Steady, he propelled his cock inside Anjee as he waited for Syn. Leaning over, he kissed Syn, brushing his lips along her full ones and whispered, "Synoma, give me your hand. Help me give Anjee pleasure."

The desire to meet her friend's need must have done it, because she gradually placed her hand on his. Kissing Syn once more before turning back to Anjee, he began by placing their joined hands palm down on Anjee's stomach then moved them lower.

Wordless, he encouraged her in touching and stroking the other woman from clitoris to burying two of her delicate fingers with one of his in Anjee's sex. They continued together as Anjee thrashed around below them.

"You can't be left out, Syn." Taking Anjee's hand, he guided it to Syn's pussy.

Syn sighed in satisfaction and spread her thighs wider. He and Anjee fondled her and pressed their intertwined fingers inside her, pumping in and out.

"Kiss me, Syn," he commanded.

Without hesitation, she brought her mouth to his and kissed him with unrestrained passion. He drove his tongue between her lips, fucking her mouth as he fucked Anjee's ass. They all continued to stroke each other until Anjee set off a chain reaction as she screamed and climaxed. Her orgasm prompted his, as he slammed into her body one final time and achieved nirvana. Syn was the last to release as she grabbed the back of his head with her free hand and moaned into his mouth as her body trembled in ecstasy and her sex shuddered around his and Anjee's fingers.

Shaking, he pulled out of Anjee, removed the condom and dropped it into the small trash can beside the bed. Exhausted, he collapsed onto the bed beside Anjee and was joined by Synoma. He couldn't recall ever being more content than he was at that moment lying entangled with Syn and Anjee. Who would have ever conceived that Synoma was a sweet angel who liked being brought gently to pleasure in bed and Anjolie was a wicked doll who enjoyed dark passions.

~ YH ~

Opening her eyes, Synoma stared up at the ceiling over her bed. She didn't need to look around to convince herself that last night had been an erotic dream. First of all she'd never even thought about having a *ménage à trois* and to add her best friend into that mix was a foreign concept. Hunter's large callused hand rested on her stomach. She recalled every tantalizing caress and stroke they made on her body. Her attraction to him was a definite fact and even now she desired to feel him touching her and in her body. But those feelings combined with what had happened last night left her shaking inside.

She needed time. Removing the covers, she slipped from the bed, silently ensuring she didn't wake him or Anjolie. Padding across the carpet and into the bathroom, she pulled the door closed as she moved to her shower. Turning it on, she was calmed a little as she watched the water flow over the stone carved lip creating a waterfall. Taking a moment to go to the sink and pin her hair up, she

glanced at her reflection, expecting to see something. What, she didn't know. But, she pondered if she would look different to other people who knew her. Different how, she couldn't put her finger on.

Unable to keep herself from considering whether or not last night had made her a lesbian had her head spinning with questions. Had all the time she'd admired her friend's beauty been sexual curiosity? They spent four years in college together as roommates and had never even contemplated doing the 'experimental' thing.

Telling herself she was being silly, she went back to her shower and tested the temperature. It was warm and perfect. Getting in, she reached for her puff, adding the right amount of exotic orange on it. The aroma always calmed her. However, this time as she lifted it to her nose she instead smelled the combined erotic scent of Hunter, Anjee and herself. The smell awakened memories of the night before and caused an enchanting frisson of heat to race down her spine.

The sigh slipped from her lips before she could halt it.

~ YH ~

Anjolie woke up and smiled at the sight of the male back she found herself curled up against. The sculptured muscles that defined his back made her want to lick him from head to toe, something she didn't get a chance to do last night. Last night. She recalled everything she, Synoma and Hunter had done. Even now her ass was slightly tender from the deliciously devious invasion of his thick cock. Hunter was the best of all lovers. He was gentle when he needed to be, as well as attentive, adventurous and commanding.

Sharing him with her best friend had been something she'd never imagined, but she was very pleased it had happened. Lifting up, she glanced over his broad shoulder and expected to see Syn lying on the other side. She was taken aback when she noticed the bed was empty. It took her a moment before she heard the subtle sound of Syn's waterfall shower.

The double master bedroom house fit both of their needs. They both had large bathrooms, but Syn opted for a dual entry shower that didn't require curtains. The curved shape of the stone trapped the steam within. It was a dream. It was also the place her best friend went to when she was disturbed about things. In college Syn would take several showers a day during finals.

Trepidation shimmied along her veins as she got down the mammoth bed and she went to find Syn. Had this night changed their friendship forever? She hoped it hadn't. She loved Syn like a sister and couldn't imagine her life without her.

Opening the door, she sealed it behind her. From where she stood it was impossible to see Syn. Before her was a tub against a wall, behind that six foot expansion of wall was the shower and Synoma.

When she approached one side, Anjee could see her friend's eyes were closed and she had her face buried under the wide stream of water. *This was not a good sign.*

"Syn?" she spoke softly, not wanting to startle her. When her friend was unresponsive she called out to her again. "Syn, are you alright?"

This time, Syn pulled back, staring at her with those pretty light brown eyes. Anjee was relieved not seeing any signs of puffy red eyes, showing that her friend had been in the shower crying over the events of last night.

"Anjee, I didn't hear you come in." She watched Syn glance down the length of her nude body then look away.

Anjee pondered whether she should have put on a robe, but they'd been nude around each other plenty of times. It had never been a problem. *Was it now?*

Syn began rubbing her puff between her hands, making the suds build and splash on the stone flooring.

"I came to check on you."

Those brown eyes captured her own again. "You didn't have to."

Reaching out, she laid a hand on her friend's shoulder. "I needed to make sure we were okay."

A pregnant pause happened, making Anjee nervous.

Then Syn's lips turned up in a small smile. "We're good."

That was just what she wanted to hear. Stepping forward she hugged her best friend, not caring they were both nude, just happy they were alright. Later they could analyze the situation with Hunter.

~ YH~

Awaking hard with vivid memories of the wonderful night he'd had with Synoma and Anjolie, he didn't expect to find himself in bed alone. It didn't take him long to deduce that at least one of them was in the shower.

When he entered the palace style bathroom, he didn't expect to find the two women of his fantasy naked and embracing under a waterfall. Even though he could tell the scene was more intimate than sexual, he was delighted just the same and his dick jumped with joy.

"Now, y'all weren't plannin' to start this mornin' without me, were you?"

They broke apart slightly startled as hazel and light brown eyes stared at him.

Anjee was the first to recover. "Not at all, cowboy."

He chuckled. He was a construction worker by trade and a far cry from being a cowboy, even though he'd ridden a horse or two in his life. Anjee knew this but she'd given him the nickname just the same.

"Mornin', ladies." He kissed Anjee deep then pulled Syn in his arms and assessed her features for a moment. Of both women, Syn was more likely to be skittish about the new relationship that had developed between them all last night. She leaned in and he was blown away by the fervor in which she kissed him. It pushed the doubt to the edge of his mind.

They all played around in the shower bathing each other. He kissed and licked them both all over as they touched and licked the water from his body. The sexual sports in the shower didn't end until he had them both with their backs pressed against the stone wall. Each of his hands was busy caressing the ladies' pussies, his left in Syn and his right in Anjee.

They thrust into his palm and called out his name in an erotic concerto. He wasn't left out as both women alternated between fondling his sacks and gripping and stroking his cock. Pressing his forehead on the wall between them, he gritted his teeth trying to restrain himself. Knowing he was close to his breaking point, he shifted his hands. With a thumb in both their sex, he slipped his middle finger into each forbidden hole.

Syn gasped at the surprise invasion but still pressed down onto his hand as Anjee whimpered with carnal delight.

He was rewarded by them pumping and squeezing his dick harder. Unable to prohibit himself from achieving lascivious pleasure, he came hard, seeing his cum coat the rock between the two hips. A heartbeat later he was joined in euphoria by Anjolie then Synoma.

As if sexual satisfaction wasn't enough, after they all dressed, Anjee and Syn fixed him a southern style breakfast of eggs, sausages, biscuits and gravy, and grits. He found it hard having to leave them when he had to return home to prepare a brief for Monday.

Chapter *Five*

It had been four days since she and Anjee had seen Hunter. Four days since she and Anjee found themselves in bed and then shower with Hunter. It wasn't because he was avoiding them. They all spoke frequently by phone, but he had been swamped with projects at work. It didn't take the accounting firm long to discover just how smart and capable Hunter was and to give him more responsibility. Synoma was happy for him. She was also grateful for the time to get her mind together where the three of them were concerned.

For years she and Anjee had shared a lot of things, but never a man. Now there was a man. Not just a man, but a gorgeous, hot, sexy gentleman caught between them.

During the week she had been ignoring the self conversation she needed to ponder about the unexpected threesome.

Going through her closet, she was weeding out clothing that she would donate to the women's shelter. She was also weeding through her thoughts and emotions.

The weekend's events had been a sexual explosion, but it was a fluke. It was something that wasn't supposed to happen. It would be easy to decide to blame what transpired on alcohol consumption. However, she and Anjee had only had two drinks and Hunter one beer in four hours. She shook her head.

The problem was that she and Anjolie were falling for the same man. Correction. They'd *fallen* and fallen hard for the same man.

"Hunter."

She couldn't stop herself from saying his name out loud.

She didn't know what she was going to do. Every fiber of her being desired Hunter. When she heard his voice or saw him, her heart drummed against her ribcage. She could see herself happy with a man like him. A smile tickled at the corner of her mouth. It stopped before becoming a full grin.

There was one problem. Anjolie. *My best friend.*

As they grew up, the two of them had always obeyed the girlfriend law. You never dated or slept with a man your friend was interested in. Especially if it was someone they truly cared about or loved.

Just remembering Anjee's smiles and giggles when she talked about Hunter and the way she sighed when he left them at night, Synoma knew Anjee had it just as bad as she did. That meant that one of them had to be the bigger woman and bow out. Of course they could both leave him alone.

That thought made Syn collapse down in a chair in the corner of her room. Hunter was the perfect man. One of them deserved a great guy.

Taking a deep breath, she knew what she had to do. She cared about Anjee too much to fight with her best friend over a man. So, she would be graceful and allow Anjee to have Hunter. Syn forced herself onto her feet, praying she would have the strength to stick to her decision.

Her mind questioned whether she would be able to handle being around Hunter and Anjee.

"I'll have to," she told her conscience.

She purposely fought to disregard the pain she felt in her heart. Swallowing, she tried to relax the tightness of her throat. Hell, no, she wasn't going to cry. She didn't care how much her eyes were burning.

Close to losing the battle with her emotions, Syn was grateful when the doorbell chimed. Laying the clothes on the bed, she left her room.

~YH~

"Hunter?" Syn's pretty eyes appeared large, as if she was stunned to see him.

Hunter smiled. "I brought y'all a gift." He held up the bouquet of deep red roses.

"Come in." She seemed anxious. Instead of hugging him as he anticipated, she stepped into the house and kept a distance from him.

He'd spoken to her on the phone in the last few days and everything seemed fine. They all sort of went back to their pre-ménage relationship. None of them made sexual innuendoes over the phone or sent dirty text messages. Entering the house, he closed the door behind him.

She walked into the living room. Following her, he took in her outfit. He expected her to be in a business suit, but she was dressed casual and in bare feet. In true Synoma form, she wore a green tank top and some sort of mini bubble skirt that was the same color. It left the full expansion of her legs available for his view.

He handed her the vase.

"You didn't have to get us anything. Anjee will love these."

Shrugging, he said, "They're our state flower in Oklahoma."

"They're beautiful."

"Then they will fit perfectly in here." That brought a smile to her face. "Are you playing hookie from work? Where is Anjee?"

"Anjee took a client from the shelter to the museum. The lady wants to work at an art gallery. I'm working by getting some clothes donations together." She pressed the flower to her face and inhaled. Syn brushed her cheeks along the velvet petals.

Watching her innocent gesture made him hard. He'd missed her and Anjee over the week he'd been stuck behind the desk. The three of them had a glorious time over the weekend, but he was sure all three of them needed to sit down and have a long conversation. Right now, he wasn't thinking about talking. His mind was strictly on getting inside of Syn.

He cleared his throat.

"Did you get off work early today?" She put the crystal vase in the center of the coffee table. As she leaned down, he got a glimpse of the curve of her breast when her top hung away from her body. The lime green bra cupping her made him wonder if she wore matching panties and if so, were they thong or full bottom.

"Unfortunately, I didn't." Syn walked around the back of the couch. "I took my lunch break today and wanted to surprise y'all. If you two weren't here, I would've had to leave the flowers with your neighbor."

She laughed. "You would have made Ms. Karen's day showing up on her doorstep with your suit and carrying roses." Her head was bowed and she twirled a lock of her hair around her finger, today it was straight.

He took two quick steps and pulled her into his arms before she could move away. "What about you, Syn, did I make your day?" He kissed her cheek and the side of her neck.

"Hunter," she whispered his name as she tilted her head to the side.

"Synoma," he drew her name out on a slow drawl then nibbled along the side of her neck.

Gripping his shoulder, she began, "We should talk..."

Using his tongue, he traced the edge of her top, dipping in the valley between her breasts. "I know we should, but right now I need you." He palmed one breast and pinched her nipple through her bra. "I need to feel your warm wet walls around me."

She moaned. He could feel her heart beating against his palm.

"Let me inside you, Syn." Lowering his hands, he gripped her ass, squeezing it tight as he ground his stiff member into her sex.

Burying her hands in his hair, her light brown eyes captured his gray ones. "Yes," she hissed as if she'd been holding her breath. She kissed him.

Syn normally liked her kisses gentle, and the fact she was kissing him with so much passion turned him on even more. To know that her desire for him was just as desperate as his own made him experience something kin to a sexual madness to have her.

His tongue pushed deep into her mouth as his mind recalled how it had felt to have his dick sucked by her. Groaning, he became overwhelmed with passion.

Breaking the kiss off, he turned her toward the back of the couch and pressed her down. Understanding what he wanted, Syn grabbed the back of the furniture and stepped her feet apart.

Hunter did what he'd fantasized about doing since the first time she'd walked into his apartment in her titillating skirt and every time after. Shoving the cotton material of her mini up her hips, he only paused for a moment to admire the lime green thong matching her bra. The enchanting scrap of material left her luscious globes naked to his touch.

Quickly, he removed his suit jacket and tossed it over the couch, not caring where it landed. Unzipping his pants, they didn't slide any further than his thighs as he positioned himself in a wide stance. Not wasting a moment to remove her underwear, he pulled the strip to the side. Stroking her pussy lips with the tip of his cock, he smiled as her wet heat coated him.

"Hold on, darlin'," his only warning, before he located the tight opening and plunged forward.

She cried as he entered her snug sex. He would have stopped, believing he'd hurt her if she hadn't bent lower toward the couch to thrust her hips higher. Her new position allowed him deeper access as she pleaded, "Ohmygod, Hunter. Don't stop."

"I wasn't planning on it, Syn." Holding her hips, he slammed inside forcefully. Her walls were constricted around him; every time he pulled out they drew him back in for more.

He drove into her as her mouth-watering ass met each thrust. Syn was giving him back as good as he was giving her. His balls drew up taut at the base of his dick. He refused to come by himself. Reaching around, he slipped his hand into the front of her panties and fingered her stiff clit.

It must have been just what she needed. Syn came loud and hard, taking him along with her.

Leaning along her back, he buried his face in the curve of her neck and took several deep breaths, inhaling the sweet orange spice of her skin. He whispered her name, "Synoma." Brushing his lips along her skin, he confessed, "You turn me inside out."

Raising her hand, she guided it into his hair and held him against her.

With a modicum of strength Hunter pulled himself out of her body, then turned Syn to him and hugged her. Kissing her on the lips, he noticed the concern in her eyes. He wasn't sure what was going on in her mind, but he said, "I have to get back to work. This weekend we'll all talk."

She didn't say anything, but nodded.

Stepping away from her, he righted his clothing, then leaned over the couch and grabbed his jacket. Loosening his tie and top two buttons, needing to cool off before he got back to work, he winked at her and walked out the door.

~YH~

Syn put her hands over her face. She couldn't believe what she had done. Glancing at the clock, she groaned. It had only been thirty-five minutes ago she had told herself that it was best if she allowed Anjee to have Hunter. She was supposed to bow out gracefully, not bow over the back of the couch in anything but a graceful manner and let Hunter fuck her into oblivion.

"What kind of friend are you, Synoma, if you can't hold onto a vow for thirty-five minutes," she chastised herself.

Having no answer, she went back upstairs to her room and took a shower.

~YH~

Guiding her Lincoln MKZ into the visitor's parking space at Hunter's apartment, Anjolie turned off the engine and sat in the quiet car. She reminded herself she'd come here on a mission. Syn believed she was at the Chinese food restaurant picking up dinner. That would be her next stop.

All day she had been at the women's center operating on half of her brain. The other half was occupied by the events of the last weekend. She and Synoma had danced around the events of that night over the last four days.

Anjee didn't believe that she and Syn's friendship was in jeopardy. However, if something wasn't done about the triangle relationship they had with Hunter, then it could be in danger of ending. If that ended, then so did their home and business. That was something she refused to let happen. Syn was her best friend. She was her sister. The other woman meant the world to Anjee.

Then there was Hunter who was a man who walked into their world and turned them both upside down. Just the thought of him now had her creaming her panties. The fact that she could see the lights on in his apartment and his truck in his slot confirming he was home didn't help to lower her body temperature.

She'd lost count on how many times she recalled how gently and thoroughly he'd fucked her in the ass. It had been a deliciously wicked delight. Slipping down in her seat, she banged the back of her head against the headrest. She had to let that image go if she was going to go through with her plan.

She and Syn wanted the same man and had now had sex with that man. What happened over the weekend had been an impetuous moment. Too much music. Too much dancing. Too much bumping and grinding on the floor. And too much time since the last good fuck. That alone was enough to make a woman or women do something rash.

Now it was time to do something sensible. She was going to march up to Hunter's apartment and let him know she thought it was best for him to continue to pursue a relationship with Syn and forget about her in any sexual manner. Syn was usually the levelheaded one, but this time she was going to beat her friend to the punch and do something dignified and bow out gracefully.

Before she changed her mind, she opened her car door and got out. Her flip-flops smacked against the ground as she made haste toward Hunter's door. With each step she took, her heart felt as if it was breaking. "I have to do this," she said as she went up the stairs. "It's for the best. Syn deserves a good guy."

She didn't feel as confident as her words, but she wasn't going to back out. Reaching his door, she quickly lifted her hand and knocked on the door.

A few minutes passed before the door opened. Hunter stood in the gap rubbing a towel over his wet hair and only wearing jeans. She watched the beads of water trickle down his chest and groaned.

~YH~

"Just what I needed to get work off my mind." Hunter pulled Anjee into the house. "What a pleasant surprise."

Uncharacteristically, Anjee wore a purple flowing sundress. "I needed to see you."

"I always need to see you."

"Hunter, I don't have much time."

Brushing her long waves of hair away from her face, he stared into her hazel eyes and waited. Just like Syn earlier, Anjee's eyes looked troubled.

"I need... I need--"

"What do you need, Anjolie?" He placed small kisses on the corners of her mouth and traced her lips with his tongue. He snaked a hand into her top and brushed his fingers over her erect nipple.

She quivered. "You, Hunter, I need you," she sighed as if the words had been a relief.

That was all he needed to hear. Even though he had been thoroughly satisfied by Syn earlier that day, it didn't dampen his desire to bury himself inside Anjee as well. His feelings for these two women were equal as was his desire for them both.

They kissed and grappled with each other's clothing. Anjee undid the buttons of his jeans as he fisted her dress and dragged it up her legs and shoved her panties down. She stepped out of them as he walked her a few paces to the wall. They didn't stop kissing as he lifted her and pressed her back to the cool white surface. She wrapped her legs around his hips.

"You better be ready for me, darlin'," he warned her.

Reaching between them, Anjee grabbed a hold of his hard cock and guided it to her sex. "I'm more than ready."

He groaned when she swirled his tip around her wet clit then placed him at the heart of her pussy.

"Fuck me, Hunter," she begged, a hint of desperation in her voice.

Thrusting up into her body, he pressed his forehead against the wall as her sex clenched around him. Getting his bearings, he hooked her knees over his forearms and fucked her as she requested. He was relentless as he pounded into her snug cunt over and over again. If he could have imprinted her ass into his wall, he would have, so that every time he walked by it he would be reminded of this moment. Of the night she'd come to him.

His head was reeling at the scent of sex and strawberries. It was Anjee's personal bouquet and their aroma. The smell made his knees weak with the need to spend his self inside of her. But, he knew Anjee would need more. She would need a darker touch to bring her to completion. Cupping her ass cheek with one hand, he used his other hand to fondle the crease of her ass.

Understanding where he was going, she moaned in anticipation. Pulling out of her body some, he swiped her cream from his cock then propelled his length back into her. With the twin cream soaked fingers, he stroked the puckered skin between her legs. He pressed inside of her as her juices created a smooth glide along her back channel.

He created an intense rhythm with his hand and cock until she cried out in release. He continued his driving force as each spasm rocketed through her body. As they faded, he growled as he came.

They stayed like that for a moment, just breathing.

Pulling out, he lowered her legs to the ground and held her waist until she was steady. Her gaze, once troubled, was now hazy with satisfaction.

Kissing her one more time, he stepped back and snatched her underwear from the floor. Passing them to her, he buttoned up his fly as she slipped the panties up her legs and lowered her dress.

"I need to get going before they give our dinner away," she mumbled. Her tan skin was now flushed.

"Okay. I'll see you both on Saturday," he told her. They all needed to talk in a major way.

"Saturday," she confirmed as she pulled open the door. Turning to look at him, she said, "By the way, thank you for the roses, cowboy, they are beautiful."

"No problem, darlin', it's how we do it Oklahoma style."

She blushed as she left his apartment.

Plopping down on his couch, he didn't know whether he should be elated that he had two gorgeous women in his life that he cared about tremendously or scared. It was a big possibility that the world that he had created over the last few months would come crashing down around him. He didn't know if what had happened to them over the weekend was right or wrong. If he was supposed to choose one woman over the other. Or leave them both the hell alone.

The last thought made him ill. He looked down at his hands and noticed they were shaking. The worst thing about the whole situation was that it could eventually ruin the friendship of two women who loved and cared for each other a great deal.

At that moment, he wanted the week to slow down. He admitted to himself that he was apprehensive about what Saturday may bring.

Chapter Six

Navigating his truck down the familiar street, even in the dark he knew his way. He could now say that about a lot of the Tidewater area thanks to Synoma and Anjolie. The slight tremor that happened inside at the thought of their names was something he'd gotten used to feeling over the last few months. After last week it had just occurred more frequently. Hunter slowly guided his F-250 along the curve. The vehicles were in the driveway and the house lit bright, confirming someone was home.

Getting out he moved to the door with trepidation, but this was something he had to do. He was going out of his mind with worry and he needed to resolve some things in his head.

He knocked but didn't have to wait for long until the door was answered.

"Hunter, is everything okay?"

At that moment he knew his worry must be etched on his face for his Aunt Cindy to call him on it at first sight. Stepping in he hugged her. "Forgive me for not callin' first. I just need to talk to you and Uncle Jim."

She embraced him tightly, rubbing his back like a mother hen. "No apology needed. We're family."

He could hear noise from the kitchen as they parted and walked into the living room.

"Y'all didn't have other plans did you?" He took a seat on the couch.

"Nope, we sure didn't."

His uncle walked into the room carrying two bottles of beer. "Can I interest you in a drink?"

Standing up he hugged his uncle with a pat on the back then took the beer from him before returning to his seat. "Thanks." Twisting the top off, he drank liberally of the ice cold beverage then lowered it and relaxed against the back of the couch.

"That bad, huh?" His uncle sat with his wife on the love seat across from him.

"Yup." Hunter stared at his beer and picked at the corner label. Glancing up, he asked, "Am I keepin' you two from other plans?"

"None. We just finished watching a movie." Uncle Jim sipped from his own beer.

Hunter knew what he came there for. It was just hard for him to begin. He lifted his beer and took another gulp. Maybe he could get good and drunk then blurt it all out and pretend it was ramblings of an intoxicated man.

"Simmons talks about your work at the job often. Says you're one of his best men." His uncle made conversation, killing the silence.

Nodding, he said, "I like Mr. Simmons. He asks for a lot, but he gives great instructions so even I can comprehend."

"Don't sell yourself short, Hunter. You've always been a bright person. Your mom used to send everyone in the family copies of your report card. We all thought you were bound for college."

He remembered the slight disappointment of his parents when he stopped taking courses at the local community college and started working a full schedule. At the time his boss had given him a new position and raise and he wanted the money more than he wanted to sit inside the four walls of a classroom. He wondered if this situation was going to be another disappointment to his family.

"Cind, get him another beer," his uncle instructed as he leaned forward with his forearms supported on his knees. "So, I know it's not the job. What is it?"

Uncle Jim was always that straightforward. It was what Hunter appreciated about the older man, especially at this moment where he didn't know how to begin.

His aunt came back into the room, and exchanged his empty bottle for a full one. "Aunt Cindy, I never thanked you for getting me connected with Upgrade You." He called after her as she went to throw his bottle into the recycle tub.

Smiling, she returned and claimed her seat again. "Aren't they great? They are two miracle workers."

Easily he could agree with that assessment, even now he sat comfortably in his leather *Durango* crush shoes, Khaki slacks and a gray polo shirt. They had changed him. "Yes, they are." This time he sipped his beer.

"I'm glad you liked them."

His aunt was about to find out how much. "I like them a lot," he began.

"I see." His uncle must have picked up on something, because he was staring at him as if he was waiting on more to come.

"We've become friends over the last few months."

"Great. I know it can be difficult to find close friends when you move to a new area." His aunt beamed with pride.

"Yes ma'am." He cleared his throat. "They are two beautiful women. Smart. Funny. When you're with them you have a good time. When you're away from them you can't help but think about them." Hunter knew he was speaking in generalities.

Giggling, his aunt said, "You sound like you might be attracted to one of them."

Uncle Jim was more direct. "Are you into one of them? Is that what's eatin' at you?"

This is it. Staring unwaveringly into his uncle's eyes, he blurted out, "I care deeply for both of them."

The room fell quiet as he watched his aunt and uncle turn to each other. Neither of them said a word, but he would be a fool not to think they weren't communicating some deep message between them.

"Do they know this?" his uncle inquired, then drank from his bottle.

"Do either of them have the same feelings?" Aunt Cindy asked.

"I don't know to what extent. However, I'm very sure the attraction is mutual," he confirmed.

"Are you here for our help to decide which woman?"

Shaking his head, he was honest, "How would I ever choose between the two of them."

"You're probably going to have to," said his uncle.

"Most women don't like to share," his aunt chimed in.

"Well, kinda already happened."

Again, his uncle and aunt glanced at each other then back at him.

"It already happened?" Aunt Cindy questioned.

"As in you slept with both of them. Do they both know?" Uncle Jim added.

Taking a deep breath, he said, "It was at the same time."

Silence again. His aunt covered her mouth with a hand and his uncle stared down at the floor.

Shit.

Hunter didn't know what to think. He'd expected shock, outrage or even disgust. Nothing like that came. The silence stretched on so long that he began to get uncomfortable.

"One of you say somethin', please." Draining the second beer, he set it on the table. Hunter was getting nervous and began to ramble. "I know it probably sounds freaky and unorthodox. But, it wasn't planned." He vaulted to his feet. "It just happened!"

Once again, the quiet message happened between his family members.

Frustrated, Hunter headed to the kitchen and tossed his bottle. When he got back, his aunt and uncle were holding hands and whispering to each other.

"I'm sorry I came here. I shouldn't have burdened you all with my problems." He turned to the door.

"Sit, Hunter," Uncle Jim directed.

Out of respect for all Uncle Jim had done for him, he sat. "Uncle Jim, I'm really not interested in a moral lec--"

"Listen," his uncle barked.

His aunt patted the back of her husband's hand, still clasped with hers. "We're nobody to give a lecture to anyone in this type of situation," she said softly.

Frowning at her words, he inquired, "What are you saying, Aunt Cindy?"

"When your aunt and I first began dating, there was another person in our relationship."

Oh, hell! Slap me on the ass and call me shocked. "Are you kidding me?"

They shook their heads.

"Not joking at all," Aunt Cindy said.

"Who?"

"Dillon. It lasted for about a year," his uncle announced.

"Your best friend? How? You shared your wife with another man?" Looking at his aunt, leaning against her husband, he asked, "Aunt Cindy you had sex with two men at the same time?" The questions running through Hunter's mind tripped over each other trying to be the first out of his mouth.

Staring back at him, she wasn't contrite. Instead, she smiled and admitted, "At that time it worked for us."

"I don't mean to pry, but how did that come about?"

Shrugging, his uncle answered, "Dillon started his business. As he was saving his money for his house, he was crashing with me. I was dating your aunt and one night we had a conversation about fantasies we've both had." He cleared his throat. "As a man, I'd done pretty much everything under the sun in college in Oklahoma."

"Jim was my first," his aunt said.

"So, when I realized she had desires she'd never experienced, I loved her enough to try to fulfill them."

"And Dillon, how did you all choose him?"

"Some things just happen." He drank his beer.

"I'm glad it was Dillon. He is a friend and I felt safe with him," added Aunt Cindy.

"I can relate to that. It's true I was attracted to both women from the beginning, but I never planned for all of us to be together." Sitting, he confessed, "Now I'm afraid this situation will end their friendship." Sighing, he leaned back and thought about the events of yesterday and how both women appeared troubled. "I think they're both concerned about the same thing."

Getting up, his aunt let go of her husband and crossed the room to sit beside him. "So who do you want?"

"Is it wrong to say both of them?"

She rubbed his back.

"Anjolie's a gorgeous Hispanic woman with an infectious laugh. She's wild and charismatic and she gives all to life." He groaned. "Then there's Synoma, a stunning Black woman whose smile can light up any room. She's elegant and poised with the warmest heart."

"The only problem with that is both women have to want that as well. Like your aunt said, not many women want to share," his uncle reminded him.

Therein lies the problem. "You're still friends with Dillon and he's still involved in your life."

"He is." Uncle Jim got up and took his bottle into the kitchen. When he returned carrying beers, he finished with, "Because we all were always clear about the relationship, and when it was time for it to come to an end, we were all in agreement." Passing him one of two beers, his uncle sat down.

"That's what you have to do. This isn't impossible. But, it may not turn out the way you want it to." Aunt Cindy kissed him on the cheek before returning to the couch with her husband.

Starting on his third beer, he looked at both of them and he said, "I have a lot to think about. You two mind if I crash in your guest room tonight?"

"It has always been available to you," his aunt told him.

Hunter stood up, taking his drink with him. Stopping, he turned to the couple he loved. "Thanks for bein' open with me about your life. Even if you two are freaks." He winked and continued to the room, hearing his aunt and uncle's laughter in his wake.

~YH~

Synoma and Anjolie occupied two chairs at his round kitchen table the next morning. After he'd gotten home from his aunt and uncle's place, he'd showered and called the women, asking them to come over. He'd greeted them both with a light kiss on the cheeks. Now in the wooden kitchen chair, he stared at them. Hunter wasn't even touching either one of them, but that didn't stop his heart from its rapid succession.

"I think we've put off long enough the discussion about last weekend, don't both of you?" Hunter began.

They glanced at each other then back at him and nodded, but stayed quiet.

"We've all found ourselves in quite the quandary. Knowing how much this is probably disturbin' both of you. I've racked my brain all night to come up with a solution, but I'd like to know what you two think."

Anjolie twisted one of the napkins from the table while Synoma nibbled on the side of her lip and stared down at her clasped hands.

Synoma was the first to break the silence. "You're right, Hunter, this has troubled me over the last week. It wasn't easy but I've come to a conclusion of my own."

"And that is?" Hunter prompted Synoma to continue.

She shifted in her seat then looked from him to Anjolie then back to him. "Anjolie is my best friend and I want her happy." He watched Syn's large breast rise high and lower as she took a deep breath then blurted up. "I believe it is best that Anjolie be with you."

What the fuck. His chuckle was humorless as he said, "That's very noble of you. When did you decide this, before or after we had sex over the back of the couch on Thursday?" Hunter asked Synoma.

Synoma got up and walked out of the kitchen.

"You had sex with him?" Anjolie's words were laced with astonishment as she followed her best friend into the living room.

Hunter looked at Anjolie. "What do you call what we did up against my wall, Anjee?"

"That's not the point. When I came to see you that night, it was to tell you I thought it was best for you to be with Synoma," she attempted to justify.

"How were you planning to convince him of that, Anjolie, with your legs wrapped around him?" Synoma put her hands on her hips.

"You're one to talk." Anjolie's hands waved in the air at her sides.

"Stop it," Hunter's voice barked. He could see both ladies were upset and this wasn't getting them anywhere. He needed to grab the reins of the conversation. "These situations just *prove* that y'all are just as attracted to *me* as I am to *you*."

Hazel and light brown eyes assessed him.

Synoma glanced away, looking contrite while Anjolie shamefully glanced down to the carpet.

"I want to say something and I need you both to listen." When they met his gaze, he said, "This isn't some sexual game to me. At this moment I couldn't imagine my life without either of you."

"How do you imagine this working, Hunter?" Synoma asked, her voice trembled as a single brow lifted.

"Does Syn get you on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and I get you on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday then on Sunday it's a free for all?" Her accent was heavy as she folded her arms under her small breast.

Hunter was frustrated. Plowing his hands through his hair, Hunter confessed, "I don't know. Neither do I think we should outline every aspect of our sex life."

"So, you just want to be able to get it however you want it. Throw us all in the same bed and go for it?" Synoma's words held bite as she tapped her foot on the carpet, the movement shaking her form.

"Yes. No," he growled. "Look. What I'm trying to say is last weekend just happened. All three of us happened. Then, Synoma, you and I were together and it was explosive. Am I wrong?"

Looking at him, with all the emotions overwhelming her brown eyes, Syn said, "No."

Shifting to Anjolie, he said, "Anjolie, you and I came together like starving wolves. Or am I mistaken?"

Pushing her hair back behind her ear, she said, "You're right."

"All of these situations came about not because someone shot a gun in the air and yelled go. But because there is an attraction between all of us." He stared at them both. "A connection and bond we can't break."

"How do we explain this to our families?" Synoma asked.

He thought about his aunt and uncle. "We don't have to until we want to. I'll still have my apartment until we all decide I move into the guest room. This is our business, no one else's. I'm a grown man. I'm not lookin' for approval. Only looking to make you *both* happy."

Stepping close, he took both their hands and asked, "Do you love me?"

Anjolie's eyes were filled with tears. "I love you."

"I love you, Hunter." A single tear slid down Synoma's cheek.

"I love you both as well." Glancing from left to right, he lifted his hands and cupped both of their cheeks. "Do you both trust me to consider your feelin's? And trust me to understand how precious a gift you both are givin' me and will cherish it?"

"Yes," Synoma said.

"Yes, Hunter," Anjolie echoed, turning her face into his palm.

Wrapping his arms around them, he pulled each against his sides.

Bowing his head between them, he finished with, "I also need you to trust all of us to hold to our word that when either one of us can't do this anymore and wants out, then it will end."

"Deal," they both whispered.

Turning first to Synoma, he kissed her as Anjolie licked him from collarbone to ear. Groaning, he broke away from Syn's delectable lips and kissed Anjee with just as much intensity.

"What do you say we take this in another room?" Syn whispered in his ear.

Anjee pulled away from his mouth and smiled at him and her friend.

They both knew there was only one other room in his house, the bedroom. Growling, he said, "Y'all have made me a happy man."

Just like the first time, the world spun around them in a blur as they fondled and kissed each other into the bedroom, leaving a trail of discarded clothing behind them.

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