



TEASE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

PASSIONS

Diana De Ricci

THE SCANDALOUS ANTHOLOGY

Passions

By

Diana De Ricci



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Chapter One

Travis slid over the side of his bed growling at the obnoxious tone of his alarm, curling thick carpet under his toes as his brain ground into gear. Killing the alarm, he stretched, pulling the muscles in his back then glancing at the glowing face on his nightstand, he covered a yawn. Daylight was still a dim tease at this hour.

“Move it, T. They don’t fuck around.” Facing those first few minutes in a state of zombie wakefulness, he motivated himself to get dressed, brush his teeth and tie his own sneakers just about thirty seconds before the doorbell rang. Autopilot was a wonderful thing.

He opened the door, spotting his running buddies. “Hey guys.”

“Hola,” Avery chirped, pulling her arms over her shoulders while Kaitlyn used his porch rail to warm her hamstrings. He tried hard to not notice Avery’s chest in her workout top, or the sleek shape of ass and thigh encased in flawless black spandex on Kaitlyn. After almost six months, he’d gotten pretty good at pretending ambivalence around the pair of luscious beauties. Slipping through the door, he did his own warm up stretches. Twenty minutes later, they took off down the sidewalk headed for the local park trails for their Saturday morning run.

“So, anything exciting happen this week?” Avery asked, having settled into a comfortable pace to tick off their usual five mile jog.

“Nope,” he replied. “The usual grind. You two?” He glanced in either direction from his regular place between them. Too bad it was a fantasy he’d never live, especially since he liked them equally and didn’t think he could pick just one. Like potato chips, it was both or none. How could he pick between best friends that were now his friends? Even he knew when to avoid disaster.

They were a pair of hot numbers he’d hooked up with one weekend jogging through the park. When they discovered he lived a block over from their apartment complex, they asked if they could run with him, feeling safer with a guy in the early morning hours. He’d found he actually enjoyed their company. They hardly, if ever, missed a weekend. It was good exercise that he couldn’t say he didn’t need.

Kaitlyn shrugged, her gaze forward. She seemed oddly quiet to him this morning. Avery was the consummate morning person. Nothing kept her down. For Travis, it was just another weekend. One spent alone, and likely to be boring—on the scale of one to ten, a negative in the range of Antarctica.

Shaking his head, he changed his mind right there.

“I was thinking I might go out clubbing tonight,” he tossed out. “Wanna go with me?” Neither were dating and hadn’t been, as far as he knew, for a while. Seemed a shame to not enjoy the weekend the right way.

“Bar hopping?” Avery asked, her big brown eyes glancing up at him then forward again, her arms pumping in a methodical fashion against her body. The length of her blonde hair whipped around with the motions, swinging like a wild rope of melted caramel and butter. He was willing to bet she tasted as sweet.

He blinked, focusing ahead to form words to answer her. “Probably not hop, but go out. It’s been a while. Work too much and you almost forget what it’s like to be young,” he joked, pushing his lusting musings far away. At least he’d gotten good at hiding it on his face.

Kaitlyn snickered, shaking her head. “Travis Travis Travis,” she replied. “You are not that old.”

He rolled his neck, watching his footing. The huskiness in her voice always seemed to shoot through his body like a current tugging at his libido when she spoke like that. “I know. I’d like to remember that fact every now and then.” He almost pouted. Now that he’d offered, he wanted them to say yes.

“What do you say, Kaitlyn?” Avery prodded a few minutes later. “We haven’t had a girl’s night out in a while.”

“Whoa now.” Travis skid to a stop on the loose pea gravel letting both Avery and Kaitlyn jog by him. They stopped within three paces, ponytails bobbing against their shoulders. “I’m not talking a girl’s night out here. Wrong club if you know what I mean.” They knew he was straight. That wasn’t even funny. He put his hands on his hips and almost managed a meaningful glare for the both of them.

Avery laughed, reaching for one of his arms and tugging him back even with them. “I know. You’re fine Travis. We’d love to.”

He studied Kaitlyn, unsure. She was usually at least as chatty as he was at oh-God-it’s-early. “You too? I’d love to treat both of you to a fun Saturday night. Please,” he added, trying to be ‘best friend next door’ charming.

“Actually,” Kaitlyn swept a palm over her forehead removing the sheen of sweat, “I think it sounds like a wonderful idea.” Looking up at him she finally offered him a smile, her gray hazel eyes sparkling up at him in the sunlight.

“Great!” He clapped his hands together, starting off down the trail again, glad they’d agreed, and maybe a little too giddy over that fact. “Come on you two.” He started running again, hardly able to believe he was going to have these two gorgeous knockouts on his arm tonight.

When they hit his front porch at the end of their run, they decided a time and a general idea of what clubs so the girls could dress for the evening. Then it was a matter of waiting.

Watching over them as they disappeared down the street to go home with their heads together, he let out a slow whistle. “Daaaamn,” he breathed, still amazed. “They said yes.”

And for the life of him, he couldn’t help the grin at all.

* * * *

“I’m telling you, he is definitely into us,” Kaitlyn said working her brush through her dark chestnut hair again. Avery had come over to her apartment to finish doing her makeup and they would be headed over to Travis’s house in less than an hour.

“He’s always so polite, though,” Avery mentioned, rolling on mascara.

“His mama raised him right,” Kaitlyn shot back with a grin. “Now we get to find out if Travis can be debauched.”

“Man, he is a hot bod, isn’t he?” Avery said licking her lips. “I can’t believe we’re both attracted to him. That hasn’t happened in like...ever. It’s always been one or the other, not that I’m complaining,” she added. “At least the sex has been good.” The next moment, she looked worriedly into the mirror back at Kaitlyn. “You don’t think he’s going to think were gay, do you? Some guys have a real hard time getting over the stereotypes.”

Kaitlyn lifted a hand in unconcern. “Nah, doubtful after six months of running with us, but even if he does, we know we’re not. We just have a very mutual understanding.”

“Like two decades of friendship,” Avery quipped back.

“Exactly. Eventually we’ll find the one guy that rocks our world and do the white lace crap, but hell, if Travis is willing and attracted to us, why not? I know I’m attracted to him. Running this morning was torture. Why did he have to wear that damn black A-shirt again? I die every time he does. Freaking hot.” She lifted a finger, licking it to touch a spot in midair making a sizzle sound. “I love his shoulders and chest. I could lick him like a cone for days.”

Avery giggled. “Have you seen his ass?” She made a slurping noise. Both women held their bellies they laughed so hard.

“Gawd, we’re awful,” Kaitlyn said a moment later after the laughter had died down.

“No, we’re inspired,” Avery shot back with a meaningful tip to her chin.

Kaitlyn slipped on her slinkiest sandals. “Come on, let’s go get our evening’s escort and get this ball rolling. You think we’re going to stun him?” she asked, taking a final appraisal of her figure and outfit in the mirror.

Avery puckered up and added a ruby gloss, saying, “I’m willing to bet if you’re right, he’s going to be living his favorite wet dream all night.”

“You know, I think I will be too,” Kaitlyn said, swatting Avery on the ass as the pair left her bedroom.

* * * *

Travis was sure he was in someone else’s body. He was sitting in the back of the limo between the two most gorgeous women he knew. Legs were visible for miles under the shortest excuses for skirts that were legal. Lord help him, he knew he left his tongue hanging for minutes too when they paraded into his house, squealing and laughing about the limo out front.

“You didn’t have to!” Avery had cried, practically jumping on her toes.

He shrugged. “I plan on getting drunk. I won’t hold you two responsible, and the ride seemed like a good idea.” He couldn’t have been more shocked he’d been able to speak, much less make sense after seeing them glide in through his front door like every man’s hottest fantasy come to life.

“It’s a great idea,” Kaitlyn agreed with a throaty chuckle, tossing a look over her shoulder to Avery. He sucked a breath, hearing that rough, sexy depth in her voice that made his body go rock hard. In jeans, it was damned painful.

Now he sat with an arm around each girl, a light feminine hand on each of his thighs. The outfits they wore had to be labeled as hormonally dangerous. Kaitlyn's was midnight black with cutouts on the sides exposing huge chunks of sleek and slinky body, the whole thing held up by a thin halter strap that vanished under thick hair. The chocolaty strands reminded him of the dew covered trees he'd seen every Saturday running with them: rich and earthy, but so soft. Then there was the other half of her. He tried to keep from gawking at legs, but hell! There were two pair. He was in trouble.

Avery was just as hot in a strapless purple corset and matching purple and black skirt. He didn't even know they made shoes in that color but she rocked. She had cleavage to be proud of too. Imagining slipping his tongue between them, delving into that hot cleft of flesh, was killing him with wanting.

He shifted, fighting like hell to keep from getting stiff between them. He was a friend, they were really his best buds. It just didn't seem fair that he felt short of breath around them. Feeling the silk of their hair brushing against his arms only made it worse as they moved and chatted about the coming evening.

Gratefully, the limo slowed then stopped, the door popping open in front of the club doors.

"Awright!" He smiled at Avery's eagerness. "I love this kind of service."

"You love any kind of service," Kaitlyn shot back winding an arm through one of Travis's once all three stood on the walk. Avery did the same.

Avery looked up at Travis through thick lashes, her brown eyes glimmering in the neon. "I love being serviced," she purred, her lips moving with a sheen that made him want to reach down and devour. Then the meaning of her words hit him. *Shit!*

Travis managed to swallow the gulped exclamation. He focused ahead. "Ladies," he encouraged, getting them through the doors before he tossed them back in the limo and stripped them both.

Avery lifted a hand, pointing out a perfect table through the darkened interior. Multi-colored lights glinted off of walls and furniture, sparking like indoor fireworks. The club was busy but hadn't quite reached packed yet. It wouldn't take long on a Saturday night.

"What do you desire?" he asked, immediately shaking his head at his own choice of words. He usually wasn't the king of lost blatant opportunities. He followed Avery, sliding onto the leather and chrome shadowed booth, with the girls flanking him. Two hot and sizzling glances destroyed his efforts in the limo. He was hotter and harder than a steel rod laying in coals under his jeans zipper. Avery teased her lip with a flickering tongue and he did groan, glad the thumping music hid it. This was going to be a night of torture. He just didn't know if he was going to love it or hate it yet.

Travis waved over one of the drink waitresses through the growing throng, giving their order than wrapped his arms around the girls again, fighting like hell to relax, or at the least, fake being nonchalant. After the drinks arrived, he asked them, "Dancing later?"

Avery nodded and Kaitlyn smiled in agreement, pulling the straw from her drink to slide into her lush mouth, wrapping her tongue around it, letting it disappear back and forth with slow momentum. He blinked.

Okay, now that was pretty clear, he thought. He swore he'd been imagining the teasing looks, the way lingering fingertips had caressed him on the drive to the club, blaming it all to a much too active imagination and a lust for these two that went way off the charts. Then he jerked up straight. While he'd been enthralled watching Kaitlyn working the straw like a wet dream pro, Avery's hand had slid into dangerous territory, rolling over the bulge in his jeans.

He sucked in air, then fighting the shudders rocking his chest grabbed his beer and slammed half of it in three gulps.

Fuckin' A, he wanted these two. Glancing at one then the other, he caught the heat in their eyes watching him, trading sultry promising looks and wicked little grins back and forth between themselves and slowly the light bulb began to glow. Two women, into each other, who both wanted him. And shit, did he want them. He'd craved them practically since the minute they'd jogged up to him and started talking to him with their tight little shorts and sweat-drenched tops.

The shudder that rolled down his body telegraphed to both of his dates. "Ooh shit," he breathed. He closed his eyes swallowing hard, praying harder, praying like never before that he was right and if he was, ready to thank any god responsible. "Both of you?" They nodded, not even pretending to not understand.

"But let's have fun tonight," Avery drawled, lowering her lashes as her hand cradled his cock, her fingers

slipping south to form completely around his shape, massaging lightly. "The night is young."

"God," he groaned. "You're both sexier than hell." The words fell out in a growl because Kaitlyn's hand had also disappeared under the table. It began a slow meander up his abdomen, fluttering as if unable to decide its destination.

"It's called che-mis-try," Kaitlyn teased throatily, sending more sparks down his spine. "You are one hot thing too."

"You were quiet this morning," he pointed out, giving in and letting his hand wrap up against her neck to feel the weight of her hair in his hands. Dark and rich, the blend of brown felt amazing against the back of his hand.

"You wore that damn A-shirt again." Her eyes closed as a shiver rocked her frame from her shoulders down as if she were reliving the moments from that morning, his own palm feeling it plainly. "I have to concentrate on running because the only other option I have is to lick."

His smile brightened. That was news. The attraction he felt for these two knockouts was mutual. He began to relax, sliding his hand down Avery's toned shoulder as well, bringing her closer for the conversation. Her interest, now that he knew he could show his own, was a blatant invitation in her lovely brown eyes. "Well then, let's enjoy the night, shall we, ladies?"

"With pleasure," Kaitlyn replied.

* * * *

Strobing lights and a fog machine made the dance floor a hazy haven of sparkling mystery and sexual innuendo. After a few too many jokes about his dancing ability, he was determined to prove that he could, and make them pay for the teasing while he was at it. Guiding them with a hand on each spine just above their asses, they wove into the crowd to find someplace deep in the gyrating throng. It was too loud for conversation here, but what he planned wouldn't require words at all.

Pulling Kaitlyn into his pelvis, he rocked against her tight ass in time to the throbbing music, feeling the slink of Avery against his back, pushing her breasts into his spine. He growled, tipping his head back giving Avery room to run her nails down his throat. With a hand on Avery's hip, and a caging arm around Kaitlyn, he rocked between them, making a Travis sandwich and loving it.

Turning Kaitlyn around, he shifted, bringing Avery flush to his side as well, moving sensually between their lush bodies, rolling his hips against them supporting both with his hands splayed wide across their backs while they hung on for the ride. Hot skin slid beneath his fingers as the two all but melted down either side of his body, looking up at him with hungry gazes. Weaving his fingers through loose hair, he guided them back up from their crouches, uncaring of any looks, too enraptured with the blonde and the brunette hugging his sides to give a flying damn what anyone thought.

Leaning, he pressed a kiss to Avery's lips, feeling the way her entire length quivered like a strung bow ready to launch. She purred and he thrust his tongue into her mouth tasting the sweet berry of her latest drink. Kaitlyn rubbed her crotch against his hip pulling his attention to her a moment or two later. Being an equal in wanting to share, he kissed Kaitlyn, thrilling at the seductive sound she made. Two women, the best of friends, yet uniquely different. Between the two of them, he was a walking inferno.

He didn't know how long they danced or how long the two women seduced him while he seduced them back, rubbing their bodies together and touching just shy of indecent under the charade of dancing to the electronic beat vibrating the air and floor. All he remembered was feeling their bodies wrapped around his, pressing into him and touching him into the hardest, raging hard-on of his life.

He was definitely buzzed three hours later. Bottles and glasses covered the tables, both girls hugging on his shoulder, watching him with flushed faces. The little he'd eaten before they'd arrived had been worked off on the dance floor and the alcohol was catching up to him, just like he knew it would. He patted himself on the back for the foresight to not be driving.

"Who's ready to move this party home?" he asked the two bombshells tucked beneath his arms on the bench. Each was sitting on a hip, facing him, a foot apiece slung indolently over each of one of his legs, rubbing up and down black denim in sheer devilry.

Avery purred beneath his ear, licking the side of his neck just before Kaitlyn swung him around with the light touch of her finger under his chin. Her lips were hot covering his, her tongue being perfectly uninhibited in getting to know the contours of his mouth. Avery ran a hand over his shoulders then beneath his arm to massage his thigh

and hip.

"I'll take that for a yes," he groaned when she finally released him. Kaitlyn's eyes burned with the surging need he felt coursing through her body. Running a strong hand straight up Avery's back, he clutched the back of her head, bringing her closer. "Luscious," he told her, just before he kissed her, stroking her tongue imagining all the wonderful things he could do to these two lovely vixens.

Releasing her, she gasped, saying, "Let's go. Now." Brown eyes flashed in the constant glimmer of neon club lights hinting at all the pleasure they were still going to experience, exciting him even more.

Leading them all back out through the sound-proofed doors, the limo appeared with a smooth stop and he helped each in. Letting them slide across the plush leather interior he made a request of the driver before joining them. Hell, what did he care. It wasn't like he used the damn credit card for anything worth while. Keeping his car running. The occasional trip to see his parents.

This was what credit lines were meant for.

As soon as the door closed, he leaned back into the darkened corner planting a foot on the floor. The partition was up and music flowed through the cabin. There were even little track-lights bordering the faux wood edges providing more than enough illumination with the interior lights dimmed.

"Come here," he purred to Avery. She prowled up the seat on her hands and knees until she lay molded to his body, her gaze hooded and hot, stoking his own lust higher. Reaching out a hand, he tugged Kaitlyn closer on her knees on the floor. "We can't get too crazy. He's going to make one stop for us, but I have to touch you." He slid his hands down their sleek bodies, kneading firm twin asses. There wasn't any hesitation as he slid his hand under Kaitlyn's skirt, skimming her inner thigh. It felt like heated silk.

Avery shimmied up his frame, fitting against his hips giving him an eyeful of perfect cleavage. That was when he got the first shock.

There wasn't a pair of underwear to be found between the two women.

His eyes slowly dropped to a half-lidded stare, watching Avery's expression as he maneuvered his hand to the front of her skirt pushing it out of his way to find her body. A shudder traveled up his other arm when he expertly cupped Kaitlyn.

The second shock he got—both were waxed babes.

"Please tell me I'm not dreaming this," he groaned out hoarsely, barely able to contain himself and not strip his clothes from his body like they were on fire.

Avery ripped open his shirt with little warning, lowering to lick and suckle at his chest. There was nothing outside the smoke tinted glass windows of the limo, just the world encased within. Kaitlyn leaned toward him, rocking her hips over his hand, demanding a kiss.

"What is he stopping for?" Avery asked between nipple attacks.

"Liquor store. I don't have anything at the house."

"How about a late snack? Do we have time?" Kaitlyn asked with that husky voice that made his dick throb.

"Anything. You're my girls tonight," he told them.

Avery and Kaitlyn shared a sexy look. "I think being your girls is just what we want to be," Avery said in her seductive siren voice. Then she leaned toward Kaitlyn and kissed her and Travis knew he'd died living his best fantasy.

Chapter Two

The limo had barely left the curb by the time he got the front door opened and led the girls into his house. They'd been there, but usually just a quick pop-in before or after a run. He closed the door behind all of them, locking out the world.

"You two are not walking home this late, especially dressed like that," he informed them. He had planned on letting the limo take them home, but...plans change.

They dropped the plastic bags on the couch with a tumbled sound of clinking glass, the one from the all night grocery store on the table. Avery pulled out the can of whipped cream and Travis knew he was in trouble.

She popped the top and tipped back, spraying it right into her mouth. She swallowed, closing her eyes in blissful enjoyment like it was the creamiest dessert, then licked her lips with a salacious grin. Kaitlyn pulled him away from the door, jerking his ruined shirt down and off his shoulders. Her hands fanned out, encompassing the hard front of his body, slipping easily to rest at his abdomen.

"Sexy," she said, that husky voice of hers adding weight to the gleam in her eyes. Travis did the first thing that he felt like doing. He dipped down and found her mouth. She met his tongue, dueling back, creating another wave of lust-induced heat to rush down his body to land right where his dick throbbed. Pushing away from the door, he guided her backward until he stood next to Avery too.

Without missing a beat, he turned Avery around and found the zipper on her corset, bringing it down with careful and excited hands. When it spread open, she lifted it away from her body and with her back to him, lightly tossed it to rest on the couch.

Nimble fingers were tugging at the button on his jeans. He groaned, still dueling passionately with Kaitlyn's wicked tongue. Releasing her mouth, not bothering to stop her hands, he wove a hand into the more than shoulder length blonde hair draped down Avery's back and tugged, spinning her right into his side. Perfect and full, her breasts bounced nicely. They felt incredible pressed into his chest.

Somehow, clothes that seemed cumbersome and restrictive quickly fell away until he could look at both Avery and Kaitlyn in all their spectacular nudity.

Travis ran a hand down his face. When he opened his eyes, they were still there. "Ladies," he drawled, wrapping a hand around each beneath their hair to pull them tighter into him, then he brushed a slow, teasing kiss to each. "We have all night."

His breath jolted to a rough stop when a hand wrapped around his throbbing length and another cupped him from underneath. A dragged hiss escaped with no way to stop it caused by the intensity between their two hands as they worked over sensitive skin and nerves.

Ducking he latched onto a tight nipple, sucking it into his mouth almost mindless with wanting to share his delight. Shakes rocked Avery's body then he repeated the torture for Kaitlyn who groaned low and deep in her chest with the pleasure of it. Together the girls floated to their knees. They began to devour his cock at a leisurely pace. With a hand on each head, he locked his knees, enraptured by the sight of their mouths and tongues sliding up and down either side of his shaft taking turns attacking him from tip to base and back again, hitting every single burning nerve he had in the process. Moist breath and wicked lips. He fell enraptured to the sight, his ass clenching rhythmically beneath the slick velvet of Kaitlyn's tongue licking at his scrotum. Avery seemed to be in heaven swirling around the engorged head of his dick, a sultry gleam in her eyes that proved she was enjoying the moment as much as he was.

He knew he wasn't going to last long under this much torture. For one, it had been too damn long since the last time he'd been laid; two—there were two women staring up at him like he was the last cheesecake on the tray.

Stopping them with a gentle restraining strength, he sank to the living room floor to join them. "You two are amazing."

Avery grinned. "We like you." Like it was the most simple and obvious statement on the planet.

With his fingers wrapped around the back of their necks, he caressed them with the pad of his thumb across smooth cheeks, feeling his body burn as he looked into both of their gazes, sweeping over their faces, both openly expressive. "Believe me, I like the both of you. I'm not going to make all night though if we don't share the attention."

Kaitlyn's eyes gleamed. "Oh?"

“Are you two comfortable with each other? That kiss in the limo wasn’t just the Mai Tai’s talking, was it?”

Kaitlyn snickered, sharing a knowing smirk with Avery. She never stopped caressing his shoulder and running her fingertips through the thin hair on his chest. “And you were afraid he’d think we were lesbians.”

“Huh?” He blinked. “I know you’re not.”

Avery wrapped her hands over his head pushing her fingers into his hair, pulling him closer to kiss him on the mouth. “That’s good,” she breathed, licking across his lips. “Don’t you worry, Travis. Like you said, we have all night.”

Something about the way she said that made him think that maybe one night wasn’t going to be the end of this fantasy, for any of them. The thought almost made his brain short-circuit completely.

* * * *

Avery turned her head, running her tongue across Travis’s slightly parted lips, his body and expression giving away his shock at her innuendo. She grinned, finding his lips beneath hers in the next instant. Warm, like liquid heat, he moved with her, returning the kiss, loosening back up again now that he realized this was really happening and he wasn’t dreaming. Slipping in and out of his mouth, she teased him, feeling his breathing deepen as his desires rose again. His hand settled on her hip, caressing her with gently kneading fingers. Her breasts were sensitive, rubbing against the light hair on his chest and the stiffer hair on his arms, sending tingling shocks all the way down her body to land with twitching need at her core.

“You two are hot to watch,” Kaitlyn murmured, drifting to run her tongue across Avery’s shoulder. Avery sighed, feeling Kaitlyn’s hand follow her tongue to wrap up into her hair. “Me,” she breathed, tugging lightly to pull Avery in her direction.

Avery couldn’t refuse her. Kaitlyn was too hot for words and had always turned Avery on. The taste of her lips was decadence and berry. She did love those silly umbrella drinks, so unlike the woman herself, who wasn’t in the least frilly.

Kaitlyn hummed when Avery met her questing tongue, then both shivered when Travis’s hands slid from their sides to between their legs, delving between the flush heat of their bodies. Avery gasped at the deliberate movement of his hand.

“Fuck, you two are soaked.” She heard the shudder of his surprise in his gasped growl. She couldn’t wait to feel him impaling her, slapping against her ass as he drove her to climax. Condoms weren’t in short supply tonight. She hoped if things went well, tonight would be the only night he’d worry about them. Kaitlyn and Avery had both been very careful with their choices and were current on birth control. There just wasn’t anything better than a full, hard as nails, cock filling her and she knew Kaitlyn felt the same way. Toys had their place, but nothing beat the real thing. Sensations zinged her when he circled her clit and she shuddered in answer, moaning into Kaitlyn’s mouth.

Travis gave her a teasing flick then sprawled on his back. “I’m hungry.”

Tearing herself away from Kaitlyn’s mouth, Avery giggled. “I’m Drunk, nice to meet you!”

He blinked then started to laugh too. Reaching, he grabbed Kaitlyn around her waist and slid her to kneel over his face. Taking the low road, Avery bent to test drive the stick between his legs. She wanted to experience everything his thick cock promised.

Kaitlyn threw her head back, arching with a low scream as Travis delved into her cleft with a thrusting tongue. She’d already felt that tongue dueling with hers and could imagine what he was doing to her pussy. Her own body clenched in hungry desire, flowing all along her nerves screaming for release. She licked at his bobbing length, holding him steady in a controlled grip. The first drops of his lust glistened on his engorged head and she sucked at them, drawing him between her lips with teasing pulls. He filled her mouth with delicious heat. Wrapping her tongue around him again, she slid along him, using her mouth to rock up and down his length with slow, heated purpose. Two seconds later, Kaitlyn shouted, apparently the recipient of Travis’s reaction to Avery’s teasing.

Kaitlyn vibrated as Travis finished, licking at her body to find every trace of her pleasure. Sliding down his length again, Avery took him as deep as she could and he shuddered, making fists as his body stiffened, grinding his mouth against Kaitlyn’s glistening body. Breathing hard, Kaitlyn collapsed at Avery’s side.

Avery sought her friend with a wicked grin. “Good?”

Kaitlyn lifted a limp hand with a head nod. “Fantastic,” she rasped.

Travis fought to sit up, threading his fingers through Avery's hair just as she started to home in on his turgid flesh in her hand. "Couch. Sit." Avery peeked at him through her lashes. He looked ready to explode, his eyes heated and wide with a wild hunger that stirred her lust even more. "You then me. Then again. I promise."

Avery was pretty sure he was the kind to keep his promises too.

* * * *

Lying on his stomach, Travis lifted his head, letting it fall limply to rest on the back of his hand when it felt too heavy. His mouth felt tacky and lord did his head throb. It wasn't as bad as he'd feared he would be facing Sunday morning, but it wasn't a walk in the park either. He groaned when he cracked an eye and was tortured by the bright light of morning. *Cruel world. Go away.*

He let his eyes close, just breathing. The drifting touch of a hand on his bare naked ass jerked him wide awake though. Fighting to ignore the sunlight flooding his room and his brain, he lifted his head again and found what he'd missed at first glance. The curve of a body tucked up against his. A brunette head was attached to it. *Kaitlyn*. He licked his lips, daring to look the other way. *Avery*. She was apparently about as awake as he was, just drifting through the morning. It was her hand he felt, making languorous patterns across his ass and upper spine.

He laid there, thinking for about five seconds, when he remembered. *Last night...* They'd gone at each other for hours. He'd never lasted as long, and never had so much fun while doing it. Whipped cream would forever be one of his favorites for frolicking, naked fun. The women had shown him things he'd only dreamed, shared moments he'd only fantasized about. Now all three lay tucked up together on his king-sized bed. It was good it was large, although he doubted if last night any of them would've cared what size the bed was.

Avery must have sensed his stare, because her eyes drifted open, soft with sleep. "Morning," she told him.

He swallowed. "Hi."

Her hand rose, flitting through the disheveled length of his hair a pensive moment later. "Don't look like that. Nothing is wrong and you didn't dream it." She pressed her thumb to his bottom lip. "In fact, after a shower, I bet we could do it all again."

"Why me?"

She shrugged. "Because we like you. A lot," she tagged on with a mischievous grin. "We prefer going the whole enchilada to a single relationship. We've done it, and it just doesn't feel right. If there is a guy out there for us, we'll each find him, but why not enjoy life while we can?"

He felt Kaitlyn stretch along his back. She was waking up too, their mumbled conversation probably disturbing her.

"You are attracted to us, aren't you?" Avery asked, watching him intently.

He looked at her then rolling his head to look the other way, he found Kaitlyn lying on her back, one hand across her stomach. They were both beautiful to him. Both fantastically giving. Both... A shuddering breath rocked his shoulders as it hit him square. He was *definitely* attracted to them. He wanted them. Even feeling like he'd been left out to dry at that very moment, he wanted them.

He nodded, returning to Avery's studious stare and light touch.

"But you were drunk," he came back, lifting off his chest and stomach to turn over as carefully as possible to not shake them to sit against the headboard. They'd all been a bit too drunk. He wasn't going to blame anyone if they wanted to run like hell, including himself. He glanced in the direction of his feet, wanting a sheet or something so he wouldn't feel so naked, so vulnerable, until he realized they were in the exact same state. Gorgeously naked and uncovered. Avery didn't seem at all concerned by it. He had a feeling Kaitlyn was awake, playing possum but just as unconcernedly exposed. He pushed the sensation away. If they could deal, then so could he.

"Not that drunk," she replied. "You were just as lit."

He shrugged. Yeah, he had been, but he should have known better. He'd never been the kind to rely on excuses to save his ass.

Avery scooted closer, laying her hand flat on his thigh propping her chin on the back of it, her other hand falling naturally right between his legs. "Travis, if you're uncomfortable with it, just say so. A fabulous night was had by all, but all have to be open to the idea."

He raked a hand through his hair then down his face. "I thought..." What had he been thinking? Screaming sex was what he'd been thinking. That was about *all* he'd been thinking. It sure had been what they'd done, almost

all night long. He tried to concentrate and his brain just wasn't going to cooperate.

"A one night orgy?" she surmised with an open look. She shook her head, caramel blonde hair scattering deliciously over her shoulders. "Call it a shared relationship."

"Shared?" he breathed. "Like the both of you?"

"Yep," she piped up quietly, sounding happier when it seemed he was beginning to understand. He had no clue if he was or wasn't. "We do like to keep it exclusive between the two of us, and you."

"You weren't kidding last night," he said, stretching his morning capacity as much as he could. "You two really want me."

A low snicker tore his gaze from Avery to Kaitlyn. "Sorry," she muttered opening her eyes, a wild gray-hazel color that drew him. "Travis, we've been dying to have you." She tossed a communicative look to Avery, rolling over to prop herself up on a hand, hooking a foot over his shin. "Avery told you the truth. If we find the man to actually sweep us off our feet, we're both willing to give it a try. We both want a man to love each of us, one we can love back. We're not against that at all." She let her free hand trail up his hip, walking easily across his tight stomach. He clenched and twitched under the flick of her fingertips. "But we know this works too. If you say no, there's no hurt feelings. We're still friends." He was having a hard time following her explanation. The drag of her fingernails was numbing parts of his body while shooting lightning to others. "We like you. We want to try."

"Try?" He swallowed, tearing himself away from the flutter of her fingers with effort. "Three?"

Both girls nodded. "Think of it as a package deal," Avery offered.

He closed his eyes for a moment, letting his head fall backward for a moment. "This is unusual, and unexpected," he told them.

"We're not moving in," Avery teased, laughing lightly.

"So, what? Fuck buddies?" He liked the idea of it, but no, he didn't work that way. Not with friends, not with these two.

"No." Kaitlyn's firm voice shot that down fast. "But it's better than spending time alone."

He had to agree with her there. His last girlfriend was over a year ago, well into his history. Their warm bodies were spreading heat through his where they laid against him, touching him, sending shocked flicks of awareness along his nerves without even moving. His cock was thickening without much provocation, tightening just because he knew they were there, their soft hands touching him, their full breasts pressed into his thighs. They weren't even trying that hard, just laying there and he was becoming aroused by them.

Kaitlyn's voice brought him back to the bedroom. "Can you be exclusive to us, Travis? It's more than just being together. We're trusting you, and you're trusting us. We don't do this with many guys, and honestly, you're the first we've both been attracted to. You were special to us before last night, Travis," she tacked on with a whispered breath, dropping a damp, warm kiss to his skin.

His eyes snapped open. He couldn't hide his reaction to them. It literally stood between their lounging poses. "There can't be regrets," he warned them, meeting both their questioning gazes. "I like you both. You're incredible, but if you're both offering then I'm accepting, equally. No competition." He scrubbed his hands down his face, aware he was making a monumental decision about the foreseeable future. "I can be exclusive. I prefer it. I don't play roulette with strangers."

Avery was beginning to grin, her mouth curving broadly. Kaitlyn relaxed a little more where she pressed into him, their bodies draped so serenely along his length. "No competition," Kaitlyn agreed. "We don't expect grand evenings like last night either. Popcorn and a movie on the couch is just as good for a night spent in each other's company." She looked up at him, turning those gray steeled eyes on him. "This isn't just about the fucking, Travis. When we say we like you, we like you for you. We have for months."

"The sex is just an awesome side bonus," Avery added quietly.

"I'll say," he mused. "I've never done this though, so you two will have to give me a little room for screw ups."

Avery's shoulders shook even though he couldn't hear her laugh. The glimmer in her eyes gave it away completely. "No problem," she replied, letting her fingers brush his inner thigh for the first time.

He swept his hand into hair on both sides, urging them to rise and tuck into his sides. They did without complaint, their long legs stretched out in front of him. They relaxed into the curl of his body with a sense of contentment that struck him. They were happy. They wanted to be there, and he wanted them there. Looking

between them, he was amazed at their differences, their deeper understanding of each other and the strength of the friendship beneath it all. They were an amazing couple of ladies.

Dipping, he dropped a kiss to each forehead. "I think I need a shower. Do you two want to shower here or at home? I'll drive you home," he told them, knowing those outfits from the night before were beacons for trouble.

"Go ahead and shower," Kaitlyn replied, laying a hand on his stomach, raising her gaze to meet his. "We'll clean up and come back tonight for a little while. We don't want you to feel surrounded either." She lowered her lashes, their heat sizzling him with their meaning. "Just very wanted."

He swallowed his groan. That voice. His body thumped in a renewed surge of lust. He refused to look down that way. "You said movies were okay?" He tried to make his voice even, and failed miserably.

They both nodded against him, flush skin and wandering hands making his body slow to follow his command to get out of bed. Trails of flame that were lingering in their wake, grew from their languorous patterns. Warm breath seeped into his skin where they lay, burning his chest. His body shuddered in answer and his brain, already at a disadvantage, just shut down altogether. Losing the fight, he sank down to lie between them, one girl laying on each shoulder, watching him through smoldering eyes.

Almost as if it were choreographed, seductive fingers began to dance playfully over his body. His eyes snapped closed as sensation rocketed from his groin upward.

It turned out his shower didn't happen until after lunchtime, but he'd be the last to complain about the delay.

Chapter Three

Three weeks later, Avery was the first to walk through the front door, her hands full with the latest stop at the grocery store. Friday night was beginning to become a habit with dinner at Travis's followed with their usual run Saturday morning, then boning out in his living room Saturday afternoon. Whether the girls made it home before Sunday morning was always a toss up.

"I'm still stunned with that knock out," Kaitlyn said, closing the door behind Travis with a heel.

"I know!" Avery bemoaned, setting her bags down followed by the other two. "That jerk cost me fifty bucks."

"I told you not to make that bet," Travis admonished her, swatting her butt in tender reprimand.

She flung herself against the counter, huffing with her arms crossed, her lips out in a pout watching his shoulders and back flex as he moved. God, the man was gorgeous, was her only thought for several seconds. When he turned again, she asked him, "How did you know?" It was about all her brain could muster after that view.

Travis shrugged, filling the fridge with the makings for dinner. "It's a guy thing, I guess. He just wasn't on his game this afternoon." Avery had received ringside tickets through a raffle at work, and had decided to take her best friends rather than workmates. Didn't win her any popularity contests, but she didn't really have it in her to care.

"I just thought my luck would hold out I guess. I mean, I did win the tickets." She tapped her shoe on the floor, then absently butted the chair at the table with a fake kick.

"Aw, honey," Kaitlyn said, soothingly. "It was only fifty bucks." She gave Avery a kiss on the cheek, putting away the rest of the food in the cabinets.

"I know," she sighed, resigned. It was a rare expenditure and wouldn't really hurt her in the long run. It just stung. "It was an awesome fight though, wasn't it?" She grinned, pushing the lost bet out of her mind.

"Duked it out like animals," Kaitlyn agreed.

Avery hopped up on the counter watching Travis move around the kitchen with Kaitlyn, her feet swinging idly. She loved to watch them. They worked so well together in the kitchen, in harmony. She was not a cook and stood in awe to watch them pull delicious meals together. She helped with the clean up, but in the making, she was a disaster waiting to happen. After regaling Travis with a few stories that had him laughing until he doubled over, he agreed she needed to stay twenty paces back from the stove at all costs. Sliding in front of the cabinets, Travis let his hand slide over Kaitlyn's jean-clad ass, and Avery's nipples hardened as if she felt it herself.

That was one thing about Travis. He was always touching, always making them both feel included. He didn't play favorites between the women, and the longer they'd spent with him, the more time they shared with him, Avery was realizing what a real gem he was. She knew he found different parts of both of them attractive, but together they were a bomb to his senses. With Travis's dreamy brown eyes and hair that reached his collar with a little bit of a disobedient curl, he was too sexy for his own good.

He was a freaking god in bed, himself. He had incredible stamina, and always pleased the women before he ever let himself go, even once. There was a definite affection between them, and even though she wasn't sure enough so soon, she knew it had potential to grow to be something deeper. She recognized the signs. Avery wasn't stupid enough to dive into losing her heart to the man. She also knew she wouldn't do it without Kaitlyn. She'd walk away from the whole scenario if it got to that point. She'd always wanted to have someone to love her back though, and wasn't sure Travis would, not between the two women and she didn't want him to pick between the two. It was both or none. She loved Kaitlyn just as much, trusted her implicitly and respected her friendship way beyond any affection for any man. What the girls shared with Travis was understood, easy. A stronger friendship than most, but not living together. When the thought walked over her brain, Avery wondered if it was even possible, if more between them was possible, or wise. She just didn't know, and knowing the risks that were inherent in her own fantasies was hesitant to hope for it.

Without meaning to, a wistful sigh slipped out before she could stop it.

Standing nearly at her shoulder to reach for glasses, the object of her thoughts stopped and caught her gaze with a quizzical tilt of his chin. "What was that for, sweetheart?" Gentle hands lowered, one cradling her cheek and she swallowed. Oh boy, she could totally fall for him when he looked at her like that, his brown eyes

concerned and luscious, glowing with warmth and something that made her pulse run like fire through her veins.

Avery licked her lip, gathering her denial even as her heart thud like a runaway train in her chest.

“Shh,” he breathed, moving to stand between her slack thighs. He dragged a thumb over the damp heat of her lower lip. He didn’t say another word, just leaned into her. She met him halfway, pressing her lips to his and heard the low rumbled sound of pleasure that poured from his chest.

Tender fingers slipped from their hold into her hair, curling her into his arms. Closing her eyes, she let him sweep her away, and off her feet.

Devilish lips released hers, moving with sweet hesitancy across her cheek to breathe deliciously against her ear. “It’s okay,” he murmured, his tongue dancing wickedly against her earlobe.

Realizing his lips were gone, she opened her eyes and followed his hand as he lifted it, drawing Kaitlyn into the triad. Her hips swayed with the sultriness that Avery knew so well.

“Do you two mind if dinner is late tonight?” His voice had that rich rumble that made her heart skip and race against her ribs.

The fingers still holding her, stroked her neck massaging skin beneath her hair. Avery could barely breathe with the sensation of his body pressed to hers.

Kaitlyn’s hand rose to rest on her thigh, making them complete. “Not at all,” Kaitlyn replied. Her breathing had taken a definite hitch, adding color to her cheeks. Claiming Kaitlyn’s lips, he brushed a kiss to her waiting mouth, leaving Avery feeling hungrier by the minute.

Holding a hand apiece, he urged her off the counter and led them to his bedroom. The blinds were closed, muting the early evening starlight into scattered shadows across his bed and into the crooks and crannies. His room was decidedly masculine, but always seemed to welcome the two women, as if they belonged. Because he made them feel that they belonged. “Stay still, both of you,” he said, his voice graveled with need, but firm.

They stood only a foot or two apart. Avery shivered, catching Kaitlyn’s curious and heated glances. Bit by bit, he undressed them, unhurriedly stripping them with languid kisses on flesh that scorched with each touch. He removed shirts and bras with studied patience. A slight scrape against her breast sent a bolt of lust straight to her womb. One by one, he eased their shoes off, helping them shimmy out of their jeans and underwear. Light touches and strokes teased but never delivered more. Damp and swollen, she could barely keep herself from fidgeting in place. She shook with aching need by the time she stood naked before him. Brown eyes smoldered from beneath thick, dark lashes when he resumed his place before them, their clothes folded neatly on a chair. Heavy-lidded, his eyes roamed over them, taking his time to enjoy their shapes, their curves, their differences before he said or did anything else.

Almost as if he had a purpose, he strode to the bed and fluffed the pillows. “Kaitlyn.” She turned gliding up to his side, Avery following her every move. “Lay down.” There was no politeness in his voice. The words were sheer masculine command. Kaitlyn did as he said, propping herself up on the pillows, her every look trained on him. “Avery, there.”

Avery swallowed, a needy quake sliding down her spine. She walked to the opposite side and laid down the same as Kaitlyn. Her skin felt electric, sliding onto the cool sheet.

Travis tore his pullover from his body, tossing it with unconcern where he’d just taken the utmost care with theirs, mussing his hair, looking wilder than she’d ever seen him. Flexing his shoulders, he seemed bigger, stronger, and Avery felt her heart trip with an intense thud. The ridge in his jeans lay heavily against the material but he didn’t move one inch to complete his own undressing. Without apology, he lifted one of Kaitlyn’s legs, widening her position then grabbed a hand and placed it on her plump pussy, then rounding the bed did the same to Avery. She licked her lips, startled and excited. Then he stopped at the foot of the bed facing them standing like the captain at his helm, crossing his arms. His gaze glittered like laser beams locked on their bodies.

“Come for me.” Kaitlyn gasped at Travis’s direct order, but he shook his head silencing her. Anticipation made his eyes burn like hot-fired coals, his cheeks taut, but his voice was shockingly masterful. The wall of his summer tanned chest rose and fell with slow, even breaths proving his control of the moment. The very air in the room felt charged. “Not a word. Tonight, I am in charge. You are mine, my girls, my pleasure. You will do what I tell you without argument. You will come when I tell you to. You will please yourselves, you will pleasure each other, and when I tell you, you will pleasure me. Understood?”

Avery groaned uncontrollably with a shaky nod. Kaitlyn’s hissed moan was almost as deep sitting next to her.

Lids dropped to half mast as his sexy voice roamed over their senses. Avery couldn't help the shiver that rocked her frame, sure it vibrated the bed it was so sharp, waiting for the next moments with bated breath.

* * * *

Kaitlyn's fingers rested over the pulsating heat of her own body, waiting...waiting...and barely breathing with excitement. She loved his tone. The daring take everything look flared like smoky quartz in his eyes. The man was incredible. And she was so turned on, she *needed* to come.

A wicked taunt lifted a corner of his mouth when his searing gaze landed on her briefly. His next words made her wonder just how much he could read off of her face, or if he knew her mind so well already. "Better yet, play," he drawled, his voice so deep with devilry, she knew it hummed against her skin. *Cruel Travis*. But she didn't care. She loved the game. "I will tell you both when you can come. If either comes before I tell you, you will be the one to watch unable to touch me or yourself, understood?" His smile was pure evil.

Kaitlyn gulped, swallowing a mouthful of saliva. Her eyes drifted close, steeling herself. She'd be damned if she'd lose out this evening because of her own body's craving needs that were leaving her shaking they were so strong.

"Say it," he growled sharply. Her eyes snapped open, pinning her gaze to him instantly.

"Yes," they chorused, their voices as high strung as their bodies.

"Now, play," he crooned, the depth of his tone darker than the richest chocolate, and far more intoxicating. He dipped his chin, his gaze sizzling through the nighttime shadows.

Shudders flew over her frame when she slid her fingers into her drenched cleft. Avery's gasp was just as shattering. Too late, she realized just how well he could torture.

* * * *

Travis stood before them, watching their sweet flesh glisten with screaming hunger, with unfulfilled need. Their scents filled the room, rich and fragrant, ramping his own needs in surges of adrenaline. Breasts moved and ripened as their needs rose. Nipples hardened, demanding the feeling of his mouth, of his tongue lashing at them. His pulse beat wildly against his skin, his entire body feeling aflame with his own desires sitting right under the surface.

Moans and jagged gasps broke from them, fingers teasing their begging bodies, slick with their juices. He watched them both, watched the way they trembled, his heart thudding crazily with his own anticipations.

He loved to watch them. Loved to taste them. Loved to watch their pleasure escalate.

Sharp pants were echoed by mewls of need, their bodies writhing like wild creatures on his bed, caught up in their own pleasures, uninhibited, too beautiful to not watch. He kept his arms crossed because if he moved an inch, he'd be on that bed with them.

The strain of their self-control was beginning to show on their lovely faces, lush mouths gaping and gasping for air, striving for release, but staying just out of reach of it. Neither wanted to break.

He wanted to slam his cock into them, feel their dripping sweetness on his tongue. He didn't break his vigilant stance for a second.

Fuck that tight pussy baby, he ordered them silently, absorbed in the motions of their hands, watching them through narrowed eyes. Long fingers delved, stroked and twisted, pumping into their heat. They were gorgeous.

One long drawn breath calmed the heat in his blood, but only barely. "Now." He didn't raise his voice, he didn't bark. He didn't have to. But they heard him.

Screams filled his room as both hit the cliff and plummeted over the edge, their bodies arching in unison off the bed like twin bows. He didn't give them ten seconds to catch their breath. "Avery, flip."

She did, weakly, her eyes dazed as tremors still rocked both their bodies. Bodies he intended to savor like exquisite caviar tonight. He finally moved, keeping his own needs under stiff control. With tender hands he turned Avery onto her shoulder, looping her hand under Kaitlyn's thigh, propping her legs to open her right in front of Avery's succulent mouth. Lovingly, he swept her hair away, dropping a smoldering kiss to her neck, sucking lightly on the erratic pulse in her neck until she shook with renewed desire. A moment later he did the same thing to Kaitlyn. He knew they were far from shy and were uninhibited when it came to each other. Travis was enjoying their pleasure almost as if it were his own.

With both women where he wanted them, both their bodies soaked and dripping with the excess of their orgasms, he made them wait. The sight alone made him hyper-tight beneath his jeans zipper. Their anxiousness to

continue was in their sharp breaths, the tight grip of fingers on milky thighs, the quiver of hungry mouths and the twitch of their bodies when ragged breaths raced over sensitive flesh. They were completely his to do whatever he wanted. The truth of that sent a jolt of fire from every nerve right into his cock. He swallowed to clear his voice.

“Ready?” he asked. They both shivered, their voices shaky. “I didn’t hear you.”

“Yes!”

He smiled. He loved them like this, ferocious, desirous. *His girls*. God, how he loved these two. So engrossed in the moment, in their pleasure, he never even blinked at the thought. He lingered with a hand on Kaitlyn’s back, feeling the fine tremble of her body beneath his fingertips. “Now.”

They didn’t hesitate a second, diving into each other like they were starving, and utterly wanton. With unhurried hands, he undid his jeans, finally finding some relief to the pressure in his groin. Taking a few seconds to kick them and his shoes aside, he listened, anticipating. “Avery, stop. Kaitlyn, lick her until she screams.”

On a dime, Avery shifted and Kaitlyn rolled with her, leaping to kneel between shaking legs, forcing them wider to sip at her folds like a large dessert. Avery’s rising moans filled the room. “Not yet,” he warned her. She whimpered with a disappointed sound. Wrapping his hand into blonde hair, he tugged until her head hung off the edge of the bed. Looking down at her, he knew how much she loved to suck. Her face was flush, her brown eyes dark with lust and desire. “Take me deep, sweetheart.”

She opened those lush lips without hesitation, her hands reaching to pull him forward. Her nails dug into his hips, every motion a hairsbreadth from lust crazed. With steady strokes, he pumped into her mouth, feeling her tension rise as Kaitlyn rubbed and licked all over her slit.

Avery’s tongue on his flesh was earth-shattering. The way she drew him into her mouth made his legs tremble. Lifting his gaze from her swallowing his engorged cock helped, but only a little.

Watching Kaitlyn’s hot little tongue all over Avery’s body was erotic as hell, sending tremors through them all. Bending carefully to not hurt the woman in front of him, he tweaked her nipples in firm fingers, taut broad peaks that begged for suckling. Avery’s entire body vibrated. “Now, Kaitlyn. Make her scream.” Within seconds she was detonating.

Travis had to swallow his groan, his body tightening from his ankles to his shoulders. *So good*. Sliding free of Avery’s seductive mouth, he brought her up, kissing her once, thoroughly.

“Now?” she asked, panting.

He shook his head. “Neither of you have come enough.”

Whimpers from both made him grin. With a lingering kiss to each, he started them again.

Chapter Four

Kaitlyn lounged on her apartment balcony, sipping a hot tea to fight the first real blast of fall. It wouldn't last. The turning point of winter wasn't really due for another three weeks, but the winds were changing. It was on the horizon. Staring down into the liquid, the weather wasn't the only thing changing. Somehow, she'd fallen for Travis. That was a problem. She knew it. She just didn't know how to deal with it. She'd never cared for another guy like this, for a man who could make her tremble with a glance. He was sin incarnate. Tender, caring, attentive, and utterly devoted to both her and Avery.

She couldn't stay. Avery would be hurt if she knew. She snickered in the late day quiet. Hell, Travis might just wash his hands of everything if he knew Kaitlyn had sunk head over heels for the man. He was the consummate boyfriend. There when you needed him, and not when you didn't. There wasn't any excess of mushiness. Everything they did together was solid proof of how much they all trusted one another and how much they meant to each other. Travis was solid, dependable, hard working, sincere, sensitive, and he didn't play the favorites game between herself and Avery.

In other words, the perfect guy for a girl to fall for. This had never happened to Kaitlyn before. She was pretty sure Avery had no idea. It wasn't like her heart wore a sign with a flashing pointed arrow screaming out her poorly timed emotional fascination. She wanted to stay with Travis; *with* Avery was the only way she would. She just didn't feel complete without her best friend, but if Avery felt in anyway slighted because Kaitlyn had fallen for him, Avery would be crushed, then furious.

She would likely not be forgiving, either. That worry clouded her vision more. After more than nine years of ménage relationships, only two had lasted for any length of time. And unlike Travis, none had attracted both women like bees to honeysuckle. Travis was now nearing almost six months and it was the best six months she'd ever lived. Or loved.

Even worse, her apartment was coming due for renewal. She was fighting to not jump to hasty decisions, but not renewing was a good reason to end things. She could find a new apartment, in a new area.

Without Avery. Without Travis. Her bottom lip trembled, not prepared for the rending pain those four words dealt her.

A knock at her door startled her. Hastily she rubbed her eyes drying her tears on her jeans. Closing the glass door behind her, she placed her tea mug on the kitchen break shelf and walked to answer the door.

Peeping out, she spotted the profile, shaking her head in confusion. Opening the door, she found a specter from her past leaning against the wall that abutted her portico. "Rich?"

"Hi." Relief shined in his green eyes when he straightened off his shoulder. "I was hoping you'd still be here. I lost your number."

"My number?" she echoed numbly.

"Yeah, phone, buttons. I hear it's all the rage these days." His smile showed off the dimples she'd first found endearing, right before his eyes swung around and zeroed in on her.

She chuckled, remembering his humor. "What are you doing here?"

He glanced over her shoulder. "Can I come in? I just wanted to see you."

"Yeah, I guess so." She stepped back and let him in, closing the door. "Not exactly your side of town," she offered knowing her apartment was a far cry from his penthouse suite downtown.

His gaze lost some of its warmth. "Yeah, I wanted to apologize about that. I never meant to make you feel that way." He actually looked like he wanted to dig his toe into the carpet.

She crossed her arms. "Accepted, but it's kind of late for it now." That night was a long time forgotten. Treating her like a charity case to his hoity-toity friends. She was not destitute, which was how he'd made her sound. Destitute women didn't wear designer gowns and shoes. He was just money gone dumb. It happens.

"I was hoping you might be willing to give me, us, a second chance," he asked her hopefully. He lifted a hand, then dropped it, unsure.

She felt her lip lift in a derisive snarl. "Lowering your standards, Richard?"

"No!" He turned a half pace looking at the wall, then faced her again, his expression miserable. "I haven't been able to forget you."

"It took you over a year to 'remember' me?" she asked him incredulously.

"I knew I'd hurt you," he admitted, moving closer. This time he touched her, running his fingers tenderly over her chin. "I knew I had done it. I didn't want to own up to it, because then I'd have to admit I was wrong. Wrong in how I treated you, wrong in how I made you feel."

Was he actually saying he had feelings for her? Then? Now? Did she still feel anything for him? Could she? It only took a moment, a heartbeat really. "I'm sorry Rich. I'm involved with someone."

"So? You're not married or engaged." He pointedly looked at her bare fingers. "I still have a chance."

She tensed, ready to step back. He felt it, or anticipated it. His hand locked onto her, driving into her hair to stop her retreat and he grasped her hip with his other hand, sincerely looking into her eyes. "Kaitlyn, I'm saying I'm sorry. Don't make me beg."

"No," she stated firmly. "I'm seeing—" His lips landed on hers, silencing her argument with a thrusting tongue, trying to conquer all over again what had once been his, when the door burst in. Rich popped up just in time to meet Travis's fist. His punch didn't send him to the floor, but he was seeing stars when he focused. A nose bleed will do that to a person.

"Get out," Travis growled with a menacing fury. Kaitlyn hugged her body tighter watching Richard size up Travis. She realized then how well built Travis really was. Broad and solid put the smack down on Ivy League proper any day of the week.

"Fine! Freaking slut. How many dicks do you keep?" Kaitlyn gasped, stung and angered by Rich's barb but Travis took control of it.

With a grip fastened like steel around Rich's collar, he yanked him to the door and tossed him out. He rolled down five steps before he stopped himself.

"My lawyer will be in touch!" he shouted from the bottom, hobbling a little as he tried to straighten his clothes.

"Go ahead, assprick. I'm a witness to attempted rape." Travis crossed his arms waiting for the next volley, but Rich knew he'd been beaten. Kaitlyn watched him stalk to his car, waving his hand dramatically and cussing until he was driving away.

Kaitlyn shuddered. "You have impeccable timing."

He turned, walking in with her and shutting the door with a statement-sharp slap. Looping her into his arms, he told her, "I was climbing the stairs when I heard voices, and almost left. I'm glad I waited that extra three seconds." A finger under her chin had her tilting up. "You okay?"

"Yeah, he just kissed me." Travis brushed a thumb lovingly over her bottom lip, wiping Rich's memory away.

"An ex?"

"An old one," she confirmed.

"It's okay, baby. I got you," he murmured, wrapping her into his arms. She let her body mold to his, her hands circling his waist to hold on.

Kaitlyn fought the comforting sensations, liking it way too much. Pain ripped through her when she realized she had only one choice she could make. The only one that might salvage any of her friendship with Avery. She just knew her heart was bleeding on the inside because of it.

* * * *

Travis studied the girls as they jogged, taking peeks at them. Something was wrong. Both were quiet. It had been noticeable last weekend after Kaitlyn's little ex-boyfriend problem. It was definitely there now. That proverbial elephant in the room.

It was there for everyone to see, but no one wanted to mention it. And he knew talking wasn't his specialty. Listening he could do, but by their expressions, they weren't going to talk except under extreme torture.

He'd been trying to think of ways to broach the subject of having them move in with him. He'd been considering it for over a month, then that guy at Kaitlyn's had really pissed him off. He wanted them with him. He worried over them during the week. Travis knew he could take better care of them if they were with him. They loved their jobs so he knew they wouldn't stoop to mooching. He wanted to try to make this more permanent between them. It wasn't conventional, but he didn't care. These were his girls, two women that he cared for, two women that he adored and wanted to be with. He just wasn't sure how the girls felt.

Hiding his sigh, he knew today wasn't the day to ask either.

* * * *

Kaitlyn knocked on Avery's door Tuesday night. She'd cried all Monday after a beautiful weekend spent with Travis and Avery. If he suspected anything was wrong, he wasn't showing it. In fact, he wasn't showing much of anything. He'd grown quiet since Rich's appearance. Not stand offish, just withdrawn. It was time to move on before any more damage was done. To any of them.

The lock turned and she took a breath.

"Hey," she said when Avery's brown eyes caught hers.

She opened the door. They only lived two buildings apart so phone calls were basically unnecessary. This wasn't something she could do over the phone anyway.

Kaitlyn pulled the tossed sweater around her shoulders. The evenings were cooling faster with the change in the seasons. Her changes were already taking place. She just wasn't looking forward to those changes the way most people did.

Kaitlyn didn't bother with stalling. The faster she got this over with the less painful, or so she hoped anyway. "I wanted to tell you to your face. I'm moving."

"What?" Avery cried. There couldn't have been a bigger look of astonishment on her face at any other time.

"I gave my notice to not renew my apartment next month."

Avery sank down on her fluffy chair, one she'd dragged all over since college. The pink had faded to a near white blush, but it still had little tufts that stuck out from the faux fur on the back. "But why?" she asked, lost and forlorn.

"I got a new one, same price, a little closer to work, better location, newer." She ticked off the list slowing as she ran out, knowing she was only postponing the inevitable.

"That's not why," Avery challenged her. Kaitlyn played with the loose tie ends around her waist. Avery stood up. "Why are you leaving me?"

Kaitlyn winced. She knew she wouldn't get out of there without hurting her. "It's not you, honey. I just need to go."

Avery shook her head. "No. If it's not me then... Did Travis do something?" Avery's brown eyes were glistening, pain-filled and uncertain.

"No. Nothing." Kaitlyn sucked in a breath to halt the sob she felt rushing up to escape. "I'm doing this to try to save our friendship."

Avery's expression hardened. "I don't believe you. You would have talked to me about it if it was about us." She hissed his name under her breath. "He did this. What did he do?"

"No! I swear. He didn't do anything. He doesn't even know I'm leaving yet." Kaitlyn felt like a two foot tall pile of crap. "I wanted to tell you first."

Devastated, Avery sat back down, sliding her hands down her legs as though brushing a skirt down. "When do you leave?"

"At the end of the month." Two and half weeks was what she really meant, but it was implied without being any crueller than need be.

"So, you're breaking us up then?"

"Only for now," she reassured Avery. "We're still friends. I mean that. I just can't stay." Kaitlyn blinked hard, trying to hide the pain.

"When are you going to tell Travis? Because there is no us without you."

"He should be home now. I was going there next."

Avery nodded stiffly, her spine ramrod straight.

"Then I guess it's over."

"Just with him. There'll be another great guy, maybe even the one we each find—"

"And fall for?" Avery whispered brokenly, cutting her off. Blonde hair covered her face when she sagged forward.

Kaitlyn had to get out of there. Backing up, she put her hand on the door. "I'm keeping the same phone number," she offered. "I'll still be here."

When Avery didn't reply, she opened up the door and walked through it, dreading walking to Travis's for that goodbye.

Chapter Five

Avery knocked on Travis's door the Saturday after Kaitlyn left. She didn't want to run. She wanted to bawl her eyes out, but she'd already been doing that for days. It was hard enough being near Travis, in love with him and not showing it. Now Kaitlyn was gone and the hole she'd left between the three of them was as big as the Barringer Crater in Arizona. Maybe larger.

She knocked again, wondering why he was slow this morning when he was usually prompt to the door to meet them.

Finally, she heard the deadbolt scrape back, then the door gaped open. He stood in a pair of worn gray sweats and nothing else, blinking blankly at her, then he turned leaving her to walk in by herself.

She didn't have to ask. They weren't running. He looked like he had been up all night drinking. "Travis," she asked, shutting the door carefully behind her. He flung a hooked hand for her to follow.

Eyeing the kitchen, she spotted the empty remains of a large quart bottle on the counter surrounded by beer bottles. Fallen soldiers to the cause. "Please tell me you didn't drink that whole thing yourself," she asked, rushing up to him alarmed. Putting her arms around him, he looped one of his around her waist.

"No," he drawled. "Should've though." He toppled them both down onto his bed. Avery took her place under his shoulder naturally when he propped himself against the headboard. His head rolled back and he just sat there, sprawled and slack. "Why did she go, Avery? Did I do something wrong? Did we fuck up somewhere?"

It took her a minute to realize she wasn't the only one tending a broken heart. She closed her eyes not wanting to face the truth when she realized why he would be hurting so much. Love was the only reason he'd have a broken heart.

"You love her, don't you?"

He swallowed, slurring his words like an all night wino. He was still drunk, an exhausted drunk if he'd never gone to sleep last night. "I love both of you. I have for months." His head lolled to the side, resting against hers. "And she left."

She stilled. She didn't hear him right. Trembling, she leaned up, looking into his face. His dear face that was crossed with heartache and liquor induced numbness that would soon be pain judging by the size of that bottle. "You love us?"

He nodded. "Crazy, right? One guy, two girls. Not...right, but I don't care. You were my girls. I wanted you to move in." He made a raspberry sound. "Rent? Live here. I'd take good care of you. My girls," he murmured.

He became dead weight as he passed out in her arms.

* * * *

Sunday morning. He was guessing it was Sunday morning. He'd started drinking Friday after work, trying to numb the pain he'd been carrying all week and knew he'd passed out sometime after sunrise. So that would mean... He counted on his fingers slowly. Saturday then, Sunday now.

By the time he had that much figured out, his head was pounding with a dozen or so freight trains making circles between his ears. And none of their schedules were late.

"Hey," a gentle voice said from beside his shoulder. A sweet angel's voice.

"Avery?" He closed his eyes before they hit cracked, breathing carefully because if he did more, he knew he was going to die.

"Yeah."

"What are you doing here?"

"Making sure you don't kill yourself with alcohol poisoning."

"Shit," he mumbled. "Stupid."

"You're okay. You've been asleep for about eighteen hours now."

He grumbled to let her know he'd heard her. Moving wasn't an option yet.

"Here." A click and the light he was hiding from disappeared. "Is that better?"

"Yeah." He opened his eyes, surprised he could see even a little as much as they hurt. They felt dry and hot. "What time is it?"

"One in the morning."

"Sunday?" Just in case.

Her laugh was light and airy. "Yeah. Sunday."

He almost nodded, glad he wasn't losing his sanity along with his brains.

"Do you remember the last drink you had?"

Travis tried to think back. It really did prove to be a throbbing challenge. "I think it had been awhile before you showed up. I was about to find something else."

"Good thing I showed up, then," she told him. Her next words were much firmer, her worry too clear to be missed in the admonishment. "Don't do that again."

"Never like that. I promise." It hurt too fucking much. He would be paying for this for quite a while. "Why are you here? It's late..."

Tender hands swept over his forehead then landed on his shoulder. A moment later her head rested against him. "Shh. I'm not going anywhere. We'll talk in the morning. You need to finish sleeping this off now that I know you're going to be okay, alright handsome?"

His hand automatically curved over her waist, tugging her sweet curves flush to his body. "Anything sweetheart." He laid there on his back breathing, thankful he could when he asked her, "Are we going to get Kaitlyn back?"

"We're going to give it our best shot, babe. We're going to give it our best shot."

He nodded, holding her close, then he drifted back off to sleep.

* * * *

Avery knocked on Kaitlyn's new door on a Friday evening. "Come in!" Avery turned the knob and let herself in. "Hey," Kaitlyn called cautiously, walking from the back hall. There was a stilted nervousness in her step. Avery wasn't exactly ready to let her off the hook yet. She guessed that was where her bedroom was now. Their last places had been identical layouts. This was her first trip to Kaitlyn's new place. It was nicer, but it was lonely. She felt the absence of real energy as soon as she walked in the door.

"Hope I'm still welcome," she asked the woman standing in the apartment, closing the door quietly behind her.

"Of course!" Kaitlyn rushed up and immediately drew her into a hug. "You're always welcome baby. You know that." Avery's arms slipped around her friend.

"I missed you," she breathed.

"I missed you, too. I'm glad you called."

Avery hoped she felt that way ten minutes from now. "Can you do me a favor?"

"Sure. Anything." Kaitlyn was curious, but not concerned.

Avery tipped and brushed a kiss to Kaitlyn's lips. "Go to the bedroom and undress. I have a surprise for you. A new toy."

"Really!" Kaitlyn searched her. Avery wondered just what it was she was looking for and if she found it. "You've forgiven me?"

"No."

"Oh." Kaitlyn's shoulders sagged.

"You never explained—"

"It's hard."

Avery ran a hand up and sifted it through Kaitlyn's hair. "I want to save our friendship too."

Kaitlyn's relief was palatable. "I'm glad."

"Go," Avery pushed her gently. "I have to get it from the car. I didn't want to assume."

Kaitlyn swallowed, shaking her head in misery. "I know. This is my fault."

"We're going to fix it." *Me and Travis*. Kaitlyn's lips quivered and Avery was powerless to not soothe her. "You're still beautiful," she told her. "Now, go. On the bed. Just relax. You're going to love this. Something new and definitely naughty."

"Really?" Kaitlyn's eyes sparked as her excitement rose.

"Yep."

Kaitlyn let out a little squeal, whirling and rushing for the bedroom.

Stage one was complete. A pent up sigh seared her lips when it rushed free. Avery walked out the door and waved Travis up from the bottom of the stairs with the bag of ammunition. "She's undressing," she whispered. He

nodded, following her into the apartment, but stopped just inside the front door. Avery locked it then with a quick kiss to Travis, took the bag and romped into the room to find Kaitlyn laying down.

Without asking for permission, Avery began pulling cuffs and straps from the bag, quickly tying Kaitlyn to the bed. The last thing she did was place a blindfold over her. "Can you see?"

Kaitlyn turned her head back and forth on the stack of pillows behind her. "Nope, not a thing. What kind of surprise is this? You're usually the one in this position," she teased throatily.

"Table's been turned sweetheart," she answered.

"What kind of toy is this that I can't even see it first?" Kaitlyn asked, her voice pouty and playful, trusting Avery completely.

"You'll find out. Don't worry, you're going to love it." Just then Travis walked in, bare assed naked. His solid body made her heart beat a hard rhythm. He approached Avery and she cupped his rigid length.

"Get naked, baby," he breathed into her ear. "I've got to see you too."

Travis left her to strip, picking up the suede tipped strap, dragging it along Kaitlyn's body. She flinched and hissed in reaction. "That tickles!" she cried, writhing with growing excitement.

The loose end circled her tightening nipples, drifting up and down her body from her neck to her knees. Travis literally painted her body with the sensual tease of the suede, bringing Kaitlyn's arousal higher and higher. With a controlled hand, he lifted it and flicked at her breasts.

"Oh!" Then she moaned, shuddering. Avery watched the way Kaitlyn's body trembled, becoming centered to the erotic sensations now being inflicted on her skin. She'd loosely tied her long legs but she lay no less than spread eagle on the bed, open and utterly delicious looking. Travis worked the suede tip again, teasing her breasts, flicking over her nipples until harsh pants rushed from Kaitlyn's lush lips.

"You've been missed, Kaitlyn," Avery said, licking her lips. "Why did you leave?"

Travis didn't stop, the slow torture moving to the vee between her thighs, the suede tip lashing delicately, caressing alternately with the velvet covered handle over sensitive inner thigh nerves.

"I had to," she gasped, moaning when the butt of the handle *almost* touched her where she ached the most.

Avery climbed up the bed, sporting the new strap-on she'd picked specifically for this mission. Travis's gaze was glassy with lust, watching her body, and Kaitlyn's reactions. Avery blew him a kiss then tugged a pillow closer, urging Kaitlyn to lift her hips, sliding it beneath her.

"No you didn't," she retorted disbelieving. Travis stopped with the suede just before Avery lowered to lick at Kaitlyn's juicy body. Kaitlyn moaned louder, quivering, whimpering when she only did enough to tease, not to please. "You were scared."

"I didn't want to hurt you," she gasped out between harsh groans. "God that feels so good."

"Tell me the truth and you get the toy," she demanded, putting a hand over Kaitlyn's wet juncture. "Why did you leave?"

Kaitlyn drew a breath, debating, then finally giving in. "I fell in love with Travis. I didn't want to hurt either of you. I knew he probably wouldn't want either of us if he knew one of us had grown attached."

Avery gave an understanding and triumphant look to Travis. "Trust me," Avery said. "He wants us." Her grin turned wicked, lifting Kaitlyn's body. "Now you can have your toy." Then in one easy stroke she split Kaitlyn's pussy lips and slid into her heat.

"Oh God!" Kaitlyn shouted, shuddering. With that, Travis leaned over and began to suckle on one of her engorged nipples. Kaitlyn's shriek of surprise was even louder, a shocked shudder rippling down her length but dissipating with Avery's focus on the drive of her hips into Kaitlyn's waiting body.

Watching both their motions, he lifted a hand and traced Kaitlyn's mouth, lovingly sliding his finger over her lips. Hungrily, she drew his finger into her mouth, suckling in tandem with Avery's sliding strokes.

Grasping her breast in a hand, he leaned forward. "Do you want to suck me Kaitlyn?"

"Yes!" she cried, wanton and needy.

Avery leaned forward to get a burning kiss from Travis, then watched as he straddled Kaitlyn's upper body. His buttocks clenched as Kaitlyn wrapped her tongue over his tip and he let out a slow hiss.

"You were stupid to leave, sweetheart." His voice sent a shiver down Kaitlyn's body, wracking her hard against Avery's pelvis. She grunted in answer, grinding until Kaitlyn whimpered. He leaned forward and Avery followed the tight line of his back as he rose and lowered slowly, sliding between Kaitlyn's lips.

“That is so hot,” Avery choked out. “Come for me baby.” She encouraged Kaitlyn, rubbing her fingers into her clit as she slammed the fake dick into her hungry pussy. Kaitlyn groaned, wrenching and writhing as she flew right over her release.

Travis’s head snapped back, a thick sound roaring from his chest. Avery pulled back and yanked the belt away. Carnal groans slipped from Travis as he fought to hold on. “I’m going to come, Kaitlyn,” he bit out.

Avery watched as Kaitlyn intensified her efforts, sucking and swirling over his slick length. His hands grasped the headboard in grips of steel, rocking gently, letting her take the momentum. His body was incredible, toned and richly tanned, with Kaitlyn’s lips locked around him.

Avery ran her hands lovingly down Travis’s thighs, scraping her nails gently over their corded length as he shook with his impending release.

She was mesmerized by the way every muscle in his body clenched. He tipped back, arching as he shouted his release, thrusting into Kaitlyn’s mouth, jetting hotly into her as she swallowed and slurped.

“Shit,” he groaned a moment later, going slack. He slipped free, carefully rising over Kaitlyn’s still captured form to stand by the bed. He looped a hand around Avery’s waist, leaning to drop a kiss on Kaitlyn’s swollen lips. “By the way, I love you too,” he said over her lips just before he stood again.

Avery saw Kaitlyn freeze. “You do?” she asked, shaken and for the first time that Avery could remember, sounding unsure of herself.

Travis removed the blindfold, tossing it on the nightstand. “Yes. But because you ran instead of talking to us about it, you’re staying right there. You can get up to go to the bathroom, but you will do nothing else except what we want in that bed.”

“For how long?” Kaitlyn’s gray eyes swung between the both of them, a mix of emotions swirling in their depths.

“Until you decide you’re moving in with us,” Avery quipped. “Because, without you, there is no us. And I love you both.”

“It’s been miserable without you, Kaitlyn,” Travis said, sinking down to the bedside, tugging Avery down to his lap, but laying a hand in Kaitlyn’s to join them. Avery was glad to see her curl her fingers around his hand when he did. “We’re staying here, just like this until you decide you’re coming home.” Travis looked at Avery, flipping her hair back then looked at Kaitlyn with meaning. “I love my girls. You two are the most important part of my life. And I love you, both of you. I don’t know how to do this, how to make it anymore permanent than have you both move in, with me.”

* * * *

Travis waited with bated breath. He’d heard her say it, knew she meant it, but after some of the worst weeks of his life, he *needed* to have them home.

He watched Kaitlyn lick her blushed lips, casting a look to Avery nervously. “Move in with you? We’ve never done anything like that.”

Avery nodded then leaned to rest against his shoulder. “It hasn’t been the same the last six weeks with you gone. We’re not the same without you, and we didn’t even try. We’re not complete.”

Kaitlyn twitched a wrist, realizing that she really wasn’t going anywhere until they talked this out. “The cuffs, huh?”

“Fraid so,” Travis said, remorseless. “Does it seem like such a bad deal to you? You both said if you found a guy who loved you, you’d give it a try. Did you run because now that you know you love me, you didn’t want to share?” he asked, feeling a little sick to his stomach. He was sure someone out there would call him a sick bastard, but he knew how he felt, and it was for these two. The both of them.

“No! Why would you think that?” Kaitlyn was quick to deny.

“Because you ran,” he replied instantly. “I’ve been trying for months to think of how to ask, then that prick showed up at your place and it seemed to happen too fast from then.”

Kaitlyn turned away, but he didn’t let her. With a gentle hand on her chin he coaxed her back. “What happened?”

She lowered her lashes, not wanting to see his face, or let him see her mistaken pride. “I found myself liking having you there, wanting to rely on you,” she said in a choked voice. “You were my hero that day. I doubt Rich would have done much but the fact is you stopped him from doing anything at all.”

Avery nodded against his shoulder. "Always the independent one."

Kaitlyn snickered. "Yeah."

"Sweetheart," he said, soothingly. "You're my girls. I'm your guy. I'm going to protect you, no matter what." He stroked her with his hand. "I'm also going to love you, if you can handle that."

"I can," Avery piped up quietly. "Kaitlyn?"

Travis watched her swallow, her lips trembling slightly. "Yeah, I think I can handle that fine."

"Good." He set Avery on her feet and stood.

Kaitlyn flicked a hand. "Ah hem."

Travis's expression was innocent. "Yes?"

"The cuffs."

He shook his head. "Nope."

"But you said—"

"I did, and I meant it, but I'm not done with either of you yet, either." Travis saw her shiver. "We have all night," he told them, repeating the very words said to him that first night out on the town with these two. "And I plan on using it well."

Both Avery and Kaitlyn made sounds of anticipation, and Travis smiled at his lovely ladies.

Bio Page:

Diana DeRicci is the sexy, flirty pen name of Diana Castilleja. A romance author at heart, DeRicci's writing takes you into a saucier spectrum of sensuality and sexual adventure, where a happily-ever-after is still the key to any story.

Diana lives in Central Texas with her husband, one son and a feisty little Chihuahua named Rascal.

You can catch the latest news on all of Diana DeRicci's writing and books on her website: <http://www.dianadericci.com>,

Feel free to drop Diana an email. She'd love to hear from you.

Also from Diana DeRicci:

The Librarian's Secret:

Chapter One

Let me clear the air right now before we go any further. I was *not* a prostitute. As Victoria, I was a certified, trained, and educated Relationship Sex Therapist, with a psychology degree. There wasn't any radio talk show behind my work, or a secret Dear Madam newspaper column for what I did. There couldn't be. In order to know what was wrong with a couple, I had to meet with them, talk to them, listen to them. Hear their voices, understand their worries, fears and doubts. And hear what they felt their real obstacles were in the sexual department, because honestly, no two couples, if it were a couple, typically had the same problems verbatim. And on occasion, I would get naked with them, but that was a rare occurrence. I *know* the human body. More than that, I *love* the human body. Let me rephrase that. I have a *deep, unadulterated, hungry passion* for the human body.

The rough part was I was a dual persona. Clark Kent and Superman, if you will. My Clark Kent job was a library superintendent for the county. It was a standard eight to five kind of routine, overseeing three different library systems in my county. Lots of driving and paperwork. *Boooring*. The evenings though, those were a different story. I also had weekend hours to accommodate working people. The day job paid my bills. The therapy job fed my soul. I needed the therapy as much as my clients did. I just never knew it.

I'd hidden my fears, and my scars, as deep as they could go. I'd buried the real me for years and didn't have the strength to bring her back to the surface. That wasn't easy for me to admit then, either. My childhood, the hurts and pains I'd lived through didn't exist in Victoria's world. As Victoria, I ruled. And I rather liked my reign. I had respect on many levels, in two different careers. I had my own home, my own possessions.

I didn't have love. See, I had thought I didn't deserve it because of all the things I'd done. This was the beginning that changed it.

The epiphany was scary, exhilarating, shocking, terrifying even. Thankfully, by the time I got hit with that epiphany clue-by-four, there was a man in my life who was ready and willing to help me pick up the pieces. This is our story. It's also the only one I've ever wanted to write down. See, so much of what I do is of a personal nature, emotionally and physically, something like this being read out of context would see me getting sued! And we don't want that. Especially since I'm not even doing the therapy any longer, but that's for later in the story. But to protect the innocent, I'll change names.

It was actually Brad—I like that name—his wife Nancy, and their friend Cory—I'll get to him later—that gave me the incentive to write this down. It seemed fitting since their seeking me out for their problem became the catalyst behind the discovery and healing of my own problems. Problems I'd ignored, buried, and drowned into the blackest abyss of my subconsciousness. Yes, I was a therapist in desperate need of my own therapy. It wasn't so much this couple that prompted me to write this down, as the tangle of events that meeting them created. I'm very glad I did now, but in the beginning... Well, it will become apparent why I was nervous about this situation soon enough.

I met Brad and Nancy first and oh Mama! Was he sexy. She bagged herself a catch with this man for her husband, and wouldn't you know it? She was letting him rot like an old log.

Okay, that might be a bit strong, but the man obviously had frustration issues. It might seem like a trivial thing, but when a person has bottled up emotion and desires for a while, and after talking to him it came out that it had been quite a while, this lack of an outlet begins to have repercussions. Insecurity, frustration, doubt, and anger are often the most common. Just like any other relationship, communication is key. Oftentimes when it comes to sex, we just expect our partners to *know*. Last I heard E.S.P. doesn't come in a handy bottle form. He loved his wife. That I had no doubt, but he wanted new experiences. With her. And out of fear of disrupting the balance, never mentioned them.

After time, she picked up on the angst, took it for withdrawal and bam! One major misunderstanding. It had now festered until his greatest fear was that he was losing his wife. Seems simple enough in hindsight, but when there's enough tiny misunderstandings, one large one is usually the result.

I'll never forget the first time I met him. He had this slow southern drawl that could make women drool at ten paces. Nothing was ever spoken in a rush, and he had a voice like a king. Dark. Imperial. Still gives me shivers when I remember. Better than dark chocolate that man was.

Okay, so back to where I was going.

After several office sessions and breakthroughs, they anticipated taking the next step. It's an option I lay on the table when necessary. They can accept or decline, but often when a couple is making this kind of breakthrough, a sense of familiarity goes a long way. And I don't represent a threat to either.

We had an appointment to meet in the hotel bar, a usual for me. I liked dark corners and quiet most of the time. I always had. The chosen hotel was also well away from any place that I would normally be recognized. The meeting place was also in public, kind of like offering a final stand to change minds if necessary. After the office conferences, we all knew what they felt their problems were, and how they wanted to address them. And how they both wanted to get past them. I didn't think either would be changing their mind tonight.

Brad impressed me quite a lot from the beginning. In more than one way. Nancy was a lot shyer about discussing her sexual desires. I've noticed that can be very common in women. As if we're supposed to be ashamed to admit we want a climax. As if we're not supposed to really *want* to be satisfied, and should take it like a gift when it does happen.

My answer to that can't be said in polite company.

So I'll express it here: Fuck that! One thing I've learned is sex is a give and receive action. I like to do both.

During the office sessions, we conversed and did light situational testing. The "How do you feel... How do you think you'd react..." type of hypothesizing. Once they got over the initial embarrassment of discussing their sex life, which is something I'm always sensitive about, they both began to describe their home life in their own words. Over the last two years, Brad had been feeling more and more insecure with Nancy. Wary, and it was affecting their lovemaking. She wasn't demanding. Quite the opposite. She was repressing and he feared it was because of something he had done and either couldn't remember or was being blamed for something he had no clue about. They visited their regular therapist once or twice a year to clear the air and nothing had ever arisen. They had one of the strongest marriages I'd ever encountered, especially considering the steps they took to keep it strong. She came across as the quiet thinker, where, given the chance, Brad was a man of action. Now he wasn't sure if the root of their dysfunction was something either of them had delved deep enough to uncover.

Thus my involvement.

Like any male, he had fantasies. He also suspected Nancy had a few too, but real life factors kept them hidden, tight in a box. With her unwilling to discuss hers, he felt trapped unable to discuss his own. It was finally getting to the point where they both needed to let out the urges, either verbally or physically, or explode. Brad felt giving his wife a safe way to explore those hidden desires would unlock the heat and passion that had been slowly fading. He hadn't counted on finding the depth of his own fantasies along the way.

He was a smart man, though. Brad knew his insecurity to speak his own desires was just as much a stumbling block. They both needed a safe way to discuss, explore, and experience.

I really felt for them by this point and after several weeks, I presented the option to them to take it a step further. The proof that I wasn't too far off the mark in diagnosing their needs became apparent when she didn't run screaming away from the ideas I had suggested for this intimate session. Nancy knew what she wanted, but had never known how to put them to voice. Nancy became stronger in our sessions and finally admitted she knew what she wanted, but was still hesitant about putting that want to practice. Safety to explore was Nancy's largest concern.

Tonight we would touch, in more than one way, on her deepest desires. I sipped my drink while I waited for the couple, doing a mental rehearsal of the ideas we had discussed.

Brad was easy to spot as soon as he entered the bar. Late forties, with a touch of gray in his dark sandy blond hair right at the temples. That distinguished “better with age” look. Strong face and hands, and a body that was freaking solid. The woman in me couldn’t help but purr. The therapist kept her smile in place, relaxed as he approached. He wore a dusty-gray cowboy hat, a well tailored suit and scrumptious cowboy boots that screamed money. He walked right up to me and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

“Thank you for being here, Victoria,” he said in that swoon-worthy voice. “You look good enough to eat.”

I smirked then buried it. That was part of the plan. “Thank you.” My dress of choice had a loose cowl off the shoulder neckline that draped low over my chest, clinging to my curves in all the right places in a rich, deep green. I knew what worked. If his gaze was any indication, it was working like a charm. His inspection had hardly gone higher than my chin since he’d first spoken.

My Manhattan drink was cool in my palm. I sipped at it, then asked about Nancy, glancing around his shoulder.

“She’s coming. She was a little nervous. Stopped at the ladies room.”

I nodded, not really surprised. “She’ll be fine. You both will be. You both know tonight’s intentions and hopefully what the discoveries will open up for you. This is a great step to strengthen your relationship. Most don’t take the time, or are too frightened of the unknown to really challenge their own insecurities.”

“It’s no secret how much I love Nancy. Two of our best friends are divorcing. I don’t want to be them. I want her to be happy.”

“Strong sex, shared sex, can bring you together,” I told him, leaning closer to keep the conversation private. “Have you searched your memories like I asked? Those first dates? The first rush? It’s still there. It’s only that familiarity and time has dulled the sensation. It’s all grown up now, but it’s still there.”

Brad was the rock in the relationship. If he was confident and secure in tonight’s journey, that would greatly reduce Nancy’s apprehension.

He smiled, a knowing smile that was as sweet as it was sensual. “Yeah. She was something else back then. Still is. I know I haven’t told her often enough.”

“That’s easy to fix. Expression is important.” It was one of the points I’d counseled them on during the office sessions. It’s selfish to assume your partner knows you and your thoughts twenty-four/seven. He nodded in agreement. I knew he understood.

The bar where we waited for Nancy was elegant, with leather and deep, smoky wood details, with hazed mirrors on two walls, and the only visible neon was the requisite retail signs behind the bar and the big one outside the front door. Calming jazz and piano played in the background. This wasn’t a drunken nightclub. It was perfect for the image and state of relaxation I wanted both of my clients to absorb.

Let’s think about this a minute. How many would love to have their partner as their personal sex dream, sex kitten, or Adonis? Able to fulfill any desire suitable to that relationship? An equal partner to the give and take, where pleasure and passion have equal footing for both? This was one of the ideas I opened up for my clients. Why shouldn’t they enjoy each other? The human body was meant to experience touch, pleasure and pain, and react to it. One of our more enlightening conversations had been on how rare that balance really was between *any*—even married—couples. It helped Brad realize that what had happened between him and Nancy was just a matter of a hurdle, and it was only finding the right way over it to make it disappear.

While their relationship was normal for them, lacking substance and reciprocal physical attention was leading them to a dangerous side of need. Especially if they didn’t know how to broach the subject with the one person who could remove the danger element.

When in a solid relationship, either should feel unfettered and able to explore anything. This was actually far more rare than most think. People clam up, fearing their own needs and the reactions they might receive, or of disturbing their partner. Or worse, the balance of the relationship. There's a long list of excuses. Thankfully, we'd addressed a lot of those concerns already and I really felt these two were on the right path to solving their problem.

Nancy was a lovely average height platinum blonde, easy to spot as she entered from the side causeway from the hotel foyer. Two kids had given her a bit of a stomach but she worked out and took care of herself and the family. She wasn't a weak woman. I'd also seen how proud Brad was of all she'd accomplished with her life and kids.

He slipped an arm around her when she came into range and pressed a kiss to her temple.

I leaned forward and brushed a cheek to hers in greeting. "You look lovely, Nancy. I'm glad to see you."

"Me too," she replied firmly. She glanced at her husband. "You're sure about this?"

He hugged her snug. "Completely. We need a safe place with no kids, dogs or TV to bare everything."

I hid my smirk at his pun behind my glass. I sipped then said, "I assure you, nothing will be done that you don't agree to. Just like we discussed in the office sessions, we're only putting those desires into practice. You know I have a clean bill of health, and everything we need is already in place."

Her mouth made that silent 'o' shape. She was nervous but determined. There was something on her mind that I glimpsed once or twice but she still hadn't found the courage to put it into words. Tonight would likely fix that.

"Honest. This is what I do, Nancy." I had explained to them both before they'd agreed to this step how few I actually physically helped. Sometimes it was the encouragement more than the action that did the most good. I loved getting naked, but not at the expense of a client.

She tipped her head. "I thought it sounded insane at first, but it makes more and more sense."

"You trust me, right?" I asked, without inflection.

"Absolutely!" she stated.

"That is why you can be comfortable with this. It's like learning to trust a professor. You don't, not on the first day, but by the end of the second week, you believe he might just know what he's teaching. I'm here to teach you how to unlock what you're rediscovering in each other."

"I trust her," Brad told Nancy, drawing her attention up to him. "This will be good for us. What we want from each other is individual. I love you. I don't want to lose you because one of us isn't doing or saying the right thing."

"Excellent." I praised him for being so open. "It's actually just being free, following your desires, sharing the joy in expressing it with your partner. Even something as simple as vocalizing what might be on your mind in that moment. Many are programmed to never do that, to hate saying their deepest desires when lost in passion. That could be another avenue to try to see how it feels for the both of you." I gave them both an easy smile, not rushing any part of the evening, keeping the conversation slow and relaxed. "Sex should be enjoyed on all levels, not just the physical. It's a sensual act because you bring your senses to the party. Touch, taste, sound, smell and sight. Sometimes the most arousing thing and erotic thing is nothing more than watching your partner."

"Take your relationship," I offered. "Have you tried my suggestions to use candles in the bedroom, or shared a bath with music in the background and low lights?" They glanced at each other and Nancy blushed.

"We've used the candles, but it's hard with two teenagers at home to feel sexy."

I grinned. She had me there. I didn't have kids.

"Then tonight is about taking it to the next level."

Nancy tipped in agreement, curving more into Brad's body as he stroked a slow finger over her shoulder. I brought myself closer to her. On the side of her body that was blocked from the view of onlookers, I drifted the back of my hand down her body, caressing the swell of her breast. She was

tense and still a little nervous, but she was also slowly getting hot. Slowly unwinding. Sipping at her drink, her eyes locked on mine.

"A body is made to feel. The more you feel, the more you want to share that feeling. It escalates for the both of you."

"That is hot," Brad groaned, following the slow motion of my hand on her body.

"You like watching your wife, don't you, Brad?" I always reaffirm the relationship. I was an outside influence and would remain that way.

He looked at her, his heart in his eyes. "She's beautiful."

Nancy's cheeks pinked again. "It's been a while since you said so."

Her breasts rose and fell with heightened energy. The press of her nipples tipped the fabric of her blouse. It was hard not to look. Harder not to appreciate. She had a luscious body.

I finished my drink.

Time for the lesson to begin.

* * *

"Tell me the fantasy you've always wanted." I stood close to Nancy on the elevator, rising to the suite I had reserved for the evening for them. She gave me a wanton smile when I rested a hand on her lower back. I didn't remove it the entire trip upward, caressing and teasing the fabric of her blouse beneath my touch. Once or twice, I swept to caress the gentle slope of her ass. I felt her arousal heightening, flowing off her in waves. The more aroused she became, the more open she'd become to sharing.

I had ordered wine and champagne for the room. It was sitting out, breathing, or chilling and would be ready when we arrived.

"Well." She dipped her head, grinning mischievously. "He's watched me masturbate and I know how much that turns him on."

Brad groaned. Thank God the elevator stayed empty except for us. His slacks hid nothing.

"And?" I encouraged. Brad answered first.

"I've always wanted to watch her with another woman."

Typical, but easily fulfilled. "Nancy?"

The elevator doors slid open on silent runners. The hall beckoned. All three of us strolled easily toward the room. It was early evening but the low lights of the hall made it seem much later.

"How will that help us?" She was shooting lowered appraising looks at me, and I knew she was considering it.

"Fantasy is all about breathing life into your sex again. Some suggestions I've made are titillation, light bondage, and sex toys. Even something as simple as whipped cream or a body butter. Something sensory for the both of you. Just because it's more than you and him naked doesn't mean it isn't right. It's what you're both sharing and that you both enjoy it that counts. Doesn't the same coffeecake every morning get boring?"

It's one of the most simplistic comparisons you can make. An everyday norm associated to their sex life.

In answer: Hell yes it gets boring!

While I let them think about that, I opened the door with the pass key I'd stashed in my purse. The door closed behind us and I set the purse to the side. The front room was quite large, the bedroom doors open and inviting to the side. The entire suite smelled like jasmine and vanilla. I preferred this hotel because of the colors they used. Rich and vibrant in reds, russets and dark browns, a little more subdued for the bedrooms. None of that depressing teal and green that was everywhere.

"Nancy," I said. "Did you have a fantasy you wanted to explore or do you want to see where this goes? Let yourself experience the freedom of your body?" I neared her again, giving her a soothing expression. There was a game plan, but spontaneity could heighten the anticipation and the level of freedom. Plus, it put the ball in their court so to speak. They, as a couple, were making up the plays rather than following an itinerary. "Humans are sensual creatures. We crave touch, crave pleasure, but are taught to segregate it from our physical selves, to be turned on like a switch at will. You have more

control than that. *You* have the power to create it, not just receive it.” I gave both of them frank stares. “When you separate yourself constantly, you become apathetic to sex, to what it means, to how it can be enjoyed. I really feel this has happened to the both of you through time and real life intrusions. You have been blocking cravings. You’re both careful and considerate to not push, for those deeper wants. You’re safe in the status quo and don’t want to disturb it, but leaving it as is can be even more damaging. There is no one better to explore the unknown, all the wonders than the one person you cherish, trust and love above all others.”

Brad stood at my side, both listening intently, their gazes showing I’d hit the target full on.

“Don’t be scared to voice what you want in this room, either of you. This is a special haven to find your inner sensuality and embrace it. Once you’ve found it, you get to take it home and explore it even more.”

Brad grinned at that. “I like this idea,” he said.

He wasn’t the one I was worried about. Nancy was still watching me, neither of us really blinking as she absorbed the fact that it was *okay* to want. That it was *okay* to ask for her pleasures, for satisfaction. I didn’t think Brad was losing her at all. She was a mature woman, with kids. You did certain things in life, at certain ages.

Sexual freedom wasn’t typically one of them. That train had departed. Or so she thought.

I was going to fix that misconception.

One of my hands lifted between us, hovering then sliding along her jaw, caressing her. “Feel,” I crooned and her lashes fluttered closed. “Breathe.” She did. A small smile curved her lips. Vanilla, every time. Music played through the suite, a slow sultry jazz quartet that always made me think of humid nights and no clothes, sensual caresses and secret desires.

“Listen. To our breathing, the rush of your heart, even the music.” Her chest staggered as she did. With gentle pressure, I touched my thumb to her bottom lip. Her eyes opened and locked on mine. “Taste.”

The flicker of her tongue was hesitant against me but it only took a short second before she was opening to lick the pad of my thumb in fascination.

Most men who brought their wives to help unearth hidden desires easily digressed back to their late teen years. Brad was no different. Men and sex were synonymous. The male was made to procreate. It’s really a shame to me how women are force fed their submissive tendencies through their lives and then the men bitch when the women won’t come out of their shell to play. Go figure.

But Nancy was blooming before my eyes. The office sessions and confident support were doing wonders to awaken her dormant sexuality, to regain the heat of passion she’d been denying.

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