



Noble Erotic Romance

Roxanne Rhoads

No Place I'd Rather Be

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Book Blurb

Sonora is torn between a human and a vampire. How can she choose between the man who makes her feel safe and the vampire that makes her blood race? Sonora prays to the Goddess for guidance while harboring secret desires that her broody vampire, Brom, and her brawny human, Avery, can get past their jealousy and be willing to do more than just share the witch in the middle.

Can the Goddess grant Sonora's wish, or will she be stuck making an impossible choice?

No Place I'd Rather Be

By Roxanne Rhoads

Could I choose between them? Choose between the man who made me feel safe and the vampire that made my blood race?

Neither was perfect, but both were *oh so sexy*. Avery was a little rough around the edges and did a great job of hiding his emotions, while my vampire Brom's violent past left him broody and unpredictable.

My best friend, Sandra, had advised me to keep them both and enjoy the best of both worlds – the safety of humanity I so craved with Avery and the danger that thrilled me so much with Brom.

I just didn't know if I was a witch who could play two men against each other. I'd always been a one-man type of girl. But when one isn't really a man, when he is so much more, the rules had a tendency to bend and blur.

In my world, I had to wonder sometimes if there were any rules at all. I tried so hard to live like a human, love like a human, but honestly, at some point, I had to accept I am not human. And neither is Brom. The only human in my equation was Avery, and if he had a problem with what we are, with what *I am* . . . Well, let's just say he had to make the decision to either step into my world completely and accept me for the monster I am, or walk away and never look back.

A born witch, I never asked to be this way. I was raised to be with my own kind, then I fell for a vampire, then soon after that, I fell for a man . . . a human man who I had actually been trying really hard not to fall for. Both vamps and men were forbidden in my circle, but if my coven were to choose, the vampire would be the better choice.

Being with a human could pose way too many problems, especially a human like Avery who had a problem with the monsters.

I didn't want to choose between them. They were both so . . . so . . . *so damn delicious*.

So I found myself wedged between a cock and hard place. Not necessarily a bad place to be.

I wished I could keep them both, that they would willingly share me. *Perhaps at the same time.*

Oh, I know it's a little taboo, but I really had hopes the two men of my fantasies might think less about tearing each other apart and more about doing more intimate things to me . . . together . . . and just maybe to *each other*.

I know, witchful thinking, right? But damn, it would have made my life easier. And so much hotter. I wouldn't have to play them against each other; instead, I could play with them . . . together. I could even watch the two of them play – with each other. Goddess, wouldn't that be a sight?

I grew a little moist just thinking about their hard cocks wedged against each other . . . inside me. My body quivered.

I had never even come close to being with two men at the same time.

I knew Brom had some experience with other men; it seemed par for the course a vampire who lived for centuries would experiment sexually. I mean, *come on*, when you can live for *eternity*, the hang-ups humans have about sex become a bit petty and tedious. Plus, after awhile, I am sure the same ol' same ol' might grow tiresome, and the desire to try new experiences would become intense.

Avery was a different story; being human made him a tad bit homophobic. Confusing thoughts and societal acceptance made many men at least slightly homophobic. Some guys freaked about every little thing, worrying something they might do would be perceived as gay, while other guys are totally comfortable with their sexuality and don't even seem to even care. I would never understand men; at least women were usually more open to the whole bisexual thing.

Honestly, I think everyone is really bisexual, most of us just never act on it or experiment with it. I had. I loved having sex with other women – soft curves and round breasts – but when it came right down to what I really preferred sexually, well, I loved nothing more than a big, hard, cock buried inside me. I had fantasized about two guys

at once before but never even considered someday it might be a reality – not until I met Avery and Brom. The thought of sexually having them both at the same time almost had me heading to my bedroom to find a few toys.

Even though it was supposed to be a man-free, sex-free night for me.

It was my night to have quiet time to relax, to think, to read. I had a pile of books waiting for me. I had been so wrapped up with Avery and Brom, I had not picked up a book in weeks. Keeping them appeased kept me very busy. Two hot, horny studs who were always ready for a wild romp had left me almost exhausted. Almost.

Avery and Brom were pressing me to choose between them, and I couldn't possibly do that without doing some serious thinking, which I could not do while having my brains bonked out by one of them. I wondered if they would always be so amorous, or if they were really trying to out-screw the other one. Sex alone would not have me picking and choosing between them. They both rocked my world.

I shook my head. Forget about them, I told myself. I needed to relax. So I decided to relish my "me time" like you wouldn't believe. I flipped on some soft music, grabbed a book, poured a glass of red wine, and briefly considered grabbing those toys. *Nah, not now . . .* but maybe I'd get them later.

I curled up on the sofa and forgot about everything, immersing myself in a book. Just when the book started getting really good – and steamy – the doorbell rang.

I should have known the quiet wouldn't last.

Before answering the door, I smoothed down my long, flowing skirt, pulled the rumples out of my tight sweater, and quickly glanced in the hall mirror to make sure my hair wasn't sticking up in some weird way. I also checked to make sure my makeup looked good. Then I opened the door . . . and found Avery standing there. I knew it would be one of them.

And *damn*, he looked fine. Under his black leather jacket, Avery wore faded blue jeans topped with a charcoal colored t-shirt. Rugged black biker boots finished his causal look. Everything fit just right – tight enough to show off his muscles and other

manly assets yet loose enough to make movement easy. I loved seeing him out of his normal suit and tie.

A hesitant smile brightened his chiseled features and crinkled the corners of his blue eyes. "Hi, Sonny. Not busy, are you?" He glanced over my shoulder, probably checking to see if I was alone.

My body warmed at the sound of him calling me Sonny. No one else called me Sonny; everyone else called me Sonora or just Nora. I didn't let *anyone* else get away with calling me Sonny. I used to hate it, back when I tried to keep Avery at arm's length so we could maintain a proper human-witch relationship. Since that had all been blown out of the water, I let myself acknowledge my feelings for him and open myself to the possibilities of having a real relationship with him.

"Hi, Avery. Come on in, have a seat. I am having a glass of wine and relaxing. Would you like a glass, or would you rather have a Corona?" I smiled, remembering the last time we shared drinks on my sofa. I knew Coronas were his favorite beer, mine too. They were the only beer I ever bought.

"A Corona would be great," he said as he sauntered in and tossed his leather jacket over the back of the recliner. He moved like a large cat, all grace and gliding muscle. He sat down on the sofa and put his feet up on the coffee table. Good thing I wasn't prissy about those things. Also a good thing I preferred sturdy furniture over feminine and flimsy; otherwise, his massive legs might have caused some damage.

I went to the kitchen to grab his Corona—with a lime wedge—and refilled my glass of wine. I came back out to find him flipping through the book I had left on the coffee table. My cheeks burned. It was a naughty erotica book my best friend, Sandra, had given me. She hoped to open me up to new sexual experiences. The book was about a woman . . . and two guys. No wonder I'd had such decadent ideas stuck in my head lately.

Crap on a broomstick. I knew I must have turned about seven shades of red, because my body flamed with embarrassed heat. Avery gave me a sexy little smirk, the one that totally drives me crazy.

"This is some interesting reading you have here, Sonny. I didn't know you had such . . . um . . . *vivid* tastes in reading materials." His smile got even bigger.

I handed him his Corona and sat down next to him, snatching the book out of his hands.

"Sandra gave it to me. It's not the kind of book I normally read." I said, trying to squash the embarrassment flooding my neurons.

He smiled and leaned over to kiss me. "Has it given you any ideas?" he asked, right before his lips met mine.

I leaned into his kiss, letting the sparks fly and the heat flow. The man knew how to kiss, gentle yet firm, his full lips pressing into mine, leading me into a world of pleasure and potential.

His hand inched its way beneath my sweater, causing me to inhale sharply and hold my breath, waiting, wanting, needing him to go further. His hand grazed my bra, and he had just parted my lips with his thrusting tongue when the doorbell rang . . . again.

I knew it was Brom.

I pulled away from him as energy coursed through my body and very different images than the ones I had earlier of Avery and Brom flooded my brain. This time, they were fighting and arguing instead of being sexy with me. Damn and hot, double, wicked damn. This wasn't good.

I looked at Avery. His eyes narrowed. A bit of fear began to bubble up inside me. He knew Brom was on the other side of the door, too.

"You should have told me you were expecting company; I wouldn't have stayed," he snarled quietly as he stood up, body tight. His stance said he was ready to fight.

Not in my house, damnit.

"I wasn't, I didn't, I'm sorry." I fumbled for the right words, not knowing what to say and not wanting to set him off.

The doorbell rang again.

"You going to answer that, or should I?" He ran one hand through his hair while the other hand curled into a fist at his side. To anyone else, he'd appear outwardly calm, but I knew him too well and could sense his inner turmoil. He could spring into action at any moment.

I hopped off the sofa. "I'll get it." No way in hell did I want Avery to answer the door. Brom would take one look and think the worst, and then all hell would break loose. I had to figure out how to diffuse the situation quickly before someone's temper pushed things too far.

I took a deep breath and opened the door, bracing myself for what was going to happen.

Brom stood there smiling, with a whole lot of fang showing. He looked to the driveway at the truck sitting there, then looked over my shoulder. "I know you have company. I wasn't going to stop, but then I decided I am not going to just roll over and let him win. I have played nice and let the two of you have your alone time, but enough is enough. Tonight, I want you, and I can't let him have you all to himself. I am man enough to stand up and fight for you. To declare you are mine."

Avery snorted as he walked up behind me. "Man enough? You aren't a man at all; you're a fucking monster, fang face."

Really, name-calling? Could he be more childish? I turned and gave Avery a dirty look, then turned back to Brom. "Thank you for dropping by and declaring your intentions without just busting in, but right now may not be the best time to have this discussion." I decided not to point out it wasn't the middle ages, and he couldn't just 'declare me' his.

Brom pushed me aside and stormed in, only to stop right in front of Avery. They stood there eyeballing each other. Avery was a little taller and a lot broader, but I knew Brom, with his vampire strength, would make toast out of Avery real fast if things got ugly.

"You think you have what it takes to win her heart, Avery?"

"I know I do," Avery replied cockily. "She needs a man who isn't a monster, a man who isn't going to eat her alive."

Brom blanched at that comment, and I wondered if Avery knew what Brom had done. He couldn't have; Avery would have staked him by now if he knew. I gingerly rubbed at the spot on my neck where Brom had bit me after he had a run in with a werewolf. He hadn't been himself. I didn't blame him for what he did.

Avery would.

Brom composed himself and said, "I think you have forgotten one key point about Sonora."

"Yeah, what's that?" Avery asked with a sneer.

"She's one of the monsters, too. You either keep forgetting that or you choose to ignore it."

Avery paled a bit but pressed on. "Doesn't matter, she's not like you. She's more human than you are. I accept her for what she is . . . and I love her for *who* she is."

I gasped with surprise when Avery said he loved me. I hadn't seen that one coming. Brom looked stricken and suddenly very sad and weary. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, then slowly opened them again. He looked at me, then at Avery, then back to me. His look told me he struggled to make a decision.

He asked quietly, "Do you love him, Sonora?"

Totally *not* what I expected to come out of his mouth. I wasn't ready for that question. Had I not been pondering this whole mess earlier? I *really* could have used more time to myself to think about it.

Goddess, help me, I prayed.

I stood there, silent and shaking, hoping Brom wouldn't make me answer, but he pressed on. I continued with my silent pleas to the Goddess for help, for guidance.

"What about me, Sonora, do you love me?" Brom asked quietly.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! What should I say? Yes? Yes, I loved them both? Was it possible to love two men at the same time? How would that work out?

"Yes," I whispered. *What?* Had I said that? Could this truly be what the Goddess wanted me to do? Did the Goddess want me to be with them both?

"Yes, what?" they asked in unison as they both stared wide eyed at me.

"Yes, I love you. *Both of you.* I love both of you; please don't make me choose between you. I can't. I've been trying for days, hell *weeks*. I just can't decide. I love both of you too much to pick one of you and discard the other." I started crying, the emotion completely overwhelming. There, I'd admitted my true feelings—to them and to myself. Great, now everything was out in the open. This path down which the Goddess had guided me. So why didn't I feel any better?

I looked at the two men staring at me in shock. I watched the emotions and thoughts flicker across both of their faces. It looked as if they were running through everything in their heads, trying to figure out what to do about it, how to win me, how to keep me, how to get what they wanted without losing me. At that moment, I was absolutely sure they knew if one of them hurt—or worse, *killed*—the other, then neither of them would end up with me.

A vision filled my head as the two men locked eyes with each other. They had accepted their fate. If they were to have me at all, they were going to have to share. I could see the fight going out of both of them as they looked into each other's eyes. What I wouldn't give to be able to read minds. Brom's lips quirked into a sly smile as he eyed Avery up and down. Avery shifted nervously when Brom's gaze came to rest on the bulge in the front of Avery's jeans. Brom licked his lips.

Holy witches' broomsticks, how much do you want to bet the Goddess guiding my way was none other than Aphrodite herself? I think she influenced my men, as well. Sexy little minx liked to get witches all caught up in naughty, yet utterly sexy situations. I just hoped I'd be thanking her later and not asking her why she had pushed me in this direction.

I suddenly knew what I had to do. I couldn't believe my actions as I peeled off my sweater and tossed it onto the recliner, then pushed my skirt down into a pile at my feet and kicked it off. I stood there in just my bra and panties while both the guys stared

at me with their jaws hanging open. The men were so utterly different, the sight of them wearing identical expressions of disbelief could almost be described as comical.

If I hadn't been receiving help from the Goddess, I would probably have been wearing the same shocked expression myself.

Thanks to the Goddess's guidance and a few naughty ideas from the kinky book I had been reading, I made up my mind to go for it. *It* being both my hot guys *at the same time*. I prayed no one got killed in the process.

The thought of having them both sent amazing thrills of electricity coursing through my body; heat flowed directly to my core, making me moist with anticipation. My nipples were so taut they jutted straight out from my body, begging to be caressed and nibbled upon. Every part of me tingled with need.

Brom's nostrils flared.

Avery's eyes bulged as he said, "Now hold on a minute, Sonny, and think about this."

"Yes, Sonora, let's stop and think about this before rushing into something you aren't ready for," Brom interjected.

I laughed huskily as I sauntered over to Brom. I felt like some other woman had crawled into my skin, someone sexy and confident. "Oh, Brom, I know you, of all people, aren't going to be the one to lecture me about sex. You've got oodles of experience, and you've seen and done things I couldn't even imagine."

Brom looked at me, then over to Avery. I could feel Avery's heat and his hesitation but also his consignment to being part of this. I kissed Brom's lips gently, then turned around to face Avery and pull him closer. I caressed his strong jaw and ran my thumb across his lower lip. He looked at me through lowered lashes, and I could tell he wanted me, wanted *this*, but there was still some hesitation, some worry inside him. He struggled. I wanted the struggle gone. I decided to give him something to distract him.

Glancing over my shoulder at Brom, I lifted my long hair off my back, "Could you undo my bra, please?"

Brom unhooked my bra slowly while I stared into Avery's now-wide eyes. Brom removed my bra and curled up behind me, pressing his body against mine. He reached around and cupped my breasts, kneading them, caressing them while Avery watched every move we made. My nipples grew tauter as desire and need coursed through me. I could see Avery was fully aroused; the length of his cock strained at the denim encasing him. I stepped forward, and Brom moved with me.

I reached up and kissed Avery, pushing my tongue between his lips, encouraging him to return my passion. He did so, at first with hesitation, then after a glance over my shoulder, putting everything he had into it, showing me his passion, his desire, his fear. I drank it all in like it was fine wine. I took it all, letting it flow over me, into me, through me. His desire tasted delicious upon my lips.

Avery's hands settled on my hips, then moved to delicately caress my body. Brom shivered slightly when one of Avery's hands accidentally brushed against his stomach . . . then hit a little lower. Avery hesitated briefly, then continued on. Not so delicately anymore, his hands freely roamed my body, explored my skin, and he no longer seemed to care if he brushed against Brom. He tested the waters. I think he realized he had free rein . . . and the upper hand. If he chose to play his cards right.

My hands found their way to Avery's zipper, and I soon had his shaft freed from the tight, denim constraints. Avery groaned softly into my mouth when I wrapped my hand around him and gently moved up and down the long length of him. For a brief moment, one of Brom's hands covered mine, then moved over mine to just barely caress the length of Avery's shaft, ever so softly. Caught up in kissing me, Avery didn't seem to notice it wasn't just my hand on him.

Brom then stopped fondling my breasts and Avery's cock and made his way down my backside to remove my panties. He tossed them into the pile with the rest of my clothing. His lips kissed designs down my back, then moved lower, sending little shivers of pleasure through me as he gently nibbled and licked various spots on my backside.

He pushed my thighs apart so he could move between them and caress my red-hot core. A finger parted my folds, and I gasped as he slid right into my desire-slick center. I stroked Avery's cock, which pushed against my belly, while Brom's finger thrust in and out of me.

I suddenly realized I was naked between two gorgeous men who were both still fully clothed. "Get naked," I commanded them with an authority I had never before felt.

I felt so powerful, so sexy, and so in control. What a rush. I almost *spelled* their clothes off, but with the way my powers worked, things could have gone very wrong. So I let them undress themselves . . . and goddess, what a *sight*. Two beautiful men eagerly shedding their clothes in front of me Holy witch on wheels, I was experiencing a high like no other.

I drank in the beauty of the naked man flesh moving before my eyes. Brom's pale body moved with lean muscles as his long, blond hair shimmered in the light. Avery's shorter, darker hair glimmered with dark depths.

Avery's tan skin was dark compared to Brom's. His bulky build made Brom appear smaller. While Brom was built like a martial artist, Avery's body was more like that of a brawny street fighter. Avery's dark, midnight-blue and heavy-lidded eyes were filled with desire, while Brom's catlike green eyes glimmered with hot fire.

Both were the most exquisite examples of male beauty I ever had the pleasure of laying eyes upon.

Once both men were completely naked, they looked each other up and down. "Sizing up" the competition, I suppose, they seemed to be comparing penis sizes. Brom's gaze was openly admiring, while Avery seemed a little more hesitant, a little shyer about looking at Brom.

Hmm . . . I would have to say they were about even in size. I licked my lips as I admired the view. Both men were quite well endowed at about nine inches long. Brom's cock stood mysterious, hooded, uncircumcised, while Avery's cock jutted out—long, thick, and fat, with a gloriously large head perfectly proportioned and positively glistening, eagerly waiting for me.

My body hummed with anticipation and something else . . . magick, perhaps.

Once they finished sizing each other up – which I must admit was a complete turn on in itself, watching two *straight* men look at each other's naked and aroused flesh – they turned to me.

Oh, goodie, my turn. I had been waiting, eager to be the center of attention, the naughty witch in the middle. Exactly where I wanted to be.

I smiled and held out my hands. They both came to me, one on each side. Then hands were everywhere. I couldn't keep track of whose hands were on what body part. They kissed, caressed, and licked all over my body, sucking at various parts, sending shivers of delight all through me. I closed my eyes so I could enjoy the sensation of a mouth on my breast while another mouth kissed its way down my neck and then . . . to the other breast.

Oh my Goddess! If you've never had two mouths sensually sucking at each breast at the same time, then you can't even begin to imagine the sensations coursing through me. The pleasure went directly from my nipples to my aching pussy. I felt so hot, hotter than I had ever been in my life. I opened my eyes and took in the sight of two gorgeous men suckling at my breasts.

My knees gave out, and I started to crumple to the floor, but they caught me before I fell. Kinda. They stopped me from hitting the floor. But in the rush to grab me and not let me fall, they lost balance, and we all crashed onto the floor in a tangle of limbs with me sprawled on top of them.

I sat up to get a good look at both men on their backs under me. There went that power trip again. I eased my way down their bodies, kissing them both alternately from the neck down. I trailed kisses and quick licks across muscled chests and well-defined abs, down lower to dip my tongue into belly buttons. With my hands, I slowly caressed them, teased them. I cupped their balls in each hand, then moved higher. I wrapped a hand around each of their cocks and started slowly pumping up and down. They moaned simultaneously. Brom's growl sent shivers through me, while Avery's delicious sound of male ecstasy rippled across my skin. Avery threw his head back and closed his

eyes, while Brom watched me like a hawk studying its prey. His intense stare made me shiver, but I ignored it and moved in to lick Avery's cock, never easing my grip on Brom's hard shaft.

I started at the base of Avery's cock and licked my way to the top, flicking my tongue over all his veins and curves, dipping my tongue into his opening. I swirled my tongue around the tip and circled the underneath of the rim. Avery writhed underneath me. Brom never broke eye contact with me while I plunged down on Avery, taking his cock deep into my throat. Up and down I went, swirling my tongue around his shaft on the upstroke. Brom never looked away. In fact, he looked as if he'd like to be the one devouring Avery. Then his hand joined mine at the base of Avery's shaft and began working us up and down together. And all the while he watched me. The energy in the room built; I could feel it pulsing inside me. Brom's fangs were fully descended, showcasing his full blown arousal. The sight served to intensify my own cravings and power.

Avery sat up slightly. A mixture of desire and fear filled his eyes. When his gaze fell upon Brom's hand on his cock, he tensed as if readying to flee. I let go of Brom and put my hand on Avery's thigh to calm him. He didn't say anything or move away, but he glanced nervously back and forth between Brom and me. Brom's other hand came to rest on Avery's thigh, dangerously close to mine. Avery twitched, but he didn't push it away. The look he gave Brom closed in on being dangerous. Brom pushed too hard too fast. I needed to slow things down.

I continued to lick and suck on Avery for a few moments while Avery and Brom stared at each other. I decided to break up the intense staring match. I stopped going down on Avery and moved over to Brom. When I removed my hand from Avery's cock, Brom left his there for just a moment, long enough for Avery to catch a glimpse of another man's hand wrapped around his length. Brom gave him one long, squeezing stroke upward, then released him and focused on me. I glanced to Avery before turning my attention completely to Brom. Avery's look remained unreadable.

I arranged my body so my ass and legs draped across Avery, while my upper body spilled partially across Brom. Avery seemed unaffected by Brom's actions and grabbed my ass, squeezing it playfully. Then he snaked a hand between my legs and slid a finger right into my soaked core. I moaned around Brom's cock, causing him to stiffen and twitch in my mouth. I pulled away, not wanting him to come yet.

He took advantage of the moment to move out from under me and rise to his knees in front of me. Avery followed his lead and got to his knees behind me, grabbing my butt and kneading both cheeks, spreading me open and leaving me feeling exposed and very, very empty. I looked up at Brom. His eyes were focused behind me, his expression intense. Before I could turn around, Avery plunged into me from behind. I gasped and fell forward as my body adjusted to the massive girth inside me. I moaned as Avery thrust into me hard and fast. His thick cock hit all the right places inside me, pushing hard against my sweet spot, forcing such intense sensation my knees threatened to give out as my body trembled.

Brom put his hand under my chin and lifted my head. I opened my eyes to find his cock in my face, pushing against my lips. I willingly sucked him in, moving back and forth on his thick, veiny shaft as the implications of what we were doing fully hit me. I felt a massive orgasm begin to build. Power and energy raced, zinging around my body, threatening to set me on fire. I wondered if the guys could feel it.

After a few moments, Avery slowed inside me, and Brom pulled out of my mouth. Avery pulled his cock out of me and grabbed a pillow from the sofa. He lay down on the floor with the big pillow under his upper body.

"Come here, Sonny," he said, his voice deeper than ever before.

The rumble excited me and sent me in his direction. I crawled over to him, sexy as I could manage, and covered his body with mine. I kissed him, sweet, heavy, and deep. A kiss that made me melt as I rubbed my body over his, teasing his cock with my wetness. Goddess help me, my body burned with need. The sensations were all amplified. Everything felt erotically charged. It was . . . indescribable.

Poised to push Avery inside me, I stilled as Brom's body pressed against my back. He covered my body with his. I shivered as Brom rained kisses across my neck and my shoulders. His cock slid between my buttocks.

I could feel both men between my legs; Brom's length pointed down along my backside while Avery's cock moved under me. Soaked in my wetness, he rubbed smoothly against my clit. If Brom moved just right . . .

Avery stilled. I could feel everything, and I realized the tip of Brom's cock had just slid against the base of Avery's, brushed under his balls, and came to rest at his anus. I stopped moving and looked at Avery. He looked panicked, like he didn't know what to do. *Ahh, the weirdness of threesome etiquette.* I could tell Avery had never been in this position before. Even *I* felt a little squicked out by it. I could sense Brom would have no problem plunging his hard cock into any hole in front of him, male or female.

We all lay there very still for a moment, and then Brom finally said, "Avery, if this positioning is going to bother you, I can move somewhere else."

Avery took a deep breath before he responded. "No, just give me a minute to accept this. You know I've never been here before. It's a little weird for me."

"I'm not going to try to fuck you" — he shyly looked at me — "unless you want me to." The hint of a naughty smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

Their eyes met over my shoulder, and then . . . they both relaxed. I wondered if Brom wasn't using a bit of mind control on Avery to calm him. I really hoped not. I wanted Avery to accept the situation of his own volition. I relaxed once again when I felt Brom move closer to me, almost into me, sliding his cock up and over the top of Avery's.

Avery tensed again, all his muscles on high alert. I felt him fight the urge to jump off the floor and run, run far away from the monsters that lured him into unthinkable and depraved sexual situations. I don't know if Avery actually thought that. I could imagine him thinking it. I didn't dwell on it too long, though, because I lost myself in the sexual fantasy come true playing out in my living room.

My body rocked out a major orgasm as their two large cocks slid around side by side underneath my pussy, gliding in my wetness over and next to each other.

I trembled and quaked as I let out a howl of purely divine pleasure. I came hard. Wave after wave crashed inside me and rolled out like the tide.

As I quivered with aftershocks, Avery slid his shaft inside me, which caused a tsunami of an orgasm to hit me. It made the one before feel like a wave in a kiddie pool.

My body rocked and shook. Brom held me tight, his cock pushing hard against my back while Avery plunged into me fast and hard, deeper and deeper with every stroke. Back and forth, in and out, we moved together and rode the waves until they were nothing more than little shudders.

Avery glanced over my shoulder and stilled again. He didn't move a muscle as Brom gently joined him inside me, wedging his cock alongside Avery's. They were both so large . . . to be inside me at the same time. The feeling was unimaginable, unexplainable. Extreme pleasure times two. I couldn't believe I could take so much and not split in two. Their cocks stretched my pussy beyond the limit of what I thought I could handle. And to feel them both . . . inside me, thrusting together, their cocks rubbing against each other . . . so hard . . . so male . . . *Ah Goddess . . .* I screamed, moaned, and gasped with both pleasure and pain as the world exploded into bright colors, another orgasm hitting me like a wave.

It threw me back then forward as it took control of my body. I could hear a strange buzzing as the orgasm ripped through me, power and pleasure mingling and tingling every nerve in my body. And when I didn't think I could stand any more, I felt Brom's fangs pierce the tender skin on my neck.

Awe-inspiring emotion and intensity filled me. I tried to pull away. It was too much. My body switched into overload. The buzzing, the feeling, the pleasure, it crashed through me. Ready to explode, the magick coursed through me, playing upon my skin, gliding across my sensitive flesh. I felt my blood pumping, pushing, flowing into Brom. Too much. Overwhelmed, I started crying.

Avery kissed me and wrapped his arms around me to hold me still, "Shh, it's okay, don't fight it. Just let go, let go, baby. It's all right. Fall, fall into it, into me. I'll catch you. I promise."

The sound of Avery's words so gentle and comforting calmed me enough to help me let go, to enjoy the moment. I fell into it . . . heart and soul.

The gentle draw of Brom sucking at my throat became intoxicating. I allowed myself to become all nerve endings and power, energy and current. The flow was powerful, the magick we shared . . . intense. I hoped Avery could feel something of what we shared.

When Brom finished drinking from me, he slid both his fangs and his cock from my body. But he didn't move away from behind me. I felt him reach down between us and slide his cock down lower.

Part of my love-drunk high slipped as I realized what he planned to do. I couldn't believe it. Oh my goddess, he wasn't . . . *shit he was!* I looked behind me as best as I could and watched him shove his slick cock between Avery's buttocks.

Avery stilled and clenched, but Brom coaxed and rubbed, gently working his extremely rock-hard shaft against Avery's ass. I snuck a peek at Avery's face; he stared intently over my shoulder at Brom and slowly spread his legs until his body completely opened to Brom.

Brom's cock was still soaked from my orgasm, so he could slide into Avery easily. Slowly and ever so gently, Brom pushed into Avery inch by inch. Avery moaned, and I felt his cock twitch inside me. I looked at him. He gazed into my eyes, twin emotions of shame and fear suddenly crossing his features. He thought I would think badly of him. I kissed him to let him know things were okay. He kissed me back with a passion that consumed me, and soon we were caught up in the intensity. I felt Brom breach the barrier and fill Avery. Once that line was crossed, they both began thrusting their hips. Avery thrust in and out of me as Brom thrust in and out of Avery. I glanced over my shoulder every so often to catch a quick glimpse of Brom's working his body

against Avery's. *What a turn on!* I had never felt such sexual arousal, such a tingle of response in my body before.

I felt Brom crowd up against me and wrap his arms around me as he kissed my neck. One hand grabbed my left breast while the other slid down and found my soaked pussy. He teased my clit. The added stimulation brought me to the brink once again, crashing me into the waves of pleasure. As my body spasmed around Avery's cock, I felt Brom shiver and quiver against my back as he pumped into Avery.

After we stilled, Brom pulled away and lay down on the floor, looking a bit drunk, entirely satiated, and more than a little pleased with himself. Avery somehow picked me up and gently laid me next to Brom. Then he covered my body with his own, sliding deep inside me as he kissed my throat where Brom had drank from me. I felt no wound because Brom had sealed it, but the intensity of the bite lingered.

Avery kissing that spot drove me wild. Completely love drunk, I closed my eyes as my world spun wildly and pretty colors and patterns filled my mind. I finally came out of the intoxicated haze enough to thrust my hips and arch my back so I could take Avery into me as deep as possible. I wrapped my arms and legs around him and murmured into his ear, telling him how much I loved him. He replied with his own whispers of love.

But the whispers were soon replaced with feral grunts and wild moans as we hovered on the edge of the cliff. Looking into each other's eyes, we went over together, plunging into pleasure, soaring into oblivion where we crashed into each other and landed in a sweaty heap on the floor, breathing heavy, feeling both exhilarated and exhausted.

When I could finally think coherently, I glanced over to Brom, whose fingers were lazily tracing a pattern across my and Avery's sides. He looked at me with heavy-lidded eyes, a sweet smile playing at his lips. Either Avery hadn't noticed the fingers were Brom's, or he didn't care. After what had transpired between them, I was sure he no longer cared about lazy caresses.

We lay there, silent except for the heavy sound of our breathing, until Avery pushed himself off me, rolled to my other side, curled his body toward me, and wrapped his arms around me. Brom did the same. They ended up, once again, facing each other over me.

The world started to become clearer, and I found myself shocked to be lying naked between the two men I loved. Two men who had more than shared me, who had made love with each other as well.

Brom broke through my thoughts. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" he asked as he caressed my throat where he had bit me. He looked at Avery, as if silently asking the same question.

"No, you just caught me by surprise. I wasn't expecting it, but once I relaxed it was quite . . . pleasurable," I responded quietly.

"Is it as intense as everyone says?" Avery asked quietly.

I laughed a little. "Oh *yeah*."

"Would you like to try it for yourself?" Brom asked Avery carefully.

Both of us expected a vehement no. Instead, we received a very surprising and thoughtful, "Maybe."

"Really?" Brom and I asked in unison.

I felt Avery shrug. "Yeah, why not? If I'm going to jump into uncharted territory tonight, I might as well go all the way and get it over with before I lose my balls."

"Tonight?" Brom asked.

I felt his cock come back to life against my thigh, lengthening and hardening at the thought. That caused a reaction in my own nether regions.

After a moment's thought, Avery replied with a firm, "Yes."

I felt his cock shift against my other thigh.

Oh my. Things were about to get even more interesting. Both of them were already hard and ready to go. Again. Couldn't they give a witch a little time to rest

between sessions? Of course, I might not be invited to round two. Not like I would complain about being a spectator. Front row seats. *Oh yeah.*

Brom raised to his knees, his hard cock jutting straight out. "Then come to me now before I change my mind."

Avery sat up. "How?"

"Come here, sit up just like I am but turn your back to me."

Avery did what Brom told him to do, his cock standing up long and rock hard once more. I moved to get a better view of the whole thing; I wasn't about to miss my chance at having a front row seat. Things were about to get so freakin' hot. The situation felt surreal. I decided to go grab some lube . . . just in case. I hurried back, but the guys seemed to be frozen in the same spot they were in when I left.

Once I sat back down, Brom moved in closer to Avery, putting his body right against Avery's back. My lady parts were zinging and humming with excitement at the sight of my men getting really close and personal with each other. Brom's cock seemed to be in the way, and he looked questioningly from me to Avery. I shrugged and opened my mouth to make a suggestion, but Avery reached between them and grabbed Brom's shaft and positioned it under him, between his buttocks with the head pushing against his balls.

Um . . . wow. Both turned on and a little twitchy, my body ached as my stomach clenched. I guess I just wasn't totally ready to see my men get so close, even after what I had already witnessed. However, my lecherous libido screamed, "Yeah, baby, yeah!"

Brom looked completely surprised and froze in place.

Avery said, "It seemed like that would be the most comfortable place . . . for both of us."

"Are you sure? Things could . . ." Brom closed his mouth and looked at me with a searching gaze, probably trying to figure out if I was all right with all this. "Are you sure you're okay with this, Sonora?"

I shrugged and handed him the lube. "I don't know if we're going to be okay with this in tomorrow's light, but right now, tonight, we're good," I replied as I moved

closer to get a better view. The last round, I hadn't been in a position to see much. This time, I wanted to see everything.

I sat to the side of them, slightly behind Avery and next to Brom. I knew from my own experience the bite would be even more pleasurable with sexual stimulation, so I moved forward a little, grabbed Avery's already-hard cock, and started stroking it. Brom held up the lube, and I held out my hand for him to squirt some into my palm. I then went back to caressing Avery.

Then Avery held out his hand.

Brom and I looked at each other; he shrugged in the eloquent Gallic way of his, and squeezed some into Avery's large, open hand. I wondered what he was going to do with it. I didn't have to wait long to find. He reached behind and under him, grabbed Brom's cock and started stroking it, coating it with the lube.

I continued stroking Avery, while Avery stroked Brom, and all three of us moaned with the pleasure of it.

Once Brom's shaft was well coated, Avery removed his hand, and Brom edged closer to Avery, sliding his well-lubricated shaft between Avery's butt cheeks. He bent Avery over slightly, and I let go of Avery's cock and reached over to spread him wide open for Brom. This time I could see everything really well, and I watched, wide eyed, as Brom slid into Avery.

I watched Avery stretch and adjust to Brom's girth, saw him tense then relax as he accepted Brom inside him. My pussy pulsed and twitched; my clit felt both hard and tender. It ached so much I thought I would explode. Watching them drove me wild. I used one hand to alternately rub myself and dip fingers into my drenched pussy, and used the other hand to stroke Avery.

I wished I had a dildo—a crazy thought, considering I had two hard cocks in front of me. But they were occupied . . . with each other. A dildo would fill my aching emptiness while I watched the sensual, sinful beauty of the two men I loved making love to each other. I had a couple vibrators in the bedroom, but I wasn't about to go get one and miss something.

The image of them together would be forever burned into my mind. The sight, both delightfully disturbing and amazingly beautiful, was an erotically forbidden scene that flat out did it for me, would be with me forever. Both were such strong, manly men, hard, all rippling muscle and stretching sinew. The scene so titillated, and I never would have believed I would feel like this, watching them. It was so utterly, exquisitely erotic.

Once Avery seemed ready for the blood embrace, Brom pulled him up into a half-crouched position. He leaned and stretched his body over Avery while caressing the tender flesh of Avery's throat with his lips, almost kissing but not quite the same. Avery shivered. With pleasure or with fear, I wondered. Then Avery's body stilled as fangs pierced flesh.

When Brom started to draw Avery's blood, I knew from experience what Avery felt. Pleasure. Intense, overwhelming pleasure. Avery thrust against Brom, begging to be fucked. Brom rammed into him hard, pumping his hips fast. I could tell the sensations were driving Avery wild; rapture filled his features. I watched as Brom sucked at Avery's throat, his hips pumping. Every inch of his cock disappeared deep inside Avery's ass.

It was too much for me. I came again . . . and again . . . and once more for good measure before Avery spilled onto my hand, and Brom came inside Avery.

After a few moments, we all collapsed into a heap on the floor, and I once again found myself in the middle, entwined between the two men I loved.

The magick continued to zing around the room, filling it like smoke filled a burning house. Thick, intense, erotic, and energizing, the magick floated over us and through us. Our bodies quickly regenerated and wanted more.

The magick led us to my shower. Thank Goddess I had splurged on the huge shower stall with multiple heads and enough room for five people; we needed a lot of room for the things we did to each other in there.

Once bodies were scrubbed and cleaned, mouths, fingers and hands claimed various parts. At that point, it didn't matter who touched who, who sucked who or who

fucked who. The shyness was gone. Brom fell to his knees in front of Avery and licked every inch of his ridged shaft before sucking him in so far only Avery's balls remained. Damn, my vampire boyfriend could give head better than I could.

Hmm, I wondered if vampires had a gag reflex. Didn't look like Brom did.

Avery's eyes rolled back as Brom continued to deep-throat him. I kinda felt left out. I wanted a little more attention. So I got on my knees in front of Brom, between and under the two of them, and guided his fat prick into me. I reared up just a little, twisting enough so I could lick Avery's tight balls.

"Oh my god! You two are going to make me come again. Stop." Avery cried out, gasping for air. "If I come again, I know I'm done. There's no way I could go again, and I'm not ready for this night to end."

"Good, because neither am I," Brom said after releasing Avery from his mouth. "There is one more thing I'd like us to do. Well, actually there are many other things, but one in particular I would like to do tonight before the moment is gone."

"What?" Avery and I asked at the same time.

Brom stood up. "Come, let's get out of the shower and dry off. Then we'll play some more. Yes?"

"All right," I replied. Avery just smiled.

The two men dried me off in an exquisite manner. Can you imagine big, fluffy towels and muscled men drying you off? Hmm, now that's a spa experience women would pay for.

The sound of Brom flipping open the bottle of lube again interrupted my delight.

"What . . . ?" I started to ask, but he kissed my lips and shushed me gently.

"Get on your knees, my sweet," Brom said.

Uh oh. I had been avoiding this . . . forever. I didn't do anal. I could handle a little anal play, but once the situation got to the actual penetration, I called a halt to the action. I tried once, and it hurt like hell.

"Brom, I can't"

"Yes, you can," He whispered into my hair as he slid his body against mine. Then I felt Avery dive between my legs. His tongue dipped into my center, then teased and tormented my clit. He swirled and licked and flicked and delved until I panted for more. Brom caressed my body, running his hands up and down my sides, across my back and so very delicately along my neck.

Goddess, thank you. Once again, my body thrummed with sexual energy, both intense and gratifying. It rippled along my flesh, tore at my insides, and begged to be released in another awe-inspiring orgasm.

But instead of letting me come, Brom bent me over and began to caress my ass. Avery stayed under me, licking and flicking his tongue along my swollen folds and rigid clit. Brom teased me, massaging my inner cheeks, then gently pushing a fingertip inside me, then another. He slowly stretched me, not going deep, just getting me used to the feeling.

I had to admit my body responded well to the new and totally arousing sensations. Anal play had never turned me on, but I think Brom could arouse a rock. He did an amazing job of flipping Avery his way, and now he made me want him inside me in a whole new fashion.

I think he could tell I enjoyed myself, so he replaced his fingers with his cock. He nudged the lubed-up head into my opening and gently pushed. Avery continued to tease me with his tongue. He also teased Brom. I felt his hand go under me to cup and caress Brom's balls.

Brom really had brought Avery over. Or perhaps Avery figured he might as well go all the way. If you're going to get wet, why not dive in, right? Might as well take the plunge into the deep end.

This could be the one and only night Avery did anything like this.

Avery's tongue assault and Brom's slow probe threatened to send me into orgasmic orbit again. My body thrummed with familiar magick. The buzz intensified with every inch Brom pushed into me. Once he breached the sphincter muscle, I relaxed and let go . . . right into an orgasm.

Avery clamped onto my clit, and Brom rode me hard from behind as my body rocked and shuddered between them.

When I stopped shaking, I was done for. I pushed Avery out of the way, and I collapsed on the floor, completely drained. Brom was still inside me, but I didn't care. Within seconds, I drifted into the darkness of sleep.

* * * * *

I awoke to the clean smell of soap filling my nostrils and a cock filling my pussy. I opened my eyes to find Brom above me, smiling. I turned and found Avery at my side, stroking himself and holding the lube, but he hadn't poured it on yet.

"I took another shower – alone," Brom said, then hurriedly added, "we wouldn't want you to think you missed anything, but we're waking you up now because we're not done with you . . . or each other."

I groggily mumbled, "How long have I been asleep?"

"Only about an hour," Avery replied from the sidelines.

Brom thrust into me one last time, then pulled out and lay down on his stomach.

I sat up. "What are you guys up to?"

"Well, we talked a little while you napped. If we're going to do this, we're doing it all the way. Avery wants to experience everything tonight, because after this, he might not have the balls to do it again."

Avery punched Brom playfully in the side. His hand lingered there for a moment. "That's not what I said, dick."

"Right, that's what you'll be using," Brom quipped smugly.

"Asshole," Avery hissed.

"That's where you'll be putting it," Brom retorted.

Avery turned beet red and looked at me. I reached up and kissed him as I felt the low, intimate parts of my body start to tighten and tingle again.

Brom grabbed the lube from Avery and handed the bottle to me. "You do the honors, will you, love? Lube us up really good because our boy here is majorly packing."

I glanced at Avery, and damn if his penis didn't look bigger than normal. His balls also looked huge. They were high, full, and tight. Damn, he looked sexy as hell. Brom must have thought so too, because he moved onto his hands and knees and grabbed Avery's cock. He kissed it gently as he looked up at Avery in a way that made Brom look every bit the predator with an angel's face.

As for Avery, he looked like a deer caught in headlights. When he didn't move, Brom cautiously licked the tip. When Avery still didn't move, he sucked it into his mouth, taking it almost all the way into his throat. He reared up onto his knees and slid one hand under Avery to cup his balls while he moved back and forth on Avery's long shaft.

Umm . . . wow.

I shook my head as I stared at them. Okay, it *was* a little weird. One of my boyfriends could deep throat a cock better than I could. Of course, he did have centuries of practice while I only had a decade or so of cock sucking experience. I think what really got to me was Brom making Avery's knees almost buckle. I wondered if Brom liked boys more than he had originally let on. Right now, he seemed to *really* be liking boys, one in particular. I felt a pang of jealousy ripple through me.

I guess Brom picked up on my thoughts, because he let go of Avery and shrugged. Then he scooted over to me and gave me one of his *make my knees weak* kisses that left me gasping for air . . . and a whole lot more. I grabbed the lube, pushed Brom onto his hands and knees, and squirted it onto his ass.

By that point, I really wished I had a dildo, only I wanted a strap on. *I* wanted to fuck one of my pretty men in the ass. If we kept playing together, I *would* get my wish, damnit. In fact, I quickly added "buy a big strap on" to my mental to-do list.

For now, my finger would have to do. I gently pushed it into Brom, thrusting in and out smoothly. I started with one finger, then pushed in a second then added a third.

I fucked him with three fingers, pushing in and out, getting both of us wetter and wetter in the process. Once I felt he was thoroughly lubed and stretched, I grabbed Avery and started lubing him up. I positioned his big, fat dick right behind Brom, put it to Brom's well-lubed anus, then guided him inside. It was almost as good as fucking him myself. Almost.

I watched Brom stretch and open as Avery's cock slid deeper and deeper into him. Brom cried out with pleasure. I came just from watching them. I had never been so multi-orgasmic in my life.

As I continued to watch them, I got hornier and hornier – even after all the orgasms I had already had. How could I feel so unfulfilled?

I guess I couldn't be satisfied with just watching.

I climbed under Brom, maneuvering so he could shove his cock into me. He fucked me harder than ever while Avery rode his ass.

Our screams and moans filled the air; our bodies became one beast with three backs. Joined genital-to-genital, three made into one. A union that was probably wrong but felt so damn right.

I could feel the magick trembling between us, my own power shivering and pushing into the guys. Brom's vampire powers were flowing into me. I could feel the essence of Avery's and my blood rushing in his veins. We were an exquisite threesome. My body pulsed and flowed around Brom's cock as Avery pumped ferociously into Brom. Brom could take it; he liked things a little rough. I could hear skin slapping skin, bodies joined in pleasure. I paused at the brink of insanity, then finally, as I couldn't take it anymore, I leapt. I leaped off the ledge and plunged into the canyon of power and pleasure lying below.

I became nothing but feeling and emotion, swirling power and magick. My body quivered as I came so hard I lost myself. Faintly, as if in a dream, I felt fangs meet flesh and flesh give way; I felt my blood, hot and heavy, flowing, flowing, flowing into him like a river down a mountain and into a canyon. I heard Avery cry out. Brom pumped into me as my blood flowed into him. Euphoria was all I knew.

As I fell asleep, I had the feeling this would not be a onetime thing. The feeling wasn't just a hunch or an idle thought caused by emotion. It was part of my power as a witch, to know, to feel the future. I knew we were meant to be. This encounter . . . it was too intense, too much, too wonderful to only happen one time. We fit together so perfectly. It was a blessing from the Goddess herself. We would be together until the time came to be apart . . . which would be a very long time from now.

I woke up some time later wrapped in Brom and Avery's arms, once again a witch stuck in the middle between a vampire and a man . . . and there was no place I'd rather be.

~The End~

About the Author

Story strumpet, tome loving tart, eccentric night owl . . . these are all words that describe freelance writer and erotic romance author Roxanne Rhoads.

When not fulfilling one the many roles being a wife and mother of three require, Roxanne's world revolves around words . . . reading them, writing them, editing them, and talking about them. In addition to writing her own stories, she loves to read and review what others write. She operates a book review site, Fang-tastic Books, dedicated to her favorite type of book – anything paranormal.

Roxanne writes everything from articles to web content as a freelance writer and poet. Her erotic stories and poems have appeared in *Playgirl* Magazine, several print anthologies, in ebooks and on numerous websites including: JustusRoux.com, OystersandChocolate.com, TheEroticWoman.com, FortheGirls.com, and LucreziaMagazine.com.

When not reading or writing Roxanne loves to hang out with her family, craft, garden, and search for unique vintage finds.

You can learn more about Roxanne at www.roxannesrealm.blogspot.com and www.fang-tasticbooks.blogspot.com