

BETWEEN BROTHERS

OPHELIA GLASS

**THIS E-BOOK CONTAINS EXPLICIT LANGUAGE AND
SEXUAL CONTENT. THIS IS NOT INTENDED FOR
AUDIENCES UNDER AGE 18.**

Between Brothers

By Ophelia Glass

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We were deep in the woods on narrow, winding dirt road when he pulled the car over and turned off the engine. I was immediately concerned, thinking something had gone wrong with the car. It would be just my luck to get stuck out in the middle of nowhere on my birthday weekend.

“Calvin, what’s wrong? What are you doing?”

“Nothing’s wrong babe, I just need to do something before we get to the cabin.” He reached around and grabbed a bandanna that was lying on the backseat. “There is a present waiting for you at the cabin and I need you to be blindfolded so the surprise isn’t spoiled.”

“What could you possibly have gotten me that would make me need to wear a blindfold?” I couldn’t imagine that whatever was waiting at the cabin was worth all the secrecy. The weekend away was supposed to be the final present; he’d been showering gifts on me all week, coming home each night with a different gift. Each night the gift had been more elaborate and expensive than the one from the night before. First it had been flowers, then the expensive perfume I like, and had continued that way until last night when he’d brought home a pair of diamond earrings and taken me to the most exclusive restaurant in town. I couldn’t imagine what he could have done to out do that. And frankly, I was a little worried about the expense of yet another present.

Calvin flashed his I’m-gonna-charm-the-pants-off-you grin. “If I told you it wouldn’t be a surprise. Now, be a good girl and let me put this on you. The quicker you’re blindfolded, the quicker our amazing weekend can start.”

He knew, as always, just how to sweet talk me. I'd been resistant to the idea of going away for three whole days because we had just finished remodeling our home and I had a lot of unpacking and re-arranging to do. But he'd lured me with the promise of three days filled with wall to wall sex. I couldn't resist the thought of fucking Calvin all weekend. We'd both been so busy lately we were lucky to get in a quickly twice a week and I knew I'd be too preoccupied at home to lie in the bed and enjoy a long sex session.

Calvin ran his finger up my arm, sending shivers through me. "If you put this scarf on I promise it will be used in some very kinky sex later."

What girl could turn down a promise like that?

"Oh, alright." I let him tie the scarf around my head so that I couldn't see anything. "But this better be damned good. And the sex better be better"

Calvin laughed as he started the car and started down the road. "Don't worry babe, I know your gonna love this."

It was less than five minutes before Calvin was slowing down again, this time turning the car before he pulled to a stop.

"Are we here? Can I take this off?"

"Yes and no. Wait there and I'll help you out."

Calvin came around and opened the car door and, taking me by the hand, led me into the cabin, being careful not to let me trip. When we were inside Calvin told me to stand where I was dropped my hand. I heard the door shut and what sounded like the lock being turned. Calvin took my hand and, with his hand

on my lower back, began leading me again. I could tell we were moving into another room because I felt the doorframe brush my arm.

“Calvin, what’s going on? When can I take this off?”

Instead of answering, soft lips covered mine. I immediately opened my mouth to accept his probing tongue. The kiss was long, sweet, and sensual. My knees went weak as he folded me into his arms. One of his hands dove into my hair, tangling it, while the other stroked my back through my thin tank top.

He pulled his lips from mine, trailing butterfly kisses over my cheek to just below my ear. “Rhea, do you trust me?”

“With my life.” There was no hesitation in my reply; I didn’t even have to think about it. Calvin and I had been dating for three years, but we’d known each other for more than ten, and had been best friends for most of that time.

His tongue made hot, wet circles around my left ear and made it difficult for me to concentrate on what he was saying to me.

“You know how much I love you, don’t you?”

I snuggled closer in to him, pushing my hands under his shirt, desperate for some skin to skin contact. “Of course I do. I love you too.” I murmured absently as his mouth on my ear sent a riot of hot shivers through me.

“You know I would never do anything to hurt you. And I’d never do anything if I didn’t believe with all my heart you’d enjoy it, right?”

I couldn’t keep from smiling as I realized what was going on. The cabin, the blind fold, the surprise, it was all apart of one of Calvin’s sex games. I wasn’t at all disappointed that there wasn’t going to be another expensive present. I

loved it when Calvin made up new games to play. He was the most imaginative man I'd ever been with, not that there had been many. He loved to be kinky, and so did I. He was always coming up with new ideas and I almost always loved whatever he came up with. There had been a few times when I wasn't quite up to what he had in mind, but we set up a safe word for me to say when something wasn't to my taste. The moment I uttered the word everything stopped, no arguments or disappointments. He had always been very careful to push limits but not cross any lines I didn't want to cross, though, I'd never heard him so earnest and concerned.

"Of course I know. You know I trust you and your judgment. And in the off chance I don't like what you do, I remember the safe word."

"Good. Say it for me once now so that we know we are both on the same page."

"Platypus."

"Right." He immediately grabbed my hands pulling them from behind his back. "No more touching for you right now. Stand still while I undress you." His tone became authoritative, brooking no argument, but held an edge of eroticism.

I didn't reply and Calvin didn't say anything else for a long while. He began taking my clothes off. Not sensually and slowly, but quickly and efficiently, like you would undress a child. He prompted me to lift my arms or legs with a tap on that limb, but other than that he didn't touch me or speak. When I was completely naked he took my hand and pulled me until my legs were against the edge of a bed.

“You’re at the side of the bed. Get in and scoot over until I tell you to stop and lay on your back.”

I quietly did as he said and climbed onto the bed. He hadn’t told me not to speak, but there was something about the way the mood had changed once he’d made sure I knew the safe word that made me stay silent. The game had officially begun and the atmosphere in the room had changed. Excitement and anticipation sizzled through the air and my body. It hadn’t been more than a minute or two and I was so wet already that I could feel my juices run down my leg when I knelt to get onto the bed.

Once I had scooted and adjusted so that I was right where Calvin wanted me (it wasn’t easy being blind folded), Calvin grabbed my right hand and pulled it over my head and to the side. I wasn’t alarmed when a soft cuff closed and clicked around my wrist. I loved it when Calvin restrained my hands and a tiny pulse of heat started between my legs. Wordlessly he repeated the process with my left hand.

Finally, I thought, *now we can get down to business*. But instead of joining me on the bed I felt his hand on my ankle then my leg was pulled way out to the side. Before I could fully grasp what was happening I felt something soft close around my ankle and heard that tell-tale click. I tried to pull my leg back to the center of the bed but it wouldn’t budge. This was something new. And I wasn’t sure I was going to like it.

“Calvin, what...?”

“Hush.” His voice was soft but firm and I didn’t argue. I knew that if I said the safe word he’d immediately release me. But that would stop the game, and I wasn’t sure I wanted to do that just yet. I was a little nervous because I had never been completely tied down. The restriction of not being able to move my hands had always been tempered with the freedom to move the rest of my body. I wasn’t sure I was going to like being completely motionless, but I was willing to try it.

While I was musing over this Calvin had restrained my other ankle and I was now tied, spread eagle in the middle of the big bed. I was sure he would join me now the really fun parts would start. But instead he said, “Lay there and be quiet, I’ll be back in just a few minutes.”

For a moment I was almost mad. How could he go off and leave me there naked, blindfolded and unable to move? But then I realized he hadn’t left the cabin because I could hear him walking around in the other room. He must have turned on the T.V. or radio too, because I thought I heard another voice. I realized this was just a part of the game, he was making me wait, making me anticipate. Making me hungry for his touch.

I heard the door open and heard him come back into the room. He put a cd in a stereo and the room was filled with soft jazz. He told me to relax and he’d be back in a few minutes, and then left again, the door shutting behind him. I decided to do as he told and began to relax my body. The music flowed through me and my body became limp. All I could do is lie there and listen to the music and feel. I could feel the cool air flowing over my body, making my nipples hard

and covering my skin with goose bumps. Lying with my legs spread as they were, my pussy was open to the air. I felt vulnerable and turned on at the same time. I lay there for what seemed like hours, but was probably about thirty minutes, my body naked and exposed. My nipples were hard and aching to be touched, and each time the breeze from what must have been a ceiling fan brushed over my exposed pussy I wanted to scream out in frustration.

I felt a tiny thrill at being so helpless. But after a little while I was getting a little bored with the game. Just as I was about to call out I heard the door open again. This time I felt the bed shift as Calvin sat next to me.

“Are you ready to play?” His voice was soft and sexy and sent a shimmer of heat through my body.

“Yes. Please.” I could hear the trimmer in my voice, but couldn’t help it. I wanted to be touched. I needed to be touched. I wanted to be fucked, right then.

But I wasn’t going to have my wish so quickly. He was going to draw this out slowly, torture me sweetly. His fingertips began running over my body, tracing my arms and legs. The heat from his hand on my cooled skin caused me to let out a tiny moan.

“You like that? You like being touched?”

“Yes. More.” His finger had found one of my nipples and was making lazy circles around it and I couldn’t seem to get more than one syllable at a time out.

“Oh baby, you have been such a good girl. You did what you were told and laid here so quietly. Now I’m going to reward you.” His hot, wet mouth closed around my cold, turgid nipple.

“Oh,” I gasped, and strained to push closer to his mouth and hands, which were now skimming over my entire body. The tiny pulse between my legs grew until I felt like my entire body was throbbing to the quickened beat of my heart. For what seemed like ages he sucked and licked on my nipples, taking turns with each one. Heat and hunger swirled through me in a swirling vortex of need.

“Please. More.”

I could feel his mouth widen to a grin as he lightly bit the nipple in his mouth and I gasped. His hands had stopped their journey over my body and now one was kneading my other breast and the other was stroking my thighs, up one and down the other, but never touching the wet triangle in the middle. No matter how much I thrust my hips at his hands. Finally he brought his hand to rest over my vulva. The feel of his hand was heaven. His palm cupped my pussy, squeezing it slightly but not entering. Then, he began sliding his fingers slowly over the wet slit, not entering, just teasing.

“Oh, God! Calvin! Please! More!” I choked. I could feel him shifting around on the bed, but I couldn’t tell what he was doing. His mouth was still on my nipple and I could barely think about anything other than wanting him to stop teasing and fuck me.

“You want more?”

“Yes!”

“Are you sure you’re ready for more?”

“Yes! I want more! Now!”

Wordlessly Calvin gave me what I asked for. I felt my pussy lips pulled apart, exposing me completely. Then, in a moment of pure erotic pleasure a hot, wet tongue flicked over my hard little clit. I let out a moan of pure bliss and thrust my hips up towards the mouth as much as I could. I was in erotic heaven, for three seconds. Then reality set in. There was a deliciously wicked tongue licking my clit, but Calvin was still sucking on my nipple.

I shifted and tried to pull away from the mouths, and hands, there were now four hands on me. All I could do is press my hips into the mattress, I jerked my hands and legs, but met with resistance. I couldn't move.

"Calvin! What the fuck?" I screamed, jerking to get loose, but knowing I couldn't.

"Shhh. Baby, calm down. Shh." Calvin's voice was soft and soothing. He'd pulled away from my breast the moment I began flailing. "It's okay. Trust me. Just relax and feel it." I don't know if it was the calming effect of his voice, or the fact that the mouth between my legs refused to stop the erotic assault on my pussy that made me still. The mouth was now sucking gently on my clit. Slowly a finger slid deep inside me, and I gasped at the sensation, but didn't pull back. Hands, I assumed Calvin's, were gently skimming over my arms and breasts and Calvin was making a soft shushing sound as he peppered kisses over my face. I began to relax. When a second finger slid in to join the first I completely gave up resistance.

I momentarily ignored the fact that some unknown person had his or her face between my legs and gave myself up to the sensations. After all, having a

threesome had been a fantasy of mine for a long time. I decided to go along with it for the moment, but decided that after I came I'd insist on knowing who this other person was. For the time being I couldn't think straight, much less ask a question.

As I relaxed again, my body began to shake with the pleasure of having two mouths and four hands on it at once. I was on sensory overload. The slow, sensual pace that had been set was beginning to increase. Calvin was again sucking and nipping at my breasts, harder now. There were now three fingers stretching and filling me until I thought I would burst. The fingers pumped in and out of my sopping pussy, while the wickedly talented mouth sucked hard on my clit, as if it were a little cock. I didn't know who it was down there, but they seemed to know exactly what I liked.

Everything began to blur together in a constant wave of pleasure. My body burned and tiny fireworks began behind my eyes. I could hear screams and vaguely registered that it was me screaming. The pace of the hands and mouths on my body quickened until I couldn't take it anymore. I was in a frenzy of need, right on the brink, but couldn't quite go over. Then Calvin pinched both of my nipples, hard. Lightning shot through my body straight to my pussy and I felt every muscle in my body contract. My pussy walls clamped down on the fingers inside me and juices flooded out. Spasms of heat and pleasure washed over me, over and over until I was nothing but a quivering, gasping mass.

I'm not sure how long I drifted on that cloud of ecstasy, oblivious to everything but my own gratification. But eventually I began floating down. I slowly became aware of two hands lightly stroking my breasts and stomach. Then of two hands stroking over my hips and thighs. The mouths were gone. Reality began seeping in through the fog and my reluctance at having someone who I didn't know and couldn't see touching, licking, and fucking me began to return. Although, as I had said earlier, I trusted Calvin implicitly and I had always wanted a threesome, the unknown was more than I could take. I couldn't go any further without seeing who the third person in the bed was.

"I need to see. Take the blindfold off. I want to see who is in this room. Now!" Even though I knew it would spoil the earlier mood of my subservience I made my voice as authoritative as I could make it, though even to my own ears it still sounded a little weak and shaky from the aftermath of my orgasm.

I could feel Calvin's hands stroking my face. He was quiet for some time, and then when he spoke his voice held his "charming" tone and I knew he wasn't completely sure I was going to be happy with what I saw. "Okay, babe. Just remember that this is something you've told me you fantasize about. And remember that massive orgasm you just had."

I was losing my patience. "Okay. Just take it off."

I felt hands reach around and untie the scarf and pull it away from my eyes. At first I couldn't see as my eyes adjusted from dark to bright sunshine. Then, I blinked and looked up and stared into a pair of soft brown eyes that I

knew very well. I'd gazed into them countless during long nights of making love and wild sex. Only, they didn't belong to Calvin.

"Colin!"

I jerked away, trying to roll off the bed but the restraints on my arms and legs held me firmly in place. That is when I realized why I had been tied down so completely. Calvin, and perhaps Colin, too, had known what my initial response would be when I saw Colin hovering over me. My shock pushed out the memory of the wonderful pleasure I had just experienced, and had I been free I would have ran from the room. But, as a captive audience, I had no choice but to lie there and listen and feel.

"Hi, Rhea." The cocky grin that I knew so well, and so resembled his brother's, spread across his face as he leaned down and pressed his lips to mine. I stopped jerking and let the warmth of his lips sink into me. Within moments the kiss became greedy and explosive. The taste of him on my tongue was heady. Heat erupted in my belly. The kiss was sexy and forbidden and familiar all at the same time.

Colin had been my first serious boyfriend. We met my freshman year in college. I was 18 and away from home for the first time and he was an 18 year old townie who also went to the college. We met in, of all places, the library. I fell for his dark good looks instantly. We dated for six years. Colin was my first love and my first sex partner. Actually, he was the only man other than Calvin I'd ever loved. Colin was Calvin's older brother.

When Colin pulled back I was breathless and my body was on fire. I turned my head and saw Calvin sitting on the bed next to me. *Oh, damn!* I loved Calvin, but here I was panting for Colin in front of him. Guilt flooded me. *Wait, why are you guilty?* My thoughts were whirling in a hundred different directions when the obvious smacked me in the head. Colin was only leaning over my naked body because Calvin had arranged it. *Why?*

My guilt and confusion must have shown on my face because Calvin smiled and said, "I guess I should explain what is going' on here."

I looked from him to Colin who had moved to sit on the other side of the bed. Both men were clad only in boxer shorts and I could see the rigid outlines of their hard-ons.

"Yes, I really think you should." I was trying really hard to sound angry, but they had both began to lightly stroke their hands over my body. Not hard or fast, or over any "essential parts". Just on hand on either side of me lazily trailing up and down the bare skin on my stomach and thighs.

I could barely think straight.

Colin's grin matched Calvin's at the shake in my voice.

"Okay, babe, " Calvin began. "I wanted to give you something very special for your birthday. Something you've always wanted but would never give yourself. I wanted to give you your ultimate fantasy."

It was true that having a threesome was my biggest fantasies; one I felt would never go beyond a fantasy. Calvin knew this because he knew everything

about me. He knew every deep, dark, and embarrassing secret I had. And I was pretty sure I knew all of his.

There was one thing I hadn't told him until about a year ago. We got drunk one night and played truth or dare. I learned he used to listen at doors and peek in windows when Coin and I had sex years ago when he and Colin had been roommates. I told him that I fantasized of a threesome, and that it had always included him and Colin.

Calvin leaned close to my ear, his warm, damp breath brushing my skin erotically. "I wanted to give this to you to show you how much I love you."

His tongue licked my ear.

"But, I wanted it for me too. It is so much better watching Colin lick your pussy when I'm next to you and can feel your body quake than it was peeping through a window."

I couldn't hold back a gasp of pure pleasure. I knew that in a normal, sane world this shouldn't excite me so much, but it did. Red hot currents of sexual energy ran through me.

Calvin kept talking and Colin kept silently stroking my thighs. "I love giving you pleasure. I love watching you receive pleasure. That is what this weekend is all about. I want, no, we want..." He briefly slid his gaze to Colin who looked up at me in silent agreement. "We want to give you pleasure in every imaginable way. Will you let us?"

Would I let them? Was he nuts? Of course I would. Yes, there were deep moral and emotional issues involved here that probably made going along

with them a very bad idea, but at that moment, tied to a bed with these to gorgeous men touching me and looking at me with so much lust it turned my blood to lava, those issues didn't seem so important. I had a sneaking suspicion they had planned it that way.

"Yes!" I gasped, not trusting my brain to form any other coherent words.

"Good," Collin's grin was slow and sexy; his voice harsh with pent up lust. "Because I've been waiting for too long to slide my cock back into that sweet pussy of yours."

I bit back the impulse to ask what he meant by "too long". I wasn't sure I wanted to know the answer. Instead I closed my eyes to enjoy the sensations swirling through me.

Their hands continued to stroke over me, but now the touch was firmer. Mouths followed their hands and before long there wasn't a spot on my exposed body that hadn't been touched, kissed, or licked. I was on fire. I could no longer tell which hand or mouth belonged to whom. It was all blended into one great blanket of touch and sensations making me gasp and beg for more.

Suddenly the hands were gone and I felt my legs being released from their bonds. My eyes popped open to see Colin kneeling between my legs, boxer shorts discarded. Calvin was settling back onto the bed next to me after unchaining my ankles. He didn't release my arms, or resume touching me. He just sat back watching my face.

I was watching Colin. He towered over me, stroking a condom onto his fully hard, very large cock. I couldn't help but stare. It had been a long time

since I'd seen that cock, tasted it, felt it inside me, but I had a sudden hunger for it. Calvin, by far, was the best lover I'd ever had. But Colin had a bigger cock. I could remember how full and stretched it always made me feel and I suddenly wanted that feeling again. Now.

I bucked my hips upward. Now that my legs were free I could move a bit. I was tired of the teasing and play. I wanted that cock inside me. "Fuck me!" I ordered as I bucked a second time.

Both men laughed. Colin looked Calvin and said, "Damn, she's still bossy! Is she still greedy and insatiable?"

"Oh yeah, my baby loves to fuck. She'll probably wear both of us out this week and still be wet and ready for more."

I knew this should be pissing me off, these two men talking about me like I was some nympho. But, damn! It was turning me on. So was the look on Calvin's face. He was enjoying watching me squirm with wanting, on the verge of begging to get fucked.

I realized this was part of the game. No longer was I the reluctant little slave. Now I was the little nympho slut who wanted as much cock as she could get. This was a game I knew. It was my favorite game, and I played it well.

Sinking myself into my new role I whined, "Are you too going to stand around gossiping like old women or are you gonna fuck me?" I wiggled my hips at Colin.

"Ask and you shall receive," He laughed. He grabbed my hips, lifted them, and positioned the tip of his cock at my slick opening. "How do you want it Baby

Doll? You want me to slip it slow and easy one inch at a time; fuck you slow and easy? Or do you want me to shove it all in at once and fuck you hard and fast?”

He circled my clit with his thumb in a slow easy rhythm that matched his words. That, coupled with his low, seductive tone and the use of the nickname I hadn't heard in years drove me a little wild. Instead of replying, I thrust my pelvis towards him, hard.

There was a soft sexy chuckle in his voice as he said, “Hard and fast it is,” and he rocked his hips forward meeting my thrust.

A hot, sweet, lightening bolt of pleasure burst through my body as his cock slid into my hot, tight channel in one hard, sharp stroke. I felt my body stretching, giving way to the intrusion, slowly. As hot and wet as I was, my body hadn't been ready for so much so quickly. I was stretched to the limits as my body adjusted to the fullness. I was filled with a sharp, engulfing pleasure that bordered on pain. I heard a shriek in the distance and realized it must have come from me.

Through a thick purple haze, barely aware Calvin was watching my every reaction, I watched Colin. The smile slid from his face, replaced by a mask of concentration and intense pleasure. “Too fast, Baby Doll” he whispered as he came to a stop, his cock buried inside me to the hilt.

Keeping still inside me, giving my body time to get used to his girth, he lifted my legs up to his waist so that only my upper back and shoulders were touching the bed. “Wrap them around me,” he ordered with a barely audible

gruffness. Obediently I locked my legs around his waist. He slid his hands under my hips and grasped the globes of my ass, his fingers biting into the tender flesh.

So slowly it was almost painful, he began to move within me, testing my bodies readiness. At first he just rocked back and forth, his cock barely moving inside me. Then he slowly pulled out and pushed back in and rocked back and forth again. A tight coil of heat formed inside my belly, and I gasped, "Please!"

The feel of him rocking in me was sweet torture. I wanted so much more. I rocked my head back, my eyes closing again, and pushed my hips up into him. This was the encouragement he needed. He began stroking in and out. Each stroke in came faster, harder, bringing with it another wave of intense heat and sensation.

The slack in my wrist restraints gave me just enough room to move my hands and push against the headboard of the bed. Using the headboard for leverage I pushed up, meeting each of Colin's thrusts with one of my own. I pushed into him harder, faster, wanting more and more. He gave it to me willingly.

Calvin, who had been merely watching to this point leaned down and began rubbing my bobbing tits, pinching the rock hard nipples and sending sparks of fire through me. He leaned his mouth to my ear and began talking to me in a low sexy whisper.

"Fuck, babe, you look so hot when you're getting fucked. I love the way your whole body flushes hot pink and the way you moan each time his cock

shoves into your hot little pussy. Do you like it? Having his massive dick driving in and out of your greedy little cunt?”

His voice was so erotically husky and his words were so sexy and dirty. It drove me wild. I was only able to manage a strangled, “Yes!” in reply.

At that moment Colin decided to change positions and pulled my legs from around his waist and propped them on his wide shoulders. He thrust his cock in hard, the change of position allowing him to bury himself even deeper into my quivering pussy.

“Fuck!” The word was a mixture of a moan and a scream as my body arched up. White hot sheets of pleasure washed through me. “More!”

Calvin moaned in my ear. “You want more, babe? Your wish is my command.” He slid his hand across my stomach and settled on the nest of hair between my legs. He slid one finger into my hot, dripping slit and found the hard nub of my clit. He started to rub it, and then rolled the slick little ball between his thumb and forefinger as Colin thrust deep into me quick and hard. All the while, he kept whispering dirty words into my ear.

The heat that had been building into a knot in my stomach suddenly burst and white hot light exploded through me. I felt Colin go still inside me as my pussy walls clamped down on him and flooded him with my juices. Then I wasn’t aware of Calvin, Colin, or anything but the intense pleasure that shook my whole body.

As the bone shaking sensations began to subside and the thick purple haze began to dissipate I was aware once again of the two men in the bed with

me. I suddenly felt empty and realized Colin had pulled his cock out of me. I felt alone. Then I heard, as if from far away, Calvin say lets turn her over.

As I gradually came back to earth from that far away place intense orgasm sends me to, I felt the hands of both brothers turning me over onto my stomach and pulling me up on my hands and knees. Belatedly I realized they must have released my arms from their ties.

I was starting to get some of my strength back, but was glad for Colin's hands on my hips, steadying me. Within seconds of pulling me onto my hands and knees I felt Colin's cock slide back into my pussy, much easier this time. It felt so good I rocked back into him. Quickly we settled into a slow, easy pace, his hands on my hips pulling back and forth onto his rock hard cock. The warmth left over from my orgasm began to build again into a boiling heat.

Then I felt a hand in my hair gently jerking my head up. I had almost forgotten about Calvin.

"Open wide, babe" he said as the tip of his cock brushed against my lips. I immediately obeyed and was rewarded as his silky hot, hard as steel cock slid into my waiting mouth. I slid my tongue over the sensitive tip of his cock and tasted the salty pre-cum that had formed. I felt, rather than heard, Calvin's shudder and moan as he began to slowly stroke in and out of my mouth.

I was over the moon with pleasure. I had two gorgeous men touching and fucking me, two huge cocks sliding in and out of me. It was my wildest fantasy come true. I was so dizzy with pleasure I couldn't think, just feel. Calvin had one hand tangled in my hair guiding my mouth on his cock, and one hand sliding over

the smooth skin of my back. Colin's hands were on my hips guiding me back and forth on his cock. I gave myself up to them, allowing them to move me back and forth as they wanted and concentrated on the feel of the cock in my mouth and pussy.

I don't know how long they kept on like that, pounding into me from each end. It could have been seconds, or hours. I was too caught up in the swirling sensation to care. I was barely aware when the pace changed and the tempo of their thrusts became faster and deeper. Calvin was pushing deep into my mouth at a frenzied pace. Just then Colin reached around and found my throbbing clit with his fingers and gently pinched.

The spark of electricity that shot through me caused me to gasp and suck hard on the throbbing cock in my mouth. Calvin groaned and bucked into my mouth. Both of his hands went into my hair as he held my head still and he pumped his hot cum down my throat.

The hot salty taste of him sent me over the edge. Spasms of pleasure wracked my body and I felt my pussy muscles contract once again on Colin's thrusting cock.

"Oh, Fuck!" He roared as he thrust deep inside me one last time, his fingers biting into the flesh of my hips as he convulsed in pleasure. That is the last thing I was aware of for several minutes as I gave myself over to ecstasy. The knowledge that I'd driven both of these men to orgasm with in seconds of each other fed my pleasure.

When the sensations finally began to fade I was vaguely aware of laying on the bed between two warm bodies, arms slung over me. I felt strangely contented as I drifted off to sleep.

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