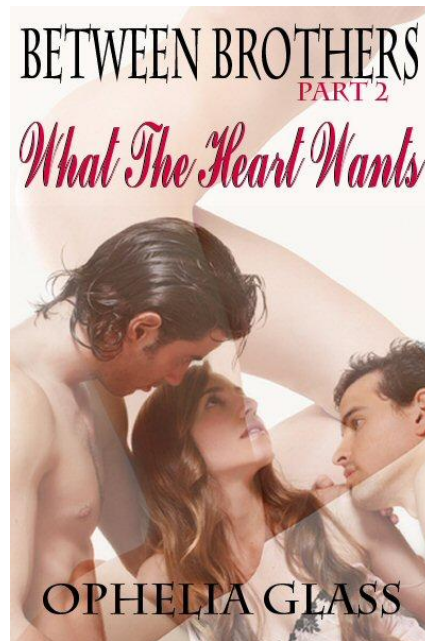


What the Heart Wants

Between Brothers Part 2



Ophelia Glass



ROMANTIC TRYSTS PUBLICATIONS

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

Between Brothers: What the Heart Wants (part 2)

By Ophelia Glass

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Chapter 1

The dim light filtering in through the window told me it was late afternoon when I awoke. I glanced over at the clock and saw that it was nearly five. I had slept at least two hours. I stared up at the ceiling, not moving, letting the events of the day wash over me in a tide of memories and emotion. There had been a two hour drive to the cabin, and then Calvin had blindfolded me just before we arrived. Next had been the beginning of the sex games when Calvin became “Master” to my helpless “slave” and tied me up. This was a game I knew and enjoyed. But then the game transitioned into something new and unfamiliar.

There had suddenly been two mouths, two sets of hands ravaging my body. I had been nervous at first, but Calvin had quickly soothed my fears and I let go, allowing the love of my life and the unknown stranger to coax my body to a thundering climax. As I had regained my wits, I couldn’t handle the curiosity any longer. I had to know who else was in the bed with us. Abandoning my “slave-girl” persona I had demanded Calvin take the blindfold off. He had quickly obeyed. I was shocked, horrified, confused, and a little excited to see Calvin’s brother, and my ex-boyfriend, Colin in front of me.

It hadn’t taken me long to get over my initial horror as I realized I wasn’t “cheating” because Calvin had engineered this; he was right there next to me. The feeling I was doing something a little bad or naughty didn’t go away, but instead of making me want to stop the encounter, it heightened my excitement. I let go of all protests and gave my body up to them. Soon I was filled with them both; Colin deep in my pussy and Calvin in my mouth. They worked in tandem, driving me higher and higher until I shattered in ecstasy. The last thing I remembered was lying between them on the bed and being exhausted and happy.

As my memories caught up with present time, I realized there were voices and other sounds drifting through the bedroom door. I sighed. I wasn’t sure I was ready to face the two men in a non-sexual setting. The memories of our hot tryst were still at the forefront of my mind. I wasn’t sure what to say to Calvin after I had writhed so wantonly under his brother, right in front of his eyes. But, truthfully, the entire scene had been engineered by him, so there would be nothing to say, except maybe “thank you for a lovely time”.

Colin was a different story. It had been more than eight years since the last time I had sex with Colin. Of course we had seen each other many times since then, almost on a daily basis. But since the day we officially broke up there had been no sexual contact at all. The few hugs he had given me had been completely platonic, almost brotherly. And now that had all changed. I had just had sex with my ex-boyfriend, by current boyfriend’s brother, right in front of my boyfriend.

This would undoubtedly make things weird. I didn’t like the idea of that. Things had never been weird with Colin. Even when we broke up, it had been more of a drifting apart than a real break up. We met freshman year at college when we were both 18. I was away from home for the first time. I was

studying in the library one day when I looked up and saw a gorgeous brown-eyed boy sitting across the table grinning at me.

When he saw me looking up he shoved his hand across the table and said, "Hi. My name is Colin, I have lived in this town all of my life, can I show you around sometime?"

I just stared at him. It was such a ridiculous way to meet someone, but somehow with that goofy grin and warm brown eyes, I couldn't resist. I shook his hand and replied, "My name is Rhea, and sure you can show me around."

And he did. We became inseparable. Colin introduced me to the town, his family, love, and sex. Over the next six years our lives became so intertwined, that even at the end, when he had been so busy working sixteen hour days, putting in his dues to work his way up to Head Chef at the restaurant he'd worked at since high school and I had been so engrossed in my course work towards my Masters Degree and we had drifted apart as a couple, our relationship never truly ended. It just changed. I never knew exactly when it changed. I don't think he did either.

It had happened long before the day he came in and sat next to me on the sofa and said, "Rhea, I think I want to have sex with someone else." I just sat there. After a moment I realized I should be outraged, but I wasn't. I simply said, "Who?"

His face showed his confusion, but he told in great detail about the new waitress at the restaurant. How she was always coming on to him, and how at first he'd tried to ignore her, but it was getting harder. And he knew it was wrong to want to, but we hadn't had sex in a very long time.

He was right. We hadn't had sex in weeks, maybe even months. We weren't even sleeping in the same bed because I was studying until dawn most nights and had taken to sleeping in the spare room Calvin had abandoned when he moved in with his current girlfriend. Then the questions had started. "Rhea, do you love me?"

My reply had been, yes. I did love Colin, he and Calvin were my best friends. They had become my family, so much so that when I finished college, instead of moving home or finding a better school to get my Master's at, I stayed with them. Then the harder question came. "Rhea, are you in love with me?" I hadn't known how to answer, so I countered with the same question. His answer was exactly what mine would have been, had I had the guts to answer.

"I don't know. I can't imagine you not in my life." I sat very still waiting for the "but" that was sure to come. And it did. "But, you are the only woman I've ever been with. I don't know if I am with you because I love you and you are the only one for me, or because you are the only thing I know."

That had been that. After another hour of talk we had come to the conclusion that we loved each other, but we were still together mostly because it was what we knew and what was comfortable. Neither of us could look at the other and know for sure that we wanted to be with that person for the rest of our lives. Colin left for work that day and I moved my stuff into the spare bedroom. He didn't come home

that night, and though I never asked and he never told, I assumed he had spent the night with the waitress.

Other than the fact that we no longer had sex, nothing really changed between us. We liked each other. Our friendship never wavered. We lived as roommates for several more months. When Calvin left his girlfriend he moved back in with us and he and Colin shared a room until Colin moved in with the waitress.

Nothing had ever been weird between us. But now, it would be. I knew it would be because I felt weird. I felt weird because it hadn't felt weird or wrong or strange to have Colin slipping deep into me. It had felt familiar and thrilling and right.

Male laughter jolted me out of my thoughts. I couldn't put it off any longer, I was going to have to go out and face them. I took a deep breath to steel myself against whatever awkwardness was to come and climbed out of the soft bed to find my clothes.

Only, my clothes were nowhere to be seen. I glanced around the room. It was as perfectly immaculate and barren of personal items as any hotel or rented room, with the exception of the thoroughly used bed. That was strange. I couldn't quite remember if the suitcases had made it into the bedroom before the sex games had begun, but the clothes I had been wearing should at least be littering the floor or corner chair. But they weren't. Curiosity and the desperate wish not to join Calvin and Colin in the other room wrapped in the bed sheet drove me to the closet to look for my suitcase.

To my surprise I didn't find a suitcase in the closet, but I did find it full of neatly hung clothes. How sweet! Calvin...or Colin...had been thoughtful enough to put away my clothes. Without perusing the clothes I immediately headed for the dresser on the other side of the room. Underwear was first priority. My dreams of panties were thwarted. I opened each of the six dresser drawers, but found each as empty as the last. Suspicion began to form in the back of my mind.

I went back to the closet to inspect the clothes there more thoroughly. My suspicions were confirmed quickly.

My job as a college professor demands that I have a wardrobe of conservative, professional clothing. Like a lot of women, I love clothes, especially beautiful and sexy clothes. To my great delight, Calvin loves to indulge that passion. He loves for me to wear slinky, sexy, bare- there clothes when we go out. He says he loves watching the men drooling over me while knowing I'm going home with only him. We also have a very full fantasy sex life. We both love sexy role play. I have so many sexy club outfits, naughty costumes, and lingerie sets that I have a second closet. It seemed that almost the entire contents of my "fun" closet now hung in the cabin closet. Not one of the sexy, yet practical summer dresses I had packed was to be found.

A tiny thrill shot through me. So, the games had not come to an end. It was obvious that Calvin wanted to control what I wore, at least to some extent. He had said he'd had plans for the weekend, I just hadn't realized just how much planning he had done. Well, he and Colin had done. I had to keep

reminding myself that the brother's were up their ears in complicit deviousness. They had obviously worked together to iron out each little detail of this weekend. There was no way Calvin got all this stuff up here by himself without me knowing about it.

I shook my head a bit. The how's and why's didn't matter. What mattered was what was happening now. Some of the tight dread inside me loosened. If Calvin, and Colin, meant for me to wear something in this closet then there was more planned.

I began picking through the outfits, anticipation rising and pushing out the nervousness. A sober sit-down to discuss what had just happened, I couldn't handle right now. But the prospects another episode, or more, like the one a few hours ago had me nearly giddy. The thought of two sets of hands on my body had my temperature rising as I tried to concentrate on picking out something to wear. I finally settled on a dress that I knew was one of Calvin's favorites and was sure to make Colin drool. It was a retro looking black and white polka dotted halter dress. The top dipped low showing ample cleavage and the ruffled bottom ended just below my ass. It was conservative enough to wear during dinner but sexy enough to have them drooling within seconds. Since there wasn't any underwear and the few teddies in the closet were crotchless I got the idea that the two men wanted easy access. No problem.

I was pleasantly surprised to find the matching shoes, a pair of high heeled pumps with a cute little polka dot bow across the toe, lined up with several other pairs of my "fuck-me" shoes across the floor of the closet. I grabbed the outfit and went into the adjoining bathroom to freshen up. I was only mildly surprised to find my hairbrush, toothbrush, makeup and the entire contents of my toiletry bag neatly unpacked and ready to use. Those two had been busy little bees while I had been sleeping.

The thought of a hot, relaxing shower beckoned me. From the sounds and smells coming from the other part of the cabin, I could tell someone, most likely Colin, was cooking. But if it were near being ready they would have woken me, so I probably had enough time to get cleaned up and doll myself up a bit. I knew it would make me feel better, and a bit braver.

I let the hot water slide over me, relaxing me and washing away my nervousness. It was hard to keep focused as I washed. Sliding my hands over my soap-slick body sent my mind back to a few hours earlier when Calvin's and Colin's hands were sliding over me. It was everything I could do to keep my hands from slipping between my legs to tease myself to orgasm. But I resisted. I had no idea what Calvin and Colin had in store for me, but I wanted to find out, and quickly.

After showering I dried, put on lotion and perfume quickly. I blew my hair dry and pulled it back into a loose ponytail. I spent a little extra time on my make-up, lining my eyes thickly in black and filling my lips in with a deep red to give me a retro look that went well with the dress. When I was done, I gave myself a moment to assess my reflection. The ponytail and ruffled dress made me look sweet, while the hot red lips and amount of skin showing gave me a sexy, vampy look. I looked like an innocent sex kitten. Perfect.

Chapter 2

When I opened the bedroom door the smells and noises I'd only been sampling through the door assaulted me full force. The whole cabin was filled with the tantalizing aroma of tomato and spices. Colin was cooking. Great! I was going to get super hot sex *and* decadent food this weekend. I was in heaven. The guys were seated on a small sofa directly in front of a big screen TV. A game system, I assumed one of them had brought it along, was hooked up and Calvin was fighting aliens on screen as Colin cheered him on.

The both looked up when I entered the room. The way their mouths dropped open when they saw my outfit sent a smug little thrill through me. They both stared, speechless, at me for a moment until a noise on the TV screen brought them back to reality.

"Damn!" Calvin cursed. "I'm dead. Game over!"

Colin laughed, "Brought low by a woman bro! There are worse ways to go!"

"Shut up!" Calvin tried to sound stern, but he was laughing too. He tossed a throw pillow at his brother's head. "Go check on the food or something."

Colin took the not so subtle hint and retreated to the kitchen, letting his hand grasp my ass as he passed by me. I laughed at his shocked gasp when he realized I wasn't wearing any panties. I couldn't see the front of his jeans, but I was sure they were tighter than they had been a few moments before.

Calvin smiled and held a hand out to me. "Come here baby."

I crossed the room and took his hand. I started to sit on the sofa next to him, but he pulled my hand and guided me to his lap instead. I followed his unspoken instructions and straddled his legs so that I was facing him. My pussy nestled against his sweatpants. I could feel the heat from his half hard cock through the material. Once I was settled his hands went directly to my legs, sliding up my thighs, then hips, then under the tiny dress to cup my ass and run up and down over my back. I sighed and leaned into him as his mouth found my neck, kissing, licking, and nibbling.

"Oh, baby you look so hot," he said into the dip where my neck and shoulder meet, his voice thick. "I'm glad to see you are okay with what is happening."

My hands gripped his shoulders as I tried to keep a clear head and not go completely to pieces at his touch. "I would be more okay if I knew exactly what was going on." My voice sounded shaky and breathless, even to me.

Calvin leaned back and sighed deeply. "I knew you were going to say that."

His withdrew his hands from inside my dress, to avoid temptation I suppose, but still ran them up and down my legs and back as he began talking.

“Well, first off, I should let you know that this birthday gift isn’t just the weekend. I took the next two weeks off work. And so did Colin. Wait! Don’t give me that look. I haven’t had a vacation in two years; I think Randall can handle the place on his own for a while.”

“Okay.” I couldn’t argue because he was using the same argument she had been using to get him to take some time off and relax. Calvin worked hard running the family construction company. Added to that they had spent the last six months remodeling their home and he had insisted on doing most of the work himself. His business partner and cousin, Randall, could and would gladly handle the business alone for a couple of weeks.

“As for Colin, I don’t think he has taken more than two days off in a row since he bought the restaurant. Hell, usually he doesn’t even take two days off in a row”

Again, I couldn’t argue. I was also always harping on Colin to slow down a bit. But, I wasn’t worried about any of that. They needed to take time off, and could afford to. But, I had things to do. “Yes, but...”

Calvin cut me off before I could finish. “You have six weeks before you even have to start preparing for next semester. The house will still be there when we get back, and I will help you get the mess from the remodel cleaned up and everything situated the way you want it. This is the first summer semester in a long time you haven’t taught at least one class, and I think you need some rest and relaxation. ”

“Promise you’ll help me?” The only reason I’d taken the summer off from teaching at the local community college was because we had spent so much time remodeling and I had a lot of reorganizing and furniture moving to do.

“Yes, baby, I promise.” And I knew he would. Calvin had never broken a promise to me.

I smiled. “Okay. A two week vacation sounds like heaven.” I paused and bit my lip. I wasn’t sure how to ask what was going through my mind. “Two weeks with all three of us? Here?”

Calvin laughed. “Yes, that is the plan. But, only if it’s what you want, of course. I guess I should do a little explaining, huh?”

“Yes, please.”

“Well, this was planned for you, of course. But the truth is it is kind of a gift for all three of us. I knew you have always fantasized about a threesome, but you wouldn’t have gone through with it on your own because you would have felt like you were betraying me. You know I love watching you with other men.”

I felt my cheeks redden. The night we got so drunk and I told him about my secret fantasies he told me how he used spy on me with my boyfriends before he and I got together. After Colin and I split up and he finally moved out, Calvin and I continued to be roommates. It just made sense. We were best friends and it was cheaper to live in nice apartments with two people paying the bills. Colin had been

my first sex partner, and after we broke up I decided to get out there and see what I had been missing. I wouldn't say I went wild, or that I had been promiscuous, but I found out that I really liked sex, and I had no qualms about having it whenever I wanted, with whomever I wanted. Calvin, unknown to me at the time, was a bit of a voyeur. He used to sneak around and peak in doors and windows and watch me fuck other men. There had been one apartment we lived in that had very thin walls. If he was home, alone, and couldn't peak in, he would lie in his bed and listen to my moans coming from the next room as he stroked his cock. I was embarrassed when he told me about it, but he claimed that it was just that even back then he was in love with me and he loved watching me get pleasure, even if it was another man, or woman in the case of a couple of fun experiments, giving it to me.

Calvin smiled at my blush and kept going. "Since we have been together you haven't wanted to do a threesome of any kind. Hush, baby. You don't have to say it. I know you felt bringing in a stranger would cause problems. And I agree. I'm not sure that I could have stood seeing you with some stranger. But, I figured, rightly, that I would not be jealous of Colin. I guess it is because you guys have a past, maybe it's because I used to watch you two together. I don't know. But I do know your love for me is solid and won't change. So, I figured I could give you your most forbidden fantasy and indulge in my own fantasy of watching you with another man."

"What about Colin? How does he feel about this?"

"He is completely on board. He cares about you. He respects our relationship. And he finds you sexy as hell and is more than happy to fuck you every chance he gets. You can ask him how he feels if you're not sure."

"Don't you think things will be weird after we go back home?"

"I think we can work out whatever may come up. But, it is up to you. Are *you* okay with this?"

I smiled. "I am." And I was. I felt a bit like there was something Calvin was holding back, but I couldn't imagine what it could be, so I didn't press. I was curious, though, how things were going to work, so I asked, "What are the rules?"

"No rules. Well, not beyond the normal rules of consent. I've explained your limits and the safe word to him. Of course, you are welcome to talk to him about them yourself, if you're nervous. I want you to feel safe and secure and enjoy yourself."

That wasn't what I meant. "No, I mean, do you have any rules?"

Stupidly, I couldn't go on. I felt so juvenile. I could have sex with my boyfriend's brother in front of him, but I couldn't make the words come out to ask if there were any sexual acts he didn't want me to perform with someone other than him.

Understanding flashed in his eyes and he smiled. "Your only rule is to relax and have fun. I don't have a problem with the possibilities of anything you may want to do. I will not get jealous." He dropped a kiss on the tip of my nose.

“Rhea, this vacation isn’t just about sex. It’s about us all being together and just relaxing and having fun and enjoying each other’s company. You may do anything with Colin you would do with me. You don’t always have to have sex with us both. You can spend alone time with either of us as you wish. There are no requirements.”

“Okay.” I was starting to feel much more comfortable. “Just one more question.”

“Anything, baby.”

“Well, since you are giving me this “gift” are you expecting something similar in return in the future? Because if so, there could be a problem. It may be super selfish of me, but as much as I enjoyed being with both of you earlier, and as much as I’m starting to look forward to two weeks of decadent sex, I can’t see me ever being able to share you with another woman. I know it’s selfish, and childish, but if that is what you want, we will have to stop this before it goes any further.”

“What’s good for the goose isn’t good for the gander, huh?” he laughed. “No worries, baby. This isn’t a tit for tat sort of thing. I don’t want any tit but yours. Though, I do ask that you only get your tat from Colin or me. No outside tat.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at his goofy grin.

“In that case, I’m in. I think this could be fun. Now, can we get back to discussing the tit and tat?” I wiggled so that my bare pussy pushed against his cock through his sweat pants. I felt it jump and begin to thicken.

“Mmm, after dinner.” I could tell by the expression on his face he was working hard for his self-control. “First you might want to go tell Colin you are okay with everything. He was a bundle of nerves while you were asleep. He was afraid that once the euphoria of orgasm wore off you were going to be pissed at both of us.”

“Hmm. Maybe I should have been. But, I don’t know any woman alive who would be pissed at having two gorgeous men she cares about worshiping her body for two weeks. There will be worshiping, right?”

“Oh, yes, baby. There will be definite body worshiping happening.” His voice was little more than a growl as he gripped my hips and pushed me down so that my pussy ground against his hard cock.

“Good.” I grinned and leaned down to give his earlobe a mischievous nibble and backed off his lap. I left him sitting there, cock hard and ready, watching the ruffle of my dress bounce across my bare ass as I walked into the kitchen.

Chapter 3

Colin was at the stove stirring something bubbly in a tall pot.

“What’s for dinner?”

Colin jumped, splashing a thick orange colored sauce on the stove and floor. “Shit, Rhea, you startled me.”

I laughed and jumped up on the counter behind him as he grabbed a clean cloth and wet it in the sink. “Good. Now I feel vindicated. I’m not the only one who has been surprised today. So, what’s for dinner?”

“Lobster ravioli with vodka sauce.”

“Holy, shit! That sounds awesome. I’m going to gain twenty pounds if you are cooking the whole two weeks!” I loved Colin’s cooking. The man was a chef after all.

“No worries,” he said as he knelt in the floor wiping up spilled sauce. “We will make sure you get plenty of exercise.”

“Good. I’m counting on it.” I tried to use my most sultry tone.

He shot a hopeful glance up at me. “So, you’re okay with all this?”

I was sitting on the counter about three feet from him and a bit above his eye level as he bent down on the floor. I uncrossed my legs and spread them just slightly knowing he could get a full shot of my naked pussy. “Don’t I look ok?”

He quickly stood and tossed the dirty cloth into the sink as he crossed the room to me. He positioned himself between my legs with both hands on the counter on either side of me, but not touching me. “You look fabulous.”

He ran the tip of one finger from my collar bone down my cleavage until skin met cloth. “How come you never dressed like this when we were together?”

“You never asked.”

That was the truth. I grew up in a fairly conservative household. My parents weren’t particularly strict when it came to clothes, truthfully I don’t think the subject ever came up. Aside from a couple of skirts and dresses I wore mostly to church, I mostly wore jeans to school. It didn’t change in college. I liked cute clothes, sure, but I was most comfortable in jeans. After college, when I started teaching I had to pay closer attention to my clothes, but then I still wore mostly slacks in order to appear conservative and professional.

It wasn't until I started dating Calvin and he bought me my first micro mini that I ever even considered wearing something that showed that much skin. I liked it.

"Hmm," he said. "I guess I didn't know as much about women and sex back then as I thought I did." He cupped my breast with one hand, teasing the nipple between his thumb and forefinger through the thin material. "I've learned a lot since then."

Heat rushed through me. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him closer. "Mmm, sounds nice. Do you plan to show me what you've learned?"

He slipped his hand into the top of my dress, cupped my bare breast with his large, warm hand, and pulled it out, pushing the material to the side so he had access to the hard little nipple. "Oh, yes, honey. I plan to show you everything I know."

He dipped his head and sucked my nipple into his mouth. Lightning and fire shot right to my pussy. I grasped his shoulders, my fingers digging into his thin t-shirt. One hand began sliding up my leg and had just reached the hem of my dress when a loud beeping made Colin jerk his head up.

"Shit. Ravioli is done. Guess this will have to wait, sexy girl." He turned to switch off the digital timer on the stove and took one of the pots off the stove.

I leaned back, banging my head against the cabinet doors and let out an exasperated gasp, "Fuck!"

Colin laughed and flashed a sexy grin at me. "Later babe. I promise. Now, can you set the table?"

Once I got my body temperature back to normal, I hopped off the counter and began hunting through the cabinets for dishes. The cabin was well stocked and I soon had the table set with plates, silverware, and wine glasses for three. The tension and nervousness I had expected to be in the air was absent during dinner. The food was, predictably, delicious. The conversation was easy and full of laughter. It was just me and Calvin and Colin having dinner together. Nothing out of the ordinary about that. After dinner Colin and I cleared table and Calvin put the dishes in the dishwasher.

Once the kitchen was tidy, I said, mischievously, "Now, I wonder what will be for dessert."

Colin came up behind me and untied the halter top of my dress, letting the dress fall to the floor. "I'm a chef. I always have dessert planned."

I let out a squeak as he swept his arms under my knees and picked me up and then set me in the middle of the dining table. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Calvin pulling jars and bowls out of the refrigerator. Excitement flooded through me. I had expected to be the main course for "dessert," but this wasn't quite what I had in mind.

"What are you doing?"

"Well, Calvin and I are going to have dessert. And you are going to be our plate. Now lay back."

I still wasn't sure what they planned, but it sounded fun so I did as I was told and leaned back. I felt a bit vulnerable lying completely naked, except for the high heeled pumps I still wore, in the middle of the table.

Lying the way I was I couldn't see what Calvin brought to the table until Colin began applying various ingredients to my body. First he drizzled what looked like caramel sauce that had been slightly warmed in the microwave over my breasts, down my stomach, and over my legs and back up to my pussy. The feel of the warm and sticky sauce sliding over my body was strangely erotic. Warmed chocolate sauce followed the caramel. He drizzled sauce over me until every bit of my body below my neck was covered. Then he pulled out a can of spray whipped cream and put mounds of the white, fluffy substance on each breast and in the juncture between my thighs. The shock of the cold cream hitting my sauce warmed skin sent shivers through me and made me gasp.

Once I was completely covered, Calvin sat down in the chair at the end of the table, between my legs. Wordlessly he hooked his arms under my legs, grasped my ass and pulled me down the table so that my legs were spread wide and my ass rested on the edge of the table.

He flashed me a wicked grin and buried his face between my legs, licking away the whipped cream and chocolate and caramel sauces. My pussy flooded with heat and juice. I bucked my hips up to his mouth wanting his tongue on more than just my outer lips, but he held my hips down. "Patience baby. I have to lick my plate clean."

At that cue Colin lowered his face to my stomach and began licking. I reached for him, trying to run my hands over his back, but he paused in his licking long enough to put my hands above my head. "Now keep them there," he ordered as he returned his attention to the chocolate sauce.

They slowly and thoroughly licked and sucked the gooey dessert toppings from my body. Colin worked on everything above my bellybutton and Calvin worked below. The teasing pleasure was merciless. They licked every bit of my body, except the parts I wanted their mouths on the most. Calvin licked down my legs, up my thighs, and lightly over the outside of my pussy, but stayed clear of my wet slit. Colin also licked and sucked every inch of my tits but only circled the outline of my nipples once. It was driving me crazy. I wiggled, and bucked, and begged, but they just laughed and kept licking. I was on fire. They just laughed and kept licking.

After what was probably minutes but felt like hours I was on the verge of tears. "Oh, God! Please fuck me! Please, I need to come. Oh, fuck!"

"What do you think bro?" Colin pulled his head up from teasing my belly button with his tongue. "Do you think we should give her what she wants?"

Calvin dipped his tongue deep into my slit, making me gasp with pleasure. "Well, I have this habit of giving her what she wants, so yes, I suppose we should." Then he pulled my throbbing pussy lips apart and sucked my rock hard clit into his mouth.

After so much teasing and anticipation the pleasure was almost too great for me to handle. I screamed out, my hips bucking several inches off the table, as the orgasm hit me with the force of an avalanche. As if taking a cue from my screams Colin sucked one turgid nipple into his mouth and bit down lightly. A sheet of solid fire hit me directly between my thighs. I bucked and screamed again as the orgasm rolled over me in waves.

The licking between my legs continued as my shaking began to subside. Calvin licked and teased my clit, on finger slipping deep into my pussy, fucking me slowly. The pressure that had just been released began to build again.

I grasped Colin's head as he continued to lick and suck my nipples. I pressed my hips up, trying to get Calvin's tongue deeper. I was in a frenzy.

"Fuck, Calvin! Fuck me, please!" I had been begging for what seemed like hours, so I was surprised when he quickly complied.

"Your wish is my command, my lady," he said as he stood and pulled his clothes off. He pulled my ass closer to the edge of the table, pushed my legs wider, and shoved his rock hard cock deep into me in one hard and smooth thrust.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, God, Calvin! Yes!" I was suddenly stretched and filled to capacity. He was hot and hard inside me. He began moving slow, hard, and deep. His thumb played over my clit, igniting a fire in my blood. He was everything to me. His cock felt like heaven pushing ever deeper into me. Yet, suddenly it wasn't enough. I needed more.

Ignoring Colin's previous order to keep my arms above my head I reached for his pants. This time he didn't protest as I fumbled with his belt and zipper. "Colin, help me!" I said desperately. I wanted his cock, now!

He abandoned my nipples to help me get his pants open. The moment his cock was free I pulled it into my mouth. It tasted so good. I sucked and licked as if I couldn't get enough. I couldn't.

"Oh, shit! Rhea! Slow down!"

I ignored him. I could hear his moans and I knew he loved every bit of it. I grasped his ass with my hands, twisting the top of my body so that I could easily reach. I could barely concentrate on sucking the luscious cock in my mouth due to the larger one rhythmically pounding my pussy. I could tell Calvin was about to come, he was thrusting harder and faster with each stroke. He rolled my clit between his fingers. I gasped, trying to hold it together. I couldn't come, not yet. Not until I had Colin shooting his hot cum in my mouth.

Right then Colin gasped, "Damn, Rhea. Please, slow down. I want to be in your tight little pussy when I come."

I knew then that he was ready. I slipped my mouth off his cock with a loud, liquid pop. "Next time," I said simply. Then I sucked his cock back into my mouth with more force than before. I mustered every bit of energy I had to push my hips hard at Calvin to let him know I was ready. He understood. At the same time I reached between Colin's legs to squeeze his balls, Calvin pinched my clit sending me over the edge into the abyss of pleasure. I sucked in hard and heard Colin gasp and felt his cock jerk in my mouth moments before I tasted his hot and salty cum on my tongue. One more hard and deep thrust and Calvin's hands clenched my legs as pushed his cock as deep in me as it would go and shot his hot cum deep inside me.

Chapter 4

After we all came to our senses again we each showered and settled down to watch a movie. We were halfway into the movie when Calvin fell asleep in the recliner. Colin and I shared the sofa, neither of us ready for sleep. Neither of us really wanted to go to bed when the movie was over, so we found another to watch. It was a romantic movie and about twenty minutes in there was an intense sex scene. Not porn, but explicit enough to make my body tingle. I glanced at Colin and could tell it was having the same effect on him. He ran his hand up my leg.

Heat instantly flooded me. I glanced at Calvin asleep in the chair. I wanted to fuck Colin, but I didn't want to wake Calvin. He'd been getting little sleep lately. Colin misunderstood my look.

"Are you ok? We don't have to do anything you aren't comfortable with," he whispered.

I smiled. "Oh, I want to. I just don't want to wake him. He doesn't get enough sleep."

Colin grinned and stood up holding his hand out to me. "Then follow me."

I took his hand and let him lead me into the next room. I thought we were going to the bed, but instead we passed it by, pausing only so that he could grab a condom off the night stand. He led me into the bathroom. It made sense, the further we were away from the living room, the less likely we were to wake Calvin.

The moment we were in the bathroom with the door shut it was as if a damn broke. We were like wild animals. We were on each other, our mouths trying to devour the other, our hands tearing at each other's clothes. We couldn't get close enough fast enough. My pink negligee ended up on the floor a tattered rag.

"I'll buy you a new one." Colin gasped out against my neck.

I bit his earlobe. "I don't care about. Just fuck me. I need you inside me. Now."

He didn't answer. He just spun me around and bent me over the counter. Looking up I realized that noise was not why he had chosen the bathroom. The mirror. He wanted to fuck me from behind and still watch my face.

Hot thrills raced through me. "Yes." I said it with confidence, though I wasn't sure what I was agreeing to.

Pulling my legs apart he thrust first one, then two fingers deep into my pussy. I moaned and pushed back against him.

"Fuck, honey. You are already wet and ready for me." His voice was thick with lust.

My gaze locked onto his in the mirror. "Yes. Give me your cock. Now. Don't make me wait any more. Give it to me. Please." I barely recognized my voice.

He quickly slid the condom onto himself and slid deep into my dripping pussy. I gasped and dropped my head. It felt so good, so right, to have him deep inside me. It should have felt wrong or at least naughty to be fucking him in the bathroom while Calvin slept in the next room. But, it didn't. It felt good, and it felt right. Colin was mine, just as much as Calvin was.

Colin's hand twisted in my hair and gently pulled my head up.

"Look at me baby. I want to see your face as I fuck you. And I want you looking at me."

"Yes, Colin, fuck me."

And he did. He drove his cock in deep and fast. We were both frenzied. He thrust hard and fast and I pushed back against him, meeting every stroke with my own. It was if I was watching two other people in the mirror. Our faces were wild and unrecognizable. The feel of him inside me, hard and throbbing, was nearly more than I could stand. Tension built in my body with each stroke, sending me higher and higher until I fell off the side of the mountain.

"Colin!" I screamed out his name as the damn of pleasure broke and I flooded his cock with my juice. My slick pussy walls squeezed his cock hard and within seconds he groaned deep and loud as his cock jerked and pulsed inside me.

I slumped forward, my head resting on the mirror. "Oh, damn, Colin, "I croaked out. "That was..."

"Amazing," he finished.

"Yes. Amazing."

I realized he was still inside me, but that was ok. I didn't have the energy to move, and I wasn't sure I wanted him to leave me just yet.

He dropped kisses over my bare back. "Rhea, there is something you should know."

I started to lift my head, but his hand on the back of my neck prevented me. "No, don't look up, just listen. You need to know this before this time we have together goes any further. You deserve to know. I love you."

I jerked my head. "Colin."

"No, please, be still and hear me out."

I went perfectly still and squeezed my eyes shut.

"I am not telling you this because I expect anything. I do not expect you to leave Calvin. That isn't my goal. I'm not going to try to steal you, or try to change your feelings for him at all. I know that even if I

tried it wouldn't work. I know you love him. I know no one will ever take his place in your heart. But facts are facts. I love you. I don't think I ever stopped. I was a fool to leave you, yet I suppose it was for the best. You are an amazing woman Rhea, and I love you. That is all. I just thought you had the right to know."

I couldn't speak. I opened my mouth, but no sound came out. Probably because I had no idea what to say.

He slid slowly and gently out of me, dropped a kiss on the back of my neck, and left the bathroom pulling the door shut behind him.

I couldn't open my eyes until I heard the click of the door. I stared at the image in the mirror wondering who she was. The woman was wild haired and wild eyed and had the look of a fully satisfied woman who had just been fucked by someone she cared about deeply. I stared at her wondering just who she was and what I had gotten myself into.

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