

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

Jenna Reynolds

'Tis The
SEASON
To Be
Kinky

Merry Kinkmas

'Tis the Season to be Kinky

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Melissa enjoys indulging in spicy roleplay scenarios with her sexy lover, Colin. Doctor, patient. Professor, student. Plumber, housewife. When Colin dresses up as Santa, Melissa is surprised by the visions of naughtiness that dance through her head. After sharing one of her more risqué roleplay fantasies, she has a pretty good idea what he has in store for her following his firm's holiday party.

What she doesn't know, however, is that Colin has invited one more person to take part in her racy roleplay scenario. His good-looking, lusty and *very* hot friend, Jake.

It's definitely the season to be kinky.

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'Tis the Season to be Kinky

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'TIS THE SEASON TO BE KINKY

Jenna Reynolds

Dedication

Dedicated to adventurous couples, threesomes and foursomes everywhere.

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Chapter One

As the taxi carefully cruised through the late evening traffic on the snowy streets of Washington, D.C. Melissa Delaney sat in the backseat with Santa, who had his arm around her shoulder.

Placing her hand on his thigh, she slid her palm up and down the red velvet. She couldn't help imagining how it would feel against her naked skin. Her pussy clenched at the thought, and she squeezed Santa's leg in response.

Colin Anderson looked over at her with his warm gray eyes. "Is Mrs. Santa feeling a bit horny this evening?"

"Mrs. Santa?" She glanced down at her cashmere coat. Underneath it she wore a black skirt, white blouse and black pumps. "I'm hardly dressed for the part."

"Speaking of, I hope the kids weren't disappointed Santa was a bit on the thin side."

Melissa smiled. The store where Colin had rented the Santa suit had sold out all their padding, and he certainly wasn't fat enough to make a very convincing Kris Kringle. He worked out religiously and, although he wasn't overly muscular, he had a lean, well-toned body.

She looked at his face. He'd taken off the white beard he'd worn at the party, but he still wore his Santa cap. Dark-brown hair framed a face that was classically handsome and nearly always set off by his wide, engaging smile.

"Don't worry. The kids loved you," she said.

And they had. The community center where she volunteered every other weekend served a mainly minority population. As a result, some of the parents had been uncomfortable with a white man acting as Santa for their children.

Colin, however, had the ability to put people at ease, no matter their races, background or socioeconomic level. He had made all the kids laugh, remembered all of their names and had eventually charmed even the most skeptical of their parents.

It hadn't hurt that Colin was also a lobbyist. He used that charming smile, prep-school demeanor and finely honed intellect to his advantage as he prowled the halls of Congress, urging the passage of legislation that would benefit those he lobbied for.

Melissa had met him a year ago at a conference. She was a physical therapist, and one of her missions in life was to ensure funds were available for people injured on jobs that barely paid minimum wage, much less provided health insurance. Colin had attended the conference because his firm had been hired to lobby for such legislation.

It often seemed like a lost cause to Melissa, but he had told her he liked lost causes. He could have been lobbying for some giant energy conglomerate, international bank or multinational corporation. But Melissa knew Colin saw himself as some kind of errant knight, a twenty-first-century Don Quixote, battling windmills and fighting the good fight.

He was also something of a rebel. His family was not only extremely wealthy, but their ancestry supposedly went all the way back to the *Mayflower*. Or so his mother insisted was the case.

He had told her not long after they met that he thought it all a bunch of elitist crap. Not only had he refused to live the life his parents had planned out for him from the day he was born, he used the top-drawer education they'd given him to lobby for organizations that helped those who were not so blessed.

And that was one of the things, among many others, that was causing Melissa to fall madly in love with him.

"Thanks again for filling in," she went on.

The community center had lost their Santa when he had to rush to the hospital to perform an emergency appendectomy. Colin had volunteered to step in and, by some

miracle, had gotten hold of a Santa costume when they were at a premium this late in the holiday season.

He shrugged. "I had a great time. I think I may have to play Santa more often." He gave her a sidelong glance. "Or maybe, someday, pass out presents to my own kids."

He'd been doing that lately. Throwing out hints about getting married, settling down, having kids. She didn't know, however, whether to take him seriously. Before they'd started seeing each other on a regular basis, he'd been honest and told her that he had dated a lot of women over the years.

A lot of women.

And she'd not doubted he had. He was attractive, charming and a veritable beast in bed.

"You should. Play Santa more often, that is," she added quickly. She slid her hand farther up his thigh and inched it toward his groin.

He glanced at the cabbie. "Hmmm, sweetheart, what are you doing?"

She moved her mouth toward his ear and gently bit the lobe. "I can't help it," she whispered. "I'm getting so turned-on."

"Really?" He arched an eyebrow. "Wait, you really are getting turned-on. You always get that nice flush along your neck when you do. Is it the Santa suit? Is that what's getting you all hot and bothered?"

"What do you think?" She tongued his ear and slid her hand over the front of the suit, her fingers pushing through the white fur trim.

"I don't know," Colin confessed. "I mean, I've heard of people getting off on furies. But Santas? That's a new one."

Melissa rubbed herself along the suit. It wasn't as if she hadn't been turned-on before by some costume he'd worn. Just last weekend, when they'd decided to roleplay plumber and housewife, he'd come to her apartment dressed in coveralls and wearing a

leather tool belt. A variety of tools had hung from the belt. One of them had been a dildo.

He'd even gone so far into the roleplay as to fix the leaky faucet in her bathroom, which had impressed her to no end. When she'd timidly told him that she didn't have the money to pay him, that her skinflint of a "husband" never gave her enough money to take care of the household, things had gotten hot, heavy and totally rocking.

In lieu of paying him, Colin "the plumber" had fucked her against the bathroom wall. He'd first used the dildo, whispering nasty things in her ear about plumbing snakes, pressure heads and flow control valves. Then he had thrust his long, thick cock inside her. Melissa had climaxed at least half a dozen times.

As the cab pulled up to a stoplight, Colin leaned over and kissed her. He placed his hand on her leg and slid it up, pushing her skirt up until it was around her hips. Melissa opened her legs wider.

Colin moved his hand between her thighs while he nibbled and kissed her throat. The soft velvet of the suit rubbed against her skin, and naughty visions of what she'd like her Santa to do to her danced through her head.

Taking hold of her chin, Colin turned her face toward his. He trailed his tongue around her lips. Pressing his hand against her panties, he slowly caressed her pussy lips.

"Oh, Santa," she whispered. "That feels good. And so naughty. Don't stop."

Colin chuckled and softly bit the edge of her ear. "You're being a very bad girl. You know that, don't you?"

"And Santa doesn't like bad girls. Does he?"

He pushed the edge of her panties aside and slid a finger into her cunt. "I wouldn't go that far."

He felt his way around her pussy, stroking and rubbing. Then he slipped another finger inside her.

Melissa struggled to control her moans. Colin was an expert when it came to finger fucking. The fact that he was doing it in the back of a cab in a Santa suit made it even more exciting. Feeling especially daring, she raised her hips.

Colin slid his hand under her bottom, pulled her panties down her legs and tossed them onto the floor of the cab.

She was now bare-assed beneath her skirt. Colin kissed her while his hand stole back to her naked cunt. He pressed his palm against her mound and slipped his fingers back inside her. He pushed them in deep, then, slowly pulled them out.

Melissa's body quivered. She and Colin had a very energetic relationship, sexually speaking. He was not only willing to indulge her kink for roleplay, but he was a very inventive lover. He had a partiality for having sex in positions other than the missionary and in places other than the bed.

He was especially fond of fucking her in her grandmother's antique Queen Anne wingback chair.

Pressing his thumb on her swollen clit, he slowly stroked it in a slow, steady rhythm while his fingers pumped in and out of her pussy.

Melissa moaned and arched her back, spreading her legs wider and lifting her hips in time to Colin's forceful finger fucking.

He opened her coat and quickly undid the buttons of her blouse, revealing her breasts in their lacy, cream-colored bra. He bent his head and kissed her nipple through the fabric. He slowly ran his tongue across it, thoroughly wetting it.

Melissa's body began to tingle from head to toe. She'd always enjoyed having her breasts sucked and having it done in a cup added to her excitement. And that Santa suit of course.

Colin sucked her other breast, his tongue laving the stiff nipple. He increased the speed of his fingers pumping in and out of her pussy, his thumb flicking over her clit.

“Oh god.” Her cunt muscles contracted hard around his fingers. Her hips shuddered and she moaned as she climaxed.

Colin pulled his fingers out of her wet, swollen pussy. He leaned toward the cabbie. “You want to make some extra money tonight?”

The cabbie turned his head. He was young with a ponytail and amazingly white teeth. “It’s Christmas, man. Who doesn’t want to make some extra money? I got five kids.”

“Yeah, sure you do,” Colin said, smiling.

The cabbie grinned back. “What I gotta do for that extra cash, bro?”

“Just drive around for a bit. Give us the tourist’s tour.”

The cabbie’s eyes glanced in the rearview mirror. A sly smile twisted his lips. “It’ll cost you. You sure you want to do that?”

“Yeah, I’m sure,” Colin responded. “Just keep your eyes on the road and don’t get pulled over by D.C.’s finest.”

“You ain’t got to worry about that, bro. Harold, he don’t want nothing to do with no po-po.”

Colin leaned back against the seat.

“You’re assuming a lot,” Melissa said, but she smiled as she said it.

Colin shrugged. “I’m not the one who got turned-on being finger-fucked by a guy in a Santa suit.” He turned toward her, his eyes bright with curiosity. “And how is I didn’t know about this particular fetish of yours for Santa?”

Melissa reached over and put her hand on Colin’s groin. She felt his hard erection beneath the suit. She eased the zipper down and slid her hand inside. She placed her hand around his thick, hard erection and guided it out.

Colin drew in a hard, sharp breath.

“Because I never knew I had one. I’d always been a little afraid of Santa.” She wrapped her hand around his shaft, slowly rubbing her thumb across the tip of his cock. She spread the slippery pre-cum all around it.

“Maybe that’s part of the kink.” He moaned as she slowly massaged his cock.

“What do you mean?”

“Maybe you’re still afraid of Santa and that’s what’s turning you on. That fear.” He moved his mouth to her ear, his breath hot and short. “Suck it, baby,” he whispered. “Suck Santa’s cock.”

She bent over Colin’s lap and gently kissed the head of his cock. It jerked against her lips. She slowly took him into her mouth.

Colin moaned and she felt him shift in his seat as he pressed his hips upward.

Melissa’s pussy throbbed in time to her sucking of his cock. She rubbed the long, hard shaft with her hand as she twisted her mouth around the head.

Colin’s hips shook and she knew he was near climax. He gently pushed her away from her groin.

She looked up at him. “What?”

He shook a finger at her. “You’re still being a very naughty girl.”

Melissa grinned. He wanted to roleplay. Fine. She was game. “I am, Santa. I’m being a very, very bad girl.”

Colin smiled. “Santa’s got just the thing for naughty girls.”

Melissa glanced at the cab driver. His attention appeared to be on his driving, but when she looked in the rearview mirror, his eyes were looking directly into hers.

Melissa had no doubt he would do as he was told. Keep his eyes on the road. Avoid getting pulled over by the cops. But she knew he wouldn’t be able to resist stealing a glance every now and then at what was going on behind him. What man could?

Pushing aside her coat, Colin hiked her skirt up around her hips. She returned her attention back to him. He gripped her bare ass and maneuvered her onto his lap. Then he slapped it.

Melissa yelped.

“That’s for being such a bad girl. Sucking Santa’s cock like that. Santa doesn’t like naughty girls. He puts coals in their stockings instead of nice, shiny presents.”

Melissa gripped his rock-hard penis. She stroked it and Colin moaned.

“Are you sure about Santa not liking naughty girls?” she murmured.

Colin slowly rubbed her ass cheeks. “Well, Santa might be willing to amend his earlier opinion about bad girls. Depends on what’s in it for him.”

“You sound like a lobbyist.”

“I am a lobbyist, sweetheart. Now put Old Saint Nick’s dick in that sweet pussy of yours and let’s see just how naughty a girl you can be.”

Melissa guided Colin’s cock to the opening of her cunt. He slid it slowly inside her.

“Oh, yeah, that’s it. Yeah, show Santa just how bad a girl you are.” He bucked his hips up and plunged his cock deep into her with one smooth, silken move of his groin.

Melissa pressed her palms against the back of the seat. She began to move up and down, shoving her hips forward. Colin grabbed her ass and squeezed her cheeks. He’d told her on more than one occasion that he liked her round, firm ass. He went in deeper and deeper with each thrust.

Melissa’s bra was still pushed down under her breasts. He took one of them into his mouth, his tongue licking the firm nipple, his lips hungrily sucking it.

They were both moaning loudly, and Melissa had no doubt the cabbie heard everything. The fact that he was listening too excited her.

Melissa rode Colin hard while he sucked and licked both of her breasts, moving his mouth from one to the other. She closed her eyes and threw her head back. She’d put

her hair up, but two of the combs she'd placed in it fell out and onto the seat. Strands of her hair tumbled down her back.

She pushed her hands harder into the backseat as she rode Colin's cock. He climaxed deep inside her, groaning as if in pain. He gently bit her breast, his tongue rubbing hard against her nipple.

Melissa bucked her hips and also came. She cried out, her head thrown back as spasms of pleasure rippled through her body.

The cab jerked, as if the driver had avoided some obstacle in the street, but Melissa knew what had distracted him.

She slumped against Colin, her forehead pressed against the backseat of the cab as she slowly came down from that mind-blowing orgasm.

She searched for his mouth and kissed him. A long, deep, passionate kiss. He slid his hands up under her blouse and rubbed the bare skin of her back.

"Hmm, that was good," he murmured against her mouth, his warm lips rubbing against hers. "So tell me. And be honest now. Was it the fact you were fucking me that made it feel so good, or that you were fucking Santa?"

Melissa rubbed her moist cunt against his groin, his cock still inside her. He always asked her that after they finished a roleplay. "You know it's you, darling. It's always you. But I told you, I've always had this thing about costumes and pretending to be someone else."

"I know you do, baby. But you can't blame a guy for asking."

"I thought you liked it when we roleplay?"

"I do, but I'm not going to lie. I do wonder sometimes what's behind it all."

"There's nothing behind it all." She pushed herself off him and quickly rearranged her clothes, while Colin fixed his Santa suit. She glanced at the cab driver. He appeared to still be driving aimlessly around the city.

"I've made you mad, haven't I?" he asked.

“No, I’m not mad.” But she thought he understood her. Now she was starting to feel like she was some kind of pervert.

It was the same way she’d felt this past Labor Day.

She and Colin had been staying at a hotel at Virginia Beach and had run into one of Colin’s friends from college. His name was Jake Reid. He was also a lobbyist, but his area of expertise lay with smaller groups like the Coalition for the Advancement of Regional Epicures, also known as C.A.R.E.

Colin had told her that he suspected one of the reasons Jake lobbied for C.A.R.E was because he enjoyed fine food, and what better organization for someone with a discerning palate than a group of chefs.

Jake had been waiting in the hotel’s bar for a meeting with a potential client. She was not only two hours late, she hadn’t returned any of his voice or text messages. He had called the meeting a wash and gladly accepted Colin’s invitation to join him and Melissa in their room. Prior to that afternoon, she had met Jake only a couple of times, but she’d found him charming, sexy and a bit of bad boy.

The three had drunk a bottle of cabernet sauvignon while snacking on wheat crackers and Bra Tenero cheese. Melissa had sat between the two men on the couch. She’d been wearing a gold sarong and blue bikini top.

She remembered laughing at some joke of Jake’s. The next thing she knew his hand was on her bare thigh. She’d been so stunned all she could do was go on as if nothing was amiss. She had glanced at Colin, but to her surprise he had shown no reaction.

But the longer Jake’s hand had remained on her thigh, the heavier and warmer it had felt.

From then on, things had gotten more and more interesting.

Jake had leaned over and kissed her bare shoulder. Just a quick kiss on her skin, his lips firm and warm. As for Colin, he had moved closer and started nuzzling her neck. And, just like that, both men had been kissing and caressing her.

She could still recall the heady sense of lust she had felt at being touched by two men at the same time. Something she had never experienced in her life.

Colin had showered kisses around her lips and along her jaw. As for Jake, he had molded his body against her side, his fingers exploring her bare stomach. Cupping one of her breasts, he had pulled down her bikini top and had rubbed her nipple with the rough pad of his thumb.

Heat had rippled under her flushed skin and her pussy had softened and moistened. She had assumed that one of them would stop what was going on. But she hadn't and neither had Colin or Jake.

As Colin had kissed her neck, Jake had slowly begun moving his mouth toward her bare breast.

And that had been when his cell phone had gone off. Jake had reluctantly answered it. It was the client he'd been waiting for. He had hung up, cursed a blue streak and then told them that business was business and, unfortunately, he had to go.

After he had left, Melissa had been somewhat embarrassed as she hadn't been sure what to make of what had happened.

But Colin hadn't given her time to reflect on it. He had taken her by the hand, pulled her into the bedroom and fucked her senseless.

But the door had been opened, and what had almost happened that Labor Day weekend had fueled Melissa's sexual fantasies from then on. When she brought it up with Colin, she was surprised then pleased when he had said he was more than willing to continue on where they had left off.

The only problem had been Jake. He was also willing according to Colin. Just busy as all heck.

"Do you think I'm a pervert?" she asked.

Colin barked a laugh. "What? Where the heck did that come from?"

"Just answer it."

"No, sweetheart," he said. "I don't think you're a pervert."

She smiled.

"Perverts are men," he went on. "Women are freaks."

She punched him hard in the side, her fist sinking in the plush fabric of the Santa suit.

"Ow," he said. "What was that for?"

"Because I think you might be right."

"About what, babe?"

"That I am a freak."

He kissed her cheek. "Good thing too. I have a weakness for freaks. Especially sexy, pretty ones."

"I'm serious, Colin. I think there may be something wrong with me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when I was a freshman in college..." She stopped and bit her lower lip. She'd never told anyone this particular story.

Colin nudged her. "Go on. When you were in college?"

She released a breath. "I was dating this guy. His name was Danny Robak. Well, actually, it was more like he was dating me. He was awkward. You know. The smart, geeky, shy type. But I liked him. He made me laugh. And he helped me with calculus."

She smiled as she recalled Danny trying to explain differential equations to her while he stole covert glances at her breasts. "Anyway, he invited me to spend Thanksgiving break with his family. My parents were in Mexico for their anniversary. That Friday after Thanksgiving his folks decided to go see a movie, so it was just me and Danny. He had this costume he'd worn on Halloween. A burglar or something. Black mask, leather gloves, dark clothes. And ropes."

"Ropes?"

Melissa nodded.

“Go on. What happened?” Colin said.

She glanced at the cabbie. She had the feeling he was listening intently.

“Well, I was making popcorn in the kitchen,” she said. “We were planning to watch a movie. Danny sneaked upstairs and put on that costume. He grabbed me from behind and pretended to be a burglar. At first I thought he really was someone breaking into the house. And I...” She glanced nervously at Colin. “Well, even though I was scared to death, I got really wet. And I couldn’t help thinking what he was going to do to me. Sounds sick, doesn’t it?”

Colin shook his head. “Not at all.”

“Of course I realized fairly quickly that it was Danny. Especially when I smelled the black licorice on his breath. He had this thing about black licorice.” Melissa made a face. “I hate black licorice.”

Colin smiled.

“But even after I knew it was him, I pretended to fight him. We wrestled for a bit, although Danny also kept giggling. Then he tied me up with those ropes and he...” Melissa stopped.

“He what?” Colin was nearly shouting. “Don’t stop now, woman.”

Melissa laughed. “He tried to get me to tell him where the jewels and money were in the house.”

“How’d he do that?”

Melissa made a face at Colin. “How do you think?”

“I don’t know. You tell me.”

She punched him in the arm. “You know what he did!”

“Yes, I do, but could you please be more specific?”

“Really, Colin. You’re treating me like some witness at a trial. Must I tell you all the gory details?”

“Yes. Or I’ll tell ole Harold there to drive us around all night.”

Melissa shrugged. "It's your dime."

"Don't tease Santa."

"Fine. He played with my pussy while he had me tied up."

Colin grinned. "Did you come?"

Melissa's face burned, as much from having confessed her secret to Colin as from her memory of that night. "Yes. Twice. We didn't fuck or anything. He just used his hands on me. He was clumsy at it. But earnest. I think it was more the costume than anything else that made me come. I kept imagining it was all for real. That he was a real burglar come to rob the place."

"Harpaxophilia."

"What?"

"Sexual arousal from being robbed. It's similar to phobophilia, which is being sexually aroused by fear. Also, I'm guessing that you were probably afraid that Danny's parents would come home early and catch you two."

"They were pretty conservative. And they did come home a bit early. But we were all done by then."

"Well, I don't think being turned-on by being scared makes you a freak." He shrugged. "It's just your kink."

"Okay, what about Jake? I wanted to have sex with two men."

Colin smiled affectionately at her. "That's not freaky either. That just makes you the woman of my dreams."

"Mine too," the cabbie chimed in.

She ignored him. As for Colin's insistence that she wasn't some kind of sexual deviant, she still wasn't convinced. But she decided to let it be for the moment.

"So what about you?" she asked.

"What about me?"

"What's your kink?"

He shrugged. "Don't have one."

"I don't believe you. Everyone has a kink."

"You've been watching too much *Oprah*."

"We all have something that turns us on."

"A beautiful, naked woman begging me to fuck her." He hugged her. "Especially when it's you."

"All right then, if you don't have a kink, how is it you know about this stuff?"

He shrugged. "I read a lot. So you still coming to the party?"

She blinked, startled by the abrupt change in the conversation. But Colin often did that. Change the topic in midstream. Especially when the topic was pertaining to something he didn't want to talk about at the time.

"Wouldn't miss it," she said. The lobbying firm he worked for held their holiday party every year at one of the city's hotels.

"I got us a room. We can spend the night. Do room service. The whole shebang."

"Room service." She squeezed her arm. "Hmmm. I like the sound of that."

"And I'll have a surprise for you."

"Really? What? My Christmas present?"

He kissed her. "It wouldn't be much of a surprise if I told you, now would it?"

He leaned over and instructed the cabbie to take them to her apartment. Once they arrived, after telling the driver to wait, he walked her to her front door. He kissed her, a long, wet kiss, and she couldn't help thinking about that song, *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*.

"You sure you don't want to stay the night?" she murmured, her fingers playing along the velvet of the Santa suit.

"Wish I could, sweetheart. But I've got a big meeting in the morning. Congress might be on holiday break. We are not." He kissed her again and squeezed her ass. "I'll make it up to you at the party. Promise."

He took off his Santa cap and placed it on her head.

“Don’t you have to return it?”

“No way. I’m buying this costume.” He grinned wickedly. “Night, Mrs. Santa.”

He kissed her one last time then ran back to the cab, his black boots pounding against the steps.

As Melissa entered her apartment, she had a pretty good idea what Colin’s surprise was going to be. But having confessed what she’d done with Danny, she wondered if she’d be able to go through with it.

She smiled. She hoped so. It sure had been fun when she’d done that burglar roleplay scenario.

Chapter Two

Melissa poked halfheartedly with her fork at her plate of mini-quiches, deviled eggs and stuffed mushrooms. Her eyes, as usual, had been bigger than her stomach. She picked up a candy cane decorated with a green and red ribbon, tore off the plastic wrapping and sucked on it.

She sat at a table in the huge ballroom of the hotel where Colin's lobbying firm was holding their holiday party. A huge Christmas tree, bedecked in glittering ropes of flickering lights, red and green ornaments and strands of gold and silver, towered against the wall. On the stage a band was belting out an updated rock version of a popular Christmas song. It had apparently struck a chord with the guests as most of them were now dancing.

She glanced around. Colin still had not returned from the men's room. She tapped a red manicured nail against her glass in time to the song's beat.

She wondered what his surprise was going to be. Most likely it had something to do with what she'd told him in the cab about Danny Robak. She smiled. The idea of Colin dressing up like a burglar and ravishing her was quite appealing.

She stared at but didn't really see the band or Colin's colleagues drunkenly trying to keep up with the music. She was lost in her own thoughts.

Ever since she and Colin had started to roleplay, they'd pretty much stuck to the tried and true.

Plumber, housewife. Professor, student. Doctor, patient.

They'd even done one where she had gone to a bar and Colin had pretended to be a "stranger" who "picked her up" and took her back to his townhouse for some wild and woolly fucking.

All those scenarios had been fun and had resulted in some amazing sex. But there were others that were more on the dark and dangerous side. She'd only told Colin about her burglar roleplay fantasy. She wondered what he would think about the others.

Especially the ones she'd started to have after that almost threesome with Jake.

In the Spanish Inquisition scenario, she was a beautiful gypsy who'd been accused of witchcraft. Locked in a dungeon deep in a Moorish castle, two men, both of them dark, handsome and wearing hooded robes, hung her up in irons by her wrists, her body naked and helpless before them.

At first they would only caress and stroke her breasts. Then one of them would lick both her nipples, cruelly teasing them into a burning stiffness. The other would thrust his fingers into her swollen cunt, his calloused thumb steadily stroking her clit.

But they would not permit her to come until she'd admitted her guilt regarding her depraved couplings with the Evil One.

Although her body ached to climax, she refused to confess.

Driven by their own impious lust for her, both men would fuck her with their hard, long cocks. One in her cunt, the other in her ass as her cries of release echoed through the dungeon.

In the military junta scenario, she was the owner of a café who was aiding the rebel forces who opposed the country's military dictatorship. When the local *policia* discovered she was passing information to the rebels, she was arrested and taken in handcuffs before her interrogators. Both wore military officers' dress—crisp, beige uniforms with scarlet epaulets. One had a black riding crop in his hand, which he would strike firmly against his palm.

Initially, they tried to frighten her into revealing the location of the rebel camp. But she refused to tell them anything.

Frustrated by her refusal to cooperate, one of the men would rise from his chair, kick it to the side of the room, force her legs apart and rip off her underwear. Pushing

his lean, handsome face between her thighs, he thoroughly ravished her pussy with his nimble, wicked tongue. The other would push down her bodice, grasp her breasts in his big, rough hands and lick and suck her nipples until she screamed out each and every one of her orgasms.

And there were others. One was inspired by her crush on Illya Kuryakin from the old 1960s television show, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, in which she was an American spy captured by two hunky Russian agents.

She'd made them two Russian agents because, although Napoleon Solo was hot and had a very cool name, it was Kuryakin or nothing. So the agents in her fantasy roleplay were usually twins who looked exactly like a young David McCallum.

She smiled to herself and took another sip of wine. A man she recognized as a hotel employee came over to her. "Melissa Delaney?"

"Yes?"

He handed her a folded piece of paper. She opened it. On the hotel stationery were written three words in what she recognized as Colin's handwriting.

Come upstairs. Now.

She wondered why he hadn't just texted her then remembered she had turned her cell phone off.

She thanked the employee and slipped the note into her black satin bag. She rose from the table and left the ballroom without speaking to anyone. Most of them were pretty drunk anyway, and the last thing she wanted was one of Colin's colleagues using his inebriated state as an excuse to plant sloppy kisses on her cheek while he tried to feel her up.

She entered the elevator and rode it to the seventeenth floor. When she reached the suite, she took her key card out of her handbag. Her hand shook as she did so and her heart started to beat faster. She took in and released a breath. *Calm down, girl.* More than likely Colin had grown tired of the party and just wanted her to come to bed.

After a rousing bout of some hot, vigorous sex, of course.

She slid the key card into the reader, opened the door and entered the suite. It was dark inside. The only illumination came from the lights outside the huge glass windows that fronted the balcony. In the distance, the Washington Monument rose like the unmistakable phallic symbol it was.

There was no sign of Colin. But she sensed someone was in the room. Heart pounding, she made her way toward the bedroom.

She heard movement then a pair of muscular arms snaked around her and grabbed her wrist.

Instinctively, she struggled.

“Don’t,” a low, masculine voice whispered in her ear. She recognized Colin’s warm, firm voice. He wore a black ski mask. The nubby fabric rubbed against her neck.

Melissa twisted in his arms, and her pussy clenched as she did so.

“Stop. Or I’ll have to hurt you.”

“What do you want?” Her voice shook. From excitement, of course, but as she let herself get into the spirit of what was happening, also a bit from fear.

Colin slipped his hand around her and squeezed her breast. She was wearing a black, strapless gown. Underneath it, she had on a red, push-up bra and a pair of scarlet panties.

His finger rubbed her nipple. “You know what I want. Cash. Jewels. Where are they?”

“I don’t have any cash.” Melissa laughed. “Who carries money these days?”

He squeezed his arms about her. “Your jewels then.”

“The only jewels I have I’m wearing. And they’re not worth much.”

Colin moved his hand up her chest to her neck. He made sure to fondle her breasts as he did so. He was wearing black leather gloves. The slick feel of them on her skin

made her nipples harden, and she couldn't help imagining how they were going to feel all over her naked body.

Once he got her naked, of course.

"You got nice tits," he whispered. He slid a gloved finger over the pearl choker. He unhooked it and stuffed it in his pocket. "I'm going to want more, however."

"What do you mean?" She pretended to struggle, but what she was really doing was rubbing her ass against his groin.

Colin licked her neck.

She moaned. "No, don't," she pleaded. "Please. Just take the necklace and go."

He forced her over to the bed.

Melissa's breath hitched in her throat. She hoped he wouldn't think she was sick, but she was really getting turned-on. Her pussy was drenching her panties.

He threw her down on the bed. She quickly rolled over and tried to run for the door. He pounced on her and pressed his body tightly against hers. She struggled, but he was too strong. As they grappled, his pelvis ground against hers and his erection pressed along her cunt.

He grabbed two pieces of rope that were on the nearby bedstand. Melissa fought him, just as she would have if this were the real thing. But Colin was too strong for her. They wrestled on the bed, her gown hitching up around her thighs, but she soon began to tire. He took advantage of her fatigue to tie the rope around her wrists and secure them to the posts on the bed's headboard. Then he stepped away and looked down at her.

During their struggle, the top of Melissa's gown had been pushed down and her red push-up bra was visible.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

He sat on the side of the bed. Then he pulled a scarf from out of his front pants pocket. He moved it toward her face.

“What are you doing?”

He stopped. “I’m going to blindfold you.”

“Why?”

Colin smiled from behind his ski mask. “Indulge me.”

Melissa had never been blindfolded in any of their roleplay fantasies. But why not? It couldn’t help but add to the excitement.

Colin tied the scarf around her eyes. Not too tightly but snug enough that she couldn’t see and it wouldn’t come off easily. She heard him move away from her. Then the bed shifted as he sat back down on it. He pulled her strapless gown off her breasts and down her body. It swished through the air as it landed on the floor.

She now wore only her bra and panties. She’d forgone any kinds of stockings.

Colin wrapped his mouth around one of her breasts, licking and sucking her nipple underneath the bra and thoroughly wetting the fabric. He slowly caressed her arms and shoulders with his leather-gloved hands.

Just as Melissa had imagined, the feel of those gloves on her skin was intoxicating.

He pushed down her bra, scrunching it beneath her breasts. He squeezed her bare breasts, pulling and squeezing the nipples. They swelled beneath his fingers.

He sucked her other breast, the coarse fabric of the ski mask rubbing against her skin. He continued to caress her other breast, the leather of the glove slick and cool on her nipple.

Melissa squirmed against the bed. It was just as she had imagined. Some stranger looking for jewels, money or anything worth stealing. Before he left, however, he would tie her up, rip off her nightgown, suck her breasts, lick her pussy and then fuck her, repeatedly, one scorching climax after another.

Not that she wanted anything like that to happen to her in real life. Of course not!

But it was her fantasy, her kink, if you will. Ever since that night with Danny back in college, she’d often masturbated to that particular fantasy.

Colin slowly moved his gloved hands down her body until he reached her thighs. Taking hold of her scanty, scarlet panties, he jerked them down her legs.

Melissa tried to squirm away as she wanted to get into the spirit of the roleplay. The fact that her wrists were tied limited her motions somewhat, but she was able to wriggle the lower part of her body.

He grabbed her hips and held her still. Holding her hips firmly with one hand, he rubbed her cunt in slow, circular motions. Then he lightly touched her clit with the tip of one gloved finger.

Melissa twisted against the bed even as her body reacted to his thumb slowly stroking her clit, coaxing her pussy to grow wet for him.

Sliding his fingers along her moist nether lips, he slowly pushed a finger inside her. Her cunt muscles tightened then relaxed as her pussy grew wetter, and her body opened to him like a flower.

He bit her breasts, raking his teeth over her nipples while he fucked her with his finger and his thumb ground firmly against her clit.

Behind the darkness of the scarf about her eyes, Melissa's other senses had sharpened. The squeaking of the bedsprings as Colin shifted his weight. The satiny touch of the bedspread beneath her naked ass. The heady scent of his cologne.

Shock raced through her.

That wasn't Colin's scent! He'd recently started wearing Zegna Colonia. She had smelled it on him all evening.

This person was wearing something different. Muskier, heavier but quite sexy.

Could Colin have switched scents?

No, she had smelled the Zegna Colonia on him when he grabbed her.

Whoever this was, it wasn't Colin.

Her first instinct was to push him away, but her hands were tired to the bed. She was just about to call out for Colin, when it hit her.

Jake. It had to be him. She tried to remember how he had smelled that day at Virginia Beach, but nothing came to mind except the feel of his fingers on her nipples as he had pinched and rubbed them.

A smile curled her lips. Colin had promised her a surprise. She turned her head blindly, wondering where he was and what he was doing. Watching, more than likely. And the thought of him watching as Jake sucked her breasts and played with her pussy sent a delicious thrill through her.

Wait, she thought. What if it wasn't Jake? What if it really *was* a stranger who had broken into the room and knocked Colin out?

She mentally shook her head. No, it was Colin who had grabbed her and tied her to the bed. There was no doubt in her mind about that. What must have happened was that after he blindfolded her, he and Jake switched places.

Yes, that had to be it. She could, of course, have just asked, but the thought of not knowing for certain was turning her on something fierce. Add to that the fact that maybe, just maybe, she was wrong and this really was a stranger was making her hot.

A soft cough drifted from the other side of the room.

She smiled. So was that it? Voyeurism? Was that Colin's kink? Well, if it was, she was going to give him something worth watching.

Arching her body upward, she pushed her breast deeper into the mouth of the man straddling her, her wrists straining against the ropes, her pussy dripping wetness down her thighs.

The man groaned and sucked harder on her breast, his ski mask rubbing against her skin. He pushed two fingers inside her, thrusting them slowly, while he rubbed her clit with his thumb.

Lust surged through Melissa, igniting her body. The fact that Colin was somewhere watching made her pulse beat hard. She begged and pleaded for the man pleasuring her not to stop, please, please, don't stop.

And he didn't. He fucked her harder with his hand, his gloved fingers probing deep into her pussy, his mouth hungrily sucking her breast.

Melissa's body shuddering. She was going to come. And how could she not? She was being pleased by another man even as her lover sat and watched her roleplay a scenario she'd masturbated to since that incident with Danny Robak back in college.

The man slid his fingers out her of cunt.

Melissa moaned in frustration. She wanted those gloved fingers back inside her, the slick leather sliding lewdly inside her pussy. From behind the darkness of the scarf, she felt something being pressed against her mouth. A finger. She smelled pussy and felt the wet, sticky juices from it on her lips.

Blindly, she opened her mouth and licked and sucked the finger.

She heard a sharp, indrawn breath from the other side of the room.

She sucked harder. Above her, the other man's breath came in ragged pants. Then he moved his finger away from her mouth and forced it back into her cunt again.

Melissa twisted against the bed, her arms straining against the ropes around her wrists. A shiver raced through her as the man thrust his fingers back into her. He fucked her hard with his hand, his fingers driving deeper and deeper into her pussy as if seeking her absolute depth.

She tensed, clenching her teeth as she felt the pressure building and building in her womb.

He pulled his fingers out of her. The bed rolled beneath them as he adjusted his body on it. Gripping her thighs, he forced her legs apart. A warm mouth pressed wetly against her pussy.

She cried out, but she couldn't resist pushing back against that busy, searching mouth, moaning as that warm, wet tongue probed her pussy. She was breathlessly aware that it wasn't Colin sucking on her pussy, but that he was in the room somewhere watching.

Grabbing her breasts, the man's leathered fingers teased her beaded nipples, his tongue sliding moistly along the lips of her vagina.

Melissa gasped as his tongue probed deeper inside her. He licked her with long, slow strokes as if savoring the taste of her. The tip of his tongue teased her clit, and he tugged on her nipples, the slick leather on his palms warmly kneading her breasts.

Melissa's hips rocked against his mouth. If it was Jake, goodness, but he sure knew how to eat pussy. A hot, heavy sensation settled deep in her womb. Her body tensed as she felt her orgasm rising inside her. Spreading her legs wider, she gave him better access to her clit. His tongue roamed lewdly over it. She shifted her hips, encouraging him to lick it harder. And he obliged, the tip of his tongue flickering over the tender nub.

The orgasm ripped through Melissa like a tornado. She cried out, her hips quivering wildly.

His mouth still on her cunt, the man gripped her breasts, his fingers pinching her throbbing nipples, but the pain only added to her pleasure.

She clenched her thighs around his head as she rode out another hot wave of orgasm, the fabric of his ski mask rubbing against the tender inner flesh.

The bed rolled wildly around her. The man was now on top of her. She felt the heat of his skin, sensed the weight of his body, and, most electrifying of all, the thickness of his cock pressing against her naked cunt.

Her heart pounded.

"Okay, that's enough," Colin said. "Hands and mouth. No cock."

"Sorry, man. But damn! Look at her. She wants it. She wants it bad."

"I can see that," Colin said, "but we agreed that you suck and I fuck."

"I know we did. And I'd feel the same way if she was my woman. But she's tempting, bro. She's real tempting. And I've got a hard-on like you wouldn't believe."

"I don't doubt it, Jake," Colin said. "But you agreed. No fucking."

“Yeah, well, that was then. This is now.”

Fingers touched her head and the blindfold was removed. Two men stood next to the bed. Both were dressed in dark pants and black turtlenecks. One was Colin.

But it was Jake who was wearing the ski mask and leather gloves. He took off the mask and winked at her. Colin sat on the side of the bed and untied the ropes from around her wrists. Once her arms were free, he took hold of them and massaged them.

“Jake,” she said. “Fancy meeting you here.”

“Long time no see.” His hot gaze roamed over her nearly nude body. The body he’d just been pleasuring with his hands and mouth. “But well worth the wait, believe me.”

She smiled then looked over at Colin. “He’s my surprise.”

He nodded. “Did you enjoy it?”

Enjoy it? Of course she’d enjoyed it. She was still recovering from the orgasms his “surprise” had just given her. But instead of saying so she quirked an eyebrow at him.

Colin laughed. “I’m going to assume that’s a yes.” He gave her a lustful look. “I know I did.”

“You’re a voyeur. That’s your kink.”

He leaned over and kissed her. “You make it sound so dirty.”

“It is dirty, bro,” Jake said. “You’re a frikkin’ Peeping Tom.”

“Hardly,” Colin remarked dryly. “I don’t go around spying in people’s bedrooms.”

Jake snorted. “Don’t knock it ‘til you’ve tried it.” He plopped down in a nearby chair, his long legs splayed open. Melissa tried not to look at his groin.

“So you guys do this often?” he asked. “This make-believe stuff?”

“It’s called roleplay,” Colin said. “And yeah, we do it pretty often.” He stroked her arm. “But Melissa wanted to try something different. Didn’t you, babe?”

She nodded, And had she ever. Thanks to Colin’s surprise she’d done something she’d never done before. Been sexually pleased by one man in front of another.

“And this is far as you’re going to take it?” Jake asked. “No actual threesome? Because I thought that’s why I was asked to join you two.” He raised his hand before Colin could say a word. “Yeah, yeah, I know. You said no cock.”

He gestured toward his groin. “But, well, there it is. Hard, hot and ready to rock.” He grinned. “And here we are. Why stop now? We got someplace to be in the morning? ‘Cause I know I don’t.”

Melissa bit her lip. She’d be lying if she didn’t say she wanted to try a threesome. She’d thought about it ever since that day at Virginia Beach. She looked over at Colin. He’d made it clear that Jake wouldn’t be fucking her. But Jake had proved he was quite adept using only his hands and mouth, and the thought of both men licking and sucking on her body was enough to make her come right then and there.

But would that be fair to Jake? Was he just supposed to watch her and Colin fuck and not be able to join in?

Heck, would that be fair to her?

“Well, I have imagined some roleplay scenarios involving threesomes,” she ventured.

Colin grinned. “Not surprised. You’re such a freak,” he said affectionately.

She stuck her tongue out at him.

Jake groaned. “Don’t do that. Hell, woman, do you have any idea how fucking hot it is when a nearly naked woman sticks out her tongue?”

“I can’t help if I am a freak,” she said, ignoring Jake. She shrugged. “And I’ve decided to embrace my freakiness. What happened on Labor Day was hot. And I want...” She took Colin’s hand. “I want to do more. If it’s all right with you.”

He smiled. “I won’t lie, babe. This was as far as I was planning to take it.” He stroked her cheek. “But I want you to be happy. This is your Christmas present after all.”

She glanced between him and Jake, who was watching her, his expression both thoughtful and lustful.

She wanted very much to have a threesome with him, but she also didn't want to do anything that would jeopardize her relationship with Colin. She loved him too much to risk that.

Colin cupped her face. "It's all right, sweetheart. I know you love me."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Jake said. "And you love her. Great. Fantastic. Happy for you both." He slapped his hands together and briskly rubbed them. "But now that you two are all done with that, let's hear these scenarios of hers so we can get this party started."

Melissa bit her lip. It was one thing to imagine a threesome scenario. It was quite another to share it. She decided to tell them the one involving the two Russian spies. And since Jake and Colin had dressed all in black for the burglar roleplay, it reminded her of an outfit that Kuryakin had sometimes worn on the show.

Black shirt and pants set off with a sexy shoulder holster.

When she was done, Colin smiled. "Didn't know you had a kink for James Bond."

"Not Bond," Melissa corrected him. "Illya Kuryakin."

"I've heard of him," Jake said. "Russian guy? From some spy show back in the sixties?"

Melissa smiled. "That's right. *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*" She shrugged. "I can't help it. I think Kuryakin's hot. The accent. The blond hair. All that Cold War spy stuff." She shivered. "Yummy."

"Sounds good to me." Colin took her by the arm and pulled her up from the bed. "Come with us, capitalist spy," he said ominously.

Chapter Three

Jake rose from his chair and walked over to them. Melissa's heart pounded. Okay, game on. If she was going to do this, she had better own up to it quickly.

But was it really a smart move to engage in a threesome with someone like Jake? He was funny, charming and extremely hot. Maybe too hot with that big, muscular body and those dark, intense eyes. But she loved Colin. She couldn't possibly love more than one man at a time. Could she?

But this wasn't going to be about love, she reminded herself. It was about lust. Pure and simple.

Well, maybe not so simple. Lust was never simple.

Jake stopped just inches from her. She felt the heat of his body against her skin. He moved behind her, put his hands on her hips and pressed his cock against her ass. "Hmm, yeah, we are going to have some fun tonight, eh, comrade?"

Melissa giggled. He sounded more like Boris Badenov from the old *Rocky and Bullwinkle* cartoons.

Colin pressed his finger under her chin and lifted her face to his. "Tell us what we want to know," he whispered.

He, at least, was forgoing the fake Russian accent.

Melissa shook her head. She pressed herself against Jake's broad chest as if seeking protection from him.

Colin smiled wickedly. "He's not going to help you." He glanced at Jake from over Melissa's shoulder. "Are you?"

Jake unhooked her bra from where it was scrunched up under her breasts and threw it on the floor. She was now completely naked.

He grabbed her breasts and slowly kneaded them, pressing his lips against her ear. "He is right. You are in very big trouble, American spy," he growled.

He wetly kissed the back of her neck. Hot flames of lust licked up and down her spine. Swiping her hair away from her ear, he teased the tip of his tongue along the edge, his thumbs grazing her nipples.

Melissa drew in a hard, sharp breath.

As if that were a signal, Colin and Jake moved to either side of her. They bent down and closed their mouths around her tits, teasing and sucking each distended nipple.

She moaned and closed her eyes. Her nipples had always been extra sensitive. Having two men sucking and licking on them at the same time was making her body warm and damp and feverish.

Jake slid his hand down her belly and began playing with her pussy. Colin reached around and gripped her ass, his nimble fingers teasing the tiny, tender hole.

They both sucked harder on her nipples, which were now as hard as pebbles. Melissa began to shudder, the electric sensations sizzling through her breasts nearly causing her to nearly swoon.

Jake slid two of his fingers inside her cunt and lifted his head from her breast. "Mmm, her pussy is very wet," he murmured in his awful Russian accent. "I do not think this will take long, comrade." He went back to sucking and licking her nipple.

The two men's hands played all over her body, stroking her legs, arms and stomach and, of course, her pussy.

Melissa was wetter than she'd ever been in her life, and the most salacious feelings churned deep in her belly. She closed her eyes in order sink more fully into the experience of being touched at the same time by two hot, sexy men.

Jake moved his fingers out of her pussy. He rubbed the creamy tip of his finger over her clit. Her hips bucked as the tiny bundle of nerves responded to his deft fingering of it.

How was she going to get through this night without screaming?

While Jake stroked her clit, Colin slid his fingers inside her. He probed deeply, searching for that spot that never failed to set off her internal fireworks.

Melissa's breathing increased, and she pumped her hips in time to the two men's hands on her pussy. Her legs tensed and she arched her back, pushing her breasts into their mouths. She moaned as her orgasm, which had come on her without warning, left her breathless.

Jake chuckled and lifted his head from her wet breast. "This is going to be easy, comrade. She climaxes so easily. Soon we will have the information we need."

Even as Melissa was coming, she was surprised at how much Jake was getting into the roleplay.

"No," she gasped. "I won't tell you anything."

"Ha!" Jake cried. "That is what you think. You will not long resist us, capitalist slut."

Okay, maybe he was getting a little too into it, but he seemed to be having fun. And Melissa had to admit it was definitely turning her on.

Colin thrust his fingers in and out of her cunt, twisting them slowly. Her muscles clenched around them.

"Yes, she is very wet," Colin said. "And so responsive."

Jake put his hands on her sex and pulled her cunt lips apart. "Look, comrade. Feast your eyes on her sweet American pussy."

Colin flashed Jake a dry look, as if to say, "Really? Seriously?" Then he grinned. "I will do more than look, comrade."

He fell to his knees and buried his face between her thighs. He pushed his tongue deep into her vagina, coiling and twisting it inside her like a snake.

Melissa arched her back, her knees turning to water. If Jake hadn't been holding on to her, she would have collapsed on the floor.

“No, no, I won’t not tell you anything,” she gasped. Her hips quivered as a heavy, thick warmth settled in her womb.

Colin ignored her. He rubbed his lips and tongue over her clit, licking and sucking the tender nub.

“Oh god!” she cried. “No, no, I won’t. I won’t talk.”

“She is very stubborn, comrade,” Jake said darkly. “This is going to prove hot work.”

He took off his black turtleneck and tossed it on the floor, his torso gleaming in the low lights of the hotel suite. He was more muscular than Colin, his shoulders broader, his lean stomach sporting a very impressive six-pack.

He unzipped the front of his black pants and took out his cock.

It was also very impressive.

Noting her eyes on it, he grinned and stroked it. “You are liking my big communist dick. Not like the limp capitalist cocks you are used to. Perhaps I will stick it in your round American ass and let it show you a good time.”

Melissa smiled. She was very much enjoying the way Jake was getting into the roleplay. He was a natural. His horrible Russian accent notwithstanding.

He grabbed her arms and pulled them behind her back. He kissed the nape of her neck with fierce kisses that caused her to wriggle with delight. Holding her firmly with one hand, he cupped her breast with the other, squeezing and pinching the tight nipple.

Melissa’s loins melted and her clit began to pulse to the mad beating of her heart.

Colin was still lapping at her pussy with his long, pointed tongue, and he licked her as he always did with nimble, lusty skill.

Twisting her hips, she rubbed her cunt against his face, forgetting that she was supposed to be resisting them. Now she just wanted to come.

Jake caressed his lips against her ear, his fingers pulling on her aching nipple.

"I've been thinking about you," he whispered, "ever since that day at Virginia Beach."

He was no longer talking like a Russian agent from a bad spy movie. He gripped the lobe of her ear with his teeth. "Sucking on those sweet tits. Licking your pussy."

Melissa's heart pounded thunderously. She glanced down at Colin. He had pressed her thighs apart and was flicking his quicksilver tongue over her clit.

She flung her head back against Jake's chest as he pinched her nipple.

"Don't worry. I know you belong to Colin." His voice was so low against her ear she could barely hear him. "And I won't do anything without his say-so. But I want you," he said, his voice husky with lust. "I want to fuck you."

He licked her neck near her ear, his teeth grazing her skin. "I want my dick inside your pussy. I want to make you come, baby. Want to make you come hard."

Melissa shuddered then cried out as a racking convulsion seized her.

"Oh god," she whispered, her climax exploding in a psychedelic starburst of euphoria.

She sank against Jake's chest. He roughly kissed her throat as Colin moved up her body, slowly licking her warm skin with his tongue.

"Ah, you come so sweetly," Jake said, once again using his Russian accent. "But we are not done with you yet, American whore."

He dragged her limp body over to the bed and threw her onto it. She bounced against it, her hair flying about her face. For a moment, she wondered if he was getting a bit too into the scene, but then she saw the mischievous glint in his eyes.

"We vill now fuck..." He stopped and looked at Colin. "I mean he vill now fuck you into telling us what we want to know."

She looked over at Colin. He was trying not to smile as he struggled to remain in character.

"Yes, you will talk," he said darkly. "Or you will scream."

She pushed herself up on her elbows and tossed her head back, her bare breasts jutting forward.

“You will never make me talk. I will never...” She stopped, as she tried to think of something appropriate to say. “I will never tell you where our secret base is located from which we will launch our attack against you godless commies and bring truth, justice and the American way to your benighted country.”

“Ve will see about that, capitalist whore,” Jake cried, shaking his fist at her. He took off the rest of his clothes and slid onto the bed. Colin also took off his clothes, threw them on the floor and climbed on the bed. The two men, both of them now completely naked, lay on either side of her.

Colin smiled, leaned over and started sucking on her breast. So did Jake.

Melissa’s pussy jolted. “Oh god, please stop,” she whispered.

They didn’t.

She blissfully closed her eyes as the two men caressed her breasts with their hot, moist mouths. She ran her hands over their broad backs, her fingers playing along their necks and hair. They licked and sucked and nibbled at her swollen breasts and stiff nipples until she felt as if she were going to explode.

And she did.

Hard.

She’d never had an orgasm from just having her breasts sucked, but then she’d never had her breasts sucked by two men at the same time.

As the throbbing waves of her orgasm pulsed through her, Colin moved down her body. Grabbing a pillow, he shoved it under her hips. Then he pushed his head between her thighs and licked her cunt.

Melissa thrashed beneath his nimble tongue. Sliding two fingers inside her, he massaged her pussy as he licked steadily at her clit. The sensation of him licking the tender nub so expertly, and Jake sucking lustily on her nipples was too much.

She cried out as another orgasm seized her. She'd never known she could come so many times in one evening, and she wondered how know how much more of this she could stand.

She had no idea, but she was eager to find out.

Colin rose from between her thighs, his lips glistening with her arousal. He pulled her down to the edge of the bed, even while Jake kept his mouth wrapped around her breast.

Once her legs were draped over the bed, her hips resting on the edge, Colin took his cock out of his pants and rubbed the head against her pussy.

Jake lifted his head from her breasts.

"Yes, that's it, comrade," he said. "Fuck her hot capitalist cunt. Let her see what a real man feels like."

Melissa stifled a giggle. She wondered if Jake harbored a secret desire to be an actor.

Colin smiled then thrust his cock inside her until he was sheathed to the hilt. While Colin fucked her, Jake moved about the bed until he was straddling her upper body, his firm, hairy thighs on either side of her head. All she saw when she looked up was his testicles and the underside of his thickly veined cock.

He slowly slid his balls against her lips.

Melissa opened her mouth and licked them, the taste warm and salty.

"Oh, yeah," Jake chanted softly. "That's it, baby, that's it."

Colin was now rutting inside her, his cock slamming into her pussy. She lifted her shuddering hips to meet each of his thrusts, grinding her cunt against his stiff cock. Stretching out her tongue, she delicately licked the base of Jake's cock.

Jake groaned then adjusted his hips so that the moist, bulky head of his cock was pressing against her mouth.

Melissa drew his cock deep inside her mouth. He tasted musky and hot and utterly masculine. And the feel of him between her lips as she lustily sucked filled her with a sweet, greedy delight.

“Oh yeah,” Jake grunted. “That’s it, baby. Suck it. Suck that cock.”

It had been some time since she’d had another man’s cock in her mouth. She’d forgotten how each could be so different. The length. The width. The taste.

Her heart pounded wildly as Colin vigorously fucked her, and she lustily sucked on Jake’s cock. Grabbing her breasts, she tugged and twisted her throbbing nipples.

Jake shuddered above her. “Oh, fuck, baby, don’t do that. I’m gonna come. Fuck! I’m gonna come! I’ll pull out. Let me pull out.”

But Melissa didn’t want him to. She wanted him to come in her mouth. She kept her lips clasped firmly about his cock.

Jake groaned and clasped her head. She moaned with submissive rapture as he thrust himself wetly between her lips, his cock pumping and quivering as he came.

Pulling his cock from her mouth, Jake leaned over and grabbed her face. He covered her mouth with his, his tongue thrusting fiercely between her lips just as his cock had done seconds ago. He kissed her violently, possessively, his firm, moist mouth grinding onto hers.

When he finally pulled away from her, his face was dark with lust, and she sensed he had completely forgotten about their roleplay.

She glanced at Colin, wondering how he felt about Jake having kissed her like that. He had stopped fucking her and, as she watched, he slowly pulled his cock out of her. He slid his hands up her legs and around her hips, his fingers playing along the skin.

“How far do you want this to go?” he whispered.

Melissa’s heart thumped in her chest. “What do you mean?”

He moved his hands up to her breasts and flicked his thumbs across her nipples. Then he leaned over and licked one of them, his tongue slowly rasping across it.

She arched her back and moaned, long and deep.

“Both of us, sweetheart,” he murmured around her breast, his mouth softly sucking. “Both of us inside you. Me in your ass, Jake in your pussy.”

Her eyes widened.

Could she do it? She’d yet to have anal sex with Colin. It wasn’t that they hadn’t tried. A few months ago he’d gently began to initiate her into it. He’d started out with just caressing then licking her asshole, letting her become used to being touched down there. They’d eventually moved up to his inserting a finger and then a butt plug inside her, and with each attempt, she’d grown more relaxed and comfortable.

Colin was an exciting lover, but he was also a patient one. He had never tried to pressure her into anything. As a result, she’d finally been able to take the head of his cock into her ass. But he had stopped there, not wanting to rush things, and they’d gone no further than that.

Now he was asking her to take it to the final level, and she had to admit, the idea of having two cocks inside her as she was fucked at the same time by two very sexy men was extremely tempting.

She glanced up at Jake who was staring down at her. It was clear from his expression what he wanted. She looked back at her lover. “But I thought you didn’t want him to fuck me?”

“I didn’t. And in a way I still don’t.” He rubbed her stomach. “You’re mine. I don’t want any other man to have you. But you want him to fuck you. Don’t you?”

“I…” Melissa stopped and bit her lip. “I love you,” she said. And she did. With all her heart. “I don’t love or want anyone else.”

Colin smiled warmly at her. “And I love you too, sweetheart.”

“Yeah, yeah. I thought we’d already established that,” Jake said. “Look, neither of you has to worry about a thing. I’m not looking to love anybody. I just want to fuck.”

Colin shook his head. "Everybody's looking for love, man. You just haven't found it yet."

Jake only snorted.

Melissa looked Colin deep in his eyes. "Yes, darling, I want to. I want you both inside me."

"I don't think I've ever heard sweeter words come out of a woman's mouth," Jake said. "Unless it's, yes, I do swallow. Or, sure, you can come in my ass."

"Shut up, Jake," she and Colin chorused.

He only laughed. "Hey, bro, do me a favor. I've got some condoms in the pocket of my slacks. Grab one for me, will you?"

Colin arched an eyebrow. "I thought we agreed you wouldn't be fucking Melissa. Why'd you bring condoms?"

Jake shrugged. "Better to have one and not need it than to need one and not have it." He winked at her.

Colin only shook his head, but he went over to where Jake's pants lay on the floor. He took a black and silver packet out of the pocket and tossed it to Jake.

He caught it and opened the packet with his teeth.

A warm current of lust coursed through Melissa's body.

His hot, dark eyes locked on hers, Jake removed the condom then slowly slid it down his cock, which was once again jutting upward from his groin. He grinned at her, a proud, lustful look on his face.

Colin went to a table near the bed. On it was his overnight bag. He unzipped it and took out a green tube. Melissa recognized it as the lube he'd been using whenever they did their anal play.

A shiver of anticipation rippled through her.

Jake took hold of her waist, lifted her up and gently settled her onto his body. Colin grabbed her thighs from behind and spread them apart. But instead of his finger or his cock, he pressed his mouth against her ass.

She shuddered as he licked her, the tip of his tongue moistly teasing the tight hole. As for Jake, he thrust upward and, pushing aside the tender lips of her cunt, slid inside her.

Melissa shivered at the thoroughly erotic sensation of Colin's mouth on her ass and Jake's cock inside her pussy.

Moving his hands up her back, Jake held her firmly by the shoulders. Then he began kissing her, soft little bites on her neck and breasts.

Colin moved his mouth away from her rear. His licking of it had relaxed her, but she was still far from ready. He began to liberally apply the lube to her ass. It felt cool and wet as he swirled it around her asshole.

Jake's cock was firmly inside her, but he wasn't moving. He just kept licking and sucking on her breasts, his tongue rubbing against her stiff nipples.

Colin stroked the lube back and forth across the secret crease of her ass. "That's it, sweetheart. Just relax." He slowly rubbed a thickly coated thumb over her anus in small, gentle circles.

Jake captured a swollen nipple between his lips. He sucked and licked it, his teeth softly biting the fullness of her breast.

Melissa closed her eyes, her breath coming short and fast. Since her nipples were so sensitive, she was getting wetter and hotter and, therefore, more relaxed the longer Jake sucked on them.

Colin edged his slick thumb into her ass just enough to give her a pleasant sense of fullness then he pulled it out.

"Good. You're relaxing," he murmured. "I didn't bring a butt plug. You going to be okay without it?"

Colin had used the butt plug as a way to help her ass become used to having something inside it. They'd even gone so far as to leave the plug inside her while Colin had fucked her. It had been a pleasurable experience for them both.

Melissa nodded, but didn't speak. She couldn't. Jake had pushed her breasts together and was now licking both her nipples.

"Jake," Colin said.

Jake slid his mouth away from her breasts. "Yeah, bro?"

"Stroke Melissa's clit. It'll help her relax."

Jake looked up at her from where he lay on the bed. His dark eyes danced. "You don't have to tell me twice."

He slid his hand between their bodies and down to her pussy. He slowly, softly, began to stroke her clit with the tip of his finger.

"Oh god." The most incredible, lewd sensations surged through Melissa's body.

As Jake steadily massaged her clit, he went back to licking her breasts with long, leisurely rasps of his tongue.

Because she and Colin had already experimented with anal play before, and with Jake's heated ministrations of her nipples and clit thrown into the mix, it didn't take long for Melissa to feel comfortable enough to tell Colin she was ready.

He gripped her by the shoulders. Then carefully, gently he inserted the crown of his cock inside her slick sphincter.

Melissa moaned. It seemed impossible she could accommodate him, even with all the preparation.

But Colin took his time, slowly moving in then pulling back, making sure she was properly lubed and relaxed, going deeper with each small stroke but giving her time to welcome and then embrace him fully.

Jake's finger steadily massaged her clit, his mouth hungrily sucking the tender tips of her breasts.

Melissa cried out as she climaxed, a soft, keening sound. She buried her face against Jake's hot shoulder, the muscles of her buttocks loosening around Colin's cock. Holding firmly on to her hips, Colin eased inside her ass until the whole slick length of him was buried within her.

Lifting her head from Jake's shoulder, she gasped for breath. He went back to licking and sucking her nipples, his finger still stroking her clit. Both men were now fully inside her, but neither had yet to fuck her.

Melissa closed her eyes and allowed herself to completely take in the exhilarating feeling of having two cocks inside her, one in her pussy, the other in her ass. It was a little painful, yes, but in the way that pain eventually leads to something infinitely more pleasurable.

The muscles of her ass clenched with a ferocious, wicked need around Colin's cock. He groaned. But he remained still. She was about to ask him if he was all right, but Jake beat her to it.

He moved his mouth away from her breast. "You going to fuck her ass or not? 'Cause if you're not, I'd be more than happy to—"

"Shut up, Jake," Colin said.

Jake shrugged. He grasped her breast and went back to sucking on her nipple.

"You sure you still want to go through with this?" Colin's voice was strained as if he was finding it difficult to talk.

"Do I have a choice?" She was trapped between the two of them. She couldn't move even if she'd wanted to, not with both their cocks in her ass and pussy.

"Of course you have a choice," he said. "This is all for you, sweetheart. You just say the word and we stop."

Jake released the breast he'd been sucking. "Speak for yourself, bro."

"Shut up, Jake," she and Colin said at the same time.

He grinned. Turning his head from side to side, he licked and sucked both her breasts, his hands sensually rubbing her back.

“Hmm, sweet, sweet baby,” he murmured. “Love sucking your tits. Love it.”

“No,” Melissa gasped, “I don’t want to stop.” And she didn’t. Not with Jake’s hot, wet mouth on her breasts, his dick in her pussy and Colin’s cock in her ass. “Fuck me, darling. Fuck me.”

Colin grabbed her hips and began to move his lubed cock in and out of her rear and, as he did, his rocking of her body caused her pussy to push down against Jake’s cock and her clit to rub against his finger.

He groaned and lifted his hips to thrust himself up inside her. A dark, erotic pressure began to build within Melissa, and her orgasm swelled, a black thunderhead of lust boiling on the horizon.

The three of them soon established a heated, pulsing rhythm, their bodies heaving and rolling against each other. Colin firmly gripped her hips and shoved his cock in time to Jake’s thrust from below.

A shudder of dark, hot lust rippled through Melissa’s belly. She was being fucked in her ass and her pussy by two incredibly sexy men. And she was totally helpless, pinned between them as she was, and the air was soon filled with their grunts and moans and the electrifying aroma of sweat and cock and cunt.

Jake gripped her by the shoulders, holding her motionless so that not only did he keep her breast firmly in his mouth, his tongue heatedly licking her nipple, but so that his cock remained firmly sheathed in her cunt.

Bodies slippery with sweat, the two men increased the speed of their fucking. Both were grunting thickly, their cocks driving mercilessly into her body.

She wondered if they were even aware of her anymore. If she was nothing to them but ass and pussy.

The thought made her come.

But it felt as if she were having two orgasms. One in her cunt where Jake's cock was thrusting. The other deep inside her rear, where Colin was pounding away.

Eyelids fluttering, Melissa cried out as her climax exploded inside her, and the force of it nearly made her faint. A hot, white light flared in her brain like some cerebral supernova.

Her cunt clenching Jake's dick, her ass gripping Colin's cock, she twisted between them, her teeth bared like a wild animal, as she rode out one blistering orgasm after another.

Jake made a odd, choking sound around her breast. He released it and threw his head back against the pillow, the muscles in his neck rigid, his shuddering hips driving his cock deep into her pussy.

"Fuck!" he shouted as he came. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Colin forced her shoulders down onto Jake's chest. Then he slammed into her buttocks, snarling and growling, his penis thrusting in and out of her ass.

Melissa wasn't sure how long she climaxed. The blinding intensity of each orgasm shattered her experience of time, but when she finally came back to herself, Colin was sliding his cock out of her ass. Then he collapsed heavily onto the bed, his chest rising and falling as he struggled for breath.

Melissa pushed herself off Jake, her pussy still greedily clutching at his dick. She rolled away and threw herself onto the bed between the two men.

Jake slid his arm across her stomach and buried his face in her neck, his breath hot against her throat. Colin also put his arm around her and laid his head on her breast.

And the three of them just lay there.

Totally, utterly and gloriously spent.

* * * * *

Melissa slid her freshly showered body into bed. Colin followed and pulled her close. She nestled her face against his warm skin, which was fragrant with the scent of

raspberry soap. While they had showered, they'd also fucked, and she was now officially and totally worn out.

Jake snored obliviously on the other side of the bed. He had fallen asleep soon after their fuck-fest. He smelled of sex, musk and hours-old cologne, but it wasn't an unpleasant smell as it brought to Melissa's mind all that had transpired.

Colin slanted a wry glance at him. "If he's going to snore like that we might want to get ear plugs the next time. He sounds like a dump truck."

Melissa laughed. Then she realized what he'd just said. She tilted her head and looked up at him. "Next time?"

He smiled. "That Cold War spy scenario wasn't the only roleplay you've fantasized about that involves a threesome. Was it? And it's obvious he's more than willing."

She played with the dark hair on his chest. Then she looked up at him from under her lashes. "No, it wasn't the only one," she said coyly.

He chuckled. "Didn't think so." He sang softly. "She's a super freak, super freak."

She punched him in the side, but he only laughed.

"So you going to share them or not?"

She yawned. "Well, there is one I just thought of."

"Yeah? What is it?"

"Good mall cop, bad mall cop."

His eyes shifted over to Jake. "I can only imagine who the bad mall cop would be. And you, of course, would be the guilty suspect."

Melissa nodded. "The two of you catch me shoplifting lingerie. Which, of course, you bring with you into the interrogation room in the back of the store and force me to model."

"Hmmm, sounds interesting. Care to go into details?"

She yawned again. "Yes, But later. Tired."

And she was. And sore too, although the warm shower and Colin's kneading of her tender muscles had eased some of the discomfort.

But it was the delicious kind of soreness that came when a person had been thoroughly and blissfully fucked. Just as she had tonight. By two hot and lusty men.

She smiled. Her first roleplay threesome. With the promise of more to come. Sighing contentedly, she snuggled against Colin.

He put his arm around her and kissed her cheek. "Sweet baby," he said, echoing what Jake had called her during their torrid threesome.

"Colin?"

"Yeah?" he murmured. He was falling asleep.

She lowered her voice. "Do you think Jake was telling the truth?"

"About what, babe?"

"About not needing love."

He smiled against her hair. "Probably. He's always claimed he's a free agent." He shrugged. "And maybe he is. But I suspect ole Jake's more of a romantic than he's willing to admit. There's a woman out there who's going to rock his world one day."

He touched her chin and brought her face up to his. "I thought it might be you. But you're mine. Right?"

She smiled and kissed him. "Always."

The bed shifted as Jake rolled over.

"Could you two kindly shut the fuck up," he said in a drowsy voice. He slid his arms around Melissa and pressed his chest against her back. "Man's trying to sleep here."

He cupped her breasts and slowly rubbed her nipples. They quickly peaked beneath his demanding fingers.

"Or maybe not," he murmured. He kissed the back of her neck, his tongue sliding wetly against her skin.

Melissa moaned low in her throat, and any exhaustion she felt was gone.

Colin moved his hand between her thighs. While Jake played with her breasts, Colin gently stroked her pussy, his fingers caressing the moist folds, his eyes gazing deeply into hers.

He smiled. "Merry Christmas, sweetheart."

About the Author

Jenna Reynolds lives in the Midwest, where the winters are cold and the summers are hot. Which is why her favorite seasons are spring and autumn. She enjoys reading and writing erotic futuristics, historicals and paranormals. She also loves reading and writing about strong, powerful Alpha males who are ultimately brought to their knees by the power of love. And by an abundance of hot, raunchy sex.

Jenna welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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