



# *Hot Holiday Houseguests*

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## *Chapter One*

Kelly put all the stress of the wedding plans and freelance graphic projects out of her mind as she lit candles around the living room. Mark's big project at work was done, and they had a nice weekend ahead of them. She wanted to make sure they took full advantage.

She lit a fire in the big stone fireplace and laid out a thick blanket with a couple of pillows, hiding the handcuffs beneath one. She wanted her fiancé to get the message. She needed some attention.

Mark made her fantasies come true, but he'd been working so much she ached for his time. Being tied up, spanked and a little rough sex was in her future. He loved role playing, and she never felt self-conscious with him. They were a great match sexually and in the rest of life.

It was almost time for him to walk through the front door. She dropped her long silk robe, leaving the see-through lace slip she'd worn underneath. It was cheap and itched a little, but Mark tended to rip her lingerie. He liked that it was the same light blue as her eyes.

Plus the lace hid nothing from view. Kelly grew moist in anticipation. She pulled her hair free from the ponytail she'd worn while she'd worked, and the reddish brown curls spilled over her shoulders.

His key hit the lock, and her cunt tightened. No more working late for him; no more meeting and calls at all hours. Not this weekend. Christmas was this week so they'd have more time alone.

Mark dropped his briefcase as soon as he opened the door and tossed his keys on the side table. Taking off his coat, he finally looked at her.

Kelly smiled. "I missed you."

Mark pushed the door closed. His wavy brown hair and big brown eyes made her melt, but that strong jaw and muscled form made her ache. The man possessed a confidence in bed she envied and needed. His devilish grin told Kelly the timing was perfect for a seduction. "Looks like you really missed me."

His dress pants and shirt were gone shortly after his shoes. When he finally got to her, he kissed her hard, holding her against him so all that rough fabric rubbed her tender skin. Mark's erection throbbed on her hip through his boxers.

"Sure you weren't waiting for the UPS guy?" he asked.

"Only if I get you both." It had taken her a year to talk like that. Mark had helped her be freer with her sexual needs and fantasies.

She knelt down and took off his socks then the boxers so he was completely nude. Licking up his shaft, she squeezed his balls. Kelly sucked him down then tongued the tip. It felt like forever since they'd been able to put the outside world truly outside their home.

"In a hurry?" He grabbed her hair and tried to ease her back.

Releasing him, she pulled him down to the blanket. "Not a rush. We've got all weekend. But I am in serious need of round one."

Mark lay on his back and moved a pillow under his head, revealing the cuffs. "You're begging for a marathon."

"Not up for it?" She flicked her tongue on the tip of his cock and rolled the taste of his pre-cum around her mouth.

"Oh, you're in for it." He smacked her ass through the lace. "You need it faster so you better ride."

She waited a few seconds to get another sweet slap on her ass. It felt so good her hips wanted to grind back for more. But her pussy's needs won just then.

Straddling his hips, Kelly slid down onto his cock and felt that sweet reward of fullness. Then Mark gave her a preview of the roughness, jerking the front of her slip until it ripped and her breasts spilled out into his large hands.

He gripped her breasts and held as his teeth and tongue gave her nipples needed attention. The nips and sucks made her cunt quiver, and her hips took over. Riding Mark, she planted her hands on his shoulders and drove hard and fast. She could come twice to his once if she tried. But he could help or hinder that. He loved to tease her.

Her hips worked overtime, grinding on him, not wanting to lose the feeling of fullness. Mark lifted and his hands went from her front to her ass, alternately squeezing and spanking her. “You’re mine this weekend. You’ll do whatever I say.”

She gasped. Didn’t she always play into his fun? She’d do anything. The orgasm hit fast.

“Yes!” Her cunt contracted around him, and she fucked him fast to feel the full impact until the pounding of her release finally slowed.

She heard cheers and clapping. Her fantasies of being watched were never that vivid! Opening her eyes, she saw two familiar men standing there in jeans and T-shirts with big grins.

“Mark!” She jumped up and grabbed her robe.

“Damn it.” Mark tried to follow her.

She slammed the bathroom door behind her and locked it, something Mark had clearly forgotten to do with the front door.

“What the hell?” she demanded.

“Kelly, calm down and let me in.” Mark didn’t seem alarmed.

“What are they doing here?” She recognized Mark’s two cousins. They hung around whenever they were in town. The three of them were close, but she hadn’t been expecting company or she’d never have set up that fantasy in the living room.

“I’m sorry. I told you they were moving back East. Let me in.”

They needed to talk in private.

“Just you.” She flipped the lock.

Mark entered and locked the door behind him. “I’m sorry, but it’s really okay.”

She looked at herself in the mirror. Torn slip, breasts out, and a pink ass. “Okay? How is this okay?”

“They swear they knocked, but we didn’t hear them. I’m sorry I forgot to lock the front door. I grew up in a small town; I never remember.” Mark pulled her close and kissed her. “But it’s not a big deal.”

His cock, still hard and slick, pressed to her. She wanted more, but how could they do anything with guests waiting?

“Not a big deal?” she repeated. “How is it not a big deal that your cousins saw us screwing? Me in full orgasm. I can’t face them.”

His reaction wasn’t normal. They’d seen her practically naked.

A voice came from the living room. “Handcuffs. Kinky.”

“Mark’s lucky,” the other cousin said.

Mark sighed. “I’m sorry. It’s just not. I know you had a rigid upbringing about this stuff. But Jack, Paul and I all went to college together. The three of us shared an apartment for five years. We use to...share.”

“Share? Girls?” The idea sank slowly into Kelly’s brain. Her body and mind were both intrigued. Mark was sexually adventurous. “You’re all hot guys. You could have plenty of girls to yourselves.”

Mark grinned. “We did. I know it’s not typical. Look, Paul had a girlfriend who had a fantasy about multiple guys. She trusted us not to get greedy or nasty. She asked Paul, and we talked about it. It was amazing.” He shifted his arms around her, holding her hands behind her back.

“You don’t do stuff with each other?” How far did his kinky side go? These were things a fiancée should know.

Mark laughed. “No, all the focus is on the woman. We’re related and none of us go that way. Trust me. Sharing is hot if the woman is into being adored and pleased by more than one guy. We don’t do it all the time. Paul and Jack were totally into you at the family reunion and every time we’ve hung out. But, knowing your history, I wasn’t going to scare you off bringing it up before the wedding.”

“So the plan was to scare me after the wedding?” She shrugged. It wasn’t scary but shocking. Her family was so closed mouth about sex that *don’t do it* was all they’d say. When her older sister got pregnant at sixteen, she’d been thrown out. Kelly was left with the overbearing and overprotective suspicion heaped on her until she’d gotten away for college—still a virgin.

Mark made her feel safe and free to explore without the judgment her parents had dished out without even letting her date as a teen. She’d dated other guys but until meeting Mark when they were both twenty-seven, no one had made her feel free. Two years together and he kept amazing her. They were engaged and had a nice house.

“No, no scaring you. That was never the plan. I didn’t want to add to the stress of the wedding and the jobs and the holidays, especially if it wasn’t something you’re into. You like fantasy, power and role play stuff. I was trying to figure out how to bring this up.” He pinched

her ass, and she pressed back for more. “Maybe you’d like it? Three hot guys, six hands, three mouths and cocks for you. I saw you looking at them on the beach at the family reunion.”

“They’re attractive. They look like you. I’d never cheat.” Kelly knew some might think her love of naughtier sex made her easy, but no one except Mark had seen this side of her. He was what she needed for the rest of her life. No doubts. Now, he wanted to shake things up?

He kissed her tenderly. “I know that, and I’d never cheat on you. If you’re not into this, it’s okay. If you’re interested in trying it, I swear it’s not cheating to me. You gave them a hell of a primer out there. I bet they’re hard already.”

Her face went hot. The idea of more than one man wasn’t new, but she’d never asked for it. How did he know her every fantasy? Mark wanted her to try it. He was hard for it. He had the guys, and she liked and trusted both of them. “Why are they here? Was it a plan? You didn’t know I’d be seducing you tonight.”

“That’s why I’m sorry again. They needed a place to stay. Their business bottomed out in Vegas, and they’re moving back to start over. I meant to tell you they’d be staying with us for Christmas.”

“All that work.” She nodded. He’d been stressed by his job. She could tell, and there was no way to help him. Making him feel guilty about this served no purpose.

“It’s no excuse. I could’ve told them to call you and set it up. I meant to tell you tonight, I figured they’d be in tomorrow or Sunday. I swear I thought they said Sunday morning.”

Kelly tapped her foot, but they were family. She’d never say no to them staying. It was the humiliation of being caught during sex that turned her on and embarrassed her at the same time. “From now on, we discuss houseguests before we agree. Your side or mine for any reason or length of time. I would’ve said yes, but I’m not ready for them.”

“You’re totally right. They were so desperate and pathetic. If they stay with the older relatives, they’ll go nuts. They’re crazy about you.” He nuzzled her neck.

“They didn’t seem to mind the welcome we gave them.” She chewed her lip to hide her smile. Her arousal returned. Three men. If it didn’t work, they could stop. “You’d really be okay with this sharing?”

“The three of us have been talking about it since the beach. You in a bikini made them lose their minds. But they went back out west so it made no sense. Now, that they’re around for the holidays it’s a chance to try it. If you like the idea, believe me I’ll get off on it.”



“And they’ll be living with us?” That temptation would be huge, not that she’d cheat, but it’d add to her sexual needs to see them. Her attraction to Mark and his cousins was undeniable.

“They’re good guys. You know them. Think about it. No pressure or expectations.”

Her fingers skimmed down his body to tease his cock. She needed to know for sure before she admitted her own curiosity. “You really want to watch your cousins fuck me? Eat my pussy?”

His hips snapped. “Yes.”

“You want me on my knees, sucking their cocks while they finger me?” She wanted to know it’d turn him on because once they went down this road, they couldn’t go back. Stop, yes, but not go back.

Mark grabbed her by her ass and lifted her onto the counter, spreading her legs. He thrust a thumb in her pussy to test her. She was wet and ready, tightening on his digit. No doubt, she wanted it.

“Yes, show me!” She kissed him.

Thrusting his cock into her hard, he shook the counter until the soap dispenser fell. Kelly held on and let him show off his sexual domination before he shared her. Deep down, he’d always known she’d want it, but she’d needed to blossom and explore with him first. To gain confidence and find her sexual desires without repression.

His beautiful future wife had plenty of fantasies, and he loved it. He’d debated how to tell her about this side of things then they’d appeared. It was fate, he decided. They all needed this.

“Mark!” she screamed. Her climax held him and drove him close to his own.

“You’re mine.” He shouted her name as his release slammed fast. “Mine, but I like to share,” he whispered in her hair.

She kissed him. “If it’s too weird...”

He knew she was nervous. It was yet another turn on to see her wild and sexually charged but blushing. “If you’re not comfortable, it’s over. It’s sex, not a polygamist cult. All I ask is no sex without me there and don’t kiss them on the mouth.”

“Is that some weird rule from Pretty Woman?” She nipped playfully at his chin. “So now there are rules?”

“Damn straight and actually we should talk about this together.” He eased her down off the counter and unlocked the door.

“Wait.” She turned to the mirror and smoothed her hair, wiped off her smeared lipstick and tucked her breasts back into the ripped lace as much as possible. She had curves that could make him beg. Mark loved the attention she got from other men, and she didn’t dress provocatively at all. She was the girl next door everyone wanted.

When she bent to pick up her robe, he stepped on it. “No, no pretense or teasing. I like you like this.”

Kelly paused but finally nodded.

Mark opened the door and went out first. He held her hand. They were in this together.

Paul and Jack were on the couch, hard cocks tenting their pants.

“Nice hospitality. What about guests first?” Paul chuckled.

“Sorry guys. I thought you were coming in Sunday. Work got away from me so we had to talk this out.” Mark sat in the oversized chair, and Kelly settled on the arm.

“We didn’t expect to be greeted with the hot stuff, either. Sorry if we got a little eager, but it’s been a while.” Paul was the more sensitive of the two, and Mark could tell he felt bad about upsetting Kelly.

Mark watched Kelly as she studied the two men. When he caressed her back and rear, there was tension, but her breathing was heavy.

“This is different, we know.” Jack leaned back with confidence. “You’re engaged, and that’s great. We love her, too. She’s great family addition. So whatever, Kelly. If you’re not into it, that’s cool. Intruding on your private time wasn’t the plan.”

Jack was more direct and wild. Nothing embarrassed him.

Kelly smiled. “It’s okay.”

Mark relaxed. “We’re good, but we need some ground rules. No kissing her mouth. Some things are husband’s privilege. No screwing when I’m not here. I don’t share *that* much. Anything else?” he asked Kelly.

Her face went blank. “I think that’s about it. I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“No rush. It’s about you. Just let us know what you want.” Paul shrugged.

“Or take it. We like to please. We could cuff you up so you can’t run.” Jack swung the cuffs on his index finger.

Kelly shook her head. "I think I better be able to move around. Mark is the only one who gets to tie me up. I'm actually feeling a little self conscious so exposed here with you two fully clothed."

Mark forced himself not to grin or react. She'd asked them to get naked. Slowly, she'd let them in. It was happening before his eyes.

"That we can fix." The cousins stood and stripped, scattering their clothes.

Kelly turned to Mark. "You're sure?" she asked.

"Absolutely. But you're right. They don't get to spank you or tie you up." He kissed her. "Start easy with whatever you want."

Her eyes zeroed in on their cocks as they sat on the couch. "Appetizers. We should order some dinner and if things go well..." She nodded as though they'd be going all night.

Mark knew he might never get her off them. But the chemistry in the room crackled, and Mark savored it. He found his cell phone and ordered a pizza. They had an hour to play and he watched his future wife walk to the couch to explore new sexual games. She'd love it, Mark had no doubts.

Kelly sat between his cousins now, her hands filled with a cock each. As soon as Mark's ass was in the chair, the cousins leaned in to suck her tits gently. He knew she'd never had two men, certainly not three.

His cock grew at the sight. Kelly had arousal and caution etched on her face. Her hands went over their hard abs and back to their erections. Mark wanted to join in, but he didn't want to overwhelm her. He'd let her get comfortable with the new guys while he enjoyed a show. The look in her eyes was intrigued and aroused, not overwhelmed.

His cousins could be as wild and rough as Mark, but they never got without giving. They'd never cross lines without the okay. Their tanned hands spread over her thighs and spread her legs. Two fingers worked her clit and the other dipped in to get her attention.

Kelly trembled and shifted toward Paul. They helped her to the floor where she knelt between Paul's legs and licked his cock.

Mark stared; the angle gave him a great view. She was into it already, sucking Paul's balls then swallowing him all the way.

Jack extended the chain as he settled on the floor, his head between her thighs and lapped at her pussy while rubbing her clit with his fingers.

Kelly's hips lowered for more as she moaned, taking her time on Paul's member.

"So good." Paul lifted his hips. "So beautiful."

"Let her swallow it. Stop holding out on her." Mark knew Paul was a master of delaying release. Kelly didn't know their naughty tricks yet. In time, she's probably love them and use them to add to her fun.

Her hand worked his shaft as she licked the head with a singular purpose.

"Shit, she's dangerous." Paul grunted in release.

Kelly sucked hard at the tip, and Mark watched her swallow the cum. Her first from another man in the over two years they'd dated. It made his cock pulse. In college it'd taken him a while to get okay with his reaction. But letting Kelly in on it was no mistake. With no regrets, he watched the cousins trade places.

Paul sucked and teased Kelly's pussy, but Jack stood there watching.

"Don't want me?" Kelly licked her lips.

Jack grinned then sprawled on the couch. "Just making sure you do."

He moaned as she sucked him. He helped, thrusting up for contact as he held her hair.

Giving in, Mark moved forward, kneeling behind Kelly. Paul took the hint and moved up to suck her tits.

"Mark," she said with her mouth full.

Her pussy tightened in gratitude as Mark filled her. His hand slapped her ass, and she rocked back to him.

"Yeah, cousin. She's on fire." Jack shouted as he lifted and came between her lips.

Mark needed it, too. They couldn't walk on eggshells about this. They needed to be open and sexually fulfilled.

"You like it?" He tugged on her curly hair. "Three men? All that cum? All for you?"

Her cunt shuddered. "Yes!" Kelly's hips bucked back and her release came out in moans and sobs of relief. "I love it."

Not stopping, Mark thrust faster. "You'll be very busy. That sweet ass will get it, too. You want it? Two cocks inside of you?"

"Three," she groaned.

"She's a challenge." Paul slid from under her.

“Kelly likes us all right.” Jack tilted back his head and watched her get fucked as her lips pressed to his balls.

Mark lost control seeing his cousins play with her as he filled her. This was the beginning, and from the feel of Kelly’s reaction so far, they’d never get enough.

His cum shot deep in her, and Mark thrust a few more times to remind her who she’d be married to forever. The sparkle of her diamond engagement ring looked even better with her hand curled around Jack’s cock. Kelly kissed Paul’s cock when he sat next to his brother, and she looked up at them. “Welcome to our home. I think you’ll be comfortable.”

Touched and turned on, Mark kissed the back of her neck.

## *Chapter Two*

As they sat in front of the fireplace eating pizza, Kelly studied the three men. Mark's cousins looked very much like her sexy fiancé. All of them were well muscled and good looking, a temptation for any woman. The cousins had green eyes but the height and build was a triumph of genetics.

"So how many women have you done this with?" She nibbled the crust on her third slice. All three smiled slightly and shared glances.

"A few," Paul said.

"Mostly in college." Jack added as the guys finished off the rest of the pizza.

"Not having second thoughts, are you?" Mark grabbed her ankle and ran his tongue up her calf. "I could tie you up and we'd do our best to impress you."

Kelly glanced down at their growing cocks. "I'm already impressed, and no, I'm not having second thoughts. It's just not your average situation. I'm trying to feel as casual about this as you do."

"Three guys with all their attention on you... Just enjoy it." Paul leaned back on the stone. "Don't worry. It's not about marathon all night sex. We share well and quality is better than quantity."

"I get the quantity?" Kelly grinned. The idea had grown on her more than she'd expected. Her pussy ached at the idea of more action. Three men was a fantasy. These three men were real.

"As much as you want. Don't worry, we won't stay forever and take over your house." Jack grabbed her other ankle playfully.

Kelly reclined as Mark and Jack tugged open her legs.

“My cousins are trying to escape already.” Mark leaned over her and kissed her breasts. “I’ve told them about your extensive sexual appetites. I could use the help keeping you happy.”

She knew he was teasing to get her more turned on, but it worked.

“You told them everything?”

“We’re happy to help.” Jack’s mouth attached to her other breast.

Kelly gave into the suction. The two tongues on her, working at their own pace and pressure, made her lift for more. Her fingers tangled in their hair, and she saw her engagement ring gleam in the firelight.

Her concern wasn’t about the sex but what this meant. An open marriage? Certainly not. Would this continue, or was it just a fantasy for a holiday visit? At the moment, she couldn’t stop to think. With her legs spread, she felt just how wet she was. Her mind could spin, but her body wasn’t confused at all.

“Paul, I think she’s ready for some attention,” Mark said against her nipple.

“Yes!” She wasn’t used to asking for what she wanted. Mark took the lead, but these two were considerate, not pushy. So she needed to be bolder and ask. She shivered when Paul’s tongue dove into her folds.

“She’s in serious need.” Paul curled a finger around her clit.

“Very ready,” she moaned.

Mark bit the underside of her breast. “Any sexy talk gets her going. I’ll drop a few innocent but suggestive words into phone conversation, and she’s all over me the second I get home.”

“Men are such teasers. Women aren’t supposed to act like sluts, but we want sex every bit as much as men.” She didn’t care what Mark told them, he spoke the truth. Kelly had needs, and this situation only made them triple.

“No teasing here.” Paul thrust his tongue into her cunt.

Mark left her side, and Kelly felt deprived with only two mouths on her body. “Come back.”

They worked as a team, propping her up on pillows.

“She might wear us out.” Jack bit her nipple.

Kelly moaned and felt Mark return. He set down a box of condoms, and Paul slid one on fast.

Jack and Mark stretched out on either side of her, wrapping her legs over their knees. Their shoulders helped prop her up to watch. The heat, the scent of men and the feel of Paul's cock pressing to her was overwhelming.

Lifting her hips, she relaxed as Paul thrust home. She clutched at Mark's side. It was so good, the feel of a different cock, unique in curve and size, deep in her. Rocking with Paul, she let the friction of the other two and their cocks pressing to her curves add to her desire.

Paul kept the pace slow, as though she'd change her mind. When Kelly rocked faster, demanding more, Paul's pace not only increased but he thrust fully into her, teasing her g-spot and sending her closer to release with each stroke.

Reaching down, she grabbed Mark's cock. "I want to suck you now."

"No, you want to get off now, trust me." Mark kissed her temple and pressed a hand to her lower stomach.

The feel of him pushing down as Paul's cock filled her again sent the right signal. The ripple built, and Kelly bowed as her pussy squeezed in orgasm.

"Yes!" Paul thrust once more and froze as he pulsed inside her.

Kelly recovered soon enough to see his smile and watch him tongue her clit after he eased back. Jack was less hesitating this time and took his brother's spot. He even took up where Paul left off, licking her clit.

"Don't. I'll come again. I need to be fucked." She wanted to experience all of them first. Oral play could come later. She wanted them deep inside her. After weeks of being second on Mark's list, she needed to be fucked.

Paul returned without the rubber, stretched out where Jack had been and began sucking her breast with enthusiasm. It was like a dream, all that male energy directed at her. She looked to Mark and kissed his mouth.

"Done?" he teased.

"Oh, don't you dare joke now." She looked Jack in the eye. His thick cock covered in latex taunted her, rubbing along her pussy lips. The large pulsing vein was still visible, and she wanted it all inside her. "Don't make me wait."

The corners of Jack's mouth lifted. He rubbed her clit with his thumb. "We want to make you happy and be sure you're ready." He worked the pad of his digit down her pussy, teasing the folds until he pushed inside.



Kelly tightened around him, demanding more. Jack let her play then pulled free, sucking her juices.

How could he not be in a hurry?

“You’re a tease. Fuck me!” She let her head fall back on the pillow.

“Maybe she just wants you, Mark?” Jack started to back away.

“Stop playing games, you three. Jack now!” Her nails dug into Mark’s thigh.

“She needs two. Or a gag.” Mark grabbed her shoulders and helped her to turn over on her hands and knees.

Kelly sucked Mark’s balls into her mouth and teased them. Mark smiled down at her and gave her a little wink.

Finally Jack knelt in close. The heat was so good Kelly lifted her ass up. He pressed his erection to her pussy. The new angle and new cock made her groan as he filled her until his sac ground to her.

She eased forward to go after Mark’s shaft.

“Three teases.”

She toyed with the tip until she wanted it more than she wanted to drive him crazy. Sucking Mark down, she moaned as Jack began to fuck her seriously. Mark grabbed her hair so she kept going on both ends.

Jack rocked her slow to start, and her pussy held him. The thickness made her tremble. Kelly clung to Mark as her pussy clung to Jack.

“Good?” Mark asked.

“So good.” She licked the head of his shaft.

Kelly found her pace between the two sexy men as her release built more slowly this time.

Losing herself in the heat, she sucked and fucked faster. Finally, Jack stroked harder into her, and she shuddered, rubbing her breasts down to the rough carpet as she licked Mark behind his sac and up to the tip then tongued him so fast he came in a loud grunt.

She sucked his cum and rolled it around her mouth. Letting her weight rest on Mark, she looked over her shoulder. It was no dream. Jack looked hot and on the verge of fucking her. Jack reached around and pressed his fingers to her clit. She shook and cried out in sudden, searing orgasm.

Jack fucked hard and ground in as his hoarse shouts muffled in her shoulder.

She panted, kissing Mark's stomach.

"Like it?" Mark asked.

She nodded. "Amazing."

"You are." Paul kissed her neck. "We'll let you two get some sleep." He moved to gather his clothes.

"Thanks for the warm welcome." Jack kissed her hip. "Just point us to the guestroom."

"Up the stairs on your right. Linen closet has towels and supplies. See you for breakfast. Dress is optional." Mark squeezed her nipple in a hint of the fun tomorrow.

Kelly had no words. Her insides still pulsed. Her pussy tightened at the idea of more.

The cousins went up the stairs with their bags and their clothes as if nothing unusual had happened. It felt so good and normal, but she needed to cling to the familiar in that moment. She kissed her way up Mark's chest.

"I think it's time for us to go to bed." He scooped her up and carried her as if it was their wedding night. All she could do was hold on and let reality sink in. She'd loved it and wanted more with Mark and his cousins.

\* \* \* \*

"I can walk. I'm just in afterglow." She wiggled.

"It's my turn now." He set her on her feet and locked the bedroom door behind them.

Kelly wrapped her arms around his neck. "You could've fucked me down there and let them watch. I'd love it."

He knew she would've. Mark saw it all over her. Kelly was wild for being shared. After a few months of dating her, he'd itched to do this. But getting her past her family influence had to come first. After that, the timing and location had never lined up.

"You're insatiable. There's always tomorrow. You'll get more. Now you only need to worry about me."

"Worry?" Her eyes sparkled. "I never worry. Was I bad?"

Her words told him she suspected what he had in mind. He'd been thinking about it all week actually. With work stress piling up and the wedding coming around New Years, they needed a release. She'd planned a seduction, but he wanted a little rougher play.

He took her hands from his neck and put them on the high post of their vintage bed.  
“Wait here.”

Kelly loved it when he got rough. Frequently, she begged for it or did something to annoy him to earn a little punishment. He tried not to overdo the discipline, with sex he could let go as wildly as she did, but with a paddle he had to keep *control*. He enjoyed *control*. She loved teasing so it worked for them.

Grabbing the handcuffs from the nightstand, he also picked up a bottle of lube and his favorite leather paddle. Their toy collection was admirable, but with two other men around, he didn't need to bring out the dildos.

Cuffing her hands to the post, he pushed her close so her breasts flattened against to the wood. “You were very rude.”

“How? I did everything you asked. When they first broke in, how was I supposed to know that you wanted to share?” Her voice shook slightly.

He dripped lube into the crack of her ass, not much but just enough so she felt it. “Not that. You enjoyed yourself. I knew you would.”

Mark waited to build the anxiety for her.

“You didn't want me to?” Her pretty face scrunched in confusion. “You said you wanted it. I want you more. I love you. I know you enjoyed it.”

This wild lover and willing sub was such a contrast to the smart graphic designer his woman was in public. Their connection was stronger than most couples. He had no doubts about sharing her. He just needed to make sure she wanted it. Was it a novelty or part of their future? He'd find out his way.

“I know you'd do anything I asked you to. You did great. A bit demanding with three men eager for you, but it was your first time.” He rubbed her firm ass cheeks.

“Thank you,” she said.

Her face was pink. Kelly waited with a look of uncertainty.

“That was your mistake.”

“Being good at sex with three men?” she asked.

Mark laughed and smacked her ass with his bare hand. She was very literal when she got tied up. “No, your natural skills are beyond your control. You didn't thank them. They could go out and get girls of their own, but they tripled team you. Yet not one *thank you* for any of us.”

“Thank you,” she said softly. “You said all three of you wanted it.”

Mark slapped her bottom again and watched her face flinch and relax with pleasure. She didn’t like serious pain, but she wanted to feel it the next day. It was pleasure for both of them in the end. Finding a kernel of drama to discipline her over was easy. They simply had to play it up for the full impact.

“What we want doesn’t excuse bad manners to our guests. They’ve wanted you since they first saw you. I could’ve shared you at any time, but I liked making them wait and you having no idea. It made them crazy. I’m sure they’ve jerked off thinking about you many nights.”

“I’ll thank them tomorrow. I promise.” She looked over her shoulder in anticipation.

Mark stood firm and swung the paddle centrally on her ass. She moaned and clung to the post.

He connected again, wanting this spot to be bright red across both cheeks. “You liked fucking all of us?”

“Yes.” She arched.

As much as it turned him on to watch her with his cousins, it sparked possessiveness in him. He smacked her ass again. “You’ll think of me tomorrow while you’re sitting on your red ass, wanting to get off but knowing the guys won’t touch you without me here. No matter how much you beg them.”

“No, I’d never do that. Nothing without you.” Her voice rasped as she breathed hard.

“You’ll be horny. Hard bodies alone in the house with you. I’ve got a consulting meeting. You’ve got time to help them with their job searches and resumes, right?” Mark delivered two more hard cracks on her rear.

She yelped but nodded. “Of course, I’ll help them.”

“And you’ll be soaking wet with need when I get back.” He surveyed his work and blew on her bottom to test it.

She trembled. “Wet and ready for whatever you want. The three of you all night long. I want it.”

“You want more with the three of us?” He pinched her ass.

She pressed back for more. “Yes!”

He grinned. "Of course, you do." Her ass was the perfect dark pink verging on red. Kelly called it the sunburn sting. No doubt she'd feel it tomorrow with every move. The woman had a good pain tolerance and need to feel it.

Mark waited until her breathing slowed and her body stilled before he delivered two more medium strokes to each cheek. Now she'd be wet and ready.

"Mark!" she muffled her scream into her arm.

"I don't care if they hear you. They know you like it rough. They'll never be allowed to watch this or do this to you. This is ours." He moved in behind her, feeling the heat off her ass. Then testing her reaction when he touched her.

"Ours." She smiled.

"But scream all you want. Leave them horny for tomorrow." Mark slid his cock in between her ass cheeks into what was left of the lube.

She gasped. "Fuck me, please."

He walked away to put the paddle in its place and retrieved the lube. "You want more tomorrow? You weren't faking it before?"

Kelly shook her head and pulled at the cuffs. "No faking. I never fake. I want more. Cancel the meeting, and we can spend all day naked."

"Sorry, I've got the meeting, and I need that job. Weddings cost money. But the big project is done at work. You'll get more of me. I'll be home more. You don't want to be spoiled, do you?"

The conflict reflected in her expression. She wanted it but knew the right answer was to say no.

He pinched her ass when she delayed responding to his question. "Answer me."

"I want to please you. Sex spoiled or not." She licked her lips and stretched her body as much as she could while bound. The woman knew how to tempt him. She wagged her ass side-to-side.

"Good." He kissed her quick and walked away before he caved to his own need. Cock throbbing, he took in the view. Pale creamy skin and curly hair, her flushed cheeks were nothing compared to the red spots on her ass.

"Please." She rested her head on the post.

Mark moved close behind her and poured lube between her red cheeks. He could extend her pain and pleasure by taking her like this. But she'd had two other men in her tonight. Mark wanted her to see who was getting off this time.

Grabbing the keys, he released one hand but left the other cuffed.

"No, please. Mark I need you. I'll do anything you want." Her lips quivered.

He turned her to face him and kissed her slowly. "Be good. I'll get it my way, and you'll love it." Mark pressed her back to the post and watched the contact registered in her face. Locking her back up, he saw her press back with her ass and arch her back. She was close to release from that alone.

He pulled one of her long, lovely legs up and around his waist, and she curled it eagerly. Mark pulled her ass out and held her so she had no choice but to wrap the other leg around him and hold on.

He kissed her mouth and pressed his fingers to her ass.

"Please!" She bucked and strained for him.

Right on the edge, maybe a little more than last time. It was so beautiful to see her fighting her desire and the new levels of need. "Keep your eyes open and on me."

She nodded and locked her eyes on him.

Thrusting into her, he felt her pussy cling to him. As he filled her, those pretty eyelids closed. Mark thumped her ass a few times to get her attention.

Kelly moaned and opened her eyes. "Faster," she pleaded.

"Bossy for a handcuffed sex slave." His cock pulsed in agreement with her, but he had to keep her on edge.

"I want to please you. You're so ready. Fuck me. Mark! Harder." She screamed as he went all out and sent her into orgasm.

He watched her strain on the cuffs. The second her eyes closed, he pinched her ass and she lifted. Her pussy convulsed around him. Once her eyes opened, he fucked her again for his own need. She bowed and smiled, meeting him as he went harder. Her low moan told Mark she'd gotten off twice at least.

In seconds, he was gone in his own flames of release. She pulled him in with her. The pounding release made him firm his stance and bend to her. As the world calmed, he released his grip on her bottom.

Grabbing her knees, he pulled her legs from around him and slipped back from her. He sucked her breasts, and she hummed contentedly. Then he kissed her mouth, snaking his tongue deep into her. She kissed him back, bold as ever despite still being cuffed to the bed. Kelly would never really be submissive, but they liked to play it out.

Unlocking her, he bit her nipples playfully. "Next time, I restrain you, it'll be all four limbs." Mark rubbed her shoulders as she slowly took her arms down. Kelly's legs wobbled a bit from holding the postures, and she tipped forward.

"Thank you." She kissed him softly.

Rubbing her neck, he led her to the bed and flipped on his back almost as tired as she was. She slid on top of him with a leg on either side of his thighs, her red ass lifted up. They kissed slowly, deeper and deeper.

"Sure you'll have enough energy for breakfast with our guests?" Mark asked.

Kelly stretched like a satisfied cat basking in the sun. "Absolutely. That was perfect."

"Well, enjoy the extra attention. You never know with those two. They could stay through the holidays or a month. But if they get out of hand, I can ask them to go stay with their parents or mine." He wanted to keep her eager and on her toes. They might choose this lifestyle, but Mark didn't want to push it on her too fast. It was too soon to tell.

"I'm sure they'll be no trouble. And if they move on, you'll find ways to keep me busy and challenged." She pressed her breasts to his chest.

Mark grabbed the pot of cream on the nightstand and applied a layer to her ass. She shivered and held on tight. No one would ever accuse him of not taking care of her needs and wants. He loved her too much.

Once she relaxed, he gently massaged her red cheeks. Kelly moaned and let her pussy ease to him, rubbing her mound to his hip. Mark worked his fingers to the outer edge of the red spots and listened to her groan.

She rotated her hips, grinding to him.

"You're not coming on me, are you?" he asked.

"No," she said through clenched teeth.

He grabbed both her cheeks, filling his hands with firm, hot flesh, and her control disappeared. Kelly screamed and rocked on him as her juices made his leg slick.

"You'll pay for that," he whispered in her ear.

Her smile couldn't be hidden. "Promise?"



## *Chapter Three*

A subtle stinging on her rear woke Kelly from naughty dreams about the three men under her roof. Mark's fingers casually drummed on her backside.

"Sounds like Paul is up making breakfast already." He kissed her tousled hair and brushed it from her eyes.

"Sounds good." She stretched and turned to him.

"I've got that meeting for real on the consulting job." His fingers moved down her back to tease her bottom again.

Kelly shivered. "Not today. I thought we had the weekend. And with Paul and Jack here. I like them, but this is still developing." She'd really thought he'd been teasing her last night. She loved when he taunted her and got rough.

"You don't like it?"

A knot formed in her stomach even as arousal built. "I do. My father was right. I'm a slut just like my sister."

"No." He slapped her ass. "You aren't. We've been over this."

She nodded. When they'd first dated and her need for kink and a little dominance had come out, he'd risen to the occasion but made sure she never felt bad about it. He'd freed her from the negative programming about sex. She hadn't doubted it since. But this wasn't just between them in their bedroom anymore. How many women had sex with three men without others thinking of them as loose?

"This is different. It's not you tying me up or a little role playing. This is more than just us. Now, I get three men screwing me? It's not fair to you. How is this okay?"

Mark connected with her ass again in a few harder slaps. She let the sting linger. It went deep in her muscles and warmed her. She deserved it for doubting him. But he'd answer her.

"I decide what's right for me. What I want, I get. Your father, my father, no one tells me what's right and wrong for us." His commanding tone sent chills down her back. "I get to tie you up and paddle you. Some would call that abuse."

Kelly lifted her hips for more, but he didn't deliver. "I love it. You don't abuse me," she whispered.

"I know. I love it, too. It works for us, but some wouldn't understand. This is the same exact thing. I love watching you come. I trust my cousins to treat you like I do and that they won't try to take you from me. We enjoy the group thing. I trust you or I'd never let this happen."

The knot of anxiety melted, and all she felt was love and need for him.

"How long will they stay?" She didn't want to sound too eager, but to dangle this sort of fantasy and take it away would be cruel. Maybe, it was a new punishment play?

He pinched her ass, and Kelly winced, shaking her bottom for more.

"You want them?"

"I want all three of you," she admitted.

"I'm sure they'll stay through Christmas. Maybe New Years. They'll stay around and bunk with family at least until they get on their feet. Not the most focused of guys. They're very into trying something new, and if it doesn't work, they move on to the next thing."

"Like this ménage thing?" Was she getting into something temporary? Maybe that was best? What would she tell people? The neighbors. She'd have to be content with this short holiday fantasy of houseguests. They could visit, and she'd always have Mark.

Mark chuckled. "They love the ménage stuff so that won't stop. The full time boyfriend job has proven too much work for them individually. They'll never be tired of the sex part. Remember, when I'm gone, no one gets to play."

"I understand. I'd never do that. It wouldn't work." The idea of cheating on Mark didn't arouse her. She wanted him to watch and encourage her.

"Good answer." He gave her bottom a few soft slaps. He'd made those comments before, but Mark was just the type to reinforce his rules. Kelly knew an ex of Mark's had cheated on him, and Mark had ended it without a discussion. She loved that about him. He was decisive and

loyal. Having a little control fit his needs just fine. She followed his rules and got what she wanted in bed.

When her hand slid to his cock, he smacked her ass again. “We can play in the shower, but today, when you’re sitting at your computer, you’ll remember whose ring you’re wearing and who worked over your ass last night.” He kissed her ear.

Her face felt warm. Paul and Jack would see her bottom. Part of her really wanted them to see it. Just the arousal of them touching it would drive her to release.

“Get in the shower. Paul’s a good cook. We need to wear them out so they aren’t harassing you all day.”

She rolled out of bed. “They wouldn’t.”

“No, not really. But they’ll tell stories of college and what they want to do to you later to get your primed and drive you crazy. You think you’re getting the best part of the deal, but don’t underestimate the turn on of arousing a woman and getting her off. Then watching and helping her get off again and again. I won’t let them overdo it.”

They headed to the shower. “If they’re only staying a short time, we should enjoy it now.”

Twenty minutes later, she walked downstairs in nothing but a short white robe. It seemed pointless to dress.

“Morning.” Paul moved to the table and filled their plates.

“Hi. We’ve got to do some job searching today. Can we borrow your internet connection? I’ve got an old laptop.” Jack nodded toward the dining room where Kelly’s laptop and printer were hooked up.

“Sure, I’ll help. No pressing projects for me today.” Kelly sat carefully and ate. It was good not to have to cook. After all her activity, she was starving.

“I’ve got to go to a meeting this morning so you’ll have time to research without distractions.” Mark sat and ate. He’d put on only boxers for now.

The food went fast, and everyone helped clean up. When Kelly bent over to fill the dishwasher, she felt the cool air on her bare bottom and had to suppress a moan.

“Nice work, cousin.” Jack blew air on her cheeks.

“Be gentle.” She bent down further.

“I’ll be real sweet, but your fiancé looks like he needs it first.” Jack nudged Mark.

Mark's erection tented his boxers, and Kelly smiled. "Like it?"

"Take off the robe and pick the position you want to be screwed in." He kissed her mouth, reminding everyone who she belonged to in the end.

Kelly dropped the robe and freed his cock, letting her diamond sparkle up at her as she helped take the edge off his need. With her ass still raw, she chose to lie face down on the square glass table.

She eased down on the freshly cleaned surface and let the coolness seep into her because things were about to get very hot. Mark came around and kissed her while Paul knelt behind her. She felt his eager tongue prying her pussy lips open.

"Bet she dreamt about us." Jack traced paths around her ass cheeks, straying into the pink to make her arch and groan.

"Nice and gentle, Jack. It's fresh." Mark nodded to Paul, and they changed places.

Mark pressed into her cunt and reached around to tickle her clit. Moaning, Kelly sucked Paul's cock.

Jack's tongue teased her, ass and Kelly flinched. The delicious sting made her lift for more.

"She's a keeper, Mark. Better marry her fast." Jack gave her other cheek the same treatment. Her hips hitched up and rocked back to meet Mark's thrusts.

Her fiancé wasn't playing today. Mark fucked her fast and hard. Kelly eased up to tease the tip of Paul's cock, and he stepped back.

Gripping the table as Mark fucked her, she felt Jack's fingers again then Mark twisted her clit as he filled her. The climax slammed her, and she held on as her body rocketed through levels of intense pleasure.

Mark came in her as she recovered, and his hot cum filled her.

Paul took Mark's spot, and she moaned in appreciation. In the shower, Mark had only given her a little hand play, not much because he knew they'd be doing this.

She wanted more. Kelly always wanted more. Maybe she was a slut for hot men? It didn't sound as bad when one fucked her while his brother stepped up to let her suck him.

Two hands rubbed cool lotion into her ass, and Kelly nearly jumped off the table. Mark knew what she needed, but the sharp contrast pushed her arousal fast.

"You need lotion. Feel okay?" Mark kissed the small of her back.

“Yeah, I just wasn’t expecting it. Don’t stop, Paul. I need it more now.” She rocked back and lapped at Jack’s balls.

Kelly worked for her release this time as the men held her tight. When Mark added a second coat of lotion, her pussy convulsed around Paul. She dropped Jack’s sac to let the orgasm take over. She screamed nonsense as she lifted for more.

“Had enough?” Jack teased.

She smiled up at him. “When I’ve had enough, I’ll say so.” Kelly kissed his cock, so thick she wanted to try it in her ass.

“So that’s a yes?” He traced a finger over her lips.

“Fuck me,” she taunted him by rolling her ass side-to-side.

Kelly waited as he put on protection. He went around and held her hips tight. Teasingly, he rubbed her pussy, tapping her clit until she bucked back.

Finally, he filled her pussy in one fast stroke. She groaned and saw Mark’s approving smile. He was hard again. Curling her fingers around him, she licked his sac. As Jack fucked her slowly, she tormented the tip of Mark’s cock. He rolled her nipples, pinching them until she moaned.

Kelly got tired of waiting and rocked back for Jack’s member. She needed to get off just once more. Not to be greedy, but they were teasing her. The next time Jack pinched her clit, she went over, snapping her hips as her pussy went into spasm.

“Damn, she’s tight,” Jack grunted and pulled out.

“No,” she protested. Covered or not, she loved feeling a man come in her.

Mark moved to her side and held her down, jerking his cock, as did Jack.

Their cum landed, one man’s on each red cheek. The sting made her yelp. They’d planned this. Probably used it on other women. They weren’t the only one who could play games! She reached back and rubbed the cum into her swollen bottom. It stung sweeter than the lotion.

And when Mark got home, she’d repay them.

\* \* \* \*

An hour later, Mark was out the door to his meeting and Kelly was helping the two guys work on their job prospects. Construction was tough in the winter, but the dead of a bad northeastern winter meant snow removal guys were always in demand.

“You’ve done landscaping and stuff?”

It wasn’t as tempting sitting there with them fully clothed. Her ass throbbed and she indulged in the feel of what Mark had done to her, but her focus was on helping his cousins.

“Sure, gardening, planting. We haven’t done snow in a while, but it’s just shoveling, how hard can it be?” Jack shrugged.

Kelly tested her restraint, studying the two men. They looked great in jeans and long-sleeved shirts, blue for Jack and green for Paul. They were hot, muscled and all that she loved. But there was no urge to go for it now. Mark watching and enjoying it was a huge chunk of the thrill of being shared. She could plot what they’d do later, but without, Mark it wasn’t complete.

“Can you drive the pickup truck with the plow?” she asked.

“No sweat. We’ve driven all sorts of construction equipment. Maybe we should go into business for ourselves?” Paul suggested.

They were dreamers. She knew that already from the family talking. “I’d wait for summer to do anything like that. In the winter, people stick to services they know. They just want the snow moved. In the summer, they’ll price new options for fertilizing and cutting. Get some experience and make connections first.”

There were paying job out there if they wanted them.

“So you have driver’s licenses, right?” she asked.

“Yep,” they answered in unison.

“Then we can put you in on the site to go in for an interview.” She clicked the link. “Use our address and home phone.”

Kelly stepped back and let them enter their info on the computer.

“Ass sore?” Paul asked.

She shrugged and felt hot. “Why?”

“You’re moving around a lot,” Jack said.

“I need to apply some more lotion. That’s all. I like it.”

“Don’t be embarrassed.” Jack rubbed her cheek. “We like it. It’s your thing with Mark, but we get to enjoy the visual aftermath. It’s hot.”

“It’s not you personally. It’s me, my family history. It’s weird, and I’m only used to sharing this with Mark. No one else.” Kelly didn’t even share with her best friend what she did with Mark. The shame might be real if people knew.

“Family doesn’t need to know what you do in bed.” Paul took his turn at the keyboard.

“They don’t. But it’s just messed up in my head. My sister got pregnant at sixteen. It’s a long story, but my parents were humiliated. They kicked her out. I was only twelve. The day I got my period, it was ‘don’t go near boys’ and how I’d end up like my sister.”

“That’s crap. Child abuse.” Jack put his arm around her shoulders.

“It got worse in high school.” She glanced down at her cleavage. “I’m not exactly flat. I wasn’t allowed to date, but I got attention. Dad was convinced I was slut because of how I filled out a dress.”

“You can’t control that.” Paul put a supportive hand on her knee. “You’re part of our family now. Don’t worry. No one will call you names. We’ll be as discreet as Mark about your three guys and red ass.”

“Aunt Irma has a pool,” Jack said.

“Oh right. Mark better lay off the spanking for the Fourth of July pool bash. You have to go in the pool or she gets offended. That bikini you have is hot and shows off your firm backside.”

It was so easy. So comfortable. She nearly cried at how nice it felt. Instead, she laughed. They’d cover for her, protect her and make her sexual fantasies come true. “My heroes.”

“We’re not that good.” Paul turned to the computer when it beeped. “We’ve got an interview in a few days. Owner is returning from a trip. Cool!”

“They must be desperate,” Jack chuckled.

“They’re lucky if you work as hard at snow removal as you do in bed.” She checked her own email. Nothing new.

“We work hard and play hard.” Jack moved to sit on the couch.

“Well, I’m going to put the clothes in the dryer. If you two entrepreneurs want to practice, it finally stopped snowing. The driveway is pretty long.”

They took the hint and headed out for the snow while she went downstairs to do the laundry and plant a little fun.

\* \* \* \*

Mark arrived home, thrilled to have the added consulting work for the New Year. Paul and Jack were putting away the snow blower and shovel.

“Thanks guys.” Mark was glad for the help. Extra work meant less time for the household stuff. “Where’s Kelly?”

“Last time we saw her, she was headed for the basement. Laundry.” Jack shrugged.

“We should go help her.” Mark loosened his tie, fully in the mood to enjoy the holidays with his cousins and future wife.

They found her folding towels.

“You’ve been down here all while we were shoveling?” Paul asked.

“Laundry for four. Plus I set out some Christmas decorations. Mark’s been busy, and I can’t carry them up all by myself. Three strong men can handle it.” She turned and looked at them. “You’re all sweaty and your jeans are caked with snow.”

“Part of the job. Bit chilly,” Paul added.

“Strip down and everything in the washer.” She waved them to the machines.

Mark went to the decorations with Kelly. “I got the consulting job.”

“Great!” She hugged him. “I put out some more resumes today. I’ll never pay off those student loans without a regular job. Economy layoffs.”

“Don’t worry about it. We’ll be fine. It’s the holidays. Just enjoy it.” He kissed her. “We’ll take your mind off your troubles.”

“Thanks but I need to decorate.” She pulled a piece of wood out of the box. “This should stay in the bedroom.”

Mark laughed softly. He should’ve known she was up to something. The old wooden paddle looked like a something from a frat hazing. On one side it said naughty in big block letters. The flip side had nice cut out in thin script.

It was a gift their first Christmas dating. Her way of asking for a little punishment. “Not the most effective but very festive.”

“What’s going on? No secrets now.” Paul walked over stark naked.

Mark swung it playfully. “Look out.”

“Hey man, not for me.” Paul dodged it.

“That’s only for me.” Kelly grabbed Mark by his tie and loosened it.

“And we’re family. That’s weird. We don’t do guys.” Jack walked over. “Nice swing though.”



“I’ve had a little practice.” Mark pulled Kelly to him. “In the mood? Those two could use some warming up.”

She rubbed her ass against his cock and nodded. “What about you?”

“Oh, I’ll get my licks in.”

Her face froze. “Not with them watching.”

“No, the paddle is for later.” He ran his tongue up her neck and helped her undress. “I think I’ve found you two a heating blanket, soft and sizzling.”

They ran their chilled hand over her ass, making her shiver and bow her back. So beautiful...

Mark was turned on instantly. He watched her kneel and suck first Jack and then Paul’s cock, alternating one in a hand and one in her mouth. The guys teased her breasts, and when Jack thrust, getting too worked up, the brothers worked together, carrying her to the stairs.

Mark shed his clothes, carefully putting his nice suit aside when he noticed another decoration she set out to dry. They were Christmas stockings she normally hung up, including one with his name and one with hers. A bottle of glitter glue sat next to the stockings. She’d added Paul’s name to one of the blank stockings and Jack’s to another. Mark was touched. She wasn’t just deep into the sex. They felt at home here for her as well.

Joining the group, he watched them set Kelly’s pink ass on the hard wooden steps. She didn’t even blink and reached for them. Mark could tell her ass had recovered. He leaned close to them on the railing as Paul fucked Kelly’s wet pussy and Jack knelt on the stair just right to get his cock sucked.

“Guess you didn’t miss me at all,” Mark said.

He loved to watch and let them play as he got hard. Every guy liked porn, but watching the woman you love living out the sexual act for you and with you was a different level. It was raw passion and intimate need that fueled Kelly. The women they’d shared before were always Jack or Paul’s girlfriends. Kelly would be Mark’s wife soon. The trust meant so much. It only made the view hotter.

Hearing Kelly come on Paul’s cock, Mark got even more aroused. He moved closer and took Paul’s spot. Fucking her as Jack came in her mouth, Mark watched her every muscle as she swallowed the cum and nuzzled Jack’s sac.

“Sorry, I couldn’t wait.” Jack moved up to sit on the stairs above and watch.

Kelly licked her lips and wrapped her arms around Mark's neck. "I love you," she whispered.

"Me too." He could barely speak as he thrust into her, so on the edge of his own orgasm he bit her nipple to hold back.

But that little trigger sent her over in wild release of lifting, scratching and screaming. "Mark!"

"So naughty," he said in her ear.

She shook her head. "You can't use that until Christmas morning. We've got decorating to do that doesn't include my ass." She kissed him softly and nudged him up to stand. Mark moved and knew he'd get her in the end.

## *Chapter Four*

After three more amazing days of having three men, Kelly found it harder and harder to ignore the twinges of guilt. All those names she'd been called, and now, it was true. Sex with three men on a regular basis and she wanted it more each time.

But life wasn't all about the sex. This chilly Saturday morning, all four of them were clearing the backyard of twigs and branches and breaking them up for firewood after an overnight wind storm. The old trees on the wooded lot gave them plenty of shade and privacy as well as fuel for the fire.

Kelly took a bundle in and set them on the table. Glancing out the window, she watched her men. She'd become attached to the cousins. Mark was the love of her life, her anchor. But Jack had a wild side she envied. He had no shame. Paul was more down to earth and loved cooking. He was shy, but with Mark and Jack around, he came out of his shell easier.

Tugging off her glove, she looked at her ring. Christmas was here. What would happen after the holidays? After the wedding? Could it last?

She'd avoided directly asking Mark those questions for fear she'd get an answer she didn't want. Three men, it was addictive. At first, she'd feared everyone would know by looking at her. The neighbors had asked her about the extra men, and she'd told the truth. Mark's cousins staying for the holidays. Another neighbor had rented out a room so she didn't get any more questions. Not a raised eyebrow on the block. They'd never know how close she and her three men were.

Luckily, none of the neighbors could see into Mark and Kelly's backyard. It wasn't too cold out today, and she was in the mood for fun. She took off her coat and shimmied out of her sweater. Just in a bra and jeans and her snow boots, she walked outside.

Jack rewarded her with a whistled. "That's what I call a snow bunny!"

She grabbed a handful of snow and pelted him with a snowball. "I was getting overheated in the coat and sweater. It feels good. The polar bear club goes into freezing water."

A snowball hit her chest, and she gasped. "Paul!"

Her nipples tightened, and her pussy quivered. She'd started it, and she wanted it. Mark slid in behind her and unhooked the bra. "Insatiable," he whispered.

Her skin puckered with goose bumps as he walked her back to the wooden picnic table. Laying out his coat, he eased her on her back.

"You started it," Mark said.

Jack unzipped his jeans and popped his cock in her mouth. He grew as soon as her tongue went to work, and she felt warmer immediately. Paul's hand fingering the crotch of her jeans didn't hurt either.

When he opened her jeans and slid his hand in, she lifted and moaned. His fingers massaged her pussy then went inside, stretching her with three fingers. The heat increased until Jack dropped some snow on her nipples, and Kelly yelped.

"She's on fire." Paul rubbed her clit with his thumb.

Kelly fucked Paul's fingers and came in a muffled series of moans and squeaks against Jack's cock.

"Be quiet. You've got neighbors," Jack said.

She moaned on his cock and felt Jack's hips thrust for more. In a few strokes, he came, bending over her body and sucking her tits.

Paul eagerly took his brother's spot, and Jack stuck his hand down her jeans. "How many times can we get her off?" he asked softly. Jack added a little snow on her breast and watched her bow.

She fucked his fingers slower and pulled Paul close.

"Mark." Kelly reached a hand out in his direction.

"Later," he said.

That was odd, but Kelly didn't let him ruin her sexual buzz. She filed his distance in her memory. Paul pulled back and came on her chilled breast as Jack tried to fit four fingers in her cunt. Mark stepped up and covered her mouth as she bucked and cried out. Her hands clung to him as her pussy left a wet spot in her jeans.

Mark unzipped his fly, and his hard cock sprang free. He didn't let her suck it but jerked himself hard at the tip until he added his cum to her breast.

"Done?" Mark asked.

She nodded, and he removed his hand from her mouth.

"Thanks." If the neighbors heard her scream, she'd be humiliated forever.

"Let's get you inside and warm." Mark looked at his cousins. "Don't you two have an interview?"

"Shit. We're going to be late." Paul zipped up.

Jack followed, not looking as concerned.

"Damn, I'm sorry. I forgot." Kelly got up and closed her jeans. She found her bra, and they headed inside. Now, she understood why Mark had held back. For a second, she'd really believed he was annoyed at her wanting to share the men.

"They'll make it. But I had to short myself a little." Mark grabbed some snow and slid it down the crack of her pants.

She jumped and wiggled.

"You'll make it up to me later," he said.

"Always. I shouldn't have started it now. It just seemed like a moment." She moved close and kissed him. "Let's go in."

"I need to shower you off." He rubbed their cum into her breasts.

Once in the kitchen, she felt she had to ask. "Actually, I wanted to talk to you about our situation with the guys."

If she didn't ask now, it'd make things harder later. She was getting attached to Jack and Paul. Having the other guys around. The sex and the fun. They were a family.

"Okay, talk." Mark kept going up to the master bath, and she followed. They peeled off their clothes and put them in the hamper.

"Maybe we shouldn't do this anymore?" She shifted her weight to one hip.

Mark closed in on her. "You started that out there. If you're not in the mood or tired, all you have to do is say the word. You know they can control themselves."

Her breathing felt heavy. "It's not that. I like the sex a lot. The holidays will be over soon and they'll leave. We won't have them around. And my father was right."

Taking a deep breath, Mark hoped this wasn't the end. With Kelly's past, he'd walked a fine line regarding kink and sex play. Pushing her without going too far. This was something he wanted, and all her signals said she did as well, but maybe it had been too much to hope for. Her family might have messed up her mind too much to let this sort of sex life happen, even if she loved it.

"What's normal? You're enjoying it, and so am I. The stockings are great; the guys really feel at home. I can tell you like them. Are you not getting enough alone time with me?" He steered her into the shower.

She shook her head. "No, it's not that. I love the guys, and I love the sex. What about when we're married? Are we taking them on the honeymoon? Will it continue? Can it? I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what? What people will think? We can keep it out of the backyard and the streets. That was you." He lathered her breasts and watched the suds slip down her form.

"What if I can't give it up? I'm getting used to having three men." Her voice quivered. "I felt cheated when you didn't get me off out there just now. I'm turning into a sex addict."

He felt her stress level jumping up and forced himself not to laugh. "You're not an addict. You'd never have been a virgin until college or been so nervous about the three men if you were an addict. Think of it as making up for lost time and all the repression you were put through. Enjoy the experience. You weren't meant to be a nun." He soaped her back and legs, kissing her body randomly. "It's okay to enjoy sex our way. You're not an addict."

"So when we're married?" Her nails dug into his shoulders. "Maybe we should stop now so it's not so hard. I know they'll find women and move on."

Mark stood and turned her to look her in the eye. "Those two are not exactly the settling down type. They change jobs and goals like you change your shoes. Paul is too shy with women, and Jack comes off like a player. Can you imagine them supporting a household and having a family?"

She grinned. "No, not really. It's like Jack got the wild side and Paul got the serious. Are you saying we can keep them?" She smiled wider.

Mark sighed in relief. She wanted more, not less. He hadn't ruined the best thing that had ever happened to him. "Yeah, they're staying. Maybe someday they'll get an apartment or something, but as long as they kick in for food and utilities, I'll share. But you're mine."

“Always. You’re sure? I don’t want it to be weird once we’re married.”

“It’s not average, but neither are you. This isn’t a crime. I love watching you and sharing you. It’ll only get better. You’re not a slut. You’re amazing, and I’ll never let you go unsatisfied. Trust me.”

“I do. But...”

“But what?” He held her.

“You can’t screw other girls. I couldn’t take that.” Her face reflected the dread that he might expect her to offer it. Kelly had given this situation a lot of thought, and he appreciated it.

He kissed her hard and slid them back under the water for a final rinse. “I love you. I would never do that. I don’t need it. You’re more than enough. I brought up the idea of sharing you with Paul and Jack. I want it. You don’t have to worry about me asking for wild stuff. You say no if you don’t like something. We’ll work out our sex lives as we go. You’re usually the one begging for more. Okay?” He turned off the water, and they exited the shower.

“Okay.” She smiled and kissed his shoulder.

After toweling each other off, he snapped the towel at her ass and saw a flicker of need in her eyes. “On the bed. On your stomach.”

She obeyed and looked over her shoulder, hiking her ass up in the air. “Thank you,” she said.

He grabbed the wooden paddle from their toy chest. “For what? I haven’t spanked you yet.”

Kelly blushed. “Loving me. Letting me get kinky and not judging me. Trusting me. Sharing me.”

Kissing her thigh, Mark felt a tug at his heart as well as his need. She was truly his. He had no fear of the future or sharing her. She loved him, and that’s all he needed.

Bringing the paddle down, he watched her eyes close. Rough wood on wet skin. She rocked for more. “We should try that picnic table screw in the summer when you can get naked.”

She moaned as he landed another strike. “Yes, but you’d do something like rub popsicles over me to keep me cool.”

Mark paddled her left cheek then the right until she bucked up. The hot pink patch would darken. They hadn’t hit her limit, but he had other plans. “Maybe I want your tits red this time. Very festive. Roll over.”

Slowly, she rolled onto her back and tucked a pillow under her head. “You get anything you want. Looks like you need to fuck me.”

Her eyes fixated on his cock.

He did, but he’d grown in self control since the guys had come to stay. His needs would wait. Finding the small ruler-like paddle, he teased and bounced her breasts with it. When she arched for more, he gave a sharp smack to the side of her tit.

Kelly moaned and spread her legs. Taking the hint, he tapped her mound until she lifted for more. Then another targeted slap on her breasts—nothing as intense as her ass could handle, but he knew her tolerances. He wanted her tits tender and pink so he worked with precision.

She moaned and yelped when he got near the nipple. When her fingers slid between her legs and rubbed her pussy slowly, Mark knew she was in heaven. Wetness glistened off her folds and fingers.

“Stop that.” He smacked her hand.

“I need to come,” she said huskily.

“Look at your chest,” he ordered.

She’d kept her eyes closed, enjoying the sensation, during most of his efforts. Her eyelids fluttered open, and her eyebrow arched. “The family dinner is tonight. My bra will drive me crazy.”

“Exactly. Be glad it’s not your ass. I won’t have you squirming through dinner.” He’d never given her such discipline right before a family function. “Paul and Jack will be there with me, knowing how pink and sore your tits are.”

He crawled on the bed, pinning her as his cock pressed to her wet cunt. “Now, I get mine.”

“Thank you.” She wrapped her arms around his neck. When he filled her, she arched. “So much!”

“You can have it both ways. Great sex *and* a family life. You just have to want it.” He fucked her, holding her tight. “Do you want it, Kelly?”

“Yes!” she screamed. “Please Mark!”

His hand squeezed her breast. “Like it?”

“Yes.” She shuddered.



Mark kissed her. He'd never intended to play Dom, but the role felt natural. She needed it. He loved giving it. Having his way and pushing her limits turned him on.

Kneeling, he pulled her hips up off the bed and squeezed those cheeks hard. Watching her pushed him closer.

"Mark, oh God! I'm coming," she screamed at the top of her lungs.

He felt her pussy convulsing and the rush of her juices on his cock as he fucked her full tilt. Mark needed to fill her. The bliss in her face as she pinched her own nipples, avoiding the tender skin, pushed him over, and he came deep in her.

Some things he'd never share.

Shouting her name, he fell onto her, crushing her breasts with his hard chest.

She arched. "Mark!"

He couldn't tell if she wanted more or for him to move. He tried to roll away.

"No." She held him. "It's so good."

Mark rubbed his chest hair on her breasts until he saw her eyes roll back in her head. He reached into the nightstand and pulled out some rope.

"What are you doing now? I have to bake cookies for the dinner tonight. It's Christmas Eve."

"We're just getting started." He tied her to the four corners of the bed. "They should be home any time now. It was just an interview."

"You're not going to let them... You said the discipline was all yours. Just between us."

He smiled down at her. "It is. They can't paddle you or order you around. That's mine. But I think you need to feel how much they want you. How much pleasure you share." He tucked pillows behind her head and under her hips.

"But I like touching you and them." She tested her restraints, not yet convinced he was serious.

"This time all you need to do is lie back and enjoy all of us touching you. Fucking and sucking you. If you don't want something, just let me know. Then you can bake the cookies and spend the party enjoying the itchy lace bra I'm going to make you wear."

"I want to do my share."

"You will. This time you have no choice but to have three men and lots of orgasms. Maybe I should hang some mistletoe over your pussy?" He laughed.

“You’re filthy,” she said.

“You love it.” He caressed her tits. “Just think how good it’ll feel hugging all my family with these.”

She shivered.

The front door slammed, and her eyes grew wider.

“We’re up here,” Mark called.

## *Chapter Five*

“Well, what have we here? A Christmas sex feast?” Jack walked around the bed.

Kelly pulled on her bonds and felt her face burn. No one but Mark had ever seen her like this. As much as it should embarrass her, it really aroused her. They knew her. They’d seen her red ass already. No secrets. No shame.

“Don’t make me wait.”

Paul chuckled. “You look so pretty tied up.” His hand skimmed the inside of her thigh.

“And horny. She’s been in need since you two left. If we don’t wear her out before dinner, she’ll be a naughty elf in front of the family.” Mark licked her breast roughly.

The sting shot deep into her chest, and she strained on the ropes. “You bastard.”

Jack massaged her foot. “You can’t have her this way in front of family. Looks like she was punished already.”

“That’s my area. You two get her off only. I’m the disciplinarian.” Mark teased her nipples.

Kelly’s cunt tingled as he got possessive. With Mark, Paul and Jack, she knew sex was okay. No one would judge her or belittle her for needing and wanting sex, no matter how much or what she begged for. That there were three such men in the world dazzled her. And they were hers!

“Clearly, she earned a reward.” Paul started to strip.

Jack followed his brother’s lead.

For a moment, she relaxed and watched the two hot brothers undress for her. So hard and muscled. Ready to please.

Some might look at their little arrangement and think she was forced or at their mercy. It made her finally realize that what others thought didn't matter. Not her father, not anyone. She had to be happy, and she was insanely happy in this unconventional family.

Kelly was finally free to enjoy life. She could enjoy them as they fucked her. She could struggle, and it only made it better. Some people would never understand the pleasure of being restrained and giving in to a lover. She was theirs to play with, which was exactly what she'd wanted since they'd started.

She struggled on her ropes. "I'll be good; you can let me go. Untie me. I'll do whatever you want." Resisting added to her aroused state.

"Not a chance. You're ours until we let you go." Mark brushed her hair out of her face.

"Are you primed or just preheating?" Jack kissed her pussy.

Paul came near her head. "This looks painful."

He kissed the side of her breast.

Kelly lifted, pulling on the ropes. Pain with an undercurrent of pleasure zipped over her. Jack ate her cunt as Paul inspected Mark's work on her breasts. The soft touch of his tongue continued while Jack flicked her clit relentlessly until Kelly howled in orgasm. Her juices ran down her ass as she trembled.

"She hasn't even had a cock yet." Mark smiled. "Better be gentle with her breasts, Paul. It's the first time I've ever worked that area."

"No." She wasn't even certain if she'd said it aloud or not. Jack thrust faster and came in a long moan.

Paul shifted from tormenting her right breast and headed for the left. All the while Kelly strained for something more, itching for more. Pain was better than frustration. She wanted to feel something, not be kept in neutral all her life. Why this worked for her, she didn't know. She just wanted more.

"You like it?" Mark asked.

She nodded.

Paul got sidetracked and took Jack's spot, kissing her pussy. "More?"

"Yes! Fuck me." She needed more.

Mark came to the head of the bed and tongued over her left breast, and she groaned.

"What do you say?" Jack teased her.

She glared at him. "More."

She arched as Paul filled her and tongued her right breast. But Jack moved closer. Kneeling over her on the bed, he pressed his cock to her lips.

Sucking him in her mouth, she couldn't hold on, and it drove her crazy. He held her head and fucked her mouth in short, rapid strokes. As she got comfortable with oral sex with this way, Paul fucked her pussy, and she lifted for more.

Mark held back again. Were they late? She'd warned him about the cookies. Kelly didn't care in that moment. She had men eager to please her. Jack muttered nonsense as he filled her mouth with his cum. Kelly eased back and saw Mark move.

The blast of cool cream over her reddened breasts made her arch, and her pussy tightened on Paul's cock. The chain reaction shot through her, and he fucked harder, sending her over. He followed fast.

The mass of orgasm left only one of her men unsatisfied.

"Mark," she called.

Jack and Paul sat back, spent.

"You're right, my dear. It's time for a position change." He untied her feet and hands. Tying her wrists to the center of the headboard, he kept the fun going. "Stay there on your knees."

A shiver of anticipation went up her back. All she could see was the wall and her bed. Mark wasn't rushing this time. He made her wait.

"I still need to bake cookies for dinner." She couldn't make a bad impression on the family before she was officially in it.

Jack chuckled. "The way you look, you don't need to cook."

"Tell that to Mark's mother. I can't screw this up." She wanted to please them this way and still impress the family.

"I'll help with that when we're done," Paul offered.

"See. Team effort." Mark kissed her. "You're not getting rid of them. You can keep them as long as you like."

"Hell yeah. We're not leaving. We love it here." Jack kissed her pink ass.

Kelly sighed. "I was worried, when the holidays were over, maybe it would end."

Paul kissed her shoulder. “Don’t worry. I can’t imagine a better offer. Mark never would’ve invited us to stay for the holidays if he hadn’t expected us to stay and share. He knows us all better than that.”

“I’m sorry I doubted it, but this isn’t exactly the Brady Bunch.”

“Nope and you don’t want that.” Mark grabbed her hips and lifted her, still kneeling, as Jack slid under her. “Straddle him and see if that feels wrong.”

It was so right she rocked her hips. Kelly turned and saw Mark behind her. The cool lube hit her ass and left no doubt what he was after. Mark pressed to her asshole. Kelly tried to relax, and Jack played with her clit. Finally, Mark pushed deep into her, and she pressed back to get more. With clear intentions, Mark held her hips.

“Yes,” she moaned softly. The two cocks made her tremble as she got used to the sensation. She squeezed and shook at the feel of them in her, truly sharing her now.

Paul moved in to her left and offered his cock. She sucked the tip, wanting all of them with her now.

Mark and Jack fucked her as she burned for release. Her hips urged them on, and finally, they picked up the pace.

“You have three cocks in you,” Mark whispered in her ear. “You can have them any time, any way and as much as you want. Is that enough?”

“Perfect,” she replied against Paul’s sac.

Mark smacked her ass, and her hips moved between the two men. She sucked Paul to release then it was Jack’s turn to give up the battle. He shouted and lifted into her.

But Jack didn’t move as Mark fucked her ass over and over. Her pussy was filled tight, and she felt every pulse in both cocks. She wanted more. Mark’s hips snapped to her and set her off. She fell forward on Jack, sending sparks throughout her body. Mark kept going and finally came.

“While you three unravel, I’m going to start on the cookies.” Paul kissed her forehead. “Welcome to the family.”

Jack chuckled up at her. “Nice holiday treat for us. We’ll give you some fireworks on the Fourth of July.”

“Every day.” Mark untied her and helped her roll off Jack. “She’s ours every day.”

She kissed him. “Thank you. But we do have to deal with the real world now.”

“It’s not for anyone but us. We’ll make it work.” Jack winked and headed for the door. “I better shower before the party.”

Mark checked her engagement ring. “Mine.”

She nodded. “Sharing works for us. Now, we have to deal with your family.”

“I know. Cookies.” He nodded.

Kelly climbed off the bed. Three men would give her such fun. They were part of her life now. It wouldn’t feel like home without them.

“Kelly, where’s the butter?” Paul called from the kitchen.

Smiling, she knew it meant triple the men. But the sex would make up for any extra nagging she’d have to do to keep them in line. Her pussy and ass still buzzed with appreciation. It was all natural, and that’s how she felt.

\* \* \* \*

Mark knew the evening would be a blast when his mom hugged Kelly so tight her eyes glistened.

“Thank you so much for taking in my nephews. They’re good boys. If they’re any trouble, you just give me a call and I’ll be right over.” Mark’s mom could talk a mile a minute.

Kelly eased back from the hug. “No, no trouble at all. They’re great and helpful.”

“Well, the cookies look wonderful.” His mom took the tray and set them on the dessert table.

All four mingled and chatted with family. Kelly got plenty of hugs as the bride-to-be. Her face was flushed so much Mark’s dad stopped and asked, “Did you have some of Uncle Ernie’s punch? It’s lethal.”

“I’m fine, just a little warm,” she said.

“Take off the sweater,” he suggested.

“No, I’m good. Really, thanks.” She glared at Mark.

He could only grin. The sweater hid her hard nipples. The lace bra Mark had wanted her in kept her breasts turned on. She’d given him hell about it but had worn it. Mark had known she’d enjoy the reminder.

“You’re mean.” Paul punched his cousin in the arm.

“She loves it. Tonight, some of us won’t get any sleep,” he said softly.

“Sounds good. We can unwrap her under the tree like a present. You’re a lucky man. We all are.”

“And she wants us to stay indefinitely.” Paul smiled and looked out at the snow.

Mark nodded. “She was worried you’d leave after the holidays or when we got married and I wouldn’t let it continue.”

“You’ll have to kick us out.” Paul nodded to Jack. “We’ve been talking about making the basement into an apartment. It has a separate entrance. Plumbing. Come up for meals and fun. Let the newlyweds have your privacy. Could be permanent that way, and no one will talk. We’re just renting the basement apartment.”

Mark clapped him on the back. “That’s a great idea.”

Kelly came around to the back and found them.

“Dinner is ready.” She tugged Mark by the arm.

“You think I’m trouble, try three,” he whispered to her.

“I can handle it.”

They took their places at the huge table, and as Granny said a few words about the family that year, Kelly grinned at Mark. He sent up some silent thanks for the perfect family for him, even if it was a bit unorthodox.

“So when are my nephews getting married?” Mark’s mom asked as the food was passed around.

“Come on, we’ve got to get jobs and stuff first. The business went bust out west.” Jack gave Kelly and Mark a little smile. “Kelly’s doesn’t have any single sisters.”

“The right girl isn’t easy to find.” Paul backed up his brother.

“Everyone has their quirks. You need to be flexible.” Their aunt dug into her dinner. “Excellent stuffing, Aunt Irma.”

Mark stared at Kelly as the conversation drifted to the food.

\* \* \* \*

After dinner, Mark wandered out into the backyard. He’d played there as a kid. When he heard footsteps, he turned and was relieved to see Kelly.

“You’ll freeze out here. Come inside,” she said.

“Come here.” He led her out to the gazebo at the edge of his parents’ large yard. “No one from the house can see us here.”



“Mark, no. People are waiting to talk to us. Wedding questions.”

He pinned her hips to the rail of the gazebo, facing forward. He rubbed his cock against her ass. “This is about the wedding. Pictures will be taken here. You’ll be so gorgeous.” Mark kissed her neck.

“It’s beautiful. Don’t start now.” Her voice was husky and desperate.

“Why not? You need it. Paul and Jack are watching out for us. It’s part of your Christmas present.” He lifted her skirt and tugged her panties to one side.

Freeing his cock, he rubbed it to her bare ass, still pink from pleasure.

“Please,” she whispered.

Her response was vague. Please what? He took it as encouragement. “Good. Are you wet for me?”

She nodded.

“Say it.”

“Yes, I’m wet for you. All night.”

His hands slid up to cup her breasts. “You could’ve gone braless. I gave you choice.”

She jumped. “And let your mother think I’m a slut showing off my chest? Never.”

“You love the lace. Imagine what I’ll do before the wedding.” He ran a hand over her ass as he advanced his cock in her tight pussy.

“Not that day. You won’t mess it up for me.” She held the railing.

“Keep those legs together and stand up. I want you tight and giving no hint of what I’m doing to you.” Mark rubbed her clit, and she shook.

“Faster,” she demanded.

“We don’t want to be obvious.” He kept his pace steady but worked her clit with more pressure, rubbing in circles.

“You said no one can see.” She braced on the railing, and her knuckles had turned white.

“Don’t worry. Just come for me.” He tapped her clit and filled her.

“Oh God.” She bit her lip and rocked forward but pushed herself back straight.

Mark lifted into her in short strokes, letting her release send him over. He filled her and came, his face buried in her hair. She’d done so well keeping quiet he didn’t want to ruin it.

“Thank you,” he said.

“I love you and your fun, but we should get back.” She tugged her skirt down and adjusted her panties.

He zipped up and turned her to face him. “Don’t spend too much time chatting with my aunts and cousins. We need to unwrap some gifts at home tonight.”

“Gifts? I already got mine.” She kissed him.

“Me, too. The guys have some plans for the basement. You’re not getting rid of them, ever.” He walked slowly toward the house with his arm around her shoulders.

“Good. I bet I’ll be unwrapping some sex toys tonight.” She rested her head on his shoulder.

“Maybe. Maybe we’ll be unwrapping you?” He pinched her ass and kissed her hard as they stepped up on the deck to the back door.

They went their separate ways at the party, but he kept an eye on her. Knowing she’d always come back to him made the world perfect. She always made life wonderful. They’d shared another naughty thrill on Christmas Eve. Later he’d be unwrapping her under the tree with his cousins.

What would they think of for New Years Eve when the ball dropped?

## *About the Author*

A lover of unusual things, Cheryl Dragon enjoys writing unique stories with sinfully hot erotic romance. Never at a loss for ideas, there are plenty of stories in her brain waiting to be written. Her two favorite book settings are Las Vegas and New Orleans...where anything can happen!

Cheryl lives in the Chicagoland area with her deaf albino cat. By day, she crunches numbers, which leaves the creative juices free for her erotic romance novels.

Author loves to talk to her readers and can be found at [www.cheryldragon.com](http://www.cheryldragon.com).

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***Abducting Andrea* by Cheryl Dragon**

When an attack is confirmed against the rich and powerful Edington family, Raider's Bodyguard Service springs into action. Jake Raider is assigned the independent but spoiled Andrea. He's protected her before but this time he's bringing the tools to tame her and make her his.

There are plenty of things Andrea wants to do with Jake but none of them involve business. In the past, he rejected her advances but this time he's giving her what she wants and making her beg for more. Exploring the sexual needs they've denied, she's at his mercy and loving it.

***Red Ribbons and Blue Balls* by Tia Fanning**

After Nicolas punishes her for being naughty, the usually nice but now sexually frustrated Winter arrives at their secluded mountain cabin bearing gifts—special gifts that will ensure his submission and her revenge.

With only seven days left until Christmas, Nicolas expects to spend the night decorating the house for the approaching holiday, but Winter has other plans... Christmas might be coming, but if Winter gets her way, Nicolas won't be.

***Lust, Lies and Tinsel Ties* by Mia Jae**

Bree Connor thinks she's volunteered to be a cocktail waitress at a benefit party for the homeless, donating her tips to the shelter—until the end of the night when she gets auctioned off to the highest bidder. The buyer? A man who has been giving her eyes all evening. He also happens to be the partner of the man Bree had an extremely unforgettable sexual encounter with a few months earlier, and has been avoiding all evening.

Oh, what a tinsel web we weave...

With 24 hours to do her buyer's bidding, she finds herself draped in tinsel and bound to a humongous antique bed, awaiting her Christmas Eve fate, only to find that she's been purchased as a gift for the man she's been trying to avoid. Unfortunately, her buyer orders them to 'get each other out of their systems' so they can go on with their lives... or not. Thing is, while blindfolded and securely bound, Bree is pretty sure she feels two sets of hands on her body instead of just one...

### ***The Elves and I* by Catrina Calloway**

Marni Sands is spoiled, pampered, and has never done a day's work in her life. Arrested for speeding through a small town traffic circle, Marni's defiant attitude makes the judge think long and hard about her punishment. He assigns her 'community service' in Christmas Town, where she's to (*horror of all horrors!*) work with the elves that live there and help them create toys for some very needy children.

Meet Kip, Noel and Eldan, the three hot and hunky elves assigned to keep Marni in line. She needs a firm hand—on a very luscious part of her beautiful anatomy. It is hard to discipline such a gorgeous human, particularly when she divulges a painful secret—the mystery that has kept her miserable for most of her life.

If tough-love won't work, the elves have only one solution: to turn Marni into a caring elf, capable of holiday cheer, they must make love to her as often as possible. Only then will they be able to convince her that good can triumph over evil and love really does conquer all.

### ***Bound by Tinsel* by Melinda Barron**

BBW court reporter Fallon Nichols supplements her income by working as a phone sex artist. When she gets a phone call from three guys looking to play a joke on a friend of theirs, she gladly auditions, letting the dominant "Mr. X" run the show and doing exactly as he asks. It turns out to be an exhilarating experience, one that she's eager to repeat.

San Diego attorney Burke Gordon is shocked by the attraction he feels for Serendipity, after all he's only heard her voice and doesn't know what she looks like. But that doesn't matter to him. She's awakened something inside him that has to be fed, and she's the only woman he wants on the menu.

When Burke discovers Serendipity's real identity, he's thrilled. Fallon, however, thinks Burke is way above her station in life, and it takes a little thing like tinsel to convince her that they belong together. Forever.

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