



Lust Bites
GAME ON
Desiree Holt

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

Wet Dreams and Fantasies

GAME ON

Desiree Holt

Dedication

To Michele, the best editor ever, who keeps me grounded and is my greatest support

Chapter One

Some people might have thought the weather an uncertain mixture, sunshine mixed with rain. But for Lisa Graham it was absolutely perfect. The rain brought Mark, the sunshine brought Jake, and today she was headed for a new experience with both of them. She wondered how she'd sustained herself on the days when neither type of weather was present. Other men had no appeal for her at all, and using the toys alone had lost its thrill. After the erotic experiences the two brothers had introduced her to, her body craved more all the time—more arousal, more eroticism, more acts from her wildest fantasies.

She had spent a long time on her bath this morning, soaking in the bubbles and bath salts then smoothing lotion onto every single inch of her body. Yesterday, she'd visited a spa that did Brazilian wax jobs, and her cunt was as naked at the day she'd been born. She touched herself as she rubbed cream on her labia, letting her finger rub slowly over her clit, but doing it alone had totally lost its thrill.

Mark and Jake had explained that a car would call for her at noon. She was to wear absolutely nothing and bring all of her toys with her. She'd packed them carefully in a tote bag that now sat by the front door, but she was still nervous about walking out of the house stark naked.

Oh, well. She mentally shrugged. It couldn't be much different than letting Mark undress her at *Interlude* in front of the entire clientele or carry her around the room so everyone could see and touch her pussy. Little had she known the night she'd ducked in for a drink to get out of the rain that *Interlude* was actually an intimate bar where people left their sexual inhabitations at the door. Somehow, that evening, she had let Mark coax her into sexual play that others could see. To perform for the crowd. But what really startled her was how much she'd enjoyed it and how she'd craved it after that one night.

But Mark was only there when it rained and Jake when the sun shone. Today was a special circumstance, and one she'd looked forward to so avidly her pussy was constantly wet. She reminded herself that she could call a halt to this at any time, but she didn't want to. An erotic demon had been unleashed inside her, and she was ravenous to discover what would happen next.

A glance at the clock told her she had the better part of an hour before her ride would arrive. To calm her sudden attack of nerves, she grabbed her favourite white wine from the fridge and poured a glass for herself. Settling on the couch, she sipped on the chilled liquid, savouring its crisp taste then leant back her head, letting the alcohol

do its work. In just moments, she felt more relaxed and actually once more anticipated the coming afternoon.

The doorbell rang just as clock in the hall struck twelve, jarring her from her lethargy.

"Just a minute," she called, hurrying to carry her wine glass into the kitchen.

Taking one last look at her hair and makeup in the hall mirror, she pulled the front door wide open.

The man standing on her front porch had to be at least sixty years old but age had not diminished his physical condition or his masculine aura. Electric blue eyes looked out at her from beneath a thick head of iron-grey hair.

"Miss Graham?" he asked politely.

"Yes. That's me."

He held out a hand. "Shall we go?"

Although his eyes took in every detail of her body, he didn't appear to react in any other way to her nudity. He ushered her into the backseat of the waiting car, placing her tote bag on the seat beside her. Her eyes widened when he pulled a silk scarf from his pocket.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wear this for the trip," he apologised as he tied it over her eyes. "None of the guests are permitted to know our destination."

"Guests?" she asked. "Exactly how many will there be?"

"I'm quite sure I don't know." He opened a small, walnut chest in the massive rear seat and removed a chilled bottle of wine and a glass. When he'd filled the goblet, he handed it to her. "This should relax you during the trip. Please feel free to help yourself to more. This won't take very long."

He settled the bottle securely in a holder, closed the door and Lisa heard him climb into the front behind the wheel.

The car rolled smoothly forward, and Lisa sipped from the goblet. The chilled white wine was crisp and cool and sat pleasantly on her palate. She quickly polished off the full glass and poured herself another. She leant back pliantly in the plush upholstery, the wine coursing through her veins, the movement of the big car lulling her. Her eyes drifted shut before she'd realised it and drifted off on a cloud of anticipation.

The sound of laughter roused her, and she was aware the car had stopped. The door next to her opened, someone removed the blindfold and she found herself looking into Jake's familiar smouldering eyes. Behind him, the sun shone brightly, but his naked body sparkled with tiny raindrops.

"Welcome to the picnic." He grinned and held out his hand to her.

Lisa took it and stepped out of the car, taking in the scene around her with stunned amazement. Other cars filled the parking area, and more than a dozen men and women, all completely naked, sat in a large circle, sipping from drinks and chatting. In the centre of the circle was an enormous game board with different coloured blocks in a circle and a thick stack of cards.

"Ready to picnic and play?" asked a voice on her other side.

She turned to see Mark move up beside her, his electric-blue eyes darkened with desire. She shifted her gaze to Jake then back to Mark, noting that both of their cocks were swollen and erect.

"Yes," Mark chuckled. "We're hard, and the game hasn't even begun. Come on. I'll introduce you to everyone."

Still dazed, she allowed herself to be led to the circle, where two people shifted to make room for her.

"Everyone," Mark said, "this is Lisa. This is her first time here so treat her with care."

There was a cheerful chorus of hellos, and several people waved at her. The man seated to her right let his gaze travel over her body then reached out a hand and caressed one breast.

Mark slapped at him playfully. "Not yet, buddy. Remember the rules."

"Sorry." But Lisa didn't think he looked sorry at all.

"Time for food," a lilting voice called.

Lisa looked around to see a willowy blonde with long hair and longer legs and a petite brunette with lush hips and breasts carrying huge trays of sandwiches which they distributed to everyone. Lisa looked up at Jake questioningly.

"Told you this was a picnic, didn't I?" he grinned.

He and Mark sat down next to her, tiny droplets of rain sprinkling on Mark's delicious body, their fingers dancing lightly over her inner thighs and barely brushing her moist cunt. Soon everyone was munching sandwiches, chatting and sipping on their drinks. Lisa wondered if anyone thought it weird they were all picnicking in the nude and a brilliant sun shone down on them making the raindrops that continued to patter on everyone's skin shine like diamonds. She'd never had sex in the rain before, but she knew they needed both sun and rain for Mark and Jake to be in the same place at the same time. Dark and light, she thought. Opposite sides of the same coin.

Yet in so many ways, they were exactly alike. She knew whatever they had planned for the afternoon would be another intoxicatingly erotic adventure. She felt

more moisture gather in her pussy and her breasts tighten as she thought about what they might have in store.

Chapter Two

"All right, everyone." Mark rose from where he sat, brushing stray crumbs from his thighs and his cock. "Time to get down to business. We're here to play the game of Ménage. Jake and I will review the rules, as we always do, and acquaint Lisa with the game." He gestured towards her and smiled.

Lisa smiled back, trying to quell a sudden attack of nerves.

Jake placed a bright-red basket at the place where he'd been sitting. "All the game pieces are in here," he said. "Choose one and pass the basket to the next person. Also be sure to take a chip with a number on it that you'll keep throughout the game."

A redhead picked up the basket, made her choices and handed the basket to the man next to her.

"Then," Mark picked up the thread, "place your game piece on the big block that says Start." He dropped three dice onto the big board. "Whoever has the Number One chip will go first. Roll the regular die to find the number of spaces to move, the other dice to find out who you'll interact with. Remember, you must do whatever it says on the block you land on."

"And," Jake added, "If you land on a purple square, you get to pick a card from the pile which gives you additional choices. Everyone ready? Okay. Number One, roll the dice."

Number One turned out to be a well-muscled man with sandy hair, an impressive chest and a more impressive cock, visible despite his seated position. He rolled the regular die, moved six spaces and chuckled.

"Kiss one player of the opposite sex and fondle her breasts," he read. "I choose our guest. Her breasts look delicious."

He uncurled himself and rose, walking over to where Lisa sat and lifted her to her feet. When his mouth came down on hers, she felt a shiver of delight race through her. His lips were firm and smooth, brushing lightly against hers before nibbling on her lower lip. His tongue traced the seam of her mouth, pushing to indicate she should open for him. As she did, his hands came up to cradle her breasts, squeezing them gently.

His tongue swept into her mouth tasting her everywhere, whisking across the roof and the insides of her cheeks. She pressed her own tongue against his, doing a very delicate erotic dance with him.

His thumbs rasped against her pebbled nipples, making them even stiffer, and she felt the trickle of liquid down the inside of one thigh.

"Time!" Mark called. "Next player please."

The sandy-haired man whispered in Lisa's ear, "I'm Tim, and I plan to call on you again." Then he returned to his place in the circle.

Lisa was happy to sit down again, her legs suddenly unsteady.

The next player was a woman, who squealed with delight when she rolled her die, moved her game piece and read, "Pick two men, one to suck your nipples, the other to have his cock stroked." She leapt up and pointed to Mark. "I choose you first."

He shook his head, defusing his answer with a grin. "You know the rules. Jake and I don't play until the game is well underway."

"Shoot." She pouted then glanced around the circle. "Okay, then I choose Jim and Brent."

A lanky blond man and one with hair almost as black as Mark's stood and walked over to where the woman stood. As if they'd pre-planned it, the blond took one breast in his hands and lowered his head to her nipple, drawing it well into his mouth. The other man took the woman's hand, placed it on his cock and sucked in his breath as her fingers closed around it. As the man's penis was stroked, Lisa could see a drop of pre-cum form at the slit in the plum-coloured head. The woman brushed her finger over it, spreading it across the velvety skin. The man sucking her nipple lifted his head and moved his mouth to the other one.

At that moment, Mark called, "Time."

The men moved away with obvious reluctance, and Mark nodded for the next player to proceed.

Someone had refilled Lisa's wine glass when she wasn't looking, and she took a healthy swallow of the chilled liquid, needing something to calm her. She was so aroused from watching others and the game had just begun. She jerked, spilling some of the liquid, when she felt someone sit down behind her.

"Just me," Jake whispered in her ear, pushing her hair aside so he could nibble on her ear.

"I thought you and Mark had to run the game," she said.

"We're taking turns." He smoothed the rain droplets from her skin. "We want to make sure you're properly aroused when it comes to your turn. We have special things planned for you."

She frowned. "I don't understand."

He cupped her chin so he could turn her head, and she saw he'd fetched her tote bag of toys from the car. "Everyone else already knows what to do. I thought we'd give you a little help."

She looked at the others and, sure enough, the men were lightly stroking their shafts and the women were either lazily pinching their nipples or rubbing their clits. It seemed to be a routine everyone was familiar with.

"So where do we start?" she asked.

"You keep watching, and I'll do the work," he told her.

When she looked around, Lisa was surprised to see that on the side of the circle where Mark stood it was raining, but on the side where Jake now sat, there were no sprinkles at all. She was so fascinated by the phenomenon she was barely aware of Jake lifting her legs over his, spreading warm gel on her labia and clit, and slowly inserting her silver bullet into her cunt. As soon as he pressed the remote, it began vibrating on low speed, sending quivers throughout her body.

"Keep watching," Jake repeated.

She looked at the latest activity. Two women had chosen Tim to follow their instructions. One straddled him, her cunt hovering just above his face as his tongue reached out and lapped at her with slow strokes. The other was on her knees between his thighs, fingers wrapped around his shaft, her small tongue licking up one side and down the other. Everyone could hear Tim's moans of satisfaction.

Jake's arms slid around Lisa's body, and his hands cradled her breasts as the little bullet continued to do its work. She wanted to squeeze her thighs together, but Jake's heavy muscular ones kept them open.

"Just let yourself feel," he said in a low voice and licked the side of her neck. "Watch. The next person has rolled the dice. His name is Brad."

"He's rolled two dice," Lisa commented, trying to stay on track. "Not just one. How come?"

"We've moved to the point in the game where one of his partners is chosen by the sum of the numbers on the dice. Look. He's announcing his instruction."

"Choose two partners," Brad read, "and command them to perform any action for thirty seconds." He looked at the dice. "Andie, that means you're one of the lucky ones." He scanned the other players. "And Karl, I choose you. Please move inside the circle at the edge of the board."

The couple did as he instructed, waiting for further directions.

"Andie, please get down on your hands and knees, facing me, so most of the others can see you." He reached into a straw basket Lisa hadn't noticed before and took out a small tube. "Karl, I want you to use this to grease Andie's asshole and slide as many fingers into her as you can before the thirty seconds are up."

A sexy grin spread across Karl's face as he knelt behind Andie. He uncapped the tube, spread the cheeks of her ass with one large hand, pressed the tube against her anus and squeezed. When he was satisfied he'd used enough, he pressed his forefinger against the tight muscle and slowly began working it into her rectum, obviously spreading the lube into her tissues.

Andie breathed slowly, her eyes widening as his finger intruded further and further. In a moment, he slid a second finger in next to the first, working them both in and out. He had just added a third, eliciting a low moan from the woman, when Mark called, "Time."

When Karl removed his fingers, Andie looked over her shoulder, disappointment plain on her face.

"I don't want him to stop," she complained.

Mark chuckled. "Plenty of time to do this again. Brad, what would you like her to do while we move to the next player?"

"I want her to sit next to me, spread her legs so everyone can see her cunt and play with her clit, but I don't want her to come."

"Bra-ad," Andie wailed.

"You know the rules," Mark reminded her.

She crawled on her hands and knees to the space next to Brad, spread her legs as he commanded and began to tease her clit with the fingers of one hand. It was obvious she was gritting her teeth to maintain control.

"I think I'm next," said the brunette who'd helped serve the sandwiches. She looked at Lisa. "Hi, I'm Patty."

Lisa couldn't manage more than a nod and a faint smile as the little bullet hummed busily in her pussy and Jake continued to manipulate her nipples.

"I hope I get my favourite space," she said as she rolled the dice. "Ooh, yes. I did. Look. I can pick a card." She reached for the stack and pulled one from the centre.

"I thought we talked you out of cheating," Mark laughed, drying his face with a small towel.

"I want to be wetter than this rain makes me," she teased, "so I have to be sure I get the instructions I want." She made an elaborate show of reading the card then waving it at everyone. "Oh, yummy. Pick two women and create a female ménage. Well, let's see. Nina, your number's up on the dice, so I choose you and Charlie. Come here, ladies."

Another brunette and a gorgeous redhead moved over and sat in front Patty.

"We await your command," Charlie giggled.

Patty lay down on her back, positioning herself so she was visible to most of the circle. "Nina, I want you to play with my breasts and suck my nipples. Charlie, I want you to lick my clit until I come."

"Hey, wait," someone said. "No one else got to come yet. Why does Patty get the honours?"

"Because she's the first one who got to select a card from the pile," Mark told him. "Go ahead, ladies."

Lisa stared, fascinated, as Nina pulled one of Patty's nipples into her mouth and pinched the other with her fingers. Charlie knelt between Patty's thighs, bending the other woman's knees to give her better access. She opened Patty's cunt with her fingers and clamped her mouth on the clit. Then her head obscured what she was doing, but from Patty's cries of ecstasy and the jerking of her hips, Lisa could tell the woman was doing her job.

Her own pulses pounded, throbbing, and she felt a climax building deep inside her. Jake sensed it, too, because he pressed the remote that shut off the silver bullet.

"Not yet, sweet thing. It's not your turn."

Lisa bit her lips to clamp down on the rising spasms and turned her attention back to the three women. Patty's cries were growing louder and louder, Nina was sucking first one nipple then the other, and Charlie's head bobbed up and down with her efforts. In seconds, Patty began to convulse, hips jerking, body shuddering, and a full-throated cry drifting out on the air as her orgasm burst over her. Neither Charlie nor Nina stopped what they were doing until the last shudder had died away.

It was the first time Lisa had witnessed an all-female ménage. She had seen mixed ones at *Intermission* in the special room, but never all female. She couldn't believe how much it turned her on.

"You like that?" Jake's voice was low and thick with lust. "Want to try it?"

"I-I don't know. I—"

"Wait until Mark has his turn with you. Maybe I'll suggest he choose a woman for the third instead of another man."

Lisa squirmed, the idea making her pussy clench and more liquid seep from her. Not even the rain could make her any wetter than she was.

Jake tipped her head back so it was leaning against his shoulder then tongued her ear, the tip of his tongue tracing light circles that made her shiver and quake. The fingers of one hand continued to pinch and squeeze each nipple in turn.

"Did you bring your nipple clamps?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes," she whispered.

“Good. I’m going to put them on. You just keep watching.”

She realised Mark was saying something. “Patty, you got your wish. You know what happens next.”

Patty pushed herself to her feet and drew in a long steadying breath. “No problem, Mr. Director.”

She moved slowly around the circle, stopping in front of each person and widening her stance so they could feel how wet and swollen her pussy was. Some people just brushed their hand over her, others slid two or three fingers into her and took a moment to play.

Jake, meantime, had found the nipple clamps in Lisa’s tote and tugged and pulled on each nipple until he had both of them firmly clamped. Lisa bit her lips at the first jolt of pain, but then the flash of pleasure raced through her and heat suffused her body.

Patty had now paused in front of her, waiting to see what she’d do.

“Go ahead,” Jake urged. “Feel her.”

Swallowing, Lisa reached out and touched the other woman’s cunt. Even the outer lips were drenched. Curious, she spread the lips and saw how swollen and rosy the flesh was. Without even stopping to think, she slid first one, then two fingers inside, the juices coating her fingers. It felt no different than when she masturbated at home. Same slick feel, same slippery liquid.

Patty looked down at her with a knowing smile. “Taste it,” she urged. “You’ll find it’s addictive.”

Lisa cautiously licked her fingers and realised the other woman was right. The taste on her tongue was a combination of tart and sweet, and she sucked off every bit of it. She started to reach out again when Patty laughed.

“No, no. Only one feel to a customer.” She moved on to the next person.

“You’ve never gone down on another woman, have you?” Jake murmured.

Lisa shook her head.

“I think we’ll have to remedy that. I’ll see how Mark wants to handle it, but maybe we can arrange for you to draw the card where one of us fucks you while you tongue-fuck another woman.”

Lisa shivered in anticipation as the image rolled through her mind. She squirmed, trying to get some friction against her demanding pussy.

Jake laughed against her neck. “Soon, sweet thing. Very soon.”

Chapter Three

"Time for a break," Mark announced. "You can play with the hoses for a while, then everyone switch sides."

"Hoses?" Lisa looked back at Jake questioningly.

"Come on, I'll show you."

He reached around to her cunt and removed the little silver bullet, dropping it back into the tote, then tugged her to her feet. She clutched his hand as he led her to an area about a hundred yards from where they'd been sitting. There was a tiny log cabin hidden by the thick trees surrounding it. A row of spigots protruded from one side of the cabin, obviously tapping into the water supply. Hoses snaked out from the spigots, and the men and women who'd been sitting in the circle were playing like children...with a little sophistication added.

Women bent forward, laughing, while men pressed the hoses to their cunts, waving the nozzles back and forth to tease their flesh. Women adjusted nozzles to a fine spray and used them on very swollen cocks.

"My turn."

The voice broke into her thoughts, and she turned to see Mark standing behind her. It was so weird to see it raining where he stood but not where Jake did, yet remarkably the rain didn't even seem to touch him. He held a hose in one hand. With the other, he threaded his fingers through her hair and pulled her towards him as he lowered his mouth to hers.

Fire raced through her as it always did at his touch. She was already so aroused from Jake's teasing with the bullet and everything she'd seen, she was sure with one thrust of his tongue in her mouth Mark could make her come. She trembled as he licked the inside of her lips then pressed into her welcoming cavern, her own tongue duelling with his.

"I think you need a little cooling off," he breathed as he lifted his head.

With the nozzle set to fine spray, he moved the hose between her legs until it was within an inch of her clit. He may have thought he was lowering her temperature, but as soon as the mist hit her very swollen and aching nub, her orgasm rose up within her. She tried to press herself against the hose, but Mark kept it just far enough away from her that it stimulated without giving relief.

"Do you want to come, Lisa?" His eyes were almost midnight blue with lust. "Come for me now."

He moved the spray a little closer as his mouth came down on hers again. His free hand moved to one of the nipples protruding from its clamp and pinched the edge of it with his fingers.

Her orgasm burst inside her, the muscles in her cunt quivering, her legs trembling, her whole body one throbbing pulse. She clung to Mark's firm biceps, sure she would collapse without his support. His tongue continued to duel with hers until the last little quake disappeared. Then he tossed the hose aside and lifted her in his arms.

"Did you bring your torc I gave you?" he asked, referring to a double dildo that penetrated the anus and cunt at the same time.

"Yes." She swallowed hard. "Are we going to use it? In front of everyone?"

He grinned at her. "Would you like to? Maybe we have it on the agenda for you."

The thought of using it in front of all these strangers sent a starburst of arousal through her. She couldn't help remembering the first time she'd met Mark, at the sometimes-there-sometimes-not, intimate bar called *Interlude* and he'd introduced her to public sex. Shy at first, she'd found it more thrilling than anything she'd done before. The private room there held its own surprises, and meeting Jake, Mark's brother, had kicked things up another notch.

But she'd never been the sole focus of a crowd's attention. Was she ready for this? For the things the brothers would ask of her?

The quivering in her told her definitely yes.

"Still thinking about it?" Mark asked, humour in his voice.

"No. I mean, yes. I mean, I'm okay with...whatever."

"Good." He bent his head for one more devouring kiss. "Then let's get back to the game." He lifted his head and shouted, "Back to the circle, everyone. Time for Part Two."

This time when they reconvened, Lisa found herself sitting with Mark, surrounded by a curtain of rain that didn't seem to touch either of them. He'd fetched her tote from where she'd left it, positioned her between his legs and began to dig through her toys.

Jake stood across from them, a knowing look on his face.

"One more player can take a turn," he told them, "then I think we should give our guest a chance to play."

"I've already played with her," Jim pointed out, "and I want more."

Jake laughed. "Don't be greedy. You'll have to see how the dice fall."

The next player turned out to be a compact, muscular man whose name Mark told her was Keith.

"He's been part of the group since the beginning," he added.

"You mean some people leave and others take their place?" she asked.

He nodded. "People move away, or their particular tastes change." He shrugged. "Sometimes they find another group and are ready for a change."

"But...then where do you find new people?" Lisa wanted to know. "It's not like you can advertise for them in a newspaper."

Mark laughed. "Jake and I find them in an intimate little bar I think you've been in. Under both names. Come on. Let's watch."

"Pick another couple of your choice," Keith read, "one of them corresponding to the number on the dice. Then you may select a card and command the couple to perform the act described on it." He looked around the circle. "Brad, that means you, and I choose Nina for our third."

Both players rose from where they sat and came to stand next to Keith, who had pulled a card from the pile.

"What does it say?" Nina asked.

"Have your male partner fuck you while you do the same to your female partner. But only for one minute."

"You'll need this," Jake said, tossing him a tube of lubricant.

Even at *Interlude*, Lisa had never seen male/male sex, although she was sure it went on without her noticing. She found herself nearly salivating at the thought, shockingly aware of how far afield her fantasies had taken her.

She watched avidly as Keith uncapped the tube, squeezed a generous portion of the lube onto his palm and passed the tube to Brad.

"Which of us gets to fuck who?" Brad asked.

"I get to fuck you," Keith told him, "but I want your dick in Nina's ass. So grease up."

Sexual hunger was blatant on the faces of both men as they stroked their fully aroused cocks, applying the lubricant with steady movements of their hands. When Brad had finished applying the gel to himself, he motioned for Nina to get down on her hands and knees. Crouching down behind her, he squeezed more lube into his hand and slowly worked it into her ass. The woman was already turned on from her previous performance so her tissues weren't as tight as they might be.

Lisa squirmed against the grass where she sat as she thought of all the times Mark's cock had plunged into her rectum, sometimes fucking her that way three or four times in one night. She could hardly wait until it was her turn.

Nina, down on all fours, wiggled her ass at Brad, watching him over her shoulder. Getting down on his own knees, he separated her buttocks with one hand and, with the other, guided himself to her opening. As soon as the head popped in, he pushed forward until he was completely immersed in her.

Behind him, Keith was doing the same thing, spreading the cheeks of Brad's ass and prodding his cock into the tight opening. They all looked up at Jake, who held a stop watch.

"Ready?" he asked. "Okay, then. Go."

As if they were a synchronised dance team, the threesome moved in perfect rhythm. As Keith pulled back, so did Brad. As Brad moved forward, Keith did the same. Back, forth, in, out. Nina moved her hips in the same cadence, her face flushed with arousal. Both men were breathing heavily.

More moisture gathered in Lisa's cunt. She was sure her thighs glistened with it. Her clit was so swollen it throbbed, along with the inner muscles of her pussy. Her hand stole down between her legs to relieve some of the frustration, her gaze fastened avidly on the trio.

"Time," Jake called.

The threesome stopped, each of them obviously forcing control of their bodies. Stopping was definitely not what they wanted to do, but it was also apparent they'd played the game many times and knew the rules.

Lisa wanted to scream, "don't stop," but she wasn't setting the rules.

"We'll wait for the guys to rinse off," Jake went on, "then I think we'll pass the dice to our guest, Lisa."

"You ready?" Mark whispered in her ear, his fingers teasing her clamped nipples.

She nodded. "Absolutely."

"Good. Okay, here we go."

Brad and Keith had returned to the circle, dripping water from rinsing off with the hoses. Mark stood up and around at everyone.

"Lisa will roll the dice," he told them, "but you should be aware that this activity will include Jake and me. Jim got an early taste, but the rest of you will have to wait."

There was a chorus of protests, but Jake held up his hand. "You know the rules. She's our guest. We call the shots on her first roll." He picked up the dice and handed them to Lisa. "Go for it."

Lisa sat back on her heels, rattled the dice in her hand then tossed them out on the board.

"Twenty-one," she called, moving her game piece then looking at Jake. "The space says to pick a card."

"Not a problem." Mark knelt beside her. "I have one all picked out for you."

His fingers reach for the only orange card in the pile and slid it free. Lisa tried to reach for it, but he dangled it just out of her reach.

"Let's see what we have here," he said, eyes flashing with heat. "Well, well. Demonstrate the use of a torc. And Lisa, I believe, you just happen to have one with you, right?"

She nodded.

"Well, let's get it out then." He reached into her tote and pulled out the u-shaped double dildo. "Oh, and I believe this one has a vibrator with three speeds. Lisa, my love, come lay down next to the board so everyone can watch."

With Mark's help, she positioned herself so she was visible to almost everyone. Those too close to see moved around to give themselves a better view. Mark urged her to bend her knees and plant her feet wide apart, giving everyone a good view of her naked pussy. Turning her head, she saw Jake pick up the torc from where Mark had placed it, crouch down between Lisa's thighs and slowly insert it into her waiting cunt.

"Touch yourself," Mark murmured to her. "Play with your clit. Make yourself even wetter."

Licking her fingertips first, she reached down and touched her clit, jumping slightly as a spark ignited inside her. Then she found the familiar rhythm and stroked herself, feeling every pulse intensify.

As she masturbated, Jake reached over her for her ankles, closing his fingers around them and pulling her legs back so her anus was exposed. Mark took the other end of the torc and, very slowly and carefully, inserted it in her rectum until it was fully seated. Jake released her legs, and Mark positioned them as they'd been before.

"All right, everyone," Jake said. "Mark has the remote for this outstanding piece of pleasurable equipment. As you know, normally, there is a time limit on activities, leaving everyone aroused but just short of climax until the final round of play. But since this is her first time, we're going to let Lisa have her climax so you can see how beautiful she is when she comes."

Lisa heard the click as Mark pressed the remote then vibrations rocketed through her pussy and her rectum, stimulating the tissues, inciting sensations that coursed wildly through her body. This was only the second time she'd used it. The first time had been at *Interlude*, and the orgasm had been so explosive she hadn't been sure she'd survive.

Mark shifted to one side of her, Jake to the other. She barely had time to wonder at the rain curtain surrounding Mark while sunlight glinted from Jake's hair before the twin set of vibrations made every pulse throb and pound. They bent their heads and sucked on the portion of her nipples protruding through the clamps. The first climax rolled through her, shaking her body. Her fingers left her clit, and she clenched her hands into fists as more sensations overtook her. She vaguely heard clapping, but she didn't have time to process it, because the torc continued its busy work, driving her to a higher plane, while Mark and Jake continued their attention to her nipples.

The second climax was more intense, gripping her with incredible force. Liquid heat surged through her veins as shudder after shudder ripped through her. Her hips thrust upward, thrusting against the portion of the torc in her pussy, and her nails dug into her palms as she rode through it. And still it kept on with its vibrations.

Mark pushed the damn thing to its highest speed, and she completely lost control. Hips bucking, she screamed as the orgasm grabbed her like a fist and shook her. She was storm-tossed, whirling in a black-velvet pool, spinning through space with no control. She thought the spasms would never subside but just at the point where she was sure she couldn't take it anymore, the vibrations slowed down then stopped altogether.

Her skin was covered with perspiration, and her heart slammed into her ribs. She heard a rasping sound and realised it came from her as she fought to drag air into her lungs. It seemed forever until the last aftershock disappeared. Two pairs of hands stroked her tenderly, coaxing a calmness back into her shuddering body.

"You did very well," Mark whispered, trailing kisses along one side of her face.

"Excellent," Jake agreed, as his tongue drew tiny circles in her ear.

At last, Lisa felt the final aftershocks abate, leaving her wrung out and exhausted. She hoped she would have plenty of time to recuperate before it was her turn again.

Mark and Jake removed the torc carefully, wiping it with a soft cloth and replacing it in the tote. Then Mark spread her legs wide so everyone could see the swollen, glistening flesh of her cunt. Jake leant forward, slipped two fingers into her soaked channel, and when he removed them, he licked the juices coating them.

"Delicious as always." He ran his tongue slowly along the length of one finger. "Better than the finest wine."

Mark was just helping her to sit up, sitting behind her to brace her, when she heard a car door slam in the distance and a male and female voice arguing. Everyone in the circle began murmuring and trying to make themselves inconspicuous.

Yeah, right. When you're sitting in the open stark naked...

She looked up at Jake, about to ask him what was happening, but the look on his face stopped her.

"Oh, shit," he said, exchanging a glance with Mark. "I thought we got rid of her once and for all."

Lisa wrinkled her forehead.

Got rid of who?

Chapter Four

Lisa didn't have long to wait for her answer. In seconds, a statuesque red head, with pubic hair as fiery as the curls on her head, strode into the clearing. Right on her heels was a tall, thin man obviously arguing with her.

"I keep telling you this is a mistake," he said. "Leave well enough alone."

"It's not well enough when I'm left out," she shot back at him.

"Rusty, please."

He reached out to grab her arm, and she jerked it away. Lisa noticed the game players still trying to pretend they weren't there as Rusty strode over to Mark and Jake, stopping inches from where Jake stood.

"Well," she drawled, "I see it's still sunlight and darkness with the two of you. Did you think you could cast me off the way you did, and it wouldn't have consequences?"

"We didn't 'cast you off' as you say," Mark objected. "We were through. Finished. It wasn't supposed to be forever."

The woman looked down at Lisa. "I assume this is the one you chose over me?"

Lisa looked at Mark, who was closest to her. "Can you please tell me what the hell is going on?"

"I will." Jake stepped far enough away to be out of Mark's aura. "When *Interlude* first opened, Mark and Rusty hooked up. Then she came in on a non-rainy day like you did, and she met me. The three of us plotted the weather and had some great sex together." He smirked. "And with others. Rusty chose to try and make more out of it."

"And now the brothers are sharing you," Rusty spat at her. "Who are you, anyway? A little piece of nothing."

Lisa was astonished by the whole thing, but anger rose within her.

"Listen, whoever-you-are," she said, rising to her still unsteady feet. "I get the idea you aren't wanted here, and I'm far more than nothing."

"Really." Rusty let her eyes travel the length of Lisa's body and back up again. "Don't bark at me. I can kick your ass before you even know it's happening." She looked at Mark. "Right?"

For a moment, no one said a word. Then, to Lisa's stunned amazement, everyone burst out laughing. No longer were the players trying to make themselves invisible. Instead, they all looked as if they were enjoying a shared comic secret. Lisa turned to Mark and Jake, her anger now focused on them.

"What is this, a joke at my expense?" Anger rose up within her, and she glared at both Mark and Jake. "If so, you can just get your funky driver to take me home."

Mark stepped close to her, the rain a sparkling background behind him. "Not at all. Rusty just has to stage her bad-girl scenes. She picked on you because everyone else has seen her act."

"Act?"

"Of course." Rusty grinned at her. "If I'm not bad, how will I get someone to spank me?"

Lisa rose and put her hands on her hips. She cast a heated glance around the circle, letting her anger wash over everyone then looked back at the two brothers.

What the hell is this? Who is this woman? And why have Mark and been Jake keeping such a secret? Did they want to humiliate me in some way? Her rage continued to build.

"I want to leave. Now."

Mark reached out and pulled her stiff body against him, the rain forming a curtain around them. One hand threaded through her hair, the other pressed against the small of her back.

"Before you see Rusty get spanked?" His tongue licked the outline of her lips. "You might even want to try it out yourself."

His tongue continued its foray around her mouth, and the fingers of the other hand drifted to the cleft of her buttocks. Despite the rage that had at first consumed her, Lisa's knees wobbled and her pussy quivered as if tiny fingers used it as their playground. She was only peripherally aware that everyone watched the two of them. Including the damn redhead, Rusty.

"Come on, Lisa. We could explore a whole new experience here."

Even in the private room at *Interlude*, they had only marginally tested the BDSM waters. She'd watched others participating in it and waited to see if either Mark or Jake would approach her about it. She could stamp off in a snit today or stay and...

She didn't hear Patty come up beside her until the woman's soft voice broke into her consciousness.

"Please forgive us, Lisa," she cajoled. "We really want you to stay. We're used to Rusty and forget how she can affect others." She cleared her throat. "I can tell you that both Mark and Jake have spoken of you with great respect and desire and would be devastated if you left now."

At that moment, one of Mark's fingers pressed the now softened ring of her anus, and Lisa simply melted.

"All right." She lifted her eyes to Mark's. "But no more tricks."

"Only the ones you ask for," he grinned.

He sat down again, taking her with him and arranging her once more between his legs. Patty went to take her place again, and Lisa shifted her attention to the centre of the circle. Rusty, with her air of arrogance, had taken up a position in the cut-out in the middle of the board. Green eyes flashing, she looked around at everyone then held out her hand.

The thin man who had arrived with her was no longer in a pleading posture and, at some point, had returned to the car. He now handed her what Lisa realised was a flogger. She had seen several at *Interlude's* private room. This one had a handle of caramel-coloured, braided leather, with several strips of what appeared to be purple suede dangling from it.

"Who will pick the card to punish me?" she challenged, her glance sweeping the players.

"I will." Brad leapt to his feet, erect penis bobbing. "I'm the only one who's never gotten to pick that card. And I'm not rolling the dice to do it." He looked at Jake for confirmation, and Jake nodded his head once.

Brad strode to the pile of cards, reaching into the middle of the pile and pulling out a card as purple as the flogger.

"Rusty's card," he read. "Pick a third partner. Command Rusty to her knees and bind her hands behind her. Provide a chair for her to rest her head upon." He turned the card over. "One of you will flog her ass until it turns bright red while the other plays with her clit. Command her *not* to come or she will be more severely punished."

Lisa saw a flush of desire race of the redhead's body.

"These cards have all been used a lot, haven't they?" she asked, turning her head to look at Mark. "Everyone seems to know their part."

He nodded. "And you will, too, before the next gathering."

The *next* gathering? She hoped she made it through this one.

"But—"

"Just watch," he urged.

When Lisa turned her attention back to the activity, Jim had brought a chair from somewhere and placed Rusty's head on it while he cuffed her hands behind her back. He and Brad engaged in a brief conversation, then Jim lay down full length between Rusty's legs, separated her thighs to give himself better access to her and reached up both hands to expose her clit and begin stimulating it.

"Now, Rusty," Brad said, as he lifted his arm and brought the flogger down on her buttocks.

Faint stripes of pink appeared on the delicate flesh. Rusty moaned faintly and wriggled her tempting ass. Brad flogged her again, creating another set of stripes then watching while Jim worked on Rusty's clit. Two more passes with the flogger, and she was moaning louder, her ass now a blushing deep pink. She tried to press herself against Jim's fingers, but as soon as she pushed downward, he pulled away his hands, chuckling.

"Naughty, naughty," he chided. "Brad, I don't think you're putting enough muscle into it. She seems to have forgotten the instructions."

"No problem," Brad told him, raising his hand once more.

Again and again, he brought the flogger down, the purple strips kissing the flesh now turning it more red than pink. Rusty continued to make noises deep in her throat and try to urge Jim to work harder on her clit. Her head was turned in Lisa's direction, and the pleasure was evident on her face.

"Yes," she cried, shaking her buttocks again. "More, more, more."

"I think she's on the edge," Jim called from beneath Rusty's body."

"Then stop," Brad told him. "Get the bracing bar."

Jim moved lithely to his feet, stepped to an area outside the circle behind a tree then returned with a length of metal bar sporting cuffs at either end. Lisa watched, fascinated, as Jim knelt between Rusty's legs, pushing them as far apart as he could and locking the manacles around each ankle. The woman was now effectively unable to squeeze her thighs together, and in her position, her entire cunt was exposed.

Those on the far side of the circle moved so everyone had an unobstructed view of what was to come next.

"All right, Rusty," Brad said. "We'll let the flogger do its work. You may come at any time."

Again and again, the purple strips snapped against the reddened skin, each hard caress bringing another guttural sound from the redhead. Everyone could see when her body began to tremble with the onset of her climax. Her thighs quivered with the effort to press together, and her cuffed hands clenched into fists. Jim stood beside her and, as the orgasm reach full force, spread the lips of her pussy so everyone could see the spasms racing through the drench, clutching flesh.

As the liquid of her arousal poured from her, he moved one hand, wetting a finger and pressing it against her anus. The moment the finger intruded into the dark tissues of her rectum, Rusty let out a full-throated scream and another orgasm roared through her.

Lisa had never seen anyone flogged to climax before. What she had seen in the private room had been only bits and pieces. She had always been so totally involved in what she was doing with Mark or Jake and others.

"Some of the players here are completely into the BDSM lifestyle," he explained. "You can identify the women by the collars they wear. Some are thin chains, some heavier jewellery around their necks. One of them wears a thin leather strip."

"What does that mean?" she wanted to know.

"It means they are in an exclusive Dominant/submissive relationship. The collar signifies they are taken, so to speak." He pointed to a couple across from them. "They've been together for five years and are very happy. She's a well-known accountant who commands a lot of respect, but she's a submissive at heart and needs a man who understands that as well as how to dominate her."

"And what about Rusty?" she asked him.

"Rusty takes what she wants from it," he said, "just like most of us. We like riding the edge of pleasure/pain along with our other sexual activities. That's what we'll do here today. Ride that sexual high."

Lisa was sure she could never be a relationship like the one Mark talked about. She wouldn't make a good submissive on a regular basis, of that she was sure.

She hesitated before asking her next question. "Are you or Jake in a relationship like that?"

"No." He licked the column of her neck again. "We're like Rusty. We take what we want from it to enhance sexual play."

For some reason, a feeling of relief flooded her. Not that she ever expected either of the brothers to establish anything permanent with her. Still, she was glad to know that they wouldn't expect complete submission from her except in playtime.

"Pay attention to the show," he said. "You'll miss all the good parts."

As she watched Rusty, she felt tiny spasms grip her own body, and her hand stole to her pussy.

"Don't come," Mark said as he watched her stroke her clit. "I order you not to come."

"Order me?" She gritted her teeth.

"Yes. That's part of BDSM activities. You cannot come until your Master allows it." He nibbled the top of her shoulder. "And for today I am your Master. Or Jake. So do *not* come until I give you permission."

"Oh, god," she moaned. "I want to. I need to."

"I knew you'd like this. Would you like to take the next turn?"

"I-I don't know." She wet her lips. "Won't the others get upset if I take too many turns?"

"A guest always gets preference on the first visit," Mark assured her.

"Then yes," she told him. "I-I'd like to try something new."

Chapter Five

Rusty was on her hands and knees in front of Andie who was applying a soothing salve to her buttocks and thighs when Mark rose from his sitting position and faced everyone.

"I think you'll all agree our guest should take the next turn," he began.

"She liked that as much as the rest of us," someone laughed. "Good for her."

"She'll roll for the particular activity." He reached his hand down to help Lisa up and handed her the dice. "Whatever you roll is the number card you'll pick."

With only mild trepidation, she shook the dice and tossed them to the board. "Seventeen," she announced.

Jake found the card with the number seventeen on it and plucked it from the pile, grinning as he scanned the words on it. Lisa reached for Mark's hand, wondering what was coming next.

"Poles, bars and gags," Jake read, his grin widening. "All right, folks. Let's get busy."

Lisa still clung to Mark as Jake and two other men she recognised as Jim and Keith picked up the big board and moved it outside the circle. Her eyes followed them as they made their way to a couple of very large trunks hidden behind two very thick oaks. This was apparently where the bracing bar had come from and where the new equipment they were bringing out had been stored. Jim and Keith pressed two tall metal poles into receptacles already sunk in the ground and locked them into place. Jake fetched another metal pole about as long as the bracer with a cluster of feathers on one end.

"Come with me," Mark said, picking up her tote. He led her to the centre of the group where the two poles stuck out of the ground. "Trust me," he told her. "I haven't let you down yet, have I?"

She shook her head wordlessly.

"Okay, then."

He motioned to Jake, and the brothers locked her wrists into manacles attached to the poles so her arms were stretched wide, and did the same with her ankles. Then Jake pulled something from his pocket, and she frowned as he approached her.

"What's that?" she asked.

"A ball gag," he explained. "It will keep you from biting your tongue when you climax and also prevent you from screaming too loud."

"You mean louder than I usually do?" She gave him a tremulous smile.

"Absolutely." He leant in and gave her a hot, predatory kiss, his tongue probing the recesses of her mouth, his fingers pinching her clamped nipples lightly.

"Open your mouth, sweetheart," Jake said, caressing the side of her cheek with the fingers of one hand. When she did, he slid the ball in slowly, adjusting its position, then fastened the straps across her cheeks to the back of her head.

Despite everything that had happened in the weeks before, Lisa felt more exposed than ever before, yet at the same time more titillated. She could already feel the liquid gathering in her pussy again, and she looked longingly at Jake's swollen cock with its flared purple head. She would have given anything to have her lips or the muscles of her cunt wrapped around it. Or Mark's. But the thought of what was about to happen was too arousing for her to dwell on it very long.

Mark stood closed to her, his eyes aflame with lust. "One more thing. Normally, you would pick a safe word, something to use if the playing gets too out of hand for you. But since you can't speak, we'll use a safe symbol. Nod your head if you understand me."

Lisa raised an eyebrow but nodded once.

"All right. If at any time you want to stop, wiggle the index finger of your right hand. Show me you can do that."

Obligingly, she waved her finger at him from where her wrist was cuffed to the pole.

"Time to begin, then," he told her and shifted his gaze over her shoulder.

She hadn't seen anyone walk around behind her, but the next thing she felt was the lash of the flogger on the cheeks of her ass. She flinched at first before she realised that the pleasure overrode the pain. Where had that feeling come from? The most she'd experienced so far was the nipple clamps, and she'd become almost addicted to the rush of pain when her nipples were released.

The flogger struck again to the cheers of the crowd, and another bolt of pleasure shot through her. She couldn't believe how arousing the sting of the lash was. As heat suffused her buttocks, it also spread to her naked pussy. She understood now why Rusty kept wiggling her ass during her punishment. The kiss of the leather was addictive. The moment the soft material left her skin she wanted to feel it again.

Jake had moved in front of her again, this time holding the bar with the feathers on the end. He pressed a button and the feathers began to vibrate. Pressing it slowly against her skin, he trailed a line across the upper slope of her breasts, her engorged nipples, the softness of her belly, pausing for a moment at her navel.

Again she wanted to writhe and push herself against the teasing touch, but her position restricted movement of any kind. Instead, she was forced to endure the vibrations that were almost like the kiss of a butterfly, teasing and tormenting without bringing her any relief.

When Jake traced a line down to her cunt and locked onto her clit, she would have jumped at the contact if she'd been unfettered. Tiny little fingers like sparks of electric radiated out from the contact, and she knew her cunt was dripping. She could feel her juices flooding from inside her body.

Jake manipulated the feathers, pressing against her then pulling back, in a rhythm with the kiss of the flogger on her ass. She closed her eyes, letting sensation after sensation wash over her, her body shaking and shuddering with need.

Suddenly, the flogging stopped. She would have pleaded for whoever was wielding it to start again if she could have spoken. In the next instant, while Jake continued to torture her with the feathers, she felt fingers spreading the cheeks of her ass and applying lube to her anus. Her tissues were still softened from the session with the torc, so when two fingers, then three, slid inside her to make sure she was stretched her body easily accommodated them.

The man behind her—she still had no idea who it was—pulled aside her hair to place a light kiss on her neck. In the next moment, she felt a dildo being inserted slowly into her rectum, and a new set off sensations swept over her. It, too, was a vibrator, humming away at the same low speed as the feathers.

And then a sharp crack on her skin let her know the flogging had begun again. The stinging kiss enhanced the effect of the dildo in her ass, while Jake continues to work his erotic magic with the feathers. She was hot. No, she was cold. Her breasts ached, her nipples throbbed and her clit felt as if it were on fire.

Now, she appreciated the ball gag as she clamped her teeth on it against the wild stimulation turning her body to flames. She closed her eyes, mindless now with lust, frustrated that she couldn't press her thighs together as the pulse in her cunt grew stronger and stronger.

The climax burst up from inside her with the force of a tidal wave. There wasn't a muscle in her body that didn't clench and convulse, even as her pussy rocked with intense spasms. A silent scream of agonised pleasure rose up in her throat, stifled by the ball gag. The toys stimulating her drove her higher and higher, one climax crashing into another until she was sure she would pass out from the pleasure.

At last, when she hung exhausted from the wrist manacles, sweat dripping from her heated face, the flogging stopped, the feathers were withdrawn and the vibrator

was stilled. Gentle hands removed the dildo from her rectum while others loosened and took away the ball gag. Her eyes were still closed when she felt gentle lips on hers, tenderness rather than lust in their touch. She opened her eyes to see Jake, outlined by the sun behind him, smiling at her.

"You okay, princess?" he asked.

It took her two attempts to speak, but finally, she found her voice. "Yes. I'm okay."

He put his lips close to her ear. "Now you know what will happen if you're a naughty little girl."

Spent as she was, she still found herself smiling at him. "Does that go for your brother, too?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Then I should probably be thinking up ways to be naughty in the future."

Someone released the manacles, and she collapsed against Jake, who lifted her in his arms.

"We knew you'd love this," he chuckled. "You are so very responsive, Lisa. The most responsive partner either of us has ever had. Separately or together."

"At the moment, I feel more like a pile of mush," she told him, resting her head in the crook of his neck as he carried her to the side.

"Right here," she heard Mark say.

In another moment, she found herself lying on her stomach on a body-length pillow, and she shifted her glance to see Mark, still framed by a curtain of rain, sitting cross-legged beside her. In his hand, he held a small bottle of something, which he opened and poured into the palm of one hand.

"This will make you feel better, princess."

He handed the bottle across to Jake who had seated himself on her other side.

Soon two pairs of hands were rubbing warm oil into her muscles, beginning at the nape of her neck. Fingers rubbed her shoulders and her arms, trailing down to her fingertips. They even massaged her hands and wrists. Then, like choreographed dancers, the fingers kneaded her back and pressed each indentation of her spine.

When they reached her buttocks she jerked at their touch, but the oil was so soothing to her burning skin she relaxed again almost at once. In the background, she heard voices and moans as the game continued in the centre of the circle, but all she could think about right then was her own pleasure.

Mark, on her right, drizzled oil at the top of the cleft of her buttocks. As he did so, Jake's fingers spread it down the length of the crevice. When he came to her anus and worked oil into her hot, dark tunnel, a pulse started to throb in her cunt again. *No, not*

possible, she thought. She'd just had a series of giant orgasms, following others before it. How could her body respond again so fast?

"Like that, do you?" Mark teased, his finger probing and wiggling.

"Mmm," she purred, trying to lift her hips to indicate she wanted more.

He pulled his hand back. "Uh uh uh. This is purely therapeutic."

"Then I need lots of therapy," she managed to say.

Her feet were next then her ankles and calves and finally her thighs. The busy fingers brushed the creases where thigh and buttocks met. They separated her legs and knuckles barely touched the swollen lips of her pussy, but it was enough to send a slight wave of heat through her.

But then two pairs of hands turned her onto her back, and two sets of fingers removed the clamps from her nipples. Pain instantly surge through the engorged points, but as the warm oil was applied and massaged into them, the pain was replaced by shocks of pleasure.

"Your nipples are a work of art," Jake murmured, working the oil into the breast closest to him. "Like painted plums, ripe for the sucking. And your breasts. So firm."

Despite the fact it was coated with the oil, he'd leant forward and swiped his tongue across the nipple he'd been working on. More tingles shimmered through Lisa, enhanced when Mark did the same thing on her other side. She reached up to the two heads, pressing them against her hard before they wrapped their fingers around her wrists.

"No, no," Jake said. "You're just supposed to lie there. Didn't we tell you the rules?"

"Are you looking to be punished?" Mark asked, a hint of laughter in his tone.

"Yes," she answered in a low voice, "but not before I recover from the last one."

They both laughed and went back to work, working the oil into her body with the same meticulous precision they'd used on her back. But this time, when they worked their way up her legs, they nudged her thighs apart and two sets of fingers slowly rubbed the oil into her swollen cunt. She'd been convinced there wasn't a drop of sexual liquid left in her body, but the oil must have had magic qualities to it because immediately her pussy moistened and the beating of the pulse intensified.

"More," she moaned, trying to impale herself on the fingers.

"Not yet, sugar." Mark leant down and covered her mouth with his, his tongue probing and searching.

Just the touch of increased the heat rising through her woke up the pulses in every erotic zone she possessed. Jake captured her wrists with one hand while continuing to

stroke the oil into her inner tissues. His thumb brushed lightly against her clit then retreated, and he trailed his lips over her cheek.

"We're going to fuck you," he said in a low, warm voice. "Both of us. Would you like that, sugar?"

"Yes," she whispered into Mark's mouth.

"We have to pick the card for it," Jake continued. "You just lie here for a minute while we get things ready."

Lisa closed her eyes, revelling in the soothing feel of the oil and what it was doing to her well-used body. She could hear voices all around her, but she let the sound wash over her. Never had she expected to find herself participating in a situation like this, but then since meeting Mark at *Interlude*, the intimate bar that only appeared when it rained, she'd found herself doing a lot of things that even her erotic romances only touched on.

Hands touched her, and she opened her eyes to see Mark standing over her.

"It's time, princess. Let me help you up."

Chapter Six

Jake was already standing in the centre of the circle when Mark led Lisa over to him. The board was back in evidence but pushed to the side.

"I'll roll the dice," he told them. "We have three chances to pick the right card—twelve, seventeen and twenty-two. If I miss, Mark, you get to roll. As everyone knows, whoever gets the card gets to choose the position."

"Go on, then." Mark nodded at him, his hand still holding Lisa's.

Jake shook the dice hard then tossed them onto the board.

"Fourteen," Mark called. "Roll again."

Jake rolled again, and Mark laughed. "Thirteen. Not your lucky number. One more try."

On the third roll, the dice came up twenty. Mark laughed as he picked them up for his turn. Shaking them as Jake had done, he tossed them to the board then looked around the circle, grinning.

"Twenty-two," he announced, bending down to the pile of cards to slide out the one with the number twenty-two on it. "Roller's choice for the ménage," he read. "All right, then." He looked at Lisa. "I would like to lick that sweet pussy of yours until it's so wet it's drenching my face then slide my cock into it. That gives Jake that gorgeous asshole." He looked over at Jake. "Okay?"

"Fine with me."

Lisa began to tremble as Mark motioned for someone to bring over the big body pillow. When it was in place, he released her hand, lay down full length on the pillow and motioned for her to straddle his face.

"Come on, princess. I can wait to taste my dessert."

His hands on her hips guided her until he had her in just the right position. The first flick of his tongue down the length of her slit woke up every nerve ending that had been resting. She leant back against Mark's raised knees, giving him better access to her pussy, a low purr of satisfaction growing in her throat.

He licked, tasted, sucked her clit, his tongue a finely tuned instrument that he was using to its best advantage. She was on fire, her muscles clenching, and without thinking, she reached up to cup her own breasts and rasp her thumbs across the nipples.

"Yes," Jake encouraged from behind her. "That's it, Lisa. Play with your nipples. Pinch them. Make them harder than they are. You don't know how much it turns us on when you do that."

Lisa pinched the still slightly sore buds, the pain only enhancing the arrows of heat that flew from her breasts to her cunt.

Mark lapped harder and faster, but the touch was still light, stimulating her but never taking her to the crest she wanted. He ran the tip over the lips of her pussy then stiffened his tongue and pushed it inside. In and out, it moved, but too gently to do what she wanted it to. Her frustration grew, and she tried to urge him onward with her hips.

When he withdrew completely, her eyes flew open, and she stared into his blazing ones.

"I think you're ready," he told her in a guttural tone. "Now make sure I am. Put your mouth on me, Lisa. Suck me hard."

He shifted her down his body so she had access to his rigid shaft. With the ease of familiarity, she wrapped her fingers around the root and opened her mouth, taking him inside. She loved the velvety feel of him, the soft skin over the hard structure it covered. The satiny head slid past her lips, and she took a moment to run her tongue over the slit, swiping the bead of moisture that sat on it.

Then she moved her head forward and took him deep into her mouth. One hand continued to grasp the base while the other reached for the heavy sac with his balls in it. She raked her fingernails over the outer skin then rolled it with her fingers. She heard Mark suck in a breath, and his hands grasped her head.

"Oh, no," she told him, lifting her head. She grasped his hands and moved them away. "If I can't hold on, neither can you."

Mark groaned. "Then stop, because I'm too close." He lifted her until she was positioned directly over his cock then slowly lowered her in place.

Lisa was slick with the oil and her own juices, and her clit pulsed with passionate need. She wanted to scream at him to hurry, that she didn't want slow, but despite his words, he seemed determined to take as much time as possible.

"Hurry," she encouraged him and tried to thrust herself downward.

"No," he said through gritted teeth. "No matter how close I am, I'm going to make this last more than six seconds." His hands were firm on her waist as he pressed her down, down, down, until she was finally completely impaled.

"Aaaah." The sound rolled from her as she threw back her head, enjoying the feel of his thick cock filling her cunt, the head pressing against the mouth of her womb. Her tissues swollen yet softened, gripped him tightly as she readied herself for the ride.

Warm hands on her shoulders urged her to lean forward.

"Give me some room here, sugar," Jake said in a voice thick with lust. "It's going to be a tight fit as it is."

Lisa placed her hands on Mark's shoulders and leaned her body towards him.

"I oiled your ass pretty good," Jake went on as he moved in behind her. "I made sure to lube my dick, too. I want this to be a pleasure for you, sugar, not a bad experience."

Obediently, she leant forward even more, positioning her breasts just over Mark's face. His magic tongue flicked out and lashed at first one nipple then the other, sending shivers down her spine. Taking a brief moment to look around, she saw that everyone had moved into position to get the best view. Faces were filled with avid expressions, and many people were masturbating or stimulating one or two partners, an almost idle action as they sought to capture some of the feeling flooding her.

The head of Jake's cock pressed against her anus, and she pulled in a deep breath, but with all the oil and lubrication, and as softened as her tissues now were, he was completely inside her in one push.

"Ohmigod," she screamed, as pleasure rushed through her.

And then it began, a coordinated rhythm, one moving forward as the other retreated. In, out, back, forth. She was speared on two thick, hard, long, pulsating shafts, only a thin membrane separating them.

Lisa closed her eyes. Mark still sucked on her nipples, his hands cupping her breasts. Jake's hands gripped her buttocks, slipping a little on the oily surface of her skin. She knew the lips of her pussy were reddened, puffy and swollen, yet that gave her a greater ability to grip Mark's cock. She tried to squeeze the muscles of her rectum around Jake at the same time, but he filled her so tightly it was almost impossible. As they moved and thrust more and more, the feeling that they had become one enormous cock penetrating both holes overtook her.

She was so close, everything in her body screaming for relief. Finally, she felt both men tense, their bodies tighten, and as they exploded inside her, she gave in to the orgasm waiting to overtake her. Everything around her disappeared except for the two men fucking her and the climax shaking all three of them. It seemed to go on and on, cocks throbbing inside her, her own muscles clenching over and over, Mark's teeth latching onto one nipple, Jake's clamping onto the sensitive spot where her neck and shoulder met.

And then it was over. With a gasp, she fell forward, dragging air into her lungs as her heart hammered against her ribs. Or was that Mark's heat she could feel? Jake was leaning against her back, and she could feel *his* heart pounding against her. Their bodies

were as slick with sweat as hers, and they all stuck together in the heat of the day. She was grateful when Mark's curtain of rain swept over them lightly, cooling them off before retreating.

"That was the best," Mark said in a voice filled with satisfaction.

"I second that," Jake said.

"Me, too," she managed to say.

When heart rates and breathing had returned to normal for all three of them, Jake withdrew first then helped Lisa to lift herself from Mark's body. He swept her into his arms as all three of them made for the hoses. There was no fun-filled play this time, just the blessed relief of the cool streams of water washing over them and cleansing them. Mark had snagged towels along the way, and he and Jake dried her off before attending to themselves.

When Mark turned her to face him, she saw his eyes were once again the familiar electric blue.

"Did you enjoy yourself today?"

She didn't even have to think about it. "Yes. Yes, I did."

"We worked you pretty hard," Jake put in.

She turned her head and smiled at him. "You didn't scare me away."

"Good," Mark said. "Let's go back, then. It's time to close up the picnic for the day. And you'll want to say goodbye to the others."

As they walked back to the clearing, Jake took her arm and pulled her next to him. "Remember, sugar. No matter how free we all are at the games or in the private room, Mark and I have staked a claim on you."

"Oh?" She raised an eyebrow.

"You bet. So if anyone tries to contact you on his or her own, you'd better let us know."

"Exactly how do I do that?" she asked. "I don't have a number for either of you."

"You can always leave it at the bar," Mark chuckled, overhearing the conversation.

"Which one?" Lisa wanted to know.

"Either one," they chorused.

And then they were back at the picnic site.

The area was filled with activity. Everyone was still naked, but they went about their business as if fully clothed. Coolers were dragged out from the trees and packed up. All the toys and equipment were replaced in the two trunks before four very muscular men lifted them and carried them to a huge black pickup at the edge of the grass.

"Do you do this a lot?" she asked Mark.

"When the weather is right," he grinned. "And you know it has to be *just* right. Neither Jake nor I participate unless both of us can."

"So how do you let everyone know?"

"We have a system," Jake told her. "Don't worry. We'll be sure to fetch you to the next one. I think everyone was impressed with your performance today."

Lisa felt a heated flush creep over her face as she recalled the day's activities.

"Thank you. I think."

"Oh, it's definitely a compliment," Mark told her, taking her hand. "Come on. Your driver is waiting, and we need to say your goodbyes."

Everyone was very gracious, including those whose names she still didn't know.

Patty held her hand in a warm grip, then said, "Oh, I just can't resist."

She stunned Lisa by dropping to her knees on the grass, parting Lisa's labia and placing a wet, intimate kiss on her cunt. Then she stood up and winked.

"I just had to have one last taste." She winked. "See you next time."

"I didn't...she just...I don't..." Lisa stammered.

Jake tilted up her face and gave her a predatory kiss. "I know exactly how she feels," he said when he lifted his head.

"Come on," Mark urged. "We need to get you to the car."

The same driver waited with the rear passenger door open and the same silk scarf in his hand.

"Why do I have to wear the blindfold?" she asked the two brothers. "Either one of you can answer me."

They both grinned.

"It's the rules," Mark said. He took the scarf and tied it over her eyes. Then he kissed her, his tongue sweeping through her mouth. "We'll see you soon," he promised.

"But how will I know?" she protested. "How will I find you?"

"You'll know," Jake answered, urging her into the car.

Then the vehicle was turned around and they headed back along the gravel road. She could feel the difference when they hit the highway, and she put her head back and closed her eyes. She needed a long soak in a hot bubble bath if she ever wanted her body to be the same again.

The ringing of a bell woke her, startling her. Was there a bell in the car? Then she realised not only wasn't she in the car, she was on the couch in her own living room. Her wine glass sat on the coffee table where she'd put it when she leant back to rest a moment. A glance at the clock told her it was after five o'clock.

What the hell? What had happened? Had she dreamed the entire thing? All that delicious sex. Had it just been a figment of her imagination?

No. Impossible. Her body was too delightfully sore in all the right places. Then what was going on?

At that moment, the doorbell rang. Grabbing a sweater coat from the hall closet, she pulled it on over her naked body and opened the door. The funny old driver stood there, his face devoid of expression.

"Did you just bring me home?" she demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," he said in a carefully expressionless voice.

"I mean, did you take me somewhere today and just deliver me back here?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about, I'm sure. I have a small package to deliver to you."

He handed her a small pink tote bag.

Lisa opened it and lifted out a bottle of something labelled 'Sexually Soothing Oil'. She unscrewed the top and sniffed. Gardenia. Her favourite. But then...

"There's also a message inside," the man told her.

She reached in and pulled out a folded slip of paper, recognising Mark's bold stroke.

I thought you might find the oil both useful and enjoyable. It's going to rain Tuesday night. Bring the oil with you.

She watched the driver nod his head at her, retreat to the car and pull smoothly away from the kerb.

Fantasies. She was having fantasies. That had to be the answer. Even the night she and Mark met at *Interlude*, the place hadn't even been there the next day. Was she losing her mind?

Well, if she was, she wasn't going to chase it. She hurried into her bedroom, found her day planner and flipped it open to Tuesday. Picking up a red pen, she circled the date in the upper corner then headed to draw her bath.

If she was dreaming, she definitely didn't want to wake up.

About the Author

I always wanted adventure and change in my life, and I certainly got it. I grew up in Maine, a beautiful place to live, then lived in the Midwest and Florida. Now I make my home in the Hill Country of Texas, truly God's chosen place on earth. My husband, David, is a sixth generation Texan, tracing his roots here back to the time when Texas was a Republic, so retiring here was a dream we finally fulfilled.

I've had a lot of firsts in my life – first female sports report on The Michigan Daily at the University of Michigan; first woman to own a rock and roll agency in Detroit, the home of Motown; first woman president of the Pasco (Florida) Economic Development Council.

I graduated from the University of Michigan with a double major in English and History, and a minor in Economics, and went on to have at least four careers. When my children were small, I satisfied my need for writing by working for weekly newspapers. I had a wild and wacky time managing rock and roll bands. I joined the insanity of retail with a string of shoe stores. I worked in fundraising, public affairs and community relations. But writing fiction was always my dream. I had a lot of stops and starts, but it wasn't until we retired that I could devote myself to it full time.

My wonderful husband, David, encourages me and supports me in my dream. Our children are all grown and on their own, and are my biggest fans.

When I'm not writing I'm an avid reader – anything and everything – and watching football, especially my beloved Michigan Wolverines. David and I golf and target shoot, and of course enjoy life in the gorgeous Texas Hill Country, where most of my stories are based.

I am a member of Romance Writers of America, and San Antonio Romance Authors, Diamond State Romance Authors, and Passionate Ink chapter of RWA.

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