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T r i a d

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# *Triad*

*Selena Kitt, editor*

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## **CROSSROADS**

**By Elliott Mabeuse**

The first time I saw Ellen Rothko was when I walked into Boyle's Antiques on Clark Street, looking for old records. She was showing a woman some antique earrings, their heads bent over the display case, and when she heard me come in, she looked up and caught my eye, shocked me with her beauty, and then lowered her face again, leaving me standing there gaping like an idiot.

She was simply one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, with a model's adolescent angularity coupled with a woman's easy grace. She had a rich torrent of Tuscan-red hair and her clear brown eyes were framed by green glasses, probably intended to make her look older, but instead just emphasizing her youth. Only the intelligence in her eyes kept her beauty from being too easy and gratuitous. That intelligence took the form of an open and almost confrontational curiosity, as if she wanted to know right away what I could do for her.

When I came to know her better, I realized it wasn't a look she gave to everyone. I was someone special from the start.

I was on my usual rounds of the antique and second-hand stores, looking for old records, and I'd expected to deal with Morty Boyle, a man I knew fairly well and didn't much like—a greedy, avaricious dealer—so I was a bit surprised to find her there. I thought Morty must have hired some new help.

I walked in and made myself unobtrusive while she dealt with the woman, and when she was done, I looked up to find her regarding me with that look.

"Hi, is Morty here? I'm a friend of his."

She shook her head. She was wearing a dove-gray sweater, and her glasses were on a neck chain, a charming touch, as if she were trying hard to look older than she was.

"Mr. Boyle? No, he's not here anymore."

"So he finally sold out, huh? He'd been talking about that for years. You're the new owner?"

She nodded. "Me and my husband Eric. What can I do for you?"

I stuck out my hand. "I'm James Sawyer. I deal in old records—78's, 45's, some LP's, but generally the old stuff. The older, the better."

"Ellen Rothko." She took her glasses off and let them hang from the chain. I wondered if they were prescription or whether she just wore them for show. She took my hand and shook it.

I can't say there was any sort of shock that went through our hands, but there was something totally captivating about her eyes, and she regarded me as if she were trying to place my face.

I felt the same way. She was half my age, but there was this distinct feeling of having met her before, as if we already knew each other. I wondered whether she might have been a student in one of the classes I taught, back when I was teaching at the city college. That had been about seven or eight years ago, and she looked to be about the right age.

That feeling of recognition lasted only a moment, but it left me strangely shaken. Nothing reminds me of my age like meeting a former student, now all grown up.

"Are you selling or buying, Mr. Sawyer?" she asked. "Selling, I hope, because we really don't have any records. We just did a thorough inventory."

"Oh, buying, mostly. Morty used to take any old records he found and set them aside for me to go through. I know the market pretty well and pay top dollar. But if you get anyone looking for something special, you can let me know too. I can generally dig up most anything that's still available, and I'll split the profits with you. It's the rare stuff I'm really looking for, though"

"Well we deal mostly in furniture and hard goods, and Eric takes care of the collectables. Here he is now."

A young man came walking out of the back, wiping his hands on a rag. He was as handsome in his way as she was in hers, a perfect yuppie couple, but he had more of the predator in him, a sharp wariness. It didn't surprise me. Those are qualities you need to make a living in this business, which can get very cutthroat.

When Ellen introduced us and told him I was looking for old records, he brightened.

"Records? I'm not into that myself. But I come across them at house sales and things like that. What are you looking for? How much are they worth?"

I kind of played it down. I didn't want any competition. The vintage record business isn't what it used to be. Most of the old 78's have already been discovered, and my main business now was in old LP's and 45's, most of which I sold to Japanese collectors. Still, any fool could go online and find records that were fetching up to a thousand dollars a copy, and Eric was no fool. I could see him listening to my every word.

I knew what he was thinking. Vintage recordings is a specialty market, a business unto itself, and as with all collectables, you've either got to be an expert in the field or have an expert working with you if you ever want to make any money at it. Eric was thinking I could be his expert.

I didn't mind. After all, that's how I worked. I'd go into these old stores and shops and tell them what they had and appraise them, and if the stuff was really valuable, I could usually fix them up with an interested buyer and we'd split the profits. I was always perfectly honest. I did it for love of the old music, not the money.

"What sort of music is it?" Ellen asked.

"Oh, I handle all sorts of stuff, but especially country blues, primitive stuff, music from the 20's and 30's. That's my own personal weakness—Blind Lemon, Petey Wheatstraw, Son House, Robert Johnson. I also handle early jazz and jug band, hillbilly. Twenties pop. There's a market for that stuff, if you know who to sell to."

"So you're a collector yourself?" she asked.

I shrugged. I wasn't about to tell them what my collection was worth. "Yeah, some. That's how I got into it. I turned a hobby into a low-paying career, you might say."

She smiled and combed her hair back from her face, a fetchingly vain, slightly flirtatious gesture. I wasn't so old that I didn't appreciate the move. For some reason, she liked me, and I responded.

There are three kinds of people in collectables: those who do it for love, those who do it for money, and those who do it because they can't help it—the born collectors who have acquiring and dealing in their blood. Ellen was the first kind, Eric the last, with a good portion of the greedy part thrown in. He loved the money, but he loved the



wheeling and dealing more. Everything was negotiable to him, and every transaction was some sort of deal, this for that.

As I said, I was really only in it because of my love of the blues, and once the talk turned from the money to the music itself, Eric lost interest and drifted off. Ellen seemed in no hurry for me to leave, though. Business was slow and talking to her was easy. She was a rapt listener and already knew a lot about rural America in the twenties and thirties and the popular music of the time. She had an attitude and imagination like mine, and I could tell that for her, the past still lived.

We talked about Tin Pan Alley and the pop music explosion that occurred in the teens and twenties, about the piano roll business, the development of early jazz and race records. I hadn't talked so much in ages and she hung on every word, and now and then I caught that look in her eye again, something deep and curious. Finally I had to go, afraid of overstaying my welcome and burning her out. She made me promise to come back and bring her some recordings. They already had some old record players capable of playing the old 78's, and she wanted to hear the music for herself. She asked me to teach her.

I kept my word, and their shop became my second home. I struck a deal with Eric: I'd put a box or two of records in his store and we'd split the profits three ways. Any records he came up with that I priced, the same deal, cutting Ellen in on it too. It was an overly generous offer, but at the time I wasn't really doing much business and I wasn't much of a negotiator, so I let him set the terms. Besides, it gave me an excuse to hang around.

I didn't think of it as love at first. I was a lot older than her, and if anything, our relationship seemed more like a father-daughter affair, even though I knew age didn't matter to her. It was Eric who'd bring it up, subtly, without any rancor, but in a way that was supposed to remind us of our places. He knew something was going on, something he wasn't a part of.

Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't been sure that Ellen felt the same way about me. We connected so easily, and on a level that seemed to go way beyond what she felt for Eric, that I was sure she was aware of it. She took care of the books and the nuts and bolts of the business—the dreary stuff—and there were times when she'd be sharp with him. No matter how busy she was, though, whenever I came into the shop, she just broke out in that sweet smile and told me to help myself to some coffee, that she'd only be a minute.

There was something amazing about listening to music with her. We seemed to hear the exact same things in the old blues tunes. When we listened to Blind Lemon's understated despair on "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" or Robert Johnson's "Hellhound On My Trail," she'd lower her face and fold her arms over her chest like she was cold, and I'd see the goose bumps rise on her skin. It was times like those when I just wanted to grab her in my arms, knowing she felt what I felt, knowing that someone else understood. She responded to the loneliness and emotion in these old recordings just as I did. She understood.

She became inextricably bound up in those records for me, and back in my apartment I'd lie on my sofa, deciding what I'd bring for her to listen to the next day, and

trying to picture her reaction. I wasn't trying to seduce her or lure her away from Eric, but I was trying to pick records that would say to her things I couldn't say myself.

Maybe that was silly, but it wasn't all a one-way infatuation. There were signs. It hardly matters what they were—they were there, and I saw them. They might have gone right by a younger man's eyes, but I saw them. Whether I'd admit them or act on them, that was something else. I had fantasies, but that's as far as it would go. I had dreams, I didn't have plans.

In September as the weather cooled off, Eric began taking more frequent road trips in search of fresh stock for the store. That meant getting in the van and leaving town for days at a time, hitting the estate sales and auction houses out in the country beyond the reach of the day trippers from the city. I pretended to myself that it made no difference whether he was gone or not, but of course it was easy to see if the big Dodge van was parked out in front of the store on a weeknight, and I always knew if he were there or not.

I had to pretend I didn't care, otherwise I'd have to face up to what I was doing, which was spending time with another man's wife while he was away. I told myself it was nothing like that, that Ellen and I were just friends and associates, keeping each other company and sharing our interests. I'd stop by a half hour or so after the shop closed. If she was still there to let me in, fine. If not, then that was probably for the best too. I started carrying around a big stack of old 78's and tapes in the trunk of my car, so I always had some excuse for stopping by. I'd fill a bag with stuff and pretend they were things I'd just bought and hadn't had a chance to listen to yet.

"No blues tonight," she said one evening as she opened the burglar gate to let me in. "I'm feeling bad enough as it is."

"Oh? Are you sick? You want me to go?"

"No, no, not at all. I'm glad you're here. I need some company. Eric's in Ohio and I can't stand another night alone. It's just been a crappy day, that's all."

I couldn't tell it from looking at her. She looked gorgeous. She had a collection of vintage clothing and often wore them in the store as a kind of joke, and tonight she was wearing a jade green dress—not authentic fin-de-siecle, but a modern interpretation—made of some jersey-like material that hung beautifully on her body. It had a bib front with white buttons all around it, and her breasts looked as soft and inviting as fleece pillows. She wore an antique butler's bell-pull as a sash, wrapped twice around her waist and tied in front so the elaborate tassels hung down between her legs. It gave her a slightly medieval look. The tassels swished erotically when she walked.

But there was something else about her too: a kind of careless looseness. I knew she often had a glass of wine or two after closing time, and I wondered whether she might even be a little drunk.

I helped her close the burglar gates and lock up in front. She turned off the lights and we walked into the back of the store, where the cash register was. The drawer was open.

"I'm just balancing out. Why don't you go in back? I'll only be a second."

"Bad sales today?" I asked.

"No, that's not it. Actually business is great. I sold that Bavarian armoire and the Depression bedroom set."

The store had been an apartment some time long ago, and the back was cut into small rooms, the largest of which had been the kitchen, still with its sink and fridge. It was now stacked high with antiques and lampshades, boxes of hardware and other junk. Eric did some refinishing and restoration back here, and it was where the record player was. I was surprised to see a bottle of whisky standing on the old kitchen table and a drink waiting next to it, the ice already mostly melted.

"What's this?" I asked when she walked in back with the day's receipts. "You're drinking whiskey now? And Jim Beam at that?"

She smiled wanly. "I thought you'd approve. Isn't that what your blues guys used to drink?"

That was Ellen. Just like with the old clothes, she liked getting into the era.

"Yeah, I suppose so. But they use to do a lot of things back then. Like fighting and killing each other over women and gambling too."

She smiled wanly. "Want some?"

I shrugged. "Sure."

"Glasses above the sink. There's ice in the fridge."

I found a glass, poured some whiskey and took a gulp. With Jim Beam, you might as well gulp as sip; the results were the same anyhow. The whiskey burned, but standing under the bare work light in that crowded kitchen, it felt right. It reminded me of my youth.

"Eric's out of town," Ellen said casually. "He won't be back 'til Friday."

Usually she didn't mention his whereabouts unless I asked, but I just nodded, as if it didn't matter.

"He's out looking for new stuff, huh?" I asked.

Ellen stopped dead with the glass half way to her lips and her eyes flashed at me, as if checking to see how I meant that remark. Assured of my innocence, she brought the glass to her lips.

"Yeah. I guess you could say that." She took a big drink, as if she was taking medicine. Whiskey isn't wine—she shuddered as it burned its way down.

I let it pass and decided to change the subject. I gestured at the bottle. "So what's the occasion?"

"Oh, every day's a celebration around here, you know that. I just really felt like having some whiskey for a change. All those songs you play, you never hear them singing about Chardonnay, do you? And I like to set the right mood."

She sat down in one of the big, overstuffed armchairs. "So what'd you bring tonight? Anything good?"

I was still a little wary. There was a bitterness in her I'd never seen before.

"I thought you said you didn't want to hear any blues."

"That's not what I meant. I don't want to hear any heartbreak blues—nothing about leaving and cheating, about people being shitty to each other. You've got other stuff, don't you?"

"Yeah. I've got other stuff."

"Then good."

The room was crowded, and there was a box on my usual chair, so I perched on the old kitchen table under the bare light with the green shade.

"Ellen, are you maybe a little drunk?"

She raised her finger in warning. "One thing, James. Promise me. Okay?"

"Okay. What?"

"Don't ask me what's wrong tonight, okay? Just don't ask. And if I try to tell you, tell me to shut up."

She was serious. She was more than serious. She was hurt.

"Okay," I said. "I didn't mean to pry."

Her eyes softened, seeing she'd hurt me. "It's okay," she said with a sigh. She unscrewed the bottle and poured another splash into her glass. "As for your question: No, I'm not drunk. But we can get drunk together if you like. Want to get drunk with me?"

"I don't know if Eric would approve," I said.

It was a joke, but apparently the wrong one. I saw the brief flash of lightning in her eyes.

"Well fuck him, then," she said with exaggerated sweetness. She took a quick sip and made the same sour face. I didn't know whether it was for Eric or for the whiskey.

"I don't really want to get drunk anyhow," she said, setting the glass down on the table. "I just wanted you to think I was."

I looked at her in confusion, and she waved her hand dismissively. "Don't mind me. Go ahead and put something on."

I'd brought a shopping bag with me, and I dug through it 'til I found some old jazz. Ellen liked old jazz. The old stuff had a wicked, primitive kind of nasty sensuality that appealed to her. I put the record on and lowered the needle. As the music started to

play, I went to the fridge where they kept their juice and water. I found a can of diet ginger ale and poured it into her whiskey.

"Try that. That's what we used to give the girls in college to get them loaded."

Ellen tasted it and raised her eyebrows in approval. "You really didn't do things like that in college, did you, James?"

"How would you know?"

"Because you're too decent. You're the most decent person I know."

I laughed, but she'd wounded me. She was right, but I didn't see it as a positive. To me it often felt like cowardice, and I wasn't proud of it. I would have been making a better living if I hadn't been so decent.

We listened to the record in silence, and when it stopped I saw that Ellen had finished her drink and was mixing another.

I got down and turned the record over. It was the Mississippi Sheiks, and this side was "K.C. Moan", a railroad song about losing your woman on a Kansas-bound train. Because it was about a woman leaving, I didn't think she'd mind.

"Were you ever on a train, James? A real train, I mean, with an engine and whistle, where you sleep overnight?"

I nodded.

"What's it like? Is it as romantic as it seems?"

"Yeah. It really was beautiful. They're great to sleep on. The train keeps rocking back and forth like a cradle, and the wheels click over the tracks in a way that's really hypnotizing. We were going down to Florida, and I was just a kid. When we got into bed



I just lay there for hours staring out the window and watching the night go by, the little houses with their lights, the farms, the railroad crossings with the lights flashing."

"Would you take me on a train like that sometime? I'd love to see it."

"I'd love to take you. But I don't think they have trains like that anymore. It's all airplanes now."

I realized the song had ended and Ellen was looking at me. The needle hissed as it ran in useless circles in the groove.

"You're so amazing," she said. "I wish I'd been one of those girls you gave whiskey to in college."

I laughed. "I do too, Ellen."

She got up and walked over to me, put her drink down on the table and took my face in her hands. I just had time to look into her eyes and then she raised her face and kissed me, a soft, lingering kiss, achingly tender, going on forever. When it stopped, our lips clung together, as if reluctant to part.

She opened her eyes and looked at my lips, as if she would see a mark there. "That's how I would have kissed you," she said. "Would that have been all right?"

I looked into her eyes and knew what she wanted, and I was frightened. I took her hand and moved it away from my face.

"Ellen, don't."

"Why not?" she whispered. "Everyone else does it. Everyone."

I shook my head, trying to convince myself that she was wrong, that the whole idea was wrong. I didn't know whether it was decency or fear, but I knew it was wrong, and I wanted her to kiss me again and make it so I didn't care.

"If you were younger? Is that it? Because that doesn't matter at all, you know that. I'm all grown up, James. I know what I'm doing."

"No. Of course not. That's not it." I said it as if I knew what I was talking about.

"Then what? You certainly don't owe him any loyalty. He doesn't deserve it."

She was still standing close to me, close enough to kiss, her thighs resting on the edge of the table between my knees. She gently took her wrist from my hand and lowered her hands, laying her warm palms on the tops of my thighs and squeezing softly. I was already semi-erect from her kiss, and now this.

"You're so much better than he'll ever be," she said. "The way you feel things, the things you say. It's not fair that people like him get everything. We deserve something too."

For once I had nothing to tell her. Her hands were on the tops of my thighs, slowly caressing them, her thumbs sliding along the insides. Her full breasts were hanging like ripe fruit behind that exquisite dress, just waiting to be plucked, and her mouth, her face, her whole body was leaning towards me, aching to be kissed.

Like night over day my lips came down on hers. There was a brief moment of electrical contact as we touched, and then I felt as though I left some dark and heavy world behind and I seemed to soar into space with her. She melted into me as we kissed, her mouth going soft and passive, expectant and pleading. It was that melting, that total loss of resistance that did it. In an instant it seemed like she'd become part of me, and then we were kissing hungrily, aware of nothing else.

"The light," I said, breaking away to gasp for breath. "Someone might see."

The windows behind us were covered with burglar bars with boxes stacked in front of them, but still I worried. Ellen reached up and switched off the light, so that only the barest illumination remained, seeping in from the front of the store and from the lighted face of the record player.

She took my hand and put it on her breast. It was soft, and heavy, and the thought struck me that she wasn't wearing a bra. I could feel the weight and the yielding warmth right through the fabric of her dress, and then all rational thought stopped as she raised her arms and put them around my neck, entrusting her breasts to my hands as her lips sought mine out again.

I broke off the kiss. "Get the record," I said. It was still spinning on the turntable, hissing in the groove. It didn't matter, but I was nervous and stalling for time.

She took the needle off, and then came back to me like a bride comes to her husband, and this time I just lost it. She wanted me, and that was more than I could resist, more than I could stand. I grabbed her arms and pulled her to me, shoved my tongue into her welcoming mouth and kissed her deep, tasting the intoxicating trace of the whiskey on her breath. Her nails scratched at my thighs. She bit my lip and pressed her hand against my cock.

"Oh Christ, Ellen! We shouldn't do this! We can't!"

"God, you're so hard!" she gasped, shuddering in my embrace. "You poor man. So hard."

My head spun in a total confusion of emotions. So many times she'd felt like a daughter to me, and I like her father, and now all that was collapsing, being swept away by our need. It felt incestuous and wrong, and that only excited me more.

"Ellen, no..."

"Shhh..." She leaned her forehead against mine and looked down, her fingers searching for the zipper on my jeans. The feel of her hands on me was maddening.

"Open my dress, James. The buttons on top. I want to feel your hands on me."

I moaned, unable to speak. I fumbled with the buttons until Ellen had to help me. Some of the buttons were decorative, and some of them were real, and I was in no shape to figure out which was which. She got me started, watching my eyes as she exposed her chest to me, then letting me take over, enjoying my feverish clumsiness. I had to ignore her hands pulling my zipper down and reaching into my pants, trying to free my aching cock from my shorts.

I knew I had to stop her. I'd just see her breasts, let her grab my dick, and then we'd stop. We'd realize how wrong this was and stop, laugh nervously, and never mention it again. But by now her dress was open enough for me to draw it apart and see her naked breasts, full and aching to be touched, her exquisite nipples already standing up in eagerness for my lips.

I got the rest of the buttons open. I peeled the top of her dress down over her shoulders and dove at her breasts, kissing, sucking, on fire for her. Ellen let her head roll back and hissed with pleasure, shocking me with her wantonness. I was hers now and she knew it, without the strength to resist her. The gift of herself had done it. Her hand left what it was doing at my cock and came up to press my head against her yielding tits, basking in her victory.

"Oh god, yes!" she moaned, shuddering deliciously as I squeezed and sucked. "It has been a long time for you, hasn't it, baby? You're on fire. You shouldn't have to suffer like this, James. You deserve better. You deserve so much more."

I couldn't answer. I slid off the table in order to get my head lower so I could suck her tits into my mouth, and that eased the tension on my pants enough so Ellen was at last able to pull my naked cock out through my fly, free of my shorts, painfully erect. I felt the weird and salacious sensation of the cool air hitting my naked shaft, and then she took me in her hand and started to stroke me.

"Oh Christ, Ellen!" I gasped. "We shouldn't be doing this. We shouldn't. But, god, I can't help myself. I just can't!"

I smothered whatever else I was going to say with her naked flesh, sucking her nipple into my mouth and lashing it with my tongue as she gasped and groaned and pressed herself against my lips. Her hand started to work on me now, and then her other hand, both hands holding my prick, pumping it up and down.

"God you're so hard!" she gasped. "Do you always get so hard? It's for me, isn't it, baby? Tell me it's for me. You feel the same way I do, don't you James?"

It had been a long, long time since I'd done anything like this, masturbation being my only release, and the feel of Ellen's soft, sweet hands on my swollen prick was almost too much to endure. Her touch made me frantic, and the sight of that exquisite face suffused with lust was more than I could stand. I pulled her against me and kissed her feverishly, and all the time her hands never stopped pumping.

"Let me get my clothes off," she gasped. "I want you to fuck me, baby. I want to feel your cock in me, James."

"No!" I said, gritting my teeth. "No! We can't, Ellen. That's too much. We just can't."

She could tell I was serious, and she didn't argue. In truth I was almost panicked. I was totally losing control of myself and I was afraid of what I might do.

"All right. All right, baby," she said breathlessly as she kissed my face. "Let me bring you off this way, okay? Just with my hand? Is that okay?"

"Yes," I gasped. "Just like that. Just do what you're doing."

Ellen moaned with pleasure and reached up and bit my lip, teasing it with her teeth, then let me go and said. "Suck my tits, James. My nipples. That drives me wild. Please, baby."

I lowered my head while she frigged my cock, and we stood there in the shadowy room like that, our moans and gasps mingling in the darkness. She had gorgeous tits, big and firm and alive, with exquisitely sensitive nipples set way up high, and she was right—it did drive her wild when I sucked and bit down on them. She would gasp, grip my cock hard and pump me faster.

It was obscene. It would have been degrading if we both hadn't been so oblivious. I was so much older than she, a big, powerful man, standing there and nursing at her tits and groaning like a child while she beat me off—the most basic and juvenile act of sex there is, as if I were no more than a love-sick adolescent in the back seat of a car.

Maybe it was the role reversal that made it seem so perverse and forbidden, but I loved the way I was so helpless in her hands. It drove me wild, and I started sucking and even biting her breasts as she hissed with savage pleasure.

"Careful! Careful! No marks!" she cried. She was panting with excitement, but her hand never stopped.

I backed off. I was losing control. Her hands were pumping at me, working at me, and the end of my dick was streaming with juice, the pressure in my cock unbearable. My balls had worked their way out of my fly and swung back and forth as she beat me off, potent and heavy.

"Give it to me, baby!" she whispered in my ear. "Come for me, James. Just let it go. Don't fight it. You know you want it. I want it too. I want this for you. Please, baby, please!"

I couldn't stand up any longer. I had to lean against the table, my hands on her shoulders for support. I pulled her close, buried my face in her neck like a child as she reached up and caressed the back of my neck, as if comforting me in my anguish. And still her other hand never stopped, sliding the skin up and down my steely shaft as if she were some sort of milking machine.

I felt the spasms start, the ineluctable slide towards orgasm. I cried out, a cry for mercy, a cry of alarm at my body's own betrayal.

"Oh fuck, Ellen! I'm going to come! You're going to make me come!"

"Yes!" she said joyously. "Yes, baby! Do it for me. Come for me, James!" She tightened her grip and increased her speed, baring her teeth as she felt my cock trembling in her hand, twitching with the first few, priming spasms.

"Aghhh!" I threw my head back and roared, punched my hips forward and exploded in a stream of scalding semen, jerking helplessly in her hand. Ellen held my cock up and moved aside so she could see the great gouts of cum arc from my cock

and shoot through the air, landing on the floor some feet away, their distance a measure of the force of my release, and each spurt accompanied by a savage spasm and a harsh groan from deep in my chest.

My body shook and shuddered as Ellen milked me insistently for all I had, humming and sighing to herself with approval.

At last I had to make her stop. I couldn't stand it anymore. She let go of me and backed away, just looking at me with her breasts heaving, then went into the other room and came back with some tissues and cleaned us off, taking special care to wipe my cum off the floor.

I stood there holding her for a long time, neither of us speaking. I felt like I had so much to say, but I didn't know where to start, and at last I just said, "I'd better go."

Ellen nodded, eyes down. I knew she had things to say too, but the whole situation was too shocking, too fragile for words. She buttoned up her dress and saw me to the back door, unlocked the locks and opened it.

Maybe I should have kissed her, but I was afraid now. What if she refused, or—worse—what if she threw herself at me? I said goodnight and she said goodnight. I didn't even take the bag of records with me.

I went back to the shop, of course. To stay away would have been too suspicious; an admission we'd done something wrong. By tacit agreement we didn't speak of it, not aloud, but it was there. I saw it in her eyes, in the way her touch lingered, in the silly awkwardness when we were alone, like two embarrassed adolescents. I avoided going back there at night after closing, though, and Ellen seemed to accept that. We both needed time to think.



I didn't know what to do. I wanted her desperately at this point, but I could hardly ask her to leave her husband for me, nor could I even suggest some sort of clandestine affair, which would have been even worse. I had to leave it in her hands—hers and Eric's.

I don't think Eric knew, but maybe he did. Maybe she told him what had happened, using me as a weapon in one of their spats, because who knows what went on between two people locked in a troubled relationship? It seemed to me that his attitude towards me changed, but not in the way I'd expected. If anything, he seemed friendlier and more indulgent, intentionally throwing Ellen and me together and referring to us as "you two". Maybe he knew and was just as capable of using me against Ellen as she was in using me against him.

All I knew was how it affected me, and that was totally unexpected. Suddenly I was seized by the urge to get to work, to throw myself into my collecting and trading, to start wheeling and dealing as ruthlessly as Eric and resume the hunt for rare disks, a search I'd given up years ago as no longer worthwhile. I didn't really think I could somehow buy her from Eric, but I instinctively knew I needed something with which to deal. I needed to find something he wanted.

I began hitting the garage sales, the flea markets, getting up at three or four in the morning to get there at first light. I started canvassing the old, black middle class neighborhoods where I'd had success some years before in finding old 78's, going door to door and handing out cards, offering top dollar for old records.

On a bright Sunday October afternoon I came into their shop at a casually late hour and took a black-labeled Vocalian record from my briefcase and slid it under Eric's nose.

"What's this?"

"A lost recording of Robert Johnson doing 'Hell-bound Train'."

Eric slid the record from its sleeve and held it to the light to see how badly it was scratched.

"The only one in existence," I added.

That got him. He eased the record back into its jacket and looked at me to see if I was serious. Ellen came over and looked down at the record in shock. Unlike Eric, she knew what it meant.

"Oh, James!" she said breathlessly. "Are you serious? Oh my God!"

Eric looked at her, then at me. "What's it worth?"

"There's no telling." I said. "Ten thousand, maybe twenty, maybe more."

"Jesus! Where'd you get it?"

That last question was always meant to be rhetorical amongst collectors. No one ever told.

Eric looked up at me, a bit nervously now. "You shouldn't be carrying this thing around. You want me to put it in the safe?"

"I'm giving it to you," I said. "I mean, I'm splitting it with you. Same deal as always. A third for each of us."

He put the record down and looked at me. He didn't think much of my business sense, but even this was hard to accept. He knew damned well I didn't have to cut him

in on anything. There was nothing in our agreement to keep me from selling the record myself and keeping it all. I didn't owe him a thing.

"I know four collectors who'll be willing to bid against each other for this. Plus there are the reissue rights. I haven't contacted any record labels yet about that. I'll leave that all to you, and in return we split it three ways, just like we've always done. Partners, right?"

All that stuff was just busy work designed to make Eric feel like he was doing something to earn his money. He knew as well as I did that I was just giving him several thousand dollars.

Ellen knew it too.

There was a moment when we all three stood there, Eric and I looking at each other, and Ellen looking at the both of us, each of us calculating the terms of the deal in our heads.

"Who is this guy, Robert Johnson?" Eric asked.

I couldn't believe he didn't know. I thought everyone knew.

Ellen spoke up. "He's a great legendary blues guy. Maybe the greatest ever, but no one knows much about him but legends. He's the one who supposedly made a deal with the devil at a crossroads one night—his soul in return for the ability to play the guitar like no one else."

Eric smiled. He understood deals.

"He made twenty-nine recordings in the thirties, and that's all," I said. "There've always been rumors that he made one or two more that were lost, but no one could ever track them down. Not until now."

"And this is it?" Eric's eyes got that gleam in them. "Jesus!"

Ellen didn't tell him the rest of the story—how Johnson died. A hard-core womanizer, he was murdered one night by a jealous husband who put poison in his whiskey. Strychnine, that was the rumor. He died in agony, and they said it was because he could see the devil standing at the foot of his bed, waiting to collect.

Eric laughed. He picked up the record and shook his head and laughed again. "I'll be damned," he said. "I'll be goddamned. And you're splitting it? Jesus. Let me go get a Mylar bag for this. You shouldn't be carrying it around like this."

When he left, Ellen gave me a look that asked me if I knew what I was doing, and for the first time since that night I looked back at her and met her eyes. I wasn't being decent-James anymore. I looked at her in a way that told her what I expected in return.

Eric walked back into the room and his smile had taken on that predatory edge again.

"Come on, you two. Let's close up early. I want to put this in the safe at home, and then we're going out. We're going to celebrate. Ten thousand dollars! Goddamn!"

We all went home and changed, and I broke out the suit I hadn't worn in almost a year. We met at La Tour, a beautiful and expensive French restaurant on the Near North Side where we were lucky to get reservations. Ellen was gorgeous in her little black dress and for the first time in as long as I could remember, there was no friction between them. It was as if something important had been decided to both of their satisfaction, and the mood was expansive, even joyous. Eric fought me for the check, but considering what I'd just given him, I had no scruples about letting him pay.

We had coffee. We had brandy and cigars, and when I finally rose to say goodnight, Eric stopped me.

"You can't go now," he said "You're coming over to our place. Don't you want to hear it?"

"You're going to play it? Tonight"

He nodded. "Why not. I'm dying to hear it. Besides, it's too early for us to break up. This is a very special night."

I sat up. Ellen was looking at me expectantly, but there was something else in her eyes too, a kind of openly seductive look that surprised me. I'd never seen anything like that.

"This is probably the biggest find you'll ever make," Eric went on, and he was right. He picked up his wine glass and said, "To us!"

We all drank to that.

I should have known something was up. Ellen took both our arms as we walked to the car, holding us close, and when we got to their apartment and Eric went off to get drinks, she told me where to sit. She sat down on the sofa, right across from me, knees together, looking at me with that knowing look, not saying a word.

"Are we ready?" Eric came back in and handed out the drinks, then put the record on.

He turned off the lights so that the only illumination was from the bridge lamp at the end of the sofa. The needle scratched in the groove, and sounds that hadn't been heard in eighty years filled the room.

Johnson's playing was primitive and haunted as usual, his voice a plaintive wail at the very top of his register. His slide work was dark and rough on the old lacquer disk, but sounded as modern as anything you might hear today, not a note wasted, as if he'd paid for every one with his own blood. The music carried me away and wrapped me in its own world, and the only light I saw was the light in Ellen's eyes, which were looking straight into mine across the gulf in time, across the steamy loneliness of that west Texas night in 1937.

The song ended abruptly, as so many early recordings did, and then there was just the hiss of the needle in the groove and Ellen's eyes locked on mine.

Eric got up and turned off the stereo and turntable, put the record back in its sleeve and came back and sat beside Ellen.

No one spoke. I didn't know what to say. The feelings of loneliness and hunger evoked from Johnson's voice and guitar were too much with me, and I hardly noticed when Eric put his arm around Ellen in a husbandly gesture. He sat like that for a while, then leaned over and took her in a deep, passionate kiss—not the kind of kiss you see in public.

I sat there in shock, trying not to stare at them. Ellen didn't seem to take part, but she made no special attempt to get away either. Her hand rested lightly on Eric's shoulder, her head was back, and in the silence of the record's ending, it was almost like I could hear their tongues against each other. It was a terribly awkward feeling.

Eric broke the kiss and pressed his lips to her throat while his hand went to her knee and began to slide up her leg. Ellen made no move to stop him.

"I think I'd better get going, then," I said.

"No, stay," Eric replied. "We're all friends here, and we're celebrating, right? This isn't anything you haven't seen before, is it? An old cocksman like you?"

I cleared my throat nervously. "Still, two's company and three's a crowd..."

"Stay!" He barked the word out impatiently, then caught himself and grinned at me. "Please."

I wasn't used to being ordered around, but he caught me by surprise. Besides, the sorry truth was that watching him with Ellen was arousing in a perverse and morbid kind of way. It hurt, but it was exciting too, and I was curious as to just what was going on.

He kissed her again, and then his head slid down so that he was kissing her neck. His hand went to her breast, and he began openly caressing it, crushing the fabric in his hand right before my eyes. I felt the vicarious sensation from when I had held that very same breast, and still Ellen sat there, one hand lazily on his shoulder, the other on the sofa at her side. She was looking straight at me again, peering over Eric's shoulder, as if to see how I was taking it.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" Eric said. "Perfect body too. Want to see?"

"Eric..." Ellen objected, but he wasn't listening. The little black dress she wore had no buttons. It wrapped around her and was held closed by a black sash, and despite her protest she sat there unmoving as Eric untied it and pulled the top open, exposing her naked breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra.

"Listen, I've really got to go," I said.

Eric looked over his shoulder at me. "That would be such a shame, Jimmy. I thought this was going to be a celebration, a special night."

He turned back to her and started kissing her tits. "She's crazy about you, you know," he said. Ellen closed her eyes, whether in pleasure or embarrassment, I couldn't tell. "I could see it from the start, and I'm not especially good at reading people, so you must know it too. We're all partners now. I thought we might make a night of it."

"Okay, that's enough." I stood up but he didn't stop.

He reached his head down and caught one of her nipples between his lips and sucked on it, doing it nice and slow so I got a good view, then let it slip from his mouth. "Just the other day she called out your name while we were fucking, didn't you, darling? I caught her on it. I told her if she wanted to pretend I was you, that was fine with me. Anything that would bring a little enthusiasm back to our lovemaking was okay with me."

He looked up at me. "That's when I first thought of us having a three-way. Don't you think that's a good idea? That way we each get what we want. And this little celebration is the perfect opportunity."

I knew I should leave, but I didn't. I stood there, knowing I was being had, knowing I was being used in some sort of game, but powerless to leave. Eric lowered his mouth to her nipple again and Ellen arched in pleasure, a little hiss escaping her lips. I might have left then, but when I looked at her she was gazing back at me over his shoulder, and the look in her eye said I was the one she wanted. Eric might be kissing and fondling her, but Ellen's eyes said she wanted me to be doing it. She patted the seat next to her, showing where she wanted me to sit.

That look from her just shocked me so much that I sat right back down in my chair. I knew what Eric was doing now. He might not know what happened between Ellen and me, but he knew about our feelings for each other, and he was going to use



them in this perfect, three-way deal. He'd give me Ellen in return for the record; at the same time he'd shame me with my desire for another man's wife. He'd prove to Ellen that she was a slut, and prove to me she wasn't worth loving, all under the guise of an innocent little sexual threesome.

And what made it all so galling was that he was right. The more he caressed and fondled her, the more aroused I got. Her eyes never left my face, even as she arched her back and rolled her breasts against his sucking mouth, or opened her legs to let his hand inside. She was into it. She was getting aroused, showing me what she had to offer, how she could be good for me. I couldn't believe how much I wanted her.

The record was forgotten. That hell bound train had left the station, abandoning us three behind, and Eric caught Ellen in a deep and passionate kiss, his hand working under her short dress as her legs first parted, then closed hard on his hand, and even though he was kissing her, her eyes were on me, begging me to join them.

She broke the kiss and looked away, just as Eric got his hands under her knees and pressed her legs up against her chest, so that I got a perfect view of her swollen pussy pressed between her thighs, barely shaded by her transparent panties. Her eyes blazed, knowing I had seen, and it was as if after all these months of being together and our session in the backroom, she now at last wanted to show me all of herself, show me what she really wanted from me. I've seen my share of female genitals, but the sight of Ellen's pussy bulging against her sheer panties with Eric leaning over her struck me with terrific erotic force, more than even her sheer nakedness could have. Under her clothes she was naked for me, and she was waiting—had been waiting all this time.

He kept her legs pushed up against her breasts and her sex exposed as he kissed his way down her body, sliding down till he was kneeling on the floor. Ellen twisted her body as he sank down on her, finally throwing one bare leg over his back and grabbing his hair. She knew full well where he was going and what he was going to do, and she was eager for him to get on with it. Her dress was short, and Eric pushed it up over her stomach with both hands as he grabbed her ass and raised it off the sofa. The panties I had just glimpsed before were now fully on display as Ellen raised her hips and opened her thighs for Eric's mouth.

I sat there, horrified and aroused. It was all a show for my benefit. I knew that, and if I had any doubts I only had to look at Ellen, slumped back against the couch with the top of her dress open and her breasts exposed. Her face had taken on a lewd and wanton look, and her eyes were smoldering as she stared straight at me. She let me see all the lust and desire in her face as Eric pulled the crotch of her panties to the side and began to eat her and she responded by lifting her hips in a slow, obscene rhythm.

I suppose I should have been horrified seeing the woman I loved treated this way. I suppose I should have listened to my pride and stormed out, insulted. But that wasn't my reaction at all. The sight of Ellen in such a state of lust, being pleased by another man, inflamed me.

I wanted her. It had been many years since I played the sexual athlete, but god, how I wanted her now! I wasn't so prudish that seeing this slutty side of her put me off, nor was I gentleman enough that I wouldn't take advantage of the situation to get my prick inside her and give life to all those futile dreams and fantasies. But I didn't know if I

could do it as part of a three-way. I didn't know if I could do it in front of Eric and let him use me to humiliate myself and degrade his wife.

In the end I didn't care. Ellen might be putting on a show for me, but her excitement was real. I could hear her moaning and see her fingers tighten in Eric's hair as she fucked her pussy against his face.

"Come on, James," Eric said over his shoulder to me. He kept his finger in her pussy, stirring it around and keeping her on the boil. "Or don't you think you can handle this young stuff anymore? She wants you, don't you, darling?"

"Yes," Ellen said. "Yes, I want him."

The way she said it and the way she looked at me told me we weren't the only ones being used here. Eric was using us, but I knew then that we were using him too. She wanted to fuck me. She wanted it in a way he hadn't imagined, not as some cheap roll in the hay, but as something more than that.

In my mind I heard the lyrics from the old Roosevelt Sykes classic, "Driving Wheel", the joyous song of a woman with the right man, the man she was meant to be with. Love like a runaway freight train, like a driving wheel. Sex that's more than sex, on a level Eric couldn't imagine.

I got up and Ellen squealed with excitement and started sliding down the sofa, making room for me and pushing Eric along with her. I didn't know what to do, so I just sat down on the couch at her head. This time she didn't meet my eyes. She was lying on her side with her legs spread, her dress up and Eric's head working at her pussy. Ellen's fingers reached for my zipper and she pulled it down.

Her mouth was all liquid heat, sweet and deep, and the breath from her nostrils scorched my pubic hair as she sucked me, moaning in her throat. Somehow she got my belt and my pants open, and I raised my ass and between the both of us we managed to get my pants far enough down my legs so she could take my balls in her hand and hold them as she bobbed her head up and down on my cock. I looked down at her face, at that beautiful, angelic face, now slobbering over my hard cock, and I forgot about Eric. I forgot about everything. I put my head back against the sofa and just gave myself over to the workings of her mouth.

If I'd had any doubts as to how she felt about me, her mouth totally dispelled them. You can tell when a woman does it because you want her to, and when she does it because she wants it herself, because she's crazy for the feel of you in her mouth, and in this case, it was definitely the latter. She didn't just suck me, she loved me. She kissed me and licked me and shielded me with her hand, as if she didn't want Eric to see, and she gripped my balls in her fingertips as if they were hers now, massaging me, getting the cum ready for her greedy throat.

Seeing that innocent and exquisite face gorging on my cock, her nostrils flared, brows knitted in concentration, the saliva streaming out of the sides of her mouth, was almost more than I could take, and then glancing to the side, I saw Eric's face slaving between her thighs, her hand knotted so tightly in his hair that her knuckles were white. He had her top leg pushed up so he could really get in there, and the sight of her shoe hanging from her foot as he ate her was almost too erotic to bear.

"Oh god, Ellen! No! No!" I was almost ready to come and had to get her mouth off me.

Eric heard me and judged the time was right. "Come on, James. Fuck her. She's ready."

"Christ, Eric! I can't do this!" I pushed her away and stood up, feeling suddenly ridiculous with my pants around my thighs and my cock standing straight out.

He looked up at me, his lips smeared with her juice, his finger still in her pussy, pumping the first knuckle slowly in and out as if keeping her ready, as if she were a primed bitch ready for mounting.

"Don't be a jerk!" he said. "She wants it. She's dying for it, aren't you, baby?"

Ellen pushed him away and sat up, and Eric grabbed her panties and pulled them off her legs. They got stuck on one of her shoes, and she reached down and unhooked them, then threw them aside. She turned herself around and lay back down so that her head was near Eric, pointing away from me.

She didn't say anything, just stretched her arms out over her head, showing herself off to me. The dress was completely open now, showing off her naked body like a gem on a black velvet jeweler's tray. Right in the center, below her tight little stomach, was her neatly trimmed puff of pubic hair, just as I'd always pictured it, and below that, the bright pink of her labia.

But it was her eyes that did it. Her eyes that said she wanted me, that she didn't care about being on display, and she didn't care about Eric, or her pride. She'd thrown them all away for just this moment. She squeezed her legs together as if she couldn't stand it, stretched her body out and stared at me. I couldn't resist.

I stood at the foot of the sofa and shucked off my jacket, pulled off my tie and threw it on the floor, and started unbuttoning the cuffs of my shirt. Eric scooted over and

grabbed my tie, picked it up and took it back to his end of the couch, where he wrapped it around Ellen's wrists, which were still thrust over her head.

It must have been some game that they played together or some sudden whim on Eric's part, but the tie around her wrists was the last piece I needed to turn me into a sexual animal. She was like a sacrifice now, an entirely willing sexual victim, and Eric squatted at the end of the sofa holding her down for me like an evil priest, offering his wife to me, waiting to see me take her.

I knew he was using me. He was playing with me like a matador plays with a bull, but I was in no condition to resist anymore. I didn't even bother to take my shirt off. I just tore it open so I could feel her tits against my chest. My pants and shorts were all bunched up right below my ass, but I didn't pay any attention to that either. I clumsily got on the sofa as she opened her legs for me.

There was such a tangle of clothing and body parts that I don't know how we did it, but I entered her effortlessly, the head of my cock sliding into the tight stricture of her sheath at the same moment she lifted her hips and impaled herself on me. She wailed with a cry of female pain and satisfaction, a cry that said I was everything she wanted, everything she'd been dying for.

I pushed hard, instinctively reaching for the depths within her. I felt the cold of my zipper trapped between us, pressing against her pussy, but I couldn't bother with that. I was in her, bathing in her warmth, and Ellen spread her legs and pushed her body up against me in that maddening expression of female acceptance, that wild and possessive hunger.

For a long moment neither of us moved, shocked at what we'd done. The deed was complete, there was no going back, and now nothing would ever be the same. Eric didn't know—he couldn't have known—but my cock went into her and she pushed herself up on it and both of us knew that everything had changed forever.

Eric let go of the tie but Ellen kept her hands right where they were, stretched over her head, rapturous at playing the victim. As Eric stood up I caught sight of his expression, strangely smug and self-satisfied, then he came around to stand over us and watch as I began to fuck his wife, powerless to stop. My hips came back and pushed into her, pushed into her again, each time harder, barely hanging on to my control. There was no way he could have imagined what was going through our minds.

He was still dressed though, and so after watching us for a while, he walked over to the chair and started leisurely taking off his clothes. I took advantage of his absence to put my lips by her ear and whisper, "Ellen, I'm sorry. Forgive me."

Her eyes showed no remorse, no need for an apology. They just glowed with sexual heat. "Don't be," she breathed so that only I could hear. "Just fuck me, James. I want it. I want you."

I wanted to kiss her. I was dying to take her mouth and shove my tongue down her throat and suck the sweet breath out of her, but I knew that was the one thing I couldn't do. As long as Eric was there, I couldn't kiss her.

"Move up a little bit," Eric said, coming back to the couch. "Give me room."

He was naked from the waist down, hard and erect, and he knelt on the sofa, putting one knee on the cushion next to her head. He held her bound wrists in one hand, and steered his cock towards her mouth with the other.

I couldn't watch. All sorts of weird things came into my head—rage and jealousy and even homosexual fear, male pride and disgust with myself for even taking part in this—but of course I couldn't ignore it, and as Eric took her hair in his other hand and forced her face up towards his waving cock, I had to look.

I levered myself up on my arms, trying to get as far away from the scene of her degradation as I could. Ellen was passive. She sucked him, but not like she'd sucked me, not with that greedy hunger, and she was no longer content to be his prisoner either. She wrenched her wrists from his grasp, and quickly worked her way free from the tie. She used one hand to hold Eric's prick and keep him at bay, and with the other she reached down and dug her nails into my ass, pulling me tight into her, showing me she wanted me there.

There was nothing I could do. I was the beggar at this banquet, and I couldn't very well push him off his own wife, and to my shame I began to get into it, feeling as if it were my cock that was fucking her mouth too, my cock she was sucking. Her eyes were closed, her cheeks hollowed. Maybe she was trying to make him come as quickly as she could, or maybe she enjoyed it too, and why not? Her husband and her lover at the same time.

I started fucking her hard, squeezing her tits and wanting to hurt her, slamming into her so that she grunted obscenely with every thrust and my passion seemed to ignite hers. She managed to suck his cock while her hips bucked up at mine in perfect



synchronicity, her pussy reaching up to take me in again and again. Eric's face was intent, mad with lust, his eyes glued to her slaving lips as he combed her hair out of the way so he could watch every second of his wife's degradation. He must have been more aroused than either of us, because he quickly reached the breaking point, gasping and panting, shoving her hips against her face and making her wail.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck, you bitch! You filthy whore!"

He pulled his prick from her mouth and as Ellen tried to recover, he pumped himself once, twice, and began to ejaculate, holding her face still with his fingers tangled in her hair.

Ellen moaned. She tried to move her face but his grip was too tight, and as she gasped for breath he pumped stream after stream of white ejaculate over her lips and tongue, his cock jerking obscenely like a one-eyed monster. It was terrible. It was incendiary. His fury and his need to degrade her were obvious, and I got sick with myself for getting so aroused.

He let her go and staggered back, and Ellen immediately tried to wipe the cum off her face with the back of her hand. Eric stood there in all his satisfied male glory, combing his hands through his hair, his chest heaving, looking at his wife's defiled face as the last drops of cum seeped from his cock. He gave one short, nervous laugh and sat down heavily in the chair behind him.

I'd stopped when he started to come, and now I hung motionless over her as she tried to wipe his cream from her lips and face. For the first time I saw her shame and felt her remorse and humiliation, and out of my own confusion of feelings, my heart went out to her.

Eric stood up. "Go ahead. Finish her. Get your nuts off. I'm going to go get a drink."

He walked into the kitchen. My cock was still inside her, but neither of us was moving, then I felt her body shake with one great sob.

I probably should have stopped then. I should have just pulled out of her and cleaned myself off and gone on my way, ashamed and chagrined, just as Eric had planned, but I couldn't leave her like that. I couldn't forget the things she'd given me, or the things she'd made me feel. Things like that don't lie. Not like their marriage lied.

Her face was to the side. She was trying to spit out his cum, still wiping her mouth. I grabbed her wrists and stopped her. I took her face in my hand and turned it to me, forcing her to look at me, even as she tried to twist away. I held her like that and I kissed her. I kissed her hard and deep, my tongue plunging into her mouth even as she tried to block me with her own tongue, trying to hide her shame. I tasted her husband's seed in her mouth and I wouldn't let her get away. I made her kiss me, and I shoved my cock into her, and with a deep, shuddering sob, she threw her arms around me and kissed me back.

We broke the kiss just as the kitchen door swung open and Eric came in, stark naked, a fresh drink in his hand. He sat down in the same chair. "Don't let me bother you two," he said. "You're really something."

I was torn between my self-consciousness and my incredible lust. I tried to ignore him. Ellen did too, but it was futile. It was impossible to go on under his steady gaze.

"You really are beautiful," Eric said to Ellen. "I wish you would've fucked me like that, but I guess it's never going to happen now, is it?"

Neither of us answered. We'd stopped now. I could feel myself starting to shrink, just as I noticed Eric growing until he was hard again. He must have found the sight of his wife with another man to be particularly arousing.

He got out of his chair. "Get up. Both of you. James, why don't you get your clothes off and get comfortable? Ellen, you too. We don't want to ruin your dress."

He stood up and left the room.

I had no idea what he was up to, but going on under these conditions seemed pointless, so I did as he said, climbing off Ellen and standing up. The tide of lust that had been so ready to drown us both now receded, and I stood there feeling self-conscious and not a little ashamed. Ellen slid out of her dress, picked it up and folded it, then laid it on the coffee table. She sat back down on the sofa and tried to smile at me.

"Okay," Eric said, coming back into the room with something in his hand. "James, sit on the sofa. My lovely wife, straddle him, cock inside. It used to be one of your favorite positions, darling. Back when we were still fucking."

Ellen gave him a hateful look. This was still Eric's show and we couldn't just walk out. At least she couldn't. I could have. I could have walked out of their lives right then and there, but I didn't. Ellen had stood up and was fastening her hair on top of her head. It was warm in there, and I suppose she wanted her hair off her neck, and seeing that innocent and commonplace gesture performed by this woman about to fuck two men again made my balls suddenly tingle and my stomach grow tight. I didn't know how she could be so calm, so dispassionate.

Ellen pushed me down on the sofa, right where Eric had indicated. Her face was absolutely calm as she put her knees on the cushions on either side of me, took hold of my resurrected prick, and adjusted herself over me.

I realized then that this would be her last time with Eric. She was paying him off, giving him his one last shot.

"I know what he wants," she said to me. "He wants me to beg him not to, but I'm not going to. I'm not his possession. Stay with me, James. Will you stay with me?"

I wasn't sure what was happening, but I said, "Whatever you want."

"Yeah. Stay with her, James. You won't want to miss this."

She rose up on her knees and I groaned as she ran the head of my fully erect cock up and down her soaked crease, opening herself up for me, wetting me and getting me ready. Then she sunk down on me, gasping with pleasure, her hands on my shoulders.

I didn't have to do anything. Ellen pushed herself down on top of me, enclosing me in her delicious heat. I let my head fall back with a groan of pleasure, and immediately felt her lips on mine, kissing, nipping, rubbing and sighing with salacious pleasure. Whatever prohibition we'd had against kissing in front of Eric was now gone, and as soon as I responded to her kiss, Ellen grabbed my hair in her hands and began kissing me ravenously.

"Agghhh!" Ellen suddenly tensed and rose up on my cock, but she kept her lips pressed against mine. I could see Eric kneeling behind her, and I realized what he was doing.

He was greasing her up. The thing in his hand was a jar of lubricant, and now he was greasing her up, smearing it around her ass.

I started to get up. I couldn't let him do this, but Ellen kept her mouth glued to mine and dug her nails into my shoulders in warning.

"Let him," she whispered into my mouth. "I knew it would come to this. Just be there for me, James. Just hold me and let him do it. It'll be just us two, like he's not even there, and then it'll be over."

"Jesus, Ellen! How can you...?"

Eric spoke: "Better listen to her, James. She knows what she's talking about. I don't want much. I just want what's mine. And so far she's still mine."

Ellen winced again, stifling a groan and pulling me tight against her so that her tits pressed hard against my chest, and I knew Eric had shoved another finger into her ass and was twisting them around, stretching her. Her brows furrowed and she gasped as she tried to get used to him, but her entire body was tense, her hands shaking.

"Better now," she gasped. "It's better now. That's the worst part. It's better now."

Eric got to his feet, stood close behind her and rested his knees against the edge of the couch, between my own spread legs. He had one hand on his cock, smearing lube on it, the other on Ellen's shoulder.

"Slide forward," he told me, and I did as he said. "Now open her up for me. Spread her cheeks."

"Christ, Eric!"

"Do as he says, James." Ellen leaned forward, holding on to the back edge of the sofa.

The crack of her ass was greasy, smeared with lubricant, and I had to wipe my hands on the sofa before I could get a grip on her buttocks. I spread her apart, wincing in agony as if I were the one about to be impaled, and Ellen took her weight off me, getting up on her knees and half-lying on my body. She slid her hands into my hair and held onto my head, her mouth right at my ear so I could hear her every breath as Eric got his prick in place and started pushing into her.

She yelped, her body jerking as if she'd been struck. "Ow! Slow, damn you! Slow!" she hissed over her shoulder.

My eyes went wide. I could see Eric's face over her right shoulder, tense and furious with concentration as he pushed his greasy prick into her asshole. I felt chills. Ellen's nipples were like diamonds against my chest.

Eric groaned, a wicked, predatory smile on his face. "Oh yeah. She's good back here. Fucking tight!"

Ellen pressed her face into my shoulder and moaned, then raised her head and looked at me, her eyes cloudy with pain. "Kiss me!" she gasped. "Kiss me!"

She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of hearing her groan. She wanted me to plug her mouth with mine, muffle any noise she might make as his big cock slithered up into her ass.

I kissed her. I put my hand on the back of her head, and held her face to mine, though it was hardly necessary. She already had her hands full of my hair, and was holding my face against hers, kissing and licking my mouth in an open-mouthed frenzy as her husband fucked her ass.

Eric tensed. I could feel the tightness in his body communicated through Ellen. He tensed again, and then it was my turn to cry out, because now I could feel Eric's big tool sliding into her. I could feel it in the way it made her pussy tighten on my prick, and then I could feel that thick, muscular shaft directly, plowing into her insides, right through the wall of her canal.

"Oh Christ!" I moaned. "I can feel him!"

But if I could feel him, what must Ellen have been feeling? Her face was down now, her forehead pressed against mine, ass thrust out, my prick still firmly ensconced inside that tight, quivering sheath. She was panting like a woman in labor, mouth open, eyes clenched shut against the pain, but I knew the worst was over.

"There, baby," she whispered hotly in my ear. "He's in me. It's over. It's okay. I'm okay."

Again that night my emotions felt ripped out of me, torn and shredded in wild confusion. I loved this woman. I knew that now, and I wanted to protect her, but what right did I have? What claim did I have on her? Stuck at the bottom of this obscene sandwich, with the weight of both their bodies on top of me, there was nothing I could do but sit there and witness what he was doing to her.

Ellen's hair had come undone and hung down in big, unruly hanks. Her face was filmed with perspiration, her lips dry with pain, but slowly she lifted herself up, pushing herself off me with her hands on my shoulders. She pushed herself upright and looked back at Eric.

"Fuck me, you son of a bitch! I can take it now. Do it!"

Eric squatted behind her, his hands on her shoulders. His face was a dark mask of fury and revenge, and I felt him screw his dick around inside her. I could feel every move he made in the way Ellen's pussy moved around me. I could feel the hard mass of his prick pressing against mine through the rubbery wall of her sheath. It was almost as if I were getting fucked too.

He began to pump into her, the head of his cock pushing against the bottom of my own shaft, and it was more than I could stand. I grabbed hold of her thighs and began to join him, fucking up into that tight pussy as Eric shoved into her ass. I didn't want to hurt her, didn't even want to be a party to this, but she just felt so good and so tight, and the sight of her being taken this way was just maddening. The woman I loved—a whore, a slut, taking two cocks at once.

Eric must have felt her acceptance and lack of resistance. He began to fuck her hard, growling and grunting with the effort as his belly slapped against her ass and he sent his big shaft sliding into her rectum. She collapsed over me, seeking my mouth, even as her body bucked and jerked with every savage thrust.

She kissed me feverishly, frantically, showing me with her mouth everything he was making her feel. His cock was sliding and pushing against mine through the walls of her vagina, and I could clearly feel his rage and anger in the way he fucked her, but she was right: it was as if we were alone, as if he weren't even there, as if he were some sex toy or dildo plugged into her ass. He might have her body, he might be fucking her ass, but her feelings and emotions belonged only to me. She shared them only with me.



"Hold me, James! Hold me! He's going to come! He's getting ready to come!" Her words were breathless, clipped, gasped out of her slack lips, but I could look up at Eric's face and see that she was right. His face was dark with suffused blood, furious, on the very edge of release.

"Ahh! Fuck!" he growled. "Fucking bitch! Take my cum! Take me!"

Ellen squealed, rose up on her knees and pressed herself against me.

"Hold me, baby! Hold me!"

I felt him come. I felt that big, hard mass pressing against my own cock throb and jerk, felt Eric's frantic thrusts into Ellen's body, and I knew he was spitting his cum into her ass. I pressed her mouth to mine and shoved my tongue into her as if I could taste him if I went deep enough. I held her with all my strength.

The throbbing stopped. I felt the pressure relent as he shrunk inside of her, and as he did, Ellen's body started to relax as well.

Eric pulled out of her and got shakily to his feet. He looked down at us with something like contempt, then went to the chair and sat down.

I knew then that he was done. Whatever hold he'd had over her—whatever respect she'd felt for him—was over and done with. Ellen stayed pressed against me, her lips locked against mine. I felt Eric's semen running down over my balls, still warm from her body, but Ellen didn't even seem to notice it. She only had eyes for me.

She began to fuck me, moving her bruised and battered body over me, squeezing me inside and drawing me into her. It was all over now. All the deals had been made; all the debts had been paid. Now it was just her and me fucking, feverishly intent on sucking the joy from each other's body.

I grabbed onto her ass and began to guide her up and down, faster and faster, making her ride me like a jockey in the home stretch. I began to fuck up into her with a strength I didn't know I possessed, knocking the breath from her body and mashing her pussy flat in my frenzy of possession. Ellen held onto me for dear life, her arms wrapped around my head as if in danger of being thrown off, and soon I was pistoning up into her with terrible speed, my loins smacking against her with an obscene slapping sound.

"Oh fuck!" I shouted, not caring who heard. "I'm coming, Ellen! I'm coming!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she screamed and then covered my mouth with hers, pressed herself against me as I exploded into her in a ripping, ferocious orgasm, conscious of nothing but Ellen's body trembling on top of me.

When it was over, I was drained. All the anguish, the shame, the tension and fear—everything was just drained out of me. Ellen still lay on top of me, gasping for breath.

Eric stood up and said, "Fine. I guess you'll want to go home with him then. Just leave me the keys to the shop."

He offered us another drink, just to show us there were no hard feelings, but we declined. There was no point in staying.

It would be nice if Ellen and I had run away together and lived happily ever after, but life's not that simple. She couldn't leave the store, and a divorce would have been expensive. She did go home with me that night, the first of many nights, and our romance turned into something beautiful—odd, but still beautiful.

We often talked about that night, and I asked her whether she'd known what was going to happen back at their place, whether she'd known about the three-way. Her answer was yes, she'd known. She'd agreed to it, in fact. She wasn't comfortable cheating on her husband, but she had no qualms about cheating with him. She was a remarkable woman.

She still went into the store, and Eric remained a friend, or maybe associate was a better word. He'd taken to combing through the estate sales and flea markets for old records hunting for another big find, so I never had the heart to tell him that I'd had that Robert Johnson record in my possession from the start. That would only have queered the deal.

## About Elliott Mabeuse

*Dr. Mabeuse is an award-winning author with four books published by [Ellora's Cave](#), including *Overcoming Abigail*, nominated for a 2005 Cupid and Psyche Award for BDSM from the Romance Studio and *A Game of Dress-Up*, winner of a 2006 EcataRomance Critic's Choice Award. He's also published with [Renaissance](#), [eXtasy](#), and makes his debut with [Harlequin](#) in May of this year.*

*Links to his novels may be found on his [webpage](#) and he maintains an open [Yahoo group](#). He also publishes extensively at [Literotica.com](#), where he can often be found hanging around instead of writing.*

*Write him at [dr\\_Mabeuse@yahoo.com](mailto:dr_Mabeuse@yahoo.com). He likes getting mail and does his best to answer.*

*Of his biography, Dr. Mabeuse says: "Everyone connects to the world in some way, and I seem to connect through sex. I'm drawn to the extreme and the extraordinary in all things, and I like to explore the farther edges of passion and desire in what I write. What interests me now is not so much the things people do, but how they feel about what they do—male and female dynamics, how we connect to ourselves and each other and to the world at large. I tend to be intense and my writing shows that, but I really value my sense of humor above all, and I expect it to sustain me should the fires of sexual passion ever burn out."*

**I AM NOBODY'S**  
**By Emma Hillman**

**Prologue**

"I don't know what to do."

"Don't look at me, it's not my decision."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Very helpful."

"What do you want from me? I'm not going to beg you to stay."

"I never asked you that!" I felt my voice rise again and forced myself to calm down. He had a way of making me lose control. Sometimes it could be good, very good indeed, especially if we were together in bed. But other times, like now, I just really wanted to hit him. "Never mind," I finally replied before leaving the room.

\* \* \* \*

"You're such a dickhead."

Noah glared back at me and quickly left the room.

"That went well." Kade's eyebrows rose.

"Shut up," I snapped back. Rubbing my tired eyes, I sat down in a corner of the dressing-room. Fuck, fuck, fuck. I could never get anything right!

"What's going on?"

"Nothing that concerns you, Kade."

"It does if it has an impact on Noah's performance."

I laughed, the sound sharp and brittle. "Do you really think this is going to affect him? You know him better than that surely."

He sighed, his hand grabbing mine. "Why do you stay with him?"

"I don't know."

He nudged my chin with his free hand and our gazes locked. I felt my eyes widen at the intensity in his. Uh oh. Time to run.

I tugged my hand free, jumped up from my chair and ran out of the room.

\* \* \* \*

This wasn't good.

It'd taken me a while but I'd finally understood why I was still in this situation. Why, even if Noah was driving me nuttier by the minute, I was still sharing his room. The ex-girlfriend who didn't want to cut free.

It was pathetic.

And it was all his fault.

## **Chapter One**

"Do you really think I can't see what's happening?"

"Uh?" I looked up from my book. I was sitting against the headboard, Noah sprawled at the end of the bed as he played some kind of video game. "What?"

His eyes never leaving the plasma screen in front of him, he said, "I see the way he looks at you."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Don't lie to me, baby. I know you better than anyone else on this tour."

"Considering we were together for six months, I sure hope so," I commented before focusing on my book once again.

"I won't hold it against you."

That was it. I sighed and dropped the book onto the bedspread next to me. “What the hell does that mean?”

He pressed ‘pause’ on his joystick and turned around to face me. “If you want to fuck him,” he licked his lips and added, “I won’t mind.”

I gasped but remained silent for a moment, unable to find a suitable response. “You’re joking, right?”

He shook his head. “Nope. I can see he wants you. And we’re not together anymore after all.”

“You wouldn’t mind if I had sex with Kade?” I was past incredulous.

“Nope. It’s your life.”

I looked at him, taking in the boy I’d come to love and hate. He appeared unfazed, making me realize he’d obviously thought about this. “I don’t get it.” I really didn’t.

“What’s not to get? You want him, right?” He didn’t even wait for my approval before he added, “Why don’t you go see if he’s in his room?”

“Now?”

“Sure.” He looked at what I was wearing. “Just change your clothes first. Wear something sexy. And put on some make-up—he likes make-up.”

I blinked. This was just too weird. Why was Noah pushing me into his friend’s bed all of a sudden? And why in hell wasn’t he at least a little bit jealous? “You don’t seem to mind.”

He shrugged. “I told you. We’re over. You can do whatever you want with whomever you want.”

“Even Kade.”

“Yup.”

That’s when I realized something else. If I slept with Kade, Noah would be able to sleep with whomever he wanted too.

Of course.

God, I really was stupid.

He just wanted to be free to screw a groupie or two with no guilt.

\* \* \* \*

And just because I wanted to make his life difficult, I’d ignored his advice and gone back to my book. He’d growled a few times, made a few scathing remarks but I’d kept on ignoring him and he’d grown bored of it after a while.

I’d turned the lights off an hour or so later and climbed into bed. He’d joined me some time during the night, his body nearly touching mine.

I knew what he wanted. After that fateful day, when he’d decided we were over, we’d tried going cold turkey. Except that doing nothing after so many months making love several times a day had proved too much—for the both of us.

So here I was, still hanging on. Still in his bed.

It was torture being with Noah like this. Because a part of me still loved him. The part he hadn’t crushed when he’d told me all those things. How I wasn’t enough. That it wasn’t fun anymore. That he wanted something else from his life.

I had yelled and screamed and cried. It had changed nothing.

So why was I still here?



I turned around and snuggled against his side. His hand drifted under my shirt and palmed my breast. My back arched and I moaned when his fingers pulled on a hardened nipple. I just wasn't sure anymore if it was a good thing or not that he knew me so well, knew what to do to arouse me with just a few caresses.

Fingers slid down my stomach and I opened my legs, eager to feel his touch. I was already wet, partly because I'd been waiting for this, partly because of the book I'd just read. Everyone kept making fun of my taste in books but I needed a little romance in my life. Okay, so the love scenes were great too.

His thumb pressed against my clit, my hips jerking up at the sudden caress.  
"Noah!"

He chuckled, one long finger drifting further down until it entered me. He pumped it a few times, the thrusts too shallow to make me come but they were enough to make me start panting.

I turned so I was on my back and felt him move on top of me. He was already naked, his knee stretching my thighs apart.

And then he was there. He brushed the head of his cock against me, gathering moisture, covering himself with my own juices before he entered me in one long thrust. My hands automatically wrapped around his biceps. My eyes closed even though the room was dark. I held on and opened myself to the pleasure he was giving me.

It was still good. He still took care of me and my needs. He just never kissed me. Oh, he kissed my breasts from time to time, even the rest of my body. But his lips never met mine for one of his intense kisses.

And I missed those.

I really did.

\* \* \* \*

So when Kade leaned above me the next day, I simply closed my eyes and let him kiss me.

It wasn't bad. It was actually pretty good, but it felt weird to feel another man's body against mine. I'd been in Noah's arms only hours before after all.

"Did I read you wrong?"

I stepped back. "What?"

"I thought you wanted this."

"I...did, I guess."

"You guess?"

I shrugged and turned away. His hand clasped my shoulder and he forced me to face him once again. "I talked to Noah. He said you were okay with this."

That's when I felt my eyes pop out of my face. "Okay?"

He nodded. "Yeah. He said you'd discussed it last night. That you wanted me too so it was fine if we—" He stopped talking, his face hardening. "He lied to me, didn't he?"

"Not exactly." I ran my left hand through my hair, my very shaky hand. "He mentioned that you wanted to, ah, have sex with me, but I never agreed."

"Fuck!" He erupted. His fist reached the nearest wall, making me jump. "I'm going to kill him! I'm going to—"

I shouted, "KADE!"

He took a deep breath and stared back at me. "Yes?"

"We've got twenty minutes before the sound check, right?"

He nodded.

“Let’s go then.” I grabbed his hand and tugged him out of the dressing room.

“Where are we going?”

“What do you think?”

I heard him gulp behind me but didn’t turn around. I was on a mission. Noah wanted me to fuck his friend, no problem. He said he was fine with it, that I was fine with it.

Well, FINE!

\* \* \* \*

I pushed Kade against the wall of a dirty closet then dropped to my knees. Thank god I’d decided to wear jeans that morning, I told myself as I saw the state of the tiled floor. Yuck.

“What are you doing?”

“What do you think?” I repeated, earning myself a growl. Looking up at his blank face, I forced myself to calm down. “You want this or not?” Considering my hands were already busying themselves with his belt, I was pretty sure of his answer.

“Yeah but I hadn’t expected our first time to be like this,” he replied, eyeing our surroundings with apparent disgust.

That was sweet.

“It’ll have to do.” I pushed down his trousers and stared at his cock. I should have known he’d go commando. I’d heard enough about this thing of his over the past few months. Damned man was predictable after all.

And huge.

I never thought I'd see someone bigger than Noah. Well, there ya go. Two in the same band. What were the odds?

"Nice." I grinned as I took him in my hand.

He moaned and his head thumped against the wall. Ouch, that must have hurt. Didn't seem to bother him though as his fingers raked through my hair. I bent down and licked his slit until pre-cum rolled over my tongue. Spurred by his obvious enthusiasm, I sucked in his head, my right hand moving up until it was cupping his balls. He growled, a loud noise that nearly made me look up in shock but his hands had tightened around the back of my head.

So I went back to what I'd been doing—giving Kade pleasure. I was going to make him come so loud everyone standing backstage would hear.

I wasn't happy and I guess it showed. But it didn't matter as long as the man looming above me left sated and happy.

And guess what? He did.

\* \* \* \*

"Where were you?" Noah welcomed me back into the dressing room with a murderous glare.

I smiled, licked my lips and replied, "Sucking Kade off. What about you?" I watched as his mouth opened then shut. I grinned widely and sauntered back out of the room.

I'm pretty sure I won that round.

## Chapter Two

A very sweaty Kade sat down next to me as our cramped tour bus sped along the dark streets of Toronto. For once we wouldn't sleep in it however. We were actually going to a hotel. Everyone rejoice! "Stay with me tonight."

I looked at him and shook my head. "I'm not sure that's a good idea."

"Do you really think sleeping in Noah's room is a better idea?"

I stared at Noah, sprawled against the window, and sighed. After our little showdown that afternoon, he'd basically ignored me. Which irked me to no end!

What was the point of me doing all that if he didn't even react?

But Kade's point made sense. "You're right. I'll need to get my stuff first though."

"Sounds good. I'll take a shower in the meantime."

I laughed as he wiped sweat off his forehead. "No kidding."

"What? You don't like sweat?"

"Not for what I have in mind, no."

His eyes darkened. "Is that right? Can I know what you have in mind or will it be a surprise like earlier?"

I felt Noah's gaze on us and leaned closer to Kade. "Mmm, I'm not sure I should tell you now."

"Why not?" He breathed against my lips.

"It might turn you on and we don't want that. Not here anyway."

"I don't see the problem. It's not like there aren't bunks out back." He grinned.

I shook my head, thinking back to all the times we'd fooled around, Noah and I, in his bunk. Or mine. Arg! I had to stop doing this.

Kade's mouth met mine, effectively interrupting my wandering thoughts. I wrapped my arms around his neck and pressed myself closer, enjoying the feel of his hard chest crushing my breasts.

It felt good to be kissed. It felt even better that he was doing it in front of everyone else.

\* \* \* \*

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Noah asked as soon as I stepped inside his room.

"Not that it's any of your business but I'm grabbing some of my stuff before meeting Kade in his room."

"Grab everything while you're at it."

"I don't think so," I replied as I stepped past him. Rummaging through one of my suitcases, I made a point of pulling out the camisole set I knew he loved—or used to love. "I'm going to change. Don't open the door," I added as I stepped into the bathroom.

"It's not like I haven't seen it all before," he muttered.

I whirled around. "You're right."

Before he could say anything else, I dropped my jeans to the floor. Wriggling my panties down my legs, I stepped out of them and grinned. Bottom half done! I pulled my top over my head and did quick work of my bra. Now standing naked in front of Noah, I looked up at him and froze.

That look in his eyes. I loved that look. It usually meant he was going to pounce on me in a second.

True to form, I suddenly found myself tackled to the bed. Lucky I'd been standing in front of it because falling to the floor would have hurt a lot more.

"You drive me nuts," he mumbled before his lips closed around my right breast. He bit on my nipple, hardening it before I'd fully realized what was happening. Then he was doing the same to my left one, my hands grabbing onto his hair as I wrapped my legs around his waist.

Thick denim brushed my clit, making me see stars. "Oh!" I started rocking my hips, getting myself off while he played with my breasts.

"Stop it!" His hands clamped on my hips, fingers digging into my soft skin.

"Why?"

He never replied. Instead he pulled me up until I was standing, sandwiched between him and the mattress at my back. Then he turned me around and my stomach fluttered. Oh yes, I knew what was coming!

\* \* \* \*

I was writhing on the bed, Noah pounding into me as if he was on fire. It sure felt that way to me anyway. Heat was pulsing in my veins in time with his thrusts. It was intense and hot and way too good. Did I mention hot?

"Noah!" I shrieked as he hit that spot inside me that made my stomach clench.

"Fuck," he growled back, slamming into me. It was a good thing he'd licked me earlier because I was pretty sure I'd be hurting right now otherwise. He was rough but I didn't care. It felt too good. *He* felt too good.

I felt him tense and instinctively tightened around him. Pleasure swept through me and I screamed.

And then I fell face first onto the bed.

\* \* \* \*

I stepped out of the bathroom, my hair hanging down my back in wet curls. I didn't have time to dry it. I hadn't had a choice about the shower though. I wasn't sure seeing Kade with Noah's cum still inside me would be good first night manners. Ignoring Noah still lying on the bed, I quickly put on the silk camisole and matching panties. Dragging a summer dress from my open suitcase, I shrugged it on and looked at my reflection in the opposite mirror. I didn't have time to put make-up on but it would do.

"Have fun," Noah mumbled sarcastically behind me.

"Oh but I intend to," I snapped back. And then, I was off.

\* \* \* \*

I smiled at Kade's appreciative look and stepped past him. "Hey."

"Hey," he repeated as he closed the door. "I see you also managed to take a shower."

"Yup," I replied, praying he hadn't heard me scream my release. That would be pretty, pretty awkward.

"You look lovely." His hand cupped my hip and he pulled me closer.

"So do you," I honestly said, enjoying the way his jeans molded to his strong thighs. His naked chest was just at eye-level and that was also very nice. Mind you, I'd



already known he was handsome. Very handsome, I chided myself, my hand automatically coming up to rest on his abs.

“If you do this, I can’t promise I’ll be patient. Not after earlier.”

“Oh really?” I smirked. Stepping back, I grabbed the hem of my dress and lifted it over my head. “What about now?”

\* \* \* \*

Kade had been wrong. He could actually be very patient. He was currently taking a long and very slow tour of my nearly naked body.

I was lying on the bed, only wearing panties, the camisole having flown off the minute I’d landed there. He was still wearing his jeans but I was pretty sure there was nothing underneath them. Just that thought sent shivers down my spine.

Kade looked up at my flushed face and said, “I love how responsive you are.”

Ah! If he only knew I hadn’t reacted to the way he was caressing me but rather to my own thoughts...*Never mind. Let’s not tell him.*

“Take your jeans off.”

One eyebrow lifted. “Is that an order?”

I grinned. “Yup.”

With a lazy smile, he got off the bed. Three pops later and the buttons were free, the denim parting to reveal its grand prize. I exhaled at the sight—still as lovely as ever. Then he pushed them down his legs and I saw his thighs for the first time. *Oh my god! I think I’m in love!*

The phone rang, interrupting the moment. With a mumbled curse, Kade strode to the desk. As soon as I heard the words 'sound issues', I tuned out. Work talk was way too boring, especially if you were Kade and you needed to control every little detail of every little thing that happened on a daily basis. He was our keyboard player but also, and I guess most importantly, our tour manager. He was in charge and he was good at it but I was part of this tour too and did you see me checking my mike every five seconds? No! That's because I was there to sing, not anything else. I wanted to share my music, my love of performing with everyone else. Kade loved music too, I knew that, but he wanted more from everything.

The man was a god...I mean, just look at him! Six feet tall, a body sculpted by his stops in every hotel's gym we stayed in. He had a chiseled face and a strong nose. His lips were a bit thin but his intense green eyes made up for it. He was nearly too handsome. But I still wouldn't want to live with him. I'd probably end up strangling him or something. Can you just imagine sharing the same house? Eek!

"Baby?"

I jerked back to the present. "Yeah?" I was leaning on my elbows, enjoying the view.

He'd pulled up his jeans but considering how hard he was, it was still nice to look at. Of course, I had a thing for his thighs now. I couldn't wait to get my hands on them!

"I've got to go."

"What?" I sat up swiftly. "Now?"

“Yeah, I’m sorry. There’s something wrong with the mikes and I have to go and hash it out with Tom. Someone’s been giving him false information apparently.” He sighed and sat beside me. “Do you want to wait for me?”

Considering the way I’d left Noah, it was probably better if I did. Right? But why did it suddenly feel wrong to stay in his room on my own? “I’m not sure. When will you be back?”

He rubbed his forehead tiredly. “I don’t know. Not long, I hope.” His hand cupped my breast and he softly kneaded it. “I want you.”

“I can see that.” I had to smile.

“Wait for me? Please?” He bent down and captured my lips.

Before I knew what was happening, I was on my back, Kade on top of me. He groaned and deepened the kiss, his hand never leaving my breast. He even took the time to tweak my nipple, making me arch up.

With a final peck, he was off. “I’ll be back.”

I watched the door close and tried to gain my breath back. Now what?

\* \* \* \*

I got bored.

Two hours later and Kade wasn’t back yet. I’d watched some TV, found a magazine on a table, even thought of taking a bath to while away the time in scented bubbles. I sighed and got up. There was no other choice, I was going to have to go back to Noah’s room.

There was only one problem. I was way too horny. I'd thought readying myself for Kade's return would be a nice surprise. Yeah, think again! That had been ages ago now but I was still wet. And aching. And yearning. And...

Help!

I kept thinking about what had happened earlier, Noah pounding into me, his breath on my neck and his fingers clamped on my hips. Well, that wasn't helping, was it?

Shaking my head at my own stupidity, I put my dress back on and grabbed the camisole in one hand. I was out of there.

### **Chapter Three**

I opened Noah's door, expecting the room to be dark and silent.

It was dark but he was sitting against the headboard, a joystick once again in his hands.

"Don't you ever stop playing?"

"Don't you ever stop being a fucking pain?" he replied, making me want to slap him.

Except I couldn't. I had something else in mind for him. Lucky for me, he was only wearing boxer-shorts.

I sighed as I stared at him for a second. He was just so sexy. His hair was mussed as if he'd raked his hands through it, blonde spikes all over his head. His eyes were focused on the TV and yet I knew their almost turquoise color as well as my own. He looked like a beach bum, all bronzed golden skin and cheery smile. Except he was

more than that. He was my ex-boyfriend, my lover. The man I'd thought I'd spend the rest of my life with.

We'd met on the circuit years earlier, had become friends almost instantly, our love of music making us kindred spirits. He played the guitar but he preferred drums. He sang but he preferred to stay out of the limelight, leaving that to me.

He'd been everything to me and look how well that'd turned out...

I stalked to the bathroom, took off my clothes, assessed myself in the mirror and shrugged. I had to try at least. Walking back out, I knew the instant he saw me. The beep indicating his character had died rang loudly as I climbed on the bed.

"What are you doing?"

"Going to bed. What does it look like?"

"Here? Like this?"

I sat down beside him. "Like what?"

His eyes narrowed as he stared back at me. "What's going on?"

"I need you," I simply replied, grabbing his joystick and depositing it on the bedstand. Of course, in order to do that, I had to reach over him. Funny that. My aching chest brushed his arm and I heard his intake of breath. Yes!

"No," he hissed through clenched teeth.

I fell against the headboard as he struggled to get off the bed. "Noah?"

"Don't look at me like that."

"Like what? And how can you see anyway? It's dark!"

"Didn't you have enough with Kade?"

"You know damn well he had to leave."

“How could I know that? I haven’t left my room!”

I snorted. “Pull another one, Noah.”

He sat in front of me and tugged on one distended nipple. “Like this?”

“That was lame.”

“Was it really?” He stared back at me. Fingers glided down my chest until they brushed against my core.

I jerked at the first feel of his fingers. God, that felt good. “Noah,” I sighed and leaned back, my legs widening.

“You’re so fucking wet. Were you really alone?”

“Yes.”

“What did you do?”

“Uh?” I didn’t understand his question, too caught up in the way his thumb was playing with me.

“Did you touch yourself?”

“Yeah,” I breathed out, my hips slowly picking up his rhythm. I braced my feet on the bedspread and grabbed his hand, pushing it lower.

“Did you make yourself come?”

“Noah, stop talking! I need you. Please.” I hated begging him but I’d been waiting far too long. I needed him inside me. Him, or...well, anyone for that matter.

One long finger slid into me right when a knock sounded on the door. Argh!

“Noah? Open the door. I need to talk to you.”

I froze at Kade’s voice. Of all the bloody times! I moaned as Noah moved away and put his finger in his mouth, licking it clean. “Don’t open the door.”

“I have to. You know how he is.” He got off the bed, apparently unashamed by the way his boxers tented.

I, however, needed to cover myself. And fast! Flinging myself off the bed, I barely managed to close the bathroom door behind me when the room was suddenly awash with light. Quickly retrieving my clothes, I grimaced when I put the panties back on. Fuck, I really need something here!

I stepped out of the bathroom just as Kade asked, “Where is she?”

“Right here.”

He looked at me and I could see he was checking to see what I was wearing. Considering it was exactly the same thing he’d left me in, well nearly enough, I guess that was fine with him. He smiled and held out his hand. “Wanna go back to my room?”

“It’s late,” Noah churlishly replied, hands crossed over his chest.

“Who are you? My dad?” I replied as I walked past him.

“I’m the one who made you come this evening. What about him?”

Kade stilled. “What?”

I shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant. Difficult that, under the circumstances. “We had sex. I was getting changed and Noah couldn’t contain himself when he saw me naked.”

“You didn’t stop me! You were screaming my name, baby.”

“I never said anything to the contrary.”

“I thought you’d broken up.”

“We’re not together anymore, that’s right,” I announced to all and sundry.

“But we still fuck each other on a daily basis.”

“You do?” Kade’s face was a blank canvas.

“We do,” I agreed, knowing it was stupid to deny it. Noah would find another way of telling Kade, I was sure of it. “If that bothers you, I’ll understand. I mean...” I let my voice trail. Frankly, they were a bunch of dickheads as far as I was concerned. They’d agreed about this, had talked about me being okay with it all, so what was the fucking problem? I was opening my mouth to tell them just that when Kade beat me to it.

“No problem. So, are you coming with me or not?”

I gasped but grabbed the hand he offered. Ignoring Noah, we left the room.

## **Chapter Four**

“So,” Kade said as soon as we’d stepped into his room. “Have you done anything since I left?”

“Not really.” I stopped short, just realizing I’d walked into the corridor with only my underwear on. Nice!

“What do you mean by not really?”

“Oh, well...” I sat down on his bed and scooted backwards until I was leaning on my elbows. “I thought it’d be nice if I, you know, got myself ready for you...but you never showed up.”

He was in the process of climbing on the bed but that stopped him short. “You mean?” His gaze centered on my soaked panties.

“Yep. And I was so turned on I had to do something about it.”

“So you went back to Noah.”

I nodded. “Nothing happened though.”



“Nothing at all?” he asked, his thumbs hooking around my underwear before sliding it off my legs.

Feeling proactive, I sat up and quickly shed my camisole. Flinging it to my left, I went back to my erstwhile position, but this time my thighs were wide open. He settled between them and stared at my pussy. “I asked you a question,” he remarked, his hands smoothing their way up my legs.

That felt so good it took me a while to remember the question. “He...might have played with me a little. But it was nothing much. And I didn’t come!”

But I desperately needed to.

“What did he do exactly?” His fingers stopped right before they’d have hit something good.

Damn it! “You sure you want to know this?”

“I’m asking the question, aren’t I?”

Fuck. “Okay, okay. Well, he, ah, played with my breasts.”

His right hand came to rest on my chest. “Like this?”

“No, he—” Argh! “Tugged on them.”

Fingers wrapped around one nipple and pulled. “Better?”

“Yes,” I exhaled as my insides clenched in reaction.

“What else?”

“He put a finger inside me.”

“Just one?” I nodded as his hand dropped down. “What about two instead?” he said right before pushing them into me.

I shrieked and fell on my back, my hips arched.

“Isn’t that better?” he asked, his voice husky as he watched his fingers slide in and out of me.

“Much...better,” my voice croaked.

“I thought so.” He slid down, his fingers never stopping their movements, until his tongue touched me at the same time.

This time, I screamed. He didn’t stop though. He kept on licking until I was writhing on the bed, screaming and begging for him to finish me off. Each time I came close, he stopped and diverted his attention to nipping at my thighs.

“Please, please, please Kade!”

He looked up at my pleading face and smirked. “I guess I made you wait long enough.”

I knew he was getting a kick out of my begging him but I didn’t care. All I wanted was to feel pleasure sweep through me. I didn’t even care that it was just his fingers inside me. I just wanted to come.

And when he started sucking on my clit, I did.

I came so hard I think I blacked out for a second.

\* \* \* \*

“Move your butt, baby.”

I blinked and forced my eyes open. “What?”

Kade was lying down beside me, naked apart from the condom already decorating him. Maybe I’d been out for more than a second then. Too bad I’d missed watching him undress. “I want you on top.”

“Now?” Shoot. I was tired!

“Yes. I want to play with your tits while you ride me.”

The image burst in my mind and I sat up. Well, okay then!

“Right.” I moved up to my knees and straddled his thighs. Cupping his cock in my hand, I slowly pumped him—once, twice, until he growled at me to hurry up. I didn’t think hurrying would do any good. I might be wetter than usual but he was still also bigger than usual. Shoot, was it going to fit? I thought as I eyed him.

Taking a deep breath, I moved until I could feel his hard length poking me. Closing my eyes, I pressed down and slowly took him inside me.

“Fuck yeah. Slowly, baby. Do it slowly, inch by inch.”

Trust me when I say it took me a while. I felt my walls stretch around him, the sweet friction making me moan in pleasure. And that was before he even started moving!

Down and down I went until he was finally in to the hilt. I exhaled loudly, “Wow.”

He chuckled, the reverberations making my insides clench. “You’re so fucking tight.” His hands grasped my hips as he pulled me up.

I went with it, soon falling into the rhythm he’d established. Bracing myself on his shoulders, I leaned closer and felt his teeth rake my nipple. “God.” He was really pulling out all the stops, I thought, as he bit me. I gasped but it felt good. Everything felt good.

I was so out of it he could have done anything with me.

\* \* \* \*

It was coming. I could feel it. That tension deep inside me. The one that grew and grew with each of his thrusts. I angled myself forward. Yes! Right there! I opened my

mouth, moans pouring out of me. Louder and louder until I screamed and clenched around him.

He stopped moving, letting me enjoy my climax. His lips brushed my chest and clamped around my left breast. He sucked and pulled and I was falling.

Ten seconds later or maybe it was a minute, I couldn't say for sure, Kade let out a loud growl as he made me fall to the side. I shrieked but he'd already pushed me onto my back and was pounding away.

It hurt slightly but I couldn't care less. His pubic bone was hitting a very sweet spot and I wrapped my thighs around his waist in an effort not to lose contact.

This time I came in one scream. And so did he.

\* \* \* \*

I woke up the next day with a groan. My thighs ached, actually my whole body ached. Especially down there. Ouch. Kade might be a bit big for such vigorous lovemaking. I giggled at my own thoughts but groaned once again when I forced myself to leave his nice, comfy bed.

"Babe?"

I looked up and spotted him in the bathroom doorway. Damn man was only wearing a towel wrapped around his lean hips. He looked so good I felt myself start to get very warm indeed. No no no. I ached. Another round would probably kill me. Or make me indisposed for the next few days at least. And that would never do!

"Morning," I yawned then yelped when I took a step.

"What's wrong?" He hurried to my side.

“Nothing. I should probably go.” I stumbled towards my underwear and bit my lip when I had to bend over to retrieve it from the floor.

“Did I hurt you last night?” A palm came to rest gently on my butt.

“It’s fine, Kade. Don’t worry.”

“It’s not fine. Can I do anything to help?”

I shook my head and hurried to get dressed. The camisole was easy to put back on. The panties, though, took a little bit of effort. I was swearing inwardly by the time I stood back up again.

“Come here.”

I very willingly went into his arms. “See you later?” I asked, staring up at him.

“Yes,” he acknowledged my question. “Take a warm bath and put a wet towel between your thighs. It’ll help.”

I felt my eyebrows rise. “Uh? Okay.”

He chuckled at my amazement. “I’m well-endowed, baby. It’s not the first time this has happened.”

“Oh, I see. Well, thanks, I’ll go do that.”

“Do you want to stay here?”

I shook my head and with a sigh, left his pleasant embrace. “No, I should go back to Noah’s room.”

“I’ll tell him it’s my fault if you want.”

I turned around at the door. “What?”

“That you can’t have sex this morning.”

I blinked. Suuure. “Okay.” Whatever, dude. Those two were way too weird sometimes. I closed the door just as Kade picked up his cell phone.

\* \* \* \*

“So he got too rough.”

I stepped inside Noah’s room and was welcomed by his tense face. I sighed.  
“No, not really. It’s just I ache a bit this morning so I’m gonna go slow and take a bath or something.”

“What about me?”

I stopped in front of him and looked down at his crotch. Damn guy hadn’t even bothered putting clothes on yet. “You’re gonna have to wait. Or you could go down to the lobby and pick up a groupie. Isn’t that what you’re going to do later anyway?” His eyes widened. Gotcha, Blondie. Did he really think I didn’t know him? “I’ll see you later,” I added and hurried to the bathroom.

\* \* \* \*

I was leaning back against the tub, enjoying the way the warm water was soothing my tired muscles. My thighs were wide open and the remnant pain was slowly but surely drifting away. Thank you Kade, I thought as I closed my eyes.

“You’re awfully tempting like this.”

I opened one eye and snapped it shut again. “Go away.”

“What if I don’t want to?”

“Can’t you see I’m tired?”

“And? It’s still my room.”

I forced myself to look up at him. “So what, Noah? Does that mean I should go back to Kade’s room instead?”

He exhaled loudly. “I never said that. Fuck, you can be such a pain sometimes.”

I grunted and dunked my head under water. Easier to ignore him that way.

## **Chapter Five**

We had a free day today and I’d managed to stay cooped up in the room and ignore them all. By the time I’d finished reliving my night with Kade however, I’d decided new lingerie was called for. After all, I was pretty sure I’d get to see him again tonight. Spurred by the thought, I’d grabbed a taxi and gone to the nearest mall.

And found the most amazing demi-bra ever. Imagining Kade’s fingers sliding down my top to find my bare breasts had been such a rush I’d hurried back to the hotel.

Barely taking the time to change into my new bra and thong, I’d rummaged through my suitcase to find a suitable low-cup top. Between that and the skirt that guaranteed easy access, I was ready.

Now all I needed was to find Kade.

\* \* \* \*

“Oh no, you don’t.” Hands encircled my waist right after I’d knocked on Kade’s door.

Looking over my shoulder, I growled, “Let me go, Noah!”

“No. It’s my turn.”

“Since when?”

“Since it was his fault I didn’t get any this morning.”

I snorted. "You want me to believe you haven't had sex today? At all?"

He grimaced but replied, "I haven't."

"Uh." I grabbed his hands and managed to turn around to face him. I wanted to look straight into his eyes for this conversation. No way was he going to get away with lying to me. Not anymore. "Is that right?"

"Yep."

"Promise me."

He stilled and his eyes locked with mine, repeating, "I promise."

Fuck! He wasn't lying!

"What's happening here?" Kade's voice rang behind us.

"Noah says it's his turn."

"Is that right?"

I felt Kade loom close behind me, his chest brushing my back. Then his hands were the ones clasping my hips as he pulled me closer, his groin nestling against my butt. Mmm, nice.

"Fuck, Kade! She's mine tonight so back off!"

"What do you say, baby?" Kade's breath hit my neck, making me shiver.

"Well, I was knocking on your door, wasn't I?"

I could hear the smile in his voice when he said, "You heard her, Noah."

"I don't freaking care!" His face was red, his arms crossed over his chest in apparent rebellion.



Kade took a deep breath and tightened his hold on me. "Babe?" he whispered in my ear.

I turned slightly to the side and replied, "Yes?"

His eyes catching mine, he said, his voice low and husky, "What about we share you? Would that be okay with you?"

I gasped. "You both? Together?"

He nodded. "Yeah. It won't be the first time for us but...maybe that'd be too much for you."

Too much for me? Damn man knew I couldn't say no to that dare! Oh god. Should I? Could I? "I can say no whenever I want to and you'll back off?"

"Of course." His jeans suddenly felt ready to burst.

"Nothing weird or I'm out of here."

"Right. Noah?"

Noah's eyes were so wide he looked ready to keel over. "Yeah?"

"Would that be okay with you?"

"Fuck yeah!"

I couldn't help but giggle at his obvious delight.

Noah pushed on my shoulders until I was stepping back into the room, Kade guiding my feet. We stopped as soon as the door banged shut and I found myself staring at Noah, unsure of what to do next.

And then something amazing happened. He kissed me.

I moaned at the feel of his mouth on mine for the first time in ages. It felt so damn good I didn't realize Kade's hands had slid up my chest until fingers were tweaking my nipples through my thin top.

"What are you wearing under this?" he whispered in my ear, pressing himself against my butt.

Noah must have heard the question however as he broke the kiss and stepped away. With an amused look, he motioned Kade to lift my top off. I soon found myself displayed to their hungry gazes.

"Fuck babe. Is that new?"

I nodded, wondering suddenly why I felt the need to cover myself when I'd bought the damn bra for just that purpose! "I went shopping this afternoon." My voice was huskier than I'd ever heard it before.

"Nice of you to come prepared." Kade nipped the side of my neck, his hands going back to their erstwhile position.

I leaned back against him. "I thought you'd like it."

"I do. A lot." Soft fingers brushed circles around my left breast.

A head appeared in front of me, a blonde head that...Oh god. Noah's lips clamped around my right nipple just as Kade's fingers pinched my left one. I moaned out loud and held on to Noah's hair.

And this was just the beginning!

## **Chapter Six**

I soon found myself sandwiched between two naked men. Considering I was also naked and lying on the bed, it could have been worse. Especially when you took into account who the two men were. And what they looked like.

I was currently having fun with Kade's chest, nipping my way down his smooth skin. Then someone bit my butt and I yelped. "Noah!"

He chuckled. "Open your legs, baby."

"Oh," was all I managed to say as I widened my thighs. It wasn't the most comfortable position and I froze when I realize the view Noah was enjoying but...what the hell. This was a once in a lifetime opportunity, right? I went back to Kade's chest and tried my best not to moan too loud when a finger slid down my cleft.

Noah traced a line from my rose to my clit then back again. And again. He stopped at my entrance and hooked his finger inside, brushing against my G-spot for an amazing minute before pulling it back out. His fingertip slid up, pressing against my rose with shallow thrusts.

I groaned out loud and had to force my attention back to Kade. Palming his cock, I lowered my head and licked his tip like a lollipop.

"Harder," he growled.

This was like my very own porn movie, I thought as Kade's hands tightened around my hair. I sucked on his head and grinned inwardly when he growled some more.

"She's good at giving head, ain't she?" Noah commented from behind me right before he parted my sex, tweaked my clit one more time and thrust into me. Just like that!

I nearly bit Kade at the sudden move and only my quick reflexes got me to back off before I gagged. "Fuck, Noah! You could have warned me at least!"

"Sorry but you looked so tempting like this. I had to fuck you."

I rolled my eyes at his excuse and let go of Kade. I was good but there was no way I could concentrate on two things at once. Not when Noah was fucking me as hard as that.

I watched Kade sit up and smiled, hoping he'd understand why I'd let go of him. I closed my eyes and decided to focus on Noah first. Fingers pinched my nipples all of a sudden, making me jerk. I opened my eyes and spotted Kade smirking down at me, his fingers teasing my breasts. Now that was nice, I thought, as my insides clenched.

Noah growled in reaction, his hands tightening on my hips. "Yeah, just like that."

I couldn't keep on looking at Kade and what his hands were doing, otherwise I'd come far too fast. So I shut my eyes again and grabbed the comforter in both hands. I held on and moved against Noah, my butt slapping against him.

Feeling soft grazes on my stomach, it took me a second to realize what Kade was doing. Oh god. The pad of one finger glided over my clit, making me see stars. "Kade!" I screamed but he didn't stop. He kept on caressing me, in time with Noah's thrusts. It was pure sensory overload. From Noah's rough thrusts to Kade's teasing caresses, it was too much. I felt my walls clench and knew it was just a matter of seconds before I yelled my head off.

Noah beat me to it by a second. Feeling him empty himself inside me, I screamed and fell. Right into Kade's arms.

\* \* \* \*

Kade had been nice and hadn't made me move too much. Instead, he'd draped my legs over his shoulders and only when I'd stopped him to enquire about a condom, had he looked back up at my face. "Already on."

"Good," I sighed and closed my eyes at the feel of him stretching me. He was bigger than Noah, the comparison easier now that I'd been with him only minutes before. Bigger, wider, more. I forced myself to relax as he slowly made his way in. Then he slid out and slammed back in. I yelped and clenched my legs around him. "Kade!"

"Yeah, baby?" He didn't even look at me.

Hello? "It hurts. Slow down!"

"Kade, I think she needs a little bit more foreplay," Noah's voice rang behind us and I contorted until I could see him.

He was sitting on one side of the bed, his hand pumping his rapidly increasing arousal. Fuck. That was hot, I thought, as our gazes locked. With a smirk, he stopped what he was doing and nudged Kade's back. "Stop, dude."

With a mumbled curse, Kade slid out of me. I exhaled loudly as the pain receded.

"Are you okay, baby?" Noah lied down beside me.

I nodded and gratefully accepted his kiss. His tongue wrapped around mine and I groaned, my hands clutching at his hair. That's when I felt it. Another tongue. Down there. Parting my lips. Oh! I moaned in Noah's throat as my hips jerked up.

Laughter rang between my thighs as Kade slowly licked the pain away.

\* \* \* \*

Two hours later and I was back with Noah. Or rather I was back on Noah, slowly riding him as if we had all the time in the world. We'd just woken up from a nap. With only one glance, we'd fallen on each other, Kade sleeping at the other end of the bed.

I thought back to all those months sharing a bed with Noah and smiled, never realizing our time alone was due to end soon.

Fingers suddenly drifted down my back, making me shiver. "Kade?"

"Hey, babe." His breath hit my nape and I leaned back against his chest. Noah growled in approval, his hands instantly cupping my breasts.

Kade's hands kept their downward journey until they drifted over my ass. One fingertip kept going down until it glided along my cleft, stopping at my rose as if asking a question. I thought of his size and jerked away. "No."

"Are you sure?" Kade kissed the side of my neck, nipping the spot where it met my shoulder.

"Yes. You're gonna split me in half!"

"I'll be careful."

"Are you nuts? You already hurt me earlier!"

"What about me?"

I looked down at Noah who'd stopped moving. "I know we've talked about this before but I'm not ready."

"Are you sure, baby? Because tonight's been pretty amazing already. Look at all you've done!"

I blinked. Funny but he actually made sense. Still. I shook my head. "Sorry, Noah. I love you but it ain't gonna happen."

I watched his eyes widen and suddenly realized what I'd just said. Fuck!

## Chapter Seven

"You still love me?"

"Yes. I mean, maybe. Just...forget I said anything!" I grabbed his shoulders and tried to move off of him. The problem was that he was holding me tight. Too tight for me to go anywhere.

"I love you too."

I stilled at his soft words. Staring back at him, I began shaking my head. "No, no, no. You can't say this now! You broke up with me!"

"I know but it doesn't mean I don't love you. It was just—"

I cut him off. "Why are we talking about this now? We're supposed to be having sex here!"

"Exactly!" he countered.

*What?* "You're not making any sense, Noah. Maybe you should take a break or something."

"No! Do you know why I ended things? It's because our relationship wasn't going anywhere. We weren't taking risks anymore. We were just...it was routine! Not too bad but not too good either."

I blinked. "You broke up with me because it wasn't exciting anymore?" *Did I get that right?*

"Yes!" His hands slid up my back. "It wasn't fun anymore."

Unbelievable. "That's the stupidest thing I've heard in a while."

He frowned. "It made sense to me."

“Of course it would.” I turned my head and looked at Kade who’d kept silent throughout our exchange. “What do you think, Kade?”

“This has got nothing to do with me.”

“Right.” I rolled my eyes then an idea popped into my head. “Hold on! Did you plan all this?” I waved in Kade’s direction. My gaze caught his and I saw the truth in his eyes. “Fuck! NOAH!”

“What? You can’t say you haven’t enjoyed yourself those past few days. Even the sex we had when we weren’t together was freaking hot.”

“You’re crazy, you know that.” I tugged on his hands, trying desperately to get away from him. Damn man didn’t want to let go though. He probably knew that if I left, there was a good chance it’d be forever.

“He was trying to save your relationship, babe. It might have been an odd choice but he was brave enough to let you have sex with someone else. Just to add some spice to your lives. He didn’t want to hurt you.” Kade’s voice came from behind me and he moved until he was sitting at our sides. Considering he was still naked and still very horny, it was somewhat surreal.

“He broke up with me! He said some very hurtful things and for what? Nothing! Oh no, sorry, only because the sex was bland. Well, fuck you!” I glared at Noah and added, “Now, let me go.”

“No,” he replied, his hands on my back forcing me to lean down further.

“I said, let me go!” I nearly yelled, pushing on his shoulders with all my strength.

“NO! You’re mine! And if I let you go, you’re gonna run. I know you, baby. I love you, don’t you get it? I did this for us.”



“You let me fuck Kade for us? Sure!”

“Yes! Remember how it was before? At first, we were all over each other and it was great. And then the more time we spent together, the less we did. It was as if you’d lost it. Or,” he gulped. “Like you didn’t want me anymore.”

I sighed. “You know that’s not true.”

“It felt like it. You kept watching Kade. All the fucking time! What else did you want me to believe?”

“I don’t get it, Noah. If you were so worried about it, why did you let me have sex with him?”

“He wanted you to have fun again,” Kade commented.

“And you did,” Noah added, his dick twitching inside me at the thought.

I suddenly realized I was still riding him. Hell.

I thought of everything they’d just told me, what Noah had tried to explain. It was true our sex life had been a bit boring but it hadn’t been that bad surely. And yes, I’d watched Kade from time to time but that wasn’t a crime. It wasn’t my fault he was hot! And also very different to Noah.

I gulped. Damn, he was right. I’d started ignoring him in favor of a fantasy life with his friend. I remembered falling asleep at night, wondering how it’d feel to be in Kade’s bed. How his hands would feel on my body. Fuck! The break-up had been my fault. Silly, silly me.

“I’m sorry,” I finally said before slumping against Noah’s chest.

\* \* \* \*

Kade had thoughtfully slipped to the bathroom while I slid off of Noah. Wincing slightly, I settled on the bed, Noah's hands automatically wrapping around my back.

"What now?" I asked, feeling tired all of a sudden.

"What do you want?" he countered.

I bit my lip, stopping myself from shouting 'You!'. "I love you, Noah. But...I'm not sure we're meant to be together."

"Is that what you really think or what you think I want to hear?"

I blinked. Damn man who knew me too well. "What if we get back together and it ends up like before?"

"I've already thought of that. I think it'd be best if Kade gets to, ah, remain a part of our relationship."

Heat spread through me. "You mean what exactly? As an extra lover?"

"Yeah. Or we could share you, like tonight, on a weekly basis or something."

"Orgy night!" I couldn't help but giggle at the thought. "You know this is completely nuts, right?"

He shrugged. "I don't care as long as I get to keep you."

My mouth opened then snapped shut. That was probably the nicest thing he'd said to me in a long, long time. Draping my arms around his neck, I pulled his head down and whispered against his lips, "I love you."

He replied, "I love you too," before claiming my mouth for an intense kiss.

## **Chapter Eight**

That's why when Kade reappeared on the bed, I didn't blink when his lips found mine. I turned and fell into his arms, loving the way he felt—loving it even more when Noah's chest cradled my back. I never thought I'd enjoy a threesome so much, had never even thought what it'd feel like to be with two men at the same time. But it was heaven. And that was because they cared.

I knew it in my heart. It wasn't just sex, it was more than that.

I wrapped another condom over Kade's cock and straddled him. I took my time but it seemed easier this time around. I took him all in and even if I felt stretched to the limit, the feeling was decidedly arousing. I felt full. Or so I thought...

\* \* \* \*

I changed my mind when Noah pushed his way in. It hurt and yet, I surprisingly didn't care. I could feel Kade pulsing inside me, already taking so much space. He'd stopped thrusting thankfully and had clamped his hands on my hips. He was holding me still, or maybe he was holding himself still. Who knew? All I could do though was hold on for the ride.

Noah groaned behind me, his breath hitting my neck in short gasps. He was going very slowly, his cock pushing at the rim of muscles. Already I could feel my body stretching open to accommodate him. Oh god, I wasn't sure it was gonna fit.

We'd experimented before of course. He'd been so insistent over the months, wanting to show me how good it could be. I hadn't wanted to tell him no, as stupid as that sounded. I'd found myself accepting one then two fingers inside me. A lubed-up toy. Then a bigger one. He'd always taken care to play with me as he stretched my rose, licking at my clit or teasing my pussy with his tongue. And the thing was...I'd come

each and every damn time. I'd learned to love that never-ending pressure. We'd never gone as far as this however. He'd never put his cock inside me. Not past that rim of muscles that just didn't want to let him in. Oh hell!

"Shh." Kade interrupted my wandering thoughts. He nudged my face up and kissed me. Our tongues battled for dominance, his fingers pinching my nipples at the same time. I knew he was doing this so that I didn't tense up, letting Noah do his thing but still...it felt good. I even managed to forget about Noah for a second until he pushed his way in.

He was in! Oh god. Oh god.

My body tensed again. Kade's cock was so big Noah had to literally force his way in. I could feel them both inside me, only a thin membrane separating them. It was incredible and so out there I wondered for a second if I wasn't dreaming it all.

Then they started thrusting. Together. In time. I could feel them rub against each other inside me, the feeling so weird I nearly burst apart. This was freaky!

\* \* \* \*

This was heaven! My skin felt too tight for my body. It was as if every part of me was rubbed raw. Inside and out. Both men kept groaning as they moved in unison, their movements so coordinated I suddenly wondered how many times they'd done this before. Guess I'd have to ask them later.

Noah's hands slid up my sides until he was cupping my breasts from behind. And because Kade didn't want to disappoint either, his left hand found its way between our two sweaty bodies. The pad of one finger stretched until it was rubbing against my clit. In time also with their thrusts.

This was it!

I went flying, screaming until my voice went hoarse.

Apparently I tightened around them so much, they came straight away. Grunting and swearing, their fingers biting into my skin, they emptied themselves inside me. Their cum and my juices mingled together as they pooled onto the disturbed sheet beneath us.

It took us a good five minutes to disentangle ourselves from one another. I yelped when Noah slid out of me, yelped some more when I moved off of Kade. I fell onto the bed soon followed by my two partners in crime. My two lovers.

I fell asleep with a smile on my face, sandwiched between my two men.

## About Emma Hillman

*Emma Hillman never plans her stories. She just lets the characters have fun and hopes the ending will make sense. It usually does.*

*She lives in Paris with a husband, a toddler and two loud pets. She speaks several languages but only reads books in English because she says it sounds better. She's been running her fiction web site for years and has made many friends and fans across the world, and is very thankful for their continued support and inspiration.*

*Between working full-time and taking care of her family and house, she can be found reading fiction, cooking or watching Playhouse Disney—don't ask.*

## **WIFE SANDWICH**

**By Giselle Renarde**

I can't believe I'm actually going to tell this story. I'm still pretty amazed it happened at all. See, a couple years ago my youngest sister Rachel played soccer for her High School's team. I'd finished school by that time, but I often came to her games to cheer her on. Well, I actually did more reading than cheering, but the fact that I was sitting in the bleachers at all meant a lot to my little sister.

I noticed Steve at the first game I attended, partly because the sunlight was reflecting off of his bald head and partly because he was the only other person sitting alone. Steve was the father of one of the girls on Rachel's team, so I got to see him at every game. I'm generally cautious around new people, but I took to Steve right away because he seemed so shy. He was an intellectual sort with a toned physique. I've always had a thing for older men who work out.

At first, Steve and I would discuss the books we were reading. Eventually, our conversations became more intimate. Steve told me how lonely he felt in his marriage. He worked from home as a technical writer and was fairly deprived of human interaction. He told me he used to look forward to six o'clock, when his executive wife Helen arrived home from work. Over the past five years, though, Helen had been working later and later into the evenings. When she finally arrived home, she was always too exhausted to pay him any attention. I felt very close to Steve because he confided in me. Soon, the intense attraction developing between us grew glaringly apparent.

At the end of each soccer game, Steve and I would go our separate ways, he with his daughter and I with my sister. One day, after our team's four-one victory against Tecumseh Collegiate, I wrote my address down on a scrap of paper. I didn't have to work the following Friday. Could he come over?

He knew what the invitation implied. I remember Steve staring down at my address and saying he would have to think about it. When he arrived on my doorstep that Friday at two o'clock, I was overjoyed. I really wasn't sure if he would come or not. I took the man straight into my bedroom, stripped off his clothes and rode his cock until he flipped me onto my back and pummelled me with penetrations. It was the most frenzied, passionate encounter I'd ever experienced. I'm now convinced bookworms have the best sex.

Steve and I continued seeing each other every Friday afternoon. By the time he arrived at my house, we were both so hot for each other. We almost never remembered to lock the front door before heading to the bedroom...or the living room, or kitchen or wherever. One Friday in May, Steve sat on my sofa while I devoured his cock. Suddenly, the front door flew open. I just about had a heart attack. Who would walk into my house unannounced? I froze, thinking it might be a family member or a friend of mine. No such luck. The woman at the door was stylish, with short blondy hair and a professional demeanour. I'd never seen her before, but she seemed perfectly confident she was in the right place.

Though I had no idea who she was, Steve certainly did. He froze as I clutched his cock. His body trembled. He stammered, "Helen, what are you doing here?"



I would be lying if I said I was shocked. When you hook up with a married guy, you always half expect his wife to show up. At least she wasn't wielding anything more dangerous than a cell phone. Actually, the thing that most surprised me was her good looks. Steve had never told me his wife was so lovely and curvaceous. I'd figured she was just another dowdy old woman...who was going to kill me.

Though I braced myself for a thrashing, this Helen woman didn't seem angry at all. She only said, "I found this scrap of paper in your contacts book, *Steven*. I figured it must be your girlfriend's address, since it was the only one I didn't recognize."

Clever woman.

Of course, Steve could hardly deny what was going on. He'd literally been caught with his pants down. Without missing a beat, he started telling Helen how sorry he was, he never should have started this up, he was a terrible husband, that sort of thing. Much to my astonishment, Helen wouldn't hear it. She wasn't interested in his excuses. I was still sitting on the floor at that point. Helen simply walked into my living room and sat down beside her husband on the sofa. I wasn't quite sure what to do, so I sat up on the coffee table. At least that way I was at eye level with them.

"I've known about this for ages," she told us. "I'm not about to tear a strip off you, don't worry." She admitted she was never home, and they barely spoke even when she was. Helen understood why Steve might look elsewhere for fulfillment. She looked straight at me and said, "I've never been much good at all this sex stuff. Never had much time for it, really. Never thought it was important. But I can see that my husband thinks it is, so I'm willing to give it another go."

Steve apologized once again, but Helen told him not to be silly. Looking over at me in my black satin dressing gown, she said in a thoroughly business-like tone, “I came here today for a reason. I’m guessing that Steve likes whatever it is that you do, so I want you to teach me how to do it. I’ll pay you, if that’s what Steve does.”

My mouth went dry. *She thought I was a hooker?* I was taken aback at the thought of being paid for sex...and also a little titillated by it. My skin tingled. With a burst of energy, I agreed to take Helen on as my student. Of course, I had no idea how to teach someone to be good in bed. Should I begin with theory or technique?

Pacing the living room, I wondered how to begin. What qualities made for a good lover? What did I give Steve that made him feel so damned awesome? *Eureka!* “The only way to have really incredible sex is to be a truly desirous partner. Steve and I have great sex because we’re so hot for each other. Half the fun of it, for me, is watching Steve get off on me getting off on him. Do you know what I mean?”

Helen stared at me with a blank expression across her face. She had no idea what I was talking about. Steve understood. He told his wife, “I would never want to make love with you if you didn’t want it as well. There’s nothing sexy about that. The best part of it is in knowing your partner is really aroused by what you’re doing.”

When I asked Helen what turned her on, she seemed perplexed. She’d been focusing on other aspects of her life for so many years she’d pushed sex into some hidden corner of her consciousness. The solution was obvious. Helen didn’t need to figure out how to give Steve pleasure, she needed to remember how to receive it.

I whispered in Steve’s ear. He whispered back. She looked on. We conspired to help Helen remember how good sex can feel. When we shared our plan with her, she

was only too happy to go along. We were going to stimulate her so generously she'd beg Steve for more.

I ran to the bedroom to grab a vibrator and some lube. By the time I got back to the living room, Steve had already stripped his wife of her silk scarf and used it to cover her eyes. With Helen standing in front of my sofa, Steve and I removed her suit jacket and her pants. Her clothing held the aroma of cigarettes, but her hair and her skin smelled of elegant perfume. Getting in behind her, I ran my hands along her arms. I touched her breasts and her stomach overtop of her silky blouse. Steve grabbed her legs. He squeezed her ass. I watched as he rubbed his fingers against his wife's mound, stimulating her clit over her sensible underwear.

Slowly, I unbuttoned her blouse, touching the skin underneath with my fingertips. No easy task, considering I was standing behind her. Her matronly bra would be easier. As I unclasped it, Steve removed her underwear. The heat from her back warmed my front. She was naked now, except for the gold chain around her neck. I knew exactly where to start. Women love nuzzled necks. When I leaned in and kissed the chain around hers, her knees buckled. She fell backwards onto the sofa, with me to cushion her fall.

As she landed in my lap, I thought I'd be crushed. I was wrong. She was heavy, but not too heavy. In fact, there was something pleasing about her weight on my body. Her ass pressed on my thighs. She was hot. She was buck bare. What else could I do? I ran my hands around her full, naked breasts. Her body seized in response. She needed to relax, and what could relax a girl better than some good vibrations? I told Steve to rev up my favourite toy. A good vibe is a good investment.

I cupped Helen's breasts while Steve slathered her pussy lips in lube. He massaged his wife's mound with the wet stuff on his fingers until she started moaning a little bit. Time to squeeze her big boobs together. I glanced over her shoulder as she slid a touch toward Steve. The sight of her full cleavage was really turning me on, and I could feel my own nipples harden against her back.

Steve fired up the large cock-shaped vibe as he sat up on the sofa beside us. When he set the bad boy length-wise against his wife's pussy lips she reacted positively, to say the least. Helen wriggled as I played with her huge tits. She pushed her whole body up against the raging vibrator, which gave me a chance to get my legs into a more comfortable position. Steve rubbed the vibe against Helen's clit. She moaned louder. As she writhed against it, her nice butt inadvertently massaged my drooling pussy. I pinched the woman's nipples. I twisted them and she cried out. I told Steve to rub harder with the vibe. The harder he rubbed, the more Helen thrust against it. The more she thrust, the greater the sensation of her fleshy ass against my clit.

"I want you, Steve!" Helen cried.

We hadn't expected our plan to work so fast. I smiled at Steve. Leaning back against my deep sofa with Helen still on top of me, I motioned for him to position himself in front of his wife. When I removed the silk scarf veiling her eyes, Helen growled. She grabbed her husband and kissed him wildly. I admit, my heart sank a little bit when she seized his hard cock. It had become delightfully familiar over the past few months. His body had been mine to play with, but it wasn't mine to keep.

Helen pulled on her husband's cock as he crept closer and closer to her. I couldn't watch when he rammed it in her wet pussy. Bad enough I had to hear their

contented sighs. I thought this might be a good time to duck out, but when I tried to escape from under the couple, I found myself stuck. A pang of claustrophobic jealousy hit, but it didn't last long. Really, how could I be unhappy? I was getting absolutely trampled by the fornicating duo on top of me but, boy, did it feel good! Every time Steve lunged forward into his wife, the motion of her ass thrilled my clit. I rubbed myself against her bare butt. Between she and me, my satin dressing gown massaged my pussy lips. I was getting more out of this than I ever would have imagined.

With one hand on Helen's breast, I stroked the woman's clit. I could feel Steve's slippery cock diving between my greedy little fingers as he penetrated his wife. They both gasped. Steve thrust with renewed intensity. The pressure on my clit was indescribable as our combined efforts brought the revitalized woman to a loud and frenzied climax. As she bounced on my body, I wrapped my feet around her open legs. Her butt really gave it to my juicy pussy. I grabbed her boobs to keep her going. I never imagined I could get off on a man's curvy wife's ass, but the proof is in the orgasm. I came like crazy, rubbing my clit on her bouncing body.

When Helen and I had both quieted down, Steve pulled out of his exhausted wife. I figured he must have come too, but I was wrong. He placed his wet cock in my hand. Getting a tight grip, I tugged until it shot hot cum. Steve's healthy white jism landed across Helen's breasts. It dripped down her curvaceous belly as she laughed riotously.

"Ah, my husband!" she said, leaning forward to kiss his lips. I couldn't watch. Helen was crushing me. I had to get out from under her.

They dressed in front of me. I wrapped my robe tighter around my little body as I watched. Helen told me I was a great teacher, but I refused to take her money. I'd taught a woman to find pleasure in her body. I ought to feel great about myself. Why was I so apprehensive? What did I think would happen after they left? Well, I wouldn't continue seeing Steve. That went without saying. Now that our affair was out in the open, it wasn't even that appealing an idea anyway. Putting on a false smile, I proclaimed Helen cured of her affliction and sent her home in her husband's care.

I watched as they walked out to the driveway and loaded his bicycle into the trunk of her car. There was something about the interactions of married people that made me feel uneasy. Maybe it was the knowledge that they would never be a single entity. Even during sex, which ought to be the ultimate joining of man and wife into one being, there were always external factors at play. They would never know each other fully and completely. Helen had discovered one of Steve's secrets that day, but there would always be more beneath the surface. She had her share too, no doubt.

### About Giselle Renarde

*Eroticist, environmentalist and pastry enthusiast Giselle Renarde is a proud Canadian and a great lover of the vast forests of the Great White North. For Giselle, a perfect day involves watching a snowstorm rage outside with a cup of tea in one hand and a chocolate truffle in the other. Ms Renarde lives across from a park with two bilingual cats who sleep on her head.*

*Giselle Renarde has contributed short stories to numerous anthologies, including *Tasting Her: Oral Sex Stories* (Cleis Press), *Love Bites* (Torquere Press), *Coming Together: With Pride*, and *Coming Together: Out Loud* (Phaze). Online, Giselle has contributed erotic content to such websites as *For The Girls and Hips* and *Curves*, and editorial content to *Lucrezia Magazine*.*

*For desirous commentary and hyper-analysis of every facet of social existence, visit Giselle's blog, [Donuts and Desires](#) or visit her site [here](#)!*

## **BREAK NECK HILL**

**By Jack Osprey**

The car died before Debra knew she was in trouble. In her mind, she'd been going over her evening's sales pitch for the old Whateley place, wondering if there'd been anything she could've done to spark the off-island buyers' flagging interest when the big Chevy's engine sputtered and died. She'd barely had enough time to pull the massive car over to the side of the lonely road before it became an immovable rock.

Getting out and trying to find the problem was out of the question; even if she hadn't been wearing her real estate clothes—wool suit and fancy silk blouse—she knew absolutely nothing about cars except they needed gas. God knew the Impala's big V-8 sucked plenty of that down. She'd just sit and wait—one of the island's cops or Rufus with his tow truck would be along soon if she was lucky. In the meantime, she'd just go over her strategy for selling that rambling Whateley farmhouse on Sweet Bottom Road. It was a charming old home, traditional New England with extensive grounds and beautiful gardens. Of course, winter wasn't the best time to impress potential buyers with those, but she'd really thought she had the young Boston couple on the hook. What had she said or done wrong?

Getting out of her two-tone red and cream Impala, she took off her suit jacket and got her bulging brief case from the back seat. Earlier, she'd had the fifty-nine Impala's heater cranked up all the way. Now it was stifling in the car. Shivering in her white sleeveless blouse, she realized how chilly the December evening had grown, right after she'd tossed her jacket on the other side of the wide front seat. She'd probably be putting the jacket back on within twenty minutes or so, especially if rescue was slow in coming. Beneath her white slip and bra, Debra felt her nipples shrivel and stiffen,



perking up to assert their agreement. It was going to be a cold one. There was a definite dampness in the air too, heralding rain, or maybe even a little snow. At least this time of year, the fog wasn't creeping in from the coast. Usually. She shivered and looked back towards town, hoping Rufus or Chief DeCosta would crest the hill soon.

She'd barely gotten back inside, coaxed her flashlight to feeble life, and found the house listing she wanted to review when she heard them. At first she thought it was the rumble of distant thunder, but then she could pick out the throaty roar of the solitary Harley as it barreled up Break Neck Hill. Her heart hoped—maybe it was a handsome cop to her rescue. She just loved those tight uniform pants and highly polished brown boots. Silly—Grim Island had no motorcycle police. Hell, they only had two police cars that she knew of. And she didn't remember seeing any handsome stud-muffins hanging around the new station house in the center of town. Muffins was the operative word for most of the island's cops—short and round like a donut. She looked expectantly up the hill, just starting to see the dim glow from the oncoming motorcycle's headlamp, and realizing for the first time that it had started to spit a freezing rain. *God, just don't let them be Hell's Angels.* Hammering down the Impala's door locks, she scrunched down in the driver's seat. *Maybe they'll just zoom on by into the night, and leave me alone. It's a pretty black miserable night outside.*

No such luck. She heard the bike skidding to a stop alongside with a crunch of slick ice—it must be more like sleet than rain now—followed by a rapping of brazen knuckles on her window. Sounded like a cop in one of those hot rod movies—the ones with James Dean or Steve McQueen. Maybe the island had a motorcycle cop after all—she didn't know *everything* about Grim Island. Feeling like a fool, she decided to sit up

and risk a look. She hadn't heard any footsteps leading away, though she did hear voices. There were at least two of them shivering out there.

It wasn't a cop or one of her bad boy Hell's Angels. A good-looking guy was staring in her window, his shivering girlfriend still sitting on the tail of the battered Harley. He looked to be about Debra's age, the kind of stud she'd date in a heartbeat if he was cleaned up a bit more—maybe a shave, a better hair cut, more conservative clothes.

"Everything all right, Miss?" He flashed a dazzling smile with his pearly whites. *God, he's handsome when he does that.* "You okay in there—got car trouble?" With his brawny right hand he was indicating she should roll down her window while they talked. Debra couldn't see his left hand and that bothered her a little. *God, I'm so paranoid. Not everybody's a rapist, out to get your body, Debra. Besides, when was the last time you actually got laid?* She couldn't remember. She glanced at his girlfriend, a pretty blonde, about nineteen by the look of her. Sweet, almost elfin looking waif. Ethereal, looking pretty miserable out there in the cold. She was really shivering now—well, that wasn't surprising. Just look at her. Look how she was dressed! Cheap trash—no lady, that was for sure. Except for the open leather jacket and her high-heeled boots, she was dressed for summer—cut-off jeans and a top that looked like lacy underwear.

"I'm fine, thanks. Some car trouble. It just died." She'd rolled down her window, but almost wished she hadn't. This close, waves of primal animal attraction threatened to engulf her. Denying her yearning, Deb wondered again if he might not be a rapist, or worse. She was far from unattractive, and here she was all alone on a desolate road with a dead car. Helpless. Fighting the urge to crank up her window in his handsome

face, she threw out a casual warning instead. "The town tow truck should be along any minute. The garage owner, Rufus, lives out this way—he'll get my baby going."

"I sure wish we could help you, but I'm not much good under the hood. Sure is a pretty car, though. Fifty-nine Impala, right? A real classic."

She ignored his comment, or missed it. Obviously not a car guy, though she could imagine what he could do with those big strong hands. "She's almost brand new—I'll have it paid for come February. Cars are just so expensive these days. I do like the smell of a new car though—I just had to have her. That's why I can't understand why it just died. Anyway, thanks for your concern. I'm sure Rufus will give me a tow." Debra moved to crank up her side window, but the biker shoved his hand through the crack, stopping her. When she looked up, nervous anger leaking across her face, he smiled down at her, indicating he wasn't through talking. Debra got the distinct feeling he was looking right down her blouse. He could probably see her slip, her bra, maybe even her boobs. Her face blazed almost as red as her long hair.

"Look, I'm sorry Miss...?"

"Debra. Debra Primm. And you're right—it is Miss."

"Look, the thing is, you shouldn't be waiting alone out here. Things happen around here—on this road, on this hill—after dark. Bad things. Now, it's freezing out here, and with this sleet, it's kind of dangerous. We almost got in a bad skid coming up this hill. Chrissie—that's my girl—is really frightened of riding in this weather, and we're both pretty darned cold. Maybe we could wait with you—inside—until the tow truck comes. I'll try my cell. Give them a call and hurry that old buzzard on his way. That be okay with you, Miss Primm?"

“Cell? Debra—please call me Debra or Debbie. Yeah, come in, I can see your girlfriend is really miserable with the cold. Come in and wait with me. I’d like that.”

She unlocked the Chevy, and let them in. Chrissie—*Christine*, she’d introduced herself—scooted into the back seat while her boyfriend, Mark, lingered in the sleet, trying to raise the garage on his cell phone. Finally, he too scooted inside, tossing Debra’s suit jacket into the back seat and sliding across the broad front bench seat almost into Debra’s lap. He shook his head, spraying them both with icy spray, saying he couldn’t get through, his cell claiming there was no service, because of the hill, the weather, or something. He guessed they’d all just wait. Debra tried the engine, wanting to heat up the inside. Both she and Chrissie were shivering. She wished she hadn’t worn her thin sleeveless blouse but felt funny about asking Mark to retrieve her jacket. Looking at Chrissie, seeing the tips of her large breasts poking out the thin fabric of her lacy thingy, she suspected she must look the same. Risking a quick glance at Mark, she noticed his eyes weren’t exactly on her face. Embarrassed, she felt anger blaze across her face, accompanied by something else. Desire. He was *really* hot.

They stumbled through a brace of awkward moments. Debra learned that both Mark and Chrissie were off-islanders, vacationing tourists. They were staying with Christine’s cousin, out near Wolf Head light. Fingering the little plastic name tag pinned to Debra’s suit jacket, Mark noticed she was a real estate agent for Ocean view Realty. Debra Primm. Their star agent, one of three women.

Trying to keep the stuttering conversation going, Debra mentioned she’d just finished showing a farmhouse out on Sweet Bottom Road when the Impala died. The old Whateley place.

Hearing that, Chrissie made a funny face, saying she had seen the farmhouse, but her cousin had commented it was owned by a school teacher named Rodriguez. Her cousin's kid had her in class at Constance Paine Elementary.

After that, the silence in the car began to fester. Debra had never heard of anyone on the island named Rodriguez, much less an owner of the house she was trying to sell. Yet Chrissie seemed certain. Why would she lie?

At last the sleet seemed to slacken, and Mark decided to take a look under the hood after all. The tow truck guy was taking an awful long time coming. There were a few awkward moments when he asked Deb to pop the Impala's hood. She offered him her flashlight before she realized she was sitting on it. Squirming aside so he could reach it, she noticed two of her blouse buttons had popped open, baring the lacy edge to her slip and the swell of her pale breasts. Mark retrieved the flashlight, but in sitting up, lost his balance and tumbled into Debbie. She was sure his hand grazed her breast before he regained his balance. She couldn't have imagined his strong fingers pattering across her nipple—she'd felt him right through the thin crepe blouse. It couldn't be her suppressed desire—could it?

"Got it! Thanks." Without another word, he was out of the car, whistling Orinoco Flow as he strolled towards the engine.

Flustered, Debra sat staring forward, enjoying the male eye candy moving around in front of her car as she wondered what had happened—what she should do.

"He'll do you, if you want. Just ask him."

"*What?* What did you say, Chrissie?"

“You heard me. I know you want to.” Sighing heavily, Christine positioned herself directly behind Debbie, letting her long fingers skitter spider-like over the top of the front seat. “I said Mark will fuck you—you know you want him to. You’re a pretty hot lady yourself—in spite of the frumpy clothes. He’ll love it. He can’t fix shit on cars. He’ll be back in a minute—then we’ll ask him. He’ll be frozen stiff and we’ll need to warm him up anyway. I know you want him—I can see it in your eyes, Debbie. He’ll waggle his dipstick and check your oil. It is what you want, right, Deb?”

“How can you talk like that about your boyfriend? You should be ashamed, young lady. I figured you for lovers.”

“Don’t you *young lady* me. Christ, you’re only—what—about twenty-five? I’m nineteen—and a half. And yeah, we’re lovers. Since high school. Fairhaven High School. Blue Devils—rah, rah, rah. Don’t worry about it. I don’t mind, really. It’s been a long time since I let him.”

“But what’ll *you* do? You can’t stand outside in the sleet while we—not that I’m saying I want to. But you can’t just—watch.”

“I don’t intend to, Debbie.” Chrissie’s hands did snake down the back of the bench seat then and slither onto Debbie’s silky shoulders, wriggling on down to touch her breasts. “Mark isn’t the only one you turn on, sweetie. Haven’t you ever heard of a threesome?”

Debbie thought she should protest—that would be the lady-like thing to do, even though her heart was racing with the thought of having Mark’s strong thighs thrusting between her legs. Debbie meant to, but then Chrissie’s lips engulfed her own, as her

pale fingers unbuttoned her blouse, shoved aside her lingerie straps and began kneading her soft breasts.

"Markie babe is taking a while playing his little mechanic-game. Let's get you all primed and greased for him, Debbie dear. I know I'm well oiled just thinking about it."

The icy rain made sure Mark didn't monkey around under the hood too long. As he slid back into the car, he noticed two horny partly undressed ladies watching his every move.

"Sorry, Debbie, I couldn't find your problem."

"Don't you worry about that, Mark, baby." Chrissie giggled. Her partly closed blue eyes drifted down his body as though she might peel away his clothes just by staring. A glance toward the horny real estate woman revealed her watching him with only slightly less obvious lust. "Get your little ass in here, honey, out of the cold. You must be freezing to death. Don't worry about the damned car. Debbie and me—well, we discovered she's got a more immediate problem for you to fix. We found this dark wet hole needs plugging."

"Maybe he doesn't want to, Christine. We really shouldn't force him." Debra blushed, suddenly very aware that her breasts were flaunting themselves, all but popping out of her half-unbuttoned blouse. "After all, you don't really know me."

"Nonsense. I know my Markie—he'd love to. Didn't slow me down. I don't know you, and you and me been sucking face the whole time he was out there freezing his balls off. I told you he'd love to, Debbie—ain't that so, Mark?" Her fingers still playing inside Debra's dainty blouse, Chrissie twisted around to beam at her boyfriend. The lipstick smears decorating Chrissie's face proved that Miss Primm wasn't all frigid prude.

"I'm filthy, Chrissie. Got grease and oil all over my shirt and hands. Your Miss Primm isn't going to want me touching her. But I will watch."

"Men can be so dense. Take the damned shirt off, sugar bum." Looking exasperated with her man, Chrissie crossed her arms under her heavy breasts, pulling her lacy chemise tight across her large rigid nipples. "Maybe you should take your blouse off too, Debbie. It looks expensive and my Mark can be a bit of an animal."

As he removed his dirty shirt, Mark noticed an almost perfect lipstick imprint of Debra's lips marring the yellow silk at one of Chrissie's breasts. Apparently, Debra Primm had no hang-ups about making out with other women. Cool—if she didn't want him to touch her cause of his dirty fingers, he could always just lay back and watch. He was warming up just thinking about it.

It kind of looked like that was going to be the case—as he watched, she buttoned up most of her blouse. Damn. Too bad; she appeared to have really nice breasts—a bit smaller than Chrissie's jugs, but by no means small. Real pretty face too. He was disappointed—he'd been hoping to look at those big green eyes staring back at him as she sucked on his throbbing wang.

"Actually, Mark, I'm not worried about the car. I'm sure the tow truck or one of Chief De Costa's officers will be along any time. Likewise, I'm not worried about your dirty hands. In fact, if you don't think it too weird of me, I was kind of hoping you and Chrissie could help me live out a little fantasy I have." As she talked, Debra Primm lowered her face seductively, her large emerald eyes riveted to the swelling bulge between Mark's thighs. Although the image she cultivated announced she was a proper lady, her burning gaze screamed she was anything but. "I've always wondered what it



would be like to be taken against my will. To be completely at the mercy of a handsome stranger and fucked silly. Will you, Mark—fuck me without mercy?"

Mark allowed a nasty grin to ooze across his handsome face. "You'd better listen to Chrissie and take off that pretty blouse, Debbie. Your slip and bra too, if they're nice."

"Why don't you take them off me, you brute. Pretend I'm completely at your mercy."

Mark backed out of the car then, ordering Chrissie to slip over the seat top and stay up front. As he got back in, scooting himself across the Impala's wide back seat, Debbie indulged herself in watching the graceful movements of his broad tanned chest, his well defined six-pack, and just a hint of paler narrow hips as he undid the front of his jeans and let them slither lower on his torso. Catching her ogling stare, he pumped his muscular arm, watching her wonder about the lurid skull and crossbones riding his biceps. Suddenly, his thick forearms shot out, snaring her thin wrists, and beginning to drag her across the seat back towards the rear seat. "Chrissie, grab her ankles and give her ass a shove. I want this bitch in the back seat with me." Switching his attention, Mark glared at Debra, letting his face split in a wide feral grin. "Okay, Miss Primm. It's play time. Just the way you want it."

Trapped across the top of the front seat, held by ankles and wrist, Debra wished she'd remembered the old adage, *Be careful what you wish for*. This didn't *feel* like play-acting. Mark managed to pin both her wrists with one hand while tearing at her blouse with the other. With pearly buttons popping, he wrenched open her blouse and began tugging at her lacy underthings. *Good Lord, he's got a knife!* Grabbing her lacy Bali bra, he snipped each of the ribbon straps and then deftly sliced the bra apart between the

lacy cups. A few moments of brutal tugging and it was gone, her full breasts almost bare beneath her flimsy slip. She sputtered at him, begging him to be a little less rough, slow down a bit, let her enjoy it. But by then he was into her silk panties, shoving them aside, tearing them away.

When he rammed into her it was like somebody had shoved a hot railroad spike up her pussy. Debbie screamed. He came almost right away, his thick cum scalding like liquid fire. Debra felt like she'd been brutally violated by a wild beast; she wished she'd kept her fantasy to herself, and asked him to be gentle.

And like that, he was. He rode her like the sweetest of lovers, massaging the inside of her arms, her breasts, kissing her lips as he went. His hesitant tongue was almost polite, insistent but gentle as a lover's. At some point, Debra felt herself gently lowered onto her back seat, her perfect lover lowering himself quietly on top of her, smiling. Chrissie was in the back seat now too, cradling Debra's head, kissing her face, her lips, her breasts. Her soft slender hands were everywhere, treating plain body parts with the same intimate caressing as Debra's most tender spots. As she leaned across Debbie's torso to tongue her exposed navel, she brushed aside Mark's shaggy hair and whispered in his ear, "Do you think she remembers? Do you think any of it was brutally—familiar?"

Looking up from between Debbie's thighs, Mark shook his head as he let his callused fingers rub and tweak Debra's nipples to perky peaks. "Merciful God, no. She called it her *fantasy*, didn't she? Besides, she's looking forward to Rufus and the tow truck showing up. Let's just give the poor woman a few moments of pleasure, okay Chrissie?"

Chrissie would have answered her lover, but Debbie and she were busily dancing with tongues. Clothes were either tossed or shoved aside, fingers and other appendages gently probing the hills and valleys of three entwined bodies. Mark and Chrissie kissed and fondled, but centered most of their passionate indulgence on their new partner, eager to be the compassionate lovers Debbie never seemed to find. They created slow harmonizing love, caressing Debra with warm tongues and gentle fingers, eagerly hoping to bring a relaxed moment of peace along with their sultry compassion.

Both knew making slow continuous love with the quiet calmness of gently rolling waves could not last. Mark was the first to notice a change in the actinic atmosphere inside the moist Impala, sensing that Debra suddenly craved something more like a raging tempest. Sensing it too, Christine let her fingers fondle each of Debra's swollen nipples while she bathed Debbie's lips, throat and breasts with passion-filled fire.

She noticed Mark beginning to rumble around, moving willingly as her lover shoved her to one side, positioning himself for deeper penetration with his intended partner. Debbie lay back, quietly waiting and watching, lusty hunger blazing in her eyes. Mark felt himself devoured; the woman's green-eyed stare sweeping down his buff body, wolfing everything down.

Debra smiled, approval hot across her features. Mark had a ruggedly handsome face, a broad lightly-haired glistening chest, broad shoulders cresting powerful arms rippling with just enough well-defined muscle. She drank in his narrow waist and hips, small jutting ass, and then centered her attention on his bulging crotch. If she closed her eyes, he'd be her perfect fantasy lover. But there was simply no way she was going to stop looking—he was just such delightful eye-candy to watch...and to feel!

Debbie's eyes widened as her would-be lover seemed to swell an extra inch or two before her eyes, his blood-gorged prick pointing at her with a distinctly starboard list. Suddenly the time for study was done. Mark rocked towards her, plunging his rock-hard blade into her waiting wet wound. Again and again he stabbed, at last bringing long howling screams bursting from Miss Primm's throat as she melted in a pleasure she'd never known before.

The three lovers' limbs flowed through their entanglement until each had found a new hole or partner to adore. Mark and Chrissie coupled at last, practiced partners dancing gracefully to a familiar tune they knew so well. Their eager hands and lips invited Debbie into their embrace, each finding a tender morsel soft and raw they could kiss, suck, or nip. The old car's windows had long since steamed up with the spent energy of their passion, and had Rufus crested the hill at that moment with his rescuing tow truck, none would have known or cared.

Too soon Debra's fingers tapped on Chrissie's shoulder, signaling an end to the dance; a time to change partners. Christine smiled and kissed the shy woman, letting her left hand caress Debra's thumping bare breast, while with her right she gently tugged her man by his drenched prick toward a fresh eager hole. Without missing a beat, the wintry evening's music thundered on, the three dance partners improvising fresh exciting steps when the familiar began to bore. Finally, Debra rocked back on her damp behind, panting, a contented smile chiseled on her glistening face, physical exhaustion plain in her huge green eyes.

"You guys are the best. God, I've never felt so truly, happily...fucked. Thank you—thank you both. You're my guardian angels! I'll never forget you."

At that, the two bikers looked at each other, knowing. Smiling, they winked at each other, but said nothing.

"I've really enjoyed this Mark...Chrissie. But God, I'm so tired...and kind of sore. Besides, the sleet's stopped—quite a while ago I imagine—and I'll bet you both have some place you've simply got to be. If you don't mind, could you use your...*cell* phone when you get service and call the police or Rufus with that damned tow truck? I'd be most thankful. And if you ever tie the knot and want to move here, look me up. I'll give you a great deal on a house. Promise."

The bikers had both looked at each other again when Debbie mentioned someplace they *had* to be. Their stares seemed less jovial now, more resigned. When she mentioned calling the tow truck, Mark couldn't help but mumble under his breath that damned Rufus was already on his way. Knowing what was coming, he looked at Debra, thinking he might tell her to lock her car doors, or better yet, *run*. Resigned to the inevitable, he said they'd make the call. They smiled at Debra, kissed her and got ready to leave. If their smiles seemed a little wan, their kisses a little cold, Debbie didn't seem to notice. For that one moment, she felt...loved. If only it could have lasted.

The two biker lovers left her then and crunched across the still frozen ground to their waiting Harley. Chrissie looked back at the dead Chevy, watching the woman inside dress by the feeble dome light. She shook her head and chased after her hulking man, threading her slender gloved hand around his leather clad waist. Mark looked down at Chrissie, smiling warmly at his girlfriend. "You done good, babe. You're really starting to get the hang of this. First time you actually seemed to be *enjoying* yourself."

"It was fun. Once she got over her shy prudishness, she was a good lover—really started to turn me on. I liked her. She was a really nice lady. I feel really bad now that we're going. Are you sure she won't suspect what's to come?"

"Nah, they never seem to remember. None of the others did." Mark was busy scratching another notch into his black leather belt. He looked back at the big Impala, watching the pretty woman inside redressing herself. He thought about the newspaper article he'd seen as a kid, the lurid details of what was yet to come this night. Rufus and his tow truck were on their way all right, but what he brought was far from relief and a restarted car. His passengers were common visitors to this infernal hill, the twin specters of misery and death. He took another look at Debra Primm's Chevy, wishing there was more that he could do. Through her partly open window, he could smell her perfume and hear her singing happily to herself.

"Glad to be of service, Miss Primm," he mumbled to the frosty night air, just as the pristinely new Impala and its driver flickered, faded and winked out of sight. "Always a pleasure to lay a ghost to rest." Turning to Chrissie, he watched as his girlfriend put on her cracked helmet, yanking the chin strap tight. She was so sweet—he loved her so much. He hoped what he felt, all this love, would last forever.

"Debra makes three—she was by far the best. Hard to believe this hill has claimed so many lives and the police have never done anything about it. I remember reading about Miss Primm's gruesome murder at your cousin's house. That Rufus was a monster! This damned hill is one dangerous place."

"I'll say. Be careful, okay, Mark? Remember that nasty skid we got into coming up the hill? That could have been really bad, lover."

“Like I could ever forget it. Sleet’s stopped. Let’s hit the road—it’s getting late.”

The two bikers got on the big chromed-out black Harley with the ghostly blue flaming skull howling from the head of the gas tank. Mark brought the big beast to life with a snarl, eager and ready as a fiery steed from hell. As it off with a throaty roar, Chrissie wrapped her slender arms around her lover's muscular torso, holding on for dear life.

The Harley roared back up the hill toward town, and then disappeared over the hill. Mark eased on down the road, only picking up speed when the frosty pavement seemed to clear. Suddenly, Mark hit an unseen patch of black ice trickling across the cracked road, going into a bad skid before he could do anything. Chrissie screamed as Mark wrestled the big Harley for control. Losing the battle to keep the big beast upright, Mark’s curse and deeper scream joined Chrissie’s.

She went down first, her helmet cracking and bouncing off, her broken body scraped raw and shattered before she’d slid thirty yards. Dead. Blessedly, dead. Mark stayed with the bike until the end, riding his well-loved hog right into the massive oak. Bike and rider exploded on impact with the old dead tree, yet nothing lit up the sky, no loud whoosh or roar shattered the quiet.

The night stayed silent as the grave. Crunched Harley and torn bikers simply winked out and disappeared. Forgotten ghosts. Again. Break Neck Hill had fed and grown quiet. Sleeping. Waiting.

### About Jack Osprey

*Jack Osprey lives in New England with his wife, curious calico cat, laid-back husky, and never enough marine fish. He still believes in rescuing damsels in distress; just not too quickly. Although he has two grown kids, he still keeps a light burning nightly and a close vigil on his thumping closet door. It's only recently that he's started letting some of his demon spawn slither forth, manifesting themselves on his monitor. Expect more; the closet is quite full.*



## **THE CHOCOLATIER**

**By Saskia Walker**

I visited The Chocolatier with a perfectly innocent goal in mind, to begin with—that of selecting the perfect birthday gift for my lover, Danielle. We both enjoy handmade chocolates and The Chocolatier was new in town. I'd read about the shop and its French owner, Alain Osanne, in the local paper, and figured that chocolates would make an ideal gift. Soon, however, it was The Chocolatier himself that captured my attention, because when he looked at me through his shop window I thought about sex—sex that was dark, delicious and decadent, much like the chocolates in the display. If Dani were there she would also be revving her engines for the hot Frenchman, and that made me smile. Occasionally a man caught our fancy. Bisexual and dedicated to each other, from time to time we shared a male lover. This man had caught my attention, and Dani would like him too, I was sure of it.

The scrolled letters on the sign outside the shop looked like hand decorated icing on fondant. It was decorative but simple, to the point, and incredibly seductive. I was peering in when I saw him working inside the shop, and an attractive profile he made. Good looking in a sleek and androgynous way, his black, shoulder-length hair was secured at his nape while he worked. His eyes were like the chocolates he had placed in the windows, molten brown, filled with rich, sensual suggestion. He was tall and lean, despite working in the devil's own calorie exchange, and he was dark skinned, like a Romany gypsy. The white chef's uniform he wore only seemed to emphasize his looks and his high cheekbones and sculpted lips added to the unusual appeal.

Just as I was admiring the view, he walked toward me and put a small tray of heart shaped dark chocolate in the window. They were decorated with a cupid's arrow,

perfect for Dani's gift. But my attention was soon back on the man himself. He certainly wasn't the sort of man you usually found stocking a window display in a small village in the Kent countryside.

As if he sensed my presence, he looked up and met my gaze through the window. My breath caught. There was such intensity in his stare that I was thrown off guard and smiled. Inclining his head he gave a slight bow, one hand touching his chest lightly, a rather old fashioned gesture, I thought, which, combined with his looks, brought to mind images of iconic passion—the tango, a wild gypsy-hearted dancer who was relentless in pursuit of his sweetheart.

How odd, to discover such a man in our sleepy little village. Usually, the best we could hope for was a passing tourist or a randy farmer who wasn't adverse to women who mostly preferred other women. Dani would adore the idea of such a find. With that in mind, how could I resist investigating further?

The door chimed as I opened it, a bell over head announcing my arrival.

He appeared from the preparation area almost immediately, strolling out to meet me. "*Bonjour*. Good afternoon." His accent was as rich and delectable as his wares. "Is there something in particular I can help you with?"

"*Bonjour*." I tried not to eye him up too obviously. It was difficult not to. "I'm looking for something special, a birthday gift for my lover."

"Your lover." He repeated that deliberately, and then cocked his head on one side, as if he was trying to guess what my lover was like. "Does he prefer dark or light chocolate?"

"She...she prefers dark chocolate, mostly."

“Ah.” His wide, sensual mouth moved in an appreciative smile. His stare was blatant, and rather than disapproving—which was the kind of thing Dani and I had been used to in the small, conservative village we chose to live in—it was filled with curiosity and admiration. “I see. She is a sensuous sort of a woman, your lover?”

“How astute of you to guess.” I couldn't withhold my smile. Dani would love that. She'd also love his attentive nature. We were committed to one another, lovers and partners for over five years, but as bisexual women we had agreed to share our thoughts and emotions about men—thoughts on them as companions, as lovers. And Dani would respond to this man, I was sure of it.

His gaze was appraising as it raked me from head to toe, making my skin warm in response. It was if he knew what I was thinking, and the way he was looking at me turned me on. I ran one hand over the other, clutching my tote bag against me, self aware in the extreme.

“Her birthday is today?”

“Saturday.”

“That's even better. Why don't you bring her in around closing time, and we'll give her a private tasting. With everything on offer.” He waved his hand over the chocolates on display in the cabinets, but maintained eye contact in such a way that I couldn't break the spell. Was I imagining the erotic undertow I felt in his statement, the suggestion of something that was more than the offer of an exclusive chocolate tasting? His voice was low and husky, and his tone was growing ever more intimate. I tried to focus. Whether that part of it was my imagination or not, an exclusive chocolate tasting session with Monsieur Alain was way beyond acceptable as a birthday gift.

“She can luxuriate in the experience, and you will find out which combination of flavors she likes best, for your next visit.”

I wasn't imagining it. “That's a wonderful idea. How much does it cost?”

He shrugged. “Whatever you were going to spend on a selection today.”

“Are you sure?”

He paused before replying, and then his mouth lifted at one corner. “There's only so much chocolate two lovers can eat.”

My heart beat erratically. I definitely didn't imagine the way he looked at me when he said that—as if he was imagining eating something entirely different to a box of chocolates. His heavily-fringed eyelids dropped as his gaze lingered around my hips. I latched one finger over the belt on my low-slung hipster jeans and wondered if he could see the tattoo I had on my hip.

“I see you are a fan of body art.” He nodded at my tattoo, then went behind the counter and opened a drawer. Lifting out a portfolio of photographs, he flicked through them and lifted one image out, setting it on the glass countertop so that I could see it. “Perhaps you will like this?”

“Oh, my.” The image took my breath away. It was a naked woman, and her body was covered in an intricate scrollwork design, fine art-nouveau swirls that were both decorative and sensual. She was seated on a shiny black seat with a back drop of red velvet curtains. The whole image was about sensuality. The woman had one arm lifted to push her hair up against her head. Her eyelids were lowered, her lips parted. Sexually aroused, that's how she looked. At first I thought it was a tattoo, then I

realized—it was chocolate. A design in chocolate body paint. No wonder she looked aroused. “That’s incredible.”

“You think your partner would like it?”

“Dani? Oh yes, she’d love it. Is this your girlfriend?”

“No, a friend in France. The design was for her boyfriend. They shared the pleasure of the chocolate after the photograph was taken...”

I inhaled, realizing why he was showing it to me. It was a suggestion. “Yes, Dani would like it.” I dared to meet his gaze, and when I did it made my body brim with expectation. “She’d like it a lot.”

He smiled knowingly, and then he lifted a tray from the counter top and offered it to me. “Please show me which one you think will taste best.”

I was grateful he’d distracted me from the erotic image, but it was still there burning itself into my memory, sending my mind racing. It was difficult to focus. “It’s so hard to choose, they all look so good. You’re very talented.”

“In that case, take two.” His eyebrow lifted. “I always find that two different flavors make the overall experience so much richer.”

He was definitely flirting. I laughed softly and then lifted the heart-shaped dark chocolate I’d admired in the window, and a tall crown-like confection that looked like a truffle with a nut inside the crown.

He watched as I savored the chocolates, first the heart, then the crown. Was he some sort of fortune teller, and he knew something about me because of what I’d gone for? Whatever, the way he looked was such a turn on. He reached for an appointment book. “I’ll book you in. Dani and...?”

“Eve.” I couldn’t repress the almost-moan of pleasure as I savored the rich chocolate in my mouth. I quickly licked melted chocolate off my fingers as he wrote in the book. “Name the time and I’ll bring Dani in.”

He barely reacted but it was there, a flicker in his eyes, a sensuous movement of his lips as he turned back to me and replied, “Six o’ clock, closing time.”

Oh yes, there was no mistaking that this was going to be a special event. Whether he meant it in exactly the way I thought he did, or not, would be revealed. The important thing was we had our own private Chocolatier, at least for a little while. Dani would adore it. Anything else that happened along the way, well, I was pretty sure that would be welcome too. We would both enjoy getting our hands on him, for sure. All I had to do now was keep it a secret until nearer the time. That was going to be the hard part.

\* \* \* \*

“I saw the most delicious man,” I mentioned, ever so casually, over breakfast on Saturday, Dani’s birthday. I’d managed to keep it quiet until the day itself, which was no easy task. “I thought he might be just your sort,” I added, as nonchalantly as I could manage. My mind was full of images of Dani with The Chocolatier painting on her naked body, and I could scarcely keep still as I anticipated the event.

Dani glanced up from her newspaper, eyebrows lifting. She was curled in her armchair in her black kimono, legs folded under her. I was sprawled on the nearby sofa, in my robe. We’d opened her birthday gifts an hour before, in bed, and the start of a supposedly lazy day was well under way. I’d even given her a decoy gift, a booking for a day at the local spa, so that she wouldn’t expect anything else.

“You did?” she responded. “Where?”

“Oh, right here in the village, in the high street, when I was shopping. Let’s just say he was an unexpected find. You’ll like him, I have money on it.”

She put her newspaper down. “Who is he? Come on, Eve, spill the details, what’s he like and where did you meet him?”

I gave her a faux-frown. “Don’t get too excited or I’ll fret that you don’t want me anymore.”

Dani laughed softly. “Bollocks to that. You know that’s not true.” She unfurled one leg from under her and nudged my knee with her outstretched toes. The contact set loose an invitation for more, and my pulse rate lifted, a dense heat gathering in my centre.

“It’s just a bit of fun,” she added. “You know that I love you.”

“I know. I’m teasing you.” We were sure of each other, solid, because we were perfectly matched. That’s why we could occasionally take a male lover to answer that physical and emotional need in our psyche. We trusted each other. Whenever it happened it was just that, a bit of fun with a man. We shared the fun, which made it all the more part of us and our bond. And it had been a while since we’d taken a man into our bed.

“Maybe I’ll take you to see him later this evening.” My pulse raced, anticipation building as I saw her eyes light.

“Oh. Good.” Dani stared over at me.

It was then that I realized this was a first. Dani often told me about some guy she’d seen, but not the other way around. On one occasion she took me to the market

in Canterbury to see a hunk on a fruit stall that had caught her attention. Another time it was a road maintenance bloke who was working in our area for a couple of weeks. She spotted him in the local pub and took me down there to see if we could lure him home for a bit of fun, which we did. I wasn't usually the instigator in these encounters. But I was pretty sure she'd like Alain, and he was definitely up for some flirting while he fed her chocolates, if nothing else.

"We'll go out to dinner later and I'll show him to you then." I eyed her across the space between us, my gaze lingering on her breasts, starkly outlined as they were in her clinging kimono. My body craved contact with hers, even though it was less than an hour since we'd been entwined in bed.

"Why don't you tell me what he's like in the meantime?" Her eyes flickered, and she abandoned her newspaper to the floor and then rearranged herself in the armchair, one hand toying with the belt on her kimono.

It was a game we liked to play, sharing what people were like—or what we thought they'd be like, in bed—while we made love.

I barely restrained my smile and then put my cup down on the coffee table beside my chair. Sliding forward in my chair I dropped onto my knees and then crossed the floor between us on my hands and knees, looking up at her as I went. My beautiful Dani, so feminine, so lush and sexy. Just knowing that she wanted me to touch her made my pussy slick with anticipation. I arrested one of her ankles in my hand, and gently drew her body around to face me.

"His name is Alain." Nudging her knees apart, I blew on the soft, sensitive skin on the inside of her thighs, making her tremble. "He's French."



Her hands locked over the arms of the chair, knuckles whitening. “Huh, where did you find a dishy French man?”

“Right here.” I tiptoed my fingers up the inside of her soft inner thighs, while I looked at her pussy, barely concealed as it was within the sheer lace panties she wore. “In our village.”

“No way.” She laughed and then quieted as I kissed her inner thighs, first one, and then the other.

I was within a couple of inches of her pussy, when it lifted toward me, her hips responding to my touch. “Do you really want to know what I think he’d be like?”

“Yes...” Dani replied, her chest rising and falling as she looked down at me.

I stroked my hands down her bare legs.

“Oh, I think that Alain is a very attentive man, and I bet he’d make an attentive lover.” Attentive indeed, I pictured him decorating her bare breasts, and it made me both horny and proud. Kneeling up, I leaned in and kissed her breastbone, pushing her kimono open and down off her shoulders, my own robe beginning to loosen as I worked her, and I wasn’t even wearing panties. “And I bet that when he makes love to a woman he observes them for a long time first.”

I traced my fingers around the outline of her breasts, watching when I felt the soft but resilient flesh bounce gently beneath the surface of my fingers—so resident, yet to soft and inviting. Dani’s lips were parted, her nipples puckering as I squeezed them, testing them gently for sensitivity, loving the way she arched her back. I began to circle the soft rosy aureole, smoother than silk, tender, they were darkening and crimping

beneath my fingertips. "I think he'd look at you until your skin is burning up with the intensity of his stare, all over your body, until you were gagging for it."

"That sounds like torture." Her voice was breathy, she was already deeply aroused. "This is torture," she added, laughing softly.

"Maybe, but Alain is an attractive man, in an androgynous kind of a way, with long hair and sharp features...and when he looks..." I shook my head, and glanced at her quickly for her reaction. Her lips parted as I ran my fingernails over the surface of her lace panties. "Then he begins to get close to where he has looked for so long, and the woman is desperate by this time, for his hands, and his body, and his erect cock...pushing between her open thighs. I'd love to see him doing that to you."

Dani's pupils were dilated and her flesh was trembling. I shifted and leaned in to kiss her open lips. They swelled gently against my mouth, and my mouth opened wider, my tongue moving against hers. The contact was too good. It fired me up. My cunt was hot and heavy and I pictured her under the Chocolatier. This had become as much about my need to fuck her as her need to be fucked.

I grabbed her around the waist and hauled her body nearer on the chair, closer against my own. What had started as a sexy wind up was rapidly getting out of control in the most exciting way possible. The air between us was a riot of pheromones. I ran my hands over the outline of Dani's gently curved hips and buttocks; she pulled her mouth away.

"But he makes them wait, oh and it's dreadful, the waiting, the wanting...isn't it Dani?"

"Yes," she spluttered. "But he does touch his woman, doesn't he?"

“Do you want to know how I think he touches them?” I latched my fingers around the top of her panties, and tugged them down, forcing her to lift her hips to assist.

Dani nodded vigorously, one leg brushing up against the side of my body locking me in. Her pussy gleamed, like a ripe fruit bursting with juice. She was needy and wet, so ready for it, this really turned her on.

I snuck one finger down onto Dani’s slit and then kissed her, my mouth only just capturing the loud moan that Dani gave in response. I kept her quiet with another long, wet kiss, and then slid my finger into her slit and ran it up and down over the plump surface of her clit. Dani’s hands began to work their way up my back, while her hips lifted and she rubbed herself against me, quickly creaming all over my fingers.

I gasped, pulled her head away and then shook my head. “Not that quickly. I think Alain takes his time and so must you.” I leaned back, observing my woman in front of me. I wanted to keep her simmering, but I didn’t want to ruin her surprise. It was important that I didn’t mention the chocolate and give it away.

I ran one finger down her glistening pussy again, nudging her clit. “I’m sure Alain knows exactly how to touch a woman.” I recalled how he was when he offered me the tray of chocolates, making me choose, observing me all the while. “In fact, I guarantee he knows every trick in the book to drive her to the brink of madness.”

Dani moaned, her head thrashing from side to side, her legs spread, her hips bucking up towards me. Oh, this was the best thing in the world. The alert head of her clit reared up between the succulent lips that were so very exposed; at that moment I knew I had never seen anything quite as enticing as my lover’s wet pussy. I leaned forward, unable to resist pushing her to the next level for a moment longer.

Running my tongue against her swollen clit, I savored it for a full minute before moving down to push my tongue inside her. She tasted of the sea, her essence delicately flavored and silken in texture. Dani moaned aloud in response to my exploring tongue passing over her intimate flesh. Eagerly, she rocked her hips forward when I pushed my fingers inside her. The walls were smooth and silky, responsive and flexing rhythmically around my fingers.

Dani whimpered, her hips thrusting onto my fingers again and again, until there was a fierce contraction of her inner sex muscles, followed by a sudden gush of moisture that dribbled down between her folds and her buttocks.

Intoxicated with arousal, I kneeled up and pulled at my own breasts, squeezing them. With trembling, desperate fingers Dani reached out and took over, freeing my hand, and tugged on my hard nipples just the way I liked it. Pleasure reverberated in waves from between my thighs to my breasts. My nipples flamed when she pinched at them, and I was unable to stifle my moans of pleasure. A dart of painful need traversed my spine and I shoved my hand into the drenched pit of heat between my thighs, my fingers sliding easily into the wet groove.

“Come on do it, wank for me, show me what its like,” Dani whispered, her eyes flashing when she saw how hot I was.

I fucked myself with my fingers, giving her a show, hard and fast. With a few practised and swift moves my fingers rocked up against the pad of flesh on the front wall of my cunt, the heel of my hand ground against my clit.

Dani leaned closer and put her hand over mine where it cupped my groin. “Come in my hand,” she said. “I want to feel you come while you’re thinking about this Alain

bloke,” she added, but, it was too late, because inside the double embrace of her hand and mine, I was already coming.

\* \* \* \*

“What an incredible room,” Dani said as she scanned the erotic prints mounted in frames on the plum-colored walls—all of them naked women with body tattoos done in dark chocolate. She sipped from one of the glasses of red wine Alain had ready for us, and then bit into one of the chocolates from the nearby tasting table, purring aloud as she indulged.

I nodded, and savored a mouthful of the heady wine, noticing that he’d created a similar room to the one in the photo that he’d shown me, right here at the back of his Kent shop. To add to the mood, the stereo played reggae that made my hips move to the beat.

Alain watched me dancing as he popped the press studs on his white chef’s jacket and peeled it off, revealing a lean but muscular torso encased in a tight black T-shirt. “I’m so glad you like it. It’s important to have somewhere other than the shop for private tastings.”

Dani’s eyebrows lifted at that comment, and when he turned away to put his jacket down she mouthed at me: *he’s gorgeous*.

That pleased me no end. A look of understanding passed between us. She’d already figured out that he was the man I’d been talking about that morning. She glanced at the erotic photos and back, and her eyes sparkled with mischief.

I patted her bottom as I reached past her for a chocolate from the tasting table. I’d timed it well. We were both relaxed and ready for some fun. After a late lunch we’d

visited the pub for an aperitif before our supposed dinner out. Dani was chilled and ready to roll with it, as was I.

The chocolate I'd chosen was utterly delicious. It melted in the mouth, the next best thing to sex. Just as I was thinking that, Alain joined us, standing between us as we admired the photographs on the wall. He placed one hand on each of our backs, making contact. "So which of you will be my model tonight?"

"Eve will." Dani was straight in there, not even giving me a chance to respond.

"Oh, I thought...I thought it would be you." I'd been having some hot imaginings about how this would play out, torrid scenarios that kept me awake at night, but this particular arrangement hadn't even figured. The unexpected turn of events made me feel jittery and unsure.

Alain chuckled softly. "Life is all about having the selection, yes?"

I nodded at Dani. "But it's Dani's birthday."

Alain wasn't daunted. His eyes were molten with arousal, and the tension in the room built. He moved his hand to my lower back and then I noticed that Dani leaned in against him, smiling at me.

"I hadn't forgotten," he said. "It's Dani's birthday and she wants you to be painted." His gaze raked over me. "Let's not forget, Dani is the one who is going to be eating the chocolate."

My pulse raced erratically. "Yes, she is."

"You've had the upper hand in this so far," Dani said, and then planted her hand on my chest, forcibly walking me backwards. "You'll be the one in the chair, Eve."

She did this sometimes, and it never failed to turn me on.

She nodded at me. "Strip!"

I put my glass down and my fingers went to the hem of my top, automatically following her instruction. I paused. I wasn't wearing a bra. Was I brave enough to brazenly strip my top off, with this gorgeous Frenchman staring at me as if he was about to devour me? Dani didn't hang around to find out. She reached over and hauled the top off, leaving me with no choice in the matter. My breasts bounced free. While Dani started on my belt and the buttons on my jeans, Alain went to the tasting table where I saw a chocolate piping bag. He glanced up as he readied it, keeping one eye on us as I was stripped.

Dani hauled my jeans down my legs before I had a chance to slip out of sandals and had to put my hands on the shoulders steady myself and kick them off. My legs felt weak under me, and I slid into the shiny black chair, grateful for the support in case I keeled over.

"And them," she insisted and grabbed at my panties, tearing them down my thighs. I'd thought I'd keep them on, but she had other ideas. Face on fire, but secretly loving the situation, I wriggled my hips and shimmied my underwear the rest of the way down my legs, and then kicked them off.

Before he began work, Alain stripped of his black T-shirt and the two of us watched as his chest and abdomen flexed. He shrugged when he saw us both staring at him. "It can be a messy job," he explained and gave us a wicked smile.

I reached for my glass and knocked back the rest of my wine.

Dani made herself comfortable on a nearby stool, watching us with eager eyes. When Alain began to work her lower lip caught between her teeth, an action that

showed me how aroused she was. That alone made me unbearably horny, never mind the rest.

Alain used the butterfly tattoo I had on my hip as the starting point, his drawing sure and surprisingly swift. The touch of the chocolate piping on skin made me shiver and pant aloud, and when I inhaled the smell of the rich chocolate filled my senses, making my head drop back as I fought to stay still.

Kneeling beside me as he worked, his actions were smooth and flowing as he applied scrollwork across my hip, then moved up across my abdomen, applying his design around each of my nipples, before moving down to the other hip. Each time my body rippled in response, his eyelids lifted and he looked at me with such a devious smile, it was obvious that he knew exactly what this was doing to me. Which I guess he did. I was damp and aching for more contact. When I glanced his way he licked his lips, and winked. My body burned.

Dani abandoned her seat and knelt on the other side of me. "May I help?"

Alain nodded.

"Here," she said, moving her finger from where he was currently working on my abdomen, around my navel and down towards my pussy.

I felt dizzy, and my eyes flashed closed as I tried to maintain my equilibrium. It was all I could do not to shuffle in the seat and crush my thighs together for relief.

"Of course, lean back in the chair, Eve." It was Alain, and I felt him working right there, on my shaved pussy. Sensation roared through me as he eased my legs apart and drew a heart at the very place my pussy opened, adding curly tendrils down each side. I stared down, my hands clasping the sides of the chair for support.



“Perfect.” Dani’s fingers slid in between my pussy lips, splaying me, the chocolate tendrils moving apart as my body opened.

“Oh god,” I blurted, looking at her as she lowered to taste the design with her tongue, tasting the chocolate heart he’d drawn just above the spot where my clit reared up. My hips rocked on the seat. I was unable to stop myself even though Alain was watching us. When my eyelids lowered I noticed the bulge at his groin and I wanted to see his cock.

“Mmm,” Dani said, her breath warm against my sensitized pussy, “this chocolate is too good, and this is the most delicious way to eat it.”

“I agree,” Alain said, barely breaking with the task at hand as he scrolled chocolate along my pussy lips for Dani’s eager tongue to follow.

Sensation swamped me. My pussy was throbbing and I whimpered aloud.

Then Dani paused and wiped her mouth. “Kiss her,” she said, and then returned to her former position, her chocolate covered tongue lapping over my clit. “I know she wants you to,” she added.

“Dani!” I couldn’t deny it though, not after what had gone on that morning. Then Alain cast his piping bag aside and his mouth covered mine. I fast forgot my embarrassment. Melting, I let him possess my mouth, opening to him just as my thighs were open to Dani. His fingers were in my hair as his tongue teased over mine. Between my legs, Dani was tonguing my slit, up and down, up and down, bringing my climax closer with every stroke.

Alain moved to lick the chocolate from around one nipple—making me cry out loud—and then lower, until he joined Dani at the juncture of my thighs. Sweat broke out on the back of my neck, my pussy creaming.

Dani shifted to make room for him. Her tongue probed my cunt, while he suckled my clit from above. My hands tightened on the side of the chair, locking me there lest I took off. It didn't take long. My body wavered, and then it rolled over me, knocking me back in the seat.

When I surfaced, it was to the sight of the pair of them locked in a passionate kiss, right there in front of me. Both of them were on their knees, knee to knee, chest to chest. Dani's hand was on his belt, stripping it open. It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen. My pussy automatically panged for more.

Soon she had his cock in her hand. It was long and hard and bowed up towards his abdomen. She pushed him onto his back on the carpet and stripped off the rest of her clothing, ready to mount that glorious erection. Sitting on the edge of the seat, my hands clutching at it, I struggled to control my breathing, my body high on the experience. Even while my body was leveling, it was also rising in interest again.

Dani swore aloud when she mounted him, taking that lovely cock inside. As soon as she had him to the hilt, he reached out and touched my hand. When I made eye contact, he gestured. "Sit on my face, please. I want to taste Eve's chocolate." He grinned. "I want to be smothered in both of you."

*Fuck!* My hands started shaking.

"Oh yes. Eve, I'd love to see that." Dani began to ride up and down, her hips finding their rhythm on his cock.

Alain gestured again and when I thought about that handsome mouth on my clit I couldn't resist. Staggering to my feet, I made it over and straddled him, facing Dani. I let him guide me with his hands on my hips until he had me exactly where he wanted me.

The first stroke of his tongue made me cry out, it was too good. The second made me arch and struggle. The third had another orgasm on the horizon.

Meanwhile, Dani was going at it like a jackhammer. I could tell from her expression that she was getting close to her climax. Beneath me, Alain bowed up from the floor, grunting with pleasure, his hands pulling my hips closer. The symbiosis was incredible. I was coming again, fast, and when I hit the jackpot, I felt him move his entire face against me, as I shuddered to completion.

In front of me Dani had clamped down, her hips moving fast as she came. "Oh god, you're so hard," she moaned, and then let rip, her knees locked against his sides as she climaxed. Alain tensed beneath me. His fingers tightened on my hips and knew he was coming.

I rolled free a moment later, and I couldn't help laughing at the mess of chocolate on the three of us. "I hope you have a shower, Alain."

"Yes, I do," he replied.

"I hope it's big enough for three," Dani added.

"But of course," he responded, as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

Dani looked across at me where I was kneeling on the floor. "My only regret is that I didn't get a photo of you before we messed it all up."

Alain sat up, wrapped a hand around her neck and gave her a deep kiss. “We can recreate it again, anytime you want.” He looked from one to the other of us, very deliberately. “Anytime you want...”

I couldn’t withhold my smile.

Neither could Dani.

To think I’d gone looking for a box of chocolates! As it turned out, the Chocolatier’s delectable produce was only a small part of what I obtained for Dani’s birthday treat, because we got a sensuous male lover—whenever we wanted—as well.

### About Saskia Walker

*Saskia Walker is an award-winning British author of erotic fiction. Her short stories and novellas have appeared in over sixty international anthologies including BEST WOMEN'S EROTICA, THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF BEST NEW EROTICA, SECRETS, and WICKED WORDS. Her erotica has also been featured in several international magazines including PENTHOUSE, BUST, and SCARLET. After writing shorts for several years Saskia moved into novel-length projects. Her erotic single titles include ALONG FOR THE RIDE, DOUBLE DARE, RECKLESS, and RAMPANT. Fascinated with seduction, Saskia loves to explore how and why we get from saying "hello" to sharing our most intimate selves in moments of extreme passion. She has lots more stories in the pipeline! Saskia lives in the north of England, close to the beautiful Yorkshire moors, with her partner, Mark, and a houseful of stray felines. Visit her [website](#) for more info.*

## **JACKIE'S BOYS**

**By Bekki Lynn**

### Chapter 1

Jackie walked in the front door, sweaty, dirty and ready for a shower. She pulled her shirt over her head as she went through the living room. "Damn it!," she muttered to herself. "I forgot to put the laundry in the washer. Lenny's going to be pissed if he doesn't have a clean shirt for tomorrow."

She went through the kitchen to the laundry room, undoing her jeans to throw in the wash. A sexy ass surprised her when she reached the doorway. He was home way early and looking good bent over a pile laundry. "Baby, I'm sorry. I remembered a second ago. Go relax, hon. I'll get it going."

He ignored her. She added her clothes to the pile he'd started in front of the dryer, eyeing him. Damn, but he was hot in those loose-legged shorts. Unable to resist, she started to reach up under the leg of his shorts to stroke his dick while he reached for the detergent. With his free hand, he waved her off, grunting. Not to be deterred, she grabbed him, causing him to knock the jug off the shelf. The lid popped off, spilling laundry soap on the floor. Mumbling something she couldn't understand, he grabbed a towel and bent over to clean up the mess. She caressed his ass, asking, "How about a quickie to tide us over?" She turned around to kick the pile away from the washer so they had a flat surface to screw on. He reached over her as she positioned herself in front of the machine. She rubbed her ass against him, watching him dump the liquid over the clothes in the tub.

Smiling, her body unleashed spasms in anticipation. She grabbed his cock,

freeing it from the baggy shorts and brought it to her pussy. He grunted, made noises in an attempt to pull away, but eventually gave in. With his length inside her, she moaned, “Oh, baby.”

She braced her hands on the machine, thrusting with him. “God, I’ve been thinking about this all day.” His hands gripped her waist as he pounded her like a man who hadn’t had it just this morning. Hanging her head, she welcomed the fire spreading through her like a match to gasoline. She panted. He shuttered, jerked, surprising her by coming so soon. She straightened, turning her head to kiss him. Peanut butter! His breath smelled like he’d eaten a jar. Absurd, he wouldn’t be so stupid, but panic had her pushing at him.

When she whirled on him, he was swallowing hard, and his lips laced with the creamy substance. His glazed blues stared back at her while she registered the tan cord curled up around his face. He never heard a word she said with the music blaring in his ears. She yanked the earpieces out. Ignoring the fact it wasn’t music he listened to, she went off on him, “Are you nuts! Why on earth would you eat peanut butter?” She pulled him into the kitchen to call 911. She saw the jar of peanut butter on the counter with a spoon sticking out of it. “What possessed you?” she asked, reaching for the phone. “You need medical attention before your throat swells completely shut.”

He slammed his hand over the phone, waving her off. Stupefied at his behavior, she watched him fill a glass with water. After downing it, he leaned over breathing hard, drank more then turned around.

“I’m sorry, Jackie. I was hungry and I shoveled it in. I tried to let you know. My mouth was stuck, then the spill and then...well, it was screw you or lose my dick.”

“Randy Wilkerson!” Excited, she ran to husband’s identical twin and hugged him. “Why didn’t you let me know you were here?” Then her face heated up and she pulled away. “Oh, my god! I’m so sorry.”

“I’m not, why should you be? I haven’t had pussy in months.”

“Look, I’ve been working out back all day. Let me shower then you can tell me why you didn’t let us know you were coming and how long you’ll be home this time...” She forced herself to leave the room with dignity, but it was rather hard when you were stark naked and your brother-in-laws semen running down your thigh.

Out of his sight, she rushed to the bedroom and shut the door. Picking up the phone, she called her husband’s office. “Mary, is Lenny free?” she asked when his receptionist answered.

“He’s in the middle of a root canal, but it’s his last appointment today. I can give him a message.”

“Tell him Randy is home.”

“Will do, hon.”

Jackie showered, trying not to think about the renewal of the fantasy of having both brothers she seemed consumed with whenever Randy came home for a visit.

She returned to the kitchen, nervous about what she’d done. Moreso how he was going play on it. The kitchen was empty—good. Dinner, dinner, what was she going to fix? She looked in the refrigerator. Oh, yeah, pork chops. Would there be enough? She counted five in the package. *Strange. I never buy packages with more than three in it. We hate leftovers.*

Footsteps came into the room, drawing her eyes over the door. Randy stood with



a towel around his waist, rubbing his brown hair with another. He like his brother—his pecs, the way the damp hair swirled around his nipples, trailing down his washboard to his belly button. He was identical to his twin brother in so many ways, which always posed a problem for her. She'd once made the mistake of thinking she could tell them apart based on appearance. She knew Randy's body every bit as well as she knew Lenny's—there was no difference, only in certain intimate aspects.

"All of my clothes are in the washer. Do you mind if I grab a pair of Lenny's shorts?"

"Fine. The dresser near the window, bottom drawer. Shirts are in the second drawer."

"Thanks."

She watched him walk away. Damn! She was in trouble. Pulling out salad fixins she'd picked from the garden earlier in the day, she prepped three of the potatoes she'd also dug up for baking.

"Anything I can help with?" Randy asked, coming up alongside her.

"No, I got it," she said, refusing to look at him, but he brought her face around with fingers to her chin.

"Hey, it was kind of like old times."

"Except it was Len getting lucky while I dated you." Jackie sighed and laid the knife down. "We weren't married. I am now."

"For eight years now, I know. I was there, best man. Still doesn't mean I don't remember how you don't take no for an answer."

"How long will you be home?"

"Permanently, I hope. I have a couple of interviews this week."

"No more traveling around the world reporting breaking news? How come?"

"Bombs were starting to get too close for comfort. It's time to take the soft route.

Getting up there, you know."

"Oh, right. Wait until I tell your brother it's almost walker time. He'll kick your ass."

"You called him?"

She nodded. "I let him know you were home."

"Going to tell him?"

"Yes. I don't keep secrets of any kind from him."

"Good. Is the pool table still in the basement?"

"Nothing's moved, Randy. You'll have time for a couple games before dinner."

She listened to him whistle as he went down the steps. Wow! He was going to get a job here. Would he live here with them? Of course he would. It was his home, too—their parents left the place to both of them.

Her heart beat with a thud against her chest. *Play it by ear, Jackie. Don't get your panties in a bunch because you didn't know it wasn't your husband.* The front door slammed. *Now he's home.* She turned the oven on.

"Hey, hon." Lenny kissed her on the cheek. "Where is he?"

"Rec room. What'd you do, run out on your patient?"

He laughed, moving a strand of hair from her face. "We were all but done when you called. I'm going to change before going down. How long 'til dinner?"

"You have time for a couple of games." She followed him to their bedroom.

"Len...I kind of had sex with him."

“Huh?”

“I came in from the garden, and well, I thought you’d come home early. He was bent over the laundry...well, you know me. I demanded and took. His mouth was stuck shut from half the jar of peanut he ate. I didn’t smell it until he breathed on me, then I panicked, thinking you’d lost your mind.” She knew it sounded lame, but it all came tumbling out.

He ran his hands over her arms, staring into her chocolate eyes, “It’s all right, hon.” The corners of his mouth turned up, confusing her.

“What?”

“Seems to me, I recall being the one mistaken for him one night way back when.”

“Yeah, he recalled the time, too. Still, I’m sorry.” She took his shirt to put in the laundry while he pulled a t-shirt over his head and then replaced his slacks with shorts.

“No problem, unless you didn’t enjoy yourself.”

Well, she didn’t have a chance to enjoy herself like she wanted, but her husband’s attitude wasn’t what she expected. He could have acted jealous, upset, something, considering her past with his brother.

“He’s giving up his job. He’s staying home, if he can get a job here.”

“Fantastic. It’ll be great having him around. Won’t it?” He gave her a peck on the nose. “Call us when dinner’s on the table.”

Jackie stood there for a few minutes, her mind attempting to work out his attitude. She had a gut feeling her life was taking a turn in the growth department—one which would send her on a roller coaster ride, without the car and the safety bar.

\* \* \* \*

Starting down the basement steps, Jackie wondered at the silence. She continued on down. The men stood leaning against the pool table, their backs to her. "All right you two. What are you up to?"

Both heads turned giving her devilish but sexy smiles. "Nothing," they said in unison.

She groaned. A living nightmare enveloped her. "Come on up, dinner's ready." She didn't wait for them but she heard them.

"Hey, me first."

"I was here first."

Jackie rolled her eyes, hoping this childish behavior didn't go on for long. After washing up, they walked around the table twice, switching directions a couple of times before they sat down. She ignored them. Every time Randy came home for a visit, the same silliness went on. It was cute the first couple of times, but now, she knew they did it to get a rise out of her. Not this time. If he was going to be a permanent fixture, she had to set the tone, be the adult.

They fixed their plates, ate in silence, until Lenny spoke up. "Randy, the shark-head, won all four games. Lenny has to pay up."

She arched a brow, picking up on the name use. They were in game mode. What would it be this time? Live in the woods without provisions for a week? Maybe have to walk the ten miles into town every day for a month, because he lost the keys to the truck? It was always something dumb. "All right, what was the bet this time?"

Randy grinned at her as he removed her silverware from her reach before he told her. "If Randy won, we'd play a game." He gave her body a slow perusal then winked at

Lenny.

“I’m not playing strip poker with you guys. You cheat.”

“Different game,” Lenny told her.

“Today’s Wednesday—you have until Friday night to figure out which one of is the man you’re married to.”

In disbelief, Jackie looked from one to the other. “You’re joking?”

“No,” they said at the same time.

All of sudden it clicked. They were dressed identically. They both held up their left hands—no rings or markings on either of their ring fingers. Not really surprising—Lenny didn’t wear his doing yard work and such for fear of getting it caught, so it tanned like the rest of him. Oh, god, she assumed the man on her left was her husband. Lenny always sat there while they ate. Jackie stared at them, trying to think fast. She could ignore them. Or she could make them pay for involving her in one of their games. Yeah, she could do the latter.

“May I have my silverware, please? My food is getting cold.”

With caution, the twin who’d taken it handed the utensils back, but she was thinking about how she could turn this to her favor. Did she dare attempt the fantasy she’d always had? Well, not always, but since she first met Lenny.

Her stomach quivered at the memory. She and Randy were going at it in the basement, having sex on the pool table when Lenny came down looking for Randy. She saw the hunger on his face as he gawked at her breasts. He’d said something, then left. She had liked the idea of him liking what he saw so she’d suggested they invite him to join them sometime. The idea excited him, causing him to lose his load all too soon.

The threesome never happened, but it didn't stop the fantasies, even after she hooked up with Lenny. Randy was the wild side to Lenny's soft, loving side. It'd be yummy to have her cake and eat it, too. However, she wasn't comfortable approaching Lenny about the idea for fear of him thinking he didn't satisfy her like his brother did. The truth was, he more than took care of her. But now, well...now they had opened the door. Why not try to take them through it? Or at least foil their plan in the attempt...

She finished eating, set her plate in the sink, then told them, "When you're finished cleaning up the kitchen, come find me." She left them with their mouths hanging open. Guess they expected her to argue, maybe try to talk them out of it. Not this time. They wanted her to play? Then she was going to enjoy herself.

\* \* \* \*

Jackie looked up when the guys came into the living room. Letting her eyes roam over one, then the other, she grinned. "A wet t-shirt contest? Why wasn't I invited?"

Sauntering across the room, she said, "Oh, I guess I'm the judge." She ran a finger up their chests, flicked viewable nipples as she began to put her plan in motion.

"Mmm, I think this shirt is wetter." Digging her nails into the material, she ripped it open, giving the chest an appreciative look.

"Yum!" She looked over at the other twin and winked. "I think this is going to take some real studying, some hands on for me to know absolutely who is who."

She pulled the man with the ripped shirt closer and kissed the parted lips, thrusting her tongue into his mouth. He tangled with her until she pulled away. Bringing Randy's lips to hers, she ran her tongue over them. They both tasted alike—dinner. She lingered before slipping into his mouth to give her husband a moment to grasp where

she was going with this. Randy sucked on her tongue and pulled on a nerve deep within her, bringing hot need straight down into her clit. She pushed him away before she ruined her own intention. He certainly hadn't lost his touch, nor had her body forgotten how he commanded it. She eyed Lenny, who watched her with no obvious clue to give away who he was. Still—she knew. Looking from his glazed eyes to the matching set of his brother, she took a step back.

Smiling, she rested the tip of her tongue on the roof of her mouth, studying the speechless boys. "I'll be waiting." Without hurry, she went down the hall to the bedroom, stripped, then stretched out on her stomach. Shame she didn't have a camera recording their reaction. She hoped they'd consent to doing what they're both best at—loving her their way, together. Her body was ready to be ravished.

With raised eyebrows, she watched the doorway, wondering where they were. Had she ruined their plan, and hers? Or were they in the mist of their infamous rock-paper-scissor game to see who came first. If they tied, as they often did, she hoped they'd say to hell with it and both come. "Please, please, please, let both of them come," she prayed as she dropped her chin on the bed.

The lights went out, startling her, but then she relaxed. They were coming. The ache in her pussy grew. Her heart pounded in anticipation.

While she didn't hear them come in, her sense of smell knew when they'd come into the bedroom, naked. She could smell their arousal. She smiled and waited. The bed dipped down near her legs. Her stomach quivered with anticipation.

"Mmm." She moaned when they traced the sole of her feet with a fingertip. The mere anticipated touch had her tingling.

“Oh, god.” She groaned as tingles ran up her legs. Wet tongues washed over the soles of her feet, moved over her heel and trailed up her calves to the back of her knees. Her breathing quickened as they coupled the assault with feather-like touches skimmed over her thighs, teasing closer and closer to her pussy. She ached to move so fingers fell in, but whose? Tips of their tongues circled, ran along the curve of her cheeks then disappeared. She waited. What...where were they going to strike? She twitched, trembling with the unknown. They were taking forever.

Teeth grazed her butt cheeks, causing her breath caught as liquid fire surged through her. They skirted down, licking along the crease edging her thighs their breath fanning the curls covering the tunnel aching for attention. Moving her hips downward, Jackie dug her fingers into the edge of the bed. Torture, they were torturing her with slowness.

She needed to unleash her fire, their fire. She wanted them to become the lovers she knew them to be. It didn't matter who was who. She wanted to taste, touch and feel them deep inside her—let her pussy claim their bodies. Unleash their uncontrollable need to pound her, to fill her with cum, to drive her over the edge. She wanted them to witness what she did to the other.

“Oh!” she said with quiet need as they trailed kisses up her back, along her spine, across her shoulders, down her arms, moving faster, their breathing coming out quick. A tongue swirled over her wrist, drawing groans from her, muffled by the comforter. God, Lenny knew it drove her crazy.

She pushed herself up to her knees and pulled her husband's head to her breast. His mouth latched on sucking with a deep hunger. Her eyes rolled from the rising need.



She grabbed Randy, taking his mouth a ferocious need. Shooting her tongue between his lips, he sucked until a deep ache screamed through her.

Pushing him away, she whispered, "Eat me."

Jackie lay back on the bed, thrilled her husband came down with her. Randy moved between her legs and ran his tongue up from her crack to her protruding clit. Her fingers tangled in the dark hair of her husband suckling her breast as he molded and tweaked the other.

"Yes, yes, yes," she whispered.

Randy thrust into her canal with fingers searching for her release button. He caressed it and backed off. "Oh, damn," she whimpered. She moved her hips, trying to get him to do more. He thrust while mouthing, flicking around his magic fingers with his tongue.

"Oh, god." Fire flamed from her breasts to her pussy. She wanted—no, *needed*—raw sex. Jackie pushed Lenny from her chest, pulling away from both of her lovers long enough to position herself on all fours. She grasped his cock, licking up, down, circling, as shudders swept through her. Wrapping her lips around the head, she sucked hard, fast—hungry for the sounds her actions drew from him, hungry for the taste of his cum.

Hands slipped along her hips, gripping as hardness filled her tunnel. Shivers shimmied through her.

"Mmm," she moaned around magnificent dick in her mouth. She slowed her mouth to rock back and forth on the shaft thrusting in and out of her. Lenny's fingers tangled in her hair, ran over her back, pressing in as they went and he eased in and out of her mouth. She had the men where she wanted them. Finally!

“Oh, baby,” she heard as her lips met the base of his cock. He thrust, holding her as she bobbed, bringing him closer to shooting down her throat. She wanted it, needed it. The grunts from behind her said Randy was nearing the point of no return. The awkwardness of trying to give both cocks equal attention had her pressing back against Randy while she sucked with wild abandonment on Lenny’s length.

The room filled with grunts as they pounded her relentlessly. Cum hit the back of her throat and the orgasm shot through her like a rocket.

“Oh, God, Jac, you feel so good,” Randy panted as he unloaded.

Swallowing and panting, she found herself on her back before she began to calm from the aftershocks. Hands moved over her slick body, caressing. She didn’t want it to end. Hoped they didn’t think she was near finished with them. Fingers neared her pubic area and she opened her legs wider, hoping they’d take the hint.

Fingers plunged into her, causing her to buck with wild need. Randy thrust and hit her internal button. Warmth spread through her body as she came around his fingers, but instead of driving her up again as he once would do, he rubbed her pussy, slower and slower, easing her down.

Jackie stretched, asking, “Damn! How was it for you guys?” She received a swat on the hip from Randy and Lenny pushed him out of the way. He lay between her legs and ran his tongue through the cum soaking her. Her breath caught, surprised her husband stepped over his comfort zone.

“Oh, god, don’t stop,” she said, breathless yet still hot. She rose into him, his tongue bathing her, probing her tunnel, sucking her lips. Her insides were melting, tingling and she pressed against him, held still, letting the sensations mount until

shudders swept over her then let him do it again, and again as she reached for Randy.

She grabbed his soft cock and began to coax him back to life. It didn't take long. His head lowered and she knew he watched her lick their juices from his stiffening shaft.

"Tastes so good," she moaned. "I love it." She slipped the head into her mouth, easing down his length as he entered her throat. Randy leaned over her, resting his hands on the bed and thrust, going deeper. She caressed his hips, reached up and twisted his nipple as she shuddered through an orgasm, coming over Lenny's tongue. *Wow!*

Immersed in erotic heaven, Jackie cupped Randy's balls, causing him to speed up as her tongue bathed him. She could feel the veins popping as he began to harden in her hand. He shuddered and she held her tongue stiff against his shaft. He moved faster and faster and then she felt her pussy filled with hardness. Her heart fluttered at the feel of him, but she wrapped a leg around Lenny, holding him tight, not wanting him to move quite yet.

"Oh, glory to god! I'm going to shoot!" said Randy.

Her throat, her mouth filled with cum, oozing from her lips. She swallowed as fast as she could, but it kept coming. It ran down her chin and she wiped it up and rubbed it on his belly.

He stilled, his chest rising and falling with quickness. Her pussy clenched around the pulsating cock begging for action. She forced herself to be still.

Randy eased from her mouth, but she wasn't done with him. Licking her lips, she let her patient man go to turn back on all fours. Running her tongue over Randy's belly, she licked up his cum while her husband entered her. Randy pulled her head up when

she began to suck his soft appendage and laid it on his stomach, caressing her hair. She understood he needed time as did the cock moving in and out of her. Kissing his firm abdomen, she rose and gave her sole attention to her husband.

She rocked, loving the feel of his strong hands holding onto her as he pounded her, but then he pulled out and flipped her over so fast, she didn't have time to adjust before he was back inside her. Crossing her ankles over his back, she held onto his biceps as they came together, slapping hips. The air filled with raspy sounds, whimpers, and guttural moans from their depths.

Sweat dripped from him onto her skin, he ground against her clit, pulled almost out, rammed her, did it again and again.

"Oh, god, oh god," she moaned as her body tensed, hovering on the edge. "Make me fall," she begged. He pounded her, stopped, pounded her, over and over. She could feel it, it was there, right there hanging the tip of the cliff. "Make it let go," she whispered.

He grunted and she fell into the swirling pool. Their bodies convulsed together, familiar with each other. Lenny collapsed on her, panting near her ear. She smiled, but was too tired to do more than pry her legs from around.

\* \* \* \*

Jackie opened her eyes the moment daylight streamed through the window, being the early riser in the family. She looked at the naked bodies in her bed and chuckled. Body parts draped and hung as if exhaustion outweighed comfort. Perfect, it couldn't have been more perfect if they'd discussed it first. It'd been everything she hoped, better to be honest. She pried an arm off her leg, another off her chest and climbed from the bed to shower before starting the day.

She was out in the garden, picking beans to can and freeze when chatter had her looking over her shoulder.

“Morning, lazy-butts!” she called out.

“You’re the farmer.”

“You were raised in the country.” They stood barefoot, wearing identical black shorts, not that it mattered. She wouldn’t know who she was bantering with if they wore different colors.

“Can we help?”

*All right, what were they up to now?*

“Sure, you can.” She looked around to see what would be safest for her vegetables. “You can pull weeds in the corn rows. You know, the dirt path between the rows of corn.”

“Ha ha.”

“I’d put shoes and shirt on. And gloves wouldn’t hurt.”

They came down the row behind her and picked her up by her underarms, letting her feet dangle.

“Hey, guys! I’ve work to do if you want to eat this winter. Len, don’t you have to work today?”

They set her down on the patio, sandwiched between them. The one behind her moved the loose strands of the hair and started kissing her neck. “I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” she said about the time he started sputtering.

“Damn, it tastes like—”

“Bug spray. Part of my gardening attire.

“Okay, fine. How long before you wash it off?” the man in front of her asked.

“When the work is done.” She walked over to the ledge near the kitchen window and picked up her garden cologne. “I’ll be done sooner if you help.” They held out their arms, allowing her to spray them down. “Between the corn rows.” Smiling, she watched them take opposite sides of the twenty twelve-foot rows she planted. They got down on their hands and knees and started pulling. It was all she could do not laugh her ass off at the site of two grown men crawling around in the corn. They didn’t have to, but decided to let them punish themselves for a bit. She returned to the beans, knowing any moment they’d start to grumble.

“This is going to take a week.”

“Yeah, well, you have the softer end.”

“No, you do. Let’s switch.”

She smirked and watched them trade places, but continued on, deciding they needed to suffer a while longer, for the hell of it if for no other reason.

“Man, the weeds are cemented in.”

“Told you.”

“Trade back.”

“No.”

Jackie rolled her eyes, went over to the shed, and pulled out two hoes. Walking over to the corn, she stood for a moment eyeing their asses. She whistled and they both looked around at her. “Nice view, sexy, I call a tie at ten.” She tapped the tools on the ground. “This is what I use to weed. I’m pretty sure you were brought up to use them, too.” They all but ran to her.

Each man grabbed one, kissed her on the mouth and muttered, "Ten and a half," as they walked away.

Laughing, she returned to the beans to finish her last row for the day.

When she reached the end of the row, she realized she hadn't heard a peep from the guys in a while. She went along the corn until she saw them. They worked fast, having done a little over half between them, and the work was passable. Satisfied, she hauled the bushel of beans to her outdoor sink, uncovered it and started filling it with water before dumping the beans in to wash them. As it filled, she did what she often did when it was bean pickin' day, she stripped out of the clothes and stood under the outdoor shower to wash the sweat, repellant and itch away. The cold water felt wonderful on her heated skin, caused as much from the guys' near nakedness then the sun beating down on her. Without drying, she pulled on a smock top which once belonged her mother-in-law. It covered her ass and that was all she needed as she washed the beans and picked off the ends. She had two tubs to put them in as she did. One for the ones she snapped for canning, the other for ones she left whole for the freezer.

"Hey, tryin' to distract us?"

She grinned. "Get back to work."

"I did my half." He stood under the shower with his shorts on. "You always run around naked?"

"We're in the country—no two-legged neighbors," she said, watching the water run down his chest. "You're distracting me. Why don't you go in and turn the burner on under the black kettle?"

He came over to her, dripping, and put his arms around her. "I think you're the distraction."

"Mmm, think so? Well, you tell me which one you are and I might reward you special."

"I don't know how much more special it can get after last night." His hand moved down over her clit, massaging it.

She melted into his fingers, swallowing the need to give him her full attention. "What did you like best?" she managed.

"I don't know. It was all amazing."

She widened her stance and curled her arm around his neck as his fingers probed farther. "I have chores to finish before I can play."

"You wash and I'll play, then."

He pulled her hips back against him and she leaned over the sink still attempting to do the beans, but his cock slipped in so easy she couldn't recall if she was putting the beans in the right tubs.

"Cheat, cheat, cheat," his brother said, coming up to them. "You had the easy side."

"You traded."

"You tricked me." He stripped before stepping under the shower.

She watched him run the soap over his chest as she tried to hold onto the sink with wet hands. His cock became rigid. Running her tongue over her lips, she could almost taste him. Fingers rubbed her clit and her head fell as she came with him. She splashed water on her face. "Oh, don't stop now," she groaned when he pulled out.



“No worries, I’m here to save the daaaaay!” Fresh cold water dripped on her heated flesh as the rigid cock she’d been drooling over entered her.

“Oh yeah, do it hard.” He did. His fingers bit into her as he rammed her over and over. Her muscles tightened around him. “Feels so good.”

He leaned over her and bit her shoulder with gentle teeth. “Woman, I want to do this all day. Your pussy is like a fitted glove.”

His words sent her flying over the edge. He grabbed her as she saw the water coming closer to her face. “You’re so hot, baby,” he whispered against her ear.

“Oh, god,” she panted when another rush swept through her. She trembled uncontrollably.

“Nice.” He nibbled on her ear and she shivered. She grabbed onto the sink, letting her body come down.

“Thanks for not letting me drown,” she gasped.

“My pleasure.”

She moved from him, letting him ease from her. “Let me suck you off—then I have to get the beans done.” Turning around, she kissed him, long, slow and sensuous, tasting his lips before going to her knees. She ran her tongue up Lenny’s shaft, around the head back down and up—that was all the foreplay she could muster. She took his length in one movement, sucking as she moved up and down. His fingers held her head while he thrust setting the pace his need required. He swelled and she massaged his balls until the shot of cum rolled down her throat.

“Mmmm,” she moaned as he fed her a warm mid-morning snack.

She sat back on her heels when he stumbled backwards. “What, I literally blew

you away?”

He laughed. “You did. Wowza!”

Jackie looked around for Randy. He stood behind her, leaning against the sink with a hard-on tenting his shorts. “As much as I want to help you out, break’s over. I have chores.” When he started to pout, she shook her head. “Inside, both of you. One of you best make sure you don’t lose your job and the other best not miss any interviews he has scheduled.”

They turned and walked toward the house, their heads hanging. “She never lets us have any fun.”

“She’s mean. Let’s run away.”

*Oh my god!* She rolled her eyes and went cool down under the shower before getting back to the beans.

\* \* \* \*

Hours had passed, the canning was done, the beans blanched and in the freezer, a roast cooked in the oven for dinner and Jackie was tired, but content. The guys had disappeared, leaving to do her thing and she now wondered where they were as she sat out on the front stoop with a glass of lemonade. They hadn’t gone into town, because all three vehicles were still in the drive. She yawned. Most likely they were off concocting some crazy escapade for the evening.

Getting to her feet, she went to fix a bath while she had a chance. She filled the tub, lit sugar cookie candles and turned the light out. After undressing, she slipped down into the water. Laying back with her eyes closed, she allowed herself to bask in the aftermath of a fantasy come true. She’d heard the reality of them was never as good as

what the mind conjured, but so far, she had to disagree. In fact, if it were possible, it had been better. The guys had totally been into it, even this morning. Now she thought about it, it seemed her plan aligned with theirs. Wow!

For Lenny to go along with this, he had to have thought it through, which meant it wasn't spur of the moment. The little stinker, she thought as she laid a wash cloth over her eyes. A wonderful, lovable stinker whom she loved with everything she was. How it was possible to love someone more than you already did, she didn't know, but she did. She sighed and let herself dose.

Jackie's internal clock went off and she pulled the plug and grabbed a towel. It was time to finish dinner, and if the man-boys weren't around, maybe they'd show up when they smelled food. She hoped so. She hoped they weren't playing seek and find us, though it could be fun to find them and have some hot one-on-one while the other waited to be found. Thinking about it brought up another aspect of having Randy live there. She'd like to know if it was possible for her to have a sexual relationship with him without it interfering with her marriage. Both of them were so much fun in bed, but in different ways. However, after last night, and this morning, why would he have a problem?

She dusted a little body powder on her heating body, brushed her hair out, then went to dress. The bed made her smile. Yep, Lenny had no problem sharing her with his brother. She buttoned her shorts on her way from the room.

The television was on when she entered the living room. One of the guys had stretched out on the couch with a bag of chips on his chest. His cohort sat in the recliner. Both appeared to be napping. Shaking her head, she went on into the kitchen,

halting a step or two through the door. Her mouth opened and closed as her eyes stung with the threat of tears. She turned to retrace her steps back to the living room, but both of the men stood there with hips cocked, thumbs sticking in their pockets. “What possessed you?”

“You,” they said together.

She walked up to them, kissed them on the cheek and hugged them together. “I love you!”

Excited, she approached the table and sniffed the Black-eyed Susan’s and fingered the soft petals of the chicory. She loved wildflowers and it touched her soul to know they’d gone out and picked them. She gazed around the beautiful table they’d set with her good stoneware. She reached for the bottle of wine, but the label was in a foreign language.

Looking over at the men, she said, “I’m not going to ask. Tonight.” She set it down. “Let me finish dinner.” Moved, she turned toward the stove. She took the roast from the oven in order to add vegetables, but they’d already added them. They had to be up to something. *Oh, no! What’d they break...destroy...wreck?*

She faced them. “How much is it going to cost?”

“What?” they asked.

“Whatever you damaged?”

“We didn’t, we swear.” They held up their right hands.

“We’ve been acting like boys so we wanted to make up for it.”

She tilted her head, smiling. “Not all of the time.”

“Really?” They looked at one another and high fived. “We’re half-boy, half-man.

Who'd have thunk it." She shook her head. "Oh, sorry. No more boy."

They'll always be boys, she thought, but they were her boys, as they were her men. She set the roast back in the oven to finish cooking and turned around to see one of them opening the wine and pour three glasses.

Taking the glass handed her, he held his in the air. "To the loveliest, smartest and sexiest woman alive."

"Here, here."

They came closer to her, clinking their glasses with hers, smiling ever so sexy, their eyes holding promises she didn't want to believe for fear it was her wistfulness. She sipped the wine as she walked through the house to sit on the porch. Resting her feet on the porch railing, she laid her head back against the wicker chair with her eyes closed. The screen door opened but didn't close right away, telling her they'd both come out.

No one said a word. They didn't have to. The silence was comfortable but wired with anticipation of the night ahead, maybe. It certainly was on her part.

She glanced over at them. They leaned on the far railing, their backs to her. No doubt pondering their plans they'd been off making. Adrenalin pumped through her. Need throbbed between her thighs and crawled through her legs, making them restless. She needed activity to hold herself off. Getting up, she went inside to knock some balls into the pocket.

\* \* \* \*

"Now that looks like dinner," said a voice from the stairs.

Jackie looked over her shoulder. The reasons she was down here knocking balls

around stood on the stairs gawking at her ass. She finished lining up the six solid for the far corner pocket and sank the ball. Then she responded, "Dinner? No. Better." Putting the stick in the rack, she started up the stairs. She patted the ass in front of her. "Should have made this an appetizer."

"Still can."

"Nope, too late. Go wash up, and do it without getting soaked or making a mess."

"Yes, Mommy," the one she couldn't reach with her hand said in with a boyish tone.

She crossed to the stove when they entered the kitchen, giving her attention to the transfer of dinner from pan to platter. She sliced the roast then went to set it on the table. The men sat in their chairs, hands under the table. Jackie thought it odd to see them so proper. It made her suspicious. Eying one then the other, she sat and fixed her plate, uneasy with the quiet. Any moment now, they were going to burst out with something to scare the living daylights out of her. Or wait for her to yell at them, because she couldn't stand it. They'd win, as it was already getting to her.

Although she could feign apologetic behavior, slip down beside them and give them blow jobs to bring back the men she knew, she thought. She flexed her thighs when her pussy jumped with excitement. *On the other hand, why rush it? Let's see how long they can last.*

She ate while watching them put food on their plate and eat ever so slow. The bizarre behavior was too much. After a long drink from her wine glass, she sat back. "What are you guys doing?" she asked.

"Being perfect gentlemen."

“More like prissy high-society spinsters at a tea,” she said then threw a piece of carrot at both of them in an attempt to get her boys back. They didn’t react like she wanted. Rather they took another bite and chewed with blank stares. “All right, enough.” She threw more food at them.

“Food fight!” they called.

Carrots, potatoes and even the meat came at her from both directions faster than she could throw back. When the barrage ended, she saw food everywhere but on the table, even in their hair. She burst out laughing, went to sit, but missed the chair.

“Oh, god!” She lay back laughing, struggling to breathe. They came to help her up, but she tugged them down to her. “You’re going to help me clean the mess up.”

“Sure.”

They started licking potato from her chest. It wasn’t what she meant by clean up, but hey, it was more fun. She picked food from their hair, tossed it on the floor and half-heartedly protested when her shirt came up over her breasts. “I don’t think there’s food under there.”

“Have to make sure,” Lenny said, moving his mouth between her breasts. He never failed to go for them first. They were his favorite part of her body while his brother had to have her pussy first. Another point in the pro threesome column, she thought.

She lifted her hips, letting Randy remove her shorts and crawl between her legs.

“Could be something down here, too,” he said, running his tongue around her pubic area.

Sighing, she caressed Lenny’s cheek as she watched his tongue circle around her pebbled tip. He switched to the other as fingers probed her tunnel, slowly moving in

and out. She caressed his side with her toes driving him nuzzle in. He lapped and nibbled around his busy fingers. Her hands stretched over the floor, the pads of her fingertips pressing into the tile as she drew them back. Hands cupped her butt cheeks, holding her against his face. Shudders swept through her. Her pussy clenched.

Lenny drew her nipple deep into his mouth, causing her to arch. "This is so hot," she moaned as a slithering orgasm moved through her to the edge. She arched and all of sudden, they left her. "Hey?" she panted. They started cleaning up the table as well as the mess on the floor.

They looked at her. "Yeah?" Randy asked.

"Thought you wanted the mess cleaned up," her husband added.

"I do, but..." She watched them in disbelief.

"But, what?"

"Not at the expense of what you started."

Lenny grinned at her. "Maybe we're ADD."

"And you do have two hands." Randy looked around at her from where he knelt cleaning food from the floor. "They don't seem to be doing anything else at the moment."

"With two sexy hunks in the house," she said crawling over to him. She pushed him over onto his back and yanked at the snap of jeans. "I have better things to do with my hands." She proceeded to prove it by pulling his jeans down and wrapping her fingers around his erection.

"They are quite powerful, too. I can stop your arousal, heighten it, even make you come in seconds," she said while her hand moved over his hot shaft. She looked across



the table at his brother, who stared at them. "What do you think he'd prefer?"

"I don't know about him, but I want your mouth wrapped around my dick."

The cock in her hand jerked. "Well, what are you doing over there?" She smiled at the man on his back. "He spoke for it first."

In route around the table, Lenny removed his jeans.

They fell under her control and she realized she had the power to bring them to their knees, or back, as the case may be. It made her feel like she held a whip without actually having one. They were hers to master at this moment.

Spasms ran through her, forcing her to admit, the power went both ways. They shared it despite who had control now as her body reminded her by begging to ride of their delicious cocks.

She leaned over, brushing her lips across the tip of her husband's shaft when he knelt in front of her. It bobbed. Overwhelmed with eroticism, she trembled with excitement.

"Oh, he's a happy boy." She swirled her tongue around the head, inhaling his musky scent. Jackie sighed then looked over at the one who didn't dare move as long as she gripped his prize package. Randy had folded his hands under his head, watching her. She winked at him and gave him a little hand action and saw his eyes flutter. She smiled up at the lucky one in front of her.

"Be right back." With eyes blurred with arousal, Jackie took Randy's cock deep in her mouth, wetting it. "Mmm, yum," she said. Gripping it, she started jacking him then turned back to the patient man. He'd moved closer which helped her to handle both of them with more ease. She mouthed the reddening length, her own arousal demanding

attention, but she wanted to care for her men first.

Enveloping the cock, she sucked, moving her hand in time with her head. Lenny stilled her, his breathing shaky as he thrust between her lips. She felt hips rise off from the floor, his legs move out. Both of her boys were getting close. She tilted her head to see Randy. He watched her through the slits of his eyes, his chest moving with labored breathing. She sucked, faster, deeper. Alternating groans filtered around the room. Stopping her hand at the base of his cock, she tightened, holding him off. Pre-cum flowed around her tongue and she sucked hard, slow and moved his hip hinting he could go ahead and pump her. A guttural moan escaped him as he grabbed her head, spurting with each thrust before he stilled, jerking with aftershocks. She swallowed and sucked until he eased out. Running her tongue over him, she cleaned him up before he fell back on the floor, panting.

Hungry for more, Jackie took Randy's raging hard-on into her mouth. He bucked, air swooshing from his lungs. Sucking, she loosened her fingers and cupped his balls. They were rock solid. She lowered wrapping her lips around one. His musky scent intoxicated her, urging her to run her tongue over it, circling until his thighs tensed. His hips rose and fell, she sucked as he moved between her fingers.

"I'm going to lose it," he announced.

She switched to the other testicle, moved her mouth over it like a lollipop. He groaned and his body jerked, shaking. Grinning, she ran her tongue up his shaft, watching him shoot cum over his six-pack. "Look what you did."

"Look what you made me do."

"I did that. Well, I was taught to clean up my messes." She swallowed his cock,

sucked on it, setting off tremors.

“Damn, Jac!” he breathed.

She moved up and licked across his abdomen, following a pearly white stream. He quivered at her touch and caressed her as she sucked and lapped, cleaning him up.

Memories of days when they’d goof around with different sex play flooded her and she didn’t stop when there was nothing more to clean up. Licking, sucking his rock hard nipples, she felt his hand run over her body and reach under and grab a breast, mold it, pull on the tip, then he went lower and plunged into her pussy. “Ah,” she moaned and moved against him.

A hand massaged her foot and she sat back on her heels, checking herself to be sure she stayed within the realm of the game until such time it was an agreeable change. She ran her tongue over her lips.

“Wow, best dinner I’ve ever had. Thanks, guys.” She got to her feet. “Rest up, you’ll need it,” Jackie told them as she began to clean up the food mess.

“Haven’t you figured out who your husband is yet?”

“Why? Not having fun, boys?” she asked as she removed the tablecloth, picked up her clothes, and put them in the laundry room. “Bored with your sex toys?”

“Man, if I could move...”

“Same here—she drained me.”

Jackie ignored them and started to wash up the dishes. When she finished and had everything wiped down, she grabbed the mop and bucket with the intention of mopping the floor. “You’d better not be sleeping over there?”

“No, resting up.”

“Go shower, I need to mop,” she said as she let water run in the bucket.

“I think I’m stuck to the floor.”

She started on the sink side of the kitchen and worked her way over to them. She nudged their bodies with her mop. They didn’t budge.

“Human floor décor would make an interesting conversation piece come Thanksgiving.” She mopped around them. “Not quite sure Aunt Edna’s heart could handle such modern art. However, I’m sure Uncle Fred would put his off-color humor to work.” She held out a hand to Lenny. “On the other hand, you might expel an offensive odor by then.” He grabbed onto her wrist and she yanked him up.

He held his hand down to his brother. “Come on before she mops over you.”

“Go, shower, and save some hot water for me,” she told them.

They left her to finish up. then she fixed them some soup and grilled cheese to eat while she showered.

She scrubbed her hair to remove the food, pondering the question put to her. Of course she knew at times who her husband was. Lenny played with her tongue while Randy sucked it, but were they tired of the game? Were they ready to get back normal? Rinsing the shampoo away, she tried to work through the twinge of pain stabbing her heart at the thought neither might be interested in carrying on in some manner. Washing up, she thought the way to find out for sure was to answer their question and let them know what she wanted.

When she emerged from the bedroom in her bathrobe after only blow drying her hair and scenting her body, she sat in the recliner instead of on the couch between them. They patted the empty space, but she shook her head. “So, seriously guys. What

were you expecting with this twin game?”

“Pretty much what happened, but—”

“We thought you’d play along, have a little fun and this morning knock our heads together.”

“I did have fun. I want to have more fun.” The surprise on their faces was priceless. “Before we get into that...” She walked over, kissed the nearest man, gave him her tongue and stopped him from trying to pull her down to his lap. She walked over, picked up the left hand of the brother, took her husband’s wedding ring from her pocket and slipped it on his finger. “Don’t remove it around your brother again.”

“How did you know?” Lenny asked.

She sat down, holding his hand. “You may be identical twins, but you don’t share the same passion in bed.” She inclined her head toward Randy. “You both have tell-tale qualities.” Jackie didn’t dare give them specifics, it’d be like them to try to fool her by switching up on her.

“So you knew all along?” Randy asked.

“Most of the time.”

Lenny put his arm around her and asked, “What’s this about you wanting to have more fun?”

“Since you two didn’t seem to have a problem sharing, I don’t see why it can’t go on. Of course, not every night. I do need nights with my husband,” she said, reaching up to kiss him. “I’d also like nights with my lover.” She gave him a moment to absorb this last part.

He looked around at his brother and grinned. “Told you.”

“You don’t have a problem with me screwing your brother while you’re in the next room?”

“Why should I? He’s not better than me. Besides, I need to sleep tonight. I can’t pawn the patients off onto Scott again tomorrow.”

“Am to better than you,” Randy dared.

Jackie smacked his leg. “No you’re not. You’re different, wilder, crazier. The differences which will make it work.” Lenny hugged her and she reached for the remote and turned the television on. “CSI is coming on.”

“I haven’t watched it in a long time, but I heard Sara is returning to the show,” Randy said.

“Yeah, finally someone to look at again,” Lenny told him.

“Missed her sexy little smile, did you?” Jackie asked as she entwined her fingers with his and laid her head on his shoulder. She drew her legs up and rubbed Randy’s thigh with her toes.

“We’ll leave it at that,” he said, kissing her head.

Randy reached under the robe and caressed, massaged her leg for a while, then moved over her thigh. She tried to concentrate on the show, keep her breathing even, but then he slipped his fingers through her pussy. She bit down on her bottom lip to hold back the groan, but he massaged her anus with the wetness.

“Mmm,” she moaned before she could muffle it. Snuggling closer to Lenny, she tried to keep the growing arousal under control, but he probed, working the rim. It’d been so long, more than ten years, since she’d had anal. There was no lube in the house, unless he had some, but if he didn’t and didn’t let up, she wasn’t going to care.

Lenny ran his hand over her head and kissed her as his bother continued to work her loose and she found herself squeezing his fingers.

“Randy, stop torturing my wife.”

“Oh, no torturing, right, Jackie?”

“Only the sweetest kind. You better have some KY in your room.”

“Just for you.”

She looked up at her husband, “Baby, are you sure this is good for you?”

“I’m good with it, promise. Go have fun.” He let her hand go.

She kissed him and stood, took Randy by the hand and all but dragged him to his room. Jackie laughed when she saw the pile of condoms and a large tube of lubricant.

“You guys had this planned, didn’t you? He knew you were coming home to stay, didn’t he?” she asked, picking up a hand full of condoms and setting them aside.

“Of course,” he told her while pulling her robe from her body.

She lay on her stomach and he ran his hands over her calves, massaging as he moved up. His teeth grazed her butt cheeks.

“Damn Randy, skip foreplay. You need to finish what you started.” She heard him open a condom, then the snap and ooze pop of the tube. She shuddered, her body more than ready, despite the years.

Massaging the lube in, he inserted multiple fingers and rubbed her back as he moved them in and out.

“You’re so tight,” he told her.

“Like a virgin. You’re the only one to do this with me.”

“Honored,” he said.

She swallowed hard on the lump forming due to the emotion in his voice. "Randy, do it like old times." He pulled her hips up, rubbed the head of his cock against her, pushing in as she pressed back. She tried to let him control, but it felt too wonderful. When he was in all the way, he held her still, letting her adjust while he massaged her clit. "Oh, do it. I'm past ready."

He thrust, testing and when she moved with him, he gave it his all. He slammed into her and she rose on her hands taking it, matching him. "Yeah, oh, yeah," she mumbled. "Harder." Randy's balls slapped against her and she felt the base of his cock swell. It excited her more. "Faster."

"Feels so good, Jac," he gasped.

He rocked her hips back, stopped, pulled out the edge, rammed into her and over, driving her up fast. "Yes! Oh, god, don't stop...don't stop...good," she said, her eyes closed as she envisioned his cock flying in and out of her ass. "So hot...oh, Randy...not yet...not ready," she panted when she felt the twinge of current of his nearness.

He rubbed her back, reached around and molded her breasts, ran his hands down her abdomen and into her pussy. "You're so wet."

His body jerked, but he didn't move. He shoved his fingers in her canal. "Oh god." She couldn't help it, she rocked against him and he groaned. Pounding her, she heard him swear in some foreign language and he convulsed against her as he came. He lay over her, breathing heavy as aftershocks took him through a spiral of moans.

She lowered to the bed and he rolled off, and turned her over. "Woman, nothing's changed with you," he said as he removed the condom and climbed between her legs



“Your body just begs to be had.” He licked up her slit, his breathing heavy on her wet heat. Tingles swept over her. She sighed. He swirled and dipped in, his tongue flicking her tunnel walls. She caressed his head as he tapped her clit with a finger. Her breath caught. He laved the little nub before closed his lips around it, sucking and pulling. She arched. “Fantastic,” she whispered as he seemed to sear her as she headed to the peak.

She dug her heels into the bed, his back, pressing into him. He cupped her ass and held her as he went back and forth, eating her swollen flesh and teasing the orgasm trying to burst through the tip of the button holding it in. He blew on it, circled it with his tongue, closed over it, and sucked so hard, her breathing stopped. She clawed at the bedding, his head and a deep, soulful moan rumbled out as she fell off the ledge. She shuddered and lifted higher into him as he drew on her clit as if he couldn’t get the little piece of fruit through the straw. She grabbed his head, holding him against her.

“Oh, god!” She crossed her legs over him, uncrossed them, digging them into his back. “God, Randy,” she gasped. He lapped around her canal and came after her clit again. “Damn!” She spiraled and convulsive shakes claimed her. He nipped her, mouthing the sensitive nub until she stilled. Unable to move, to speak, she saw him move, come closer through the blur. He kissed her forehead, her nose, and her cheeks. Yeah, she had heaven on earth, her own special kind of angels, she thought as she felt her body float away.

“Wait until I recover,” she murmured.

## About Bekki Lynn

*Bekki Lynn is a multi-book published author who resides in the Midwest surrounded by her family, friends and small petting zoo. Included in this mix are the characters writes, lives and breathes. They keep her on her toes while taking her on a roller coaster ride of emotions. She'd have it no other way.*

*When she's not glued to her laptop-is there a time when she's not? There is, but we won't go into much detail there. She loves to shop period —music, movies, the works, go to baseball games and to dinner with her husband of more than thirty years.*

*Bekki listens to music and watches sitcoms, movies and sports as writes. She needs the noise after raising four sons and being used to their sounds. The quiet frightens her.*

*To learn more about Bekki Lynn feel free to visit her website:*

<http://home.mchsi.com/~bekkilynn>

**I'LL BE YOUR SUPERMAN**  
**By Selena Kitt**

"He wants you." His hand moved over her hip under the covers.

"So?" She turned toward him in the dark. "You're saying because Ben wants me he should get to have me?"

"And you want him."

There was a long silence before she slid over and put her head on his shoulder.

"Why do you think so?"

"I know you." Evan stroked her hair. "I've seen you look at him...the way you are around him. You do that little laugh with him."

"I have a laugh?"

"Yeah, it's the 'You're so funny, I wish you'd fuck me now' laugh."

She snorted. "I do not."

"Yes, you do," he countered. "You want him, he wants you...and I want to watch."

"Why?" She shook her head.

"I don't know." He shrugged. "Let's just say I want to live vicariously."

She sighed and kissed his shoulder. "Aren't you worried?"

"About what?"

"What if I fall in love with Ben? Or Ben falls in love with me?"

He kissed the top of her head. "You already love each other. That's the point."

"What if I decide to leave?" she mock-threatened.

It was his turn to snort. "Baby, if you were going to leave, you'd have done it three years ago, when I went all Christopher Reeves on you."

She rolled her eyes. "So you're Superman now?"

"It's a bird, it's a plane—no, wait, it's a wheelchair!"

She shoved him with her hip. "Besides, Christopher Reeve was a *quadraplegic*, you idiot. And he...well, they had a baby together, after his accident."

"I know." He sighed. "His parts worked, even if he couldn't feel a damned thing—mine don't. Luck of the draw, babe."

"Evan, I love you," she said. "Doing this makes no sense."

"Yes, it does," he argued. "And you know it."

"I'm perfectly satisfied, you know." She pressed her breasts against his side.

"You do have a tongue, remember?"

"Yes." He chuckled. "And I'm rather talented with it, if I do say so myself."

"I don't know," she purred, slipping her leg up over him. "Let's try it out again, just to be sure."

He cradled her ass as she slid up his chest. "Only if you say yes."

"To what? Sex with Ben?" She reached down and spread her lips open.

"Yes." He pushed her fingers out of the way to explore for himself, up and down her slit. Her hands moved her breasts, playing with her nipples.

"And what if I'm perfectly happy with my Amazing Vegetable Tongue-o-Matic?"

He laughed. "You're such a bitch." He reached up and twisted her nipples, making her squeal.

"I want you, not Ben." Her voice was quiet.

"You can't really have me." He slid a finger up inside of her. "That's kind of the problem."

She made a noise deep in her throat as he started to finger her. “Oh, shut up and lick me.”

He did, slipping his hands around her hips and guiding her toward his tongue. She shaved for him because he loved it—her skin there was soft and completely bald, admitting his probing tongue without any resistance at all. She had come twice tonight for him already. He loved pushing her until she couldn’t stand it, until she was begging him to stop, pleading, “No more, I can’t! No more!” There was usually at least *one* more...

“Ooh!” she squealed when he found her clit, grabbing onto the headboard and rocking her hips.

He loved her enthusiasm and the way she responded to him and how he could always take her a little deeper than she thought she could really go. Sliding another finger in to join the first, he held them stiff as she moved against his tongue, letting her fuck his hand.

“Another one.” She spread her legs a little wider. He smiled, sliding a third finger into her, feeling her slip down toward him, shoving his hand in deeper.

“Mmmmmm,” she hummed, and he could feel her squeezing her muscles. Her voice was a whispered plea. “Lick, lick, lick.”

His whole mouth covered her mound now, his tongue flat and sweeping, the way she liked it at the beginning, back and forth over the tender bud of her clit. He could feel her muscles deep inside around his fingers, tightening and releasing, and he knew what she wanted, how much she missed what she kept saying she didn’t.

He sucked her clit, starting to move his fingers in and out of her pussy, fast, making her moan and buck on top of him. Keeping a constant suction on her clit, or else she would just writhe and wriggle right away, he pistoned his fingers into her, driving hard, making her moan.

God, he loved fucking her. He missed fucking her—shoving his cock so far into her that she gasped and tried to twist out of his grip. He had no feeling left there at all...his cock was simply a bathroom tool now. Still, he felt arousal. It wasn't centered in his genitals anymore—it was more like an overall flush, like his whole body became an erection and he was fucking her completely.

"You want a big, hard cock shoved up in there, don't you?" He pressed his fingers into her flesh. She moaned and whimpered. "Tell me, Stef."

"God!" she gasped, as he used the fingers on his other hand to pull back the hood of her clit and rub it—that always made her whole body shudder.

"Fingers just aren't the same, are they?" He worked her clit faster now. Her thighs were trembling. "And a dildo isn't the same either, is it?" Her juices were flowing down over his hand and wrist, and she was gripping the headboard so hard it rocked along with her, banging into the wall with her movements.

"A big, hard cock..." He twisted his fingers inside her. "Hot flesh driving up inside of you...filling every part of you..."

"Oh, please," she begged, slamming her body down onto his hand, his fingers working her clit in fast circles. "Oh, Evan, use your tongue."

"Tell me you want it," he said. "Tell me you want to be fucked. Tell me the truth."

"No," she pleaded, trembling on him. "Please, don't..."

“Tell me.” He teased her clit for a minute with just the tip of his tongue and then pulled it away.

She moaned. “Oh, god!”

“You know it’s true.” He did it again, just a tease over her clit, his fingers moving slow now, the wet squelch of her pussy filling the room.

“Oh, fuck!” She shuddered against him, grabbing his head, trying to get him to put his tongue where she wanted it.

He jerked back. “Tell me you want a cock inside you, Stef.”

He felt her relent, her muscles going slack. She stopped fighting him, fighting it, whispering, “Oh, I hate you for this.”

“No, you don’t.” He feathered kisses on her clit now. “Tell me.”

“Yes!” she moaned. “Yes, yes, yes! I want to be fucked!”

Her admission sent a jolt through him as she went wild, gasping and moaning, thrusting her hips against his face and tongue until she came, her muscles fluttering around the fingers plunged deep inside her pussy.

When she was spent, she crawled off of him and buried her face in her pillow. He thought he heard her say, “I hate you,” but he wasn’t sure. He used the incredible strength in his arms to move himself up onto his elbow beside her, stroking her long, sweat-dampened and tangled blonde hair.

“I’m going to invite Ben to dinner,” he said.

Stef turned her face to him. “Is this what you really want?”

He leaned in and kissed her shoulder. “It’s what you need.”

\* \* \* \*

“More wine,” Stef said grimly, holding her glass out to him.

Evan filled it without even raising his eyebrows, knowing how much she hated the stuff.

“How’s the roast?” He watched her down the liquid with a grimace and a shudder.

Putting her glass down on the table, she turned to the oven, bending to open it just a crack. He admired the way her green dress pulled across her hips and rode up her thighs when she did, knowing just where her black thigh-highs ended and where the crotch of the matching black panties began under that dress. The thought made him dizzy with lust.

Stef slammed the oven door shut with a gasp when the doorbell rang. Evan whirled his chair around expertly, heading to answer it. She grabbed the handgrip on the back, and he looked over his shoulder at her.

She was shaking her head, her eyes wide. “I can’t do this.”

“No backslides.” He grinned.

“I’m not kidding!” She pinched his shoulder and made a face.

He pushed off again toward the door, calling back, “It’ll be okay.”

When he and Ben came back into the kitchen, she was pouring herself another glass of wine, but the roast was out of the oven and ready to be carved.

Evan saw the awkward and slightly fearful, but definitely excited look that passed between them as Stef leaned in to kiss Ben’s cheek and hug him hello. He noticed his friend’s hands linger a little longer over her hips, and the flush in his wife’s cheeks that hadn’t been there five minutes ago, wine or no wine.



“So how’s business, Ben?” Evan watched Stef turn back to the roast, grabbing the knife out of the block. She took another sip of wine before she started carving.

“I’m tired.” He sank into one of the kitchen chairs with a sigh, running a hand through his brown mop. His cheeks were scruffy and he rubbed them as he watched his friend’s wife. “This time of year, it’s constant.”

“Feast or famine,” Stef remarked as they both watched her struggling with the knife. “Seasonal work is always like that. You’ve got a good tan going, though. There’s a nice perk.”

Ben smiled, standing and coming up behind her. “Do you want help with that?”

She didn’t turn, but she handed him the knife. “Thanks. Do you want something to drink? Wine, beer?”

“Wine would be great.” He started to make quick work of the roast. Evan sat back in his chair and watched his wife pour the wine, noticing the slight tremble as she handed the glass to Ben, their hands touching briefly.

“So how’s your latest idea coming, Ev?” Ben transferred meat from roast pan to platter.

“Great, actually.” He tipped his wine glass toward Stef. She filled his glass. Half the bottle was gone already. “Been pounding out a good four to five thousand words a day.”

“It’s really good.” Stef’s eyes moved lovingly over her husband’s face. “You should read it.”

“You’re the only one who gets that privilege.” Evan winked.

“I see.” Stef was staring into her wine glass. “*That* you’ll keep between us?”

“Whoa.” Ben set the carved roast platter on the table between the potatoes and peas. “Listen, we don’t have to do this.”

He sat on Stef’s other side, his eyes searching her face, but she wouldn’t look at him. Her face was even more flushed now. Ben looked over at Evan, who shrugged.

“We might as well talk about the elephant in the middle of the room.” Ben poked at Stef’s forearm. “Not that you’re an elephant. Hippo, or rhino, maybe...”

“Shut up!” She made a face at him then, and couldn’t help smiling a little. She reached for the potatoes and plopped some onto her plate, passing the bowl to Ben. “I just... I guess I’m a little scared.”

“Fair enough.” Ben handed the potatoes to Evan, who had rolled his chair up to the table. “Me, too.”

“Yeah?” She cocked her head at him, tucking a long stray strand of blonde hair behind her ear. “Of what?”

“I guess the same things you are.” Ben took the peas from her. “What if this jeopardizes our friendship?”

“God, these things are always so messy.” Stef slid the platter of meat toward Ben.

“Life is messy.” Evan pierced a bloody piece of meat. “People walk out in the street and get hit by buses. People get blown up by terrorists in their own office buildings. People crash their motorcycles and end up paralyzed.”

Stef and Ben looked at each other and then at Evan, who was attacking his slice of roast.

“What?” Evan asked, chewing furiously.

Ben leaned back in his chair. "Well, what if we set some...ground rules?"

"Like what?" Stef chewed thoughtfully.

"Whatever makes us the most comfortable, I guess." Ben shrugged. "Or maybe just ruling out the things that make us uncomfortable?"

Stef made a face. "Sounds so clinical."

"For now," Ben replied, his dark eyes piercing hers. "This is just the preliminaries."

"You know what I want," Evan said. "What I really want is for you to give Stef something I obviously can't."

"Evan—" Stef frowned.

"Ben, listen," Evan went on, as if she weren't there. "I think we already know the ground rules. I talked to you about this before. You pretty much know how I feel."

Ben nodded.

"And Stef knows how I feel. And I know how Stef feels—even if she says she doesn't."

She fingered the edge of the tablecloth, not looking at either of them.

Ben frowned. "I don't want to do this if she doesn't want to, though, Ev."

"She does," he insisted. "Don't you, baby?"

Stef bit her lip, looking first to her husband, and next to Ben. Then she picked up her glass of wine, nodding slowly. "Yes."

"I guess that settles it." Ben let out a pent-up breath.

Stef stood, taking her plate to the sink. She stayed there, loading the dishwasher, while the conversation turned once again to the two men's work. Evan watched his wife

as she stooped to load the plates and glasses, the shimmery green dress sliding over her curves. He noticed Ben watching her, too.

When Evan grabbed his plate and, with one hand, turned his chair and wheeled toward the sink, Ben took the cue and started clearing the table.

"Thanks," Stef murmured to both of them, but she was smiling at Ben as she took the platter of meat.

Evan knew that smile well.

"Nature calls!" Evan backed his chair up and turned it toward the doorway. It was just an excuse to leave them alone for a while. He could empty his bag whenever he wanted. He stopped by the living room to turn on the stereo. By the time he got back, the dishes were done, the food was put away, and Ben and Stef were sitting on the sofa talking. It took him a hell of a lot longer in the bathroom than it used to, that was for sure.

"What are we talking about?" Evan asked.

Stef smiled and Evan noticed that her hand was on Ben's. "You."

"Guess that's why my ears were burning." He smirked. "Nothing too terrible?"

"Just making fun of your scrawny chicken legs." Ben grinned and stretched.

"Hey, I take offense to that," Evan scoffed. "They were always scrawny."

Stef laughed. "It's true. Scrawny and pale."

"Not like Ben over here." Evan rolled his eyes at him. "Mr. Outdoors, right?"

"Night and day." Stef smiled. Evan could tell she was feeling the effects of all the wine they'd had tonight. She was leaning back into the couch, curled up like a cat, her feet tucked under her. "Oh, god, I love this song!"

"I know." Evan smiled.

Stef grinned and winked at Ben. "The blues always makes me want to take my clothes off."

"Don't let us stop you!" Evan laughed.

"Dance with me." Stef held her hand out to Ben and he took it, following her to the middle of the living room floor.

She began to dance, her hands above her head, her body undulating to the music. Ben put his hands on her hips, watching the shift of her dress over them, like green fire under his fingers. He barely had to move at all, she did all the work, like she was putting on a show for him—for them.

Turning so she was facing Evan, she wiggled her behind into the saddle of Ben's hips as she danced, her eyes half closed and her lips parted. Evan thought she had never looked so beautiful before. She rocked her hips back and forth to the beat, and when Evan met Ben's eyes, he could see the lust burning there. He didn't blame him in the least, but it made his throat tight and his chest hurt to see it.

The song was a true blues lick with a mean harp playing over the steady beat. "Goin' up, goin' down... Anyway you want me..."

Stef's body moved up and down to the song's lyrics, her skirt rubbing against the denim of Ben's jeans, making it ride high up her thighs. Evan watched as the hem of her dress played peek-a-boo with the elastic tops of her stockings, his whole body filled with a white heat.

Stef turned back toward Ben, snaking her arms around his neck as she moved her belly against his, and Evan watched her ass moving in the same little circles she

used to make when she was sitting up on top of him and riding his cock. Watching the motion made him feel dizzy. He hadn't seen her do it in years, and it made him grit his teeth with lust and envy.

Ben made a small sound in his throat, and his thigh moved between hers as they danced together, their bodies moving in unison now. Evan watched his friend's hands moving slowly over the rounded globes of his wife's ass, his fingers slipping over the smooth material, edging it up and up and up. Stef was sliding up and down Ben's thigh, her head so far back that her long, honey-colored hair almost touched the hands groping her behind.

Evan watched as Ben found the smooth skin of his wife's thigh between panty and stocking, his fingers gripping her there. Stef moaned, turning her face up to him, and Evan watched them kiss. He had seen them touch lips before—a perfunctory caress—but this was no brief thing. It went on and on as they rocked together, their mouths slanting, greedy, tongues meshing. Evan's knuckles were turning white on the wheelchair handgrips, but he couldn't take his eyes off them.

Stef moaned against Ben's mouth, and the sound send a shiver through Evan. She was most definitely enjoying herself. The way she rolled her hips and how her hands gripped Ben's upper arms made Evan sure she had really wanted this, even as much as she had denied it. She hadn't wanted him to feel slighted. He understood that—but he had somehow suspected she wanted more, and now he was sure.

“Jesus,” Ben whispered as their kiss broke. “Stef...”

“Come on,” she murmured, and Evan saw her hand slip between Ben's thighs to rub the bulge there. She turned and took his hand, leading him. Her eyes met Evan's

and he smiled at her as she leaned down to kiss him, something hard and fierce and briefly deep. He was grateful for it.

“Aren’t you coming?” She looked over her shoulder to Evan as she led Ben toward their bedroom.

Evan’s hands were trembling on the wheels of his chair as he rolled slowly after them.

“Unzip me.” She turned around and held her hair up out of the way. Both men admired the smooth curve of her shoulder and the small curls at the nape of her neck as Ben slid her zipper down, exposing her bare back and the lace edge of her black panties.

She turned toward them both, slipping her dress down off her shoulders and shrugging it to the floor.

“Oh, my God,” Ben breathed, closing his eyes for a moment and then opening them again in wonder. He looked back at Evan, his face a question.

“I know.” Evan’s smile was caught between something grim and sad, looking at her full breasts, the way her panties hugged her hips and how slim and long her legs looked in thigh-highs. “Shame to let it go to waste, isn’t it?”

“Christ, Ev!” Stef shook her head. She sat on the edge of the bed and crooked her finger at Ben. “Come here.”

He came toward her and, when he was close enough, she grabbed the loops in his jeans, jerking him a little, popping his button and unzipping him. The bulge there hadn’t lessened at all. She edged the pants down his hips, cupping her hand over him in

his boxer-briefs. His sharp intake of breath was followed by a groan as she rubbed her palm there, looking up at his face.

“This is what he wants,” Stef whispered. “And I can’t say I don’t want you, Ben. What do you want?”

“Are you kidding me?”

“We can’t undo this.” She leaned in to kiss his shaft through the thin material.

“I know.” Ben’s hand stroked her hair, almost tentative. Her tongue teased the head of his cock through his briefs and he moaned. “Oh, hell. Let’s keep undoing it.”

She pulled his briefs down to his knees along with his jeans, freeing his cock. It stood pointing directly at her mouth. Her eyes caressed the length of him. He had a beautiful cock—long, thick at the base, and it curved a little to the left with a slightly engorged bounce that she steadied with her hand.

Her eyes met Evan’s as she slid her tongue over the tip of Ben’s cock, wetting him with her saliva. She took her time, easing him slowly into her mouth, seeming more interested in her own sensation than his, just enjoying the feel of him against her tongue.

Rubbing him over her lips, she looked over at her husband. “Remember this?”

“Yes.” Evan swallowed and nodded, his response slightly hoarse. “Did you miss it?”

Nodding, she looked back up at Ben, whose eyes were dark with some emotion. Maybe it was lust, but perhaps it was something else. She took him fully into her throat, then, no hands now, and that made him close his eyes altogether.



Evan watched as his friend's fingers tangled in his wife's hair, seeing Ben's wet shaft disappearing into her mouth again and again. Evan's hands were gripping the hand rails of his chair as he watched her suck him, seeing her nudge her panties aside to slip her fingers underneath as she did. He knew she was wet—he could hear her fingers working through her pussy.

"Whoa," Ben groaned, pulling her off his cock. "Can't take much more of that."

"Think you can take some of this?" She leaned back onto her elbows, putting her feet up on the edge of the bed and slipping her panties aside to reveal her shaved mound.

Ben let out a pent-up breath in a small "whoosh" as he sank to his knees next to the bed. His hands circled her ankles, running up her calves, over her knees, spreading her thighs with his palms as he leaned in to kiss her fingers and her mound where she had her panties pulled aside.

"No," Evan whispered from his chair, watching Ben's tongue finding its way through her flesh. Stef's eyes were half-closed, watching him. "Not that."

Understanding, she edged back onto the bed, slipping her panties and stockings off as she went. "Get undressed." She opened her pussy, showing him, sliding her fingers into her wetness.

They both watched as Ben unbuttoned his shirt, revealing a broad chest and back, with arms sharply defined in muscle, all made strong from heavy labor. Stef played with herself while she watched him drop his shirt and pants to the floor. Then he climbed up next to her on the bed, naked.

She turned toward him, pressing belly to belly, slipping her silky thigh up and down his. They stayed that way for what felt like a long time, and Evan thought, for a moment, of calling it all off, telling Ben to get dressed and go home. It was a painfully intimate moment, and in spite of all of his emotional preparation for this, he hadn't expected that.

Then she leaned in and kissed Ben, soft at first, a tender thing, but that didn't last long. The heat of their bodies together drove them both onward, their hands roaming over each other. Stef reached down between his thighs, her hand pulling and tugging on his cock, and Evan heard Ben groan against her mouth.

Ben rolled onto her, pressing a thigh between hers, and Evan watched as his wife ran her red-painted nails down his friend's broad, tanned back. Ben's hands were cupping her breasts, his tongue flicking her pink, sensitive nipples, making her moan and writhe underneath him.

"I want you in me," she murmured, loud enough Evan could hear the urgency in it.

"Yes," Evan whispered from his chair, seeing how her hand stroked Ben, guiding him toward her waiting pussy. He had flashes of memory, remembering how that felt, how small and warm her hand was, the heat of her flesh as she slipped him up and down her slit.

Her cry when Ben pressed into her filled the room—a sudden, shocking thing. Everyone and everything stopped for a moment, and Evan saw her trembling underneath Ben, who kissed her cheeks, her closed eyelids, her quivering mouth.

“Are you okay?” Ben whispered, and when she opened her eyes, Evan could see tears glistening there. She nodded, slipping a hand around behind his neck and pulling his mouth to hers, kissing him fiercely, threatening to swallow him.

She wrapped herself around him, arms and legs, shoving herself up into him as he began to move in her. They rocked like that a while, grinding their pelvises together, and Evan could hear her excitement growing, could see it in the way her face and chest began to flush with arousal.

“More.” She moved against him. “Harder.”

Ben grabbed her legs, pressing them back and kneeling up so he could drive harder into her, taking full, long strokes now. Evan could see his cock and how wet it was with her juices. She was moaning, her fingers rubbing her clit, her breasts bouncing with the gentle motion.

“I want it deeper.” Stef pressed her hand to Ben’s hard, flat belly, stopping him. She groaned when he pulled out, and she turned over, lifting her ass in the air. “Like this.”

Evan could see her completely now, her smooth pussy, pink and swollen, glistening with wetness. Ben ran his hands over the soft, rounded swell of her ass, his fingers slipping between her legs for a moment, finding her.

“Yes!” She pressed her shoulders to the mattress, lifting her bottom even higher in the air. “There. Put that big cock in me, baby.”

Evan watched, a lump growing in his throat, realizing that he’d never slid into her when she was completely shaved that way. He didn’t know what it felt like to slide into

her sweet, bald flesh. Ben sank deeply into her in one long stroke, making her hands curl into fists against the covers.

“That’s it!” Stef opened her eyes and looked over at Evan for the first time since they had really begun. “Fuck me!”

Ben did, and, using her hips to hold on, he began thrusting into her, his cock making wet noises in her. Evan could see the muscles in his friend’s arms and thighs working as he grabbed the flesh of his wife’s ass and drove himself deep into her pussy. She was moaning, her hand tucked up underneath her, and Evan knew she was working her sweet little clit. He wanted to taste her—his mouth was watering with wanting it.

“Don’t stop,” she begged, panting now, her eyes still locked on her husband. “Fuck me until I come.”

Ben groaned at her words, slowing only slightly, and Evan knew he must be close. Stef’s face was rosy, her teeth biting her lower lip as she neared her own edge, and as he watched, he saw her mouth the words, *I love you*. It made his heart swell. His whole body felt flushed, and he swore he could feel things in places he hadn’t in years.

“Stef...” The warning in Ben’s voice was clear.

“It’s okay.” Her eyes were on Evan.

Ben was thrusting deep, grunting as he came, and Evan watched his wife’s beautiful climax, her face twisted into an expression that could have been mistaken for pain out of context.

Her hands pulled the covers, her back arched, and she shuddered against Ben. Evan could hear her whispering, “Oh, oh, oh,” over and over as she came. And still she

never stopped looking at him. He knew she was coming for him—with him—somehow. When he looked down, he saw that his hand was gripping in vain at his own crotch, as if he could feel something there.

“Jesus,” Ben whispered, sitting back on his heels.

Stef let out a breath, stretching out on her belly on the bed and hugging a pillow. There were tears slipping down her cheeks as she mouthed, *I love you*, again to her husband.

“Are you okay?” Ben touched her thigh, moving to stretch out beside her. He looked over her to Evan, his eyes a question. Evan nodded, wheeling his chair slowly over toward the bed.

“Stef?” He stroked her hair.

She leaned up to kiss him, and he tasted her tears.

“I love you,” she whispered. Glancing back at Ben, she held her hand out to him, and he took it, looking dazed. She kissed his palm. “Life is so fucked up.”

“It’s okay.” Evan wiped at her tears with his thumb. “I’ll be your superman, remember?”

“You are my superman.” She smiled, shaking her head at him, her tears falling onto his hand. “Don’t you know that? You always were.”

## About Selena Kitt

*Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr-and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.*

*Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out-this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.*

*When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company ([www.excessica.com](http://www.excessica.com)) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals five kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.*

*She can be reached on her website at [selenakitt.com](http://selenakitt.com).*

**PAINTED INTO A CORNER**  
**By Darcy Sweet**

Inara never would have made the bet if she hadn't been so completely sure of winning.

*What a cliché*, she thought to herself making her way up the white pebbled path to pay her forfeit. No doubt that was the first thought of every fool who lost a bet.

Thinking back, she realized she'd let herself be spurred on by the crowd—that and her own foolish pride. It was so out of character for her, so why did she do it?

Friday night at La Luna Bar, challenges flew thick and fast amongst the eclectic artistic crowd. No simple games of chance played here—no bets made on cards or pool. At La Luna money changed hands over Shakespeare quote offs, sketching contests, word jumbles and the fastest completion of the New York Times Crossword. Inara, while loving the frenzied betting, was more of a watcher than a joiner. She was happy to sit on the fringes and rarely, if ever, became involved in any of the games of forfeits and bets. It was Laney, her best friend, who issued the challenge on her behalf. Inara could have backed down, she could have said no, but foolish pride and greed made her agree.

"Inara is the best! The best here," Laney called out.

Buzzed on two margaritas, Inara found herself nodding even though she had no idea what Laney was talking about.

"Really?"

In her alcohol fogged brain a little warning signal went off as Inara saw who was speaking—Sara Graeme.

Sara was an amazing artist. She'd sold out two showings at the prestigious Latham Gallery and was rumored to be about to stage a third. She'd been asking Inara to pose for months. Inara had no objection to being an artist's model. With her mix of Swedish and Korean genes, her exotic looks had attracted many an artistic eye. Inara thought she looked weird—eyes too far set apart, chin too pointy, nose too freckled and her mouth duck bill wide— but artists saw something in her odd mish mash of features. She'd posed several times before for both painters and photographers and was always happy to be paid scale, but there was something about Sara—a prickling feeling she felt whenever she was near—that kept her saying no.

"If Inara's the best then she wouldn't mind a wee bit of a challenge would she?" Sara's photographer husband Niall spoke, moving behind to cradle his wife against his broad chest. If Sara made her skin prickle, Niall made it smolder. Dark curly hair, classic black Irish looks—he had an aura of dangerous sensuality.

Around them the cries of, "Challenge! Challenge!" started up.

"She can. She'll whip your butts!" Laney cried out over the crowd.

"I can. I can what?" No longer just nodding, Inara wanted to know exactly what was going on.

"Your friend here says you have the best photographic memory," Sara said, nodding her head at Laney.

"I'm pretty good," Inara countered, feeling herself to be in pretty safe territory.

"Would you be willing to wager on that?" Niall asked in the sing song tones of his luscious Irish brogue.

"What do you mean?"



“I’ll go against you. Tell me what you want if you win,” Sara said, moving closer. Her long blonde hair brushed against Inara’s arm, shooting wildfire goose pimples across her skin.

“If I win...Niall photographs my catalogue. For free.”

Inara was a knitting designer. The last collection of woolen work she’d photographed herself. It had sold well online and with the money she’d made she was hoping to expand. Her photography, while passable, was not up to a professional standard. With professional presentation she was sure she could get the interest of major department stores. Niall’s quote for photographing her collection was sitting in a depressing pile with all the others she couldn’t afford. If she won this bet it would be worth thousands of dollars of free work. No way would he agree.

Niall nodded and laughed. A reaction Inara hadn’t expected.

“All right then, my pretty, what would we want in return?” Niall tilted his head to ask his wife.

“Oh that’s easy. A no brainer. If I win then I get to paint her.”

“Do you agree?” Niall asked.

“Yes,” Inara said and the terms were set. The bar owner Michael Drury would choose the items. Fifteen items, thirty seconds viewing time. One minute to write the remembered items down.

Her photographic memory was a party trick she’d brought out on many a drunken occasion—a trick that had never before failed. The heat of the bar, the press of Niall against her side, the noise and how very much she wanted to win all combined to seize

her brain. When it came time for pen to hit paper Inara's mind blanked at ten items. Around her the crowd chanted down the time.

"Ten...nine...eight...seven...six...five...four...three...two...one!"

It was pens down and Inara had lost—lost the unloseable bet.

Now here she was, walking through the immaculate Japanese garden up to the front door of Sara and Niall's brownstone.

\* \* \* \*

The studio was like the rest of the house. High ceilings and white walls. It was a large room divided in two by painted Japanese screens. One side housed Sara's easel and her paints and the other, large box lights and a multitude of other photographic equipment.

When she was led through the door by Sara, Inara started towards the side with the easel. She looked back in surprise when Sara pulled on her arm and tugged her towards Niall's side of the room.

"Umm...I thought you were going to paint me?"

"I am." Sara's smile was enigmatic. A prickle of unease snaked down Inara's spine. Sara's hair was pulled into a high pony tail that sharpened her perfect Nordic features. High cheekbones were dusted with pink and her blonde lashes darkened, but other than that her skin was bare. Standing this close to her Inara could see that her skin was flawless peaches and cream unmarred by even a freckle.

"Don't you need me near the easel?"

"You're my easel," Sara said, "I'm going to paint you."

"Paint me," Inara repeated, sinking fast out of her depth.

“She’s going to paint you and I’ll photograph you.”

Inara jumped at the sound of Niall’s voice. She hadn’t expected him to be here and she hadn’t noticed him standing in the corner of the photography studio. She should have seen him. Dressed head to toe in black he stood out like a wraith against the stark white walls.

“That’s not what I agreed to,” Inara said, backing away from Sara, her shoulders bumping against the Japanese paper screens.

“I think you’ll find that you agreed to be painted. Didn’t she Sara?” Niall’s voice was hypnotically melodic.

“She did Niall. She agreed that I could paint *her*.”

“Okay. So maybe I said that, but there was nothing about *him* photographing *me*.”

“That’s true my love,” Niall said, black curls shaking as he nodded.

“Well then, if you don’t want to be photographed you’ll have to go...”

Inara let out a sigh of relief and just when her pulse had almost returned to normal Sara finished her sentence, “...and come back the day of the showing. I’d hoped to show photographs of you, but I’d be just as happy to display your body on the night.”

“Display me?”

“Yes. Naked and painted.”

“I like the idea my love. Imagine her on a pedestal. She could be your centerpiece.”

Inara felt a flush of hot and cold fear rush across her skin. From head to toe. She was painted into a corner. She agreed to be painted now and photographed by Niall or

she appear naked on the night of Sara's next showing—in front of thousands of people and the media. She had no choice, other than to forfeit the bet and if she did that she could never show her face at La Luna again.

“I'll do it. I'll be painted now and you can photograph me.”

“I don't know. I really like the idea of showing you on the night instead.”

“No! Now! Please, now. Whatever you want. I'll agree to whatever you want.”

Sara came towards her, stalking like a predator. Inara could move no further back without toppling over the screens. Pressed against the paper screen Inara shuddered as Sara trailed a finger up her bare arm and across the collar bone showing through the thin straps of her tank. “Whatever I want Inara. Is that right?”

“Yes. Whatever you want.”

“Strip down for me.”

Inara had expected this; knowing full well that Sara painted nudes, she'd come dressed for easy removal. She was bare underneath her top. The tank she wore had a shelf bra, not that with her little apple breasts she needed much support. For bottoms she'd chosen wide leg grey drawstring yoga pants. They pooled at her feet, slipping easily to the ground the moment she released the drawstring. Dressed only in brief, flesh-colored panties, she bent down and neatly folded her clothes. When she stood up, both Sara and Niall were watching her. Goose pimples shot across her skin and she fought the urge to cover her breasts. She was no nudity novice; she'd done this before. She wouldn't cover herself like some naïve girl.

“Panties down.”

Inara tried not to let her disappointment show. She'd worn the flesh colored panties on purpose, hoping that she wouldn't need to strip completely bare. She pulled the slip of fabric down over her legs. Not bending, but picking the panties up with her toes. She didn't bother to fold them, just flicking them on top of her pile of clothes.

"Come into the light." Sara stood in the center of the room and beckoned her forward with a curl of her fingers. Heart pounding, Inara moved slowly to the middle of the photographic area. Niall was standing near the big box lights but had yet to turn them on. Fingers crossed there was enough natural light, Inara didn't know if she had it in her to stand tall completely naked under such bright white light.

Sara stalked around her in a circle. Pausing every couple of steps to murmur indistinct words. Finally she stopped in front of Inara with her hands on her hips. When she spoke she didn't look at Inara, but directed her comments to Niall, "It'll have to come off. Won't it?"

*What would? What would have to come off?* A cold rush of fear gripped Inara at her words.

"Yes it definitely will," Sara said as she moved forward and stroked her hand down the slight swell of Inara's stomach. Only when her fingers dipped to run through Inara's pubic hair did she understand Sara's meaning.

"Off? Take...it off?" Inara stuttered.

"I recall you just saying Inara dear, that you'd do anything," Niall said.

"But.."

"Anything," Niall repeated, his voice dipping lower.

Sara went down on her knees, her face close to Inara's pubic mound. Inara squeezed her legs tight, clamping her thighs shut. "I have to shave it. I need it bare to paint it Inara darling," she said as she stroked her fingers through the sparse hair. As a product of her Korean-Swedish heritage Inara's pubic hair was fine and thin. She'd never before thought of even trimming it, let alone shaving it bare.

"Niall, can you set up my paints while Inara and I go to the bathroom?"

"Certainly my love."

\* \* \* \*

The bathroom that led off the studio was stark—bare white walls and polished concrete floors. "No need making it fancy when it gets splattered with paint on a regular basis," Sara explained as she followed through the open doorway.

The sinks were battered double stainless steel tubs covered in paint drips. The shower was just a tap and a shower hose handle attached the corner wall. There wasn't even a shower curtain. The floor sloped to a big drain in the center of the room. A stainless steel chair sat in the corner beside the shower hose handle. In the other corner was an old fashioned, off white toilet pedestal. It had a pull chain to flush.

"I get really dirty painting," Sara said as she led a naked Inara over to the chair in the shower corner. "Sit here and I'll get you ready."

Inara sat on the cold metal chair. It felt like she was in a weird art film. How else could she have ended up naked in a concrete shower room waiting to be shaved? She embraced the out of body feeling, hoping that it would get her through this bizarre experience.

Sara's hands pressed down, cool on Inara's thighs. "Scoot forward on the chair. Bring your bottom right to the edge."

She shifted forward and spread her legs. Squeezing her eyes shut tight Inara braced for intimate contact. She felt the puff of Sara's breath on her inside thighs as she laughed. "Calm down Inara. It's not going to be that bad. Who knows. You may even like it."

Inara opened her eyes and looked down at Sara. She was on her haunches nestled between Inara's legs; her face close to the apex of Inara's spread thighs. Her mouth tilted in a slight smile and even white teeth were biting her bottom lip—she was enjoying herself. Enjoying Inara's stilted reaction to her touch. Inara forced herself to relax, letting her shoulders drop and her back slump into the chair. She wouldn't—couldn't—show smirking Sara her apprehension.

"Good honey, relax," Sara said, coming up on her knees to spread Inara's thighs open wider—so wide cool air hit the lips of her pussy. "I don't think I'll need to trim you back with the scissors. Your hair is so soft and fine the razor should do it easily."

Inara nodded, but she was unprepared for the feeling of Sara's fingers spreading the shaving gel on her mound. Round and around she slicked the fragrant gel until it transformed into a thick layer of creamy foam. She wiped her hand on a damp washer and then brought the orange disposable razor up to the top of Inara's pubic mound. "I'm going to stroke down first. Get off most of the hair and then I'll go up, against the grain until you're nice and smooth. Okay?"

Feeling light headed, Inara nodded.

The pressure of the razor was unlike anything she'd ever felt before. It scraped and massaged at the same time. In long slow strokes Sara worked her way down Inara's mound, stopping every now and then to tap off the excess hair. She had a little jug of hot water in which she rinsed the razor. Every time she did it the razor returned hot on her skin. She liked the feeling and found herself spreading her legs and arching up into the movement.

"Now I'm going to work up. Against the grain. I'm going to pull your skin tight."

Sara pressed the heel of her hand just above Inara's clit and pulled the skin up. Inara bit back a gasp. The heavy sensation on the root of her clit was delicious. Each time she stroked the razor blade against the grain Sara pulled up on the skin. Her hand worked in a rolling movement. Her clit began to throb, ache with the need to be touched. After she'd finished with the top Sara's hand moved down, her fingers pulling tight on the fleshy lips of her labia. Her thighs tightened, her ass clenched as she felt the slow build of a coming orgasm. When she masturbated she loved to pull on the lips of her pussy. She'd always done it and Sara fingers tugging at her pussy had her body craving release. It wasn't enough, she wanted more. She wanted those long artistic fingers inside her.

"I've finished," Sara said as her fingers let go—leaving Inara aching to come.

"You're nice and smooth now. Feel."

Inara brought a hand down to feel the smooth mound and then dipped her fingers further to the lips of her pussy. She was wet. Swollen and wet.

Sara stood and reached over her to turn on the shower head. The swell of her breasts brushing against Inara's face as she did. She brought the soft spray of warm



water down between Inara's legs. The warm water pulsed right over Inara's clit. She wanted to take the handle from Sara's hand and grind it against her pussy.

"All clean," Sara turned off the spray of water. Handing her a towel she said, "Let's go."

Not yet. She couldn't go out there. Not yet. Not with her pussy burning for release. Not wet and swollen knowing that Sara was about to paint her there.

"Sara can I just..." Inara pointed to the toilet.

Sara was putting away the shaving gel in a cabinet above the double sinks, she looked over her shoulder saw where Inara was pointing and said, "Sure."

The bathroom didn't have a door—just a beaded curtain that hung in the open doorway. Once Sara was gone Inara moved to the toilet pedestal and sat down, keeping her eyes on the beaded curtain. She needed this, badly enough to risk being caught. She spread her legs wide and brought her fingers down to her freshly shaved pussy. The skin was soft and so incredibly sensitive. She looked down. Her clit felt plump, it sat out between her lips like a ripe berry. With one hand she tugged on her pussy lips while she ground the heel of her other hand just above her clit. While she pushed the heel around and around she imagined it was Sara's hand. The climax came quickly, her thighs jerking out as she felt her pussy clench tight. She was panting, with her hand still on her pussy when Sara's head popped through the beaded curtain, "Are you okay, Inara?"

"Yes. I'm...I'll be out soon."

Sara smiled and then left, the movement making the beads clack together in a staccato beat. Wadding up the toilet paper Inara wiped away the evidence of her orgasm. She was ready now. Ready to finish her forfeit.

\* \* \* \*

When she came through the curtain Niall and Sara were in the centre of the room. Sara was laying down a sheet of white calico and Niall was testing the light with a small hand held light meter.

“I’m ready.”

They turned as one, the dark curly head of Niall and the cool blonde of Sara. They were a beautiful couple. A study in contrasts. Niall’s muscular lean frame and Sara’s soft stacked hourglass. They both stared at her and she felt like shrinking into a ball and covering herself. What did they see? The odd flat chested Asian girl with thin boyish hips and a big head.

“You’re beautiful, Inara. Just beautiful.” Niall sighed the words and Sara came to his side and nodded saying, “I told you.”

“She’s going to photograph beautifully. Come here my darling girl, into the light.”

Inara moved forward to stand on the sheet that Sara had laid down.

“I’m going to mark you up first. With a pencil. It’s a bit like a kohl pencil you’d use on your eyes. All the paint I’ll use on you today is all specific body paint. It’s really soft and your skin can still breathe. You won’t feel like you’re covered in gunk. Okay?”

Inara nodded.

“When I’ve marked you up I’m going to spray you with the base color. It’s a light gold that’s going to make your gorgeous features really stand out. Niall’s going to photograph the progress. Are you ready?”

Inara nodded. She’d shaved her pussy, she could hardly back out now.

Sara worked quickly with the pencil, placing a series of dots across her body. The body spray was hand held, sort of like a paint sprayer, it buzzed loudly as it swept around her laying down a fine layer of gold dust. Inara had her arms out and her legs spread, splayed wide she had never felt more exposed or aroused in her life. The quick orgasm had done nothing to dampen her wanting, if anything it had amped it up to an almost desperate need.

Sara and Niall seemed oblivious as they worked around her body, Niall snapping his camera and Sara mixing her paints. Their indifference made the exposure more intense. Her mind wandered to their threat of painting her and leaving her on a pedestal before the crowds. Exposed, vulnerable before all those eyes—she wanted it, wanted them looking at her naked sex.

The imaginings of her newly discovered exhibitionism were interrupted by the first stroke of Sara’s paintbrush. Inara jumped, causing both Niall and Sara to chuckle.

“It’s okay darling,” Niall purred, coming in close to photograph her shocked face. “Just feel it.”

The brush was soft, unlike anything that had ever touched her skin before. It was damp and slick, the pressure was teasing, the fleeting delicious sensation not enough. Sara worked first with dark colors, blacks, grey and deep velvety browns. It had never even occurred to Inara to ask what she was doing, what was being painted on her skin

so she asked now, "Sara, what is it? What are you doing?" Her voice came out thick and needy. She swallowed hard, as if to reset her tone.

Sara went down on her knees, her face close to Inara's belly. "It's a garden, A garden of delight."

The soft strokes swirled around her belly button and across the sensitive skin of her abdomen. Her eyes fell closed, too heavy to stay open, hypnotized by the sensation of the brush. She stifled a moan as the brush dipped down to her pubic mound but she could not seem to help the roll of her hips. She rocked forward, closer to the brush. Sara's hand came down on her hip, steadying her, holding her still. "Easy, baby. Hold on," she murmured.

The brush dipped lower, lower, down to her freshly shaved mound. Sara's hands came between her legs, stroking up from her knees between her thighs to push lightly and spread Inara's legs wider. Inara could feel the soft pant of her breath as Sara worked the brush across the sensitive skin of her pussy.

"Gorgeous," came the husky tone of Niall, waking Inara from her trance. She opened her eyes to see what had transpired on her skin, but Niall was not looking below, he was watching her face. He let the neck strap take the weight of the camera, his hands coming forward to cup Inara's face. "So beautiful," he murmured running his thumb across her lower lip. Her mouth opened instinctively to let the thumb enter. Her tongue came out and flicked across the tip as he pulled the plump lip down. He cursed, let go of her face and raised his camera to take a rapid series of shots, close to her face.

"So fucking sexy," he said over and over as he snapped away.

Down below Sara had moved to a brighter palette—the base blacks, browns and grays finished. Her pubic mound became a riot of color, a slick vibrant flower that spread between her thighs and across her lower stomach. From there the flower grew, tentacle like up her torso, around her breast with tendrils that reached up her neck and to her lips.

When Sara had finished the front she moved to the rear, making Inara bend over. Niall spread her bottom as Sara worked the brush on the puckered rosette of Inara's asshole. Inara panted and gasped as the velvet soft paint brush pushed against her ass. She closed her eyes and imagined it breaching the hole, working into her behind. People watching as it happened. Her head felt light, her limbs heavy and her skin, her skin burned. Along the lines of the garden, the spreading tentacles that now streaked across her body she burned.

And then it was finished. The painting was done. The last stroke left Inara's body and she felt empty, aching for touch. She opened her eyes to find a paint streaked Sara standing close in front of Niall. "We just need to do your hair and face make up then we'll do the final shots."

Inara nodded. Muted by need she found herself unable to speak.

Niall brought over a stool for Sara to stand on. She stepped up, slicked her hands with gel and worked Inara's short hair into a messy creation of spikes. Then she turned Inara to face her, rimmed her eyes in kohl and slicked pink gloss across her lips.

"We're done," Sara said. "Do you want to see?"

Inara shook her head, "I'll wait for the exhibition. See your final vision."

"Good." Sara nodded, seeming pleased with her answer.

Niall positioned her in front of a white screen and began to call out directions. Directions that made her body sing, throb like bass in time with his melodic voice.

“Look at me, right at the lens, part your lips. Spread your legs wider. Splay your fingers, down your body, not touching but just in front, right in front of your pussy honey, right there. Yeah. So good. So good.”

He’d moved closer and closer, now he was crouched down on his haunches right between her spread legs his camera lens inches from her vagina.

She was wet, she knew she was and so must he, so close to her swollen pussy.

“Bring your fingers closer, closer. Touch yourself. Touch that beautiful flower. Spread the petals, baby spread them wide for me.”

“But I’ll smudge it. I’ll smudge the paint.”

“I’ll fix it if you do.”

Inara swung her head around to see Sara standing close off to the side. She’d forgotten she was there, hypnotized as she had been by Niall’s words Sara had seemed to disappear.

She followed Niall’s instructions, bringing one hand down to spread the petals of her swollen flower. “Touch yourself, with the other hand, bring your finger down and run it down your beautiful wet slit for me darlin’.”

It didn’t occur to her to object. She did as she was told, slicking a finger through the wet lip lips up to the edge of her pink painted clit. She shuddered at the touch, close, so close to orgasm.

“That’s right. That’s perfect. So good baby. Look at you. So good.”

She slicked the finger in time with his words, with the rhythmic croon of his constant praise until, legs spread, pussy bared, painted with passion. Captured by the shutter of the camera, she came.

“Yes. Yes!” Niall cried out, his camera catching the spasm of her release.

She stood on unsure legs rapidly coming down from the intensity of her orgasm. Reality hit and a burning flush of shame streaked across her body. She’d just come, made herself come in front of stranger. In front of a camera.

How did that happen?

How could she let that happen?

Before she could react to her shame by bolting from the room she felt the cool hands of Sara stroking the unpainted skin of her calves.

“It’s okay. It’s okay, Inara. It’s just art. Beautiful art.”

“I’m smudged, it’s wrecked,” Inara said looking down at the smeared petals of her pussy flower, deliberately avoiding Sara’s eyes.

“It’s not wrecked. It’s bloomed,” Sara said looking up at Inara from between her thighs. Their eyes met just for a moment, a brief electric moment before Sara brought her lips to meet with Inara’s paint smeared clit. She laid soft kisses, sweet gentle touches against the throbbing flesh. Inara was just about to reach down and push away her head when out snaked her tongue. Wet and insistent, it stroked against her clit. Inara moaned, threw her head back and cried out at the intense feelings shooting through her body from her overly sensitive clit. It hurt so good. So good. Then her whole mouth came down to suck on the little organ. Lips teeth and tongue working her,

working her hard. Her knees bent she pushed, grinding her pussy down against those lips.

Inara heard Niall grunt to her side and turned her head to see him, black jeans unbuckled hanging low on his hips. He'd brought his hard cock out, pushing his briefs down until they sat under his balls. He had a hand gripped around the turgid stem, his thumb slicking across the wet tip. His eyes were on his wife, watching her as she worked her lips against Inara's clit.

Inara followed his gaze to look down. Look down at that blonde head. Her hair had come loose from the perfect pony tail and was now spread across Inara's thighs. Her lips and chin were smeared, wet with paint and the juice of Inara's pussy. Seeing the stain of pink that sullied the perfect Nordic façade sent her over. Sent Inara crashing into her third and most brutal orgasm of the day. Her legs gave out as her pussy spasmed hard, contracting in delicious waves. She fell against Sara's hands and Sara helped her gently down to lay flat on the calico covered floor.

"Fuck yeah! Yeah!" She heard Niall cry out and looked up just in time to see cum spray from his cock—splattering down to join the paint that already stained the drop sheet. Inara watched as he tucked his still hard cock back into his briefs. He didn't rebutton his jeans, instead he sank down to the floor beside her.

They lay still not speaking, with only the sound of heavy breathing until finally Sara spoke, "No fair guys. I'm the only one who didn't come."

Niall came up on his elbow, resting his head in his hand and said, "Well, Inara my lovely, do you think we should do something about that?"



“Yes,” came her hushed reply. Not wanting to think, rationalize or justify- she went simply with her feelings. She wanted to make Sara come. She wanted to feel Sara come.

“Take off your pants, Sara my love,” Niall said and Sara stripped off the black tights she was wearing, leaving her clad only in a pink thong and tank top. Rolling over on her stomach, Inara hooked up Sara’s legs and moved between her thighs. She didn’t remove the thong, instead she brought tongue down to wet fabric and then with her teeth she teased her clit trapped beneath the wet satin.

“Oh yeah. Gorgeous, just gorgeous,” Niall murmured from behind Sara as he pulled off her tank top and bra, releasing the soft full mounds of his wife’s breasts.

Inara looked up from between Sara’s thighs to see the white rise of her breasts and could think of nothing she had ever wanted more in her life than to taste those breasts. She crawled up across Sara’s body until her mouth came level with the pink tipped nipples. First she trailed her tongue around the nipples, watching with delight as they puckered into hard points. Then she clamped her lips around those points and sucked until she heard Sara’s moan of pleasure. As she used her mouth, her teeth and her tongue to tease that delicious point she felt Niall come beside her, his head bumping hers as he too brought his mouth down on Sara’s breast. Two mouths working both her breasts had Sara writhing, arching her back up and crying out.

Inara released Sara’s breast with a wet pop, turning to watch Niall as he tortured his wife’s breast with his stubble-rough chin. He was gorgeous, so hot, so sexy that Inara was possessed with the need to kiss him. Reaching across the soft swell of Sara’s breasts she claimed his mouth. First sinking her teeth into his bottom lip before

swooping her tongue into his mouth. Niall moaned, the sound resonating deep in his throat.

“Hey.” From below their entwined mouths they heard Sara’s protest. “It’s my turn remember?”

Niall laughed, released Inara’s mouth and moved his hands down to strip off his wife’s thong. “Impatient are we, my love?”

“Yes,” she groaned, “Need to come.”

“Then come you shall,” Niall said as he lowered his mouth between Sara’s spread thighs to clamp on her needy clit.

Inara watched, laying beside Sara, playing with her nipples as Niall worked his mouth between her thighs.

As she raised her hips to push against his mouth Sara cried out, “No. Not Niall. I want Inara.”

With a wicked grin Niall looked up from between Sara’s thighs. “You want Inara do you?” He asked between long licks of Sara’s wet pussy. “How much do you want her?”

“Want her...want...” Sara panted out as she writhed beneath his mouth. “Please...”

“What do you want darling tell me? Tell Inara.”

Niall didn’t look at his wife rather he watched Inara’s face as Sara spoke, his eyes dark with pleasure. “I want her pussy against mine. I want her to rub my pussy against hers until I come.”

Inara felt a rush of wet heat settle to throb between her legs at the words. Rub their pussies together. Stiff little clit against still little clit, pressing down, teasing until they both came.

She didn't answer. Didn't respond to those words. Instead she moved to straddle Sara's hips, pushing Niall away.

Settling down on Sara she moved, pressing down against Sara's arching hips until she felt the first touch of their swollen clits. Electric pleasure conducted from her clit, shooting down her clamped thighs and up to the tips of her peaked nipples. Moving her hips in a circle she pressed down on that wet slit, mixing their juices and smearing the paint from her body until they were both stained pink. Sara thrashed beneath her, arching, writhing, trembling, gripping her fingers until they bit deep into the flesh of Inara's hips.

"Yes. Yes! Yes!" Sara cried out, her head whipping from side to side. "Coming. Coming!"

A guttural wail erupted from Sara as she arched up and became rigid, her orgasm wracking through her body. It was the hottest thing Inara had ever seen. She tried to continue the roll of her hips against Sara to come up. Sara pushed her away. "Too sensitive. Sorry too sensitive," she apologetically explained as she pulled herself out from under Inara.

Wanting desperately to come once more she came up on all fours and was moving her hand down to her clit when she felt the press of Niall's body from behind.

"Can I. Can I please?" he asked and Inara looked down between her legs to see Niall's condom sheathed cock butting up against her pussy.

“Yes. Oh yes,” she answered and Niall thrust into her with one rough push. His hands moved to her hips, gripping exactly as his wife had done. With his finger biting into her flesh he levered her back against his thrusting cock, over and over, his balls hitting her clit. She could hear him grunt, each time his cock bottomed out deep in her pussy. Her wail of orgasm came from deep within, feeling as if it came all the way from her toes. Her pussy clenched over and over, the contractions almost painful in their intensity. She collapsed down, her arms giving out, if Niall had not been gripping her hips she would’ve ended up flat on her face. Spent and panting she was liquid, languid, malleable, Niall controlled her, manipulated her body for his needs. He pulled her back, slamming her against his hips. Pushing his cock deep within until with a hoarse cry he stiffened, holding her tight against his pelvis as he came. After his orgasm he let her slide down, slipping off his cock until she lay flat, face first on the calico drop sheet.

\* \* \* \*

The night of the opening was cool, autumn was drawing to a close and the winter winds while not yet biting, were definitely brisk. She could have worn a coat, maybe she should have but she wanted to wear a shawl from her new collection. The collection soon to be seen in Neiman Marcus, thanks to the wonderful work of Niall and Sara Graeme—so pleased were they with her ‘posing’ they rewarded her with their combined talent for free. As a result she had a professional portfolio that had drawn the attention of the major Department stores. When she entered the Latham Gallery there was an audible hush, faces turned to her and fingers were raised to point. She was an object of attention. Something that she’d come to love since her wicked photo shoot.

She had not seen the results of that passionate day, no matter how curious she had been she forced herself to wait. Wait to see Sara's vision. On the rear wall were mounted five huge canvases surrounded by people. Inara surmised that they were the centerpiece of the showing. She moved easily through the crowd, people parting as soon as they realized who she was. Finally standing in front of the canvas she took a deep breath and looked up. Looked up to see her own face, mouth slack, eyes closed quite obviously in the throes of orgasm. The next canvas was her from below, life-size. It was shot from between her thighs, her fingers hovering over the swollen pink petals of Sara's painted garden.

The others were artful shots of her body, close ups of her painted flesh. They were sexy and divinely beautiful. They were mixed media combining the photographs of Niall with the exquisite painting of Sara. There were none of the more explicit shots that she knew Niall had taken. She was relieved, and slightly disappointed. She had both feared and wanted to see it. To see her fingers speared in her pussy, spreading the swollen flesh for all to see. To stand in the crowd while strangers watched her come.

She felt him, his erection pushing into her lower back. Niall was behind her, he murmured, "They're beautiful aren't they?"

"Yes, Niall, they are. I'm really pleased with them."

A soft puff of air vibrated against her ear as she heard him chuckle. "Liar," he said.

She turned to face him saying, "What do you mean?"

"I mean you're a liar. You're not entirely pleased are you? You wanted more didn't you?" His words were low, they made her shudder and heat pool between her

legs. "You wanted them all to see you come didn't you, dirty girl? You wanted all the lovely people to see your fingers pressed into your wet pussy."

She couldn't help the moan that escaped her mouth, Nothing had happened since that day. Both Sara and Niall had been supremely professional when they photographed her collection. She'd come to think that nothing more would come of their encounter. But now, with his wicked words whispered close to her ear and the press of his erection against her belly she wondered if more was to come. As if in answer she felt Sara press from behind, sandwiching her between their two bodies.

"We have another showing planned, did you know?" Sara said softly.

"No," she answered in a breathless whisper.

"A private showing, a select audience who have been invited to see the whole collection."

"Really?"

"Yes. And for that night we think we'll need something special. A live model. Painted up on a pedestal. Would you like that?"

Inara shook her head even as her body screamed out YES. She wanted it, but she couldn't. She couldn't ask for it.

"Well then we'll have to play for it. Won't we, Sara?"

"Yes. Another wager. Would you wager for it, Inara?"

And just like that Inara found herself painted into another corner.

## About Darcy Sweet

***Darcy Sweet has a dirty secret-she has a head full of wicked stories.***

***She's thinking of them in the line at the grocery store, at the library, in the bank and sitting in the car at a red light. At first she only shared them with her husband now she's decided to share them with you. When not writing or thinking about writing she's reading or negotiating peace terms between the argumentative little people who live with her. She is a music snob who loves to make mix-tapes of little known music. Her current musical obsession is foul mouthed depressive Scottish bands.***

***She loves erotica and hopes that her stories make you hot and bothered. Her favorite erotica authors are Selena Kitt, Emma Holly, Michelle Houston, Portia Da Costa and because she's partial to a Bromance, the very, very wicked Habu.***

## A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

By Will Belegon

It had been almost two months since the weekend when I lost my virginity and things had never been better. Gena and I were getting along great. Every chance we got we snuck away to some secluded place and attacked each other. After years of wondering why my friends were so fascinated and daring about sex, my raven-haired beauty was showing me what I had been missing. Every day I got to know her body's mixture of hard muscle and soft curves a little better. Every time we made love I was better at it, and I was getting lots of practice.

Even though Gena was by far the best thing to ever happen to me, it was not just my relationship with her that was going well. The band in which I played, a heavy metal outfit called *Assassination*, had gotten a gig almost every weekend. Rehearsals are great, but nothing pulls you together as a unit faster than playing in front of a crowd. Okay, "crowd" may be a little strong, but even playing keggers seemed like a crowd instead of the normal audience of just our girlfriends. We were making more money than we were spending for the first time in the year we had been playing together, and Sean and Jimmy were writing some great songs.

As a matter of fact, the only really bad thing in my life was my stupid car. I was tired of sinking money into it and was saving up to buy a new one. A friend of my Dad's had an old VW bus he was willing to sell me, and as soon as I could save a thousand dollars, it was mine. Not only would the VW make for an easier way to haul my guitars and amps but it had a bed in the back. Gena and I could not wait.

So even though the band was doing so well, I was still working thirty plus hours at "the Box". Flipping burgers wasn't glamorous, but it paid steady and I had been there



long enough that I was making almost a dollar more than minimum wage. At \$4.80 an hour, that thousand bucks was not that far off. Besides, it gave me a chance to get paid for being with my best friend.

If Gena was my muse, Sandy was my mentor. Sandy was a few years older than me on the calendar but she was light years ahead in experience. At 26 she had already been dealt a rough hand by life but she just kept going. Being a single mother was hard, even in the modern world of the eighties. Yet she never complained much. A couple of times she had confessed to me how lonely it could get, but with her mom and dad helping with her daughter and the life insurance money socked away, she was better off than most people in her situation. Becoming a widow at 22 could have killed her spirit, but instead she was the strongest lady I had ever met.

I told Sandy everything of course. After all, she had been my confidant long before Gena came along and I still trusted her opinion and loved how she did not treat me like a child despite our age difference. She was very excited for me. She never made it to gigs because of the kid, but she had started taking Tae Kwan Do lessons at the same dojo where Gena studied. Gena and Sandy hung out together quite a bit lately, and I think Gena knew how much I told Sandy, but she never seemed to mind. Gena told me she was glad I had a friend like Sandy.

One September Thursday, Sandy gave me a surprise.

"Lance, all these months I've heard how great you are on that guitar," Sandy said to me as we were getting ready for the lunch rush, "I think it's time I heard it for myself."

"What do you mean?" I replied.

“Well, Gena told me you have a real show this Saturday night, not just a party. She said you’re opening for a band from Hollywood at a little spot in North Park.”

“Yeah,” I said with pride, “Our first time on a real bill. I’ve got a flier in my locker. But how can you come? What about Missy?”

“Greg’s parents are picking her up from school on Friday and are going to take her to Disneyland all weekend. I think they’re crazy to take a five year old to D-land two straight days, but I can use the adult time. Besides,” said Sandy, “This means I can sit stage right with Gena and play groupie.”

“Yeah right,” I replied with my best wicked little grin, “You have no idea how much I’d like you to play groupie.”

“Why Lance,” said Sandy in a false southern drawl, “Whateva must y’all mean?” So saying she brushed past me to go back to the cooler. As she moved past me I could have sworn I felt her fingertips run across my ass! But no, I must have been imagining things. Sandy was a sweetheart and a great gal, but she had already proven that she had no interest in me that way.

Back when I first started working at JB’s, I was paired up with Sandy on my very first day. By the time I went to lunch I was in love. Okay, maybe that is a little bit strong. I was in lust. Sandy had the blond-haired blue-eyed surfer girl look down perfectly. Her body was trim and hard. She was not super thick in any place, but she was very muscular. I imagined her build must be similar to that of a ballerina or jazz dancer, although I had never met one to test the theory. Her skin was very tan, since she still spent a lot of time out in the sun when she was not trapped in the grease pit we worked

in. She looked like the kind of girl the quarterback would have dated in high school. In other words, way out of my league.

It actually kind of calmed me down to think of her that way. Knowing I did not have a chance, I never tried to impress her. I think that is what paved the way for us to become friends.

Despite the age difference and the fact that she was technically my boss, Sandy and I talked a lot at work. We also flirted outrageously. It was all in fun, but it still felt good when she would make teasing little comments to me or when she would deliberately make them to someone else in a way that assured me it was really for my ears. In a way, Sandy was the best thing to happen to my self-esteem in my whole life until Gena came along. She helped me overcome enough of my shyness that when I did finally get the chance to get to know a girl like Gena, I managed not to blow it. I would be paying that one back forever, even if Sandy was not really aware of it.

Like I said though, I knew pretty much right away that Sandy was out of my league, and as I learned more about her this was reinforced.

Sandy had a thing for pilots. Not airline pilots, or guys that flew piper cubs. No, Sandy had a thing for the best in the world. I knew for a fact that she often would go hang out at the officers club up in Miramar. Seen Top Gun? That is what I am talking about. Sandy had a thing for guys who faced danger as a daily business. That was how she had met Missy's father.

Greg had been one of them, the best of the best. I knew Sandy would never forget him, because our friendship went both ways and I had held her a few times while she cried over what had happened. I told her Greg was a hero. He could have bailed

out when the F-14 was still over houses and saved himself, but instead he and his navigator rode the jet right into the side of a vacant hillside. Greg and I had never met, but I knew he had given his life to save others. I respected him for it. I also thought he had been crazy.

Once he knew the plane was pointed into the hills he could have got out. How could you give up a gal like Sandy? I wonder if it would have changed things if he had known about Missy.

Before I met Gena my number one goal had been to try and get Sandy in bed. Like I said, I knew it was a long shot at best, so I stayed playful and unassuming about it, never arrogant or pushy. She would play along and flirt with me, but whenever we were alone it toned down instead of heating up. For a while I kidded myself. Told myself that I could tell Sandy was holding back. I even thought I had figured out her reason. She did not want to get involved with me because she thought she would be taking advantage of an innocent boy.

After I turned eighteen it was a little harder to convince myself of that. Eventually, I realized that flirting was all that was ever going to happen between us. Mind you, I still tried to change her mind.

Then I met Gena, and everything changed. Sandy and I still flirted but now I had a reason to end it there. I did not want to do anything to cause a rift between Gena and I. I was head over heels for Gena. Still, every time I looked at Sandy I remembered why I had wanted her in the first place.

So even though Gena and Sandy becoming friends was the best thing that could happen, sometimes it was a little bittersweet. There they were, my lover and my wildest fantasy, walking side by side. What would Gena think of me if she ever knew that?

Sandy knew of course. How could she not? I just hoped she would keep it to herself and never tell Gena.

I got out of work around seven and headed to the parking lot, praying that the car would actually start. It did, so I figured I was already ahead of the game for the night and headed over to Gena's dojo to pick her up after her lesson. Not one she was taking, but one she was giving. Even after three months to get used to it, it was still weird to think that my girlfriend could kick my ass. Of course, she could probably do the same thing to every guy I knew. Once I tried to play macho when a guy was bugging her at a party. Gena told me in no uncertain terms that she could take care of herself.

So the asshole thought that meant he was in like Flynn. Big mistake. Gena had him on his knees and begging her forgiveness within thirty seconds. Idiot should never have tried putting the arm around her shoulders. What could I do? I just walked back to my bandmates with a shrug as they all busted up laughing.

Gena was waiting for me outside the dojo, talking to Sandy. I forgot she had a lesson tonight. That explained the early departure from work. As I pulled up in a cloud of burning oil, Sandy and Gena hugged each other and Sandy headed for her truck with a quick wave and a wink for me. Gena slid in as I left the motor running. I dared not turn it off.

"Hiya Tiger," said Gena, leaning over to kiss my cheek. Her face was flushed and warm. She put her left hand on my knee and kept it there. I glanced over as we headed

east towards her house. She must have got a good workout tonight, because the ruddiness in her cheeks did not seem to be abating. The warm glow it leant her face made her even more beautiful to me.

“Hey baby,” I growled back, “Did you have a good lesson?”

“You could say that. Sometimes I think I learn as much from giving the lessons as they do from me. Oh, and by the way, you do know that I like Sandy and I am not jealous of how you used to try to fuck her, right?”

I recovered in time to keep the car on the road.

“Um, yeah, well, what do ya mean? I mean, she is just a friend ya know? There is nothing going on, I mean, I never tried anything, I ...”

Gena's laughter brought me out of my stumbling denials. “Lance, relax. I meant what I said. I like Sandy. I'm not jealous. But I'm not blind either. And if you and I are both going to be friends with Sandy this needs to be dealt with sooner rather than later. You wanted her bad. Sometimes you still do. It's okay.”

“Umm, you're not jealous? Even though we work together?”

“Lance, I know you better than you know yourself. I trust you. One thing I can be sure of is that you will never cheat on me. Oh, you might break up with me so you could sleep with someone else. But you'll never cheat. Your honor would not allow it. Plus, and baby, I am not saying this to hurt you; it would be too much like your mom. You would never do to someone what she did to your Dad.”

Gena was right about that. I would never put anyone through the hell I had seen my dad go through. It just wasn't in me.

“So what time should I pick you up on Saturday Gena?” I asked hoping she would say very early. Despite all the hard work in the garage and at parties I was really nervous about Saturday night and I wanted to have the chance to let loose a little before the gig. One thing Gena and I had discovered in the past couple of months was that I played better right after getting laid. It relaxed me enough that I found it easier to not tighten up my hands and I slipped into what Sean and Jimmy called “the zone”. What they meant was that I became oblivious to the external world and just lived in the music for a while. The guys said when I did that the band went from good to great, and all humility aside, I knew they were right.

“Oh Lance, I’m sorry,” replied Gena, “I agreed to do a private lesson. I won’t be able to ride down in the van with you guys. But I promise I will get there as soon as I can and before the show starts. Sandy is going to pick me up. Don’t be mad, okay? Please?”

“I’m not mad. It’s just that we are already missing out on Friday night because of your parent’s thing and I had hoped that Saturday afternoon...”

Gena laid her finger across my lips to shush me. “I know what you hoped, you slut of a man. But if I promise to make it up to you, starting now, while you forgive me?”

“What do you mean?” I asked as her hand slid up my thigh towards my crotch.

As if to answer, her other hand came across to join the left and she began to unbutton my 501’s. I flipped on the headlights as she moved my boxers aside, thankful that the light was fading and hopeful no one would see her. As her lips touched my cock I prayed I would be able to concentrate enough to get us to her place alive. I barely succeeded.

Friday I did not get to see Gena at all. I told Sandy all about my little adventure in a moving car. Big mistake. For the rest of the day, every time Sandy caught me looking at her, even for an instant, she licked her lips. It was exquisite torture.

Saturday morning came and Sandy and I opened the store. I had deliberately asked for the early shift knowing I needed time to get ready for tonight and would have plenty of rest from not having seen Gena the night before.

Sandy and I left JB's at 3 p.m. sharp. I was really starting to get nervous now, and I knew Sandy could tell. She stopped me as I was about to get into my car.

"Lance, relax a little. You guys are going to be great. I am so looking forward to this."

"C'mon Sandy, knock it off," I replied, "Listen, I am really happy that you are going tonight. But don't pretend it's your kind of music. All you listen to is that Urban Cowboy shit." I said it with a grin. It was a tease, not mean. "Seriously, this is a part of me I've wanted to show you for a long time."

"But not the only part, eh Lance?" Despite all the things I had experienced over the course of the last two months, Sandy could still make me blush red enough to stop traffic. I swear, Gena couldn't make me blush like that! I tried to fight it off and make a suave comment to follow, but I could not quite get my tongue to work.

I met up with the guys over at Sean's about an hour and a half later. I had rushed home and hurried my way through a shower. I decided against shaving because I was short on time and I didn't have to worry about makeup or anything. We had talked about going glam like some of the bands in L.A. were starting to do but had decided against it. Even though we had that "Hollywood" sound like Steeler or Crue, most of us were more



influenced by old gods like Sabbath or Zeppelin and current bands like Maiden. So we nixed the makeup and stuck mostly with denim and leather as opposed to the spandex and bright colors.

Besides, Gena had often said she liked a little roughness to me. Not like a beard, just a five o' clock shadow. I slipped on a pair of 501's that were starting to show their age in the right places, slipped on my black motorcycle boots and an old concert tee, and grabbed my fav black leather on the way out the door. My gear was already at Sean's from Friday's rehearsal.

We got to the hall just in time to check things out and hear a little from the band that was headlining tonight. They had a guitar player named Jake that could absolutely shred.

Suddenly I was glad that we would be off the stage a couple of hours by the time he took his first solo. There were four bands playing tonight and we were the first. Jake wouldn't get on stage until midnight and our set would start about 8:30. I knew I was good but I would be remembered better for the time lag then if I had played right before him.

"Dude, he's almost as good as you," said Jimmy from behind me.

"Bite your fuckin' tongue J!" I replied, "He totally outclasses me. He is way cleaner and he doesn't have to pause between phrases as much as I do. His notes ring out as individuals, mine tend to run together. He's a pro, I'm an amateur."

"Yeah," said Jimmy, a little surprised at my reaction, "Maybe. But you're faster, man."

“Okay, granted, I might be a little faster. But speed isn’t everything,” I said, enjoying the praise but not willing to let Jimmy win the exchange, “Some things are better when they are done a little slower and cleaner, ya know, more drawn out, longer lasting. At least that’s what your girl Terri told me last night.”

Sean and Rob cracked up as Jimmy tried to make up his mind about whether to be pissed or not. A smile spread over his face as he made his decision.

“Hear that boys, Lance has got his arrogance on! We’re gonna fuckin’ rock tonight!”

Jimmy had been right. It was the best show I ever played and I wasn’t alone. All of us had been at our best. Yet I barely remembered any of it. All through our set I had been focused out and to my right. Gena and Sandy had shown up just a few minutes before we went on and they both looked so fucking hot I couldn’t believe it. Every song I played was for them. Part of me felt a little guilty, like I should be playing just for Gena. But I pushed that part way down.

The two of them standing there, bouncing up and down to the beat. The contrast between the two women, both looking very sexy, was dramatic and alluring.

Gena’s body had muscle, but it also had so much lushness. Her dark hair draped down across her bare shoulders above a leather vest that was filled to bursting. She wore a short black leather skirt that showed off her strong legs. Her red lips drew the eye with the burst of color in the midst of her erotic darkness.

Sandy was the light to Gena’s shadow. Her blond hair was cut just below the shoulders and she wore a tight pale blue tank top tucked into black jeans that must have been painted on. Sandy’s body was hard and muscular, with less body fat but a

deep tan that accentuated every curve. Sandy was the athletic farmer's daughter next to Gena's smoldering temptress.

After we snagged all our gear off stage we started packing up. I had just stashed my pedals in Sean's van and was starting to help Rob with the drums when Jimmy walked up behind me and put his hand on my arm.

"Dude, what the fuck are you doing? Get the fuck out of here!" Jimmy pointed out towards the theatre seating area where the girls would be waiting for us. "Jesus, Lance, do you think the rest of us are fucking blind? We'll take care of it. You need to go get those two out of here before they change their mind."

"Jimmy, what the hell are you talking about?"

"You really don't know? So much for me having to worry about you and Terri. Lance, just take my fucking word for it and go! You always do more than your fair share, I gotcha on this one. Go!"

So saying, Jimmy, Sean and Rob basically kicked me out of the backstage area. I made my way forward and out to the "bar" where Gena and Sandy were waiting on me along with Jimmy's girlfriend Terri and Sean's fiancé Janet. As I approached the table the girls embarrassed me by standing up and applauding. Janet stood up and kissed me on the cheek.

"You guys were all awesome tonight Lance. I'm so proud." Janet and Terri were both always a little protective of me, because of what had gone down with mom and because I was the "shy" one. They had both embraced Gena from day one and the three had become fast friends. I hoped Sandy hadn't felt isolated.

Terri stood up next to Janet and said, "C'mon, Jan. Let's go corral our men. Very nice to finally meet you Sandy. Bye!" Terri took Janet by the elbow and led her towards the backstage door. I turned to wave goodnight and then put my attention back where it belonged.

"So, you want to stay for the other bands?" I asked Gena and Sandy. I suspected and hoped I knew what the answer would be since I knew that this was not Sandy's favorite kind of music.

Gena glanced over at Sandy, who smiled and gave a slight nod. "Uh, no Lance, actually we were thinking of having a little private celebration." As Gena said this she stood up and took my hand. She drew me in and kissed me hard and long. "I want a drink and some action and I'm not going to get either one of them here. Sandy and I thought the three of us could go back to her place and have a beer, or something..."

"Yeah, that's cool with me. Let's just swing by Sean's and pick up my car on the way. You know, for later..." Now what was funny about that? Both girls moved off laughing quietly. Gena pulled me along behind her and we headed out into the evening air.

As we walked to Sandy's pickup truck, I felt like I owned the world. I had played a great show, the crowd had gone wild and we were sure to get more stage gigs after that performance. That meant that much less time until my new van and more privacy with Gena. On top of that I was walking out in style with a gorgeous babe under each arm, both of them grabbing my...Hey! "Uh, Sandy?"

"Well Lance, I just couldn't help noticing this little rip ya got in these jeans," Sandy's fingertips brushed against the skin of my ass where she had slipped a couple

of fingers into the hole to which she was referring. "I've been watching you dance around on stage for an hour giving out free looks and I thought that since I was such a special friend I deserved more than what the other girls in the audience got."

"Just relax baby, I'm right here and this is my idea," whispered Gena into my ear, "You know how I am about trying new things."

"Gena," said Sandy, "Did you know he's not wearing anything under these jeans? At least, not that I can feel."

"Yes," replied my love with a giggle, "He seems to have a sixth sense about that. Always going around commando at the right times, if not always. You'll notice he doesn't own a single pair of jeans with a zipper."

"He wears underwear at work. I know, I've checked."

Okay, this was getting embarrassing. Not only are they talking about me like I'm not even here, but the subject matter...like I said, Sandy can always make me blush.

"Okay," I started hesitantly as we arrived at the truck, "Just what are you two up to? Not that I'm not enjoying the attention, but..."

Gena spun me around and stoppered my mouth with a kiss. I felt her legs relax and I was suddenly leaning into her on the passenger door of Sandy's F150. She kept my tongue busy while Sandy walked around the back, unlocked the drivers' door and leaned over to unlock our side. Then she released the grip of her hand in my long red hair and gave me that you-better-listen-if-you-want-to-live look of hers.

"Lance, I'm only saying this once. You want this, Sandy wants this and you better god-damned believe I want this," Gena whispered fiercely to me, "Neither of you has the guts to risk the friendship but you want each other bad. As for me, if you have had your

eyes closed all this time to the way Janet, Terri and I treat each other, well; we'll deal with that later. Tonight, for once in your fucking life, don't analyze. Just have fun. Now slide into that truck and put your god-damned hand on her thigh where it belongs."

I'd like to say that I was smart enough to do as I was told but I think I was just too shocked and confused to do anything else.

Sandy trembled when I placed my left hand on her thigh as Gena had suggested. I squeezed slightly and she turned her head to look into my eyes. If the eyes are pools then I could see the question floating on their surface. But as I continued to leave my hand where it was I saw something deeper, a hunger that I had been in denial about and perhaps she had too. I had gotten so used to thinking of Sandy as my unreachable mentor that I had made certain assumptions about her side of things.

Now, as Gena slammed the door and snuggled into me, I saw a confirmation in Sandy's eyes. It was not so much a decision-making moment as it was a relaxation about a decision already made. Sandy backed the truck out of the spot, switched into drive and headed for her house. But before she drove off, she moved my hand further up and in on her leg.

The fifteen minute drive seemed to both go too quickly and to last forever. As we pulled into the driveway I made an effort to button back up what Gena had unbuttoned on the way over. Sandy and Gena didn't wait for me, but just headed for the front door, giggling all the way. In moments I was following them.

As I shut and locked the front door I heard Gena call me from the living room. Walking in I saw that she was lighting the gas in the fireplace and had several candles laid out before her.

“Baby, could you light these candles and set them around the room? I’m going to go join Sandy in her bedroom and change, okay?” Gena kissed me lightly before moving towards the back of the house.

I noticed that this had been prepared earlier and wondered about the duration or existence of Gena’s “private lesson”. There were a couple of quilts laid out on the floor and the coffee table had been moved out of the way. Three wine glasses were set beside the comforters next to a bucket filled with half melted ice and a bottle of champagne. I set the candles around the edges of the room and lit them with the long matches Gena had used for the fireplace. Because it was a gas fireplace it did not let off the heat of a wood one, but it would be enough to keep away any night chills. When I was finished the room was still pretty dark. If I remembered correctly...yes, the dining room light is on a dimmer switch. Just a little bit and then we should have a gentle light but still enough to see what we are doing.

By the time I started to unwrap the foil from the neck of the champagne bottle I had regained some of my calm. Despite all the prep, I truly did not think anything was really going to happen. This was real life, not Xaviera’s column in *Penthouse*. We would drink the wine and play around and that was all.

My illusions and my calm demeanor were shattered in the same instant when I heard Sandy say my name in a whisper from the hallway. As I looked over at her and Gena, I knew I had indeed entered into new ground.

Gena was wearing a blue and black silk kimono style robe that reached mid thigh. Under it she wore a black lace garter belt and stockings. That was all. No bra and no panties. The robe was draped in such a way as to cover her nipples but I could see

no straps or cups. There was even less ambiguity about the panties as I could clearly see the gentle curls and even from here could tell that she had trimmed the hair immediately around her pussy lips to so short a length she was almost bare.

Sandy wore a white lace sleeveless robe over a baby blue camisole and tap pants. Her erect nipples were poking hard into the thin material of the halter style top. Despite the daring of her dress and situation, the look on her face was shy and demure. Confidant she may be, but it seemed she was also a bit nervous about this.

That made two of us. I had just managed to stop the little micro-shakes I had been feeling by concentrating on mundane details like the lighting and champagne, but now they were back and much stronger than before. It wasn't that I didn't want this to be happening. Oh god did I want it! No, it was more that I did not believe it could be happening, and I was afraid I was going to say or do something to prevent it.

As she had been two months before, Gena was my savior. I had learned that Gena reacts differently to these situations than I do. She relishes and savors them. Just as she had put me at ease by taking control the night I lost my virginity to her, now I could see her gathering herself to accomplish the same with both me and Sandy. Gena took Sandy's hand and led her over to where I was kneeling by the edge of the coffee table with the champagne bottle in hand. She kneeled down on the quilt next to me and pulled Sandy down as well.

"Open it Lance," ordered my girlfriend, "I think we all could do with a drink. Sandy, weren't there strawberries too?"

"I put them in the fridge. Should I get them?"



“No, but if you could hand me my wine glass while our big, strong man opens this bottle...”

I took the hint and finished pulling the cork with a satisfying “pop”. As though the sound had broken the tension I sensed Sandy relaxing and felt myself do so in response to her. I have always responded to the emotions of those around me. I took the glass that Gena lifted before me and filled it halfway and then turned and did the same for Sandy. I glanced into her eyes as I returned the glass to her and saw that the calm from the truck had re-entered their blue gleam. Acting on instinct, I brought her hand to my mouth and kissed her fingers before releasing the glass. I turned to pour myself a glass and set the bottle down. Before I could turn back to the girls I felt two sets of hands settle on the shoulders of my jacket.

“Lance,” said Gena, “take a drink and then set down your glass and stand up please. You’re a little overdressed for this party. Here, Sandy, would you set this down for me?” Gena handed her already empty glass to Sandy as I turned and got to my feet. Gena rose with me, while Sandy took a quick slug out of her own glass and then set both aside. Each of the girls took a sleeve of my leather and pulled it out and then gently down my back. Gena tossed it out of the way in the direction of the dining room. She cast a meaningful glance at Sandy.

“Arms up sweetie,” said the blonde I had been lusting over for more than a year, “Shirt’s next.” Sandy drew the old tee shirt over my head and handed it to Gena. “Damn, Lance, I know you eat. Where does it all go?” Sandy ran her hands down from my head and trailed out along my arms to my wrists. “Come over here to the couch, honey. We need to get those boots off.”

I silently did as I was told and sat on the couch while Gena unbuckled one boot and Sandy the other. Gena smiled over at Sandy and the conversation started up again like it had in the truck, like I was not even there.

“I told you, Sandy, my baby is all lean muscle. Skinny, yes, but a hard body. I think it is all the practice and the sweating under those hot lights. Do you like?” My right boot came free into Gena’s hands and was summarily dismissed to join the jacket in the dining room, sock and all.

“God, yes. Strong but not showy. Not that I mind a little beefcake, Gena, but this is fine too.” My left boot and sock soon joined its mate and I was left with only my faded and ripped jeans to separate me from a dream that I still could not believe was real. Now that the boots were gone, the girls each took an arm and pulled me back up on my feet.

As I came to a standing position, I realized that they had moved in and were cheek to cheek in front of me. Not knowing what else to do, and too excited to be very scared anymore, I leaned in and kissed Gena. She responded to me with ardor, and I could tell she was very turned on. I dove my tongue into her mouth and explored every nook and cranny, running it over her teeth and twisting around her tongue in a corkscrew motion that was almost painful but exquisitely intimate. I tasted the champagne she had pounded and a lingering hint of tobacco. She must have shared a cigarette with Terri. It was as hard and passionate as any kiss we had ever shared but the whole time I was aware of Sandy’s breath against my cheek and her lithe body nestled within the crook of my left elbow.

Without thinking about what I was doing I left Gena's lips and turned to capture Sandy's. There was a momentary hesitation and then Sandy opened her lips to me and I felt the tip of her tongue snake into my mouth. I was only slightly surprised that she was taking the initiative away from me and then I gave myself to it and began to kiss her as though I had been doing so forever. But I could not forget that Gena was right here, especially as she tilted her head up and began to suckle at my earlobe. Sandy's hand that was behind my back began to migrate down until I felt the fingertips dive into the back waistband and her fingertips began to tickle the top of my ass. Instinctively I moved my hips forward and a hand was there as well. As that hand undid my top button and slipped in to grasp the rock hard shaft within, I recognized it as Gena's by the length of the nails.

Sandy finally moved to end our kiss and I felt Gena sense it. Gena took a playful nibble at my ear and then moved her head back towards its original position. As the three of us faced each other again I saw a look pass between Gena and Sandy and they began to kiss each other.

It only took a moment for me to realize that this was not the first time they had kissed each other. There was no hesitation and they were both completely comfortable with the experience. As for me, I thought it was just about the greatest thing I had ever seen.

I began to lick lightly at Sandy's ear, running my tongue around the edge up and the back to her earlobe, which I sucked into my mouth and ran lightly through my teeth, not a bite but just a hint of a rough edge. Sandy began to tremble as I did this, overwhelmed at the reality of both Gena and I attacking her at the same time. I took a

half step back and wiggled my hips. Gena took the hint and released the grasp she had kept on me throughout the kiss with Sandy. While Gena continued to kiss her, I ran my hands lightly down Sandy's arms and to her fingertips and then reversed and traveled back to her shoulders with a light trail of nail and fingertip caressing her. I stepped out of the embrace of her arm and Sandy turned slightly to face Gena. For a few moments I simply ran my hands over the backs, asses and legs of the two wonderful women in front of me, enjoying the feel of them moving slightly beneath my touch and the sight and sound of their tongues and lips dancing together.

Then I moved to stand behind Sandy and brought my hands to her shoulders and under the edge of the lace robe. Gena felt what I was doing and opened her eyes to confirm my intentions. In that brief moment of eye contact, I realized that the situation had changed again, and that Gena and I were now the aggressors and Sandy was our shared victim.

I lifted Sandy's hair off the back of her neck and began to nibble as I used my other hand to slide the edges of the robe off her shoulders. I bit harder and sucked in, remembering a comment awhile back about a hickey that Gena had given me. Two can play at that game Sandy.

As the robe crumpled to the ground in a white lace puddle about her ankles, I continued to nibble my way around Sandy's neck and shoulders. Gena began to lift the blue camisole up and I assisted by lifting Sandy's arms straight over her head. I watched as the fabric drew upward and rippled across her back. I love the way a woman's bare back looks. The lines and curves, and the promise of what is uncovered

in front. I decided it was time to see the front in this case and I pulled her back like I was dipping her in a dance. Gena let her go and I lowered Sandy onto the comforter.

I lay her down on her back and she surprised me with a bit of shyness, covering her breasts with her hands. I moved my one finger into the air over her and made the “naughty, naughty, don’t you do that” gesture before twining my fingers into hers and lifting away so that I could see her breasts.

I could tell Sandy was a little nervous still, and I kissed her lightly on the forehead and lingered at her lips before beginning my downward journey. As I began to kiss my way down her neck and chest I felt Gena’s fingernails tracing on my back, and then her hard nipples against my bare flesh as her hands snaked around to unsnap my 501’s. I tried to ignore her and concentrated on taking Sandy’s teat into my mouth. I sucked it in hard and then released it to flick at it with my tongue, exhaling so the warmth of my breath would tease against the wetness from my attack. The small gasp and sharp intake of breath that followed would have been indication enough that she was enjoying it, but instead she grabbed a handful of my long hair and forced me down to meet the arch of her back as nipple and a large bit of breast filled my open mouth.

Gena finished unbuttoning me and I rolled onto my side as the jeans were pulled off my hips, never relinquishing the hold my mouth had achieved on Sandy’s right tit. Gena pulled them down and off and I heard more than saw as they left by aerial route to join my jacket, shirt and boots. Then Gena’s mouth was next to mine and I turned my head long enough to kiss her. She obliged me and then flicked her tongue hard across the nipple I had been savaging. She made eye contact with me and we both smiled.

Sandy's back arched hard off the floor as she felt a mouth on both sides of her chest at the same time and her breathing sharpened as my love and I refused to show her mercy. Somewhere inside of me a kernel of disbelief still resisted as I glanced over at the girl I loved more than any other helping me pleasure a friend I had daydreamed about for months.

Gena gave me another quick peck and then moved over to Sandy's other tit in a series of small wet kisses. Sandy thrashed back and forth beneath us as we began a small competition, both of us trying to outdo the other and make Sandy react more to what we were doing instead of what the other was up to at that moment.

I let my hand trail down the center of her stomach to the top of the tap pants, only to find that Gena's hand was already there, thrust beneath the silk and moving rapidly. An element of competition started to enter my demeanor and I decided that I had to one up Gena. I sucked Sandy's nipple hard into the back of my throat and did all I could to swallow it whole for a couple of moments. Then I released her breast and began to kiss my way down to where Gena's hand was making such an impact.

I rocked back on my knees so that I was sitting up with my heels beneath me. The scene beneath me was something I could not have painted if you had given me all the brushes and paints I wanted and left me with a thousand years in which to learn. Perhaps Da Vinci had seen something like it and come up with the Mona Lisa's smile.

Sandy was laying on her back in the middle of the quilts and Gena was continuing to ravish her breast while her left hand was beneath the blue of the pants Sandy still wore. I knelt beside them with my left hand holding Sandy's right and the tips of my right hand's fingers making slight gentle circles on Sandy's thigh. I squeezed

Sandy's hand and released it. She briefly made eye contact with me before moving her now free hand to the back of Gena's head.

I moved my hand to the sides of the tap pants and pulled them down. Sandy lifted her hips briefly to allow the motion and I got my first glimpse of her pussy. Her blond hair had been trimmed shorter around her lips, but not to the extreme of Gena's. Her hair was darker here than that on her head, but only so much so that the difference could easily be attributed to the sun. Her tan lines here were much more pronounced than her breasts and it was obvious that Sandy spent at least some of her sunbathing time topless.

Gena's fingers were making small circles around Sandy's clit while occasionally dipping down to run along the length of her cunt. When she did this I could see the glisten of Sandy's arousal on her fingers. I settled on an idea, and lifted Sandy's leg so that her toes were presented to my lips. I nibbled gently on her toes and then started to work my way home.

As I worked my way up Sandy's leg with a lick, bite and kiss pattern I could feel and hear her breathing enter a rhythm and I thought I knew what it meant. I ducked under Sandy's leg and watched as Gena's fingers flicked across the button at the top of Sandy's pussy. I moved my face in close and exhaled the breath I had been holding so that Sandy felt the warmth of it a moment before I tasted her. I ran my tongue from bottom to top, where I paused to suck my girlfriend's finger for just a moment before returning to my main target. I ran the tip of my tongue completely around her, trying to feel every little nook and cranny. Meanwhile, Gena continued to suck on her nipples and

play with her clitoris. Sandy's breathing was getting faster and I recognized the approaching storm.

I thrust my tongue as deep into Sandy's pussy as I could get it. I ran my hands up the back of her legs to grab her cheeks and lifted her hips off the ground to grind her into my face. All the time I kept lapping with the tip of my tongue to try and reach new places inside of her. I felt more than saw or heard as Gena's hand went to cup Sandy's other breast.

Sandy's hands were now tangled in my hair and pushing me down. Her silence was broken by a deep moaning sigh and then a series of staccato gasps, increasing in pitch as they did in volume. All illusion of my being in control was gone as her hips bucked across my face and it was all I could do to continue to breathe. Her orgasm culminated with a hard upward thrust and she lifted both me and her hips clean off the floor as she gave a ragged gasping moan and her thighs clamped down over my ears so tightly as to even hurt a little. The strong whip was followed by a few aftershocks that slowly subsided in length and intensity.

As my vision cleared and the blood rushed back into my head, I looked up at two smiling faces. Sandy had the bemused look of someone who was just happy with the world and wanted to enjoy it, but Gena had a different look. Some of it was the look I had come to associate with Gena and sex, a look that made me think of the smile someone has a few minutes after they get off a roller coaster, when they can still remember how it felt but they are just beginning to look forward to the next ride. The other part could only be described as pride. A teacher's pride in her student. She wasn't



jealous or upset that I had just had my face buried in another girl's pussy, just proud that I had done well at it.

Sandy spoke first. "Oh my fucking god! I swear I haven't felt like that in years, if ever. That was the wildest thing!" She broke off and pulled Gena down for a kiss while I pulled myself up next to her. I just watched as the two of them kissed each other and it was at that point that I realized something. Just as Gena had shown no jealousy of me going down on Sandy, I was feeling no anxiety as they kissed each other. Which reminded me of something I had thought a few minutes before.

"Um, so how long? I mean, you know, I had no idea, I just..."

Gena saved me from my nervous talking syndrome. "You mean when did your girlfriend seduce your best friend? About two weeks ago. That night you had to close and Sandy gave me a ride home. We talked forever, and Missy fell asleep, and you were working..."

"Are you mad Lance?" Sandy asked me. I think she knew better and I know Gena did, but she still asked. She seemed a little uncertain, and with a moment's thought I realized that it was only half about me. Gena really had "seduced" my best friend. A story I would get out of Gena later. "It just kinda happened. I was going to tell you, but Gena wanted to make it a surprise and..."

"Do I look mad?" I leaned in and kissed first her and then Gena. "I'm thrilled. Don't you know how long I've wanted to get between your legs?"

"She knows. She has known the whole time." Gena pulled me down and laid down next to me so that I was lying in between the two girls. "And she's wanted you too.

For just about as long. But she didn't want to be your first. Something about a sense of responsibility and decorum. Something I obviously am not troubled by."

"Thank god," I said, turning first left and then right to kiss them both. "What's that line at the very end of *Casablanca*? The one about friendships?"

"Oh no," groaned Gena with a false dismay, "Don't start that. Not hear and not now. Put that mouth back to work doing better things." Gena pulled my head down into her chest.

Of course, I knew the line. I also knew what Gena would most likely do. I could rest later. I sucked her familiar tit into my mouth and nibbled lightly. Sandy began to run her hands up and down my body from behind me. The erection that had gone somewhat half-mast as I concentrated on eating Sandy's pussy and then recovering began to stiffen and grow again with the stroking motion of her hands as they approached my waist.

As Sandy began to run her hands over the cheeks of my ass I heard her kiss Gena above me and then her lips and teeth were at my neck. She nibbled back and forth while I continued to attack Gena's breasts with my mouth. I also knew that Gena loved the way it felt on her breasts and thighs when I had left a shadow of beard on my face the way I had this afternoon. Just rough enough to heighten the pleasure without being abrasive is what she would say.

Sandy's oral attentions had begun to migrate down my back, and one of her hands was cupping the left cheek of my ass and squeezing. I hated it when she stopped and let go but my dismay quickly left me as the girls pushed me flat on my back and kissed each other over my chest.

Gena cocked an eyebrow at Sandy and she smiled back and gave a slight nod. Gena looked me in the eyes, smile and ran her tongue left to right across her teeth. "Baby," she said, "I know you are going to like this."

As she said it I felt the first light touch of Sandy's tongue on my cock. As Gena moved down to be face to face with Sandy and my harder than ever before dick resting between them I realized I was about to experience the secret wish of every guy watching best girlfriends saunter through the mall with that "we share everything" attitude.

Gena and Sandy moved together and began to kiss on either side of my hard shaft. It was almost as though they were kissing each other and my cock just happened to be in the way.

Their two tongues twirled about me, covering every side and little spot as the saliva from their open mouths began to slicken my cock and create a feeling that I don't think I had ever even been able to dream about, it was so inconceivable. Their mouths moved up and down the sides, wet and warm, stroking me with the lips from their half open mouths. Neither made any move to relieve my tension by taking me fully into her mouth, a method that simply made greater my desire to see and feel it. Every few moments they would pause to kiss each other and then return to driving me mad.

Gena was running her hands all about me and my thighs while Sandy had kept her left hand grasping the base of my cock and guiding it in the direction she chose this entire time. Although it seemed an overwhelming eternity, I knew that it had only been a few minutes since I felt that first light touch of Sandy's tongue.

Both girls slowed their motions down and came to a stop to indulge in a long French kiss in the air above me before I finally got what I had been hoping for when it became obvious what was about to happen. Sandy took her grip on the base of my hard dick and directed the head of my cock into Gena's open mouth. Gena sucked me hard into her mouth and slipped the head about halfway into her throat. She then pulled up in a long slow motion while still sucking hard. The head of my hard cock slipped out of her mouth with an audible "pop". She circled the ridge with her tongue and then pulled away. Sandy leaned forward.

I watched in awe as a scene I had imagined in a thousand idle fantasies came true. Sandy slipped her lips lightly over my head and slid the length of my shaft into her warm mouth.

She did it with a lighter and looser feel than Gena did. Whereas Gena felt as though she was devouring me with every motion, Sandy was more leisurely, taking time to savor the feelings and run her tongue across the side and bottom while gently sliding up and down. It was a more passive approach but equally pleasurable. I moaned softly with the slow tremor that traveled up my body as Sandy used her mouth to make love to my cock. After a couple of minutes of this exquisite torture she once again presented me as a target to Gena.

Gena attacked my cock as though it had become the prize in a competition. She began to pump me hard in and out for a moment before she gave me an appraising look and then sought out eye contact with Sandy. I felt certain I knew what was about to happen and I braced myself against the pleasure so that I could watch Sandy. Gena took a couple of light strokes to prepare herself and then slammed me hard into her

throat until her lips came to rest against the fingers that Sandy still had wrapped around the base of my cock.

I saw Sandy's eyes go wide as she realized what this meant and how much of me was in Gena's mouth. I knew how she felt, for even now I was always surprised when Gena did this. By Sandy's reaction, I could tell that Gena had not revealed all of her secrets.

Gena began to thrust me deep into her throat with the long, powerful strokes that I could never resist, and I knew my time was short before I would explode. Each time her lips traveled all the way down to Sandy's fingers and each time I watched this I felt myself closer to the edge. I wondered if I should say something, though I felt certain that Gena knew exactly how I was feeling and probably had as good an idea of how much I could stand as I myself did.

Sure enough, just as I was sure I was hitting that point of no return, Gena slowed and began to ease off. She pulled me out of her mouth with a grin for me, and a wink for Sandy.

"Shall we make him work for it Sandy?"

"All I know is that I need that fucking cock in my pussy, NOW!" Sandy put her hands on my chest and pushed me back towards the floor. She swung one leg over me while Gena scrambled out of the way, and reached behind her to guide my swollen cock into her. She was so warm it was almost a burning sensation to enter her. I watched with fascination as my sweet older friend began to rock back and forth on my hard prick that was buried in her cunt.

“Oh my god, yes, oh Lance, you have no idea how bad I wanted this.” Sandy had her eyes closed and was looking up at the ceiling with her head thrown back and her blond hair sweeping over her shoulders. I lifted my hands to pinch her nipples and the resulting spasm and sharp intake of breath was most rewarding. I was really getting into watching Sandy ride me when my view was suddenly blocked.

Gena must have gotten tired of the lack of attention being paid to her most intimate part. I had been watching Sandy intensely enough that I had not noticed Gena until she straddled me. I knew what was expected of me now and I was happy to oblige. I reached upward with my tongue to taste the familiar folds of her pussy.

Gena let out along low moan and began to wiggle over me, directing my tongue to where she wanted it most. I let her go for a minute and enjoyed the idea of what we were doing. Sandy had leaned slightly forward and placed one hand on my stomach as she continued to move up and down in a steady rhythm. The lean strength of her body was apparent in both the feel of her taut thighs on my hips and the pace that she was keeping as she rode my cock. I moved my mind away from how that felt because I knew that otherwise I would be cumming in moments. Her breathing was deep and drawn out, as though she was also concentrating on making things last. There were slight pauses in her movement and breathing that I think were caused by Gena and her kissing.

I moved my hands to the top of my girlfriend's thighs and pulled her down onto my mouth. I buried my face in her and took the folds of her pussy into my mouth to be sucked and licked, moving back and forth between them and occasionally pausing for breath. After what seemed a very short time I started to feel the tightening of Gena's strong legs and staccato breathing that experience had taught me was a precursor to

Gena's orgasm. I lifted my head to lean in toward the top of her cunt and sucked her clit into my mouth and flicked it with my tongue. I felt her muscles spasm and heard the loud half-gasp half-sigh that I associated with Gena's release. Her legs went stiff and she lifted herself slightly but I pulled her back down hard against my face and continued to attack her.

I knew that Gena sometimes became so sensitive right after cumming that it could actually be painful if I was too aggressive. I quit concentrating directly on the knob under her little hood but continued to lick hard around it and to noisily slurp her lips into my mouth to be sucked and gently nibbled. I was rewarded as her movements continued and thought that maybe...yes! I could feel it. I kept my face buried as her thighs squeezed hard on the sides of my chin and I felt more than heard her give out three or four sounds that were almost small high-pitched screams. Her legs squeezed me tighter now and suddenly she bucked her hips against me and I was no longer in control. She ground her pussy hard into my mouth and fucked my face wildly for a few moments. It was all I could do to grab a few hard won breaths.

The sights and sounds in front of her must have inspired Sandy, for I felt her back arch to drive her hips down hard against me and I heard again the series of high pitched air gulping gasps. It was more drawn out this time and as they began to subside I felt Sandy settle her hip rocking into a quick steady motion. I suspected her intent, and as Gena lifted away from me and allowed herself to collapse on the quilt beside us my suspicions were confirmed.

Sandy was staring into my eyes and as Gena slipped aside she leaned down to kiss me, thrusting her tongue hard into my mouth. I returned the French kiss with

enthusiasm, although my jaws and mouth were beginning to feel a bit sore. I had a little spot on the bottom of my tongue where it felt like I might have cut myself against my own teeth.

My hands slipped down to grasp the twin globes of Sandy's ass and I added my own urgency to the rhythm she was building. I began to lift my hips to meet hers and the urgency began to build as I focused on my own pleasure for the moment. Sandy lay forward onto my chest and let me pound into her. After a few moments she began to kiss my chest and neck and her breathing began to quicken once again. Despite the signs that I might be able to push her over the edge again, I knew that this time there was no way I could deny the explosion I felt building.

Sandy smiled and propped herself up on her arms over me and then did something inside. It felt like she had grabbed me harder, and the extra tightness was more than I could stand. The muscles in my legs shot straight out and locked and the first spurt of my cum pulsed into her. Sandy gave a slight gasp and moved forward and then cum was arching into the air above her and landing on her back. Gena began to laugh; it seemed to me I had shot half my body weight onto Sandy's ass and back.

My eyes closed as a series of small shivers ran down my body. Sandy kissed me gently around my lips and cheeks and I opened my eyes to look deep into the blue eyes of the girl I had dreamed about doing this to for months. Sandy had no words, she just smiled, and I knew she was thinking pretty much the same thing.

Meanwhile, Gena had a fit of the giggles next to us. "Oh, Lance, it's even in her hair! We may have to clean the ceiling! That was awesome! But I think a shower is in order. Why did you pull out? Sandy has her diaphragm in, I watched her do it."



"I didn't," I answered, a little confused, "I wasn't capable of even thinking about it right then."

"No," said Sandy, "I did it. I wanted to feel it. I always like to feel it on my skin. I don't know why, it just feels exciting, kind of slutty. I especially like it on my face and tits, but there was no time for that." I'm not sure how it was possible for someone who had just done the things she had to feel that embarrassed about a little thing, but Sandy, who I had never been able to make blush, was bright red.

"Oh baby," said Gena, leaning over to give Sandy a peck on the lips and then adding a quick one for me, "Don't be like that. It was incredibly hot to watch. Maybe later you can show me the pearl necklace bit. If Lance hasn't recovered, I'm sure we can find a willing guy at the club."

"That's it, you're getting spanked!" I squirmed out from under a surprised Sandy and made a grab for my mischievous partner in crime. Gena had the advantage of being halfway to her feet and easily avoided my lunge while sticking her tongue out at me.

"All right, you two!" Sandy climbed to her feet and took each of us by the hand to lead us towards the hallway. "First, let's share a shower. Then, strawberries and champagne. Then, I want to see Gena get fucked. We have all night and this is only a beginning."

Arm in arm we started towards the bathroom in the hallway.

"Lance, Sandy," said Gena in a faux deep voice, "I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

“Bitch!” I screamed and leapt after her already running and laughing figure, “You stole my line!”

Behind us, Sandy just smiled and wondered what she had gotten herself into.

### About Will Belegon

*Will Belegon began writing erotica as an exploration of his more primal side. He found the combination of his overactive imagination with his love of poetry and prose to be a good fit for the genre. Throw in his love of moonlit beaches and first kisses, and words began to flow.*

*The validation came when other people liked what he wrote. So he wrote more, and found that he enjoyed the attention. When someone suggested he might actually get paid to write, the notion seemed too wild to consider. Yet fortune is said to favor the bold.*

*Will received Literotica.com's Readers Choice Award for the Best Erotic Couplings Story of 2004, and his character of MacCailein Mor in The Interrogation at that site has been nominated as the Sexiest Male Character for 2005. Will has also shown versatility within erotica by receiving monthly category nominations at Literotica in multiple sub-categories.*

*Will has also contributed both stories and poetry to the Coming Together anthology series, the proceeds of which are donated to charitable and free speech organizations.*

*Switch is Will's fourth collaboration with Phaze author Alessia Brio, but the first to be published professionally.*

**DREAM LOVERS**  
**By Dakota Trace**

Prologue  
Ganaoque, Ontario, 2008

The last thing Pajackok “Jack” Runningwater and his cousin Ragtow were expecting to see come out of the mighty St. Lawrence River was a waterlogged Indian woman wearing period clothing from the early 1800’s. They’d come out to the old homestead on the edge of the reservation to assure everything was locked down tight for the winter.

But they both rushed forward to help the wet woman.

“Are you okay?” Ragtow took one arm while Jack helped guide the trembling woman onto more solid ground. Over her head they exchanged glances. Could this be the woman they’d been told would come? Achak, their spiritual advisor, had warned them their souls would never be at peace until they found their woman, the one who’d renew their bloodline. He’d said not only did the men needed her for balance—so did their people.

“Thank thou. Thou are most kind.” The soft sounding voice seemed at odds with the slender woman. Finally Ragtow couldn’t wait any longer. He had to know.

“Did the Great Spirit send you to us?”

Lifting her head, Orenda gazed at both of them. “No. I’m here for other reasons, but I bring you news and a prophesy. She who is for you both shall come. Be patient.”

Both men swore as the woman collapsed between them.

Chapter One

*Northern New York Territory, 1816*

They came to her in a dream. Standing in the opening of an unfamiliar longhouse, their shadows stood as if awaiting her acknowledgement. Pushing back the furs which had kept her warm throughout the cold Canadian night, she left the pallet assuming the two men were in need of the healer. The war between the colonies and England had been vicious. But her people had been favored when, after the war, George Washington had granted her people, *The Onieda*, the tract of land in New York State lying next to the border with Canada, for their help during the war. Although the War of 1812 had finally ended last year, it wasn't uncommon to have injured seamen arrive seeking medical help from her. All knew the *Onieda* would help if the need arose.

Despite the unfamiliarity of her surroundings, her instinctive need to heal ruled her. She ignored her surroundings as she pulled on her buckskin coat over her long flannel nightgown and stomped her feet into her beat-up low-heeled boots. They'd been a gift from a thankful soldier the past winter and they kept her feet much warmer than anything else she'd worn. She glanced longingly at the soft moccasins next to them, but practicality told her the boots were a better choice for trudging through the snow. When she did look up, everything seemed eerily familiar even though she'd never been inside a longhouse in her life. It was definitely not the same as the rushes and bark covered wigwam she'd grown up in.

"Are thou in need of a healer?" Deftly parting and braiding her hair, she was unaware of their closeness until they were upon her. Her half-braided hair fell from her fingers as surprise flowed over her. They were not Iroquois nor were they white men—they were Algonquin.

“We need you.” The taller of the two stepped forward and placed his hands on her coat. Her protest caught in her throat as it slipped off her shoulders at his gentle urging. He leaned forward and inhaled sharply. “You smell of fruit, *ma puissance*, and good enough to eat.”

She barely had time to notice the beautiful porcupine roach dangling from one of his braids as his dark eyes filled with desire before his mouth covered hers. All thoughts of protest flew out of her head as his firm lips brushed across hers. Nerve endings sizzled and came to life. She felt as if she’d been surrounded by pure strength as he effortlessly held her in his arms. The lean length of his body against hers had her trembling with need. When his tongue traced over the seam of her lips, she parted them without much thought, eager to taste the strength under her hands. She’d barely had time to savor the touch of his tongue against hers before the other man interrupted them.

“You’ve had your taste, Jack. It’s now my turn.” He easily pulled her out of his rival’s arms and into his. She had a glimpse of free-flowing hair and another pair of needy eyes before his mouth covered hers. Her eyes closed as pure pleasure, instead of decreasing at the switch, built even higher. What was happening to her?

“So little patience, Ragtow.” The sound of Pajackok’s amused voice barely penetrated the sensual fog surrounding her.

Now pressed against Ragtow, she could tell he wasn’t as tall the first man and was broad where the other man was lean. While both were strong, the second man set her on fire as his lips nibbled and nipped at her lips until she parted her lips for his tongue. How could she be attracted to two entirely different men?

As if he could hear her thoughts, the man called 'Jack' answered her. "We're two sides of the same coin, *ma puissance*. You are supposed to hunger for both of us. You will make us all complete."

The heat of his body against her back had her pushing closer to the man kissing her. Her beliefs about monogamy were falling under the hungers of her newly awakened flesh. Her body cared less about the idea 'being shared with two men' should be considered shameful. A moan of surrender escaped her as Pajackok followed her and pressed her tightly between him and the other man. Her body was electrified and she couldn't help but think how it felt as if she finally was someone's beloved.

"Of course it's right." The second man had lifted his head and was busy unbraiding her half fastened braid. "It is a sin to restrain your crowning glory. You've the most beautiful hair." She couldn't help but stare as he lifted a handful of hair to his nose and inhaled. "He's right, you do smell of fruit. How do you do this, *ma tranquillité*?"

"It's from a sacred oil my mother created." Her words died in her throat as her flannel gown fell to her feet. While she'd been distracted by the man in front of her, Jack had freed the buttons running down the front of her gown and it now pooled at her feet, leaving her standing naked in front of two lustily fully aroused men. She could feel his erection pressed against her lower back and it would've taken a blind woman to miss the distinctive bulge in the other man's breeches. Her unease rose at the reality of being with both of these men.

"Shh, Rowtag and I won't hurt you. We simply want to pleasure you. You are selfless and take care of everyone else. Let us take care of you."

A gasp escaped her as his lips settled on her shoulder while his fingertips traced down her spine to her slender hips. Her head tipped back as the man in front of her, this Rowtag, ran his mouth down the slender column of her neck. She could feel the tickle of his loose hair brushing against her skin as he lowered himself into a crouch. Fire trailed behind his lips as they ran down the slope of her chest to finally settle between her trembling breasts. The kiss he placed on her breastbone had her breath catching as her hands moved to cradle his dark head. A needy moan tumbled from her parted lips when his hands cupped the underside of her breasts, supporting their firm weight on his palms. She leaned back on Jack without thought as Ragtow's head turned and he scattered 'open mouth' kisses across the inner swells of her aching mounds before finally settling on one hardened nipple. The rake of his teeth followed by the moist suction of his lips and tongue had her arching back against the strong man behind her. Her breath caught before she moaned again.

*"Oui, ma puissance, take your pleasure."* The huskiness of Jack's voice washed over her and had her longing to turn in his arms so she could kiss him. The pure wantonness of her own actions would've surprised her if she'd been thinking clearly. Without thinking she turned and pressed her lips against the column of his throat. A groan ripped free of him, washed over her and she soon found herself flat on her back amongst the furs on her low pallet next to the fire pit with two hungry men kneeling on either side of her. Her head was swimming and she wasn't sure how she'd gotten in such a position. A gut wrenching moan filled the room as Pajackok had taken Ragtow's place at her breasts and continued to nurse at her hard nipples. She was vaguely surprised to realize the erotic sound came from her.



The feel of a wet mouth against her inner thigh had her trying to snap her legs closed. The male body wedged between them kept her from completely closing them. He continued to kiss and excite her virginal folds.

“Nay, I cannot do this.” Her protest sounded weak even to her own ears.

“Why do you say this, *ma tranquillité*? You were meant for us as we are for you.” Ragtow lifted his head from his position between her thighs, his lips swollen from her earlier kisses and wet with her young juices.

“Thou cannot want to share me. ‘Tis not natural.”

Gentle hands squeezed her thighs. “It’s as natural as breathing, *ma tranquillité*.”

She shook her head in denial even as he once more lowered his head with his tongue extended. Her gaze locked on his and she found she couldn’t look away. Her eyes acknowledged his passion and pleasure in her body.

“Oh, yes, *ma puissance*, watch him pleasure you. Let us make you feel good.” Jack’s hoarse plea was whispered against her ear, as he held her with one arm wrapped around her shoulders, and they both watched as Ragtow slowly licked her soft folds in welcome before finding the hard little nub hidden within. Jack’s hand returned to her upturned breasts and took turns teasing each nipple. Her pleasure shot from them to her lower quivering sex.

A harsh intake of breath was her reaction when she felt the heat of Ragtow’s tongue wash over a spot so sensitive the pleasure bordered on pain. “What is thou doing to me?” Her thighs began to tremble as she looked up into the warmly dark eyes of the man holding her.

“Come for us, Onatah. Give us your pleasure.” He whispered the words against her mouth before sliding two fingers deep inside of her. A harsh groan filled her throat when her untried flesh stretched slowly inside her. Jack ripped his mouth away from hers. “Make her come, Ragtow, now, so I can have my turn.” His voice harsh, he encouraged the man feasting between their lover’s thighs. A muffled groan was Ragtow’s reply. The extra vibration had Onatah digging her fingers into Jack’s arms.

“I’m scared...what artst thou doing to me?” Her repeated question held a panicked note.

“Don’t be scared. Let go. We’ll catch you.” His words were whispered against the shell of her ear before his tongue dipped inside.

“Aaa-yeee!” Her hips surged upwards as the loud slurping noises filled the air. Pleasure stronger than anything she’d ever felt before poured over her. When it finally eased, she sagged back against the arm Jack had kept around her, while Ragtow continued to lap slowly at the juices covering her thighs.

“Delicious.” His voice was hoarse.

“Move!” Jack’s order allowed no refusal. Rolling away from her, Ragtow took her from Jack’s arms. Lying on his back, Jack waited for Ragtow to lower her over his reclining body. He jerked and his breath hissed out of his throat when her damp folds brushed over the stretched denim of his pants. His hands gripped her hips and rocked her against him. She whimpered when his hand pressed between their bodies. She whimpered again when she realized he was trying to free his sex. Despite her untried state, as a healer she knew the pleasure she’d felt earlier would be stronger with either of these men buried inside of her willing body.

“Please!”

“Patience, *ma puissance*, my cousin will take care of you.”

“What about thou?” Her voice was reedy with desperation.

“I’ll have my turn.” His hand brushed her hair away from her cheek.

Not knowing where her daring came from, she reached out and brushed her hand over the strange cloth which cupped his erection. Struggling with the unfamiliar closures, she smiled as she finally freed him. With her experiences it wasn’t the first time she’d seen a man’s sex, but they had been nothing like the thick length throbbing against her palms. Rubbing a thumb over the damp tip, a groan tore free from him as she explored the contours of his sex. “*Sacru blu.*”

A scream escaped her tight throat as Jack eased her down over him. The flash of pain was briefly noticeable as her innocence was shredded and the unfamiliar feeling of fullness stretched all of her virginal tissues. “Ohhh-owww.”

“Relax...it will be better now.” Jack’s hands tweaked her nipples. Gritting her teeth, she shifted and moaned as both men moved against her. Ragtow’s had his length moving between her hands, while Jack’s hands were rocking her on his hard cock. Pleasure teased at her as she had an overwhelming urge to take Ragtow’s cock in her mouth and taste his pleasure. Leaning forward to do just that, she screamed as Jack’s teeth caught one of her nipples in his mouth and he tongued and nipped at it. She soared over the peak.

\* \* \* \*

*Gananoque, Ontario 2010*

“Son of bitch.” The hateful alarm clock had sounded. Surging up in bed, Jack threw the covers off. His cock stood at attention and was very unhappy that he’d woken before he’d been able to spill his seed deep inside of his mate. It didn’t care that he had an early shift at the hospital this morning. Wrapping a hand around his aching cock, he tried to suppress his need to find Onatah and bury the aching length where it belonged. Deep inside of her pussy or ass and he didn’t really care which at this particular moment.

“Are you okay?” Ragtow’s ragged deep voice came from the doorway of their shared living room. While they no longer lived on the reservation, they’d retained the tradition of living together. They had a much deeper bond than just that of familial ties and they both knew it. He met Ragtow’s gaze. The spiritual bond between them was singing with awareness. They were only waiting on Onatah to complete the bond and make them whole. She was the third side to their connection. Without her they weren’t grounded and both knew it.

“It’s got to be soon, Ragtow. I can’t take many more of these dreams.”

“I know. She’ll be coming soon. Orenda promised us the time was upon us. We’ve only got to wait a bit longer. Once the moon is full, she’ll be able to cross time and join us. Orenda has never been wrong.”

“Let’s hope not.” Jack held his head in his hands. “I don’t know how much longer I can wait for Orenda’s baby sister to find the portal and come to us. If she doesn’t come soon, I swear I’m going to find a way to go to her, prophesy be damned.”

Ragtow nodded. There was no use arguing about it. It was amazing Jack had waited this long. His older cousin was a real force to be reckoned with when he wanted

something, and Orenda's younger sister was what they both wanted—what they both needed. They'd waited years for the time to be right. Time was running out for them to form their own Triad and find the balance they needed. Their personal need for their mate was not alone. Their people needed her just as desperately. Achak was adamant their mate was what their people needed to flourish. She was needed now—with this moon—for all of them.

## Chapter Two

*Northern New York Territory, 1816*

Kneeling on the ground next to the fire pit, Onatah Littlebird helped herself to a bowl of the venison stew her mother had prepared earlier in the day while she'd been out attending the sick. The loss of the young girl was weighing heavily on her. It was at times like these she wondered why the Great Spirit had ever called upon her to use her meager healing gift when he was going to take the spirit of innocence despite all her attempts to keep it here.

"Daughter, how does Little Doe fair?"

Tipping her head down, she shook it sadly. When her mother's hands touched her shoulders, she closed her eyes while she tried futilely to keep the tears at bay.

"Thou tried, Onatah. If the Great Spirit deemed it time for Little Doe to return home, it was her time."

Nodding, she took deep breaths as her appetite deserted her. Handing her mother the bowl, she stood. "I'm going to go down by the river. Perhaps a walk will clear my thoughts."

Her mother stood and chewed on her lip nervously. “Be careful, Onatah, the river has claimed many including your sister. At least take this with you.”

Accepting the corn cake from her mother, she tucked it into the pocket of her doeskin skirt before leaning down and grabbing her walking staff. She’d used it for both protection and comfort. Her father had made it for her.

“I shall be careful.”

Making her way away from the center of her village, she walked towards the river. The mighty St. Lawrence River was wide and fast flowing. She found the oddest comfort walking along its shores. She felt closer to her sister, even though her heart was saddened. Her people had lost a great seer when Orenda had fallen into the fast moving waters, never to be seen again.

“I miss you, Orenda, and your guidance. You always knew how to comfort me.” Walking along the edge of the water, she nibbled on the corn cake and tried to come to terms with the fact she’d lost the small girl. At times like this, she felt so insignificant and that her healing skills had failed her.

\* \* \* \*

*Gananoque, Ontario 2010, The Eve of The Full Moon*

Glancing at the watch on his wrist, Jack frowned. It was after six and Ragtow was normally home from his shift at Covidien by now. The plant which was located not far from their home manufactured ECG leads for doctor’s offices and with his Masters Degree in Science, Ragtow was head of Research and Development. He was always home by four, so when he still hadn’t arrived, Jack worried as he left their small home, and headed towards the center of town intent on finding his wayward cousin.

Coming past the casino he could hear music and the busy noise of slot machines. He briefly thought of going in. Orenda worked there in security. Since she'd been employed the rate of card sharks had drastically decreased. No one wanted to try to cheat a casino with a 'bona fide seer' in the control room. She could tell him exactly where to find his cousin but in a town the size of Gananoque, population five thousand minus the islanders, he'd locate him faster just by doing a quick walk through the town.

He finally found him standing at the water's edge gazing out at the St Lawrence River. The inherent tension filling Ragtow's body was easy to see. Joining him at the railing, they watched the ships ferry up and down the river.

"Long day at the office, cousin?" Sometimes Ragtow came down to the river when his job's stresses got to him.

Ragtow shook his head. "I couldn't concentrate today so I cut out early."

Jack cocked his head and waited for him to continue. Sometimes patience was the best bet with his cousin. It paid off as Ragtow finally turned to face him.

"Do you think she'll adjust to this time, Pajackok? I worry about it. This time is very different than the eighteen hundreds. She'll never have even had any electricity, much less ridden in a car, or any of the other technological things we take for granted."

"We'll ease her into our world, cousin. That's why we've taken time off from our jobs and we're using the old homestead outside of town. I checked with Andy, the electricity is on. I plan on taking out groceries and everything we're going to need for at least a two week stay. We'll take care of her and make sure she doesn't regret coming to us."

Ragtow nodded. "I sometimes wonder if it would be better for us to return to her time than force her to adapt to ours. With your training as a nurse and mine as an engineer we would be a great asset to her people."

"I know, but what would you do if you had to go without your Saturday morning cartoons?" Jack had meant it as a joke, but it was quite obvious his humor had failed when his cousin quickly turned to face him.

"I'd gladly give up my cartoons if it meant our woman would be happy."

"You and I both, Ragtow. Come, it's getting late. We're going to need our rest before we start our journey tomorrow. It wouldn't do for us to be so tired we can't pleasure our mate."

A grin broke over Ragtow's dark face. "Speak for yourself, old man. I'm still young and studly. I'll be able to pleasure our mate long after your member goes limp."

"We'll see who lasts longer, cousin." Jack cuffed his shoulder, glad that whatever funk his cousin had been in was finally over.

\* \* \* \*

*Northern New York Territory, 1816*

Onatah awoke to screams. Shoving the furs off her, she raced out of her mother's wigwam. The sounds and smell of black powder guns filled the clan's clearing as a familiar hand grabbed her arm.

"Mother!" She caught her mother's falling figure. Blood was flowing freely from a wound on her temple. Instinctively she pressed her hands against the wound.

"Go, run!" Her mother's hoarse plea fell on deaf ears.



“No! I won’t leave thou! You’re the only family I have left.” Kneeling in the slushy mud and blood splattered snow, Onatah refused to let her mother go. Struggling to her feet, she dragged her mother up. “I refuse to let thou go.” Half carrying and half dragging her mother, she ran as fast as she could from the village. When they finally reached the water’s edge, Onatah stopped, turned and sobbed. Her only home was a blaze as the soldiers set fire to every structure. The screams and shouts of her people had her turning to rush back towards the village when her mother grabbed her arm.

“Stubborn girl!”

“Let go of me, mother! I can help them.” Struggling against her mother’s surprisingly strong grip, she tried to help her people.

“I’m sorry, Onatah. There is no help for us now. Your sister foresaw the end of our way of life before she left. Now it’s time for you to join her.”

Disbelief washed over her and Onatah turned to face her mother.

“Mother, what are you talking about? Orenda is gone and my place is here with you and our people.”

Her mother smiled sadly at her. “Your place is with your mates. Go, they are waiting for you.”

Looking at her mother as if she’d grown three heads, she tried to back away from her, but the firm grip her mother had on her arm stopped her.

“I love you, daughter. Tell your sister, I love her and miss her. Now go.”

“Go where? She’s gone, Mother!” She cried out as her mother gave her a hard shove and she tumbled backwards into the fast flowing water. A scream left her as she sank beneath the surface. Coming up for breath, she tried to stay afloat as she was

washed further away from her burning village and everything she'd ever known. Desperately she grabbed at a log near her, hoping to use it to keep from drowning. Wrapping her arms around it, she rested her head against the rough bark as tears ran down her cheeks. As much as she longed to join her sister, she wasn't ready to die yet.

"I love you, Orenda, but I can't die simply to rejoin you, no matter what our mother wants."

\* \* \* \*

Onatah was jerked out of her daze when the log she grasped finally bumped ashore. Opening her eyes, she glanced around in the dark but nothing looked familiar. Wearily she unwrapped her protesting arms and tried to stand. Swaying she tried to stagger and crawl out of the river. As her knees buckled, a pair of masculine arms wrapped around her and lifted her from the St. Lawrence's icy water.

"Shh, *ma puissance*, I've got you, now." The deep baritone nearly had her fainting. Had the soldiers found her? Looking up, shock washed over her as she recognized the man holding her. It was the man from her dream. What was his name? Yes...*Ragtow*.

"Thou can't be here! Did thou come with the soldiers?" Fear washed over her, and she tried to struggle in his arms.

"No, *ma tranquillité*, you came to us in our time." The deep voice on her right had her head turning. It was the second man from her dream... *Jack*.

"Thou's time? What does thou mean?"

“It’s the year two thousand and ten, Onatah, and the Great Spirit decided to finally gift us with you. You’re the third member of our Triad. Ours to love, cherish, and protect.”

A scream of shock and astonished disbelief escaped her and for the first time in her life, Onatah fainted.

### Chapter Three

The smell of something heavenly teased her nose. It smelled something like the hickory coffee her mother sometimes traded furs with the settlers for. With the lean winter they’d just come through, what few furs they’d managed to collect for trading had been used for staples such as flour and salt. Opening her eyes, she slowly sat up and looked around. She was in the longhouse from her dream! How had she gotten here? She moaned softly as memories of the fire and her mother pushing her into the river. She remembered fighting for her life against the strong current. Somehow she’d managed to survive the river but how...

The sound of two voices pitched low and speaking French reached her ears as the unfamiliar sound of what she thought might be a wood door closing and opening, had her looking around the room for a place to hide. How had she ended up in the settler’s village? If she stayed here, she’d be hunted as a witch for sure. The white man didn’t understand the difference between a medicine woman-healer and a witch.

Shoving the blankets off her, she sprang from the huge raised pallet only to stumble as her shaky knees protested the idea of her walking. The urgent need to relieve herself had her holding onto the wall of the room. Looking towards the door

where the voices were coming from, she chose to use the other one. She wasn't taking any chances.

Slipping inside the room, she looked around in shock. The long basin along the far wall looked similar to what white men used to water their horses. But surely they didn't bring horses inside? Spotting an oddly shaped seat next to it, she walked over and lifted the lid. Blue water greeted her. Seeing a shiny handle she experimentally pushed it. She jumped back as the water swirled as it disappeared only to be replaced by more blue water. What kind of sorcery was this? Licking her lips as the sound of running water increased her urge to relieve herself, she finally lifted the short gown she was wearing and sat down. She shivered when the cool porcelain touched her bottom. She let out a deep sigh afterwards and stood. Pushing down on the lever once more, she was pleased to see it washed away the evidence. Turning she approached a smaller round basin and fiddled with the levers. When water rushed from a spout, she washed her hands before drying them on the soft towel hanging from a wall hook.

Reentering the room, she stared at the large pallet that dominated the room's center. This room was obviously used for sleeping, but did an entire family sleep on the strangely elevated pallet? She'd just made her way back to it when the wooden door opened and one of the men from her dream walked in carrying a tray. The delicious smells triggered her hunger. But she was still afraid of him. Scrambling around the bed, she tried to hide from his view.

"What are you doing out of bed, *ma puisance*? Did you find the bathroom?" The thick French accent she heard seemed odd coming from the copper skinned man.

"Thou...thou aren't real. Is this another dream?"

Setting the tray on the stand next to the bed, Ragtow walked around the bed. Lifting her with ease despite her struggles, he set her back amongst the rumpled sheets. She swallowed, as the lust she'd seen in his eyes during her dream, returned this morning. "Stay put, Onatah. Jack would have my hide if I let you catch a chill. He takes his job as a nurse quite seriously."

She frowned at him. "Nurse?" She mulled the word over in her head before giggling when she tried to imagine the other man from her dream nursing a babe.

"Tis not possible..."

"Ah, the language barrier. Jack is what you would probably consider a healer helper. He assists doctors...healers...with caring for the patients."

Understanding washed over her. "He is a special man then."

Ragtow sat down on the edge of the bed and held out the cup of orange colored liquid to her. She cocked her head. "What is it?"

"It's orange juice, *ma puissance*. Try it." Holding the glass to her lips, he allowed her to sip on it. The burst of citrus along her tongue was surprising. It was both tart and sweet. When he took the glass from her mouth, she protested.

"A little bit at a time. Too much, too fast can make you sick. Or so I've been told."

The bang of the outside door had her looking up. Tucking her hair behind her ear, Ragtow looked down at her. "That will be Pajackok, or Jack as most call him. Our company has just arrived. Someone has been quite anxious to see you again."

Pulling the covers up to her chin, she stared at him with big eyes and trembled with fear. She didn't want to meet anyone else from this strange time.

“Do you honestly think either Jack or I would allow another to hurt you? We’re here to love, cherish and *protect* you. We would sooner cut off our own arms than allow you to be hurt.”

She shook her head as the voices grew closer. They both seemed familiar. There was definitely a man’s and a woman’s voice coming from the other part of the longhouse.

“I know it’s going to be a lot to ask but I want you to trust us, *ma puissance*.”

She swallowed as the door opened and Jack strode in, in all his glory. Desire shimmered along her nerve endings as his fluid stride brought him to her side in three long strides. Tipping her head back, she couldn’t help but be amazed at his height. He was taller than any man she’d ever seen. With his hair neatly divided and braided, he looked immaculate in the cream breeches and button down shirt. He was quite the contrast to Ragtow, who was wearing the faded denim jeans from her dream and a soft tunic with his hair flowing down his back. She noticed the tunic was the same color as the one she was wearing herself. Perhaps it belonged to the man.

“Good morning, *ma tranquillité*. I’ve brought you a visitor. Do you feel up to seeing her? After last night’s experience I can understand if you’re not ready. You’ve been through a lot. It’s not every day a woman travels almost two hundred years into the future.”

She squeaked and grabbed at the covers. It hadn’t been a dream. She’d actually gone into the future! Trembling she yanked the covers over her head as if doing so would whisk her back to her own time. This couldn’t be happening.

She never saw the humorous looks Ragtow and Jack exchanged. When the total silence finally got to her, she peeked over the edge of the blanket to see both of them watching her with smiles on their faces.

“What does thou find so funny?” She glared at them both, which had both men struggling not to laugh.

“We’re not laughing at you, we swear. Your reaction just surprised us.” Jack watched her with mirth in his eyes. She couldn’t help it. His attitude was infectious and she was soon smiling along with him. She never even stopped to wonder at why she felt so at ease with these two strange men.

“Better?” Ragtow’s question was soft, as his hands gently untangled her death grip on the edge of the blanket. “I assure you that you’ll love this visitor. She’s waited a long time to see you.”

Nibbling on her lip, she tried to decide. The air filled with tension and Ragtow’s breath hissed out of his chest before Jack swore softly and rubbed his finger over her lower lip to free it from between her teeth.

“Enough, *ma tranquillité*. You are tempting two very hungry men. We don’t want to rush this and you’re making it difficult to resist.”

A tickle of desire settled in her stomach as she looked from man to man. The memories of her dream were tormenting her now. She wanted more than anything to be wrapped up in a world where it was just her and the two men sitting on either side of her.

A knock broke the spell and her gaze jerked to the door. Jack kept his eyes on her before bidding the person to enter.

“Come on in.”

The last thing Onatah expected to see enter the room was the tall slender woman wearing the same blue jeans as Ragtow and a flannel shirt tucked into the waistband. If it weren't for her beautiful chocolate eyes and slender beaded choker around her neck, Onatah would've never recognized her much loved and mourned older sister.

“Orenda?”

“Hiya, baby sister. I see you made it. I've missed you.” The lilting quality was still present in her sister's voice but the words she spoke made very little sense to Onatah.

“What are thou doing here? Thou died in the river. Am I dead?”

Orenda smiled and stopped next to the bed. “No. You crossed over just as did I. I foresaw your eventual joining with Pajackok and Ragtow just before I came over to this time. They need you. Their people need you too.”

Ignoring the part about the men needing her, Onatah focused on the confirmation her sister had just given her. “So it's true. I'm no longer in 1816. Am I even in the same area as before? Or did I land across the ocean in the land of the white man?”

Jack answered for Orenda. “You're in a small cabin outside the town of Gananoque. You're in Canada, Onatah. From what Orenda has told me, we're simply on the other side of the river from where your village used to stand.”

Tears filled her eyes. “Then it's true—the fire destroyed everything?”

“According to the history books, yes. The Americans burned down many villages and drove many Native Americans from their homes. The Iroquois nation is no longer as mighty as it once was.” Ragtow took her hand in his. “So if you went back it would be to



a burned out village with many of your clan already dead. We'd have to find another village and another clan to accept us."

She stared up at him. "Us?"

"Yes." Ragtow pressed the back of her hand against his mouth. A gasp escaped her before she could stop it. The certainty in his eyes astonished her. "Where you go, *ma puissance*, so do we. So whatever choice you decide we will follow."

"You don't have to make your decision now, sister. You have until the full moon fades to decide if you and your mates stay in this time or go back home. Before you decided give this time a chance. There are plenty of opportunities here for a healer of your magnitude. Jack works at the hospital and the free clinic. He helps those who can't afford the most basic of health care. Ragtow works at the production plant in Research and Development and makes unbelievable instruments to help the healers of this time."

Tears filled Onatah's eyes. "And you? What does thou do during this time?"

"I work at a casino."

Onatah tried the word out on her tongue. "A casino? What is...a casino?"

"It's a place where men and women alike come and wager money on cards and other games of chance."

"Thou does this wagering?"

Orenda shook her head and sat down next to her sister. "No, I don't wager. I watch to make sure no one cheats."

Staring at her sister, what she'd said had made sense. Before she'd died...no 'time traveled to the future'... Orenda had settled many disputes between the warriors and their own chieftain. The chief himself had come to her for her prophecies. If her

sister could make a spot for herself in this new time, who was to say she couldn't? With her family gone and everything familiar gone, what was waiting for her in the past? Her head hurt and she leaned back trying to clear her mind.

"Don't think so hard about it. You have three days before the full moon fades from the northern sky. If you wish to return home wait by the river where Jack and Ragtow brought you ashore, then the path for you to return home will appear." Orenda placed her hand over Onatah's and gave it a squeeze of reassurance. "Now it's time for me to go. I have my shift starting in less than an hour and I'd better get a move on before my boss decides to write me up for being late again. I love you baby sister. I'll be back to visit before the full moon fades. Take this time to get to know your mates." She leaned in and pressed a kiss against Onatah's forehead before slipping back out of the room.

She was slightly dazed as her gaze focused on the hot stares coming from the men who were destined to be her mates. She shivered when her body reacted to their obvious desires. When Jack moved, she held up a hand.

"Wait! Please wait."

He stilled even though her protest did little to dampen the desire she saw in his gaze.

"What is it, Onatah? Are you scared now that your sister has left? We won't hurt you. We held you between us throughout the night and you remained in your untried state despite our desire." His voice was hoarse with his deepening desire as he reached for his braids and began to loosen his hair.

Unable to help herself she sat mesmerized as he finished loosening his hair. When his hands reached for the buttons on his shirt, she averted her eyes to only be ensnared by Ragtow's matter of fact removal of his clothes. The soft tunic covering his wide chest was now gone and his hands were smoothly unfastening his breeches. Licking her lips, she jerked her eyes away from the tempting sight. How was she supposed to resist when no matter which way she turned they were tantalizing her senses and stroking her own need higher?

"Don't hide from us, *ma puissance*." The need in Ragtow's voice had her swallowing and looking her eyes on his face. His desire was plain to see and she felt a curious melting in her core when he stood and shucked his breeches. It took all of her willpower to not let her gaze fall to his sex. Even as badly as she wanted to see if her dream was correct, she didn't trust herself not to beg for his hard length in her mouth as she had in the dream. She was virginal but did not feel like it. Only loose women thought such daring exciting thoughts.

The shift of weight on the bed next to her had her turning to see Jack stretched out on his side next to her. He was quite naked and didn't seem to be the least bit self-conscious of the fact. Gripping the edge of the blanket in her fingers, she tried to focus on anything other than her need. Each breath she took brought their intoxicating scent deeper into her lungs.

The bed rocked once more as Ragtow settled his muscular frame on the other side of her. She glanced back and forth between them uncertain how to react to the idea she was surrounded by two very virile and vastly aroused males. This was beyond her scope as a healer let alone a woman.

"I...thou..." A flush washed over her while she tried to cope with their closeness.

"Shh." Ragtow's voice was soft as he slid one arm between her head and the bedding. His arm cradled her head as he bent to brush his lips across hers. Despite the silence coming from her other side, she was almost sure Jack was watching every caress of his cousin's lips against hers. When a deep hiss came from her left, she knew she'd been right.

"Dammit, Ragtow, quit fooling around. Kiss her like you mean it or I will."

Ragtow lifted his head and gazed down at her with a question in his dark eyes.

"Aye." Reaching up, she buried her fingers in his hair and pulled his head down to hers and pressed her mouth to his. A moan built deep inside of her as the rightness of what she was doing washed over her. Her very strict upbringing was being drowned out by the lust which had her in its grips. She wanted them, one or the other or both together. What was more—she needed them.

When Ragtow finally lifted from her mouth, he sat her up and stripped the soft shirt off her with help from Jack before he arranged her amongst the pillows. "We need you, Onatah. In ways that are sure to scare a virgin such as yourself. We'll try to control it but we can't promise there won't come a time when we..."

"You're fumbling this, Ragtow!" Jack's voice had a hint of laughter in it. "What my dear cousin is trying to explain to you is for our triad to form both of us will have to take you together. Do you understand what that means?" Still laying on his side, his face was mere inches from hers.

She blushed. "Like the dream?"

“Close. Instead of using your mouth, *ma tranquillité*, we shall share you between us.”

The healer in her was intrigued. “How? Tis not possible.”

Ragtow chuckled at Jack’s stunned expression. “Now who’s fumbling, cousin?” Lifting her leg over his hip, Ragtow traced his fingers up her inner thigh. “A woman has two portals she may pleasure her lovers with. While one lover slides deep inside her here...” His fingers traced the seam of her pussy lips before trailing down them to rest against the tightly furled entrance to her bottom. “...another may enter here. It allows the woman to pleasure both of her lovers while they in turn pleasure her. I’ve been told the pleasure which comes from sharing a woman this way is like no other in power and joy.”

She moistened her lips. “I’m not sure if I...”

“Relax and let us pleasure you, *ma puissance*, before you decide against it.” Ragtow’s voice gravelly with need, and she could see the desire beginning to overwhelm both of her men’s eyes.

“I...yes.” She couldn’t help but give into the need which was consuming all three of them.

\* \* \* \*

Arching her hips towards Jack’s gentle fingers, her world exploded. Onatah was barely aware of the stinging pain as his fingers took her virginity. Ragtow’s mouth left her glistening nipples and pressed gentle kisses against her parted lips and.

“Shh. That’s the worst of it, Onatah. Thank you for trusting us. Never again will you feel that pain.”

She gripped his arms as she continued to move against Jack's tongue and fingers. His continued sipping at her wet flesh forced her body towards another orgasm. This is not what she'd agreed to when she'd said they could pleasure her. This pleasure was bordering on pain, but she needed something more. She felt so empty. "Please!"

\* \* \* \*

Ragtow turned his head and stared down at Jack. His cousin's mouth was sealed over the dark curls gracing their lover's mound and his eyes were closed as he rocked her against his agile tongue. From the flush rushing up Onatah's chest, Ragtow knew she was close to coming again. She was lost in the throes of passion and the gentle attention Jack was giving her obviously wasn't enough. His little *puissance* needed a good hard fucking to put out the fire that was consuming all three of them.

"Jack, she's going to lose it! We need to mate with her now!" His words came out thick and rough with his own need.

Opening his eyes, Jack groaned and finally lifted his mouth. Her juices clung to his lips, chin and lower cheeks. He looked as if he'd been trying to immerse himself. Pressing his lips to her inner thigh, Jack gave it a final nibble before rolling onto his back.

Ragtow helped Onatah straddle his cousin. The moans ripping free of both Jack and Onatah assured him the time to consummate their union was upon them. As Onatah's body slowly accepted the hard length of Jack's need, Ragtow couldn't help but be awed at the beauty of it. Licking his lips he reached for the special lubrication Jack had set on the stand. Turning he smeared a generous amount of it on his aching cock.

A loud groan coming from his cousin had Ragtow turning back to see Onatah rocking on Jack's cock despite his cousin's feeble attempts to hold her still.

Finally exasperated, the palm of Jack's had landed with a thwack on Onatah's hip. "Hold still, *ma tranquillité*, or I'm going to give you the ride you're asking for before Ragtow joins us." From the tone, Ragtow could tell Jack had reached his limits. The low wail which escaped Onatah had Jack snarling at Ragtow.

"Get your ass over here. She's going up in flames. It has to be now."

\* \* \* \*

Onatah cried out as need to move was stronger than anything she'd ever felt before. The sting of Jack's hand on her hip had done nothing to temper the hunger she felt. Buried deep inside of her, the only feeling she had was of being stretched. Jack had taken care of her virginity, now she was ready for more. Behind her she could hear the thud of a drawer shutting before the bed shifted as Ragtow moved closer to her. She gasped against Jack's mouth when he pulled her down to kiss her. When something cool teased the entrance of her ass, she moaned. The slippery stuff seemed to ease the stretching.

"Relax for me, *ma puissance*. I'm making sure you're ready to take me. No pain." His promise fell on deaf ears as she shrieked when two of his finger heavily lubricated eased inside. Within moments, she bucking back towards the fingers. Under her she could hear the low rumbles of pleasure which were escaping Jack's throat. A low protest escaped her when Ragtow's fingers slipped free of her. When they returned with more lubrication, she relaxed and opened completely for him. Within moments it felt as if he had three fingers buried in her. Her sheath rippled around Jack and he cursed.

“Enough, finish it!”

“Please,” she pleaded. She needed to have both of her men inside of her.

“And you said I was the one without patience.”

Onatah wasn't sure whom Ragtow was talking to but at this point she didn't care. A shriek of pleasure tore from her as the damp head of Ragtow's cock slipped past the ring of muscles guarding her bottom. It was his turn to groan as he worked his way deeper inside her.

All three froze when Ragtow finally slid his entire length inside of her.

“So full.” Her own voice was so hoarse from pleasure she didn't even recognize it.

“Yes.” Jack pressed his head back into the pillows and thumbed her diamond hard nipples while Ragtow's hands settled on her hips.

“Are you ready, Onatah?”

Gasping for breath, she nodded. The air left her lungs with a rush as the men began to rock her between them. Starting out gently they loved her until she was fighting their restraining hands in her efforts to find the peak of the pleasure she knew was just out of her reach.

“Shhh, wait...we'll get there.” The voice was strained.

“Nay!” Reaching down between their bodies, her own fingers found her clit and pressed. The pleasure that had been hovering just out of reach was suddenly upon her. She screamed and jerked as it swept over her like a tidal wave. She was barely aware of the hoarse curses coming from the men as their control shattered. She screamed again as the pleasure returned even deeper than before as Jack thrust up from under



her and Ragtow buried himself as deep as he could go. The warmth filled her as both men released deep inside her body. Sagging on Jack's damp chest, she closed her eyes and savored the closeness of having both men pressed against her willing sated flesh.

\* \* \* \*

### *The Night of the Waning Moon*

Onatah stood on the edge of the water and stared. The last three days spent in the arms of her lovers had been more than she'd ever hoped for. She'd never thought to mate with any man let alone two. Now she was faced with a decision. Would she stay in the future with her lovers or would they go back with her? She knew there was no option of leaving them there in the future and going back alone. Every time she'd brought up the subject of returning alone, both men had loved her until she couldn't think straight, all thoughts about leaving them lost in the heat of passion.

"It's your choice, *ma tranquillité*." Jack's arms wrapped around her from behind. "I love you, Onatah and so does Ragtow. Whichever you choose, where ever you go, we will follow."

Tears fell from her eyes as she saw a shimmer on the water. At the edges of it, she saw her mother standing alone. It was so tempting to go to her. The loneliness on her mother's face was heart breaking. Her mates would protect both her mother and her from any danger in the past. She moved to go forward when her sister's voice rang out.

"No!"

Looking up in surprise, Onatah stared at her sister.

"Orenda?"

Orenda stopped and a sad smile crossed her face. "Your place is here, sister. Stay with your mates and fulfill your destiny. My time here is done, it's time for me to return home." She turned slowly and entered the water.

"*Orenda Littlefire*, where the hell do you think you're going?" An angry man's voice echoed over the water.

Looking over her shoulder at the man, Orenda laughed. "Home, you egotistical man. You'll never have me again."

"Like hell." Out of the darkness a tall man with flowing blond hair charged after Orenda. With a squeal Orenda dove for the portal. The man followed her, obviously enthralled as much as he was enraged.

At that particular moment the weak moonlight was covered by the clouds. When it finally reappeared, the portal, Orenda and the man were gone. Turning, Onatah looked up at Jack and Ragtow in confusion.

"What just happened and who was that man after my sister?"

Jack smiled softly at her. "Your sister went back to your mother. Her time here never was permanent, *ma tranquillité*. She knew she'd be returning home after you found us. She was your link here to the future."

"Now what Mikael Jorgenstien is going to do in the eighteen hundreds is another thing. I doubt they have casinos there for him to guard." Ragtow and Jack guided her back towards the horses they used to get to the river.

"He worked with Orenda at the casino?"

"Yes. He was the Head of Security and your sister's lover."

Onatah cocked her head. "Her lover? But he's not Indian."

"No he isn't. I've heard his ancestors were Vikings, and after seeing him enraged, I don't doubt it." Ragtow mounted the horse and waited for Jack to lift her up to him.

A frown marred her face. "He won't hurt her, will he?"

Taking her from Jack, he settled her in front of him. "No more than we will hurt you, *ma puissance*."

"He's in love with her and has been fighting to keep her from leaving since he found out the whole truth about her." Jack mounted his own horse.

She mulled over the idea of a man would leave all he knew to be with the woman he loved. It was an amazing thought. Mikeal must really love her sister. She was still trying to absorb the shock when Jack and Ragtow turned their horses back towards the homestead. It was no different than her staying here in the future because she loved Jack and Ragtow. It suddenly occurred to her while they'd declared their love to her more than once, she'd never returned the words and she wasn't about to declare her love to them on the back of a moving horse.

"Stop! Please stop for a minute?"

Immediately the men slowed the horses.

"What's wrong, *ma tranquillité*?" The concern on his face was evident.

"Let me down!" She struggled against the hold Ragtow had on her. As soon as she wriggled free and her feet touched the ground, the men dismounted.

"What is it?" Ragtow moved to her side.

Instead of answering them, she pulled them both close to her. "I love both of thee so much." Standing on tiptoes, she pressed a kiss against Ragtow's mouth. "I love thou,

Ragtow for making me smile at your antics.” She turned and tugged on Jack’s arm. Instead of leaning down as she’d expected, he picked her up.

“Show off.” She couldn’t help but shake her head at Ragtow’s muttered words. “Show off or not, I love thou, Pajackok. I’m depending on thou to be my helpmate as I adjust to this time.” She pressed a kiss on his curving lips.

“Looks like you got the short end of the stick, old man. You get to be the teacher while I get to play with her.”

Lifting her head, she looked over her shoulder and giggled. “And who said thou are the only one who gets to play, Ragtow?” She slipped out of Jack’s arms and started shedding her clothing. All humor was now gone and with intent and deepest desire in their eyes, her men reached for her.

Smiling as she opened her arms, Onatah sent a quick prayer thanking her sister for finding these two men before taking them into her arms and her soul.

## About Dakota Trace

*Dakota hails from the home state of the Hawkeyes, corn and pigs. Surrounded by children's laughter and the corn fields, she crafts her stories. She enjoys writing romances and sci-fi/fantasy stories. She is a romantic at heart, so even the sci-fi stories have an underlying romantic plot. She started writing at the tender age of fourteen and hasn't stopped since. Although it is a mystery to most where she finds the time to write. Aside from being a full time wife and mother, she also works the dreaded overnight shift at a clothing company.*

*To find out more about Dakota visit her at <http://dakotatrace.wordpress.com/>*

## THREESOME

By J.M. Snyder

A hot hand clapped me on the back and I turned as a young man shouldered his way through the crowd to join me beside the bar. He had large, dark eyes half-hidden by a fall of bleached hair and full lips that spread into an impossibly large, Mick Jagger-esque grin. Leaning close to my ear, he shouted, "Hey." His warm breath smelled of whiskey—where it touched me, it curled the ends of my hair and flushed my cheek. With that grin stretched tight across his face, he asked, "Buy me a drink?"

Like he needed another. I pointed to my boyfriend Alan on my other side and raised my voice over the crowd to holler back, "Look, I'm with someone—"

The guy shook his head. I didn't know if that meant he couldn't hear me or didn't care. "Come on, man," he pleaded. He was attractive in a Middle Eastern sort of way, that light hair such a contrast to his shadowy skin, and if I hadn't been with Alan for the past five years, I might have given in. Hell, if Alan wasn't right there, I might've bought him a drink, let him lean on me a bit. I liked the heat of his hand and the way his eyes glistened in the lights above the bar. "I'm flat broke," he was saying. His hand dropped to my arm, then to my leg as he eased into the seat beside mine. His fingers brushed along the inside of my thigh and I moved away before he could cop a quick feel. "Between jobs and just spent my last few bucks so what do you say? Another round, you buying?"

He flagged the bartender over but I shook my head. Next to me, Alan laughed at something someone else said, and I wanted to turn towards my lover, rest my chin on his shoulder, share in the joke. I wondered how rude it would be to simply turn my back on this guy, but his wide smile kept me riveted. I've always been one for a pretty mouth.

“Listen,” I told him, “I’m sorry, pal. I know how it is. But I’m strapped for cash myself. He’s buying for me.” I nodded at Alan, hoping this guy would take the hint.

Instead he leaned closer, that hand on my leg sliding into lap. Lowering his voice, he stared at me with those big eyes of his and said, “How about I blow you in the bathroom for twenty? You got a twenty on you, right? A cheap dick licking, how’s that sound? I’m real good, I promise.”

Once his words sunk in, I laughed. “Dude, sorry,” I said again. “I got a boyfriend here who’ll do it for free. Why don’t you just call it quits?”

He leaned past me to get a look at Alan. I could see his thoughts working behind those eyes and suddenly he didn’t seem so drunk to me anymore. Maybe it was all an act, a way to approach guys so he could proposition them. Maybe he wasn’t even broke, he just liked to suck cock. Or this was some elaborate scheme to get me alone so he could rape or rob me ... nowadays, who knew? I tried to scoot back from him but his hand fisted around the zipper of my jeans and I didn’t dare move. Another inch and he’d be palming my dick. His gaze flickered over Alan, calculating, then back to me. “I’ll do you both, fifteen apiece?”

I wanted to shake him off but just settled for a shake of my head. “No, really—”

“Together,” he added. “At the same time.” I looked at that wide smile again and imagined my cock between those lips, Alan’s crammed in beside it. Saliva slick on our erections, our swollen tips bumping together in the hot furnace of that mouth. He could take us both, no question. What would that be like? A double blowjob, Alan kissing me while someone else sucked us off. Different hands on my body after five monogamous years, a different mouth ...

“Together?” I whispered. At his nod, I nudged Alan, my gaze never leaving those lips. “Hey babe, listen to this.”

“What’s up?” Alan wanted to know. He turned towards me, one arm straying protectively around my shoulders when he got a look at my new friend, then he noticed the hand in my lap and his voice hardened. “Who the hell is this?”

Good question. Before I could admit I didn’t know, the guy said, “Hey, I’m Julian. Put it there.” He released my fly to extend his hand out for Alan, who glared at it but didn’t shake it. Julian played it off, signaling for the bartender instead. “What about that drink, eh? While you discuss it amongst yourselves. Take your time.”

“Discuss what?” Alan asked. I let him pull me closer, turning on my barstool to put Julian behind me. Alan’s a little broader than me, wide chest, narrow hips, a handsome man with just the hint of grey at his temples even though he’s barely in his thirties. His pale eyes have a way of narrowing when he’s bothered or upset, and his mouth puckers into a tight little bow that makes me want to do anything I can to loosen it again. The tell-tale lines were beginning to crop up around his lips—I knew I had just a few seconds to convince him things were cool and could get a hell of a lot better before he got pissed about that hand between my legs. Hell, Julian hadn’t even touch anything yet. “Chris?” Alan prompted. “Who is that guy?”

Lowering my voice, I tried to keep the excitement out of it. “Look at his mouth.” Alan leaned past me to take another look and I breathed in his faint scent, a familiar blend of aftershave and the sweet, cherry flavored cigars he liked to smoke. God, I couldn’t believe we were doing this. A threesome, really. I’d never been with more than one man at a time and here this guy just offers like he does it every day. Well, with a



mouth like that ...

Alan frowned at me. "What about it? Did he proposition you?"

"Us," I clarified. "He offered to blow us both, Alan."

My lover downed the rest of his beer and shook his head. "Drink up and we're out of here. You want a blowjob? We can talk about it when we get home."

I tried again. "He needs the cash—"

"So you'd cheat on me just because some bum wants to make a buck?" Alan asked, his voice slightly raised.

I glanced behind me at Julian, who was staring into an icy mug as the bartender filled it with froth from the tap. "Alan, please," I said. "It's not cheating if we do it together, is it?" Alan's eyes narrowed, and I chose my words carefully. The last thing I wanted was to fight over something like this, but God knew the idea of a double BJ had settled into my mind and taken root. "I'm not saying I want to get with him, Alan. I love you. You know I do."

Alan pursed his lips—I could read his mind from his facial expression alone. "You just said—"

"I said he wanted to blow us both," I repeated. "As in both of us jammed in that big mouth of his at the same time. Together." One of Alan's eyebrows went up in speculation and I nodded. "Yeah. That's what I thought. Have you ever been kissed while someone was sucking on you? Because I haven't, and I'm thinking that might be something worth experiencing before I die, you know?" I closed my mouth before I could say anything else—I didn't want Alan to see how eager I was to do this. It was his call. If he said no, I'd tell Julian thanks but no thanks, maybe slip him a ten on the sly, then

follow Alan home. I wasn't going to sleep on the couch tonight because of this. If anything, I hoped it might add a little spice to our relationship, but only if Alan went along with it. Cautiously, I asked, "What do you think?"

There was a faraway look in Alan's eyes now, something that told me he was thinking it through. "How much did he say he'd charge?" he asked.

"Thirty." I traced a pattern in the taut denim stretched across Alan's thigh. Without looking up at him, I mumbled, "If you don't want to, I understand. We can just go on home ..."

But Alan rubbed my back and told me, "Hold up a minute." It took all the strength I had to keep from grinning—I had him, I knew it. I could wait the few minutes it would take to let him talk himself into it. As I waited, I watched my fingers smooth across his thigh, rubbing closer and closer to the front of his jeans. He already had a little bit of a hard-on, I noticed. Just like me. I strummed a finger down his zipper and felt the slight erection hidden underneath. When I trailed back up the zipper, I pressed in just enough to make Alan moan softly. *We are go*, I thought. But Alan wanted to know, "What if he can't do both of us at once?"

A mouth like that could take us easily. I had no doubts. Still, for Alan's sake, I said, "Then we call the whole thing off and go home, like you said. If he can't do it, then we don't need him, right? I mean, we can do it one at a time by ourselves, you know?" Alan nodded and I thumbed his zipper again. This time his eyes slipped shut at the sensation of my hand on his dick. "Either way, we both get off. If he can do it, though, we both get off at the same time."

"What's his name again?" Alan asked.

I turned around to hide my smile. “Hey Julian.”

\* \* \* \*

Julian weaved through the crowded bar to the bathrooms in the back. Alan followed, holding my hand, but it felt like the throb at my crotch led the way. But when the three of us pushed into the small bathroom, I got one look at the guys jostling for position around the sink and urinals and suddenly thought this wasn’t going to work. “Alan,” I started, concerned. “I don’t think—”

“This was your idea,” he reminded me. He rubbed at my stomach and I caught his wrist in both hands, determined not to let him go. Julian shoved his way to the larger of the two stalls and held the door open in invitation. Alan pulled me along after him, calling out, “Here?”

“Why not?” Julian wanted to know. As we ducked into the stall, he jiggled the flimsy bolt and said, “It locks. What more do you need for complete privacy?”

How about somewhere a little less noisy? Men shouted at each other over the thump of music that bled through the thin walls, water or piss splashed against porcelain, an electric hand dryer kept blowing on and off at odd intervals. The place reeked of marijuana and a nauseatingly sweet burned smell that might have been someone freebasing in the other stall. “What if someone needs to take a dump?” I asked. “I don’t think this is going to work ...”

Julian grabbed my jeans by the waistband and jerked me towards him. “Please. We could do this in the alley out back and get caught? Or we can do it here. You don’t think anyone’s actually paying any attention to us, do you?” He leaned in close, that whiskey scent sharp on his breath, his tongue licking out for my lips. When I turned

away in disgust, Alan pushed Julian back from me and he laughed. "I know, I know," he said, sinking down to perch on the toilet. "Keep it below the belt. Don't worry, Romeo. I'm not looking to move in on your block." He rubbed his hands together and looked from Alan to me and back again. "Thirty bucks, right?"

"When we're done," Alan said.

"Well shit," Julian drawled. He grabbed the fly of Alan's jeans and tugged, popping open the snap. The zipper spread beneath Alan's erection. Julian rubbed my lover's sheathed cock, his mouth already pulling into a wide grin. "Let's get this party started."

Leaning forward, Julian buried his face in Alan's crotch. My lover took a step back but Julian held on, his nose mashed against Alan's briefs as he tongued at an already hard dick. I watched, fascinated, my body humming with lust at the sight of someone else pleasuring Alan. Why hadn't we done this before? And could we ever possibly do this again?

Soon Alan's briefs were damp from saliva and pre-cum. The red tip of his cock strained against the material, and each time Julian's lips closed over it, Alan gasped in delight. He leaned back against the wall of the stall, his knees threatening to give out, one hand clamped tight around the handicap bar while the other reached for me. His fingers fisted in the front of my shirt and pulled me in for a rough kiss. "Chris," he sighed into me, his hand smoothing down my chest to fumble with my belt.

Julian was already there. Swatting Alan's hands aside, Julian undid my pants and pushed them to the floor, then yanked my underwear down below my knees. My erection jutted out at him and he rubbed at the shaved skin above my cock before

cupping my smooth balls in one hand. “Nice,” he said, giving a little tug on my balls to bring me a step closer. His lips puckered on the tip of my dick in a quick kiss, then he opened wide and I plunged inside his hot, soft mouth. I felt a hand on my stomach and I turned towards Alan, my lips seeking his. He pressed me against the wall as Julian pulled back, his tongue licking from the base of my dick to its aching head. A warmth enveloped me, an unbelievable stirring of my blood that made me thrust into Julian as Alan licked deeper into me. One of my lover’s hands strayed down to thumb over a hard nipple, sending delicious waves of heat radiating through me. It felt like a dozen men touching me, hands on my chest and cock, my face, my ass. I felt thirteen again, discovering my body for the first time, lost in the daydream that had plagued me since my teenage years, the one where I’m ravished by two lovers at once.

Then Julian sat back and let me slip free. The air was cool on my heated skin, and a fine sheen of sweat beaded above Julian’s glistening lips. “Your turn, cowboy,” he said, easing Alan’s briefs down to reveal a thick erection and swirls of dark, kinked curls. Without thinking I reached down and buried my hand in the mass of hair to stroke at him. There was a freckle just above his balls, I knew, that marked a sensitive spot for my lover—massaging it could make him come in seconds. I leaned against him, fingering the slight bump, and giggled into his shoulder as his cock straightened beneath my touch. Alan reached for my own erection, warming the damp skin, rolling the tip of my dick in the palm of his hand. This time Julian took Alan in, his lips sliding up my lover’s length until they met my hand, then easing back to suck at the swollen cockhead. When he did it again, I stopped rubbing Alan long enough to wipe the sweat from Julian’s upper lip. He glanced at me, eyes dancing with light or liquor, or both. For

a moment I almost forgot that we were in a crowded public restroom, getting it on in a cramped bathroom stall, but someone slammed against the door beside me and brought me back to reality. Julian banged a fist on the door and yelled out, “Can’t you see we’re busy here?”

I giggled again, a little high from the smoke that lingered in the restroom. It stung my eyes and throat and made my head swoon. I wanted Alan’s mouth on me again, I wanted his hands on my body, and I curled into him, turning his face towards mine to claim a hungry kiss. “Fuck me,” I whispered into him. “Here, now, please.”

“I thought this was about getting a double blow,” he replied. “If you want to call it off ...”

But Julian pried us apart. “Not ‘til I get paid,” he said, taking my dick in one hand and Alan’s in the other. He held them up between us, licked one red head then the other, and made us shuffle closer so he could lace his fingers together, trapping us between his sweaty palms. On his knees now, Julian pressed my erection alongside Alan’s, stroked us against each other. Then he licked out again, his tongue flickering between the tips of our dicks, before his wide mouth closed over us both.

He took us in fairly deep—I felt his lips about halfway down my shaft, massaging my length. His tongue kept rubbing between Alan and me, reaching down as far as he could lick and then up to our weeping slits. My tender cockhead bumped against the roof of his mouth, against the back of his throat, against Alan’s tip. Julian’s hands kept up a steady rhythm, one working at the base of our erections, the other fondling our balls. He would take me in his palm and finger Alan, then roll our nuts together before concentrating on Alan for a bit. I hoped that he would move a little farther back—I

wanted something in me, something hard and unyielding, I wanted the fullness of intercourse and I didn't think I could wait until we got home. I kept spreading my legs, hoping he'd get the point and work a finger back to my quivering hole, but he was too busy with our cocks and balls to focus on anything else.

Alan knew me so well. Pulling me towards him, he licked his tongue between my lips, arms encircling my waist to hold me close. Julian's hair tickled my lower stomach where he worked between us. As Alan leaned into our kiss, he ran a finger between my buttocks to rim my puckered skin. I arched back into his hand and his middle finger eased inside me. I bucked into Julian, eager to fuck and get fucked at the same time. I wanted more than one finger, though—I wanted the hard cock that rubbed against mine, I wanted my lover's dick as far inside of me as it could go, slick with another's spit. And I wanted Julian to drink me down as I came. "Alan," I sighed against him. I could barely pull away from his insistent lips long enough to speak. "Please."

Fisting a hand in Julian's hair, Alan shoved him away from us. "Change of plans," he said, turning me around in his arms. I felt his wet erection slide between my buttocks and then he filled me completely. I reached out to grip the hook on the stall door with both hands, legs spreading as wide as my pants would let them go, as Alan eased me back onto him. To Julian, he asked, "Can we do it this way instead? Don't worry, you'll still get paid."

Julian, kneeling before me, nodded. His wide mouth opened and I thrust into it as Alan pounded into me from behind. The soft lips stroked my length as he sucked at me, his hand easing between my legs now to play with both of our balls. Each thrust elicited a tiny yes from me, a small sound that escaped me and grew louder every time Alan

rocked into my ass and Julian kneaded my cock with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. Between the two men I lost myself, forgetting who and where I was, forgetting everything but the sex and the lust and the pleasure of skin on skin. Then I came, a rush of release that surprised me with its intensity, and I let out a guttural shout, a resounding *YES!*, that silenced all the men in the restroom.

I held onto the hook, head down, gasping for breath. Below me, Julian grinned as he wiped my juices from his chin and face. Behind me, Alan leaned against my back, his hands rubbing my stomach and hips in soothing, familiar patterns like he did every time we had sex. *All this for thirty bucks?* I thought with a breathless laugh. What a bargain.

The door of the stall rattled and I looked up to find a scruffy, bearded face peering down at us. "What's a guy gotta do around here to get invited to the party?" he wanted to know.

Laughter filled the restroom, and I grinned as Julian stood up to face the man. "I'm running a special tonight," he said. "Thirty bucks for two. You got a friend?"

"Hell," the stranger said with a grin, "I got a whole room full of them right here."



### About J.M. Snyder

*An author of gay erotic/romantic fiction, J.M. Snyder began in self-publishing and now works with a variety of e-publishers, most notably Amber Allure Press and eXcessica Publishing. Snyder's short fiction has appeared online at websites such as Ruthie's Club as well as in anthologies released by several publishers, including Alyson Books and Cleis Press. For book excerpts, free fiction, and purchasing information, please visit [jmsnyder.net](http://jmsnyder.net).*

## HE STARTED IT!

By Willsin Rowe

Kurt's skinny hips were writhing inside his tight jeans, his bare chest shining with sweat as he walked toward me through a cloud of smoke. He reached out a hand and I took it, just as a thumping noise tore the dream from my head. I woke quickly, a little surprised to find my hand inside my underwear, even more surprised at how wet my fingers were. Even after three years Kurt still wouldn't let me be.

I curled into a ball and summoned up the awesome power of my slightly hung-over mind to drive away whoever was at my door. Then the knock sounded again, louder and quicker, so I groaned, blew my mussed up hair out of my eyes and slid my fingers out from whence they came.

I stomped to the front door, utterly pissed. If I had to dream about sex with my ex, I could at least have gotten to the sex! Especially when it was the one thing Kurt always did well.

"Someone better be in big trouble, or...someone's...gonna be in *big trouble!*" Hey, it was 7 o'clock BC—before coffee—and there was no obligation on me to make sense.

I felt my jaw drop as I swung the door open. "Kurt?"

"Hey, Aunt Nicole."

"Shit! Ben!" God, he looked like his uncle, only younger...and prettier. I almost leapt up into his arms as I hugged him, realizing too late that my wet fingers were all over his neck. "Oh. Who's your friend?"

"This is Harley Briggs, Aunt Nicole. He's in the reserves with me."

"Hi, Harley."

“Hello, Ms. Michaud.”

Harley was a little shorter than Ben, probably about six foot even, with dark hair, a slight caramel tinge to his skin, maybe some Oriental blood back a generation or two. He had a real military bearing about him, but that didn’t stop me from scooping him into a hug. “Any friend of Ben’s is an ex-nephew of mine.”

I felt him stiffen in my arms for a second, then relax. His hands pressed against my back lightly, like he’d just finished reading ‘Hugging...for Dummies.’

“Well come in, come in. You’re making the place look tidy.”

Ben cast an appraising eye over the paisley carpet and the peeling paint of the hallway. “No chance of that.”

I blew him a raspberry. “Can’t help it. This is all I can afford, now.”

Ben’s jaw hardened as he walked in. “I’m real sorry about that.”

“Your uncle didn’t trust banks.” I shrugged with far more indifference than I felt. Kurt and I had run a successful catering business, we’d just disagreed on where the profits should be invested. My plan involved spreading the money between a joint account, a managed fund and a stock portfolio. Kurt felt it would be better deposited in the panties of barely legal pole dancers.

“Yeah, well I’m still sorry, Aunt Nicole.”

“Please, Ben. It’s just Nicole now. You’re all grown up, and I divorced him three years ago.”

He looked me up and down, his eyes rolling over my body like hands. I dabbed at my copper hair, but it was too late to fix the mess I’d become. I can’t imagine how I must

have looked, a skinny thirty-six-year-old woman roused from bed, wearing her ex-husband's old t-shirt as jammies.

Ben smiled and shook his head. "Always said Uncle Kurt was fuckin' crazy." He flopped heavily into the couch and pointed to a photograph on the wall. "I miss that place."

It was the big old house Kurt and I bought all those years ago when we'd first married. Ben was nearly eleven then, and he used to come over just to hang out with us. We were way cooler than his parents, simply for not *being* his parents. Plus Kurt was real good with kids, with making up wild stories and stupid games. Yeah, my ex could've charmed a homeless man out of his shoes.

Still pointing at the photo, Ben looked at me. "Remember that cool rug you had in the sun room?"

"The one I used to lie on to read?"

"Yeah."

"Until you'd creep up and jump on me."

He chuckled, a throaty rumble in his chest. "Yeah. You were a pretty good fighter, Aunt- sorry, *Nicole*."

"That's 'cause I knew your weakness." I wagged my fingers. "Tickles."

Harley was sitting across from Ben, his head swiveling to follow our conversation. I turned to him. "Sorry, Harley. We're being rude."

"No, it's all right. 's kinda nice to see you guys gettin' on so good."

I scanned him for a second. He was hunkered into the chair like it was a foxhole, his shoes suddenly fascinating, as if in compensation for having to speak. I turned to Ben, a silent question on my face.

"Harley's down from the country, doesn't really have a lot of family. Those he has, he's not on real good terms with."

"I'm sorry to hear that Harley."

He shrugged. "No great loss."

Ben kicked his friend's foot. "Cheer up, Softly. You have us, at least."

That actually seemed to make a difference to the young man. He smiled, still without looking at us, and I wondered just how old he was.

"Well, boys, I was about to..." I remembered the dream, and my hand, and wasn't sure how to finish. "...to, uh, have some breakfast. Can I rustle you up some pancakes?"

"Why do you think we came here?"

"Well I *thought* it might be for the stimulating company."

"Oh, sorry, I didn't know you had visitors."

As a kid, Ben's smile had always been sweet. Now, as a man, there was a real dash of spice in it, the way one side crept higher than the other, like he knew something none of us did.

"You're not too big for me to put over my knee, baby boy." I gawped as he stood slowly, moving like a buttered snake. "Okay, maybe you *are* too big."

"That's what *she* said."

Harley seemed to have relaxed a little, seemed to enjoy it when Ben took over the conversation. He watched the bigger boy's every move as if taking cues on how to behave in my company.

I headed to the kitchen to whip up some breakfast. The boys stayed in the lounge room and I could hear Ben's voice rumbling as he gave Harley some choice details from our shared past, no doubt mostly the ones that were embarrassing to me.

Before long I had a huge plate full of hot and fluffy pancakes and I took it out to feed my hungry two-man army. Harley's eyes widened as he surveyed them.

Ben looked cutely smug as he tore the first three off the top of the pile. "Man, I told you. You wanted to hit a diner."

I swore Harley almost had tears in his eyes. As if no-one had ever made him breakfast, let alone a pile of sinful food like this.

"Go ahead, Harley. They're hot and fresh and they've got your name on them. Maple syrup's there, butter's there. You boys want bacon?"

Ben moaned through his mouthful, which I took to be a 'yes'.

"Good. 'Cause I already made some."

I brought out the warm plate and whipped my hands out of harm's way as two forks descended like vultures tired of waiting. Ben flexed his right hand a little, battling with stiffness.

"Hey, Benny?"

"Mmm?"

"I hate to spoil the moment, but do you have to check with anyone? The cops, your lawyer?"

“Nah, all sorted. They know I’m here.”

“That’s good. Ben...why *are* you here?”

“Can’t I just visit an old family friend?”

“Who’re you calling ‘old’?”

Harley backed his friend up. “It’s true, ma’am. They know. We’re goin’ to see Dr. Perkins.”

“Are you crazy?”

Ben shook his head. “I owe him.”

I felt like slapping him sideways. “No you don’t! You got community service. You’re paying your debt.”

“To society. Perkins is still drinking his meals, Aunt Nicole.”

“So what, you’re going to say ‘sorry’? You already said that, the day after the accident, and in court!”

“No, ma’am.” Harley squeezed timidly into our spat. “We’re doin’ his garden.”

I looked from one to the other. “His garden?”

Ben smirked and slapped Harley on the back of the head. “Yup. When he’s not in the reserves, Softly here is studying landscaping. I’m his hard-working lackey.”

“And what does that do?”

Ben stood and gathered some plates, took them out to the kitchen. “How ‘bout I make some coffee?”

I showed him where everything was, waited while he brewed up a jug. A couple months before, Ben’s mother had finally succumbed to breast cancer. It wasn’t a

surprise, but it was still a shock. Ben took it harder than anyone, and he headed straight from the funeral to the local bar.

His real mistake had been driving home. He'd gone onto the wrong side of the road and hit another car. Nothing serious, but Ben had still been cut up inside and he flew out of his car and attacked the other driver, a Dr. Richard Perkins, in front of his wife and daughter.

Dr. Perkins ended up with a broken jaw. Ben got off lightly, the judge taking into account his good employment record and the circumstances regarding his mother's death.

Finally, I could wait no more. "You gonna tell me about it?"

Ben sighed. "It's a guy thing."

"Try me."

"I just needed to make things right."

"The powers that be gave you 200 hours."

Ben shook his head. "And I shoulda got more. But even then it still wouldn't make things right. Just even."

"What else matters?"

"What about Jessica Perkins? She saw some wild-eyed fuckwit smash her father's jaw...dethrone her king in a couple seconds."

"So?"

"So I'm giving back what I took. He gets to have me say 'yes, sir, Dr. Perkins, sir' in front of his family."



“Yeah, that just sounds like crap. Little girls don’t respect their dads for *winning fights*. You’re poking the hornet’s nest, Benny.”

“It’s all supervised, Aunt Nicole. I’m not asking him to like me. I’d prefer he gave me no thought at all.” He rubbed idly at his chest. “In the end, I guess I’m doing it for mom. She didn’t raise a thug.”

I held up my hands and shook my head. If that’s how guys think it’s no wonder I’m single.

Harley brought in the rest of the plates and cutlery. “You gonna ask her, Ben?”

“Ask me what?”

“Oh, yeah.” Ben loosed his smile again. “Don’t suppose you’d have room for a couple stragglers to stay for a night or two? Only you live pretty close to Casa Perkins.”

“All depends. You’re not planning on bringing anyone home with you?”

Ben curled his muscular arm around my shoulders. “What, like girls?”

“I was thinking angry cops. With their sirens calling out your name.”

“Well, I’ll see what I can do. You *do* like a man in uniform, don’t you?”

I dug my fingers into his ribs. “Idiot. Let me show you the spare room.”

I threw some sheets on the two single beds while the boys brought in their bags.

Once they’d unpacked they made a quick exit to see Dr. Perkins. I got ready quickly and walked to the local bakery, the only job I could stand since my business went under. At least I’m still working with food, and sometimes I got the leftover pastries.

The boys were wrestling lightly outside my door when I arrived home.

“You two...cut that out.”

They separated and flashed twin smiles at me. Ben pointed to Harley.

“Hey, *he* started it.”

“But I’ll finish it.”

They trotted in behind me and helped me make a simple meal. Ben in particular showed great interest in preparing the food.

It was so nice to have company over dinner, especially when I didn’t have to get gussied up before or give anyone head after. Harley still kept mostly to himself, seemed happy to let Ben, and a bottle of red wine, drive the conversation.

It was almost ten when I finally had to admit defeat. “Well, boys, I’m afraid not *all* of us are twenty-two years old. *Some* of us need our beauty sleep.”

“Aunt Nicole, you’re even more beautiful now than you were ten years ago. And that’s saying something.”

“Oh, Benny. You’re a terrible liar and I’ll give you ten bucks to say it again.” They both laughed at my lame joke and I bid them good night.

I went out like a geriatric hip, but my sleep was very disturbed. Kurt was back, once again shirtless in a cloud of smoke, but it was different this time. It was the Kurt I fell in love with, the young version who was sweet and clumsy when it came to romance. I even began to wonder if it really was Kurt, or whether maybe it was...

Again, the dream was pulled from me, this time by a screaming need to pee. Damn that red wine. Straight to my head, then straight to my bladder. I hadn’t even put any jammies on, I’d been so tipsy.

I ran naked to the bathroom as if my knees were glued together, burst straight through the door and scared the shit out of Harley, who was already in there.

Masturbating.

“Oh! Sorry, Harley. I kinda forgot I had you guys here.”

“Uh...”

“I’ll, um...leave you to it.”

My back teeth were swimming, so I used the laundry tub instead, then grabbed my robe from the wash pile and threw it on. After the surprise of seeing Harley’s penis I didn’t think I’d get back to sleep in a hurry, so I went to the kitchen and brewed up a jug of coffee.

Harley crept out of the bathroom, his face now as red as his impressive young cock had been.

“Hey, hon?” I called to him. “C’mere.”

He crept over and joined me, inspecting the floor closely.

“Look, ma’am, I’m sorry—”

“Forget it, Harley. Really. You’re a young man. You have all this...potency...to deal with.”

“I just...sometimes...”

“Hey, I get it. I just didn’t want it to fester, grow into some kinda big wall between us.” I jumped up onto the bench and sat there. “If it makes you feel any better, I’ve been going solo, too, for the last four months.”

“Uh...ma’am, your...um...”

He waved his hand aimlessly in my direction. I glanced down to see that one of my breasts had poked out of my robe.

“Oops. Sorry, Harley. You don’t wanna see an old lady’s boobies on an empty stomach.”

He squirmed, obviously uncomfortable, and I began to wonder. I mean, he *had* been jerking off. Was that because of me?

“Do you, Harley?”

“Uh...”

Fuck, I’m an idiot. How’s he supposed to answer that? “I’m sorry. I was joking. It’s just, you’re with Ben so I kinda...treat you like family.”

“I’m not with—oh...I see.”

I let the moment pass. “Coffee?”

“Please, ma’am.”

We drank in silence for a moment, leaning towards each other, separated by the kitchen bench.

“How old are you, Harley?”

“Same as Ben. Twenty-two.”

“Really?”

“I’m...almost twenty-one.”

“You had much experience with girls?”

“I’m sorry, ma’am, I didn’t mean ...uh, you’re real beautiful and all-”

“No, relax, Harley. It’s just I don’t know how many guys your age would tell a girl her breast was showing. They usually just soak it up until she realizes. Even old saggy ones.”

“Ma’am, if I may...you have beautiful ti- breasts.”

“That’s ten bucks I owe *you*, now.”

He smiled shyly, then sipped his coffee for a moment in silence. Then he coughed and opened up.

“I’ve been with a couple girls. I’m no *virgin*.”

“And did you like it?”

“Yeah, I liked it.” He shrugged something invisible away. “They were just girls. I mean, like, they were pretty and nice. The first one, I knew her since I was six, and she was sweet. But she was so small and soft.”

“That’s kinda what most guys like.”

“They do?”

I reached over, put my hand on the back of his neck, like we were a conspiracy of two. “You don’t like to talk, do you, Harley?”

“I’m talking now.”

“I mean about stuff that matters. I’m guessing maybe you’ve read a lot, like the letters in men’s mags?”

“Yeah.”

“And articles about what women want and how to give it to them?”

“Uh-huh.”

“And you don’t quite get it?”

He bit his lip, maybe so he wouldn't answer.

I put my hand on his cheek, just lightly. "Y'know...you boys have a right to a satisfying sex life, too. That's not just sticking it into whatever pussy's available."

I felt him jump a little when I said 'pussy', like he was shocked I'd use such a word. I leaned in a little closer and played my trump card.

"And it's not always about pussy."

His head jerked out of my hand and he stared straight into my eyes. "What? How did you...?"

"I've seen the way you look at him."

"Who?"

"It's all right, Harley."

He seemed to shrink a little, as if he was clenching up all over. "...I didn't mean to. It's just...well, you've seen him."

"Yes, honey. I have."

"I meant what I said before. I like girls. But Ben's just, like, somethin' else. In the regular army they talk about 'best of the best'. To me, that's Ben."

I sighed. "You have very good taste, honey." I felt sure that most of the action in their unit revolved around Ben. He was future officer material, but more than that, he was the kind of guy everyone wanted to be, or be around.

"I've never shared a room just him and me before. I could barely sleep with him there. He's why I was...y'know...before."

My ego suddenly felt as saggy as my boobs.

We both looked to the hallway as we heard the toilet flush.

Harley jumped to his feet, scared that Ben might have heard us. "I'm...uh...gonna get a shower in."

As they passed in the hallway, Ben punched the smaller boy on the arm. "Hey, Softly." He turned his attention to me and unsheathed his amazing smile again. "Hey, *Nicole*. Fuck, that still sounds weird to me."

He was dressed in just a pair of jeans, the tautness of his upper body a testament to his discipline and training.

"That's new." I pointed to his chest, at the spot he'd rubbed at last night, a peace sign tattooed on his left pec. "You think it works, you being in the army and all?"

"*Reserves*. And I'm in supplies. Thinking about transferring to catering, though...in your honour."

"Yeah? What's your specialty dish?"

"Duck...and cover."

"Idiot. Seriously, though...a tatt?"

He glanced down, trailed his fingers across it like it was a rabbit's foot, or a crystal ball.

"I got it for mom."

I smiled, though I almost felt like crying. Gina, Ben's mom, had been like a sister to me, at least while I was part of the family. She never said as much, but I got a strong feeling that she didn't like Kurt. She always was a smart woman.

I snapped out of my reverie when I realized Ben had asked me something.

"Huh?"

"I said who do I have to fuck to get a coffee around here?"

“You know where everything is, so I guess you can go fuck yourself.”

He made out he was going to give me a backhanded slap. “Why you...I oughta...”

I threw my hands up, arching my fingers like I’d just applied nail polish. “No, no, big boy...not the face!”

“Then where?”

I bit my lip and smiled in lieu of an answer. Every answer I had was just plain wrong.

Judging by the smile that adorned Ben’s face, he was thinking along the same lines. He made for the coffee-maker, with only a small detour to knock me backwards with his meaty shoulder.

“Hey, sorry, lady. Didn’t see you there.”

As he reached up for the coffee jar I slipped my fingers into his armpits from behind. He froze instantly.

“You wouldn’t.”

“Oh, you *know* I would.”

“Uh...but I’ll drop the coffee.”

“Then put it down.”

He moved slowly, placing the jar on the bench top. I could see even from behind that he was smiling. Thinking I was in control, I relaxed too soon.

With his arms already down, he clenched his muscles, trapping my fingers. I tried to wriggle them, but he was far too strong. He pushed against the bench, his bulk forcing me back. Then, in what looked to me like one movement, he dropped into a



crouch to pull my hands loose, spun around and stood, swooping me up into his arms like I was a kitten, or a little girl. I think I even squealed.

Ben's smile dimmed almost to nothing. His mouth was tight and hard, like the rest of his body, and his breath washed down over my lips. He looked angry, but I'd known him since before puberty hit, since before testosterone started telling him to hide this expression from the world.

*Fear.*

Before I even thought about it, I slipped my mouth onto his and savored the smoothness of his lips. His voice guttered like water in a frypan and he squeezed me so tightly I felt like I'd break.

His tongue found mine as my hand curled up into his hair, but I knew it had to stop. God, Harley had just bared his soul to me and suddenly it's *my* lips locked with Ben's? The man who used to be my nephew. What the hell is wrong with me?

I pulled away and shook my head. He loosed me from his grip and let me slide to the floor. We separated, stood tensely, breathing heavily, in opposite corners of the kitchen, like boxers between rounds.

I spoke first.

"Oh, god, I'm sorry, Ben. That was..." *Heaven.* That's what that was. "That was so wrong of me, on so many levels."

He just chuckled. "Y'know, I've dreamed about doing that since I was, I don't know...12?"

"Well, it's done now, you don't need to waste any more time on it." I didn't mean to sound snippy, but I had two layers of guilt riding my ass.

“You know...my dreams always went further than-”

“I think Harley’s out of the shower now. Why don’t you go...take care of yourself?”

“Maybe I will.” His smile tore a new hole in my belly. He held my gaze for a moment, then turned and stalked across the living room, unfastening his jeans as he went. I squeezed my thighs together as I watched his butt.

Harley emerged from the hallway, freshly washed and in a light robe, and Ben took the opportunity to punch him in the arm again.

“Hey, mofo.”

Harley took the punch and rolled his eyes. “Turd.” It was the first time I’d heard him answer Ben back.

I smiled even as I scolded them. “You two...cut that out.”

Harley looked over to me. “*He* started it.”

“But I’ll finish it.”

Ben sauntered behind the bathroom door, apparently not worried that he’d left it open. When he crossed to the shower his smooth butt shone out like two hard-boiled eggs. I noticed that Harley was watching as closely as I was.

When Ben slipped into the shower it was like a spell was broken, and Harley turned back to see me smiling at him.

“Oh, god, Harley. You have *such* good taste.”

He smiled to hide his embarrassment, and accepted my offer of orange juice. I’d just poured us each a glass when Ben called out.

“Shower’s free.”

I looked past Harley's shoulder. Ben was standing in the doorway, the towel gathered around his clenched fist and hiding—only just—his penis.

"It's all yours...*Nicole*." He smiled at me again, then gave me another flash of his fiercely tight butt as he walked up the hallway.

"Are you okay, ma'am?"

"Uh, fine, Harley. Why?"

"You were kinda...moaning. Like maybe you forgot something."

"Was I? Uh, yeah...I think I have an appointment this morning. Make yourself at home, Harley. What's mine is yours."

"Yes, ma'am."

As I scuttled into the bathroom I couldn't shake Ben's beauty from my mind. I closed the door and leaned on it, catching my reflection. My fingers traced my mouth as if soaking up the essence of Ben's kiss. *My* kiss, really.

I shrugged out of my robe and checked myself out properly. Despite my own put-downs, I was pretty happy with my looks. I was more languid than vibrant these days...but I could still almost fit into my prom dress.

I crept into the shower as if it knew what I'd done, and I willed the water to take my embarrassment away with it. Oh, god...I kissed Ben! Little Benny.

*Not so little any more...*

I shut off the shower and immediately heard a ruckus in the boys' room. It sounded serious, so I threw the towel around me and, still wet, scooted to their door.

Wearing only undies, they were on Harley's bed, each with their arm around the other, apparently trying for a simultaneous headlock. I thought maybe Harley was

getting his wish, until Ben landed a solid punch in his friend's belly. As they wrestled, their muscles rippled beneath their smooth skin and I had to fight the urge to keep quiet and just watch.

"Boys! Boys! Stop it!"

"Take it back, Harley!"

"Fuck you!"

I flew across the room, slipped my wet arm down between their bellies and pressed, trying to separate them. It was hard work to keep my towel around me as they rolled and bumped.

Finally, their blood cooled enough to call a silent truce.

"Now, Ben, you sit on your bed, Harley, you stay there." They obeyed me like the part-time soldiers they were.

"What the hell was that about?"

Ben looked at the wall.

I turned to Harley. He looked down at his hands. "*He* started it!"

"Did not!"

"Well it must've been something damn important." Man, it was hard to sound bossy dressed in only a towel.

Ben took a breath. He still didn't look at me. "You don't wanna know."

"Tell me. That's, uh, an order."

"Fine. You gonna tell her, Harl? Or will I?"

Harley shrugged theatrically, looking five years younger in one easy step. He flopped back onto the bed, and the swelling in his underwear suddenly became all I could see.

Ben finally spoke up. "Harley was, uh...saying stuff."

I could see in Harley's eyes the unspoken challenge to Ben's authority. *Shut the fuck up.*

"What kind of stuff?"

"Please, Aunt Nicole."

"Just Nicole."

Ben finally looked at me, but then stood and punched the wall. I could see he still had the anger that had gotten him in trouble. He kept his back to me as he muttered. "Dirty stuff."

"What, about li'l ol' me?"

Harley said nothing, but his hang-dog expression blabbed.

"I'm interested now, Harley. Just what did you say?"

Harley licked his lips and studied the floor, mumbled like a teenager. "Mmm...said I'd...like to...mmm you...like a...mmm-mmmer."

"Pardon?"

"He said he wants to fuck you like a jackhammer!"

My best guess was that Harley was acting up to cover his feelings for Ben. As crude as the comment was, I wasn't too upset. I'd heard worse.

I curled my hand up onto the hardness of Ben's shoulder. "And why do *you* care what he said?"

Ben shot two, three hard breaths out of his nose. "It's not fair! He's only just met you!"

Ben was already wired up and about to explode. Harley, unfortunately, wasn't wise enough to see it, or maybe just wanted to shift some of the blame.

"And it's *Ben* who *really* wants to fuck you!"

Ben spun in an instant. "You don't have to say it like that!"

He leapt across the room and started wailing on his friend. They rolled around in a wild two-man brawl, all arms, chests and testosterone. I knew if I let them go they'd end up smashing something, either a limb or a wall, so without thinking I latched onto them in the only safe way I could.

One hand on each of their cocks.

Both boys froze instantly. They looked at each other, then straight at me. I'd had to drop my towel to secure their packages, but for the moment it didn't matter.

"Boys," I murmured. "Please stop."

"But *he* started it!"

I clenched my fists. "I don't care. I'll finish it."

Oh, god, they looked so cute, sitting there next to each other, their ripped bodies almost completely naked. I felt my belly start to do tumble turns the way it used to when Kurt smiled at me.

There was silence for a moment, before Ben spoke up.

"Just how do you propose to finish it, Nicole?"

None of us spoke then. I couldn't take my eyes away from my hands. I swore I could feel blood pulsing through both their cocks, but it might just have been the strength of my own heart pounding.

I shook my head and began mouthing off some excuse. The instant my fingers loosened, Ben's hand flew down onto mine.

"No...please..."

"But I'm your aunt."

"You're the one said you weren't any more. Anyhow, it's not like we were blood."

Then Harley spoke up. "For what it's worth, Ma'am...I've was *never* your nephew."

"Fuck, man! What did I just say before?"

"What? You think she's *yours*, Ben?"

God. Young men and ownership. Not that it changes much as they age.

"Boys, boys...settle down."

Harley punched Ben's arm, the first time I'd seen him truly stand up for himself. "But *he* started it!"

Ben drew his own arm back, so I placed a hand on each of their chests, my touch somehow calming them both. "And again...I'll finish it. I know you're young, but boys...I'm not a toy you can fight over."

As much as I wanted to sound cool, I'd forgotten how exciting young men can be, how much heat they pack all over their bodies, just below the surface. Volatility and

virility. My hands began to drift all over their chests and bellies. Soft skin over hard muscle. So much power, so little control.

My hands came to rest, each with a handful of cotton-clad masculinity, and my curiosity got the better of me. It'd been four months since I'd had any cock, and at least a lifetime since I'd had one this young.

I'd never had two at once.

I cranked up my smile as I glanced from Ben to Harley. "Besides, I'm way more than either of you...*boys*...can handle."

Suddenly, Ben was smiling. "Is that so?" Question a man's power and suddenly he grows three inches. It felt like about three, anyway.

They looked at each other, then both stood up, moving in harmony the way guys seem naturally to do whenever they're hunting. No words, no signals, just action. They pulled down their undies, Ben quickly and Harley a little more hesitantly, and I was left to stare in awe at just what I'd gotten myself into.

I turned from one to the other. Slight differences in bend and shape, but both so beautiful. They had cocks like sports cars, all sleek lines and smooth finishes.

Before I could rethink my confident stance, Ben drew me to my feet and swirled his hand into my hair, gripping me in a way that told me how little of his strength he was using. The smile still hadn't left his face and I wanted nothing more than to wipe it away with my mouth.

He leaned in, his height and power bending me back, his physical dominance making me ache deep in my belly. I tasted his breath as I opened my mouth, ready to be kissed.



His lips brushed mine, but only in passing. He latched instead onto the side of my throat and sucked at my skin. He bent me right back until I hung like boiled pasta in his arms, and I hummed out a long note of desire.

My moan was quickly followed by a squeal of fright as Ben loosed me from his grip. Without me realizing it, Harley had moved in behind and he caught me before I hit the floor. He laid me gently down, and then his face appeared above mine, upside down, so close I could see the brave attempts at stubble that were creeping out on his chin. He lowered his mouth to mine with such tenderness it was almost like kissing a girl.

Ben, on the other hand, had swept straight down my body. I felt his hands on my knees and his breath twisting through my bush.

One thing I've noticed about older guys is how they kinda do foreplay to the foreplay. They've been fucking for ten, twenty years by the time I get them, and they've been educated. Tamed, even. They'll take ten minutes before they even put their mouth on you. I like a sweet slow fuck as much as the next girl, but sometimes-

*Oh, Christ...*

Ben's tongue slipped straight into my pussy, just as Harley's ventured into my mouth. I hauled in an enormous breath of surprised pleasure, stealing the air from Harley's lungs. I threw one hand around his neck, speared the other into Ben's short hair, and just pulled, drew them as close to me as I could.

If Ben had heard of the clitoris, it seemed he hadn't stopped to wonder where it might be, but it didn't really matter. I was getting the best of both worlds anyway. His

rampant hunger was more way more exciting than studied accuracy, while Harley's gentle suckling at my tongue made me feel warm all over.

I freed my mouth for a second. "Ohhh...where you boys been all my life?"

"Grade school," Ben quipped before he sank his tongue straight back into me.

I pulled on Ben's hair, drew him up and away from my pussy. He'd done just about all he could down there, anyway. Maybe I'll draw him a map or something.

I pushed him back and he landed on his butt, his lovely cock daring me to touch it. I fell forward and curled my ass into the air, letting Harley know that if he wanted it, the front door was wide open.

I rolled my mouth around the shiny head of Ben's cock, and he sucked in an enormous breath. He blew it out again, really slowly, as I slid his length deep inside me.

"Ohhh...Nicole...you always were my favourite aunt."

I giggled as if their youth was contagious, and sighed as I felt Harley's hands on my hips and his breath wash across my gaping pussy. Then I squealed as his tongue pressed straight up against my asshole and began squirming. I tried to spread myself wider as the young man worked some kind of magic on me.

I licked Ben's shaft like it was covered in salt. I sucked the head like it was a piece of lime. All I needed now was a tequila in the middle, though it couldn't be better than the licker I already had.

Harley's tongue circled my ass once more, and then the wet heat of it began to slide up my spine. The hard ripples of his body felt like a massage as he swept over me, finishing with his cock digging at my thigh and his mouth resting at my ear.

Ben was arching with pleasure, his face hidden from us. With my lips still around his cock I looked at Harley, who was desperate with hope. I slipped off the fat end of Ben and hummed to him.

“Ben, I think Harley has something he needs to tell you.”

“Huh? Ohhh...fuuuuck...”

“Hmm...guess he can’t talk right now.”

“Oh, fuck! Oh, Nicole...that’s...that’s...”

“That’s not me.”

Ben’s eyes shot open and he stared down. He froze with shock when he saw Harley’s mouth around him. “Huh? No...what are you...oh, fuuuuuck...”

I wriggled out from under Harley’s weight and watched the action for a moment. I never realized that two guys together could be so hot.

When Harley spoke it was more of a plea, separated by heavy breaths and deep hums.

“God, Ben...I’ve wanted to do this...almost since...I first met you.”

Harley looked like he’d finally come home. Ben looked like he was trying hard to hate what was happening, but it wasn’t working. His wide-open eyes shot from Harley’s face to mine, maybe searching for condemnation that he’d never find.

Then Ben brought his arm up, his hand half-curved like he thought he should be punching. I tensed, but there was no need. He slowly reached down, placed his hand on Harley’s head and started grunting.

“Shit, man...that’s so...ohhh...”

Harley's moans of desire were muffled by cock, but it was the juicy slurping sounds that were doing it for me. I plunged a couple fingers into my cunt and began driving myself home.

Ben was shaking his head and muttering. "I've never...man, I didn't know..."

I felt my climax calling when I suddenly stopped. In a room made cozy by young stallions I was still riding the digital pony? It was about fucking time I had me some cock.

I rested my hand on Harley's shoulder, tried to get his attention. No dice. I tried tapping him. Nada. I grabbed his hair and squeezed, pulling him until he finally let his prize slip from his mouth.

"May I?" I asked him sweetly as he puffed in pain.

"Holy crap," Ben whispered. "That was...awesome, Harley..."

I hated to interrupt, but I needed a man inside me. I clambered over Ben, my hips straddling his. I was plenty warm, and about half-past ready, so I slotted the fat head of him into place and sank like a weighted sack.

The world froze for a moment. I thudded onto his hard hips and felt every part of me stiffen.

I held Ben still inside me while I melted around him. Then I leaned forward and started pumping my hips. I still wasn't quite ready for him, and it kinda burned inside like paprika.

I glanced around to find Harley, surprised that he'd gone to sit on his bed. He was hunched over like he was trying to disappear.

“Oh, honey...we’re being rude again.” I held out my hand and he came and stood beside us.

Harley’s cock was smooth and hot, and it slipped easily into my mouth. Just like when he kissed me, he was gentle, almost fearful. Maybe he thought I was as fragile as the other girls he’d been with. I slid him all the way to the back of my throat, just to show him how we senior citizens do it.

I curled a hand around the root of Harley’s shaft and rested the other on Ben’s strong chest. I ground my hips against Ben’s and rode the stinging waves of pleasure that he brought me. His bones seemed to know where my clit was, which suited me fine.

I began to take long, slow pulls on Harley’s rod, then punctuating it with dirty talk.

“So Harley, what was it like to finally taste Ben’s cock?”

“Ohhh...”

“Hey Ben...how’d it feel to have a man suck you off?”

“Ahhh...”

“And Harley... stop using me as a mouthpiece.”

“Huh? But...you called me over...you started sucking—”

“That’s not what I mean.” God, it was hard to carry on a conversation with Ben driving deep inside me. “Okay. Here’s what we’ll do.”

I slipped regretfully off Ben’s cock and rolled over onto my back. I pulled out my voice of authority from back when I was running our kitchen. “Harley, front and centre.”

The young man knelt between my spread thighs, started nudging forward.

“Uh-uh. Growing boy like you needs to eat more. Head down and tail up, boy.”

Finally the lights seemed to go on in his head. “Oh. Right...”

Harley dropped his sweet mouth straight down onto my pussy, still slick with juice from the ramming Ben had given me. All those articles he’d read seemed to have done him some good, though. In seconds he had my clit squeezed between his teeth.

Ben laid back and lightly stroked himself as he watched Harley work me. I pointed to him.

“You there, soldier. Fall in behind!”

“There’s no room, you’re almost against the wall.”

“Not me.” I nodded at Harley.

“Huh? Oh...but, I’ve never...I mean, Harley won’t...uh...”

I tapped Harley’s shoulder. “Come on, honey. You say nothing and you’ll always regret it.”

Resting his head on the cushion of my bush, Harley muttered something neither Ben nor I could hear.

“What’s that, Softly?”

A deep breath in, a long breath out. “Ben...I want you to fuck me.”

“Uh...I don’t know. That’s a whole lot different. I mean, before, I was just...laying there...”

“Please, man? I just wanna know what it’s like. Just once, *once*, I wanna make you feel good, and to feel *that* close to you. Man, I got no-one else.”

Slowly, Ben's doubt seemed to evaporate. He crawled over until he was kneeling behind Harley's upturned hips. He grabbed his cock, still slick with my juice and nudged it into the mouth of Harley's ass, pressing forward slowly.

Harley let loose a sigh rich with age straight into my gaping gash. He quickly followed it with his tongue, and I felt a new buzz roll through me. I got to watch and participate at the same time.

I almost came as I watched Ben's power in action. He gripped Harley's hips so tightly I thought he might break bone, and he began to pump harder and harder. The power of his wide shoulders, the rippled wall of his abs, the tight diagonal lines that led from his hips to his groin—from where I was laying that was all I could see, but it was plenty good.

Harley had a mouthful of pussy and a face full of ecstasy. He grimaced with every powerful thrust of Ben's hips, the pumping action knocking grunt after grunt straight out of his lungs and into my crotch. I felt a climax swelling inside me, and it grew as I pictured myself in Harley's place, with a strong young man's hips thudding wetly into mine.

Ben's strength pushed Harley further up my belly, so I curled my fingers down to take the place of his tongue. As I rolled myself into what could best be described as a neat orgasm Ben groaned, and began to sob with pleasure. He pulled out and wrapped his hand around his cock, pumped himself as his fluid shot out all over Harley's back, even down onto my belly. He leaned heavily on his friend's hips, and then rolled down onto the floor.

"Fuck."

I tried to look happy. I'd come, after all, but in the end I'd had to finish myself. Again. Two hot, young men and me still high and dry. Well, not dry, but still...

My disappointment must have radiated off me like heat. Harley looked up at me. "Ma'am?"

"Please, Harley. Call me Nicole."

"Was that, uh...good for you?" Whichever way Harley decided to go, I could tell he'd make some man or woman—or both—really happy.

"It was...nice."

Slowly he began to slide his body up between my spread thighs.

"Ma'am...Nicole...if I may say, you deserve a helluva lot better than just 'nice'."

His cock bumped against the wall of fingers at the mouth of my pussy.

"If I may..."

I slid my fingers away and smiled at him. "You're beautiful, Harley."

"Fuck...I wanted to—"

I turned quickly to Ben, eager to calm him. "Oh, Benny. You'll have plenty of other chances. If you want them."

"Really? You...uh...you liked it?"

"Loved it."

He actually blushed as he smiled. "Well, I don't know if I wanna watch this. Think I'll get a shower."

He headed out and I swore I felt Harley relax on top of me.

"You know, Harley, you don't have to do this. Ben's gone, you don't need to impress him."



“I’m doin’ this for you, Nicole. And for me.”

He nudged forward, like he still thought he could somehow hurt me. He rocked slowly and persistently, gliding in and back, and it was nice...really nice. No roughness, no domination...just slow and sensual. Which was a little too much like being with a man my own age.

I rolled him over and took control. He held my hips as I ground into him. With no belly fat he was all hardness, inside me and against me, and his strength gave me a solid platform.

Then, from nowhere, I felt Ben’s breath on my neck.

“Thought you were having a shower.”

“I didn’t want to miss the big moment.”

His big hands curled around and cupped my boobs, then swooped down to rub at my bush.

“There!” I yelled. “You found it!”

Seemingly too scared to move, Ben pressed his finger in against my clit and in seconds I was gone, washed away on a tide of pleasure. Waves of heat gushed from Harley’s cock deep inside me, and we each called out to the universe in the ancient wordless language of lust.

I fell onto Harley’s chest, sliding across the sheen of our mingled sweat. Ben’s hands stroked all over my back and ass, and I didn’t think I ever wanted to move.

I almost fell asleep there when Harley began to wriggle beneath me. “Ma’am...Nicole...I’ve lost my circulation.”

“Aww...I’ll buy you a new one. Just let me lay here.”

Ben swooped his hands under my arms and lifted me like I was a grocery bag. "You heard the man. Let's go."

I hung limply, tried to think heavy, but it was no good. Ben was too strong. He dumped me lightly on his bed and sat beside me. Harley looked across at us and nodded.

"Y'know, you two look pretty good together."

Ben smiled and kissed my cheek. "I always knew Uncle Kurt was wrong for you. You deserve so much better, Aunt Nicole."

I play-slapped his cheek. "I just had me a whole hunk of better. And if you can't call me just Nicole by now..."

"Sorry. It's just, y'know, ten years takes a while to undo." He looked across to Harley. "Uh, but what about us, man?"

Harley frowned lightly. "I dunno. I meant it, you two look nice together. Happy. And it felt real good to have you inside me, but...I know that's not you, that whole scene...hell, I don't even know if it's me."

Ben was visibly relieved. "You're right, I never woulda done it if it wasn't you, buddy. Not really my thing, but I guess at least I know that for sure now."

I went and knelt next to Harley, pushed his hair back from his forehead like I was checking for a fever. "You gonna be okay, honey?"

He nodded and gave me a warm smile. "I think maybe you answered some of my questions, and made me realize I got so many more to ask."

"Y'know, honey, I'm 36 and I'm still asking. That's never gonna stop. Every day of your life is like a room with a hundred doors, and every door leads to another room

just like it. You can open every door but you can only pass through one. And you can't go back."

He swallowed before he could speak. "I've just spent so much time thinking something was busted inside me. My folks, my friends, no-one got me. But you guys...you both just take me for who I am."

I placed my hand on his chest, right over his heart. "You're a sweet and beautiful young man, Harley, and pretty soon someone special is gonna realize that. But honey...*you* gotta realize it first."

As he blinked away tears he looked younger than ever. I scooped him into a hug that was almost maternal. He swayed against me for a minute or two and then sat back, and I ruffled his hair.

"Oh, and don't be afraid to get a bit nasty, sometimes. We girls may be small and soft, but we bounce."

Ben wrapped his body around mine. "And in all the right places, too."

I turned my head to kiss his shoulder. "Baby, you're wonderful. Any time you're in this part of town, come and...see me."

"I'm thinking maybe I'll move to this part of town."

"I know someone who's struggling to pay her rent."

He smiled and scooped me into a long and sensual kiss.

"Eww...gross! Get a room, you two!"

We separated with a chuckle, and I winked at Harley. "Hey...*he* started it!"

### About Willsin Rowe

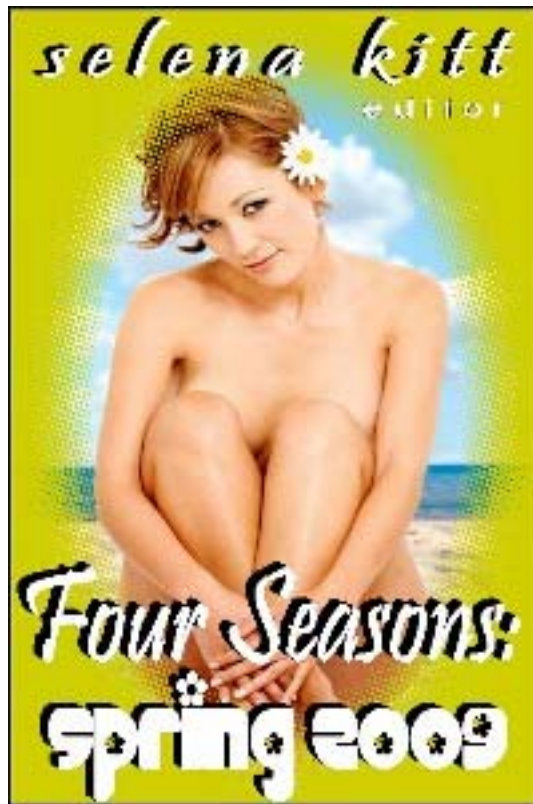
Willsin Rowe falls in love with a scent, a playful expression or an act of casual intimacy more easily than with physical beauty. When confronted by both he is a lost cause. He has done many things over and over. He has done even more things only once. He has half-done more things than he cares to admit. He visited Europe with the aching need to see Scotland, and succumbed to the clichés when he fell in love with Paris instead. He doesn't yet know if he can ski, speak Italian or keep calm in a life-threatening situation, but he has his suspicions.

He plays bass in a swampy blues band. He loves to sing and doesn't let his voice get in the way. Since he became a parent the crises of employment have paled. He commutes to and from work on a motorbike. When he rides he is a lone wolf, a hunter. He is primeval, and for twenty minutes at a time, he is in control of his destiny.

He loves the complications of English and the naturistic charm that results. He fears that streamlining it allows function to usurp form. Nature is beautiful without adherence to symmetry or consistency. He is intelligent but not sensible. He is polite but inappropriate. He is passionate but fearful. He is honest but reticent. He is not scruffy enough or stylish enough to be cool.



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