

Evernight Publishing

BERENGARIA BROWN

Sex Odyssey

THREE FOR THE ROAD



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## **DEDICATION**

To Amarinda Jones who suggested this road trip. It's been a wild ride. Let's do it again!

# **Three for the Road**

**Berengaria Brown**

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## **Chapter One**

“You’re shitting me, right?” Jennifer Adams stood with her hands on her hips staring in horror at the huge truck with a shipping container on the back, parked in front of her tiny, third-floor, walk-up apartment.

“You two expect me, ME, to live in that thing for two weeks?” Jenni could hear her voice rising to a shriek, but made no attempt to control it. There was no way—absolutely no fucking way—she was getting inside a metal box. Not even a humongous metal box.

“But, sweetie, we put curtains at the window and everything. Just for you.” Christopher turned huge pleading brown eyes toward her, looking like a kicked puppy.

Jenni took a big breath and reined in her temper. She hadn’t meant to hurt his feelings but jeez Louise, what kind of morons were they to expect her to— Wait a minute. “Window? What window?”

Chris’ face broke into a happy grin. “Come over here.” He grabbed her arm and hurried her around the back of the long vehicle.

The container looked different on the other side. Its long metal wall had a decent-sized window cut in it, with curtains as promised, and a person-sized door.

With the air of a conjuror about to do his best magic trick, Robert unclipped a thingy from behind the truck cab that looked rather like a TV remote control and pressed a button. There was a whirring noise and a metal shelf slid out from beneath the door and started to descend.

Jenni looked at the men. Chris was beaming at her, but Robert looked a little worried. She couldn’t resist smiling back at them. “That’s kinda cool. But what about inside?”

“Just wait and see. You’ll love it,” Chris said enthusiastically, almost bouncing up and down, once again reminding her of an overgrown puppy.

“It’s really comfortable in there. I think you’ll like it.” Robert was still a little worried.

“She can’t help but love it. It’s one hundred percent excellent,” added Chris confidently.

Jenni wasn’t sure, but there was a door, and a window, and curtains. Plus a cool way to get up to it. So maybe...

The three rode up to the door on the platform. Chris bowed and handed her a door key. She slid it into the lock, then turned the handle.

Opposite the door was a little kitchen/living area with a table bolted to the far wall, a bench seat on either side of it, a sink with cupboards under it, and a microwave oven on a shelf above it. There was also a small upright gas oven with a cook top.

The end of the shipping container was a living area with some shelves and a sofa. A TV was on a swiveling arm bolted to the wall so it could be turned to face the sofa or the table.

“This is a nice set-up,” she said. “It reminds me of a recreation vehicle.”

“That’s where the guy got the idea,” said Robert. “But this cost a fraction of what one of those costs and it’s plenty big enough for three for a few weeks.”

“Come and see the bedroom,” urged Chris, pulling on her arm.

Jenni allowed herself to be led through the living area to the truck-cab end of the container.

The bed was huge and filled most of the width of the container with some cupboards built into the wall opposite it. Beyond it was a functional shower and toilet cubicle and more storage space.

“This is awesome. I’m sorry I was rude.” Jenny hugged both men. “I can see the stove runs on gas, and I guess you plug into an electrical outlet in a camp ground, but how do you make things work the rest of the time?”

“There are batteries that charge as the truck drives along. That gives it enough power to cook and run the lights for a couple of hours each evening,” explained Robert.

“Whose is it? However did you find it?”

“The father of one of the guys at work is a real handyman and he built it as a retirement project. Took him a couple of years. He was just finishing the last few details and planning his first trip in it when he went to bed one night and never woke up,” said Robert.

“Yeah, shocked the socks off Will, his dad passing like that. He and his sister haven’t decided whether to keep it or sell it yet. They were happy for us to borrow it for these two weeks. We bought the curtains, the bed linen, the TV, and if there are other things you need, we’ll get them too,” added Chris.

“We want this to be a special vacation. Our first one, the three of us together,” Robert said, pulling Jenni into his arms. Chris pressed up behind her, wrapping his arms around the other two, melding them into a unit.

Jenni shivered, her panties suddenly damp. God these guys were hot. And sweet and thoughtful, if a tad irritating at times. Chris with his open, loving ways, and Robert the more serious one, the thinker.

Chris had sandy brown hair and big brown eyes. His skin was deeply tanned and he was ripped with muscles. At six foot he was very solid, but not fat. Robert was almost exactly the same height, but leaner, although not thin. His hair was black, but his skin was quite fair, and his eyes a sparkling blue. Black Irish, she’d heard people call his coloring.

She was very attracted to both of them. They complemented each other with their darker and lighter personalities. She’d slept with them both several times, her first ever experience of two men together. And they had given her the best orgasms of her life. But she wasn’t ready to agree to a relationship with them. After all, ménages were for hot sex, not for happily-ever-after. Hot sex suited her just fine. Happily-ever-after might not be achievable. Right now, orgasms sounded good to her and two weeks on vacation with these two yummy men promised to be awesome fun. Besides, despite what Robert had just said, she wasn’t convinced that an ongoing relationship was what they both really wanted. After two weeks they might all be glad to part.

“So, when do we leave?” she asked.

Chris opened a drawer with a flourish. “We brought a notepad and a pen. We thought we’d make a list of what you need us to buy and Robert and I’ll go shopping this afternoon.”

“Then pack our suitcases tonight and leave tomorrow. Why waste the weekend. May as well head out now,” added Robert.

Jenni thought for a moment. “Yeah, that’d work. There’s nothing I need to do at the apartment, other than pack. It’s not like I have a garden or pets that need to be cared for.” She jumped up and looked in the little refrigerator, then in the cupboards, calling out things they’d need for Chris to write on his list. The kitchen had been well stocked. There were enough plates, bowls, cups, pans, cutlery, mugs and cooking implements for what they’d need for their two weeks. And the cupboards had a supply of canned and packet foods.

“Will’s dad put a lot of effort into this. We could live on this stuff for a month, I reckon. But whatever we use, we’ll replace. We just need to buy some fresh vegetables, milk, juice, meat,” she said.

Excitement filled her. Up until now the plan to go on vacation with Chris and Robert hadn’t really sunk in. But now it was real and imminent and fun. She was going away with two utterly delicious men for two weeks of sun, sand, and surf, in this crazy home-made recreation vehicle. Awesome. Absolutely awesome.

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Jenni was watching out her apartment window at eight the next morning, ready and waiting for the RV to appear. Her two suitcases had been packed for hours, and she’d put a couple dozen of her favorite eBooks onto her laptop to read if the travel got boring. She’d even remembered to pack her camera download cable so she could send photos of her vacation to her friends.

The huge truck pulled up neatly at the curb and Robert jumped down from the driver’s seat to open the RV as Chris came running up the stairs to help her with her luggage. Chris kissed her on the cheek, then easily lifted both her cases, leaving her to carry her laptop and purse.

As she rounded the back of the RV, she stopped. “What’s that?” She pointed to a huge, tarpaulin-wrapped bulge on the back of the shipping container.

“How did you think we were going to get around when we park the truck each night?” Chris teased.

She stared at him. “Walk? Bus? Taxi?”

“Hog.”

“Hog?”

“Motorbike. With a sidecar. Doesn’t that sound far more fun than walking?”

“Oh yeah. What a brilliant idea.”

They stowed her suitcases in a storage rack under the big bed, and she placed her laptop and purse in the cupboard. By the time they rode the platform down to the ground, Robert had unwrapped the tarpaulin to display a gleaming bike and shiny red sidecar.

“Wow! Just wow!”

“I hear sex on a bike is pretty good,” Robert whispered in her ear.

“In your dreams, buddy,” she replied, but she couldn’t stop her panties from dampening a bit at the thought. In fact, they dampened every time she looked at the men. Chris’ smiling face, Robert’s intelligent eyes, and all those delicious muscles flexing as they replaced the tarpaulin over the motorbike and sidecar.

Fuck yeah. This was going to be one hell of a sex odyssey, there was no doubt about that.

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After half an hour of city traffic, they were finally heading south on the Interstate, driving toward warmer weather, wonderful sunshine, and two whole weeks of freedom. And sex. Especially the sex. Jenni couldn’t help thinking about the huge bed. She’d bounced up and down on the mattress and it seemed to be just the right firmness for some bedtime games.

Even though she, Christopher, and Robert had technically been dating for several months, to her mind it was more a casual fuck buddy type relationship. No one had said anything about exclusivity and although she hadn’t gone out with anyone else, they hadn’t asked that of her, nor she of them. Also, despite having explored every inch of their totally delicious bodies, she didn’t really know them as people. Sure, she knew Chris preferred beer to wine, and Robert hated Asian food; but, she had no idea whether or not they had brothers and sisters, whether they liked animals, or what their jobs involved. Or how they’d met, or even how long they’d been together and interested in a woman joining them for some sexy games.



In fact, now that she thought about it, it was almost as if their relationship was just starting now, today. A new relationship, anyway. A fresh start, maybe.

Jennifer threw herself into the fun of the trip. Chris and Robert were entertaining travel companions; they sang along to the radio at the top of their voices, rearranging the words to advertising jingles as the mood took them. They played games of I Spy and made up stories about the people in other vehicles, many of them slanderous. Jenni laughed until her sides were aching.

The truck had been designed for long-distance travel, so it had very comfortable seats, excellent suspension, an extra large fuel tank, and despite appearances, the shipping container, even fully furnished, was lighter than a usual load, so they had no need to stop unless they wanted to. So, with their own food supply and bathroom facilities on board, and two drivers and three navigators, they decided to keep going until they got tired, traveling as many miles as possible in a day.

Every few hours they stopped to stretch their legs, unkink their muscles and use the facilities. The first few times they threw a ball around to each other. The next time they stopped, Jenni noticed that some child had sketched a hopscotch court on the concrete.

"Oh look," called Jenni. "Let's play hopscotch. I haven't played since I was in elementary school."

"Oh yes. Me either," was Chris' enthusiastic, but muddled, response.

They soon found suitable stones to be their markers and started hopping.

Jenni hadn't lost her skill and confidently hopped up and down the court, bending to pick up her marker in the first square, before jumping over the square and out.

She turned to throw her marker in the second square but Chris objected. "That's cheating. You're supposed to kick it out."

"What?"

"Your marker. You're supposed to kick it out, not pick it up."

"Huh? We always jumped over the square with our marker in it on the way down, and picked it up on the way back. Just kicking it out would be much easier than having to bend and straighten."

"No it's not. You need to be able to kick straight, and just hard enough but not too hard, to keep it between the lines."

“How about you play your way and I’ll play my way.” Jenni turned again and threw her marker into the second square.

The game was an enjoyable one, and, half an hour later, laughing and slightly sweaty, they climbed into the truck cab for the next leg of their journey.

The miles rolled past as they chatted about other schoolyard games they’d enjoyed, other memories of school, their childhoods, and pranks they’d gotten up to. By late afternoon they’d shared a surprising amount of personal history, and Jenni felt she knew these men, that she’d learned more about them in a day than in all their previous outings added together.

She hadn’t laughed so much in years. Chris was always entertaining, but Robert had shown a clever, snarky wit, that was a totally new aspect of him, and she truly enjoyed it.

Robert, whose turn it was to navigate while Chris drove, said, “There’s a town about half an hour away. Do you want to stop in town, buy a meal, and find a trailer park to stay in overnight; or do you want to keep going and make our own meal and stay in the RV. Or a mixture. Eat in town and drive on a bit maybe?”

“I vote for driving on until we’re hungry, then cooking our own meal and just staying in a truck stop. We’ve got plenty of stuff and may as well be self-sufficient. What do you think Chris?”

“Likely a truck stop will have a barbecue. I wouldn’t mind grilling some steaks if someone makes a salad, then driving a bit more until we’re ready to call it a night and go to bed. I’m looking forward to our bedtime, but I’d also like to make as many miles today as we can. After a few days, we’ll be more tired and bored, so it makes good sense to keep driving while we’re all happy.”

Around seven o’clock, Chris decided he was hungry so they pulled in at the next truck stop. Fortunately, a proper brick barbecue was provided, and while the men grilled steaks, Jenni made a salad then brought it and flatware out to a picnic table.

It was relaxing, sitting there as the sun gradually set, eating a delicious meal and listening to the sounds of the night interspersed with traffic noises. Birds were congregating in a nearby tree, setting up a loud chattering.

“What on earth are they talking about?” she wondered.

“Oh that’s easy.” Chris put his hands up and made a talking mouth out of each one. “I found the biggest, juiciest worm today,” he mimed with his right hand.

“Oh really. Where did you find it?” his left hand asked.

Robert joined in with his hands. “Farmer Brown just planted a lot of new seeds. The earth is all turned and so many delicious bugs are there. An absolute smorgasbord of a feast.”

“I’m more interested in Mrs. Brown. She was sun-baking topless in their backyard.”

The men’s suggestions became more and more outrageous, and once again Jenni was laughing so hard her sides hurt and tears were rolling down her cheeks. “Stop, stop. If I keep laughing this hard I’ll wet my pants.”

“Oooh, a golden shower. We’ve never done that, but I’m game if you want to try it,” suggested Chris.

“Hell, yes. You can pee on me anytime. Well not in the bed, but I’ll go get a rug if you want to do it out here.”

“No, I don’t think so. People might come past and see us. This is a public truck stop. Maybe it’s time to take this party into the bedroom. And no golden showers either. I’ll use the bathroom first.”

“Party pooper,” moaned Chris, gathering together their dirty dishes.

“Yeah.” Robert grabbed the rest of their things and they returned to the RV.

## Chapter Two

Soon they were naked and snuggled under the heavy quilt on the big bed. Both Chris and Robert were large men, but the bed was more than wide enough for all of them.

They'd left the curtains in the living area open, so that moonlight lit the RV. It was dim enough to be romantic, but light enough for them to see each other. The bright sunburst colors on the quilt were muted shades of gray, but the sparkling lights in Robert's and Chris's eyes were easy to see.

"So what happens now," she whispered, pressing her butt back against Robert's cock and rubbing her hands down Chris' muscular chest.

"Now we tell you a bedtime story," said Robert.

"Oh, yeah? I'm listening."

"It's called little Jenni long, black hair, and the two big bad wolves," added Chris, his hand skating across her belly and lingering just above her mons, his fingers gently teasing the tender skin there.

"What happened to her?" Jenni's hand had found his cock and she scraped her thumb lightly over the cap.

"She went to their cabin in the woods," said Robert. When he said "woods" he pressed his cock into her butt and Chris thrust his penis up into her hand.

Robert put one hand on her hip and the other teased around the entry to her anus. His nails scraped the skin there, his fingers swirling round and round her hole until the cream seeped from her pussy with her need to feel more, to be penetrated.

Chris' long fingers were resting on her slit, the longest one tantalizingly close to her channel.

Jenni's brain was starting to fry with the need for more. She couldn't decide whether to press back onto Robert's fingers or forward into Chris'. "I want you. I need you. Now."

"So Jenni went inside the big bad wolves' house," said Robert, sliding his finger into her ass and swirling it around.

"Yeah, way, way inside," added Chris, two fingers sinking deep into her hungry channel.

Jenni lifted her upper leg and planted her foot flat on the mattress to give the men room to touch her. One arm was twisted

behind her stroking Robert's hot flesh, the other was on Chris' shoulder, holding tight as tension was coiling in her belly.

"What happened next?" she asked her voice hitching with desire.

"Hmm. Maybe they offered her a nice cup of tea," suggested Robert, his fingers busy in her ass, stretching her tissues and stroking the walls of her channel.

"Then one of the wolves kissed her." Chris suited his actions to his words, dropping tiny feather-soft kisses across her nose, eyelids and jaw line.

Jenni took her hand off his shoulder to pull his face closer. Her fingers dived into his shaggy brown hair holding him as she kissed him back with a desperate passion. Their tongues tangled, hers stroking along his cheeks, then he sucked on her tongue, as his fingers curved up deep inside her to scrape along her sweet spot.

Robert licked along her neck, and sucked her ear lobe into his mouth, his fingers still tormenting her ass.

Frantically, she thrust her pelvis back and forward trying to take them both deep inside her at once.

Chris broke the kiss and gasped, "The wolves got condoms and fucked her brains out. The end."

"Sounds like a plan," added Robert reaching a hand around her to pinch her nipple.

A third finger pressed deep in her cunt and she came, holding tight to both men.

They slowed their finger strokes, bringing her down from the high, before rolling out of the bed. Robert rushed into the kitchen to wash his hands while Chris opened the cupboard and rummaged around for condoms.

"Let me," she said, taking them from him.

Chris' cock was red and engorged, standing straight out from his body. It had the slightest curve at the top, and right now the head was wet with his pre-cum. She rolled the condom down his shaft and he climbed back into the bed.

Robert's cock was longer, his skin much fairer than Chris'. His shaft was standing well out from his body as if it was trying to get to her all by itself. Hastily she clothed it in latex and wiggled over to give him more space on the bed.

Robert pushed Jenni onto her belly and squirted some lube into her ass. He rubbed it into the already softened and stretched tissues, then coated his condom with lube too.

"You wasted your time washing your hands," she mumbled into the pillows.

"I can't think straight. All I can think about is you, getting inside you. You're so hot and welcoming. I can't wait."

"I want you too, both of you. Right now."

"Less talking, more fucking," said Chris, lying on his back and hauling Jenni up onto his body.

Jenni couldn't resist running her hands over the hard planes of his chest, and pressing her pointed, aching nipples against him.

Both men groaned, so, naughtily, she rubbed her wet pussy over Chris' thighs, sliding across from one of his legs to the other.

"Dammit, I'm dying here. My cock will break off if you don't climb aboard Chris soon, so I can get inside you, too."

Robert was still talking when Chris grabbed Jenni by the waist and lowered her onto his cock.

She sighed with happiness as he stretched and filled her. Carefully she sank down on him until he was balls-deep inside her, then she wiggled a little bit, loving the feeling of being so deliciously full.

Jenni leaned forward and kissed him. "Feels so good."

"Feels plenty good here, too," Chris replied, pulling her to lie flat on his torso.

"Hold that thought," said Robert, pressing his cock to the ring of muscles surrounding Jenni's dark hole.

Easily, it popped through, and Robert pressed inside her. His cock slid deep. She'd thought she was full before, but she was even fuller now. Her channels stretched to accommodate the two big cocks, and she shivered in delight. She was so full. So very, very full. The feeling was beyond excellent, beyond awesome, beyond any other good feeling.

"Mmm. There's nothing as good as having you both inside me like this," she murmured, loving the sensation of being sandwiched between two big, hard bodies, with balls pressing against her upper thighs from the front and the back simultaneously.

"Nothing is as good as being inside you, together like this. You're so hot and wet and welcoming. My cock is always very happy

to be in your pussy. Or your ass. And feeling Robert right there inside you with me just makes it beyond good. Awesome with awesome sauce perhaps,” he joked.

Jenni giggled, then moved her hips a little. “I thought you big bad wolves were going to fuck my brains out?”

“We are, we are. Starting right now, and doing it again every single day for two weeks.” Robert raised his body up on his forearms and gradually withdrew his cock from her dark channel. When only the head remained inside her, he reversed his actions and began moving back in. As he pushed in, Chris began pulling out of her pussy, matching Robert’s slow speed, the synchronized actions of the penises heightening the sexual tension.

*Damn they’re good.*

The sliding cocks, one on either side of her thin, internal wall, were unbelievably sexy. She’d just had an orgasm, yet already little shivers were running through her body in anticipation of a much bigger orgasm that was starting to build deep inside her core.

Jenni wiggled a little to encourage the men to move faster, but Chris just gripped her hips to hold her still as they maintained their slow, deliberate pace, one sliding out, as the other pressed in, then switching.

She dug her nails into Robert’s ass, her arms stretched back to grip onto him, as she tried to force him to move faster.

“Don’t rush us. Gonna eat you up slowly.” Chris held her hips even more tightly.

However, they did speed up the pace of their strokes, until they were pistoning in and out of her, sweat sheening their shoulders, backs and foreheads, little grunts coming from them as they strained to hold onto their control.

Jenni’s mind had stopped working. She was overwhelmed by blissful sensations from the cocks deep inside her, touching all her most erotic places, the four hands on her body, teasing her flesh. Deep in her belly, a coil of tension was winding ever tighter, her nerves responding to an overload of stimuli.

She pressed her nipples into Chris’ chest, the diamond-hard points aching with desire. Her legs were tangled between theirs. She dug her toes into the mattress to ground her a little. Her hands fluttered over the bodies of the two men, petting and stroking,

touching and teasing, trying to drive them as wild with need as she was.

The ball of fire in her belly was going to explode. She was so close, so very close, so—

“YES!” she screamed, as the flames rushed through her, burning every nerve ending, bursting out of her breasts, her belly, her toes, her hands, the top of her head.

Her cunt and ass clenched hard, gripping the cocks inside her. In that moment, she felt them both erupt, and hot streams of cum flow from them into their condoms. Still the waves of pleasure roared through her, on and on as the men thrust inside her in tandem, jetting more seed.

Finally, their strokes grew gentler, the orgasm slowing, dying down. Jenni sagged onto Chris, her body a puddle of sweaty satiation, her mind still in a fog of fulfilled lust.

“Thank you. Excellent orgasm, my wolves,” she whispered.

“You’re pretty hot stuff yourself, little Jenni,” replied Robert, locking his legs around the three of them and rolling them onto their sides, the cocks still buried in Jenni.

Chris bent down and pulled the starburst-patterned quilt over them. “We’ll clean up in a minute,” he suggested, wrapping his muscular arms around them both.

“Right,” Jenni mumbled, yawned and was instantly asleep.

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Jenny woke to the smell of coffee bubbling and staggered into the tiny shower and toilet cubicle to get cleaned up, emerging into the bedroom area to dry herself.

“How did you two manage to get dried in that shower room? You couldn’t possibly stretch both arms out at once to dry your backs.”

“No, we towed off and dressed out here. You were still asleep and I wanted to look at the maps to see where we might end up tonight,” Robert replied.

“I thought I’d get started on breakfast. How do eggs and bacon and toast sound?” asked Chris.



“Coffee first, then that sounds mighty good.” Jenni hung her towel over an open drawer and was rummaging in her suitcase for shorts and a tee shirt.

“Where did you put my clothes from yesterday?” she asked, realizing she’d never tidied up in her haste to get to bed.

“In the laundry hamper,” Chris mumbled through a mouthful of food.

“What?”

“Laundry hamper. Where do you normally put your dirty clothes?” Robert teased.

Jenni started brushing her butt-length black hair. “Okay, smartass, where is the laundry hamper?”

Chris opened a cupboard at the far end of the living room. Sure enough, inside was a laundry hamper, as well as a large trash can and smaller recycling can, all with firm-fitting lids.

“Wow! Will’s dad thought of everything, didn’t he?”

“Pretty much. Dude was real smart.” Chris took another bite of his meal.

Jenni realized she was quite hungry and finished brushing her hair so she could drink the coffee Chris had put in front of her.

After eating, she braided her hair into a neat plait while Chris washed the dishes and stacked them away into the cupboards that had little lips to stop things from moving around.

Robert ran his finger over the map to show them how far they’d travelled the previous day and where they could be by nightfall.

“We did a lot of miles yesterday. I reckon we can get to Resort City tonight if you want to keep on moving. There’s a trailer park there where we can set up camp for a few days, look around, go the beach.”

“Sounds good,” said Jenni.

“Hell yeah. I’m pretty sure I heard they’ve got a nudist beach there,” added Chris, leering.

“How do you feel about a nudist beach, Jenni,” asked Robert, that worried frown once again creasing his forehead.

“I wouldn’t want strangers taking photos of me naked. And sunburn might be a worry. But other than that, yeah, why not.”

“We’ll make damn sure no one infringes on your privacy,” said Robert.

“And we bought a big bottle of sunscreen, so we’re good to go there,” added Chris.

“So how do you feel about another seven or eight hours of driving today?” asked Robert, the frown still faintly visible on his brow.

“What’s the time now? It seems pretty early still.”

“Seven thirty,” said Chris looking at his cell phone.

“Even with stops we should be there before dark. Sounds good,” Jenni replied, jumping up to put her hairbrush away and dig out her cell phone to check for messages.

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By eight o’clock they were heading down the highway, Robert driving, Jenni navigating, and Chris entertaining them with a complicated story his grandmother had told him about her childhood.

The day followed the same pattern as the previous one, with stops every few hours to stretch their legs and loosen their muscles. Jenni made them tuna salad sandwiches for lunch. They even played a game of leapfrog at one stage when they got tired of throwing the ball around.

Mid-afternoon they stopped at a truck stop for fuel and Jenni emerged from the convenience store with three children’s jump ropes.

“What the fuck?”

“You’re not serious?”

“What? Don’t you know how to skip? Did you know runners and boxers train using jump ropes? Skipping exercises a bunch of muscles and is an excellent aerobic activity.”

“Well, I used to know how to do it. Bit like the hopscotch, I guess. Likely it’ll come back to me. Chris took a rope, choosing the blue one, and swung it a few times before trying to use it. After a few false starts, he was jumping happily, so Robert took the yellow rope and joined in.

With the pink rope, Jenni jumped fast, then, slow, then one leg at a time. Once she had a rhythm going, she began doing crisscross jumps, her arms crossing her body without missing a beat.

“I used to know how to do that!” Chris exclaimed and began trying. After a few miss-tries, he was crisscrossing along with Jenni.

Meanwhile, Robert was jumping up and down the area beside the RV getting up speed as he went.

After about ten minutes they were all laughing and puffing.

“Good buy, Jenni. We’ll have a lot of fun with these,” said Robert.

“Hell yeah,” added Chris, opening the cab door so they could all climb back inside the truck.

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Shortly after five, they were rolling down the main street of Resort City, checking the shops, admiring the beach, and watching for signs to the trailer park.

“How does dinner at the Sea Shanty Inn Roadhouse sound?” suggested Robert.

“Yes, fine, but we need to get plugged into power and stuff first at the trailer park, if we’re going to stay here for a few days. Then we can go walk around town and see the sights,” said Jenni.

“Especially the sights at the nudist beach,” added Chris, then he ducked and laughed as Jenni slapped him.

They were still laughing as they plugged the RV into the power outlet at their allocated site, then uncovered the bike and sidecar.

“Hop in.” Robert held his arm out to help Jenni into the sidecar.

“Thank you. But coming home I get to ride on the bike. Share and share alike here.”

“Okay. The sidecar is a nice ride. We tested everything with Will before we rented it.”

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They sat around a table in the roadhouse waiting for their meals. The farther south they traveled the warmer the weather had become, so Jenni had changed from her simple tee shirt into a cream halter top that hugged her breasts. She was also wearing short denim shorts that displayed her rounded ass cheeks to advantage.

*What the hell, everyone will be looking at the guys not at me. Besides, any place with a nudist beach isn't going to be too picky about a dress code.*

The men looked delicious. Chris was in a tight, white wife-beater that displayed all his muscles to perfection, and soft, well-washed denims that fit his ass and thighs like a second skin.

Robert looked just as hunky in black jeans and a deep blue tee that complemented his fair skin, black hair and blue eyes.

*Fuck, but they look good. Yes, indeed. No one will see me at all while I'm with them.*

"So how come you both know how to drive that big truck and a motor bike? Did you learn when you first thought of the idea for this holiday? Doesn't it take a lot longer than that?" she asked.

"We've both had truck licenses, bike licenses, and extension platform licenses for a couple of years now," said Chris.

Robert explained, "A couple of years ago the boss missed out on a big contract because there was a strike going on and none of the company drivers were prepared to risk being considered strike breakers, even though what the company needed had nothing to do with the strike.

"So he sulked about it for a week or so, then announced that any office staff willing to learn to operate industrial vehicles could attend the courses on company time at company expense."

"So Robert and I talked about it, and decided learning to drive a truck might be fun. So we did the course. We enjoyed it so much we did the scissor-lift training, learned how to operate forklift trucks, then got our motorbike licenses."

"Yeah, and by then the boss decided enough was enough and we were back to being desk jockeys again," laughed Robert.

"But it was good fun for a couple of months there," Chris said, his chocolate eyes sparkling with joy.

"Besides, it's come in mighty useful now," added Jenni.

Although the Sea Shanty Inn Roadhouse looked quite ordinary, the food was tasty, yet cheap, and the service was good. After their meal they wandered out of the building. In the doorway Jenni bumped into a buxom young woman dressed in tailored black, her hair in a semi-formal up do.

*Bet she's hot all dressed up like that in this climate,* thought Jenni, shaking her long black hair so it flowed around her face cooling her head.

"Where do you want to go now?" asked Robert. "There's still at least an hour of daylight left."

"Let's ride along the coast a ways and check out the beaches," suggested Jenni.

"Let's check out the nudist beach," said Chris, accentuating the word "nudist".

"Get your mind out of the gutter. I want to see the scenery. The waves, the sand—"

"The nude men?"

"Chris, behave. You can drive. That way we'll know where your hands are," said Robert.

Jenni quickly hopped on the bike behind Chris, leaving Robert to travel in the sidecar.

For the next hour, they drove along side roads and dirt tracks, reveling in the freedom the bike gave them, enjoying the scenery. Even if Chris did make a longish stop at the nudist beach.

### Chapter Three

When they returned to the trailer park it was still too early for bed, although darkness had fallen. Fortunately, the park lighting was good enough for them to walk around to get their bearings. The recreation room was fairly basic, but it did have a couple of table tennis tables with paddles and balls, so Jenni challenged them to a game. First Chris, who she beat twenty-one to three; then Robert, who was more of a challenge, but still not good enough to beat her. She won that match twenty-one to eleven.

“Now you two play.”

“This will be a walk-over. I’m gonna wipe the floor with you, man.”

“Only because you’ve had a rest and I just played a game,” replied Robert.

“Well that argument didn’t work for me. I beat you both,” taunted Jenni.

After some more male posturing, and a few showy slice shots that neither of them executed successfully, they settled down and played a good game. The ending was predictable though, Robert winning twenty-one to twelve.

“Let’s go back to the RV now,” suggested Chris, linking arms with Jenni on his left and Robert on his right.

“You just don’t want me to explain how much better a player I am than you,” teased Robert.

“Yeah, but I’m the one who’ll be on top, fucking you in bed,” Chris replied.

“Oooh, sounds awesome. Can I watch?” asked Jenni, her panties already dampening at the thought of watching her two men in action.

“Sweetie, you’ll be right there underneath Robert.”

“Well if I’m on the bottom, you two better have your weight on your knees and elbows or I’ll be crushed like a bug under you both,” she replied only half-joking.

“Yeah, likely I need to rethink that. Maybe standing up would be better,” Chris said.

“There might be kids around. Let’s take this conversation inside,” Robert said, hurrying them through the trailer park back to the RV.

“Good point.” Jenni couldn’t get the picture of Chris pounding into Robert’s ass out of her mind. She wasn’t sure whether she preferred to watch them, or be part of it. Either would be incredibly hot.

The moment they were inside the RV, the door was locked and the curtains drawn. They wanted no risk of children observing their activities.

Robert turned a light on in the living area, which gave enough illumination for them to find lube and condoms and get undressed, then Robert backed Jenni up against the bathroom door and sucked a breast into his mouth.

He sucked hard on it, holding her steady with his right hand on her hip. His left hand was on her other breast, massaging the globe, running a thumb over her nipple.

Jenni widened her stance, her breath hitching as cream dampened her thighs at the erotic pull on her breasts. She ran her fingers through his hair, partly enjoying the silky texture, but mostly just needing to hold onto him as he worked her breasts and cranked up the sexual tension inside her.

Robert pressed his cock against her belly and need exploded in her. She could feel Chris’ fingers moving in Robert’s ass. She could actually feel every twitch and turn, every slide and stroke Chris did in Robert’s ass.

Against her belly, Robert’s cock grew and strained in response. He lifted his head from her breasts and kissed her mouth, his tongue thrusting deep inside, mimicking what his cock would be doing very soon.

Jenni leaned into him, pressing her breasts to his chest, tangling her own tongue with his, rubbing her belly over his cock. Through her skin and his, she could still sense Chris at work loosening and stretching Robert’s ass.

They broke apart to drag air into their lungs, and Robert gasped. “Enough already. My balls are blue. Let’s change the action up a step here.”

He grasped his cock in one hand and Jenni’s hip with the other to guide himself inside her. As he slid home Jenni sighed in pleasure.

“Feels so good.” Deliberately she gripped his shaft with her internal muscles.

“Shit, sweetie, you should come with a fire danger rating!”

Robert snugged his cock balls-deep in her, then spread his legs so Chris could enter him from behind.

Chris pressed his cock against the tight puckered rosette of Robert’s anus and popped through the ring of muscles easily.

Jenni stretched her arms out around Robert to rest them on Chris’ hips. Once again she could feel everything, could feel the pressure of Chris pressing into Robert, could feel Robert adjusting to Chris’ entry.

“It’s like I’m part of you. I’ve never experienced anything so—so carnal, before.”

“You *are* part of us, sweetie. And it only gets better from here. You’ll get even hotter when we start to move. Guaranteed,” said Robert.

“Fuck yeah.” Chris withdrew a little then pushed back in. Working as a team, the two men withdrew and pressed in together, cranking the pace and fury up until they were jack hammering, Chris into Robert and Robert into Jenni, in perfect unison.

Jenni was stunned by the force and the passion of the sex. A huge orgasm was coiling in her belly, the spiral tentacles of need reaching to her extremities. But the men were pumping so fiercely, so harshly, all she could do was hang on for the ride. She was glad of the sturdy door at her back to keep her upright as she clung to Chris’ hips, her nails digging deep into his flesh. He would probably have bruises tomorrow; but then, her back may well be bruised too. Right now she didn’t care. All she cared about was experiencing this raw, male, animal passion that was spiking lust inside her in a way nothing ever had. The air was almost foggy with the clouds of testosterone she sensed around her, but she wouldn’t have called a halt to the fucking for any money in the world. It was hot. It was harsh. It was the best sex she’d ever had in her life.

Robert bent forward and bit down on her neck at the tender place where it joined her shoulder. That tipped her over the edge into orgasm. Jenni threw back her head and screamed as the orgasm within her burst out in a torrent of hot lava, through her belly, up her body, and out the top of her head, almost blowing her skull off it was so powerful.



She felt the heat of Robert's release filling the condom in her cunt as her head rested against the bathroom door.

Then she felt a massive thrust as Chris exploded in Robert's ass. Chris pushed hard into Robert, Robert into her and their combined force into the bathroom door.

With a squeal of hinges that drowned out Jenni's scream, the door parted company with its frame, and crashed back into the tiny bathroom.

All three staggered forward into the room, still joined together.

Jenni fell backward collapsing onto the facilities in a sitting position, with Robert draped over her and Chris over him.

There was a moment of stunned silence then banging on the side of the RV. "Hey! What's going on in there?" demanded an angry, male voice.

Robert, ever the quick thinker, replied, "Sorry. I fell into the bathroom door and it broke. The little woman was in there and she got a fright."

The man laughed then said, "I'm in the blue trailer just south of you. If you want to borrow some tools to fix it tomorrow, let me know."

"Thanks, buddy. I'll do that," replied Robert, disentangling himself from Chris and Jenni. Jenni jumped up and ran to the bed, throwing herself onto it and stuffing the corner of the pillow in her mouth as she laughed until tears ran down her cheeks soaking the pillow.

Chris looked at Robert. "What the hell?"

"Damned if I know. Women are strange."

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"Where are you going?" Chris asked as Jenni placed a tote bag on the little table while she rummaged in the refrigerator and emerged holding a bottle of water.

She plopped a sunhat on her head, dropped the water into her tote and smiled at him making his heart beat faster.

"You know that little beach about half a mile up the road? I'll be there. You do your guy stuff with the door, and come get me when you're done."

Robert was sitting at the table, a cup of coffee in front of him, his jaw hanging open, watching her. She waved happily to them both, then jumped lightly down from the RV without bothering about summoning the platform.

“Were we just stood up?” he asked Robert.

“Yep, but in the nicest possible way.”

“I like Jenni a lot, but I don’t understand her.”

“No man ever born understands women, Chris. But don’t worry about it, she still likes us. Some women would have freaked out last night, but she just laughed.”

“Yeah, she does that a lot. Laughs, I mean. She’s not just hot; she’s a very easy-going sort of person as well. I’m glad she agreed to come on this road trip with us.”

“Me too. But we’d better get that door fixed this morning or she may become less easy-going,” Robert said, putting his cup in the sink. “The big tool kit is behind the seats in the truck cab, isn’t it?”

“Yep. Lower the platform and we’ll use it as an adjustable-height workbench to fix this sucker.”

The man who’d banged on their wall the previous night, Jeff, wandered over from his trailer to help them, and VJ and Pearce, another couple staying in the trailer park, also helped, so the door was fixed and re-hung very quickly. Will’s dad had provided two spare sets of door hinges in the tool kit.

“He was a very thorough workman. Everything is well done,” Jeff said as he examined some of the shelves.

“Come and see these drawers,” said Chris. “They’re really neat.”

“Having a sidecar on the hog is a nifty idea, too,” said VJ. “We always thought if we got a woman we’d have to get a second bike, but a sidecar is a good solution. Be great for transporting stuff as well as people.”

Chris nodded at VJ and shared a look with him. *Well, well, he and Pearce like a little ménage action too. Who’d a guessed!*

Faster than he could have imagined, they had fixed the door, tidied up their tools, and changed into swimsuits. Wearing flip-flops and baseball caps, and carrying their towels, they locked the RV and headed toward the little beach.

“So...um... D’you think she really likes us. I mean *really* likes us?” Chris asked.

“Fuck, yeah. If she didn’t, she’d have been asking us to take her to the nearest airport last night so she could go home. Instead, she lay on the bed and laughed.”

“Yeah, but this morning she didn’t talk to us or anything. She just went off by herself.”

“Trust me. If she was mad at you or me she would have shown us. I’ve got two sisters, and Dad and I always knew when either of them was mad.”

“I guess.” Chris was silent for a while, thinking. “I want her to stay with us. I hope this road trip, vacation, whatever it is, makes her want to be with us forever.”

Chris spoke from his heart. He knew he wasn’t a deep thinker like Robert. Wasn’t as smart as him either and he didn’t quite know how to express himself right now, but he knew Robert would understand. He and Robert always understood each other. It was one of their very special connections.

They’d been together for three years now. Chris could still remember as clearly as if it were yesterday, the day Robert had joined the company. Old Fred Jobbins had been showing Robert around, and they’d met in the break room.

Robert had been wearing navy dress pants and a shirt the exact blue of his eyes. Chris had fallen in lust with him at that moment. And pretty much nothing had changed. A single look from him still had Chris’ cock almost breaking his zipper in its need to get out and into the other man’s ass. The lust had now turned to love. Not soppy, girly, mushy stuff, but a genuine appreciation and understanding of his partner, and a desire to be together forever.

Chris had been prepared to ignore the part of him that liked women as well as men. What he had with Robert was too good to risk losing by admitting he was still interested in the occasional female. Finding out that Robert felt the same as he about a woman was truly the icing on the cake. And now, it looked as though Jenni would be the one to make them a family. Hell, he was a lucky man. Lucky in love, indeed.

Chris shot a look over his shoulder. No one behind them. No one in front of them. He grabbed Robert and pulled him into his arms. “I love you, man. You know that, don’t you?”

He leaned forward and plunged his tongue into Robert's mouth. Their noses knocked together, teeth clashed, and lips locked purposefully and passionately.

Chris' cock was instantly harder than marble. He pressed it into Robert's, only to discover Robert's was an equally hard ridge in his swim shorts. Swiveling his hips, he rubbed across Robert's cock several times while they continued to kiss. Finally, needing to take a breath, they pulled apart.

"Damn. I'd like to push you up against the nearest tree and fuck you."

"I'd like that, too, but getting thrown into jail wasn't on the itinerary for this trip," Robert replied running his hand over Chris' cock.

"Yeah, you're right. Plus Jenni'd be pissed if she had to bail us out."

"Oh yeah, she'd be mad all right. But I reckon she'd still make bail for us," said Robert with a grin.

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The little beach they'd seen from the bike yesterday looked even prettier up close. Jenni kicked off her sandals and dug her toes into the sand, enjoying its coarse texture against the softer skin of the tops of her feet. She took a deep breath in, reveling in the scents of lush foliage overlaid with the salty tang of the sea. "Awesome," she said jumping down the sand dune onto the beach proper.

She lay her towel at the foot of the dune and rested back against its rounded side, uncaring that it was getting into her hair, as she fanned her face with her sunhat.

At first, she wondered why there weren't more people on the beach, then she noticed how the water quickly became a darker color close to shore, and guessed the beach shelved fast into deep water.

"Awesome," she said again throwing her hat and sundress onto her towel with her sandals. Then she giggled, remembering how Janet at work always complained that she said awesome far too often. "Awesome!" she yelled defiantly at the top of her voice, and ran down to the sea.

The water was deliciously cool on her hot skin and did indeed become deep very close to the shore. To Jenni's mind, that was a

positive thing as it meant she could swim parallel with the shore and not need to go too far out.

Jenni swam up and down for awhile, then came ashore at the other end of the little beach and walked back to her towel along the sand, stopping to pick up a few pretty shells and interesting pebbles along the way.

She shook the sand off her towel and rubbed her hair a little. Although her hair was very long and thick, she knew it would dry easily in the sun.

"Hmm, I'm not sure how I'll wash it in that little shower. I wonder if they've fixed the door yet."

Jenni couldn't help laughing at the image of them last night, falling through the door right at the climax of the most stupendous orgasm she'd ever had. "Oh. My. God. I wonder what that man thought was happening."

Still giggling, she settled on her towel again to sort through her collection of shells and pebbles. Then she built a sand castle using her collection to decorate it. She was just placing a shell on her castle when she noticed a woman standing on top of the sand dune. While Jenni watched, the woman laid on her side then rolled down the dune. No sooner had she reached the bottom when she stood and ran back up the dune to do it again.

Jenni jumped to her feet and walked over to the woman. "I'm Jenni and that looked like fun. May I please join you?"

"Of course. I haven't done this since I was a kid. It gives you a great rush. Almost like sex. By the way, I'm Yasmin." The woman giggled then looked a little apprehensively at Jenni.

Jenni grinned. "Awesome! Let's do it."

Half an hour later, hot, sweaty and covered in sand, they were bent over laughing at the picture they made, and shaking sand off themselves.

"Time for a swim," Jenni suggested.

"Race you in."

They splashed around near the edge for awhile, trying to get the sand off, then swam companionably up and down until Jenni heard a piecing whistle from the shore.

Chris and Robert had arrived. They dropped their towels, flip-flops and hats then raced to the water's edge. Robert dived in rather splashily; Chris waded out to meet Jenni and Yasmin.

The four of them ducked and dived, splashed and played, for a long time, then sat on their towels in the sunshine to dry off. Jenni pulled a hairbrush out of her tote and began untangling her hair while they talked.

As she braided it into a long plait, Chris said, “Your fingers move so fast. However do you do that?”

Jenni laughed. “Years and years of practice I guess.”

“It’s more than that. I’ve tried to learn how to do a French pleat but it’s never neat like that. And you don’t even have a mirror to watch in.”

“I can teach you if you’d like. Do you live here? Where are you staying?” Jenny asked Yasmin.

“I’ve hired a trailer at the trailer park for a couple of nights. Everything I own is in my car. I was made redundant recently, and I thought, ‘Fuck it, I’ll travel until I run out of money, then wherever I end up, I’ll find a job’.”

“Yeah, why not. If you want to travel you may as well do it,” said Robert.

“How about we have a cook-out tonight?” suggested Chris. “You can come, can’t you? And we’ll ask the guys who helped us fix the door. It’ll be good to just relax around a fire.”

“Awesome idea. We’ve got plenty of salad ingredients to go with some steaks,” said Jenni.

“I’ve got potatoes and foil. We could bake them in the hot coals,” added Yasmin.

“Sounds yummy. Let’s do it.” Chris hauled Jenni to her feet, they collected their things, and walked back to the trailer park chatting happily.

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The cook-out was a success. As well as the steaks, baked potatoes and salad, Pearce and VJ brought some hot dogs, which were roasted on sticks over the fire, and everyone ate them right off the stick. Jeff brought his guitar and, later that night, they sang country and western songs and all the old campfire favorites anyone could remember. No matter what song was suggested, Jeff knew how to play it.

Finally, the fire burned low, and everyone said good night and went back to their trailers.

As they snuggled together in bed, Jenni whispered, "I guess we'd better be really quiet tonight. No screaming orgasms, huh? Should I put a pillow over my face?"

"How about filling your mouth with my cock instead?" suggested Robert.

"Oh yeah, daisy chain," enthused Chris, throwing back the quilt.

They arranged themselves in a loose triangle with Jenni sucking Robert's cock, Robert's mouth around Chris' penis, and Chris licking Jenni's slit. And it was indeed quiet, with just a few groans, murmurs and slurping sounds as each one concentrated on giving pleasure as they received it.

Jenni loved the feel and taste of Robert's cock. Silky, soft skin over hard muscle. The big vein pulsing blue, and clearly visible through his pale skin. His balls a little crinkly and rougher than the skin on the inside of his thighs, but both so very sensitive to her every lick and touch.

Already a drop of pre-cum had pearled in the eye of his cock. She swiped her tongue into the eye to catch it. *Yum! Salty, tart, just the faintest hint of spice.*

Jenni grasped his shaft firmly, letting the balls of her fingers press into the throbbing vein. She licked over the soft cock head, running her tongue into the eye again, hoping to capture another delicious drop of his essence. Next, pointing her tongue, she teased up under the ridge, aiming for the place she knew turned him on.

Then she sucked him deep into her mouth, hollowing her cheeks to exert pressure, relaxing the back of her throat to take in as much of him as possible. She was rewarded by a shiver running right through his body, and knew she'd pleased him.

Gradually, she slid him out of her mouth until only the head remained inside. With one hand she rolled his balls in their sac, while scraping the nails of the other hand up and down the shaft.

Then back she went to sucking him deep into her throat again, humming quietly as the head rested against her palate.

Meanwhile, Chris was doing wicked things to her pussy. He'd begun licking along the slit and sucking her labia into the hot cavern of his mouth, first one, then the other. From there he progressed to

licking and sucking her clit, cranking up the desire in her belly almost unbearably. Now his tongue was licking along her channel walls, then thrusting deep inside her, then licking again. Now something—his nose?—was pressing against her clit as he licked and sucked and nibbled.

Jenny's mind was melting along with her body, yet she desperately wanted to bring Robert to orgasm first. With her last few unfried brain cells, Jenni concentrated on sucking Robert deep, while teasing his balls with her fingers. Just then, Chris thrust a finger deep into her ass. Jenni's body smashed into a million pieces as the orgasm broke over her, shaking her like a leaf in a storm.

A stream of hot cum hit the back of her throat and Jenni sucked in pleasure, wanting to catch every delicious drop of Robert. Her body was still shaking as she felt Chris tense and release, his tongue still licking up her cream. Now she could let herself relax and her mind go weak, comforted with the knowledge that her men had climaxed right along with her.

And without a scream from any of them!



## Chapter Four

They stayed another day at Resort City to visit the nudist beach. Jenni was a bit worried about her slightly flabby belly, but was relieved to see most people there were quite ordinary, with assorted saggy and wobbly bits. Although she had to admit many of them did have lovely, all-over suntans.

Her day became much brighter when Chris turned to Robert and said, “Our Jenni is the best looking chick on this beach.”

“Absolutely. No contest,” Robert replied.

*Our* Jenni. Her heart sang and she couldn’t resist hugging and kissing them both.

Over the following days, they drove on down the coast, stopping at a range of beaches and resort-style destinations, then headed north again along different roads, before deciding to stay a night at Resort City to see if any of their travel friends were still there.

And every night they made love—woman in the middle, woman on top, all three side-by-side—although never again against the bathroom door. Once was more than enough for that particular position.

One night, Jenni lay awake for a long time, somewhat comforted by the soft breathing of Chris and Robert pressed against her in the big bed. But mostly she was wondering what would happen when they reached home. Had this been a summer romance? A mere vacation fling? Oh sure, she’d known the men for months, gone out with them several times, even had ménage sex with them. But now—now was different. Her feelings for them were so very deep. They never simply fucked. They made long, exquisite, mind-bending love. Every touch, every taste of them, was sublime. She never wanted this vacation to end.

But it was ending. In just a few days they’d be home. Back to work. To the daily round of housework, chores, laundry, shopping, cooking and cleaning. Nine to five-thirty every day stuck behind a desk, churning out those billable hours for the company bottom line, earning her paycheck.

Would she see them again? Would they even want to see her? After all, a summer romance implied a short-term thing. And now she’d decided she wanted something more. Much more. Something

ongoing even if not forever. But most definitely she wasn't ready for this to end.

Besides, how did the whole ménage thing work? She wasn't looking for a wedding ring. She'd decided years ago that three kids, a dog, and a white picket fence was not her scene. The thought of stinking diapers and baby chuck in her hair turned her off. But to give up Chris and Robert?

*I can't do that! I can't bear to never again see Chris' puppy-dog eyes filled with laughter or hear Robert's snarky, perceptive comments. And God, never again to feel them both deep inside me, filling me, stretching me, pleasing me beyond all thought. I can't give them up and I won't!*

*So how do I achieve that? How do I tell them I want to keep seeing them? Chris did call me 'our' Jenni. And they both call me 'sweetie' sometimes. But does that mean anything? Dammit!*

Jenni's mind churned around and around trying to think what to do next. One minute she was sure they loved her. The next she thought maybe they didn't. It was so hard to tell. They were so polite and kind, but surely there was genuine feeling there as well?

And what about the whole ménage side of the equation? Everyone knows about Hugh Hefner and his two-women-at-a time, policy. And of course Mormons and Muslims have multiple wives. But what about polyandry? Two men, one woman?

*I'm sure I heard about it being legal somewhere in Canada. And it used to be a traditional practice somewhere that China took over. I recall the Chinese government outlawed it. Hmm maybe Tibet or Bhutan or something.* Jenni spent a moment wishing her knowledge of world geography was a little better, then thought some more. *Google. Tomorrow I'll take my laptop to the internet café, check my emails again, and Google polyandry. Then I can come up with a plan.*

Happy with her decision, Jenni slept.

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"How do we convince her to move in with us? We've already thrown her on the bed and fucked her brains out, and most excellent fucking it was, too. But how do we get her to say yes?" asked Chris as he and Robert were filling the RV's water tank for the trip home.

“Women like romance. It has to engage her emotions as well as her pussy,” replied Robert.

“Ah. Throw rose petals on the bed, then throw her on it?” suggested Chris with his trademark grin.

Robert snorted. “That’s the sort of thing, but I’m guessing we’ll need a few more steps between the rose petals and the fucking.”

“Flowers? Wine? A candlelit dinner?”

“Yeah, they all have potential. Let me think about it for awhile.”

“Well think fast. We need to get her to commit to us as soon as we get home before some other bastard comes along and steals her from us.”

“Understood. Today you drive, and get Jenni to navigate, and I’ll put my thinking cap on.”

“Deal.”

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The start of the day’s travel was fairly quiet, each of them thinking about the end of their vacation. Robert spent a lot of time analyzing the things that had made them laugh and wondering about how he could link something like that into the romantic evening. A magician maybe? Some disappearing coin tricks, or tricks with knots and scarves? Maybe tying her up? But how would that be romantic?

Then he thought about hiring a Jacuzzi or something along those lines. Sitting in a hot tub, naked, with champagne would be good, but again, it wasn’t really romantic. And above all he wanted the evening to be extra special and, in particular, romantic.

Suddenly it came to him. *How could I be so stupid! Here I am trying to plan a romantic evening, when our fun has been all day long. What I need to think about, is a day out somewhere special.*

*Zoo? Boring. Although it would fit with the kiddy fun things we’ve done.*

*Museum? Nah, likely it would be full of old things that would send Chris to sleep.*

*Besides, both those activities would leave us with tired feet and aching legs which is so not romantic.*

*Sport? That would be a no, too much a guy thing.*

*Shit, this is hard.* Mentally Robert scratched his head, then deliberately cleared his mind and chatted to the others about the scenery and everyday things, letting his subconscious work out a solution.

They enjoyed the day's travel in the comfortable, well-sprung truck cab. Even a long wait in a construction zone didn't faze them as they had developed all sorts of games and past-times. Besides, playing rock/paper/scissors for half an hour was fun when enlivened by Chris' goofy humor and Jenni's acute comments.

Also, he and Chris were used to her winning by now. They'd never beaten her at hopscotch or table tennis either, come to think of it. She had a wicked, unreturnable backhand. But neither of them could beat him at poker. His brain was wired to remember the cards.

At lunchtime they stopped in a truck stop for a make-shift meal of leftovers. Even then, Jenni had them both laughing as she made faces out of cherry tomatoes and slices of pickle.

*Shit! We can't lose her. Won't. I'll think of something or die trying. Die trying. Wait a minute. The Titanic. Isn't there a place where they do re-enactments of that? Yeah, someone from work went. Who the hell was it? Jake? Tristan? George? Yeah, it was George. I'll phone him when Jenni goes to the bathroom and pick his brains about it.*

Neither he nor Chris had George's phone number in their cells, but Chris thought Jake might, and Jake knew Cindy did, so he got to George in the end. George raved on and on about the show and how wonderful it was. When Robert asked him outright about whether or not a female would consider it romantic, he replied, "Well I'm not a female, am I? But Ashley oohed and aahed over the candlelit meal, the carved wooden Grand Staircase, and the period costumes, so I reckon so."

That was good enough for Robert. The next time they stopped for a bathroom break he told Chris what George had said.

"You're a genius, man. It sounds like a perfect plan. Book it straight away and we'll be able to lock her in for the dates while we're still on this road trip."

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A million loads of laundry, shopping, and going back to work had Jenni feeling like the vacation had been a month ago, instead of just a week. But she was looking forward to the Saturday out at the *Titanic* re-enactment with Chris and Robert. It sounded wonderful. She'd even looked up the *Titanic* on Wikipedia, and although Wikipedia wasn't perfect on facts, she felt she knew enough about it now to fully enjoy the day.

As soon as they arrived, they were given passenger tickets of real people who'd traveled on the ship. They were drawn immediately into the fantasy, seeing and doing everything just as the person whose ticket they held had done.

The experience was enthralling. Jenni could believe she was this person, really was on the biggest, newest, smartest ship in the world, on fourteen April nineteen-twelve.

When they struck the iceberg she felt the terror her character would have experienced. She was stunned by the orchestra choosing to stay on board and keep playing their music to serve the passengers to the very end. She was horrified that the best ship in the world had more than fulfilled the obligations of the time by only having lifeboat capacity for one thousand one hundred seventy-eight of the two thousand two hundred twenty-seven people on board.

Then she walked through into the final room of the building and found that she, her character, had been saved, but that both the men whose tickets Robert and Chris held had died.

"Back in those days, protocol was adhered to. Women and children first," explained the guide.

Reality slammed into Jenni with crushing force. Sure there were terrorists around, but the likelihood of being killed by one was pretty much the same as the chance of winning the lottery. However, people died every day in auto accidents. Every day ordinary people developed incurable diseases. Others were injured in ways that would mean their entire lives changed.

She desperately wanted to be with Robert and Chris, if not for forever, at least for however long suited them all. Life was too short to stuff around, and that is what she'd been doing, by not acting on her thoughts. She needed to tell them she loved them, tell them what she wanted, go out and claim these men as hers. And she needed to do it now, not at some future date when everything felt right.

*I will, she decided. Tonight.*

“I hope the ending didn’t spoil it for you,” said Chris, unusually serious, as they left the building.

“No, I needed that reality check. Life is short. We need to go after what we want and grab it with both hands.”

Jenni found herself caught and slammed up against a solid wall of chest muscle. Immediately Robert pressed in behind her, hemming her in with his equally solid presence.

“What we want is you. Forever,” said Robert.

“Permanently. In our house and in our bed,” amplified Chris.

“I want that too.”

“Are you sure?” asked Robert.

“Yes. It just hit me. I was miserable that our vacation, our sex odyssey, had come to an end. I wanted to spend more time with you both. Then, when your characters died I knew that I had to tell you how much I love you. Both of you.”

“Hot damn. We love you too. You will move in with us, be part of us forever?” Chris pulled her closer against his chest and nuzzled her neck.

“Yes, I will, but we can talk out the details later. Take me to bed now and love me, please.”

Robert turned her around and kissed her, then both men grabbed an arm and hurried her across the parking lot to their car.

Arrived at their apartment, Chris swept her into his arms and carried her into the bedroom. The lights had been left dimmed, and rose petals were strewn over the bed.

“Pretty,” Jenni said, before all the breath was pulled out of her body by a deep, penetrating kiss from Chris.

He placed her gently in the center of the bed and began undressing her, as Robert leaned over her for his kiss.

Robert began by kissing her forehead, her cheeks, her nose, her ear. He pulled her hair into his hands, running his fingers through it and playing with it as he pressed her body against his.

Robert and Chris removed the last of her clothes then hastily stripped off their own to join her on the bed. Chris held up a tube of lube.

“Rose, to smell like the flowers,” he grinned.

“Thank you,” she whispered, still overcome by the amount of effort they’d taken to make this date special for her.

The three lay on the bed, pressed so close together no skin was left untouched by someone else's skin. Chris licked and sucked around her slit, first teasing her pussy, then the skin behind it, then her clit, moving from one to the other in no discernable pattern so she was kept on edge.

Meanwhile, Robert was leaning over her, licking and teasing first one breast, then the other. Sucking a nipple here, then licking a globe there, then concentrating on the hollow between her breasts.

Chris was still teasing her pussy and her clit, but his fingers had penetrated her dark channel now, teasing and stretching the tissues, stroking the walls, driving the sexual tension ever higher with every lick and touch.

Jenni was reaching and stroking any piece of either of them she could reach—Robert's face or arm or hair, occasionally Chris' head or back—but it wasn't enough. Nowhere near enough. She wanted more; she wanted to be filled. "Enough with the foreplay, just fuck me for God's sake."

The men disentangled themselves, Chris sliding behind, her, Robert in front, all of them on their sides.

Chris lifted her leg up and out, her foot flat on the mattress. Holding her ass cheeks apart, he pressed the head of his cock against the ring of sphincter muscles. It popped through the entry, and he pushed in, little by little. Soon he was inside her right to the hilt, his balls flat against her upper thighs, his hips tight against her lower back.

Robert slid his lower leg under Jenni's body so he could get closer to her, then he guided his cock into her pussy. The stretching and filling was wonderful. Jenni always felt so full, so possessed, so cherished, when they were both inside her. And she knew the men loved feeling each other's cocks through the thin membrane that was all that separated them.

As his cock slid deeper inside her, all three of them sighed in happiness.

"This is where we want to be, always and forever," said Robert.

"Hell yeah. We're a team you know. A sexual machine of awesome goodness," added Chris.

Jenni was sandwiched skin-to-skin between two of the nicest, kindest, sexiest, most loving men she'd ever met. There was nowhere

else she ever wanted to be, no one else she ever wanted to be with. She was home when she was with them, no matter where they might be.

“Always and forever. I love you both,” she said.

“I love you and Robert more than anything in the whole world,” said Chris.

“You two are my world,” said Robert.

“So let’s fuck.”

“Yes, ma’am,” two voices replied as their hips surged forward.

The End



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