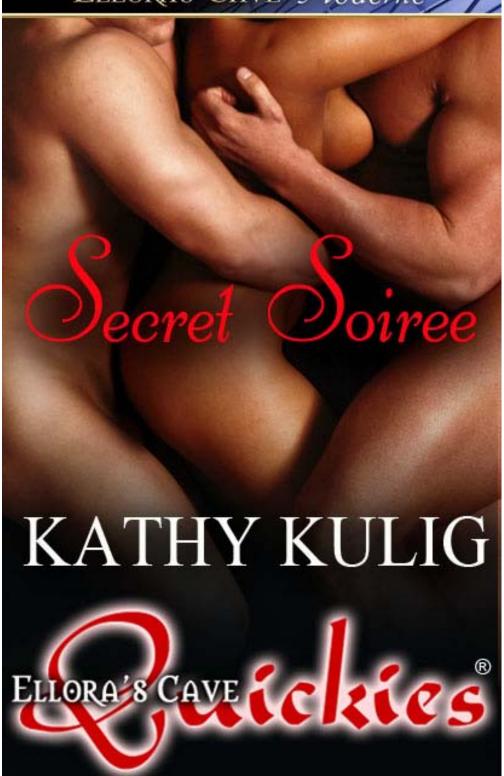
ELLORA'S CAVE Moderne



Secret Soiree

Kathy Kulig

Performing kinky sex shows at private parties should be easy for two part-time lovers. When Darius makes an offer to help Destiny avoid financial disaster, how can she refuse? The money's good, the sex scorching.

Amazed by how uninhibited she can be, Destiny is driven by a sensual need aroused by her audience. When clients begin requesting special services, Destiny easily complies. But can her blazing-hot romance with Darius survive the consequences?

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



Secret Soiree

ISBN 9781419931833 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED Secret Soiree Copyright © 2010 Kathy Kulig

Edited by Helen Woodall Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication November 2010

The terms Romantica® and Quickies® are registered trademarks of Ellora's Cave Publishing.

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means, electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

SECRET SOIREE

Kathy Kulig

Dedication

To all the Froggies, who are a constant support. And my husband, my very own hero.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction,

Corona: Cerveceria Modela, S.A. de C.V.

Superman: DC Comics

Chapter One

Destiny stared in the mirror at the zigzag smudge of black eyeliner across her eyelid. *Christ.* "I'll be right out," she yelled at the door. Her boss started pounding again. It was his fault her makeup had taken a jagged detour.

"Destiny, get on out here, now," Mick shouted. "Brandy's the only girl on stage." Her boss was in his usual cranky mood.

"Be right there. Having a little costume malfunction. I think I have it fixed." She repaired her makeup as best she could by darkening the shadow to hide the smudge. She was going with the sultry, dark look tonight. The turquoise blue contacts were still swimming on her eyes but they'd have to do. The most important thing was to secure her blonde wig so she didn't lose the damn thing during her, ah-hem—show.

Pushing through the door, she smiled sweetly to Mick who had his hand on his hip, and wore a disapproving glare. "Like the outfit, now get your tiny butt on stage," he ordered. "The customers are falling asleep."

"No wonder with that music." The DJ was playing a sexy, slow song. The bar smelled of fried chicken and burgers. The half of peanut butter sandwich she had hours ago would have to hold her until she got home. On the way to the bar, Destiny stopped at the DJ. "Hey, Alec."

"How was class today?" Alec asked as he made adjustments to sound and lighting, looking at her the whole time. The triathlon junkie had piercings decorating his face and several tattoos on both arms. The body modification probably went beyond the arms and face but she never asked.

"Long. I got out late and had to take a later train."

"Seems like you've been going to school forever. Business must be a hard major."

She groaned. He had no idea. "It is." Although it wasn't business courses she was taking. "Could you play something more upbeat? I didn't get my nap in on the train today. I had to study for an exam."

"Sure thing." Alec grinned at her as he sifted through the stacks of CDs.

Climbing under the L-shaped bar, Destiny hopped up on the wooden elevated stage and made eye contact with the customers, focusing on the two men at her end of the bar who were drinking beer and eating burgers and fries. They were regulars and weren't the best tippers unless they had a few beers.

At the other side, Brandy worked the pole, her long brown hair swaying across her bare shoulders as she arched her back. She was naked except for a G-string, silver platform shoes and silver and black ribbons lacing up to her thighs. The half-dozen men at that end were mesmerized as she shimmied up the pole, then flipped upside down. Her large breasts bounced as she slowly slid down.

The men sitting around the bar stared, a few talked, while others completely ignored Brandy's maneuver. Tips would be light tonight unless they could get the party going and a few more customers showed. Destiny hated when Mick sent her home early on the nights she really needed the cash.

Now on stage, Destiny changed her persona from the professional post-grad college student to the seductress. In her experience she got her best tips with a little aggressive, adventurous attitude. Men seemed to respond to that. Maybe their wives or girlfriends were bored with sex, or so they thought, and the men wanted a seductive female to fantasize about. Anything for good tips.

The DJ announced, "Destiny Noir now on stage."

She smiled at the customers and ran a hand over her body, feeling a rush of excitement as all eyes were on her for the moment. She strutted in her platform boots, slowly. No one can move quickly in six-inch heels with two-inch platforms. The shiny pleather boots reached above her knees. Tonight she wore a short plaid skirt that

skimmed her ass cheeks and the thong beneath, and a white see-through buttoned shirt that fit tight across her breasts and showed a lot of cleavage.

As she passed Brandy, they touched arms in a feinted sensual stroke. A few men's jaws dropped.

"Hi, Destiny," Brandy said as she continued on to the other side of the bar.

Destiny Noir. At night she was Destiny Noir, seductress, exotic dancer. By day, she was Paula Chappell, final-year law student. Like Superman and Clark Kent. But there was nothing superhero-like about taking off her clothes and shaking her breasts and ass in front of a bunch of horny men and asking for tips. She was taking a huge risk working this job. Horrific school loans and the mortgage on her parents' house kept her dancing despite the risk. Superman's weak spot was kryptonite; hers was the ethics committee. If they ever found out about Destiny Noir, her career and future would be over.

When she reached the horizontal trapeze hanging from the ceiling, she pulled herself up and hung from her knees. Hanging upside down in this outfit got the men pulling dollar bills out and stacking them in front of them on the bar. Maybe there was hope for the night after all. She knew her boss would start pushing private dances. Lap dances weren't her favorite thing, but the tips were usually better.

As she hung by her knees, her skirt fell up, revealing the tiny triangle of black fabric of her G-string and her ass. Gravity helped her breasts to fall out of the open shirt. In one motion she ripped off the top which was held together by snaps. A second later, she tossed her skirt aside.

Tapping a lever on the top of the trapeze, she began to spin slowly. A few more men arrived and sat at her side of the bar. *Good.* She imagined herself like the woman in a circus swinging on a trapeze. That had been her dream as a child. Her parents had taken her to the circus and the trapeze act was her favorite. Destiny spun around by her knees like the woman in the circus, but that woman had never been naked.

As Destiny twirled faster upside down, she spied a man sitting at one corner sipping a beer and smiling at her. He looked familiar. It was hard to tell in the dim light and upside down. As the trapeze continued to spin the tips of her long blonde hair swept the wood floor. Fortunately, her wig had stayed in place. She'd only lost it once doing this stunt. The costume mishap brought a good laugh and applause, not to mention some hefty tips. The wig was a pain, but it was too risky to go without.

Twisting off the bar, she gracefully landed on both feet and glanced over at the man in the corner. Standing upright made it easier for her to focus.

Darius. Holy shit. She froze on center stage as her mind went blank. She'd forgotten the rest of her routine. Naked except for her G-string, she decided it was a good time to make her rounds for tips while she cleared her head. Damn him. After two months he shows up here.

Beginning at the other end, she greeted a customer, exchanged a few words, shook her breasts and allowed him to slide a dollar in her cleavage. She pressed them together to capture the bill. Then she moved onto the next patron, doing a similar routine for more tips and on down the bar until she reached Darius.

"Thought you left town for good," she said, then turned to shake her butt. She noticed the boss was watching, disapprovingly. He didn't like his girls talking too much. Collect the tips, then get back to dancing. Darius was watching too and that she did like. Even though she was annoyed with him.

"I know, it's been a couple months. How are you, Paula?"

"Shhh. Destiny," she corrected. He locked eyes with hers and something tugged deep within her. Already her pussy was feeling moist at the thought of him deep inside her again. One look from him and she was all stirred up. It was always this way between them. She was nearly naked and he was sitting this close to her, looking at her like he wanted to climb up on stage and fuck her. And there was nothing they could do about it. Pure torture.

"Atlanta keeps us busy with back-to-back conventions. Good money though."

"Don't they have any local conventions centers?" Destiny bent over to shake her breasts, then stood up fast, flipping her hair back.

He held up a dollar, smiling. She approached, squeezing her breasts together. His fingers slid between them skimming her skin. It was maddening. She wanted him bad, wanted him to grab her flesh, pinch her nipples, suck them. She imagined him pulling her across the bar and having her straddle him, impaling her with his thick cock. "No enough," he said.

"You could call once in a while," It took all her control to carry on a simple conversation when what she really wanted was to tell him to fuck her, grab her breasts, lick her pussy.

He shrugged. "I know." His voice turned husky. His palms were flat on the bar. Maybe he didn't trust himself not to forget that touching wasn't allowed.

Dancing for tips was one thing, she had to be careful not to come on to any one customer. Which was hard to do when you were standing partially naked in front of your part-time lover.

Darius leaned forward and whispered, "I need to talk to you. I have something you might be interested in."

She grinned. "I bet." She accepted another dollar from a nearby customer, then moved back to Darius. "How cute that you've missed me."

"I have, but this is something else."

"Destiny," the boss called. "Private dances are done in the back."

"Private dance?" Darius grinned. "I'm game. We'll have time to talk."

"We get one song. That's all," she reminded him.

* * * * *

The room off the bar was dark and empty except for a few overstuffed chairs arranged in the center and boxes of extra kitchen supplies along the walls. They entered the room and Destiny pointed to a chair for Darius to sit. Music and flickering lights

drifted in through the tinseled curtains. A gorilla, er, bouncer stood guard at the doorway. Darius tried to make himself comfortable in the overstuffed chair while he watched Destiny take off the scrap of material of her G-string and toss it on another chair. He admired her runway strip of pubic hair then met her gaze. Sipping from a bottle of water, she gave him a long, lustful look. He could tell it wasn't faked.

In her thigh-high platform boots, she strutted over to him. She spread her legs and he could see her pussy was moist. Digging his fingers into the armrests was the only way to keep control, keep from touching her, pulling her down on top on him.

He groaned low in his throat. His cock was so hard, he didn't know how it wasn't busting out of his jeans right now. Her hands slid up his thighs and touched his shaft. He groaned louder. "This is crazy."

"Miss me, Darius?"

"Jesus, yes." Her breasts were so close to his face. If he bent forward a little he could take her nipple in his mouth. He glanced at the bouncer who kept his eye on them. *Fuck*. He didn't dare move or touch her or he'd be out on his ass so fast, he wouldn't have a chance to take a breath. The dude wouldn't care that they were lovers. Rules were rules in the club—no touching. At least he couldn't. She could and she was, and driving him mad.

Straddling him now, she rocked her bare pussy on his cock. If only he could take it out of his pants. "You like that?" She rubbed her bosom against him.

"Yes," he breathed. "You're punishing me for being away so long?"

"You got it." Climbing up on the chair, she flung her legs over the back and braced her hands on the armrests so her pussy was in his face.

Her womanly scent was intoxicating. His mouth opened, then he clamped his lips shut. Too tempting. He almost lost it and leaned forward to taste her. "I want you," he said. He didn't fucking care if the bouncer heard or not. "I want to taste you." He thought about what they'd be doing later and it was making him so horny. If she rubbed her pussy on his cock any more, he'd probably come in his pants.

"Don't stay away so long next time." She rocked her hips and he tightened his grip on the chair.

"Got to work."

"I hear that." She sighed as she slid down and dropped onto his cock, then spun around and stood up. Bending over, she gave him a prime view of her ass. "How long are you back down here for?"

"A while."

She gave him a scathing look. "I've heard that before."

"Can I see you tonight?"

She smiled and glanced down at herself.

"I mean, can I come to your place tonight? I want you bad. You want it too. I see it in your eyes."

"Really?" She squeezed her breasts and slid a hand between her legs.

"I can see you're wet." He lowered his voice so the bouncer couldn't hear. "But I have a job you might be interested in."

She rolled her eyes. "This one makes me a lot of money. You have no idea what my school loans are up to."

He grinned. "I know you're in a bind and I want to help out. This one would make you a lot more money."

"Really? Who do I have to kill?"

He laughed. "Nothing like that."

Destiny frowned. She only frowned when she got serious. "Remember I'm already taking a huge risk working this job. If the ethics committee ever found out I'd never be able to practice law. And you're asking me to add more risk?"

"Song's over," the bouncer announced, meaning the lap dance was over too.

"Take a break," Darius whispered. "Meet me outside. I have my camper. I'll tell you about the job. We can do it together." He gave her a smoldering look, hinting to what he planned in the camper.

She frowned again. "I only get ten-minute breaks."

He locked his gaze with hers and she bit her lip. Desire flamed in her eyes. His cocked throbbed again. "Okay. Give me a half hour or so."

* * * * *

After freshening up in the bathroom, Destiny slipped into a black pleather corset dress and black platform studded heels. She danced and stripped and worked the bar for tips and tried not paying attention to Darius. He'd only distract her and get her hornier. Every nerve in her body craved him.

The lap dance had made her so hot. Her pussy was drenched. Slipping off her pleather dress, she gave a man at the bar a pretty pout, but she was thinking about Darius and how she wanted his cock inside her. Instead of grinding on his bulge, she'd been so tempted to unzip his jeans, pull his shaft out and straddle him. As she closed her eyes, a liquid heat gathered in her pussy. She'd been so close to coming. That had never happened with a client before.

Darius finished his beer and she cast him a glance as he walked toward the exit. Her body surged with hunger. How did that man drive her to such lust? She never wanted anyone as much as him. She finished her dance and made another round for tips, then told the bartender, Grace, the boss's wife, she was taking a quick break. She said she needed air and had another outfit in her car.

"Need an escort?" Grace asked. She was a fortyish brunette wearing a bustier and jean skirt.

"No, I'm fine." She rushed into the ladies' locker room where she stripped and slipped into an oversized tee shirt, no underwear or bra, grabbed her keys and ran out the door. She noticed her boss in his office. *Thank God*.

Hobbling across the gravel parking lot, she cursed herself for not taking the heels off and putting on her sneakers. Darius had parked his pickup camper at the end of the parking lot. Good for privacy, not good for walking in heels. All she wanted right now was to feel his warm skin against hers. But ten minutes. What could they do in ten minutes? When she got to his truck, he opened the door and lifted her inside.

The hunger in his eyes was the Darius she knew. The man was an awesome lover. Every woman should have a Darius. A man who could pleasure her like no other, but who she knew would probably never be her husband. And she was fine with that. Darius was there when she needed him, which wasn't very often. He'd helped her find a decent used car when her last one died, stood by her during her dad's funeral arrangements, and had taken care of her when she'd had the flu last year. More than that, he'd cleaned her house, done her laundry and rented DVDs for her to watch while she was sick. After each time he'd helped her, he'd go out of town for the next job and she wouldn't see him for weeks. That was Darius. "Darius, I only have—"

"Ten minutes. I know." He yanked her tee shirt over her head. "Don't talk, listen and let me have you. I'll watch the time." A couple of seconds later, and he was out of his clothes. Jeans, tee shirt and shoes were kicked to the side.

Her breath caught in her chest as she admired his naked hard body. Manual labor from heavy lifting at his job kept his biceps, shoulders and chest powerful and defined. And his cock was fully erect.

"Damn, you look good." She reached out and slid her palms across his chest. Pressing her against the cool refrigerator, he slipped his finger inside her pussy. She swore beneath her breath, and he grinned. "Ten minutes isn't long enough," she breathed.

"Trust me." He adjusted the position of his hand and pressed deeper.

She cried out. Jolts of intense pleasure shot through her. "Inside me. Now!" Her voice shook, driven by overwhelming lust.

He was already slipping a condom on as she reached for his cock. He picked her up and she wrapped her legs around his hips. His cock thrust into her in one swift motion. They both groaned together at the sheer raw pleasure. He lost his balance and they slammed against the refrigerator. She banged her head.

"Sorry. You okay?"

"Yes, fine. Shut up and fuck me."

He smiled at that and kissed her hard, then gripped her ass and rocked his hips. She arched her back as he pumped into her but her head kept hitting against the refrigerator. Laughing, he swung around and he sat her on the small counter and pounded his cock into her. The position was perfect and she rocked her hips, on the verge of an orgasm.

"Hmmm," she moaned. "Harder, harder." She was almost there.

He pumped harder, but the movement pounded her butt against the microwave. Oh, the bruises she was going to have on her ass.

"Come for me, baby." He slammed his thick cock with an amazing rhythm.

She glanced at the clock on his tiny stove. "Oh, shit, Darius. I'm late. I have to go."

He groaned loudly, and his body shook as he lost control in his orgasm. Pulling her into his arms, he tried to cuddle. Another thing she loved about the guy. But not now. "I can't, Darius. I'm late." She pushed away from him, grabbed a paper towel and dampened it in the sink, then washed up quickly.

"I guess I still owe you one."

"I'll remind you later. Now, what was this job?" She slipped the tee shirt back on and fluffed her hair.

"Can you do what we just did in front of a group of people at a private party?" Darius pulled his jeans on, leaving his chest and feet bare. Desire tugged at her lower abdomen as her pussy ached to finish what they'd barely started.

"What? Have sex in front of people? No."

Kathy Kulig

"You dance naked and do lap dances. This is a little step up. And you can make at least three times the money or more in about an hour's work."

She laughed with an edge of sarcasm. "I don't know. What do you get out of it?"

"I get to spend more time with you."

She rolled her eyes.

"Yes, it's kinky. You know I have a kinky streak, but this could be fun and whatever we make will go toward your school loans."

"I'll have to think about it. I need to get back." She gave him a quick kiss and swung open the door.

Mick, her boss, was standing there, hands on hips, tapping his foot. "Do I get a cut in this action? Or are you freelancing on my property?"

Her sudden intake of breath sounded like a squeak. "Mick! No, it's not like—"
"You're fired."

Chapter Two

Destiny opened her mouth to give him a few choice words, but held her tongue. She couldn't afford to lose this job. The bottom dropped out of her stomach and she felt nauseous. "Mick, it's not like that. This is Darius. My...boyfriend. I haven't seen him for two months. We got carried away. I'm sorry."

"Sir, it's my fault. I coaxed her out here on her break." Darius stood in the doorway of his pickup camper, naked from the waist up.

"Get your things," Mick barked as he turned and marched back into the club.

"Ah, come on," Darius started to call after him but Destiny shook her head. Swearing, he hit the door with the heel of his hand and jumped out of the camper.

Destiny followed him, grabbing his arm. "Don't. I know him. He's not going to change his mind."

"We could talk to him when he calms down."

"No."

"Why won't you stand up for yourself? Argue with him, Destiny."

She shook her head. "It won't do any good. He's very clear about his rules and I broke them."

"Screw the rules. Fight for what you want. What have you got to lose?"

"Just drop it." She sure knew how to screw up her life. Here she was half naked, standing in the middle of a parking lot, unemployed, in debt up to her eyeballs. "Shit, what am I going to do now?"

"I'm sorry, Destiny. I should've known better. Dammit, girl, I missed the hell out of you. I wasn't thinking."

"We both should've known better. And it's Paula now." She groaned and swore under her breath. "I'm an unemployed exotic dancer."

"We still have that other gig if you're up for it." He gave her a slow, wicked grin.

She let her arms drop to her sides in a defeated huff. "Why the hell not? Either way I'm screwed."

* * * * *

Paula—unemployed exotic dancer Destiny—gazed down the Intracoastal Waterway as she and Darius crossed the bridge. Boats of various sizes from small fishing craft to large yachts were taking an evening cruise. She didn't want to think about the night Darius had planned for them.

"You don't have to do this, you know," Darius said from the driver's seat, giving her a sideways glance. They were on their way to the first private party he had arranged. "You've always said you were open minded to sexual adventures."

She laughed. "True, but I didn't really have this in mind."

"I'll admit, it's an extreme way to pay off bills, but I thought it'd be fun."

She frowned at him. "What choice do I have? I just got fired. Do you know what my school loans are up to?"

He raised an eyebrow awaiting her answer.

"Two hundred and eighty thousand dollars."

"Ouch. It'll take years but you'll pay it off." He didn't sound convinced.

"Not if I inherited my parents' poor medical history. I don't want to have these loans hanging over my head if my health fails. And I don't have the heart to sell their house. Too many good memories."

He squeezed her hand. "You worry too much. If you really feel uncomfortable about this situation when we get there, we'll bow out."

"Okay. Thanks." She leaned back in her seat and tried to relax. "Why do these people pay this kind of money for a sex show? Why don't they become swingers and meet other people in that lifestyle, then they can have sex with other people or watch them having sex without paying. I don't get it."

"Because one of the spouses in each of these couples refuses to participate in that lifestyle. Or the husband or wife is too jealous at the thought of their spouse having sex with someone else. But they can agree to watch others have sex as a compromise to enhance their sex life."

Paula shrugged. "Everyone has their kink, I guess."

"And in South Florida, there's no end to the variety of kink."

"You've done this before." She made a statement not a question, making sure there was no jealousy in her tone although she couldn't help but feel it.

He nodded. "With an old girlfriend. We did a couple parties together. The relationship ended and so did the evening pursuits."

She made a face. Would this put a strain on their relationship? Their casual and open arrangement had worked well for two years. She wouldn't call it love, but there was affection, caring and respect. A little sexually adventurous activity wouldn't hurt them, would it?

"How do people find out about us?"

"Word of mouth mostly. A personal ad in the alternative newspapers, internet."

"So how much kink are they expecting from us?"

He laughed. "Just have a good time. Act like you're part of the party. When it's time, you follow my lead. It'll be fun, really."

"Don't forget, when we're at the party, I'm Destiny, not Paula."

* * * * *

The house was an obnoxious display of money from the elaborate marble fountain, and the exquisitely landscaped lawn with tropical foliage, to the pricy cars lined up in the driveway and street. "Looks like they have a full house. How many guests? Do you know?" A thousand butterflies took flight in Destiny's stomach. She was more nervous about having sex with Darius, her lover who she'd been with for two years, than her first night stripping. But she was going to have sex with him in front of a bunch of strangers.

He shrugged. "Seven or eight couples, I think." Reaching over, he took her hand and squeezed. "You okay?"

She shrugged. "How do you know these people?"

"A friend of a friend."

"Are all the people aware of the show they're about to get?"

He gave her a reassuring smile. "The host is known for his sexy entertainment."

She sighed. "I don't know about this."

"Don't worry, you'll do fine." He parked her very modest car and they walked to the entrance. The owner and his wife were in their early forties, attractive and more formally dressed than Darius and her. Destiny wore a simple teal sundress, thin material that clung to her skin and was slightly revealing. She'd purchased the dress at a mega-mart store for fifteen dollars. The cocktail dresses and sundresses she noticed the women wearing were top designer fashion. Over her shoulder, Destiny carried a tote bag with a few items they would need later.

"Oh, she's beautiful, just like you said, Darius," the host, Phil, said. He introduced his wife, Mari.

"Thank you for coming," Mari said, warmly. Destiny didn't detect any hesitancy or awkwardness in the woman's voice so it didn't seem that her husband was coercing her into this little venture.

"Please, come in and I'll introduce you to the guests." Phil waved over a server carrying a tray of champagne flutes.

Destiny stopped him. "Excuse me, but do your guests know that we'll be having sex? I don't want to shock anyone."

Phil chuckled a bit, then looked her up and down with a disapproving look. Darius' arm slid around her waist.

"It's not a complete surprise," Phil said. "They know a male and female stripper will be entertaining tonight and that their show will be a little wicked and extreme."

"That's cool," Darius said.

Phil narrowed his eyes. "I was told you two have been doing this for a while. Is there a problem?"

Destiny smiled as she did for her clients at the strip club. "No, everything's fine. I like to get a feel for the audience, that's all."

Apparently, satisfied with that, the host directed them into the great room of the open, modern-designed home where guests were drinking and eating hors d'oeuvres. Soft lighting and candlelight gleamed in the white tiled floors. Seascapes and sailing vessels comprised the various paintings on the walls. Through the floor-to-ceiling windows, Destiny noticed a boat about as long as the house was wide moored to a dock. As they passed through the house Darius nudged her, pointing out an oversized sofa that was draped with a cotton throw in a separate room. She noticed in this room the blinds to the cathedral windows were closed. That was where the show would be.

For about forty-five minutes they mingled as if they were any other guest. "Everyone is friendly," Destiny whispered to Darius. "I guess this won't be so bad. A little weird though."

"The host said they know he's planning a surprise, something wicked and sexy. He thinks his guests suspect he hired a male or female stripper."

"So they think we're just guests?"

"Think so."

Phil came over. "Mari will be calling the guests in for coffee and dessert in a few minutes," he said in a low voice. "Once most guests are inside, go ahead and start. She's set up a couch for you to play on."

"Sounds good," Darius said. The host left and Darius turned to Destiny. "We're on. Shall we?"

She took a deep breath. "I'm ready." But she didn't think that she was. *Oh my God.* What was I thinking?

Once the guests began settling into the family room with coffee, Darius slid Destiny's tote bag off her shoulder and placed it on the floor. He began kissing her neck.

Here we go. The guests were still busy with dessert and only a couple had given their heated kissing and fondling more than a glance or two. One couple was sipping coffee on the couch where they were supposed to do their sex show. "What about them?" Destiny whispered.

"Don't worry, they'll move." He gave her a wicked grin as his hands moved up to her breasts. "Remember, play it up a bit."

She moaned and jutted her breasts out for him to grasp. Leaning forward, he took her mouth and kissed her deeply. His thumbs rubbed over her nipples and they beaded instantly through the thin fabric. Glancing over her shoulder, she noticed the host and his wife standing in the doorway, watching. His arm was around his wife's waist while he observed the sexual display, taking note of the reactions of his guests.

Reaching behind Destiny's neck, Darius unclipped her blonde wig that had been arranged into a French twist earlier, and let it fall straight down her back. Then he hiked her skirt up showing a glimpse of her butt. He slid his hand between her legs, then inside her thong. A few sighs came from the audience, then a shrill laugh. "Oh, Phil, you're too much," one woman shouted. The guests were finally realizing who and what the entertainment was. The couple on the couch took their dessert and coffee and moved to other seats.

Destiny's pussy was soaking. Despite the awkwardness of the situation, she was getting turned-on. She could do this, maybe even like it. A rush of heat settled in her pussy and her clit throbbed. She hadn't expected to get so aroused so quickly. Whenever Darius touched her, or looked at her, she was drawn deeper into his lustful power.

"Told you." Darius laughed into her ear, referring to the couple moving to another location. He then ran his tongue down her neck, and slipped a strap off her shoulder, revealing her breast. He allowed the group to get a good look, then lapped at the nipple with his tongue. She breathed a soft sigh and so did several other women.

The hungry look from the men gave her a rush of pure pleasure. She felt as if she were an exotic jewel, rare and priceless and every man in the room wanted to posses it but couldn't. Slowly, as Darius fondled her, she turned this way or that, to give all the guests a clear view. Their attention heightened her arousal. She didn't have to be prompted to slide her hand inside his pants. "Yes, baby," he groaned. "Take it out."

She unfastened his pants and yanked them down an inch or two to free his engorged cock. There was no faking that. Her fingers gripped his shaft and her thumb traced his crown which was slick with a drop of pre-cum. A woman giggled and smacked her husband's hand when he tried playing with her breasts. Distracted, Destiny stopped stroking him.

"Forget about them. It's just us." He bared her other breast and she arched her back, letting her long hair sway behind her and her breasts jut higher. "You ready? I'm about to turn up the heat." His words were for her to hear.

"Oh, yes," she moaned.

"Play it up good," he breathed into her ear. She knew there was no turning back now. She gazed into his eyes and saw fire and hunger there. It was more than an act. He was enjoying this. Hell, she was too. She gave him a hesitant smile, and kissed his ear, then whispered, "Go for it."

Darius stepped back, his hard cock on display. Destiny gave him an innocent, submissive look, her arms at her sides, her dress hanging off her shoulders. With two hands, Darius grabbed the front of her dress and ripped. The dress tore straight down the center and dropped at her feet, a ruined piece of fabric.

A few women in the audience cried out. Then Darius tore her thong off and tossed it across the room. One guy picked it up, balled it into his fist and stuffed it in his pocket. But his wife didn't take her eyes off the couple giving the show.

Gasps came from the onlookers as Darius turned her to face the audience fully nude. "No, don't," Destiny said, feigning embarrassment and attempted to cover her nakedness. All she wore now were her strappy heeled sandals. Every nerve in her body thrummed with anticipation.

"Don't cover yourself." His hand cupped her cheek, then moved her arms to her sides. "Let me look at you." Taking off his shoes, shirt and pants, he stood before her and the audience in his naked glory. He had an amazing body, flat abs, muscular pecs and arms with a simple tat circling one biceps. A few strands of his dark hair fell across his brow as he gazed at her with a smoldering look.

"Yes," she said, smiling at him.

"Touch yourself," he commanded.

She tilted her head in a teasing pose as she touched her breasts and squeezed her nipples. "Like this?"

"More and lower," he ordered. He took his cock in his hand and began stroking.

Her hand slid between her legs and she felt wet with her cream.

"Are you ready for me?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Then slip a finger inside."

She did and noticed the audience was riveted to the scene now and deathly quiet. The power she had over them was more than the power she had over the men who watched her while she danced naked at the club. This was different. She was turning men and women on and turning herself on too. Was she an exhibitionist beyond exotic dancing? She hadn't realized this kinky side to herself.

"Taste yourself," Darius said. She slipped her finger moistened with her cream into her mouth. "You want my cock?"

She nodded. Then Darius came up and kissed her. "God, I taste you on your mouth." Kneeling down, he spread her labia with his fingers and brushed over her swollen clit with the tip of his tongue. Jolts of pleasure shot through her and her knees went weak. Spreading her legs wider, she allowed him more room to play. He leaned back, tapped her exposed bud with his fingertips, making her body jerk. Moaning, she covered her breasts with her hands.

His fingers pinched her clit, then he rubbed it. He was taking her closer to her climax. If he kept this up, she'd come in front of all these people. "Don't you come yet," Darius commanded. "Not until I say you can."

"Oh, no," a woman in the crowd groaned.

"Please, I have to come," Destiny begged. She noticed that woman's husband had his hand up her dress and her legs were spread.

Darius looked at Destiny, shaking his head. "You're covering yourself again. I told you not to." He stood up and went over to the tote bag and retrieved a pair of handcuffs. "Hands behind your back."

"I won't do it again," she promised, trying not to smile.

"Hands behind your back," he ordered, more forceful this time. Pouting, she complied. He shackled her wrists together loosely. "You like sucking cock?" Darius asked.

"Yes."

"Then suck me."

She knelt down on the soft throw rug, arms bound behind her back and took his cock into her mouth. He grasped her head, his finger tangling in her hair. She hoped he remembered she was wearing a wig. Rocking his hips, he thrust into her mouth. By the sounds of his groans, she could tell he was close to his release. "Stop now, or you're going to make me come." He helped her up. "Sit on the couch."

She did, but had to sit halfway because of her bound wrists. Her legs were together, but she knew they wouldn't be for long for what Darius had in mind next.

From her tote bag, he took out a large dildo that had an extension at the base, so when it was in her vagina and turned on the protruding part would rest on her clit and give direct stimulation. She was done for. Her body was on fire. She figured she would have to fake a good orgasm but with this contraption, she would go over the edge in about three seconds.

But then she scanned the room and saw all the couples starring at her. One guy had his hand down his pants, another had his hand up his wife's dress. The rest of them stared at her, mesmerized. It wasn't a look of admiration or longing like she'd first thought or when she danced nude. Most of the men gawked with dazed expressions, and the women looked appalled like people do as they stare at a traffic accident.

Destiny felt cheap and afraid that this would also cheapen her relationship with Darius. Whatever they had in the past would be changed forever after this encounter. Their casual, free-spirit relationship would turn cheap and mechanical. This would distance them.

The massive cathedral ceiling room suddenly shrank down to the size of a closet. She closed her legs and hunched over, trying to hide her sex and breasts. Darius tried to part her legs but she stiffened and resisted.

He moved in front of her, kissing her cheek then her ear and whispered, "Are you all right?"

"No, let's go. I can't do this."

He gazed at her in disbelief, then smiled. "Okay, but you're doing fine. We're almost done. What's wrong?"

She looked into his eyes and said, "I'm afraid."

"What? Afraid of what? I won't let anyone hurt you."

"I know. I'm afraid things will change between us after this."

He stroked her cheek, then reached around and unfastened the handcuffs and took them off. "We can go anytime. This won't change what we have. We're like two actors acting out a part in a movie for the sake of entertainment. We're fulfilling a fantasy for some of these people, adding another aspect to their sexual love life, maybe enhancing it. I suspect most of them will leave the party early. They'll go home horny and get laid."

She smiled at that. "I suppose you're right. We're just actors who know each other well."

"Makes it easier, doesn't it?" He raised his eyebrows in a friendly tease. "So do we go or stay? Your call." He swung the handcuff on his forefinger.

She held out her wrists to re-cuff her. "Stay."

He re-cuffed her, then picked up the dildo, spread some lubricant on the tip and again tried to spread her legs.

This time she didn't resist. As he slid the toy into her pussy, he clicked on the vibrator and pressed the little projection at the base against her clit. Shuddering, Destiny moaned and every nerve in that tiny bud ignited. "Oh God," she cried. In the background she heard a few whimpers and moans from the audience, but she ignored them as any actor would, stayed in character and focused on Darius and their scene.

Darius walked around to the back of the couch, standing behind her and reached down to play with her breasts. The vibrator continued to stimulate her vagina and clit and she rocked her hips to her rhythm. "Keep your legs spread," Darius ordered, loud enough for the audience to hear. They were all mesmerized. Finally, Destiny felt a sense

of power over them too. As her pleasure increased, their attention was riveted on her. Her stage fright dissolved and her exhibitionist nature returned.

"Hmmm." She widened her legs. The stimulation of the vibrator was drawing her close to her climax. She wouldn't have to fake it in front of this audience. "I'm going to come soon," she murmured.

"No, not yet. Wait until I say." He reached down and squeezed both nipples and readjusted the dildo to make sure it was secured. There was silence again in the room. No more moans, or whispers, or chuckles. The guests were completely spellbound. The thought of that gave Destiny a rush.

"I can't hold off much longer." She wasn't acting, she meant it.

"Don't come," he ordered. She heard him unwrapping a condom.

Each time her body climbed to the peak, she had to pull her hips back to relieve some to the pressure from the direct stimulation because she was about to plummet into a sexual release. "God, I can't hold back."

He came around from the back of the couch, smiling his approval. A look of lust sparkled in his eyes. His cock sheathed, he knelt before her. She pressed the dildo deeper, and her body gave a little shudder. So close, consumed by the intense concentration of pleasure, she moaned. "You want to come, do you?" he asked.

She nodded. He bent forward and his tongue grazed the tip of her swollen clit while the vibrating projections continued to stimulate her there. Unhinged, she cried out as her climax exploded through her. Her body thrashed against the back of the couch and her arms tugged at her restraints, which only made her orgasm that much more intense.

His mouth lapped at her pussy, until the spasms began to fade, then he yanked the toy out of her pussy and tossed it on the floor. It continued to vibrate and twist on the tile as Darius raised her legs and thrust inside her.

A faint sheen of sweat glistened on his chest and six-pack abs as he pumped into her. He groaned, as his flesh slapped against her body, his cock driving deeper. His face strained as he found his own release. He collapsed beside her and released her cuffs, then pulled her across his lap, holding her close. "You did fabulously. You okay?" he whispered.

She smiled. "I'm fine."

"Good. Smile for your audience." She did. They got an applause and many sighs and "wows". The host pointed to soft white towels placed on an end table.

As they got up and wrapped themselves in the large towels, collected their toys and cleaned up, the host came over. "Excellent. Once you freshen up and change, please join us on the patio for drinks."

"Very sensual," the wife commented. "Our guests seemed to have enjoyed it too."

"May I pass your number around?" the host asked. "I know several colleagues who would be interested in your services."

* * * * *

Every muscle in her body was relaxed as she floated in the ocean at Fort Lauderdale Beach. Overhead, the sky was a perfect crystal blue with occasional seagulls or pelicans flying past. The water was warm and soothing and its rhythmic sloshing against the sand lulled her to delightful oblivion. A splash nearby startled her and Darius swept her up in his arms.

He laughed. "You looked like you were taking a nap. A rip current could've taken you miles out to sea and you would've never noticed." He swirled her around and she closed her eyes, enjoying the rush of water over her skin and the hardness of his body against her.

"You have no idea how much I needed this day. I can't remember the last time I was at the beach and I only live eight miles away."

"You work and study too hard." Darius dunked her and brought her back up to the surface.

She came up sputtering and splashed him back, laughing. His arms tightened around her as if he'd never let her go. She liked that feeling but tried not to get used to it, knowing he'd leave again soon. "When is your next job?"

"Not for a while. I have a little break."

So typical of Darius, always so vague about his plans. Squirming out of his arms, she stood. "I'm getting out to dry off."

"Good. I'm starved. I made chicken salad wraps for us." He followed her out and handed her a towel from their bag.

After she dried off, she draped the towel over her chair and sat. Suddenly she was famished. "Really? The kind you make with cranberries and walnuts?"

He nodded. "And I cut up cold mango and have two Coronas."

"Heaven." She sat up straight and stared at him. "We'll get kicked off the beach in no time with the beer."

He grinned. "I poured them into plastic drinking bottles."

"Awesome." While they sat on beach chairs eating sandwiches and drinking Coronas, the reality of life began invading Destiny's thoughts. In her mind she listed all the things she had to do when she got home. Study for her ethics exam, pay bills, check her school schedule, and fill out job applications. She was on a waiting list for a couple of the fancier strip clubs.

"What are you doing Thursday night?" Darius asked.

She laughed. "Wow, I've never heard you make plans more than two days in the future. Thursday is five days. I'm impressed."

Taking a swig of beer from his water bottle, he stared at her until she finished. "Are you done?" he teased.

"For now. Are you taking me to dinner or something?"

"Or something. We're getting calls left and right for private parties. Word's spreading and people are making kinky requests."

"I don't know if I like the sound of that." She glared at him. "Soon we'll be having more sex in public than in private. What will that do to our relationship? Do we even have a relationship? What do you call what we have?"

Darius gazed out to sea. "We have something special. Don't try to label it, Destiny."

"We have hot and lustful sex, no strings attached, no future, no plans. The only thing we've ever planned more than three days in advance was one of the sex show parties."

He turned and looked at her, his mouth pressed tight. "What do you want me to say? What do you want now? Marriage? Kids? Tell me."

"No, I don't want marriage or kids. Not really, not yet." Her eyes burned with tears, but she would not allow herself to cry. "I'd like to think you might want me though."

He gave her that long look that always melted her insides. "I do want you, Paula. And I do want marriage someday."

She shook her head. "I can't consider that now."

"Why not?"

"My school responsibilities, and look at my current job," she argued.

"That's not the real reason."

She closed her eyes, nodding. "How can I risk marriage and children with my family medical history? My mother died at thirty-five of cancer, and my dad at forty-seven of a heart attack. I'm twenty-seven. I might die young and leave young children behind."

"Like your parents left you?"

She raised her chin. "I made out okay."

He chuckled, then pulled her into him. Stroking her hair, he kissed her forehead. "Yes, you're doing amazingly well. I'm proud of you. If you didn't have to worry about your family medical history, would you want marriage, possibly a family?"

She considered that for a minute, saw the sincerity in his eyes and the love in her heart soared for him. "Yes, I would."

He smiled. "Then live for today. Make each day special, don't waste your life worrying about what might be or not be."

"I'll try." She rested her head on his shoulder. "Is it normal that we like doing these private parties so much?"

He laughed. "How do you measure normal?"

"Right, normal is boring. We're sexual adventurers. Okay, we'll continue parties."

Cupping her face in his hands, he gazed into her eyes. "You sure?"

She nodded. "Sure. It's fine."

He smiled. "Okay. Let's do it then."

"I have my ethics exam on Friday. This can't be a late night."

"Not a problem."

"You mentioned kinky requests. What kind of kinky requests?" The beer was finally working into her muscles, giving her a relaxed, lazy feeling. She finished the beer and picked up a soda.

He shrugged. "How do you feel about being spanked?"

"Cool with me."

"Flogged, or tied up?" He took a bite of his sandwich while watching her expression.

"That's okay too. I never expected these parties to be such a turn-on."

He grinned. "That's good. I've been turned-on too. How about anal play? Role-playing?"

She shrugged. "I guess they're all okay as long as we plan for it. Why do I feel you're getting to something?"

He nodded.

She gave him a disapproving look. "What else?"

"The host would like to participate." He took a long swig of beer, finishing it off.

"You're kidding. A threesome?"

"Yep. I met the guy. He's cool."

"No." Even as she said no, her body pulsed at the wicked thought of having two men pleasuring her. Even though this would be an act, a show for the amusement of others for the purpose of getting paid handsomely, this was essentially having sex with a stranger. That consideration didn't make her less aroused.

"What's he like?"

He grinned. Damn him, he knew the idea enticed her. "He's about thirty-eight, good looking, nice build. He said no rough stuff, just straight sex. He seems like a nice guy, really." He dug into the cooler and held up a wrapped package. "Another sandwich?"

"No on the threesome."

"Any luck in the job market?"

She groaned and shot him a dirty look. "All right. But I have to be home by midnight. I can't be late for this exam."

"Promise. You'll make your exam." He let out a long breath and wrapped his arms around his knees.

She smiled. "You're nervous?" When it came to sex for guys, she'd heard a saying that most guys would fuck an alligator if it would hold still. So, why would he be concerned about this private party?

"Don't know. A threesome is a strange dynamic. Maybe it's the control thing. Not sure how I feel about watching another guy fuck you."

Her insides hollowed out. She touched his cheek. "Now you're worrying for nothing."

Chapter Three

"Shall we get started? I think my guests are getting horny," Nate, the host, said as he directed Destiny and Darius into the living room. "I know my wife is and so am I."

The guests, three couples, were already seated around the room. They stared as she and Darius strolled into the room. The stucco walls were decorated with modern oils of serene ocean scenes. She wondered what Nate did for a living. Some CEO in the area or maybe his wife had the money or an executive job?

Destiny had been on fire long before she felt all eyes on her. The drive to the client's house had gotten her so worked up, thinking about this particular encounter, that her lace thong was already soaked. She and Darius had done a couple of private parties, but this would be her first threesome. The idea excited her but worried her too. They were supposed to be experienced in this lifestyle. Would the host and the audience notice any blunders on her part?

Glancing at Darius, she followed his gaze to an inflatable bed covered in black satin sheets that had been place in the center of the room. She tried not to scrunch her nose up at the tacky setup. It would be more comfortable than lying on the cold ceramic tile. He slid her tote bag off her shoulder and placed it on the floor close to the bed.

Like two lovers, Darius kissed Destiny then took her into his arms and fondled her breasts in front of the audience. This was Darius' signal to start their session. That was the only part of their private parties that was routine. She knew these sex shows weren't faked. She was instantly turned-on, as was he. Sliding her hand across the front of his trousers, she discovered his erection. "I see I've gotten you worked up," she said, loud enough for the audience to hear.

She dug her hand inside his pants and grasped his cock. Darius groaned and the audience groaned too. She glanced over toward Nate and his wife Alyssa. He'd yanked

her tank top down to expose one breast and toyed with it, using his fingers and mouth while his wife rooted in his pants for his cock, and tried to undo his trousers with her other hand. Apparently, they didn't mind being observed either. They whispered something, laughed, and talked some more, looking at the couple in the front of the room. Then Nate approached the inflatable bed and stood beside Darius.

Sensing the man's presence, Darius lifted his mouth off Destiny's breast and looked at Nate, questioning.

"Sorry to disturb you when you're just getting started. My wife and I have a request."

A few people in the audience chucked. "Like karaoke? A music request?" one man asked and the rest laughed.

"Would you consider a threesome? My wife would love to watch me with you two." Nate wanted his guests to think it was a spontaneous thing. There was some mumbling in the audience. Nate smiled. Destiny got the impression he was an exhibitionist too.

Darius hesitated. Destiny hesitated too—all planned.

"Maybe they don't do threesomes, Nate," one guest, a woman, suggested.

At the same time Destiny's body hummed with a deep hunger she hadn't expected. Could she fuck this man in front of Darius and in front of all these people, and have Darius join them?

Yes, she wanted it too. Her body thrummed with anticipation. Nate was handsome even though Darius was always her first choice for lovers. She and Darius glanced at each other, not speaking, considering. As if asking one another, "Could they do this with a client?"

"It's up to you, Destiny." Darius took her face between both his hands. "You can say no."

"Do it," a number of people in the audience cried out.

"You can say no," Nate said. "No hard feelings if you'd rather not."

"Is this okay with you?" Destiny asked Darius. Even though her question was prearranged and she knew his answer, part of her wished that he wouldn't want another man to have sex with her.

"Yes, it's fine." Darius turned to Nate. "Nothing rough, safe sex only. If she says enough, we stop." That last comment wasn't planned.

"Agreed," Nate said.

Darius nodded but he gave Destiny a cautious glance. She hugged him and whispered into his ear so only he could hear. "What's wrong?"

He whispered back. "The guy seems a little cocky. Not like when I met him before. We'll take it slow to make sure we can trust him."

Destiny's palms were damp as she reached behind her neck to untie the halter dress. The silky material dropped to her waist, revealing her firm, round breasts.

Nate stood in front of her, lust blazing in his eyes. He had brown hair, sexy brown eyes, and was very well built. Obviously, the man worked out regularly and was pleasing to look at. The bulge of his hard-on was evident in his khaki pants. His wife, Alyssa, a pretty petite blonde in a mini-dress and strappy sandals, sat in a white leather chair watching, a large glass of red wine clutched in both hands.

The other couples sat around the room drinks in hand, their expressions somber but engaged. As Nate stepped forward and grasped her breasts, Destiny closed her eyes and willed her pulse to slow. It was an odd sensation having another man touch her so intimately while Darius stood behind her, easing her dress down over her hips.

The dress dropped to the floor and she kicked it out of the way. Dressed only in a black lace thong and heeled sandals, she opened her eyes and took note of Nate's expression. He pinched her nipples with his thumbs and forefingers, then paused in his attentions to gaze upon her. "Wow, you're beautiful," he said. "Is this your first threesome?"

"No," she lied. They were supposed to be professionals and were getting paid a high price for their services. So, she thought her client would expect experienced playmates.

"Ah, too bad," he chuckled. "I was hoping to be your first."

"My first time with you," she argued. "A new lover always brings that added rush of excitement." With shaky hands, she unbuttoned his shirt, then shoved it off his shoulders. Her fingers explored the planes of his chest and abdomen. Every touch inflamed her need. She had no idea she'd respond to another man's touch while others looked on.

"I totally agree," Nate said as he kicked off his shoes, slipped off his pants and briefs. His cock was hard and jutting straight out from his body. Glancing behind her, she saw Darius remove his clothes.

Darius slipped his hand around and down into her thong, his finger grazing her clit. She shuddered and rocked her hips against his hand.

"I'll bet she's wet," Nate said as he kneaded her breasts.

Darius shifted his hand and thrust a finger inside her cunt. "Very."

Murmurs came from their audience, but Destiny tried ignoring them. Nate took her mouth, gently at first, then probed with his tongue. He tasted of mint and wine, and her body responded. Drunk from the kiss, she leaned into him as his tongue and mouth trailed a path along her neck to her ear then down to her breast. He clamped down onto a nipple and sucked, his tongue brushing the engorged tip, making it more sensitive.

She jerked from the sensations ravishing her body and gripped his shoulders. The man was a gentle lover, slow and sensual. She'd expected him to take off her clothes, throw her down on the inflatable bed and fuck her. But for the kind of money he was spending, she guessed, he wanted to make this last. This was fine with her because she was enjoying every part of it, but in the back of her mind, dread wedged into her thoughts. She'd crossed a line, this was being paid for sex.

Darius was kissing her shoulder and he hadn't removed his finger from her pussy. She quickened the movement of her hips to sandwich his hand between her body and Nate's. The movement teased her clit. The tension of an orgasm was building inside her. God, she was so turned-on.

"Can I taste you?" Nate asked as his thumbs hooked into her thong and he drew them down over her hips. Darius had slipped his fingers out and was now stretched out on the bed, stroking himself. A signal to move to the bed, but the host wanted her to remain standing.

"Let him watch for a minute. Spread your legs and let me lick you." He knelt down and used his fingers to spread her feminine flesh, exposing her swollen and sensitive clit. Groaning, he circled the bud and lapped greedily at her slit. His tongue probed her entrance. "Yes, you are wet and taste sweet."

Knees trembling, Destiny slid her fingers into his hair, grasping his head as he masterfully aroused her. His lips grasped her clit, while his tongue teased. Then without warning, he thrust a finger deep inside her channel and pressed firmly, finding her most sensitive spot.

Destiny cried out. The movement inched her closer to an orgasm.

"Hmmm," Nate murmured as he looked up at her, his lips moist with her juices. "You're close, aren't you?"

She nodded.

He stood and kissed her. She could taste herself, mixed with wine and the mint of his earlier kiss. "Not so soon." Taking her hand, he led her toward the bed.

"My turn," she said, kneeling between both men and taking their cocks, one in each hand. She stroked them, feeling their thick shafts grow harder. Greed consumed her. She wanted both of them, wanted both to ravish and fuck her. The unknown and the familiar. These men excited her. The rush of sexual desire was intoxicating.

She first sucked Nate's cock. He was shaved around the base of his cock where she noticed a tattoo of a red bird. She traced it with her finger. "What kind of bird is this? Is there significance?"

"It's a phoenix, a mythological bird that emerges from its fiery ashes, reborn. It represents kindness, duty and reliability."

"All honorable traits," she said as she took his cock in her mouth again. When she cupped his balls she found a scrotal ring piercing. First the tattoo, now the piercing. Not what she'd expect to find on a wealthy businessman. She was amused and continued sucking his cock to hide her grin. Sliding up and down his shaft, she eagerly took as much as she could then roamed over to his sac and flicked her tongue at his ring.

"You like my ring?" he asked.

"Yes, very sexy."

"I got it in New Orleans when Alyssa and I were there on vacation."

"Nice," she said, then reached over to stroke Darius' shaft. Nate groaned and grasped her hair, pumping himself into her mouth.

"God, that's so good." Gently, Nate pulled her up and kissed her. "I have to slow it down a bit, or I'll come."

She moved over to Darius, pleasuring him with her mouth. His cock was so hard. With each downward plunge of her mouth, she felt his body quiver. She gazed into his eyes and saw no sign of jealously. Insecurities crept into her mind. Was their relationship so meaningless that alternative sex wouldn't hurt it anyway? Her emotions and imagination were getting out of control. Staring up at the ceiling, she tried to concentrate on pleasure and fun, not torture herself with things she had no control over.

Darius pulled her down onto him, cupping her face he kissed her then whispered into her ear. "Are you okay? You look like you want to run out of here."

"No, I'm fine."

"Hmmm." He studied her for a moment as if he didn't believe her. "This doesn't change us. It's something we can share together. I love seeing another man pleasure you, even if he's a client."

"Really?"

He nodded. Next to her, Nate was fitting a condom on and passed one to Darius. He slipped it on. The look of smoldering lust in Nate's eyes was enough of an invitation to set her fears aside and let both men claim her. "You want this?" Nate asked Destiny.

"Oh, yes."

"You want it badly, don't you?" Nate asked. "Then beg."

She laughed nervously but she could play this game too. "Please, fuck me, Nate." She reached for his cock, giving him a few long strokes. "I want you inside me."

"Yes, beautiful, I'll fuck you."

Her body shivered as an intense desire filled her. She wanted Nate and Darius to both pleasure her, and take every inch of them inside her.

Pulling Destiny on top of him, Nate held his shaft straight while she straddled his hips and impaled herself on top of his cock. Grasping her hips, Nate groaned and pumped deeper into her. As she leaned forward, his body rubbed on her clit. She grabbed his shoulders, bracing herself.

Behind her, Darius knelt behind her and reached around, grasping her breasts. His cock rested against her ass as she rode Nate.

"Can you take us both?" Nate asked, his eyes dark and sultry.

She didn't answer right away. She and Darius had never done anal at a party. It wasn't one of her favorite things. Could she relax enough in front of these people to do this?

"It's up to you," Darius whispered in her ear. "We can stop anytime."

She glanced over her shoulder, looking at him. "Okay, but go slow." She was still unsure. Picking up a bottle of lubricant off a side table, he dripped the cool fluid that

had a spicy scent down the cleft of her ass, then used his finger to gently probe her entrance. His touch burned at first, then felt good as he slid it in and out, prompting her to relax. Darius removed his finger and backed away. She tensed because she knew she wasn't ready for his cock. How could she tell him without the audience or Nate hearing her? Nate gripped her hips and thrust his cock deep into her pussy. Her ass was open and expecting Darius' penetration.

She heard him digging in her bag and a moment later felt more cool lubricant sliding between the cleft of her ass. Then he probed her again with something larger than his finger but not his cock. A butt plug. He worked in the narrow end and circled the device as he pushed it in deeper and stretched her. When it was in completely, he pumped it. "That's it, relax. Much better now?" Darius asked.

"Yes," she breathed. She wanted him to keep stroking her like that while Nate was fucking her. "Feels great."

"Good. Ready for me to fuck your ass?"

"Yes."

He removed the butt plug and placed it beside the bed. Kneeling between Nate's legs, Darius moved close and nudged the cleft of her ass with his rigid cock. Wet and slick from lubricant, she braced herself as he slowly slid into her anal opening. "Relax," Darius said. His hand caressed her spine and buttocks, easing her resistance.

Suffering the first twinge of pain, Destiny focused on Nate as he massaged her breasts, then teased her clit with his thumb. Feeling both men fill her was highly sensual. Darius' slow and gentle moves drove her wild. She cried out and dug her fingers into Nate's arms and rocked on his hips, feeling both cocks move inside her. "Ahh, yeah," she moaned.

"That's so hot," Nate said. "I feel her clamping down on my cock."

The three of them began moving in a slow, steady rhythm. "Is that good, Destiny?" Darius asked. The hoarse, erotic tone to his voice ramped up her desire.

"Yes, very good."

A frantic fury overtook her, as the two men moved and buried their cocks deeper into her. Destiny rode them, pleasure building to a tumultuous level. The look of intense desire in the eyes of her new lover and feeling Darius behind her and their primal groans heightened her own pleasure.

Then Nate's face tightened. He shouted as he climaxed and she was again consumed by the heat and frenzy of the moment. Grabbing her hips, he pulled her forward, then captured her clit between his fingers and tugged. The pressure and direct stimulation was all she needed to reach her own release. She bucked and cried out as the orgasm spread through her. Then Darius swore, his fingers digging into her ass as he pumped her hard and fast. The motion pulled her against Darius and off Nate. Holding her against his chest, Darius came, his cock throbbing in her ass. Exhausted, they dropped onto the bed, in a tangle of arms and legs, one man on each side. They lay there for several minutes, panting.

Darius brought his lips to her ear. "Damn, you're beautiful."

At the same time Nate said, "God, woman, you're hot."

Breathing hard, Destiny glanced over to Alyssa to see her response. Legs crossed, her foot bounced, as she admired the threesome. She smiled and casually held the empty glass of wine in one hand.

Nate knelt beside Destiny and leaned over to give her a gentle kiss on the mouth. "You're lovely, Destiny. Thank you both. I'm going to clean up. You can use the guest bath in the hall. Then come outside on the patio and join us for a nightcap." He got up and greeted his wife with a kiss and a pat on the behind. Alyssa led her guests outside.

Drawing the sheet over them, Darius wrapped his arms around Destiny. "Were you okay with that? It *was* your first threesome."

She thought about it for a minute. "I did enjoy it. But I'm puzzled why you're not bothered by another man having sex with me."

He smiled. "I get off seeing another man pleasure you. I don't feel jealous. After all, I know you're saving the last dance for me."

* * * * *

The next morning, Destiny paced the train platform, awaiting news on when the trains would begin running again. Her train had stopped and the conductor informed them that it might be awhile and for everyone to get off and wait on the platform. If necessary, buses would be called to pick up passengers and bring them to their destination. She knew that wasn't good. How was she going to get to her exam? The holdup was from an accident on the rails from an earlier train. A crossing gate had failed to go down and a train had struck a car. The tracks would be shut down for a couple hours. Darius had stood by his promise and gotten her home at a reasonable hour last night. She hadn't planned on a train accident this morning.

Shit. Pulling out her cell phone, she called Darius. "Where are you?"

"On my way to West Palm for a meeting."

"Turn around. Now! I'm stuck at the train station. I need a ride to my exam. I can't miss this." She was frantic.

"When do you need to get there?"

She checked her watch and groaned. "Twenty minutes."

"Hmmm. You might be a little late."

She swore and kicked at the air. "Are you turning around? I cannot be late for this exam." She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He was always there when she needed him. Surely, the exam proctors would've heard about the train accident.

"I'm on my way."

Darius dropped her off at the university and Destiny raced up the steps to the auditorium entrance but a man, most likely a proctor, was blocking the door. He had his head down, reading a clipboard in his hands. "Excuse me, I'm Paula Chappell here for the exam." She was breathing hard and sweating like she'd run a marathon. "I know I'm late. There was a train accident. Fortunately, not my train, but the entire Tri-Rail

system was shut down. That's why I'm late. You can check the news." She was rambling. Please, please, please be an understanding guy.

The man pointed to her name on his list. "Yes, I have you here. Paula Chappell. You're late." He looked up from his clipboard and Destiny gasped. Her heart stopped beating.

It was Nate. *Oh my God*. She wanted to run out of the building but her body was frozen to the ground. Did he recognize her without her wig? She tried not to make eye contact.

"Please let me in," she said. She was feeling nauseous at the thought that she'd had sex with this man and sucked his cock only a few hours ago.

"Say that again?"

"Say what again?" she asked.

"'Please, let me in.'"

She repeated the phrase. God, she was so screwed.

His eyes met hers and he smiled. "I love when you beg," he whispered. "Now, say, 'Please, Nate, I want you inside me. I want you to fuck me.'"

Her whole career flashed before her eyes. All the money she'd spent on her education was now gone in one night of pleasure. A night she was paid for. *Good God*.

"Yes, Destiny, I recognize you."

Her bones turned to ice. "What are you doing here, Nate?"

"Professor Eigler," he corrected. "I recently accepted a position at the university. I'll be teaching classes in criminal procedure next semester."

"I guess this means you're not letting me into the exam?" She didn't say it in a confrontational tone, just stated the facts.

"Do you know what the ethics committee would do if they found out about... Of course you do. I imagine you must have a very good reason."

"Yes, I do have a very good reason. But I'm sure you don't want to hear it." The bottom just fell out of her world. Everything she'd worked for was over. She knew the rules, but she also knew she'd had little choice. He stared at her, not saying another word. That was her signal to make a graceful exit before they made a scene. She turned away and started walking to the exit, then heard Darius' voice. Why won't you stand up for yourself? Argue with him, Destiny. She stopped walking. What did she have to lose?

Spinning around, she marched back to Nate who was looking at his clipboard again. She pushed it down so he'd look at her, then raised her chin. "By the way, I liked your phoenix tattoo. Although I can't agree with the kindness symbolism. And your scrotal piercing. Had it done in New Orleans, you said? Interesting."

The smile dissolved from his face. "Right." He stared at her for several long moments. "I'm sure your reasons are sound, just as I had good reasons for making such a risky arrangement."

She nodded once, not wanting to get her hopes up. "Yes sir."

"Ms. Chappell, one valuable skill a lawyer must possess is confidentiality. Lawyers are very good about keeping their clients' secrets. Kindness is a virtue, not a learned skill."

"I understand, sir."

"Good. A terrible tragedy about the train accident. I heard it on the news this morning. Please, go in and take your exam."

She let out a breath and rushed past him into the exam room.

* * * * *

Destiny strutted across the stage in black platform thigh-high boots, wearing a green crushed velvet corset and boy shorts. The shorts were cut high and gave a nice cheeky view. Tonight she wore the long black wig. She liked to change her look and her boss Mick liked it too. A couple of weeks after he fired her, he called her back to work

because customers kept asking for Destiny. She got her job back on the condition that she wouldn't do any private dancing in the parking lot, boyfriend or not.

She'd made her round for tips and slid off the boy shorts, revealing the G-string beneath. A few more gyrations and maneuvers on the pole and she unfastened the corset, tossing it on a pile of clothes from the other girls. She was about to climb up on the horizontal bar to do her trapeze stunt when she noticed Darius sitting in the corner of the bar. Casually, she moved over, lay on the stage and gave a close-up shot to the patrons as she spread her legs in a V, arched her back and did a variety of splits.

"What brings you here, Darius?"

"I like to watch," he said.

"I've noticed." She stood up, facing her bottom to Darius and the customers as she slid the last scrap of fabric over her ass and down her legs. She gave a good shake to her butt.

"What are you doing this weekend?"

She glanced over her shoulder at him. "What do you have in mind?"

"A weekend cruise to the islands." There were a few groans and laughter came from the men who overheard.

"Really? Just the two of us?" She was impressed that Darius would plan a cruise for them.

"Not exactly."

She stared at him, trying to guess what he meant. "A party cruise."

"On a private boat."

"Hmmm. Could be interesting. More than three on this party cruise?"

"I'd say about five or six."

"My, that does sound enticing. I'm getting wet already." And she was. The men sitting nearby were chuckling at her comments but they really didn't know what the conversation was about.

"Yes, I see that." The sensual look in Darius' eyes said he was getting aroused too. So this was their life, one kinky encounter to the next? But their nights alone were extra special. As long as they were enjoying themselves, what was the harm? "I hope you can make it," he added.

"How could I miss it?" Destiny said.

"Are you sure about this?"

Her hand slid down her pussy and the men gave a hoot. Yes, she was wet. Then she slid her hands up to her breasts and squeezed her nipples, but they were already hard, sensitive points. "Sounds like an interesting challenge," she murmured to herself. Dammit, she was horny for Darius, but didn't dare take him for a private dance or go out to the parking lot. "I have three hours until I get off," she said, reminding him. The ache for him was so intense she wanted to scream.

"Three hours?" He groaned. "That *is* quite a challenge. Can you wait that long?" "Hmmm. I'll have to. I'm saving the last dance for you."

About the Author

Kathy Kulig spins stories with passion and adventure. Her characters enter both paranormal and contemporary worlds with steamy or erotic romances woven in. Gutsy heroines and hunky heroes face the unexpected and overcome formidable odds, because with courage, true love can find a way. These are the stories she loves to read and the stories she loves to write.

Besides her career in writing, Kathy is a cytotechnologist and has worked as a research scientist, medical technologist, dive master and stringer for a newspaper. Propelled by her love of travel and adventure, Kathy has visited a few places not usually considered vacation hot spots—and lived to tell about it. When not writing or dreaming up her next story, Kathy enjoys traveling, relaxing by the beach with a book, mountain biking, movies and dinners out. She lives with her husband in a 100-year-old Victorian house in Pennsylvania.

Kathy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her <u>author bio page</u> at <u>www.ellorascave.com</u>.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Kathy Kulig

<u>Damned and Desired</u>

Desert of the Damned

Dragon Witch

Seducing the Stones



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com