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Dicking Around

Amarinda Jones

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Prologue

The present

Carlisle Carson clutched at the broad shoulders of the man before her. He had her pinned to the wall, his body tight and hot against hers. His mouth sucked hard on her nipple as she lifted one leg higher to allow the fullest penetration of dick possible. She wanted all of his thrusting cock inside her. This was one ride she didn't want to miss a moment of.

"What's your name, darlin'?" He pulled his dick halfway out of her cunt and smiled into her eyes.

Lordy, he's gorgeous. "M-m-my name is Carlisle." Her voice was breathless with need as she grabbed his ass with her hands and urged him on, and in.

"Unusual." He plunged the full length back inside her.

Carlisle choked back a scream. This wasn't the place to yell, however silent sex had always been hard for her. "And you are?"

"Adam." He began a fast, deep thrust, bouncing her against the wall.

Her breasts wobbled and her hair was all over the place, but Carlisle didn't care. She liked sex hard and fast. This was perfect for her. She licked her lips and smiled at him. "Thank you, Adam."

"Any time, darlin'." His lips found hers.

Carlisle kissed him back. While it was true he was a stranger, some men were not to be missed and she planned on enjoying every illicit second of this.

"What if someone comes in and sees us?" Adam murmured against her lips, his pelvis banging against hers.

She shivered at the thought. It was morally wrong what they were doing. Good girls didn't spread their legs for strangers. "I expect they'll be shocked and horrified and I'll come screaming."

Chapter One

Thirty minutes earlier

"That's her." Mickey pointed to the woman opening the door to the changing room. He and his partner in crime, Theo, stood awkwardly among the racks of clothes in the up-market ladies' boutique. They had been following their target for hours, waiting for the right moment to strike.

Theo looked over at the woman. "The fat one?"

Mickey surveyed the brunette. "I wouldn't call her fat. She's got curves. I like a real woman and—"

"I don't care what *you* like." Theo turned and glared at his companion. "If she has the USB stick we have to get it from her."

"But how? We've tried breaking into her apartment. It's like Fort Knox."

Grudgingly, Theo had been impressed by her security. The lady lived in a bad part of town. Even they couldn't break in and he and Mickey had been robbing people for years. She was smart to be cautious. "Then we mug her."

Mickey grimaced. "I don't want to hurt anyone. She looks like a nice person."

"We're not going to. We steal her handbag and take her apartment keys and get in that way."

"What if the stick isn't at her apartment?"

It had to be. Theo wanted that stick. He needed the money it would bring. "Where else could it be?"

Mickey shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe we should ask her."

"You mean go up to her and say, "pardon me, we noticed when you went to that garage sale the other day and bought that two-dollar surprise box of crap, we have rock solid information that a USB stick with sexually explicit pictures of a certain politician, with a hooker, was in the box. We plan to financially benefit from selling it to the highest bidder. May we please have a look inside the box of crap you bought?"

"That sounds reasonable."

Theo slapped Mickey on the back of the head. "And what if she says 'well hell, I'll use those photos for my own gain'?"

"Nah, she doesn't look that sort."

Theo sighed. "I have no idea why you put such a valuable item into a pile of junk for your sister-in-law's garage sale." For a career criminal, Mickey was as smart as a block of wood.

"Well, I made a promise to help out at the sale and I was in a rush to get it too. I dropped it in by mistake and—"

"Shut up! Just hearing you explain it makes me what to slap you again."

A junkie had sold the stick to Mickey for fifty dollars. When they later found out that a certain politician was missing some extremely personal information downloaded onto a USB stick, Theo had considered Mickey's purchase extremely fortuitous. They could sell it to the highest bidder and clear their debts. That Mickey had lost it so quickly was unbelievable.

"Now we're screwed." Theo blew out a breath and ran a hand through his thinning brown hair. It had been a bad year when it came to making a profit in crime. That they were standing in a ladies' boutique waiting to snatch a bag from a customer indicated to Theo how low he had sunk. "We could kidnap and threaten her."

"She looks like a nice lady."

Theo glared at his short, round accomplice. "What sort of a criminal are you?"

"I can't help it if I have a conscience."

That was the first thing a career criminal lost. "I say we make our way over to the changing room and snatch her handbag." It wasn't going to be easy. The two men stood out like a sore thumb among the clothes and the women. But Theo was determined. "I *will* get that stick"

"Bloody hell!" No matter which way she pulled at the dress, it wouldn't budge. Carlisle was trapped by the scarlet, silk fabric holding firm to her large breasts and shoulders. The worst part was she couldn't see anything.

"Anyone out there? I need help. I'm stuck." She called out several times before someone finally answered.

"Stuck in what way?"

Crap. A man. Just who I don't need. "Is the sales lady out there?" Carlisle struggled to free herself, running into a wall at the

same time. Why did I wear heels today? She regained her balance and kicked off her shoes.

"Nope. Just me," he reported.

"What are you doing here?" The last place Carlisle expected to find a man was in a women's clothing store.

He chuckled. "Can't a man be in a ladies' boutique?"

Oh, he has a nice laugh. Probably gay if he's in a boutique. "Well, if a man's that way inclined, I make no judgments."

"Yeah you do. You've judged I'm gay."

Fair call. "Are you?"

"Are you?" He answered back.

"I *am* not." Carlisle smashed into a wall again. At this rate she was going to rip the dress and have to pay for it by default.

"See how stupid blind judgments are?"

"Get the sales lady please."

"Nope."

"What? That's not very chivalrous."

"She's out back getting something for me. Besides, I thought modern women could do everything themselves, hence the reason they no longer required a knight in shining armor to rush to their aid."

"Oh, I see. You're a smartass." *Perfect. Lovely. Like my life isn't complicated enough now.*

"This is how I see it, darlin'—"

Crash. "Ow-I'm not your darlin'."

He laughed again. "Okay, but you need help."

"You're a man and a possible smartass."

"Correct." He didn't sound offended.

Carlisle shimmied and wiggled and held her breath yet she was still trapped. She was hot, flustered, and wanted to cry. "Well, you can't help." She stamped her foot.

"Why not?"

"I'm half naked."

"Ah, I see. While I prefer fully naked in a woman, half-dressed can be fun."

"Ouch!" Carlisle stumbled once more into the wall.

"Are you okay in there?"

"Yes—no—oh crap. If I let you in you have to promise not to laugh or gag or anything." Naked was not a good look for her. *Nor is trapped in a scarlet nightmare of a dress*.

"Absolutely." He reached over the door of the fitting room and undid the lock.

Adam Blake laughed when he saw the woman incased in scarlet, her arms up in the air and her face covered as she wrestled around trying to get a dress off over her head.

"You promised." Carlisle banged into another wall.

He caught her arm and steadied her. "Forgive me." Adam's eyes roamed down the silk scarlet prison to the lacy pink panties and plump white thighs. He felt his dick jerk in reaction. *Very nice*. "So how can I help?"

Carlisle pulled her arm away from him. "Lordy, you're funny. Get this off me."

"You don't like it?" He smiled when he saw her stomp her foot. "The color is lovely on you. It matches your panties."

"Don't look at my underwear!"

"Why not?" Adam smiled again. What started out as a boring errand to pick up a package for his ex-girlfriend was now anything but.

"You're supposed to be a gentleman and help me."

Adam caught her as she stumbled against him. Soft and no bra on. He could feel the supple mounds of her breasts against his arm. "Right, so a gentleman would ignore pink lacy underwear? Not any man I know." He looked down the line of her back to a plump, enticing ass. Once more his dick jerked in need.

"Please..."

Okay that I can't ignore. Her tone was soft and needy and he wondered what it would sound like in the middle of the night with his body on hers. "Calm down, darlin'. I'll help you."

"It's tight." Carlisle wiggled against him.

Adam held his breath and closed his eyes for a moment to keep control. "Why did you try it on?"

"I was hoping it would fit."

"Hoping?"

Carlisle sighed. "You're a man. You wouldn't understand."

Now this lady I want to get to know. He didn't have to see her face to know she would be endlessly entertaining just by her thoughts.

"How so?" Adam's hands ran down the scarlet fabric to work out the best way to free her. He liked the way she shivered at his touch. It made him want to play with her some more.

"Different metabolism." She stiffened and tried to pull away. "Oh crap! Wait a second."

"What?"

"I don't have a bra on."

Yeah, I know. My day is getting better and better. "I've seen breasts before."

"Not mine you haven't."

"This is how I see it, darlin'. You either let me help you or you go through the rest of your life like this?"

"There must be a sales lady out there."

There probably was by now, but there was no way Adam was going to step out and let someone else defrock the lady. "Nope."

"Fine. Whatever. Just don't tear it. I don't want to pay for it." Adam took a firm hold of the fabric around her midriff. She

jumped and giggled. He smiled. "You're ticklish."

"Get this goddamn thing off me."

To Adam, the best approach was to lift up and off in one fast move. It took more than that and after three swift tugs the silk flew off and over her head. He gulped as his eyes locked on the pink nipples of her full breasts. "You have a nipple ring." Adam wanted to suck, tug, and lick. "I love your breasts."

"They're just mounds of useless flesh."

"I absolutely disagree." His eyes moved reluctantly from her breasts to her face. It was covered in tangled brown hair. He pushed some away. Adam smiled when the lady was finally revealed. "Hello, darlin'."

Carlisle staggered back from him in surprise. "Hello." *Oh my, he's gorgeous*.

Green eyes full of amusement locked with hers. For the first time in a long time, Carlisle was lost for words as she surveyed the tall, lean man with the wavy auburn hair. *Wow, wow, and triple wow.*

"What are you doing here?"

"Helping you out of your clothes."

It was then that the reality of her situation settled in. *Crap! I'm naked*. Carlisle looked around to find something to cover her breasts. Naked wasn't a bad thing. Normally, it was how she preferred to be with a man. However this wasn't one of those *normal* times.

Adam picked up the offending scarlet dress and handed it to her. Carlisle snatched it to her chest. "I mean what are you doing in a dress shop?" *Yeah, he probably was gay. So unfair of the cosmos to do that to me.*

"I promised a friend to pick up a dress she had some work done on."

How sweet. He was looking at her in a not so sweet way. Her face heated up and she felt her cunt go wet.

"Why are you here torturing yourself trying to wear such an ugly dress?"

Carlisle looked down at the fabric clutched in her hands. It had looked amazing on the rack. "You think it is?"

"Yeah, it's the wrong color and doesn't show you off."

"Really?" That was nice of him to say. She was on the point of asking him what color she should wear when she remembered where she was. "I mean, er, I have to get a dress for my sister's wedding." *Yep, it's all Bridget's fault.*

He leaned against the dressing room wall. "Isn't it normal for a sister to be a bridesmaid?"

She snorted. "We're not a normal family. I'm not blonde or thin and that's her theme. You know, Barbie marries Ken."

"I see."

"God I hope you never do." To inflict her family on anyone was unfair to normal human beings.

"So..."

"What?" Her eyes locked with his. She wasn't dumb. She knew there was much more than wedding attire happening in the small change room.

"You have a pierced nipple."

"Oh, you saw that?" She knew it was a huge turn-on for men and to have it sucked and tugged on by a male mouth? Amazing.

Adam smiled. "I'd like to see it again."

Ah, I love the smell of testosterone in the morning. "Why?" "I like nipples."

His smile made her knot all over. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," Adam confirmed.

"You know, we're in a ladies changing room and I'm naked." If she had done the math correctly in her mind, she was pretty certain he would be naked soon to even things up. It was the absolute wrong place to have sex of course. *That's what made it so right*.

Adam kicked off his shoes. "You want me naked? I'm happy to oblige, darlin'." He pulled his shirt off over his head.

Yes please. Gimme, gimme. Carlisle licked her lips as hard, male flesh started to appear before her. She watched his hands unbuckle his jeans. As the denim moved down over his lean hips, his dick pushed out against the fabric of his boxers.

"Bloody hell, it's alive." Carlisle dropped the dress that covered her. She didn't want to play games. She wanted to play with dick. The soft, velvety feel incasing hard muscle always tuned her on. "May I?"

"Please do."

She tugged at the fabric and freed his dick. "Niiice..."

"I'm please you like it." He reached over and touched her nipple. "Why the ring?"

"I wanted to do something wild and crazy."

He arched his eyebrows. "Like you are now?"

"Yeah." Carlisle curled her hand around his cock. She smiled at his groan.

"This is what I'd like to do to you, darlin'. I want to tongue your nipple, pulling on the ring until you beg me to fuck you up against the wall."

She loved having a man's mouth pull on her pierced flesh. "Sounds like a plan."

"What about someone seeing us?" He pushed her back against the wall

Her back hit the wood, her hand never losing contact with his shaft. "They'll have to get their own man."

Adam's mouth descended on her breast sucking the pierced nipple inside.

Chapter Two

The present

"Unbelievable! They're having sex." Mickey and Theo had made their way slowly around to the other side of the boutique to where the changing rooms were located. Theo made Mickey peek over the top of the wooden louvered door when no one was looking. What he saw made his face go red and his dick harden with excitement. Originally, Mickey had not paid much attention to the woman. It had all been about getting the USB stick. When he saw her naked? Oh man. *I want in that pussy*. She was all creamy curves and lusciousness.

Theo picked up a silky blouse and acted like he was considering buying it. "Great time to snatch her bag."

Mickey was appalled. "With them doing it?" There were times when he wondered about Theo's morals. Yes, they were thieves. *But we're not perverts*. Sure the woman was hot and, hell yes, he wanted inside her but he had some morals. *Well, at least a few*.

"They won't have any idea what's going on." Theo nodded and smiled at a nearby sales lady.

Mickey knew the time to act was upon them. It was bad enough that they were in a clothing shop. Being caught peeking at a naked woman? *Bloody hell*. "I don't know, Theo. It's a private thing to interrupt." He sneaked another look. *Oh, she has a great ass*.

Theo punched him in the arm. "They're fucking in a public changing room. It's not exactly private."

"Oh yeah, I guess so." Mickey blew out a breath.

"You go in, push the door open and grab the bag."

Mickey was appalled. "Why me?" The guy fucking her was big and muscular and looked like he could easily beat the shit out of him.

"Because I said so."

And there it was. Mickey would be forever trapped by his debt to Theo. *Never owe another crook money*. "What if they see me?" *What the hell am I supposed to do? Run? Say hi? Can I have a turn?*

"No man buried inside a woman is going to look at you." Theo pushed Mickey towards the dressing room door.

"This is embarrassing."

"Just shut up and do it, Mickey."

"Oh G-g-god..." Carlisle was on fire with her need to come.

"You're religious?" Adam's mouth slid down her neck.

"Only when I'm about to come." Carlisle sighed. She loved it when a man kissed her neck. "Fuck me harder." She wanted to feel her insides trashed by dick and her legs wobbly from trying to keep up the pace.

Adam laughed against her skin. "You're a complete slut and I love it."

"I make no apologies." Carlisle loved sex. She adored men. The two combined together were better than chocolate. "O-o-ohhhh," she panted out as the start of an orgasm struck. It was that first moment of pleasure that Carlisle always loved. It was knowing it would build up into the most explosive feeling of lustful joy that she craved. Carlisle clung to him, shuddering and whimpering as she rode out the orgasm against him. "You're *so* lovely."

"I aim to please."

"I'm pleased you aimed your dick at me." Who knew dress shopping would be this much fun?

Adam chuckled. "Naked women always attract me."

She laughed. Good sex was supposed to be fun. "I want—" Out of the corner of her eye she spotted a male hand on her bag. It sat on the floor of the dressing room. "What the hell?"

Adam also saw the hand. He tried to pull himself free from her. "He took your handbag."

"Where are you going?" She wanted to feel Adam come against her. Carlisle refused to let go of the man still buried deep within her.

"After him."

"You're naked." And I like that in a man.

"He stole from you." Adam pulled from her arms, his dick wet and bouncing.

"And once again, you're naked and if you go charging out of here with that—" Carlisle pointed to his up-thrust dick. "— they'll know what we were doing in here."

"He's a thief."

How sweet that he wanted to rush to her defense. "I have nine dollars and twelve cents in my purse, the handle is stuck up with tap, and the clasp is broken. If he's that desperate, he can have it." Carlisle curled her hand around his dick.

"How were you going to buy a dress?"

She slid her hand back and forth along the shaft.

"Psychologically, I didn't want to. I don't want to go to the wedding nor waste money on something I know I'll never wear again so I left my credit card at home."

Adam's hands once more descended on her hips pulling her close. "What about house keys? Car keys?"

"The cars at the mechanics and I hide my keys outside my house because I lose them too often." And she did. She had a legendary ability to misplace keys. Hiding them at home meant less drama.

"That's not smart."

Carlisle raised her eyebrows at him. "You've known me in the biblical sense for a nano-second so you can hardly call me dumb." *Careless and irresponsible yes*.

"Sorry, darlin'." He leaned in and kissed her.

"I forgive you because you have such a lovely dick." The head of it was the perfect size for a woman's mouth.

Adam chuckled. "Why thank you." He picked up the hand that was playing with his dick. "We're both naked and sweaty."

She smiled. "Yes, and it looks good on you."

Adam pushed her back against the wall, his knee spreading her legs. "We have unfinished business." He pushed his cock against her pussy.

"No."

"What?" Adam looked confused.

Carlisle's hand went once more to his dick. She pulled the wet condom off and carelessly tossed it to the carpet. *Let 'um wonder*. "I want you to come on me." Carlisle enjoyed the raw, primal sensation of a man's cum covering her body. It was dirty and possessive. *And I like it.* She dropped to her knees and leaned forward to lick the tip of his dick.

Adam closed his eyes, his hand stroking her cheek. "You're beautiful."

"Tell me that again when I'm not on my knees in front of you." Carlisle knew it wouldn't take Adam long to come. She had seen it in his eyes. She sucked the head of his dick into her mouth and toyed with it, running her hand up and down the shaft in an action she knew drove a man wild. As much as she wanted to taste his cum on her lips, she was looking forward to having her breasts splattered with cum.

"Stop." Adam's voice was hoarse. He gently pushed her from his dick and fisted his shaft.

"On my breasts please." He was a stranger. She had enjoyed sex with him and now he was going to leave his mark on her. It was all so naughty.

"I could easily fall in love with you, darlin'."

As the first spurts of white, sticky cum slid down her breasts, Carlisle smiled. It wasn't just the feeling on her skin it was the look of pleasure in Adam's eyes. *I could get high on that*. She ran her fingers through the thick liquid and massaged it into her skin.

"Oh man," Adam groaned as he watched her actions.

"Nope all woman, baby."

"Is everything okay in there?" A woman called out from the other side of the door.

"Oh yes, just deciding what to wear." Carlisle ran her fingertips over her sticky skin. "I think I found the perfect thing."

"I think I love you."

They all did when Carlisle was on her knees, and she loved them back.

Adam helped her to her feet. "I want to take you to your sister's wedding."

That surprised her. "Why? You don't even know me, or her."

"Her I don't care about. As for not knowing you?" Adam's look was direct and significant.

Yeah well, he had seen her at her most vulnerable. "It's a lot to ask of a sane person." She didn't even want to go.

"What? Going to a Ken and Barbie dream wedding? Will there be real food? No plastic pretend stuff by Mattel?"

"Oh hell no. They have the whole event being catered by chefs." How sweet he wanted to go and spend more time with her. Carlisle liked the idea of that. While it was true they had just met, there was something, other than great sex, which appealed to her

about Adam. He was a nice, decent guy and they were few and far between. While she liked her men dirty, she loved those who showed their heart.

"Your parents must be rich."

Carlisle shook her head. "No, this is all Ken's family. They're rich. My mother is just grateful she doesn't have to pay and she is prepared to kiss the groom's parents' asses to get the bridal extravaganza she always dreamed of for her favorite child."

Adam tilted his head to the side and smiled. "You're not the favorite?"

"Oh hell no. I'm known as the one who spends all her time dicking around and being irresponsible."

"I love how you 'dick' around."

He's gorgeous. I want him for life. "You're not only delicious but smart."

"So let me take you then."

Carlisle smiled. "Yes please."

"I meant to the wedding," Adam added. "However I do plan to fuck you again very soon."

Most excellent. "What do you get out of it?"

"My dick buried inside you? I get an orgasm."

She slapped his chest. "The wedding I mean."

"I get to spend time with you, darlin'."

"I'm boring."

Adam snorted. "I doubt that."

"You've only seen me naked," she pointed out.

"Yeah but you have a nipple ring and you got your bag snatched. Who knows what the wedding will bring?"

"You may be bored when I'm fully dressed." Her eyes went down to his dick. *Though I could never be bored by that*.

"I'll take that chance, darlin'."

"There's no key in here!" Theo threw the bag to the ground in disgust.

"Wow! She has even less money than I do." Mickey thumbed through the coins in her purse. "I feel bad about stealing from her."

Theo slapped him on the back of the head. "She has something that's ours. Screw her."

Visions of the woman in question indeed being screwed against a wall came back to Mickey. He adjusted his stance to relieve the sudden pressure on his dick. "What now?"

"We have to keep following her until we can find out how to get into her house."

"I don't want to hurt her."

"You're thinking with your dick," Theo responded in disgust. "We need to trap her and make her tell us where the box is."

Chapter Three

"Oh, what are you doing here?" The day had been weird enough without opening her door to find a man dressed only in a towel cooking in her kitchen. Peter Mason turned to Carlisle and smiled. Any frustration she had disappeared under the sweet, seductive curve of his lips as he grinned at her. She felt her cunt go wet in response. But that was Peter Mason. *Hot, hot, hot.*

He lifted the spatula and waved at her. "You said drop by whenever I was in town. I know where you hide your key."

Initially it had thrown Carlisle when she couldn't find her hidden key. Thoughts of Adam suggesting her method of security was not 'smart' came back to her. She had approached her small, rented house hesitant yet ready to scream her lungs out.

"I meant call me or knock on the door. I didn't mean be naked and cooking?"

"Boring," Peter said as he went back to his cooking. "I wanted you to have the thrill of finding me here. I figured after we had such a great time last visit you might want me to stay."

Her mind went back to the last time. It had been so exciting. Knowing how much she liked to be dominated, Peter tied her up face down on her bed, her ass in the air, her bound legs spread wide apart and her hands secured above her head in a pose of total submission and obedience. It was all because she had told him she was too tired to play with him. His response? "I only want your ass, baby."

And he had taken it. Hard. It had started with him toying with her anus. She had jumped and squirmed as he fingered her. Peter loved anal sex. Until him, Carlisle had never tried it. She had demanded he stop and untie her. He had spanked her ass so hard that she had begged him to stop. And he had. His finger in her ass had been replaced by other things and people. Peter liked toys and he had a lot of friends. One quick call and two men had come straight over. She had not been able to see them. Her head faced forward. They stood behind, looking at her ass.

"Did you bring the drill?"

"Drill?" Carlisle had repeated the word wondering what was in store for her.

"Yeah, baby, we're going to take turns playing with you." The sound of a power drill vibrated in the room.

"No." Yet even as she said the word, Carlisle was excited at the thought. *All the power? Vibrating inside of me?*

Slap, slap, "You have no say in it at all."

When the lubed up dildo had been pushed into her anus she had shrieked. It was foreign, tight, and painful. "Peter?"

He bent down and whispered in her ear. "Relax."

"How can I when I have something shoved up my ass?" And then the dildo started to vibrate and slide in and out and Carlisle's eyes had opened wide with shook. *My god they're drilling me*. The men had taken turns playing with her ass and the drill. They reamed her out until she was panting with need to come.

"I think she's ready boys. Condoms on," Peter commanded. "Peter —"

"You're going to like this."

The first thrust of a hot, hard dick in her ass made her shriek. The drill had loosened up her muscles but it was a shock all the same. Carlisle was on fire with need. Even though she had yelled out for them to stop it was the last thing she wanted to happen. While it was true that they held her body in their hands, Carlisle knew she had the power to stop them. *If I wanted to and I don't*. She liked the thrill of being taken and used. They took it in turns to fuck her. She had been horrified and angry but then all that angst turned to something else when a hand touched her clit and she started to moan.

"See? I told you, you'd like it." Peter humped her hard and he toyed with her cunt. "Want me to stop?"

"No." At first it was shameful. Now she wanted shameless. She wanted to be used by them.

"Take the photos boys."

That made Carlisle buck against her restraints. "What? Why?" "So you remember how much fun this was when we do it next time."

It hadn't exactly been fun. It had been fierce, brutal sex. Her whole body had been shaken by it. *And I loved it*. Not that Carlisle would ever tell Peter that. It was a game they played.

"I could barely walk last time." Carlisle had been sore for days but it had been worth it. Peter did things to her that she never imagined anyone doing. And the thing was she had no say or choice in what happened. He used her for his own pleasure and in turn ensured she came over and over again. And the photos? They were kept in a drawer beside her bed for those nights when she was alone and needy. Carlisle would look at them and rub her clit and remember when.

"You enjoyed it." It wasn't a question. It was fact as far as Peter was concerned. He knew when a woman wanted to be taken hard and dirty. Carlisle was like that. She pretended she didn't. He knew she craved the forbiddeness of it.

"What are you cooking?"

He knew she was trying to avoid the issue. It wasn't an easy thing for someone who grew up to be a good girl admitting she enjoyed anal sex and multiple partners. "Baby?"

Carlisle looked uncertain. "What?"

"Why can't you admit you enjoyed being tied up and taken in the ass?" It was a game they played. She pretended to resist and he took her anyway.

"Is it risotto?"

Peter smiled to himself as he switched the burner off. "Oh, baby, you need a reminder." He dropped his towel on the floor. He was hard and ready. Thoughts of fucking Carlisle always made him so.

Carlisle moved away from him "I don't want to do that."

She was such a bad liar. Peter could feel her eyes on his dick. "Come with me." Peter held out his hand. He would give her a choice to exercise her free will. If she didn't use it then he would use her until she begged for more.

"No, it's been a long day." She tried to sidestep him.

Peter grabbed her wrist.

"No." She tried to pull away from him.

"Shut up, baby." He was in charge and they both knew it. If Peter thought for one second there was genuine fear in her voice he would stop. But there wasn't. The sparkle of excitement in her eyes told him she wanted to be taken. He pulled her into the bedroom. "Strip."

Carlisle refused to move. "No."

Peter smiled and shook his head. "Do it or you'll be punished and we'll both enjoy that."

"You don't scare me."

"Tough words, baby. I think we both know better." Peter pushed her onto the bed and started tearing off her clothes. The sound of fabric ripping tore through the air. Carlisle struggled under him trying to free herself. Peter made short work of her clothes. Only her panties remained. He rolled her onto her stomach, straddled her hips and yanked at them until the fabric spit and her ass was bare. The remnant of her panties clung around her upper thighs.

"Get off me!" Carlisle yelled as she bucked up trying to throw him off.

"No. You need to be taught a lesson." He grabbed the bed sheet and pulled it. Peter needed something to bind her hands with. "By you? Fuck off."

He freed the sheet and began twisting it into a rope. Peter knew there was no way Carlisle could move. His weight trapped her. He admired the fight she was putting up. It showed passion and determination. *All moot of course*. "Are you trying to piss me off, baby?"

"Yes!" Carlisle yelled as she squirmed beneath him. "Now get off me."

Peter leaned over and grabbed one of her wrists quickly looping the sheet tight around it. Although she fought the other being taken, both hands were soon roped together. Peter moved his weight to drag her to her knees.

Carlisle had other plans. She rolled onto her back and kicked up at him. "Bastard."

He laughed as he grabbed her ankles, forcing them apart and back over her head. With what was left of the sheet he secured her ankles to her wrists. "Lovely."

"Let me go!"

"No, you don't want that." Knowing Carlisle was secured, Peter left the bed and went to her dressing table drawer. He knew Carlisle had toys. Smart women were capable of pleasuring themselves without the aid of a man. "Ah ha." He pulled out a thick, bright, purple dildo. He touched a button and it lit up and started gyrating. "Perfect."

Carlisle's eyes were enormous. "What are you going to do?" "Why, fuck you, baby." Peter climbed back on the bed. "Let me go!"

"You say that a lot yet we both know you don't mean it." His fingers slid inside her cunt. "You're so lovely and wet." He pushed some more buttons on the vibrator and placed the head at her vagina. "Say 'please fuck me, Peter'."

"Never!" Carlisle roared.

"Too bad." He shoved the dildo up inside her cunt.

She cried out at the intrusion, her eyes wide with shock. "Ohhhh..."

"And I've only just started." As soon as he was certain the dildo wasn't going to move from inside her, he pulled her towards him so his cock was barely an inch from her anus. He pushed one, then two fingers inside of her.

"Please, Peter..."

"What?" He pushed his fingers in and out, getting her ready for bigger and better things. He could feel the fullness of the dildo inside her.

With his other hand he touched her clit. Carlisle jumped in response. "Yes, you do." He wanted it to. There was no other woman who could compete with Carlisle. She was hot and fiery and she fought like a wild woman despite the fact that she wanted him. "You know I'm taking you to your sister's wedding." Peter had made sure he was back in town for that. He knew the sisters didn't get along and he wanted to offer support to Carlisle.

"You are fucking not."

"I am *fucking* so." His dick jerked in impatience. He wanted in her body. Peter pulled his fingers out and left the bed.

"Where are you going?"

He smiled. "I'll be back. I need a condom." He knew where she kept them and the lube. Carlisle didn't hide her desire. It amused him that despite her feigned reluctance, she kept condoms and toys she used for her pleasure. He covered his dick, lubed up, and went back to her.

The first time he had pushed his dick inside her ass she had screamed. Now it was different. Now Carlisle pushed forward for it. She closed her eyes and allowed him to sink in to the hilt of her.

"Bastard."

"I know you love me." Peter certainly loved her. She was a million different things, yet in the end, Carlisle was a simple soul who wanted to enjoy and be enjoyed. Not many women allowed that. He pumped in and out of her, smiling as he felt the competing sensation of vibrating dildo. Her eyes opened and locked with his. "I know. You hate me."

"I wanted risotto."

Peter threw back his head and laughed. "This is much better than fancy rice." His thrusts became harder. He wanted to come. It was always like that with Carlisle. Just looking at her had him on the brink.

"That's too hard."

"Shut up, baby."

"You shut up," she roared at him.

He played with her clit once more and she quietened down to gentle pants. *That's my girl*. As much as he wanted her to come, Peter wasn't going to allow her to. He wanted her to remember her need for him the next time they met. But that didn't mean he wasn't going to. He felt the heady rush of cum spurt forward and he shuddered against her body in satisfaction.

Carlisle swore at the top of her lungs when he left her tied up on the bed, fully exposed, with the dildo still inside her vagina.

"I have work to do, baby." Peter leaned down and kissed her.

Carlisle wanted to bite him but he moved back from her too fast. "You can't leave me like this."

"Someone will free you. I'm going to leave the front door ajar and you'll get rescued."

And that was how her sister found her. "Oh for god sake, Carlisle! You have to stop dicking around and grow up. Normal women do not have indiscriminate sex with strange men."

You mean you don't. "I never said I was normal. Please untie me."

"Is that a—"

"A dildo? Yes." She watched Bridget shudder. "Yes, I'm a terrible woman with no morals."

"Did you get a dress for the wedding?"

Hello? Unite me please. The vibrations inside her were driving her mad. Carlisle was desperate to come. "No, but I will. Now please help me out."

Bridget grimaced and flipped her long blonde hair back. "I don't want to speak about this again." She reached to undo the knots.

"Oh trust me, silence is golden on this one." ****

"Damn it!" We missed our chance! The door was open and we were too damn slow." Theo was angry. They had followed the woman back to her house to await an opportunity. Between the man leaving and the blonde arriving there had been a window of time where they could have gotten into the house and searched it. Mickey had been against it. They had argued until it was too late to do anything.

"The blonde is kind of pretty but I like the brunette better."
Theo slapped the back of his head once more. "Think like a thief and not with your dick." They watched the blonde leave. She slammed the door behind her and another opportunity was missed. "I need a gun." Threatening the woman was going to be their only option.

Chapter Four

"Who is she?" Amber Kincaid took the dress box from Adam and glared at him.

He sighed. He had wanted an amicable break-up with her. Adam wanted to remain friends. But with Amber that wasn't possible. Some people you could never assist without them wanting more. "What are you talking about?"

"I can smell her perfume all over you."

While it was true that Amber had an awe-inspiring physique, there were times Adam suspected heaven had over-indulged in beauty and forgotten to add intelligence when she was created.

"It's none of your business. We broke up. I can do as I want and I can be with anyone I like." *And I want to do Carlisle. Again.* She had been fun in a sexy, quirky way.

"I still love you," Amber whined and clutched at his sleeve.

Adam looked at the red talon-like nails that held him. Like most men, he had a habit of thinking with his cock. He certainly had when it came to Amber and now he was paying for it. "I have to get back to work."

"I'll find out who she is and I'll —"

"What?"

"Never mind." Amber let go of him. "Leave."

"With pleasure."

Amber watched him go. "You're mine." She looked at the gold embossed label on the dress box and thought about her rival. "Maybe I'll start there."

"You're late."

Carlisle was well aware of that. After all that had happened yesterday, she had slept in. "I know." She looked at her boss. Sean Quinn was tall, blonde, and drop dead gorgeous. All the women at Quinn, Barnes, and Fitch wanted him.

"I told you lateness incurs a penalty."

"Yes, Sean." She closed the door of his office behind her and moved to his desk. Carlisle wondered what Sean would want from her today. She had been working for his company for six months. After a particularly drunken office party celebrating a colleague's birthday,

she had found herself butt naked on top of Sean's desk with his dick buried inside her. Some wouldn't call it a career move yet strangely it had worked to Carlisle's favor.

Six months ago

"I knew this would happen," Sean said.

"Did you?" Carlisle certainly hadn't but then sex had a way of happening like that. While she wasn't that drunk, the couple of drinks she had downed certainly made her more receptive to Sean's advances.

"Yes because you like dick."

She did. Was it that obvious? *Do I have a scarlet D on my forehead?*

"And it will happen again." He pulled out and shoved back in hard.

She jumped and cried out. Sean had a long, thick cock that felt like it was touching her stomach with each thrust. It was hot and delicious and the idea of his dick being inside her once more filled her with excitement. "Why?"

"Because I own you." He thrust deep and hard making her body move back and forth under him.

"Pardon?" *Own me?* Maybe there were times when she felt like a slave at work but she was her own woman.

"I own you and after this you're going to do whatever I say."

"What?" It was true his dick certainly owned her at that moment.

"You are mine."

"Now wait a second—"

"Shut up." He stilled within her.

Carlisle gasped at the harsh tone of his voice. A chill ran down her spine. It was not fear she felt. It was excitement. She was turned on by the dominance of his words. "Sean, I—"

He pulled out of her and yanked her down off the desk spinning her around so her ass was towards him. He pushed her back against the desk. "Say 'yes, Sean, I belong to you'."

"Or what?" She rubbed her clit against the edge of the desk and moaned

Sean saw what she was doing and yanked her away from the edge. "Say it or no orgasm for you."

"Oh fuck off. This master to the universe stuff may work with other women but—oww!" Carlisle yelled as he parted her ass cheeks and jammed his dick into her anus. Having this done by Peter made her used to it and usually she would be prepared to be taken like this. She wasn't with Sean. Hot dick drove up inside her without apology or stopping. Her hands gripped the desk, her knees wobbling as she tried to relax and accept his dick.

"Say it." He pulled out and slammed in again.

Carlisle cried out once more. "Sean!"

"Say it!" He pumped furiously within her.

"It hurts." It did at the start, but now? Carlisle pushed back against him.

Sean laughed at her actions yet he kept up his wicked paced. "What do you want?"

At the moment? Just him and his dick. "You."

He leaned in, his mouth close to her ear. "Good. I need to know what your ambition is."

She shivered at the warm breath against her neck. "Your job."

"You can't have it." The pace of his dick slowed slightly as his hands moved around to play with her clit. "Do you want Emma's job?"

Emma was his personal assistant. No one liked her. She was snotty and stuck-up at her self-importance of being the boss's assistant. "Yes."

"And more money?"

Carlisle moaned as his fingers on her clit matched the pace of his dick. "Yes, and I want her parking space."

"Who do you belong to, Carlisle?"

The answer was simple. She wasn't averse to playing a game to get what she wanted. "You."

"These are the rules." He pulled out of her ass and turned her around. "Be ready and available with no panties any time you're in this office. If you service me as a good slave should then you can have anything you want." Sean pushed her back on the desk and dropped his face down into her pussy. He tongued her clit and cunt until she was screaming for release. Sean stood up, his face wet with

her juices. He ripped off his condom and looked at her. "Who owns you?

"You do."

"Beg me to come on your face and tits."

She felt relaxed and sated. He could do whatever he liked to her. "Please come on me, Sean. I beg you." The sticky cum splashed on her breasts, lips and hair. Her eyes locked with his. "I'm yours." *And if I can get what I want? Even better*.

The present

And that was how it started. Any time Sean wanted her, he took her. It was dangerous and exciting. Emma got demoted and Carlisle parked in her empty space every day and was pleased with the short walk to the office. She did feel sad for Emma. But only slightly. The general consensus was that Emma got what she deserved and only a few questioned Carlisle's sudden career leap.

"Why are you late?"

Um, was being shagged by two men yesterday an acceptable answer? "I'm sorry."

"Lift up your skirt."

Carlisle stiffened. *Crap*. She had worn panties today. She hadn't been thinking straight after both Peter and Adam. "I, er—"

Sean bent down and pulled up her skirt. He shook his head. "Not good enough, Carlisle." Sean put his hands on her shoulder and pushed her down. "Get on your knees."

When he wrenched her blouse apart and buttons popped off, she said nothing. This was Sean being in control. Thankfully, having gone through this before, Carlisle now made sure she had spare blouses at work. She knew what was going to happen. When he unzipped and forced his large cock inside her mouth, she didn't blink. Besides, she enjoyed sucking cock. It was a form of control for a woman that few men realized. Once a woman had a dick in her mouth she had power over a man. It weakened him and made her stronger.

Sean smiled. He knew Carlisle liked sucking his dick. She was a woman who made no pretense out of her enjoyment of sex. That

was rare. While it had been a risk to suggest sex in any form to an employee, there was something about Carlisle that made him take a chance. She had an earthy sex appeal that made his cock jerk in reaction. Until the party where she had ended up on the end of his dick, Sean had never been sure how to approach her.

He pulled his cock out of her mouth. A trail of saliva linked them. "Now why were you late?"

"I just couldn't organize myself."

Sean smiled. Carlisle was one of the most organized people he knew. He would have taken her on as his assistant without the sex. Fucking her was a bonus. "That's not a good enough answer, Carlisle."

"I'm sorry."

"How sorry?" He liked playing this game with her. She was one of the least submissive people he knew until it came to sex. Then she was open to it.

"Very sorry."

Sean walked around his desk and picked up the phone. This was an ideal opportunity for his partner John. He had been lusting after Carlisle for months. "Please come into my office, John."

Carlisle started to stand up.

"Oh no, stay where you are. I have a job for you to do."

"But —"

"I own you remember."

The door opened. John Fitch's eyes landed on Carlisle. "Sean?" He shut and locked the door behind him.

"I'm punishing Carlisle for being late and wearing panties."

"Really?" His partner's eyes were on her lace covered breasts.

Sean smiled. He knew John was a breast man. "Take off your bra, Carlisle." He saw her hesitate. "Who owns you?"

"You do." Her hands went around her back and unclipped her bra.

John groaned. "Oh man, a nipple ring."

"Stand up and let John taste you."

Carlisle did as requested. John was on her in a second. His mouth descended on her breast. She closed her eyes and held his head against her body as he sucked.

A flare of jealousy shot through Sean. "Carlisle." Neither heard him. "Carlisle." His voice was louder this time. She opened her

eyes and tuned to him. "Take off you skirt and panties and come to me." Sean sat down on his chair, his cock upright and ready for action. He looked at John. "Do you want to fuck her breasts?"

John's eyes were wild with need. "Yes."

Carlisle went to him. "Yes, Sean, what do you want me to do?"

He smiled at her submissive tone. "Face John and sit back on my dick." Sean hadn't put a condom on and that was okay. He enjoyed coming over Carlisle's skin. It gave him a feeling of possession. One of his hands went to her hips as the other curled around his cock. As she sat down on him, Sean pushed it into the entrance of her cunt. He sighed as she impaled herself on his dick. "Who owns you?" Sean whispered in her ear.

"You do." Her voice was soft and full of need as she began to move on him.

John came over to them. His dick was out and ready for action. He bent his knees slightly and put his dick against her breastbone.

"Sandwich him in between your pretty boobs and let him fuck 'um, Carlisle."

She did as requested and John growled his approval.

Sean put his hands around her waist and made her ride him at a pace that equaled the cock thrusts of his partner. It was hot and exciting and many times he thought he was ready to blow his load inside her.

Carlisle groaned when his finger moved to her clit. "Oh, Sean."

"We're good together." To have a sex partner who enjoyed it as much as Carlisle was exciting. His wife never understood his needs as Carlisle did.

"Oh yes." She leaned back against him.

Sean could see John was ready to come. Sean quickened his pace. The first splatter of cum from John hit her chin and lips. It dripped down into her breasts as John kept pumping in between the mounds of flesh until he was milked dry.

Carlisle cried out as she came under Sean's fingers.

"On your knees, Carlisle." On wobbly legs, she did as requested. He kneeled down behind her. Instead of pushing inside her once more, he stuck his dick upright between her ass cheeks, pushing

them together, mimicking the action of his partner. When Sean came, he covered her ass and back with cum. "You are mine, Carlisle."

"Yes."

"I'm taking you to that wedding." It would be an excellent place to play with her.

Uh oh. "But—"

"I'm in charge. I own you, Carlisle. Say it."

"You own me." And he just had. Her body was completely at his disposal at the office. And the wedding? She now had three men who wanted to take her. *Oh well, it's probably going to be crap anyway. I may as well turn up and dick around with three different men.*

Chapter Five

"You smashed into my car!" Amber jumped out of her car and charged at the two men.

Theo narrowed his eyes and stood his ground. "You should have been watching where you were going."

"Oh piss off!" Amber walked around and looked at the damage.

"No you piss off." Theo inspected the dent in the front fender. Mickey got out of the car and watched them.

Amber's hands curled into fists. "I'm calling the cops."

Mickey and Theo traded glances. That was the last thing they needed. "Let's not be hasty."

"Why not?" Amber sounded suspicious.

"We're here as a surprise to a friend." Theo told her.

Mickey nodded. "Yeah, and we'd hate to ruin the surprise."

"You trashed my car." Amber started again.

Theo sighed. *Why was nothing ever easy?* "If you let us do what we have to, we'll work out the repair later."

She arched one eyebrow. "Which friend?"

"Her." Theo pointed to Carlisle who was heading into the chapel.

"Would that happen to be a lady who was in a certain boutique yesterday?" Amber asked her eyes locked on the woman in question.

"Yeah that's her," Mickey responded.

Amber turned back to the men. "What's she to you?"

"What's she to you?" Theo wasn't about to play his hand until he knew what she wanted. *Did she know about the USB stick?*

"I asked first," Amber pointed out, her hands going to her hips.

"She has something we want." Theo was not about to name what. *I need to know what your agenda is, lady*.

"She took something of mine. I tracked her down to tell her hands off."

That sounded interesting. They had a common goal. "Maybe we can work together and take back what's ours."

Amber nodded. "What's your plan?"

"We have a gun," Mickey announced.

"Sssh!" Theo slapped his partner once more on the back of the head. "We're just going to threaten her a bit. There'll be no killing." "Perfect." Amber smiled. "Let's talk."

Bridget rounded on his sister. "You're late."

"It's a rehearsal dinner for god sake. It's not like it's the real thing that we have to suffer through tomorrow." Carlisle was tired from work and sex and men and the last thing she needed was dealing with her sister. They had never gotten along. There was no point trying to play the happy family now.

"This is what I hate about you, Carlisle. You never take important things seriously." Bridget then recited a long list of her sister's faults.

Carlisle yawned as Bridget went off on another of her tirades about Carlisle's lax attitude on life. *Whine. Bitch. Moan.* She looked at the ever-so-perfect-not-a-hair-out-of-place Neil. The Groom. *Sucker.* She heard Bridget draw a breath.

"Finished?"

Bridget sighed. "This is why I didn't want you in the wedding party."

"And lord knows I thank you for that as bilious green is *so not* my color."

"Bitch!" Bridget yelled and stamped her foot.

"Cow," Carlisle responded overly politely.

"Girls, please!" Lydia Carson came up to her daughters.

Bridget turned on her sister. "She started it, mother. You should have seen how I found her at her house the other day. She was nak—"

Carlisle yanked her sister's arm so she banged into her. She whispered in Bridget's ear. "Say another word and I'll tell the man of plastic Neil about your liaison with Mr. Phelps and the female hockey coach in the nurse's room at school. Can you say strap-on, Bridg?"

Their mother stared at them. "What is going on between you girls?"

"Nothing." They both said at the same time.

"Try and act with a bit of decorum, Carlisle."

Yeah it's always my fault. Never perfectly anal Bridget's.

"Have you got a dress for tomorrow?" Both women looked at Carlisle.

"Yes of course." Sorta. Kinda. Well—no. I probably should look into that.

"Are you going to have an escort?" Her mother asked.

"Why?" Carlisle said it purely to piss her mother off. Lydia saw the world in perfectly coordinated male-female couples.

"Well, he should be here."

Carlisle snorted. "To listen to this crap?"

"Carlisle!"

"Actually, I have three 'escorts'."

Bridget roiled her eyes. "Disgusting."

"What? Pissed off that you're stuck with marrying a Ken doll?"

"Neil is *not*!"

"Whatever." Carlisle turned to her mother. She had no connection other than blood to these women and at times even that wasn't enough. "Do I have to stay for this?"

"Maybe it would be better if you left," Lydia responded. "And please remember to bring those data sticks with you tomorrow."

Carlisle had placed all the old family albums on USB sticks. Her mother wanted to show them at the wedding. *And bore everyone's socks off.*

"Great. Yep, Sure. Whatever." I'm free!

"Drop dead," the bride muttered at Carlisle as she passed by.

"After you, Barbie."

"Stick your hands up." Theo came up behind Carlisle.

She turned around. "Oh you're fucking joking." She had just finished dealing with idiots and now more crossed her path.

"I have a gun."

"Oh yeah? Where."

Theo pointed it at her. "Here." Another man and a woman came to stand beside him.

Carlisle saw the glint of a steel barrel in the moonlight. "Hmm, so you do." For some reason she didn't feel threatened by the two men and the woman. They didn't match up somehow. The men? Yes. The woman? Nope. "Who's she?"

"We don't know," Mickey answered.

"Right. Well, it sounds like it's all going well for the three of you so far."

"Shut up!" Amber yelled at Carlisle.

It had been a long day. Gun or no gun she wasn't in the mood for this. "What do you lot want?" All three of them spoke at the same time.

"Whoa! All I got out of that was a load of mumbo jumbo." Theo spoke first. "You have an article that belongs to us." That surprised Carlisle. "What?"

"You bought a box of crap from a garage sale over the weekend."

"Correct." She had thrown most of it out. A few things she kept thinking they would be useful later.

"Where is it?"

"In the dumpster at home."

Theo looked angry. "Why didn't you tell us that? We've wasted so much time."

"Like that's my fault. Until five seconds ago, sunshine, I didn't even know you." A thought came to her. "Did you steal my handbag?

Theo said 'no' at the same time Mickey said 'yes'.

"Riiiight," Carlisle murmured wondering how this pair of thieves made a living if they were this dumb.

"Come on." Theo pushed Mickey. "Let's go."

Carlisle turned to the woman. Even in the half-light Carlisle could see she was gorgeous.

"I want Adam."

The lovely Adam from the boutique. "I see. You're his wife?" Carlisle made no judgments about monogamy. Some could do it, others couldn't.

"Ex-girlfriend."

Ah. "Does he want you?"

"He's confused at the moment."

"Translation—you're a bunny boiler and he's staying clear of you." Some women didn't know when to let go.

"He's mine," Amber snarled.

"Really?" Carlisle was cool.

"Yes," she insisted.

"'Probably awkward that I had sex with him yesterday. He didn't seem taken then."

Amber looked furious. "I will hurt you if you go near him again."

"Sure. Whatever." Carlisle had endured enough. She turned and walked to her car.

"I mean it!" the woman shouted after her.

"Uh huh." Carlisle was not about to be told by anyone who she could or couldn't do.

Chapter Six

The wedding day

"You look beautiful." Adam picked her up from her house to take her to the reception.

Carlisle opted to wear a black, slinky dress that showed off her hourglass figure and just enough cleavage to be polite and slightly inappropriate. She decided against going to the church to witness their vows. The Carson family had never been religious and suddenly dressing in white and avowing innocence and piety was too hypocritical for Carlisle.

"Thank you." She smiled at Adam. "You say the nicest things."

"I like being *nice* to you."

Carlisle was looking forward to some more hard, *niceness* from him. She had told the other two men to meet her at the reception. Peter hadn't been pleased and questioned her as to whom she was going with. Carlisle had told him. There was no exclusivity between them. It was just sex. Fantastic sex—not the 'until death do we part' sex.

As for Sean, she had to get down on her knees and suck the dicks of him and John and the cleaner who happened to walk in during it all.

God only knows what punishment Peter has in store for me. He had been awfully quite when he left her. Carlisle squirmed in her seat.

"A bit needy are we?"

"Yes." There was no point lying. If she thought of cock she wanted cock. "Stop the car."

"Yes, ma'am." Adam pulled over to the side of the road. "You know anyone can see us here."

"I know." That was half the fun of it. They could have been caught at the boutique too. "Back seat." She saw his eyebrow arch up. "I want to ride you."

Adam couldn't get out of the car quick enough. "Your dress will get wrinkled." He pulled open the back passenger door and followed her inside.

Carlisle ripped the dress of over her head. "Better?" She was completely naked underneath. "I wanted to shock and horrify my mother. She hates women who go without underwear."

"So much better." Adam unzipped his pants and pushed them down.

"Lie down." Carlisle straddled his lap. Adam's dick was hard before her. She leaned forward and licked it.

"Oh, darlin'..." Adam grabbed her hips and urged her on.

While she wanted to be filled, Carlisle also wanted to taste. She kept one hand on his dick and with the fingers on her other hand she rubbed her clit. When she deep throated his dick, Adam jerked up in excitement. She slid her lips from the tip to the base of the long shaft. Carlisle loved the way he squirmed and groaned under her. She removed her mouth and lifted his dick so his balls were in view. She sucked on one then the other.

"Are you trying to kill me?" Adam growled as his fingers replaced hers on her clit.

Oh yes. Carlisle lifted her head. "I want you to come in my mouth."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes." Once more her mouth covered his dick and she sucked and slid her hand up and down the shaft, teasing the skin underneath until her was bucking his hips up and down. This had a delightful effect on her clit as his fingers drove up into her cunt. She pushed down on them to enjoy the moment. When one of his hands went to the back of her head, Carlisle knew he was ready to blow. She lifted her eyes to watch him. There was something so exciting about watching a man come. It was like all his strength left him for a moment allowing him to just feel and need. As the cum rushed out into her mouth, she swallowed the bitter, musky fluid down.

"Oh, darlin'." Adam's hand stroked her hair as he tried to regain control.

"I liked that." Carlisle licked her lips and rolled over onto her back.

"I *loved* that." He wrapped his arms around her and held her close.

Carlisle snuggled close to him. This was perfect and peaceful and something she didn't have with her other two lovers. "I met your ex-girlfriend. She's a pip."

"Really?" Adam brushed the hair from her face.

"Yeah, came to the church and stamped her feet and demanded I cease my liaison with you 'cause apparently you belong to her."

Adam snorted at that. "And are you going to?"

"Oh hell no. She may be beautiful but she's as dumb as a box of rocks if she thinks I'm giving you up."

"Is it because of my dick?" Adam grinned.

Carlisle smiled in response. "That's part of it but I like you. A lot."

"More than your other boyfriends?"

She stiffened. How did he know about them? "Um..." What did she say that didn't make her sound like either a slut or a hypocrite?

"It's okay, darlin'. I like you a lot too and I'm not silly enough to think that a woman like you hasn't got other men running after her. The difference is, I reckon you'll end up with me in the end."

Carlisle's heart beat madly. She had a wild feeling he was right. Some men were for life. That he didn't blink at the idea of other lovers indicated he respected her rights as an individual and she liked that. "Have I mentioned how lovely you are?"

There was a knock on the car window. A police officer peered inside. "You need to move along or I'll book you."

She goggled at Adam. "The end to perfect sex-being booked for indecency. Mother and Bridget would be so pleased."

"You're wearing black." Lydia Carson looked her up and down in distaste.

"Correct." Carlisle handed her the USB sticks she had transferred the Carson family history on to.

"That's highly inappropriate."

"Yes, I know." Carlisle winked at Adam. "And I'm not wearing underwear either, mother."

Her mother gagged as if she was going to say something but it was all too much for her.

"All righty then." *My work here is done.* Carlisle turned to Adam. "Now if you'll excuse me I have to freshen up after a somewhat vigorous exercise session with a lovely gentleman I know."

Adam lifted her hand and kissed it. "Don't be long, darlin'."

Oh yeah. I am so going to marry him one day.

On the way to the ladies' toilets, she was grabbed roughly and pulled inside the gents' toilets.

"Where have you been?" Peter didn't look happy.

"In a car getting to this shindig." She looked him up and down. He wore all black from his tie to his socks. Carlisle shivered. He looked dangerous.

"I've been waiting for you."

She put her hands on her hips. "Well, here I am. What's the drama?" Carlisle deliberately chose words she knew would inflame him.

Peter narrowed his eyes at her. "I don't like to wait, baby."

"No one does. Now, I need to freshen up." Carlisle made to pull open the door.

He slammed the door shut. "Do it here."

"It's the men's room, Peter."

"I don't like your attitude, baby."

She shrugged. "I don't care. Even as she spat the words out, Carlisle knew what was going to happen and the idea thrilled her.

Peter pushed her back against the wall. "You have to be punished for making me wait."

Carlisle was breathing hard, ready for dick or anything else he chose to do to her. "Oh grow up."

He shook his head. "Bad choice of words, baby." Peter reached down and yanked up her dress with one hand and unzipped his trousers with the other. His dick jumped out ready for action.

She was wet with need anyway so when he entered hard and fast it wasn't such a shock. The minute he pulled her into the men's room, Carlisle knew she would be filled with dick one way or the other. His thrusts were meant to be a hard and sharp lesson as he fucked her up against the wall. Her head banged against the plaster with each thrust.

"You're giving me a headache." She was breathless from the pace and the mounting spiral of excitement building up in her cunt.

Peter pulled his dick out and dragged her to the row of sinks before the large rectangular mirror on the wall. Her dress was still up around her waist. "Bend over, baby." "Fuck off." He slapped her bare ass and spun her around until Carlisle was looking at her own reflection in the mirror. She howled out when his dick shoved into her anus. "No!"

"Yes, and you're going to watch me fuck you." Peter grabbed a handful of her hair and made her watch as his hips pummeled her ass while his dick plowed away inside her.

"Peter, stop it!" Carlisle knew it was what he wanted to hear. She was to resist and he was to dominate.

"You love it." He didn't pause in his thrusts.

"Is everything okay in here?" A man walked into the men's room, his eyes were locked on the half naked Carlisle.

"Yeah, man. I'm just teaching my old lady here a lesson. D'you want a piece of the action?"

"No!" Carlisle called out.

The man looked around. "Well, I don't know."

"If you have a rubber, man, then she's yours."

Carlisle threw back her head and glared at Peter. "I am not and never will be."

Peter pulled out and thrust in hard.

"O-w-w." His lessons were painful yet good.

"Be good or else," Peter growled in her ear.

"Or else what?" It wasn't like she could do anything. She was pinned to a sink by a dick up her ass.

"Do you really want to know?"

Yes. No. "I need to go back to the wedding." Not. This is way more fun.

"After I come in your ass."

Carlisle stiffened. "You don't have a condom on."

"No and I want to watch my cum leak out of your body.

She shivered at the thought. *I'd like to see that too*. She saw the man's dick at her side, covered in rubber and erect.

"Suck him," Peter ordered.

"But —" Peter whacked her ass. The dick inside drove in further. Carlisle cried out loud and swallowed the dick that was in her face.

Peter leaned in and whispered in her ear. "I know you love this, baby."

She was double stuffed with dick and enjoying every dirty minute of it. The man at her lips had no imagination. He just pushed

his hips back and forth and Carlisle sucked in obedience. It was more for Peter to watch and enjoy than for her pleasure. While she loved cock, she liked men who knew what to do with it. Carlisle wasn't surprised when the man came early.

"Shame we don't have another dick for you to suck, baby."

Her eyes went to the door. Peter laughed and leaned his whole body over her humping her harder and faster than ever before. When he came, he roared out loud and long as he drove her body forward. She grabbed the head of the taps so hard water shot out everywhere as he spurted his seed inside her.

"Are you going to be a good girl in the future and do as I say?"

"No." Disobedience was so much more fun.

Peter chuckled. "That's my girl." He pulled out and spread her legs watching the sticky cum seep out. "Beautiful."

After cleaning up, Carlisle hobbled back to the reception. It appeared she had missed the bridal couple's first waltz as man and wife. "What a damn shame—not."

Carlisle looked across the room. Sean beckoned her. She waved back. He responded with a look that could mean only one thing. *I'm in trouble—again*. Carlisle wondered what *his* punishment would be. Sean crooked his finger and beckoned her forward. The wedding banquet had just begun. She could hardly walk out. *Besides, I'm starving after all that sex*.

She shook her head.

Sean mouth the word 'now'.

"Bugger." Carlisle knew she had no choice. She had to go to Sean. He held her livelihood in his hands. She watched as Sean turned and walked out the door.

Once outside in the garden, Sean faced her. "Where have you been, Carlisle?"

"Things came up." As dicks do...

"But you know you belong to me."

Carlisle blew out a breath. "Okay, technically at the office that I may be however—" she stopped when the tall blonde woman walked up to Sean and placed her hand on his shoulder. "Um—" *Who*

is this? Those boobs could not possibly be real. The woman was statuesque and built like a goddess.

"This is Delilah." Sean introduced her to Carlisle.

Well of course, women like her were never called Tracey or Sue. Carlisle nodded.

"She wants to play with you. I promised she could."

Oh hell no. "I don't do women. Ever."

Sean raised his eyebrows at her tone. "You seem to forget you belong to me, Carlisle."

"Okay, yes, technically that is true at the office but I'm only interested in dick." Carlisle was a great believer in people being free to chose and love whom they wanted. *But I ain't going down on pussy. Yuk!*

"Too bad you owe me." Sean didn't look perturbed.

"How do you figure that?"

"You blew me off when I wanted to escort you to the wedding."

"Yet you came anyway." Which was odd to Carlisle because she sure as hell didn't want to be there and she was related to the bride.

"To see you."

"With her." *The Amazon*. She was everything the height challenged, fat thighed Carlisle wasn't.

"She wants you."

"And I want to eat my weight in chocolate but some things in life we just do not get."

Sean smiled. "You can either do her or lose your job."

"I never liked working there anyway." The whole obedience thing was good, kinky fun but Carlisle had some morals, although maybe hard to find, they still lurked with her.

"Seriously?"

"Yes."

"So if I asked you to crawl under the oak boardroom table at work and suck our clients during a meeting you would prefer to do that rather than Delilah?"

"Oh hell yes."

Sean smiled. "Monday morning, nine o'clock sharp, in the boardroom."

"Huh?" *Is he saying what I think he's saying?*

"You are to be on your hands and knees with mouth open."
Carlisle was surprised, annoyed and yet excited by the thought of giving head to unknown men of power. "I'm not a whore." Yes, she loved sex. Yes, she enjoyed risk. But she was still her own person and what Carlisle chose to do was to give pleasure to herself.

"I know you're not." Sean's eyes were bright and knowing on hers. "You belong to me."

Carlisle licked her lips and thought about it. *Keep my job and suck some dick or flounce off and refuse the Amazon and start job searching?* The job paid well and there were definite perks. "Yes, Sean. I belong to you." Monday would be an interesting day.

Adam was not surprised to see Amber at the wedding. "What are you doing here?"

"I made a mistake. I want you back."

He shook his head, a sad smile on his lips. Some people learned too late. "We're not meant to be together, Amber." After being with Carlisle, Adam knew that for a fact. Oh, he knew there were other men in her life but he planned to be the only one when she was ready to settle down.

"But I love you, Adam."

"No, you love the idea if being part of a couple." He knew some women needed to hold on to a man to reaffirm who they were as women.

Amber looked across the room to Carlisle. "Why her? She's hardly beautiful."

"Maybe not in the conventional sense, but she is sexy and funny and I genuinely like her."

"Like?" Amber was surprised at the word.

"Liking is way more important than loving." And there was a lot to like about the quirky Carlisle. "I wish you the best, Amber." Adam patted her arm and walked away.

Chapter Seven

Lydia Carson stood and clinked a spoon again her glass of champagne to get everyone's attention. "And now, as we enter a new chapter in our family with the marriage of my daughter Bridget to Neil, I'm pleased to share with you all a moment in the Carson family history." She handed a USB stick to Neil who slotted it into the laptop to project it onto the large screen before the guests.

"How are you related to them?" Adam looked from Carlisle to her family.

She shook her head. "I have no bloody idea. I still hold out hope that I'm adopted." Carlisle took his hand and stood up. "And I've heard more than enough of this. Let's get out of here." She had done her bit. They could expect no more of her. And then she heard her mother shriek.

"Oh my god! Carlisle, what have you done?"

Carlisle wondered which one thing in particular her mother was referring to. That was until she looked at the giant screen before her.

"Holy crap!"

On screen, a naked woman knelt before a man. Her tongue was flicking the tip of his dick in a teasing motion. Carlisle looked at Adam.

"I'm pretty sure that's not me." As the red hair of the woman came into sight, Carlisle sighed. *Yay! Not me*. It was one thing being filmed. It was another for your fat ass to be on display for all to see.

Adam smiled at her. "Well, this has certainly livened up a dull event." All eyes were locked on the screen.

How the hell had this happened? Carlisle could feel the twin daggers of her sister's eyes upon her. And then it hit her. Carlisle had grabbed the pile of USB sticks as she raced out to get to the wedding. She had meant to check and label each one. *Oops*. It was then that she spotted the two men across the room who had tried to hold her up the other night.

"Of course." The two dollar surprise box of crap she had bought at the garage sale had a USB stick inside. She pitched everything except that stick and the copy of *Lonesome Dove*. Carlisle started to laugh. That's what those men wanted. They wanted that

stick to blackmail someone. No wonder they looked devastated. Something like this would cost a lot to cover up to save a politician's ass. "Best two dollars I ever spent."

"Is that Senator Nash?" Someone asked.

Neil was frantically trying to turn it off but in his panic he was making it worse. The sound got louder. Heavy breathing and groans flooded the reception. The guests were glued to the screen.

"Which family member is that?"

"Not sure. Maybe old man Carson who shot through on them when they were kids."

"Funny thing to show at a wedding."

"Hell of a family history."

"How do you think she does that without gagging? That's a lot of meat.

"I think she's a contortionist. No normal person could place her ankles on her shoulders."

"Ain't that the politician fellow who campaigned on morality?"

"Is that real or has he had an implant?"

"Well there's no way hers are real."

"No, they don't bounce when she does."

"What's she doing with that banana?"

"Eeww!"

"That's gotta hurt in such a small hole. You think she'd peel it first."

"What the hell is going on, Carlisle?" Her mother roared at her. "Where did that filth come from?"

"From a garage sale, mother."

Theo and Mickey, who could have answered that question, stood gob smacked as they watched. They had tracked back to the wedding to ask the woman where the USB stick could be only to see the contents on screen for all to see."

Mickey shrugged his shoulders. "At least we know where it is."

Theo sighed. "We'll get no money for it, dummy."

"Oh well." Mickey looked over at Carlisle. "She looks nice in black."

"Come on. Let's get out of here."

"Where are we going, Theo?"

"I want to get drunk." As career criminals went they sucked. Amber came to stand before them. Theo put his arm around her shoulders. "Come and join us for a drink."

Three men faced Carlisle. "So which one of us do you want?" Peter's eyes were hot on hers.

Men. They had to have everything cut and defined to fit in with their egos. If she chose one over the other, someone would be pissed off. And the thing was Carlisle didn't want to do that. She wanted to enjoy herself and live life. If that meant having sex with multiple men until she was ready to settle down then so be it.

"Can't I have you all?" They looked surprised. "Well why not? Men have had multiple lovers for centuries. Monogamy hasn't been a big thing to them. Is it to you, boys?"

"I have no problem with that," Peter declared. "Eventually she'll see sense and be mine."

Sean snorted. "She belongs to me and she knows it."

Adam smiled at her. "You know I love you, darlin'. I'll respect any choice you make."

And there it was. Two men wanted to play and have exclusive rights over her body. And the other? *He will be someone to come home to when I'm ready*.

She looked around the debris of the wedding. It had been a shambles. *For everyone except me*. Her sister hated her and her mother was 'disappointed'. Nothing had changed and the world still turned despite scandal and ridicule.

Carlisle looked back at the men. *Hmmm, eany meany miney mo...*

Epilogue

Twelve months later

He smiled and held out his hand as Carlisle walked toward him. She held her breath and marveled once more how this man could make her feel so special and loved. Carlisle thanked her lucky stars he had waited for her.

"All your wild oats sown, darlin"?"

Carlisle smiled into Adam's eyes. "Yes."

"'Ready for exclusivity?"

"Are you?" This was a two-way street. She had messed him around with her need to experiment. It would not surprise her if he wanted his turn at being reckless.

"From the moment I saw you."

Oh yeah, he is the sweetest man. "I'm sorry I made you wait."

"You were worth it." He lifted her hand and kissed her palm.

"Have I told you how much I adore you, Adam?"

The End



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