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Dance
for THREE

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

Dance for Three

Berengaria Brown

Talitha has separated from her unloving ex and attends line dancing classes to lose weight and acquire social skills. Jared and Nathan, loving partners, are there so Jared can learn to dance before his cousin's wedding. When the men invite Talitha to join them for a sexy romp, what girl could resist these two hot, hard guys? The sex is scorching and the trio continues to dance not just at class...but also between the sheets.

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Dance for Three

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DANCE FOR THREE

Berengaria Brown

Dedication

To E, who cannot go past a yard sale or bookstore without buying books for me as well as for herself, and who introduced me to e-books.

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Chapter One

Oh God, I'm stupid. So fucking stupid. Why did I come here? Jeez. I should know by now I never get this stuff right. Never.

Talitha mentally shook her head at herself and wondered how soon she could sneak out. Along the right wall stood a row of men. Mostly younger than she. Mostly wearing shirts and ties. Along the left wall were twice as many women. All definitely younger than she. All weighing at least fifteen pounds less than she. All wearing slinky dresses with spaghetti straps and plunging necklines. And strappy sandals.

Talitha's heart was pounding beneath her navy blue t-shirt. She could feel sweat rolling down her back and catching under the waistband of her denim skirt. She looked down at her sensible low-heeled navy pumps and sighed. Yep. Once again her ex had been proven right. She was a one-hundred-percent social idiot.

Just then the music started and the man at the microphone said, "Right, now guys and gals line up and we'll begin with The Nutbush. Don't worry if you've never danced this one before. It has just two basic steps that anyone can follow."

As people started moving onto the floor and the line dancing instructor started talking about a four-wall-dance and explaining the steps, Talitha moved toward the "girls" wall and scanned the room for exits. Obviously there would be one to the restrooms at the very least.

Ahh, there it is.

Talitha moved behind a gaggle of giggling young women who looked barely old enough to drive and hurried around a corner into the passageway to the restrooms. And stopped.

Halfway along the passage stood the most delicious-looking man she had ever seen. Tall—at least six foot. Dark brown hair curling just a tiny bit on his collar. Talitha's

breath caught as she looked at muscular arms in a short-sleeved shirt. Arms that were wrapped around an equally tall, masculine figure. The one with his back to her had lighter golden-brown hair cut short and very broad shoulders tapering to a narrow waist and tight ass.

Surreptitiously Talitha wiped her hand across her mouth to check that she wasn't drooling.

Oh. My. God. What delectable hunks. And just my luck they're gay.

Not that they would ever look at me anyway, she reminded herself, thinking of all the thinner, younger, prettier females in the big room.

"Jared, honey, the dancing has started. We've gotta get out there and learn this stuff. We promised your cousin we wouldn't disgrace her at her wedding."

"But Nathan. We only have two weeks. That's like two or maybe four lessons max. We're never gonna solve my two-left-feet problem that easily."

"Honey, basic line dancing is easy. Anyone can do it. And you don't need a partner. You don't have to worry about stepping on anyone's feet like that ballroom stuff. All we have to do is watch the people in front of us. Come on." He gently rubbed his hands up and down the other man's arms.

Talitha watched as the two yummiest men she had ever seen lifted their eyes from each other and saw her standing in the hallway. She felt her face flame a bright red, felt her neck heating, and once more sweat trickled down her spine with embarrassment.

Oh God, this is definitely the worst night of my life, she thought miserably, wishing for a potted palm to hide behind, the floor to swallow her up, an earthquake—anything.

The one with the lighter hair—Jared?—looked at her with kind, hazel eyes and smiled.

"Hey. Are you okay? I didn't see you before."

"I...um..." she hesitated, embarrassed.

"Come with us," Nathan said. "We'll join in the back row and conquer this Nutbush thing. Or are you a line dancing expert?"

"No. This is my first time here."

* * * * *

By the end of the evening Talitha could not only do the Nutbush, she had mastered the Macarena and the Chicken Dance as well. All very basic but at least she had remembered the steps and not fallen flat on her face.

Jared obviously felt the same sense of achievement. "You know," he said as they walked to the parking lot together, "that's the very first time I have managed to dance for more than five minutes without stomping on a girl's foot."

"Yeah. It was usually me stepping on someone's foot," Talitha replied. "My ex would never dance with me because —"

Abruptly she stopped.

Because you are a fat cow with no social skills, finished the voice in her head.

Heat flamed across her face again and she reached into the pocket of her skirt for her car keys.

"Nice meeting you. Bye," she said and hurriedly turned to go.

"Wait." Nathan's strong hand reached out to touch her arm. "It's not late. Aren't you thirsty? How about joining us for coffee? There is a nice little coffee bar at the end of the block. And we'd like to get to know you better. We've enjoyed your company this evening. Right, Jared?"

"Yeah, it's been fun. Let's not call it a night yet," Jared said, smiling into her eyes.

God, he's handsome. They both are. I sure would like to spend the night with them. Wait! Where did that come from? Spend the night with two guys? Are you out of your mind?

Talitha dragged her mind back to the conversation. "Coffee would be good. I am thirsty. Thanks. Let's do that."

Jared and Nathan walked one on either side of her to the coffee bar. It was nothing special—a dozen tables, half of them full, a variety of coffees and some snacks. But the staff were friendly, the atmosphere great and she could see other women wishing they were her. That was a first. Always she had been the odd one out. The socially inept one. The one on the sidelines. Tonight she was talking and laughing with two hunkalicious men she had just met. And she was having fun. They were all having fun.

Her eyes ran over Nathan. His muscles rippled under that white shirt. His thigh touched hers and it was firmly muscled too. Her panties dampened and her breath caught. *Oh my God, he is yummy. And nice. Genuinely nice.*

But so was Jared. He was so kind, so caring. And that ass. Every time the dance steps had her facing his ass she could hardly keep from touching it. Taut muscles. Yet rounded. Delicious.

What am I thinking? These guys are gay. They are partners. Yeah sure they're caring people, interesting and fun to be with, but they belong to each other.

Once again she carefully ran her finger over the corners of her mouth to check she wasn't drooling at them. She caught a glance between the men. Nathan seemed to be asking Jared a question. Jared definitely nodded.

See, she chided herself. They have their own private language. They don't even need words they're so attuned to each other's needs.

The guys leaned across the tiny table and each took one of her hands.

"Talitha, we like you."

"Tonight has been great," added Nathan.

"We want you to come to our house for the rest of the evening."

"Please? We won't do anything you don't want to do."

"But whatever happens will be good. We guarantee that."

Talitha looked from Jared to Nathan and back to Jared. They were serious. They were asking her—her!—to go to their house? To go to bed with them? Both of them?

“Um. I am not very good at... And I have never... Well, not with two guys... Um...”

Talitha knew her face was fiery red again. *God, how many times have I blushed in front of these two men? They're going to think I am a virginal fool!*

The men gently lifted her to her feet.

“We won't do anything you don't want to do,” Nathan reiterated.

“And we can promise anything we do, you will enjoy very much,” Jared smiled.

Talitha nodded. How could a girl refuse an offer like that?

* * * * *

Nathan had scrawled their address on the back of a business card and even included a tiny map so she could find their house easily, so Talitha programmed the details into her GPS and was just turning the key in the ignition when her ex's voice thundered in her head.

You stupid cow! You're driving off after two strange men and no one knows where you will be? You deserve to be raped and murdered! Do you really think any man would want an overweight klutz like you?

Her hand stopped midair.

Yes, she had turned thirty. Yes, she really should lose ten or fifteen pounds. And yes, her social skills were not wonderful. After all, that was why she was at the line-dancing class in the first place. She didn't need a partner to go line dancing and it was both a social skill and exercise all rolled into one package.

But I'm not stupid. I'm good at my job. My boss is always saying so and he does not believe in flattery.

So use your brain, girl.

Talitha got out of her car and went to the trunk. Grabbing her laptop, she fired it up and clicked on the email icon, then on the calendar function. She typed in the guys' names and address in the space for that evening, emailed the updated calendar to

herself at work, then logged out, thanking God for her wife and whoever had unwittingly given her access to it from the parking lot.

So if I disappear someone will come looking for me. And at least I will have had one night of hot sex before I die – well, at least I hope I will have!

Quickly packing away the laptop again, Talitha set off following the directions the guys had given her. And this time her mind wandered to a conversation she'd had with a workmate who had slept with two men together and apparently had the hottest sex of her life and an orgasm so powerful she'd almost passed out.

* * * * *

As Talitha drove up to the house she saw Nathan leaning against the garage door. He waved her up the driveway, pressing the remote so the door opened for her to drive straight in and park beside his big, black SUV. Or maybe it was Jared's.

I really don't know very much about them at all, she thought. Then her breath hitched as he leaned over, opened the car door and extended a hand to help her out. His dark brown eyes were sparkling and his white, straight teeth gleamed in his tanned face. And the look on his face – as if he were about to eat her up.

Talitha's belly clenched and heat shot straight to her clit. Her cream dampened her panties and suddenly she couldn't breathe. Desire heated her.

"Come," Nathan said drawing her out of the car with a gentle tug.

Oh, I am coming all right, she thought with an internal giggle at the double entendre.

A side door from the garage led directly to the kitchen – a large room with modern appliances – but Nathan moved them straight through it and down a hallway to the spacious master bedroom.

The lights there were dimmed and Jared was lighting a row of vanilla-scented candles. Orchestral music was playing softly in the background.

"The best sex always involves all the senses," Jared said. "Don't you agree?"

Talitha nodded, realizing she had never really thought about it before.

Nathan stepped up behind her, pressing his body along her back. She could feel the hard ridge of his cock against her butt and the hard muscles of his chest on her back. His breath was hot against her neck. She shivered with delicious expectation.

Jared took her hands in his, moving until he was almost, but not quite, touching her front.

"Nathan and I have been together for over three years now. But from time to time we do enjoy sharing a special lady. We want you very much. The three of us had a good time together tonight and you turn us both on. Is this what you want, Talitha?"

Talitha couldn't think. Couldn't breathe. She was so turned on by them both she was sure she was drooling. Her panties were saturated. Her heart was pounding. The two hottest hunks she had ever seen in her whole life were offering her — *her!* — a night of no-holds-barred sex.

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes, I want this. I want you both."

"Thank God!" Nathan said, leaning his head against hers and kissing her gently on the ear. He moved slightly and sucked her earlobe into his mouth, running his tongue along the ridge and nipping it gently with his teeth.

Talitha gasped and her knees wobbled. *Oh God, that's sexy.*

"After all that line dancing I think we should start with a shower, don't you?" asked Jared, running his hands up her arms.

Uncertainty hit Talitha. *What if I'm sweaty? When did I last shave under my arms? I just know I am going to mess this up!*

Gentle hands massaged her back.

"Relax," whispered Nathan soothingly. "You'll enjoy this. We all will."

As Talitha nodded and took a deep breath, Jared whipped off his shirt, toed off his shoes and unbuckled his belt. In seconds she was staring at his tautly muscled, lightly tanned chest and at a trail of golden brown hair leading down to an impressive bulge in his pants.

Behind her Nathan's hand had dropped to the hem of her boring, navy blue t-shirt. Slowly he lifted it up and over her head, dropping kisses on her back as the skin was bared. With smooth teamwork, Jared took the shirt and dropped his mouth to her shoulder, sucking and kissing the soft skin there. His mouth moved to the top of her breast, licking and sucking as it went. Nathan's clever fingers undid her sensible navy cotton bra and pushed the straps down her arms. His hands reached around her, fingers smoothing across her sides, her ribs, until they covered her breasts. His lips continued to kiss and suck at her neck and shoulders as his fingers tweaked her nipples and palmed her breasts.

Jared unzipped her skirt and gently pushed it down over her hips. His hands caressed her hips as he dropped kisses across her abdomen and then licked and sucked her bellybutton as he slid her boring navy panties down and off.

Talitha couldn't think, couldn't move, could scarcely breathe. All she could do was experience, feel. Four hot hands on her skin. Two hot mouths on her, kissing, sucking, licking.

A mouth on her clit. Sucking it. Teeth teasing it.

Fingers pinched both nipples. Someone sucked hard on the tendons of her neck. Three fingers thrust deep in her cunt pressing the walls. Teeth bit lightly on her clit.

And Talitha exploded in an orgasm, her whole body shaking with the power of it. Her knees wobbled and she sagged back against Nathan, who was still cupping her breasts in his palms, gently stroking her down from the peak. Jared was still licking and kissing her cunt, running his tongue into her slit to lap up her juices, his hands holding her thighs steady.

Finally Jared stood and pulled her into his arms, rubbing his chest against her breasts, running his hands gently over her hair, then kissing her on the mouth, sharing the taste of her juices with her. She thrust her tongue into his mouth, suddenly wanting more of him, more of them both. He responded by sucking on her tongue, pulling it

into his mouth sucking hard, then releasing it to run his tongue over her teeth, inside her cheeks.

Talitha's arms tightened around his back, her nails digging into his shoulders as she pressed into him, wanting more, more, more.

Then Nathan was behind her again, naked now, running his hands down her legs, slipping her feet out of her sensible navy pumps, sucking her toes –

A second orgasm started to coil in Talitha's belly. No one had ever sucked her toes before. She had never even thought about toe sucking.

God, that's hot!

Then the men were gently pulling back from her.

"Come on, Talitha, let's get cleaned up," said Nathan.

Talitha nodded, took a deep breath, and found her legs did work, so she followed them into the en suite bathroom and into a huge shower.

She had a vague impression of more dim lights, more vanilla-scented candles and hot, steamy water. Both men were naked now, and leading her under the spray. Jared poured shampoo on her hair while Nathan rubbed liquid soap up and down her back, arms and legs.

Talitha had never felt so cherished, so loved, so special. Her skin tingled with their touch, yet burned for more. Water cascaded over her skin, warm, inviting. Suddenly she wanted to touch, to be involved. She picked up the liquid soap container and poured it into her cupped hands then ran them up and down Jared's back. He grinned and turned her so she could do the same for Nathan.

Nathan's cock was huge, hard, hot and red. She had to touch it, taste it. Now.

Talitha knelt down and gently took his cock in her hands, then opened her mouth wide to draw in the head. A bead of pre-cum pearled in the slit and she licked it. Hmm, spicy, salty, tangy. She sucked more of his cock into her mouth, pulling her

cheeks tight for maximum suction. Her hands moved of their own volition to gently cup his balls. Already she could tell they were drawn up tight. He needed to come.

Talitha ran her teeth gently over the head of his cock, licking under the ridge. One hand continued to gently rub his balls and the other massaged his taut ass. His cock seemed to grow bigger and harder in her mouth. She could hear him panting over the sounds of the water splashing in the shower.

Thrusting one finger into his anus she twirled it, feeling for his prostate gland. She felt the little ball and he gave a shout, exploding into her mouth, his cum hitting the back of her throat.

"God, that feels good. Oh God, you do that so well," gasped Nathan, holding her shoulders as the last of his cum spurted into her mouth.

As Talitha licked Nathan clean, Jared leaned over her and the men kissed. She could feel the raw power and sexuality of the kiss. The steamy shower room suddenly became a lot steamier, her breasts started to swell and ache and moisture dripped from her pussy.

Nathan pulled her to her feet for a fiery kiss and Jared pressed his body to hers, letting her feel how hot and hard his cock was.

"Can you do a handstand?" asked Nathan. "You seemed to be pretty well coordinated there at line dancing tonight."

"Well sure, I used to be able to do them. It's not the sort of thing I have done for a while though," she replied, confused.

Jared reached for the shelf of the shower and grabbed a condom from a container there.

"Go on. Do a handstand," urged Nathan.

Jeez I hope I don't mess this up, thought Talitha, bending toward the floor and kicking her feet up into the air.

Jared caught her legs and tossed them over his shoulders then thrust his cock deep into her pussy. The unusual angle of the move made him sink incredibly deep into her and her cunt clenched tightly around him.

“So hot! So tight. So perfect,” he moaned, grabbing her hips hard.

Nathan scooted along the floor and wiggled under her chest. His arms supported hers so she was no longer holding her own weight and Jared thrust into her cunt again.

Nathan kissed her, thrusting his tongue into her mouth in time with Jared’s thrusts into her cunt.

Talitha’s mind turned to mush with the sensory overload. Jared’s cock was touching her G-spot with every thrust. He was buried to the hilt in her, rubbing her walls and filling her completely. Her cunt clenched around him and her honey was pouring over his cock. An orgasm was building inside her, tightening all her nerves, firing all her senses. Building. Building.

“Now!” yelled Jared as he thrust hard and deep into her cunt, his hands digging into her hips.

Nathan let go of her arms and pinched her clit with one hand and her nipple with the other, swiveling his head and biting down on her other nipple at the same time.

Talitha screamed as an orgasm crashed through her, exploding from her pussy, her breasts, her head.

Jared thrust into her again and she felt his cock jerking inside her as she shook and shivered from her own orgasm still racing through her.

Jared withdrew from her and the guys gently stood her upright and held her tightly as the last powerful waves of climax rolled over her.

While Jared cuddled her, Nathan used the hand shower to rinse them all off, then somehow she was wrapped in a towel and the three of them were in the big bed snuggled together. Talitha was asleep even as she realized the orchestral music was still playing in the background and the vanilla scent permeated the air.

Chapter Two

Talitha woke to the smell of hot toast, rich roasted coffee and the quiet hum of conversation.

"The next line dancing class is Friday. What say we go down to the beach for the weekend and take Talitha with us? We could leave straight after class and be there in time for a late supper."

"Sounds like an excellent plan, honey. But we are really going to have to practice this dancing gig. We promised your cousin we would dance at her wedding."

"*You* promised I'd dance with her. Whatever were you thinking of? You know I have two left feet!"

"Nah. No worries. We can do this. How hard can it be to do a few side steps, a few kicks? That's the beauty of line dancing. No partner to trip over!"

Talitha's brain was still fuzzy and she ached in all sorts of muscles she'd never realized she had. However she was awake. Almost.

But should she speak? Or would they be embarrassed she'd heard them talking? *Jeez, just more proof I'm a total loser at this social nicety stuff. But at least I can remember it is Jared's cousin who is getting married and Jared who has two left feet. Just like me.*

Soft lips kissed her eyelids, her mouth, her nose, her ear.

A gentle voice whispered, "Wake up, Talitha."

"We've made you some breakfast. Fresh-squeezed orange juice, hot toast, coffee."

"And we remembered you like your coffee strong and black."

Talitha struggled to sit up then burned with embarrassment.

What does my hair look like? I never dried it after the shower.

She ran her hand over her mouth quickly, hoping she hadn't been drooling in her sleep.

God, how embarrassing. What kind of a freak must I look like!

Again the gentle voice – Nathan. "Perhaps we should kiss you awake. I could start by sucking your toes..."

Talitha's tummy clenched. "Jeez, that was hot. I wouldn't mind you sucking them any time!"

"They are very suckable. But then the rest of you is too." His eyes burned into her face.

Jared placed the tray on the bed and both men sat beside her.

"Sadly, we have to go to work today, but first, breakfast."

Talitha jumped. "What is the time? Am I late? Oh shit, you should have woken me earlier –"

"Relax! It's only a little after seven a.m. There's plenty of time to eat breakfast before we have to leave. But we want to ask you about next weekend."

"Yeah," Nathan cut in. "Line dancing class again on Friday. You are going back again, aren't you? You said you wanted to do the whole course."

"My ex constantly reminded me I have no social skills. And I don't. So I thought I'd start by learning to dance. It seems like everywhere I go they have some line dancing these days. And every work event I attend they seem to do a Macarena or the Time Warp or the Chicken Dance or something. So yeah..." Talitha's thoughts trailed off as Jared handed her a piece of hot buttered toast and a glass of juice on a little tray.

Jared and Nathan exchanged glances and nods as Talitha sipped her juice. Jared slipped his arm comfortably around Nathan's waist and gave the darker man a hug.

"There is a beach we go to a lot."

"It has the most amazing sand bar."

"We were planning to go next weekend."

"Will you come with us?" they both asked together.

"Yes, I would love to," Talitha replied, the words bursting out of her mouth before her brain could kick into gear. She'd just had a night of the most amazing, unbelievably hot sex. The two yummiest men ever had kissed and caressed and loved every inch of her. She had no idea why they wanted her but she knew she definitely wanted them. Spending a weekend with them would be totally awesome.

"We'll meet you at line dancing," said Nathan.

"You will dance beside us again won't you, and take pity on this poor two-left-footed man?" asked Jared, lifting pathetic puppy-dog eyes to Talitha.

While Talitha laughed and sipped her juice, Nathan explained the men's plans.

"Bring an overnight bag and swimwear. You won't need many clothes. I don't think we'll leave the room much. Besides, room service there is excellent." He waggled his eyebrows suggestively.

By the time they had all finished breakfast, everything was arranged for Friday and the weekend.

It wasn't until Talitha was in her car heading back to her apartment to get ready for work that reality slapped her upside the head.

Oh my God! What have I done? Swimwear? Me? With my flabby stomach? I don't have the right clothes. I won't know what to do. I'll do something stupid and spoil everything and they'll hate me...

* * * * *

By Friday Talitha had wound herself into such a mass of indecision she could scarcely think at work. She had hardly slept Thursday night and had packed and unpacked and repacked her small bag so often it would be a miracle if she'd even remembered to bring a toothbrush.

She did remember to wear a slinky dress and strappy sandals to line dancing class though. At least she could avoid repeating that embarrassing mistake.

But I'm sure to make ten others instead, she thought to herself as she screwed up her courage to get out of her car in the dance school parking lot.

Before she could completely wimp out she saw Jared and Nathan, holding hands and walking briskly toward her.

God, they are yummy. I don't understand why they want to be with me.

Nathan's dark hair, dark eyes and tanned skin were set off perfectly by a yellow shirt and Jared's golden-brown hair and hazel eyes looked good against his shirt which was just a slightly darker, more golden yellow.

"Talitha, you're stunning in that dress," said Jared, leaning in for a kiss.

"Oh yeah, that shade of blue is great with your eyes – makes them more blue than gray," added Nathan. "Come on, you have to tell us all about your day before the music starts and conversation gets too difficult," he added linking arms with both Talitha and Jared.

* * * * *

Two hours later with the Nutbush, the Macarena and the Chicken Dance reviewed and the Grapevine maneuver and Triple Step technique mastered, they all were all feeling pleased with themselves.

"Two left feet! Ha! Not me!" bragged Jared, conveniently forgetting the times he had ended up facing the wrong wall when first learning to weave with the Grapevine.

"You're wonderful," Nathan affirmed, kissing him, "and your cousin will love dancing with you at her wedding."

"So tell me about this cousin and her wedding," asked Talitha, noticing once again how attuned they seemed to be to each other. How, so often, their glances met and they smiled at each other, each one obviously understanding the other's thoughts.

"Hannah has been planning her wedding for months. And she is determined to make me dance with her. She keeps saying it is her special day and she has to have what she wants."

“And Hannah always gets what she wants,” added Nathan with a grin.

“Yeah. Plus the countdown is on. It’s only a little over a week now to W Day.”

They had arrived beside Talitha’s car and she agreed to follow them to the small private airfield and leave her car in the parking lot there. It was only four hours’ drive to the beach but the guys preferred to save the travel time and fly when possible.

It certainly seemed like no time at all before they were grabbing their bags and leaving another small airport and catching the shuttle bus to a hotel right on the beach. The hotel was gleaming and modern and the air definitely seemed warmer than at home. The stars were shining brightly and there was plenty of light to appreciate the breakers rolling onto the white sand of the beach.

The three of them walked across the road and onto the sand. Without a word being said, they all kicked off their footwear to dig their toes into sand still warm from the day’s sunshine.

“This is wonderful,” breathed Talitha. “Thank you so much for inviting me to come with you.”

Jared’s breath hitched as he looked into her face. As one, he and Nathan grabbed her and sandwiched her between them. Nathan pressed his body hard against her back, his cock a stiff ridge against her ass. Jared pressed his cock right into her mound, then wrapped his arms around both her and Nathan. Nathan responded so that Talitha was wedged between two hot, hard hunks of man, her breasts pushed firmly against Jared’s chest, two cocks throbbing against her and every nerve ending on fire.

Lust pounded in her veins. Her underwear was wet through. “I want you. I want you both. Now,” she whispered.

“My cock’s about to explode. You’re so hot,” replied Nathan. “Let’s go straight to our room.”

* * * * *

Jared kicked the door shut and dropped their bags on the floor in the entryway. Nathan toed off his shoes while his hands unbuckled his belt. Jared reached for Talitha and pulled her dress off over her head while Nathan kneeled to unstrap her sandals.

In seconds they were all naked and Nathan carried Talitha over to the bed while Jared raced ahead to strip the comforter off and pull back the sheets. He then darted back to their luggage and returned with a box of fluorescent, textured condoms, a tube of lube and a bright pink butt plug.

Talitha eyed the butt plug. She'd had anal sex—once—and it had not been as good as she had hoped. But Nathan and Jared had been so gentle and caring of her, had roused her to such a fever pitch of sexual excitement the night they had spent together, she was sure with them it would be good. More than good.

Nathan lay at her feet, lifting her leg, kissing behind her knee, sucking her toes. Talitha's belly clenched and her pussy creamed. Jared scooted up with his head on her breast. While one hand palmed a breast and his fingers tweaked a nipple, his other hand stretched down her stomach, rubbing patting, massaging, moving closer and closer to her pussy.

He swiveled his head and sucked her other breast into his mouth, licking and sucking at the nipple, kissing the skin.

Nathan moved up her leg and sucked on the inside of her thigh. He rested her leg over his shoulders, freeing his hands to wander over her belly toward her mound.

Talitha reached out to clutch at her men. She rested one hand on each busy head and stroked their hair as her belly clenched, her pussy wept and tension rose and rose inside her.

"More," she begged. "I want to come."

"Whatever you want, precious," whispered Jared, pushing his fingers into her cunt, curving them up to press against her G-spot.

"Your wish is my command," added Nathan, plunging a finger deep into her anus and sucking on her clit, licking Jared's hand as he passed.

A male hand gripped each of her nipples and nipped and Talitha's orgasm crashed over her. Then a mouth descended on hers, a tongue thrust deep inside, strong arms wrapped around her back and a cock plunged into her cunt. A cock wrapped in a textured condom that pressed against her sensitive walls in a thrilling and arousingly different way.

As Nathan pounded into her cunt, Jared twisted sideways and offered his erect and hard cock to her mouth. Willingly she opened and sucked him in, savoring the taste of his pre-cum. He tasted different from Nathan. Still spicy and salty but tangier. His cock was longer too, but not quite as broad. She could wrap her tongue around him more easily, but had to be more careful to open her throat fully so she didn't gag.

She concentrated on flicking her tongue around his head, rubbing the ridge. But then Nathan swung her legs up higher and with every stroke into her cunt he was hitting her G-spot. And someone started massaging her breasts, twisting and pulling on her nipples and her brain was fried. She couldn't think or plan. All she could do was suck hard on Jared's cock and hope he liked it.

Then the men moved again and kissed. She watched the hottest kiss she'd ever seen—raw power, all teeth and tongue—nothing gentle about it. She moved her hands to rest them on sweaty male backs. A hand moved from somewhere and pinched her clit and she exploded, shattering into a million pieces and screaming their names.

As her mouth opened Jared came, pouring his burning hot seed down her throat. With a powerful thrust into her pussy Nathan followed, streams of cum jetting into the condom.

Talitha licked and sucked Jared until he was clean, while stroking the men's backs. Then the two men rolled her between them, their heads on the pillows, their thighs crossed over each other, hands still caressing them all.

But it wasn't long until the hands were moving more purposefully, arousing her again. Fingers were trailing over her breasts, her stomach, her bellybutton, playing with the hair of her mound.

Lips were kissing and sucking her earlobes, her shoulders, her breasts.

A hand started playing with her ass.

"We want to take you there," whispered Nathan.

"I want it too," she replied. "A work colleague had two men at once. She said it was the most amazing experience ever. One in her cunt and one in her ass, together."

"It's very good," added Jared. "Our cocks almost touch, they rub each other through your wall. It's spectacular for all three of us. You really will enjoy it."

"I want it," she repeated.

Gentle hands rolled her onto her stomach and cool lube was squirted into her ass.

"We need to prepare you first. Are you ready for the plug?" asked Nathan.

Talitha nodded and the plug was pressed to her opening.

"Push out," advised Jared.

She did and the plug slid in. She felt full, stretched, but it was not uncomfortable.

"Now where were we?" joked Jared as she was rolled onto her back again and hands and mouths started playing with her again.

Talitha's mind went blank with joy as she was licked, sucked, kissed everywhere. The excitement coiled in her belly tighter and tighter. She felt wound up like a spring.

Her hands patted and massaged whoever and whatever she could reach but it wasn't enough.

"Please," she whimpered.

Fingers thrust into her cunt. Glorious fingers that knew exactly how and where to touch her for maximum effect. Jared kissed her, pushing his tongue into her mouth. Desperate to come, she sucked on his tongue as his fingers tweaked her nipples.

Her nails dug deep into his back and she strained toward her climax. Then teeth nipped her clit, a fingernail scratched her pussy wall and she shattered into a powerful orgasm.

Her pussy was still pulsing as a cock thrust deep inside her and unbelievably she could feel another climax growing. Or maybe it was the same one building up higher. The cock pounded into her, teeth nipped her breast. Then Jared? Nathan? bit her nipple and she shattered again. She felt a cock twitching in release deep inside her as Nathan? Jared? came hard, and her mind blanked out as she collapsed back onto the bed.

Chapter Three

Talitha awoke slowly the next morning. She realized that while she was asleep the men had taken the butt plug out of her ass. She could feel the solid warmth of a male body on either side of her. She felt a little stiff but pretty good really. And she was hungry.

When was the last time I ate? Not dinner as I had to rush to line dancing class. Lunch? No, I was too nervous about the weekend away to eat at lunch.

She stretched cautiously, not wanting to disturb the men, only to hear Nathan say, "Ahh, awake at last, Sleeping Beauty."

"And just in time," added Jared. "I hope you're hungry because we ordered a big breakfast for us all. You are going to need a lot of calories to keep up with us this weekend," he grinned.

"Actually I am hungry," she replied.

With perfect timing their breakfast arrived then and they sat on the bed talking and laughing and planning their day as they ate eggs and baby spinach and chorizo sausages with bacon and grilled tomatoes and mushrooms.

Unselfconsciously the men touched and petted each other and Talitha as they spoke, giving and receiving gentle caresses equally.

Jared talked about his cousin Hannah, her upcoming wedding and the need to practice their line dancing. "I brought a couple of DVDs with us so we could practice. And umm, would you practice a waltz with me too, please, Talitha? We can do it with you in shoes and me barefoot so you won't break a toe if I stand on you," he added with a grin.

"I am more likely to stand on your feet," she replied ruefully. "Perhaps we had both better be barefoot!"

So Nathan called out the line dancing steps, demonstrated which wall they should be facing, and then gave waltzing instructions, which ended with the three of them in a heap on the bed laughing 'til they cried.

"Come on, the day is passing. We need to get to the beach," Jared said, jumping off the bed.

"You are going to love this beach, Talitha," added Nathan. "And the sand bar."

"Especially the sand bar," said Jared waggling his eyebrows.

"Sand bar?" asked Talitha.

"You'll see," the guys replied together. They looked into each other's eyes and Talitha could feel the knowledge and passion in them from some shared erotic memories of the sandbar. *This must be some sand bar*, she thought, confused.

"Put on your bikini, grab a sarong and a hat and let's go," said Nathan.

All her insecurities came crashing around Talitha. *No bikini. Not with my flabby stomach. And I haven't brushed my hair or my teeth today. What kind of slob must they think I am?*

Blinded by the tears in her eyes, Talitha had not noticed the two men coming close to her. Arms stretched around her, Nathan at her back and Jared pressed to her front. Hands massaged her arms and shoulders gently.

"He really did a number on you, didn't he? Your ex?" asked Nathan softly.

"I... My fat..."

"You are not fat. You are absolutely perfect," said Jared.

"No one wants to cuddle a bicycle. We want a woman to hold," added Nathan.

Jared's head sank down to suck her breasts as Nathan's hands massaged her ass.

"Would you like just a little orgasm to reassure you that we think you're perfect before we go to the beach?" asked Nathan.

Without waiting for a reply Jared started stroking her clit as he sucked her breasts. Nathan kissed her lower spine, and kept playing with her ass, pushing a single finger in and out and twirling it around, all the time kissing and sucking her lower spine.

Jason redoubled his efforts on her breasts, licking, kissing, sucking, tasting, while his fingers swirled over her clit, tweaking it every now and then.

Simultaneously Nathan pushed two fingers deep into her ass as Jared pushed three into her cunt and bit her nipple. Talitha came, clutching Jared so she would not fall over.

First Nathan, then Jared kissed her gently. "Feel better, precious?" Nathan asked.

Breathlessly Talitha nodded. "You two have the most amazing teamwork in the way you give orgasms," she replied. "You always time it just right."

Jared slapped her ass gently. "Go. Get your gear on. The beach is calling."

* * * * *

The beach was beautiful. Pristine white sand. Rolling blue surf. Bright blue sky.

Talitha had covered her navy and purple tankini with a deep purple sarong and was wearing a purple hat and purple flip-flops.

Nathan was in deep blue board shorts and Jared in a tiny tomato-red Speedo.

Holding hands, the three walked across the road and onto the beach. Quite a few people were sitting on the sand and a smattering were swimming and playing in the water close to shore. Farther out a couple of people were whizzing by on jet skis.

Nathan asked, "See that sand bar a couple of hundred yards out?"

Talitha squinted in the bright sunshine, looked where he was pointing and nodded.

"The water is only a few feet deep on the sandbar. The other side of it is deep enough for boats, but you have to swim most of the way out to it. I know you said you like swimming, but how far can you swim? That far?"

"Easily," she replied. "I love swimming."

Both men looked relieved. "Let's leave our stuff here then and swim out to the sandbar," said Jared.

Nathan tucked the room key and a few other things into the pocket of his board shorts as Talitha removed her sarong, hat and flip-flops. Then they walked to the water's edge together.

As soon as the water started to get deeper, Talitha looked mischievously over her shoulder at the men, and said, "Race you to the sand bar," and dived cleanly into the sea. She came up ten yards farther out and began to swim in a swift, economical Australian crawl.

Jared and Nathan looked at each other, laughed and dived splashily to follow her. They both caught her up just as she was stepping on the sand bar.

"No fair," said Jared, puffing.

"I am beginning to see why the Australians win all those swimming medals at the Olympics," Nathan added.

Talitha gave a long look at Jared's tiny swimwear and the cock growing ever bigger inside them and said, "And I can see why women watch the Olympic swimming too!"

"But board shorts have pockets," Nathan pointed out, removing a couple of condoms from his.

"I do love a boy scout," Talitha grinned. "But here? You want to have sex here?"

"It's one of our favorite places. Just wait 'til you feel the sea washing over you as you come. It's incredibly erotic. Plus the knowledge that someone might be watching you from a boat or a hotel with binoculars. And they might guess what we're doing but they'll never know for sure. That naughty feeling gives a whole new adrenaline rush," added Jared, sitting down on the sand bar and lifting his cock out of his Speedo.

The water, which came halfway up his chest, was so clear it was easy to see how huge his cock had grown. And as Nathan sank down beside him and pulled his cock out too, his was just as large and ready.

Both men rolled condoms on — skin-colored ones this time — and grabbed her legs to pull her down with them. The water lapped around her shoulders.

One set of hands pushed her top up to hold her breasts and play with the nipples while another set removed her pants.

“Hey, don’t let them float away,” she gasped. But Jared just smiled and hooked one of his legs through the leg hole of her pants.

Then Talitha was pulled onto Jared’s lap and his cock sank into her cunt. She stretched around him and it felt so good, so right. She leaned in and kissed him. He pulled her ‘til he was leaning back half floating in the water and Talitha felt Nathan’s hands on her ass then the squirt of gel into her anus.

“Lube?” she queried.

“Waterproof,” was the reply.

Then Nathan’s cock breached the ring of muscles in her ass. He waited there for a moment for her to get used to the feel of him then his hands started playing with her breasts as Jared kissed her deeply, thrusting his tongue in her mouth and sucking on her tongue.

Moisture flooded her pussy, soaking Jared’s cock as Nathan pushed into her ass. Farther and farther he went until he was leaning hard on her back and was all the way in.

The two men wiggled a little to get comfortable then began a well-practiced motion — one withdrawing as the other pushed in.

It felt tight, full, erotic, hot.

“More. Faster. Harder,” gasped Talitha.

The men obliged, speeding up, pushing harder. Until they were pulling out together, slamming in together, holding each other’s shoulders with bruising force.

Talitha could feel herself about to explode.

“Now!” gasped Nathan and they both pounded into her and both bit her shoulder together. The three climaxed hard. Now Talitha understood what they meant when they spoke of how exciting an orgasm in the ocean could be—far more erotic than she would have believed.

For a few moments they half lay there, holding each other, supported by the water, washed by waves. Slowly they untangled themselves, the men putting their used condoms back in the pocket of Nathan’s board shorts and Talitha pulling her tankini bottoms back on.

Then they swam and played on the sand bar for another half hour before returning to the hotel to shower and dress.

* * * * *

That afternoon they cuddled up on the sofa, watching old movies and they talked and talked.

They talked about Talitha’s job, her friends and her ex, whom Nathan labeled an asshole.

They talked about Nathan and Jared’s day jobs and their plans for the future.

They talked about Hannah, her fiancé Sam, and the upcoming wedding.

“You will come with us the wedding, won’t you?” asked Jared.

“What?”

“Come to the wedding with us?”

“But an invitation...”

“It’s not that kind of wedding. It’s in the gardens at a winery. It’s a just-turn-up kind of wedding and there will be a big crowd. Please say you will come?” entreated Jared.

“Oh, okay, thank you I’d love to.”

And they danced. They danced until no one stepped on anyone's feet or ever turned the wrong way.

Then they all went to bed and fucked Talitha's brains out.

And the next day they did it all again.

At their next line dancing class they mastered the Madison and the shuffle step and on Friday they finally learned how to do the Time Warp.

* * * * *

Once again Talitha had taken an overnight bag with her to line dancing on Friday and followed the men home, parking in their garage.

She'd spent every night with them this week and still craved more. While both men were deeply caring and passionate, Jared had a lighter sense of fun and Nathan a more dominant touch—both of which made her panties damp and her belly throb with need.

Talitha realized that she loved them.

They had been so understanding of her, always giving her pleasure first, always thinking of her, never selfish or grabbing. Not to mention she had experienced more orgasms in the last week with them than she'd had in any six months with her ex. And she wished fervently that this could be more than just a hot fling. That it could be permanent.

No one could miss the love in their eyes as they spoke to each other. Even in the brief time she had been with them she had noticed how often they seemed to anticipate each other's thoughts and words. They were very obviously deeply in love.

Don't be so selfish. You know they're partners. You've known that all along. They just like a fling with a woman as well sometimes. Be grateful for that! she told herself.

But my heart will break when they end this fling, she thought, her gut clenching as she realized Hannah's wedding might signify the end of their relationship.

Once again it was Nathan who was waiting for her and Jared who had set up the bedroom with scents and sounds to enhance their lovemaking.

Jared stretched out on the bed and Talitha lay over him upside down, his cock in her mouth and his mouth on her cunt.

Nathan sat on the bed and lubed her ass and his cock then climbed over Jared and Talitha and pushed inside her wearing a neon green, textured condom that tingled every nerve ending inside her sensitive rectum.

Nathan thrust up inside her with a powerful, possessive stroke, and Talitha sucked on Jared's cock, running her tongue around the ridge and sucking strongly the way he loved.

Jared licked and sucked on her clit, wiggling his hips against her breasts, making them sensitive and aching for more.

Nathan pushed up again and ran his hands between her body and Jared's, rubbing her breasts with one hand and Jared's sensitive balls with the other.

Heat coiled inside Talitha, her stomach clenching toward an orgasm.

Unexpectedly Jared thrust a dildo in her cunt, turning it to high speed with a buzz that set every nerve ending on fire. He sucked fiercely on her clit and she sucked just as strongly on his cock.

Nathan pinched her nipple with one hand while pulling the other hand from Jared's balls and thrusting his finger deep in Jared's ass. Jared screamed and came then bit on Talitha's clit and wiggled the dildo in her cunt, sending her over the edge too. Her cunt and ass contracted and rippled powerfully, sending Nathan over the edge as well.

Jared withdrew the dildo as Talitha licked him off and then they all untangled themselves to cuddle together on the pillows.

Talitha dozed off and woke to find hands and mouths on her body.

Someone was rubbing scented oils into her legs, massaging it into her calves and between her toes.

Someone else was rubbing the oil—lavender—into her breasts. She reached her arms out to stroke the nearest man—Jared—and was handed a little jar of oil, which she happily rubbed into his shoulders and back.

“Come nearer, Nathan, so I can rub your shoulders too.”

“Only my shoulders?” he teased.

“Well I don’t want to wear you out now. We have a wedding to dance at tomorrow you know.”

“Oh God, don’t remind me,” moaned Jared. “I just know I am going to step on Hannah’s feet!”

“Let me help you relax,” whispered Nathan, rubbing oil on Jared’s ass. Rubbing closer and closer to his anus.

Talitha smoothed oil on Jared’s chest and shoulders while Nathan played with his ass. Talitha trailed her hands down his chest, rubbing closer to his cock, which was growing bigger and harder as she watched.

She took more oil and gently oiled the cock and played with his balls as Nathan inserted one then two fingers in Jared’s ass.

“Lie on your back, Talitha,” said Jared, grabbing a condom and rolling it on.

Talitha lay back and opened her arms as Jared plunged his cock deep in her welcoming pussy.

Nathan rolled a condom on then scissored his fingers in Jared’s ass one more time before pushing in. Jared held still, keeping most of his weight on his forearms until Nathan was fully seated in his ass and could take some of the weight on his knees.

Then Jared and Nathan thrust together, Jared into Talitha, Nathan into Jared. Jared used one arm to help support their weight and with the other he played with her breasts. She used one of her hands on his balls and the other on Nathan’s hole which she would only just reach. But it was enough. She managed to push a finger in just far

enough to send him screaming over the edge. Which in turn sent Jared and her into climax.

* * * * *

“Come on. Wake up, sleepy head, we’re going shopping!”

“What?”

“Shopping. We have to buy you a new dress for the wedding.”

“Now don’t get all insecure on us,” added Jared. “There is nothing wrong with your clothes whatever the asshole may have said to you. We just want to buy you a dress that matches our outfits. We’re wearing toning shades of green for our cravats and cummerbunds and your dress must match us both.”

“Green? Okay.”

“It will be perfect with your gray eyes.”

And she was summarily dragged out of bed, thrust into the shower and hustled out the door to the dress shop before she was even sure she was awake.

It was the same at the dress shop. She was hustled into and out of a dozen dresses before her men were satisfied.

Then they bought her high-heeled strappy sandals and a purse—“It has to be big enough to hold a box of condoms”—and deposited her at the beauty parlor with instructions for green nail polish and to leave her hair loose, not up.

Two hours later they collected her and their only complaint was that they couldn’t fuck her ’til after the wedding in case they messed up her hair.

But for the first time since she had realized she loved them, Talitha had been alone with time just to think. And the only thing she could think of was how much she loved them. How much she wanted them. How much she would like to be with them forever, not just for a fling.

Oh sure, they were yummy and she loved the envious looks other women gave her at line dancing classes and at the beach. It was a wonderful feeling to find herself envied after years of being told she was a fat cow and a social handicap.

And yes, the sex was excellent. She was guaranteed an orgasm every time and usually two or three. And that too was a change from the past when any failure was attributed to her own lack of skills, never to her partner's.

But it was much, much more than that. Nathan and Jared cared about her. They set out to please her and give her joy. They basked in her pleasure. And when they all talked they listened and asked intelligent questions. They were interested in her life and in the things she cared about. They actively wanted her to be happy. And this truly astonished her because it was so obvious they were in love with, and committed to, each other. They worked together as a team so smoothly. Not just in giving her orgasms, when they both seemed to know instinctively when to change stroke or position, but in everyday things around the house as well.

And I am going to miss them so much. My heart will break when the time comes to part.

* * * * *

Jared and Nathan had sat in the coffee shop at the mall waiting for her, holding hands across the table.

"She is absolutely perfect for us, honey. A dream come true. Loving and giving and she makes us complete. I never thought I could ever want more than just you, Jared, but somehow Talitha belongs to us both and fulfills us both," concluded Nathan.

"So we are decided that we ask her to move in with us?" asked Jared.

"Yes. The biggest problem will be overcoming her lack of self confidence thanks to that asshole of an ex."

"You don't think she will turn us down, do you?"

"No, honey. Not if we set it up right. We have to make sure she understands this is what we want. All she has to do is say yes."

"And how are we going to do that?"

"I reckon we ought to visit the jeweler."

"Excellent plan," said Jared, slapping money onto the table. "Let's do it now."

* * * * *

Hannah was a stunningly beautiful bride. Jared waltzed with her as instructed and did not step on her toes even once.

The band played the Nutbush, the Macarena, and the Chicken Dance and Nathan, Jared and Talitha danced them all impeccably, then gladly left the dance floor.

Sam, the groom, grabbed Jared and said, "You and that partner of yours ought to catch that chick. It's plain she's hopelessly in love with both of you."

"We will," said Jared.

Hannah spoke to Talitha. "Keep hold of Jared and Nathan. They are truly nice guys and it is obvious they both adore you."

Talitha just nodded. *I want, oh how I want to. But I don't know if it is possible.*

"Hey, precious. Ready to go?"

"Sure, Nathan. It's been a truly lovely wedding though, hasn't it?"

Jared came up on her other side and they both linked their arms through hers. As they walked through the lovely gardens the heavy scents of the flowers reminded her of the vanilla-scented candles Jared had put out and of the lavender massage oil they had played with one night.

Oh God I hope this is not the end. No one has said anything about what happens with us after tonight. I can't bear it if I have to leave them now!

Her eyes full of tears, Talitha didn't notice they weren't heading for the parking lot until Nathan pushed a swipe card through a door into the far end of the building.

"What? Where—"

"We decided to stay here tonight. We thought you might like to play in one of their Jacuzzi suites," said Nathan with a grin.

"Oh yeah, that sounds like fun," she smiled back.

The swipe card opened the elevator door and took them to the top floor and their suite. The huge room had a wall of glass overlooking the winery gardens, a huge bed big enough for a soccer team to play on, and the soccer team would all fit into the Jacuzzi tub too.

"What would you like to do first, precious?" asked Nathan.

She turned to face them, pulling them both into her arms.

"Oh fuck me. Please, just fuck me. I want you both so much."

"Can do," replied Jason peeling off his cravat, toeing off his shoes and trying to shrug out of his jacket all at the same time.

Clothing fell like rain in the entryway and, stopping only to grab the condoms out of Talitha's purse, they were naked and on the bed in record time.

The two men rolled her onto her stomach and went to lube her ass — only to find the bright pink butt plug in there.

"You wicked wench," laughed Jared. "I'm glad I didn't know about that during the wedding or I would have stepped all over Hannah's feet for sure."

"I didn't think my cock could get any harder," breathed Nathan. "But it just did."

Jared pulled out the plug while Nathan squirted some lube in her ass and on his condomed cock. Then Jared rolled on a condom, lay down, and pulled Talitha on top of him, sinking into her cunt with a deep sigh she echoed. Nathan held her hips and pushed into her ass. It opened and welcomed him into her heat.

The three stretched their arms around each other and held on tightly for a brief moment before beginning to move. As Jared pushed in, Nathan withdrew. Then he pushed in as Jared withdrew.

"Oh Talitha, precious, are you okay? We forgot all about foreplay," Jared asked.

"Foreplay? The whole wedding was foreplay. Just fuck me," Talitha groaned.

Gradually the men sped up, thrusting in and out faster and faster, harder and harder until they felt Talitha's pussy start to ripple and clasp around Jared's cock. The contractions strengthened until her ass was pulsing too and both men thrust deeply into her and came with her.

The men rolled to their sides, with Talitha still impaled by both of them. Gentle kisses were lavished on the nearest pieces of skin until their cocks slipped out of her and they were all relaxed.

The men nodded at each other then went to the bathroom to dispose of the condoms. They came back via the clothing pile in the entryway, each holding a tiny box.

"Sit up, precious," said Nathan.

Talitha was feeling sleepy but she automatically did as he asked.

Both men knelt beside the bed, boxes hidden in their hands.

"You know Jared and I have been together for three years now."

Talitha nodded.

"And that from time to time we like to share a woman."

She nodded again but her heart was sinking. *Is this how it will end?*

"We want you to stay with us."

"We want to be a permanent threesome."

"Will you join us?" they asked together, flicking open the boxes to show identical wave-patterned rings, one gold and the other white gold.

"The two rings fit together," began Jared.

"As we belong together," finished Nathan.

"Yes! Oh yes, yes! It is what I want above all things," replied Talitha, throwing herself off the bed and into their arms.

"I love you both so much. I want to be with you both always."

“That’s what we want too. We love you. You’re part of us.” Nathan kissed her, then kissed Jared.

The two men gently slid the rings on her finger then. Jared wrapped his arms around the other two then they kissed again, a messy three-way kiss, sealing their love.

About the Author

Variety is the spice of life. Berengaria Brown loves reading erotic romance, all different kinds of erotic romance. One man/one woman, two men, two women, two men and a woman, three men...

But since her favorite authors could not write as fast as she could read, one day Berengaria decided to try writing a book herself. While she was waiting to hear back from the publisher she wrote another one, and another one. Now Berengaria is a multi-published author with books right across the spectrum of erotic romance. Whatever your taste, Berengaria has a book for you. And she is thrilled to be here at Ellora's Cave.

Berengaria welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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