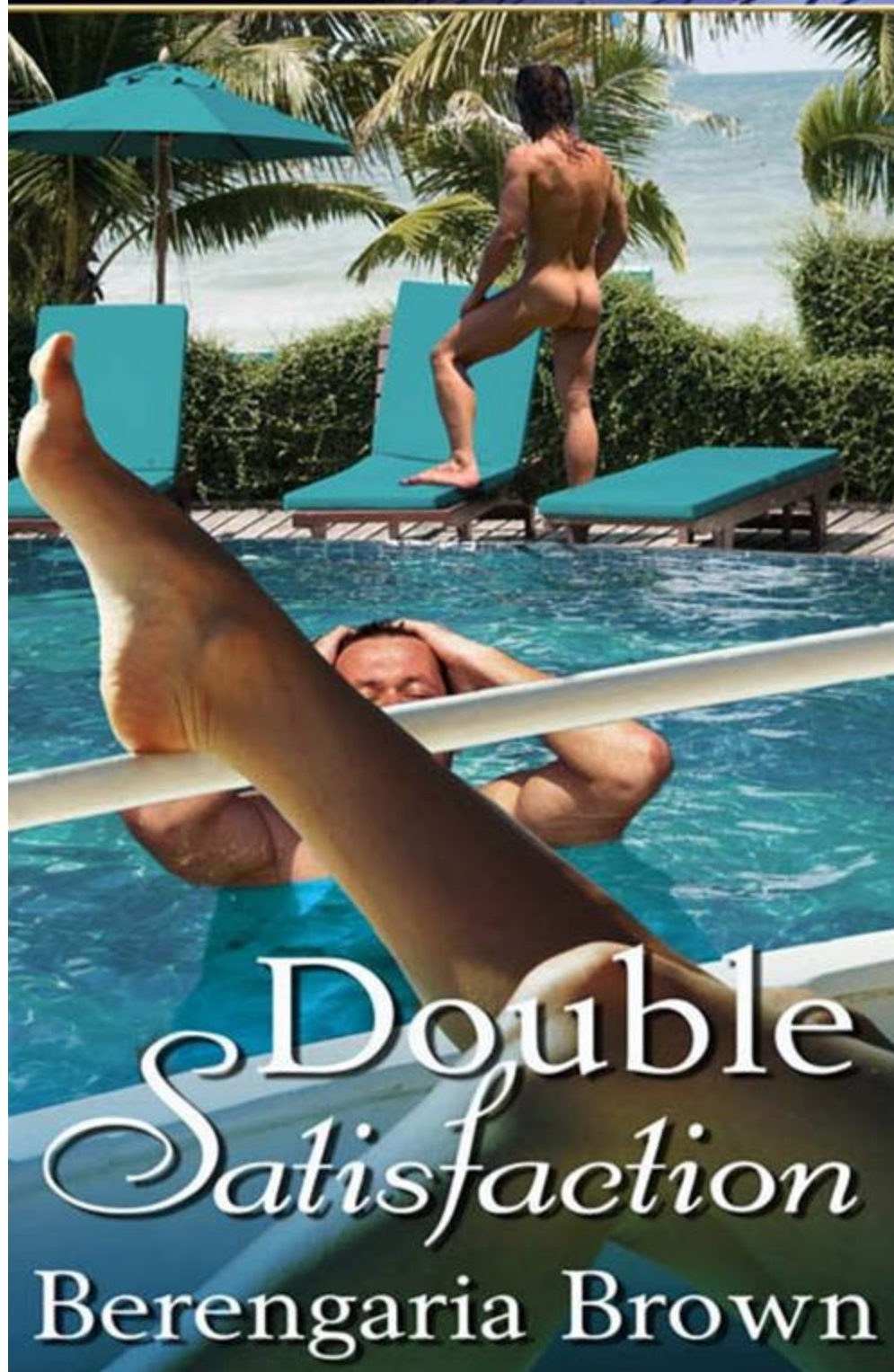


ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



*Double  
Satisfaction*  
Berengaria Brown

## **Double Satisfaction**

*Berengaria Brown*

Imogen, Gage and Liam relax at a luxury resort for a week's vacation and some extra-hot ménage sex. The gardens are beautiful, the meals are delicious and the facilities are excellent—swimming pools, beach, tennis and golf. The men are delicious too, and Imogen is having a wonderful time—until bossy Gage makes a few autocratic decisions that remind Imogen of her manipulative father. Imogen has to decide whether the best orgasms of her life are worth risking potential heartbreak.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Double Satisfaction

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# *DOUBLE SATISFACTION*

**Berengaria Brown**

## *Dedication*

In remembrance of Geoff, who taught me a lot about writing, and who adored flowers and gardens.

## Chapter One

"Wow, this place is huge. There are three swimming pools. Three! And one has a waterfall and a beach. And there are gardens and walks and a bridge over the water, and a cinema and a gym. Tennis courts. A golf course. We're only here for a week. We won't have time to try even half these things."

Imogen's hazel eyes were almost popping out of her head as she looked from the map of the resort to the various areas they were walking past.

Liam scowled. "It's all very well for you two. I'm the fair-skinned one here. I'll be burned to a crisp in five minutes in this sun." He pulled his dark glasses down over his blue eyes and hunched his shoulders deeper inside his long-sleeved T-shirt.

"I brought sunblock—"

"So did we. Lots of sunblock. Waterproof sunblock. And hats." Gage spoke firmly. "We'll be sensible and only stay out for half an hour at a time."

Imogen's joy evaporated in an instant. *God, he sounds just like my father. "No going near the water for an hour after eating. Keep your hat on at all times. No more than fifteen minutes in the sun. No talking to other children." All I ever wanted to do was run and play on the water's edge like the other kids!*

"Imogen!"

With a start she came out of her reverie and looked at Gage and Liam. They had stopped in front of a cabin, the end one in a block of four, with huge bushes covered in vivid pink flowers out front of it.

"Aren't they wonderful!" She waved at the flowers, but the men had already opened the door and were pulling their luggage inside.

*Well, hell. It's a good thing I decided to come away with them to test our compatibility. It looks like this relationship is not going to work, at least from my point of view.* She sighed, then rolled her suitcase through the doorway behind them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gage and Liam dumped their suitcases on the luggage racks and then looked around the small cabin. Imogen opened her case and hung up her clothes, put her underwear away neatly in the chest of drawers and unpacked her cosmetics and took them into the bathroom.

Once there she washed her face and brushed out her waist-length hair, then rebraided it into a neat plait.

She was just checking the floor and sink to make sure no stray hairs had fallen when she caught Gage's eyes in the mirror. His long, lanky body was leaning against the doorjamb, his dark eyes were hot and his face screamed his desire to eat her up. Imogen's heart started beating faster and she felt cream drip from her core to her panties.

*God, he's hot. That dark, tanned skin is so lickable. And his eyes – hell, they should be registered as lethal weapons.*

"Liam's hungry. What say we check out the restaurants here, then after lunch take a walk around the resort and make some plans for tomorrow?"

"Yes, sure. Am I okay like this or should I change into a dress?"

"You look fine. In fact, you look better than fine." Gage stepped closer to her and gave her a gentle kiss on the cheek. "You always look delicious. No one would know you just arrived after a four-hour flight. You look as pretty as always."

"Thank you."

Liam had unpacked a hat from his luggage and slapped it onto his head as they left the cabin, but Imogen was careful not to comment on it. Instead she pointed once again to the bush of bright pink flowers. "Aren't they beautiful?"

“Bougainvillea. Yeah, nice,” commented Liam. “And look over there. There must be half a dozen different kinds of palm tree.”

Arguing happily over whether or not a palmetto was really a palm tree, the three walked back toward the main building where they knew there was a restaurant as well as a bar that sold snacks.

“I think the map said one of the pools has a café beside it too,” Imogen said as they approached the restaurant.

“I like the idea of sitting beside the pool with a glass of something long, cold and fruity.”

“With an umbrella in it?” Gage teased Liam.

“Of course!”

The restaurant was open for extended hours with breakfast from seven until eleven, lunch from noon to three thirty and dinner from five to midnight. The bar’s hours were even longer, from six a.m. until two a.m.

“It doesn’t look like you’ll starve, Liam,” Gage joked, only to have the bartender answer seriously, “You can order over the phone and we’ll bring any of the bar snacks to your cabin whenever you wish, sir.”

After lunch they followed the pathways down the east side of the resort, through the gardens at the end of the property then back up the west side as far as their cabin. The setting was truly beautiful with lush plants everywhere and the cabins half hidden among the foliage. Each cabin had its own tiny patio with a couple of chairs and a table surrounded by greenery giving the illusion of solitude and privacy.

“I think we should stay inside during the hottest part of the day, which is now,” said Liam, swiping the keycard and opening their cabin door.

“I’m sure we’ll think of something to do,” added Gage.

Imogen suddenly felt nervous. She’d known Liam and Gage for over six months and been to bed with them three times. They were totally scrumptious to look at and



very considerate sexual partners, so each time had been very good but her brain still had difficulty getting around the whole concept of two men, one woman. She knew the two men were partnered to each other. They made no secret about being bisexuals in a gay relationship, so it wasn't as if this was going to be a happily-ever-after deal for her. But having had a twenty-year, close-up view of her parents' marriage before she moved away from home, there was no way she would ever marry anyone anyway. She had enough hang-ups already thanks to her father's obsession for neatness to ever risk becoming emotionally or financially dependent on another person. But some hot sex. Oh yeah, she was ready for hot, sweaty, multiple-orgasm sex. Which these two men had provided extremely well.

Gage's bossy streak was a worry, though. *I won't let him dominate me the way Dad dominated Mom. He is not going to order every second of my life. But sex. Hell yes. I'm ready for a week of orgasms. And maybe even some form of ongoing relationship that includes regular sex.*

Imogen followed the men inside the cabin and closed the door. Liam and Gage had turned to face her and were looking at her closely.

"You know what we want to do?"

"Both of us inside you together."

"Yes, I know. It's said to give the woman intense pleasure, and I'm ready to try it. I've really enjoyed sucking one of you while the other fucks me. I love your cocks and your different tastes, but double penetration—the very idea of sex with both of you inside me together—makes me hotter than hell."

Before Imogen could take another breath the two men surrounded her. Two hot, hard bodies pressed against her—one in front and one behind. Four arms held her tightly and two sets of lips whispered across her skin, one on her cheek and the other on her neck.

"Oh you *will* enjoy it. We can promise you the best orgasm you've ever had. When we're both inside you I can feel Liam's cock and he can feel mine. The tissues separating

us are very thin and very sensitive. You'll feel our every twitch and pulse as we stroke deeper and deeper in you, bringing you closer and closer to the ultimate climax."

Imogen shivered. Gage's sexy voice was bringing her pretty close to an orgasm with every word he spoke and cream was already dripping from her pussy onto her panties. Deep inside her core a throbbing drumbeat had begun to draw her ever nearer to the climax Gage promised.

Behind her, Liam knelt and slipped her feet out of her sandals, then pressed hot lips to her legs, kissing his way up them to her knees. He licked all around her knee and then butterfly kissed the sensitive skin at the back of her knee.

"Oh God, that feels good," she whispered, clutching Gage's waist to support her suddenly wobbly legs.

Gage slid his hands under her T-shirt and trailed his fingers up, up, up, over her bellybutton, over her ribs, until finally they rested under her breasts.

"Touch them," she begged him. But he ignored her and stroked his hands up and down her spine, rubbing circles and spirals across her back as he went.

Meanwhile Liam had swapped to her other leg and was licking and sucking the back of that knee now. *I never knew knees were sexy*, she thought as her brain started to fry from the combined heat of the men's touches.

Liam pulled her thighs apart and she staggered as her legs almost refused to hold her upright any longer. He held her thighs firmly and began nibbling the oh so delicate skin of her inner thighs.

Gage finally slid his hands under her bra and rested his palms over her breasts. Imogen sighed with relief at the hot touch just exactly where she needed it most.

But her relief was short-lived as the coiling, fiery ball of need deep inside her was demanding more. Much more.

She became aware of a very large cock in easy reach of her hands but her legs were so weak from all the emotions coiling through her body she wondered if she would fall over if she let go of his waist.

Taking a deep breath, Imogen popped the buttons of Gage's pants and slid the zipper down. His tighty-whities outlined his cock to perfection and she almost drooled as she lifted it out of its wrapping and cupped it in her hands. The vein was throbbing and the head a dark red. As she ran her fingers up the long stalk of his erection a tiny pearl of pre-cum gathered in the eye. Gently she smoothed her fingers over the head of his cock and rubbed the moisture into the cap.

Before she could lean forward and lick his cock, Gage pulled her T-shirt over her head and said, "I think it's time to move this party to the bed."

Liam gripped both sides of her knee-length shorts and pulled them down, helping her to step out of them before he started undressing himself.

Imogen neatly folded the quilt down on the bed, then folded it again into quarters, then eighths, and placed it on the two-seater couch.

Gage shrugged out of the rest of his clothes and Liam rummaged in his luggage and came out holding a box of condoms and a tube of lube.

Gage picked Imogen up and gently placed her in the middle of the bed then snuggled up behind her, nuzzling her shoulder and back with his face and pressing soft kisses onto her skin. Liam dropped his supplies on the nightstand then slithered across the bed hard against Imogen so she was held between the two men.

"On your front," ordered Gage, and they rolled her over. Then Liam settled himself across her legs and began playing with her ass. He stroked and patted her cheeks, bent over to kiss the base of her spine, then slid his hands higher to massage her shoulder blades.

As his hands moved up her body, Gage took over the action on her ass, patting and stroking, licking and sucking, separating her cheeks and rubbing his fingers down the crack.

*But Liam is sitting there. How can Gage reach? Hmm, maybe he's lying down?*

Imogen twisted her neck, trying to look over her shoulder, but warm hands pushed her head down onto the pillow and Liam whispered, "Relax. Enjoy. You're going to love this."

Liam lay beside her and slid his hand between her body and the bed sheets, stroking her breast and ribs, then finding her nipple and tweaking it.

Imogen began breathing heavily as desire cranked up once more in her belly and slippery fingers slid inside her rectum. First one finger, twisting and turning and lubing the walls of her hot, dark channel, then two fingers were inside her, stretching and massaging the tissues.

But Imogen could no longer think. Mouths were on her back and her shoulders. Fingers were playing with her breast and her ass. Another hand was rubbing her hip. And Liam's soft voice kept whispering in her ear about how much he loved to touch her and how hot she was making him.

Liam let go of her briefly and snapped a condom on his cock, then rolled on his back and pulled Imogen over his body.

"Slide on down, honey."

"At last," she breathed, and held his cock at her channel. He was very big and stretched her walls as he went in, but it felt so good to be filled with a hot, hard man.

"You feel so good."

"It's only going to get better." Gage slathered lube over his condom-covered cock then pressed her back so she lay flat on top of Liam. He held her ass cheeks apart and ordered, "Breathe out, Imogen." She did and he pressed into her ass.

Slowly he pushed in, popping through the ring of muscles and then sliding easily the rest of the way.

"Feel good?" asked Liam.

"Tight. Full. Stretched. But yes, all in a good way."

“Excellent. Hang on for the ride of your life.”

Imogen stretched her legs out behind her along Liam’s body, while Gage was almost kneeling behind her.

The men held each other’s shoulders, pinning her tightly between them, then together they pulled out, very, very slowly, almost all the way until only the heads of their cocks remained inside her. Then they slid back inside again, filling and stretching her in the most wonderful way. They held that position for long moments before withdrawing again.

In microscopic increments they slid back inside her, giving that delightful stretched feeling. Then out. And in. Out and in. Moving faster now and pushing harder, but still totally synchronized with each other.

Imogen had never felt so full, so stretched, so — possessed before, but she needed more. It all felt wonderful but she needed to come. Held so firmly between the men she could scarcely move. However, she could stretch her tongue out to lick Liam’s chest. Long, slow licks in time with the men’s thrusting. She flicked one of his flat little nipples, such a dark pink against his pale skin. After two flicks of her tongue it was standing up like a hard, ripe, little berry.

Maintaining the tempo with her tongue, she wiggled one arm free and wrapped it backward so she could stroke Gage’s side.

The men pushed inside her harder now, their strokes faster and deeper. Imogen rested her head on Liam’s chest. She couldn’t think, couldn’t move, could scarcely breathe. The coil of tension in her wound ever tighter. A burning need to come built and built in her core, pressing outward through her body.

The orgasm crashed through her, exploding out her arms, her legs, nearly blowing the top off her head. Imogen’s entire body shook so hard she thought her teeth would break. Her cunt clenched around Liam’s cock like a vise and even through the thin latex she felt the heat of his cum bursting into her.

Her ass muscles grabbed hold of Gage's cock and she could feel the force of his eruption inside her too.

Her body shook and shook as the orgasm continued to roll through her. Then Liam was forcing his hand down between their bodies. He pinched her clit hard and she screamed as a second orgasm burst from her even though she was still quaking from the first one.

For a moment she almost blacked out, then she dragged a breath deep into her empty lungs and allowed her body to sag down onto Liam's.

"I told you it would be good," said a cocky voice behind her.

"Hell yes," she gasped.

The three stayed in a tangle of sweaty limbs for long minutes before Gage withdrew from her, slapped her lightly on the ass and said, "Okay, time for a shower I think."

Imogen crawled off Liam and staggered into the bathroom, leaning against the wall while the men got the water running properly then soaped and sponged her all over.

"Nap," she muttered, stumbling back into the bedroom and dropping onto the bed. In mere seconds she was sound asleep.

## **Chapter Two**

An hour later they were all awake again.

“Can we go swimming now? The hottest part of the day has passed and it’s a couple of hours since we ate,” asked Imogen.

Gage shot her a piercing look, but it was Liam who answered. “When we walked past the pool with the beach I saw it has beach umbrellas, so we could go there.”

They bustled around slathering on sunscreen, dressing in swimwear and collecting hats, towels and sunglasses. Imogen made the bed neatly before getting fully dressed again over her black one-piece bathers.

Gage watched her make the bed but said nothing and made no move to help her.

They took a shortcut through the middle of the resort to get to the pool with the beach and saw the pathway to the labyrinth. “Oh, we must try that out,” said Imogen.

“What on earth for? You just walk around in a circle to get to the middle. It’s stupid,” replied Gage.

Imogen heaved a sigh of relief when they got to the beach/pool and both men were happy there. It was a man-made, lagoon-shaped pool with sand and beach chairs at one end and a gently shelving bottom. A few yards into the pool it widened out and became a lot deeper, making it perfect for swimming. At the far end was a rock wall with a waterfall and lots of lush green plants.

A small child was busily engaged building a sandcastle under the watchful eye of her mama, and a couple of teenage boys were clambering over the rocks near the waterfall, but apart from them the area was deserted.

Imogen undressed, folded her clothes into a neat pile on a chair, placed her sandals tidily side by side under the chair then waded into the water.

"Fuck, she's beautiful. So cool and orderly and contained on the outside, yet downright fiery in bed."

"With the operative word there being 'fuck'?" suggested Gage.

"Hell yeah. She just has to walk into a room for my cock to be standing up begging. Her hazel eyes so serious and all that long dark hair so tightly tied up. It makes me want to let her hair down and fuck her blind just to see what she'll do."

"Her ass was so hot and tight. I nearly came the moment I entered it. Damn! I should have put some cream in her before we went to sleep. I don't want her to be sore after the wonderful fuck she gave us."

"We'll do that when we finish here. We could massage her all over. Take her hair down— Fuck, we have to stop talking about her or I'll come in my pants."

"Come on, let's swim."

\* \* \* \* \*

Imogen swam up and down the lagoon enjoying the contrasts of the hot sun and cool water. This pool wasn't really meant for swimming laps, though. The third pool, near the labyrinth, was the traditional oblong shape so she supposed that was the one for serious swimmers. This one was aesthetically pleasing and demonstrated the idea of resort life being for enjoyment. After a while she rolled over and floated on her back, closing her eyes and relaxing in the beauty and peace of her surroundings.

Someone grabbed one of her feet and tried to pull her underwater, but she easily somersaulted away from them, coming up a few yards away to see Liam looking all around him, obviously wondering where she'd gone.

She dived underwater and dropped to the bottom then breaststroked silently around Liam and grabbed his feet from under him. He went down with a huge splash as she once again glided away underwater, eventually coming up near the waterfall.

Both men swam after her this time but she easily evaded them, swimming silently underwater and surfacing where least expected.



Finally Gage grabbed her and pulled her into his arms. "Damn, woman, you're as slippery as an eel. Where did you learn to swim like that?"

"At school. My father didn't want me playing sports where we had to run around outside and get our shoes all muddy. Swimming seemed a much smarter option. Besides, I like swimming."

"And you're good at it. But it's time to get Liam out of the sun before his sunblock wears off."

They walked out of the pool and settled on beach chairs, Liam under the shade of the umbrella and with his hat and his long-sleeved shirt back on and his towel draped over his legs, Gage and Imogen in the sunshine.

They talked idly for half an hour, touching on topics from politics to celebrities to the weather, then Imogen stood up, hung her towel neatly over the back of her chair and walked into the water for another swim.

"Have you noticed she always does that?"

"Huh? Does what?"

"Leaves everything neat. She folded the quilt when she took it off the bed. She folded all the towels after our shower despite being so tired she could scarcely stand up. Look at her clothes then look at mine." Gage pointed to the chair with Imogen's neat little pile of clothing and then at his things thrown carelessly on the sand.

"Hmm. She said *her father* hated her shoes getting all muddy, not that *she* hated getting muddy. Yeah, that is interesting and no, I hadn't really noticed."

"I suspect our Imogen is a neat freak because her father was a neat freak."

"Yeah, could be. I like the way you said 'our Imogen'. She is ours. At least, I want her to be ours."

"Oh, she's ours all right. But she may not know it yet," Gage said firmly.

\* \* \* \* \*

After much discussion they decided to eat in the restaurant that evening so Imogen ironed a dress for herself and a shirt for each of the men.

"But it's fine as it is," argued Liam.

"I can see creases in it," Imogen replied and would not be swayed from her task.

After dinner they wandered through the main building, looking in the gymnasium, the weights room, the sauna and a small cinema. Outside the cinema they read the list of movies and thought they might visit later in the week. Then they spent quite a while wandering around some of the gardens before returning to their cabin.

"Is your ass sore?" Liam asked Imogen.

"Not sore, the cream you put in it after our swim took the heat away, but I don't think I'm ready for another round of anal just yet. But other kinds of sex, I'm more than ready to play. I just have to look at you two to get hot."

"We brought some massage oils with us. I want to massage you all over, make you really, really hot, then we thought we could maybe fuck like we did the very first time, with me in the middle."

"Oh God yes, that was so erotic. I could feel every stroke of Gage pounding into you as well as you in me. Talk about torrid." Imogen fanned herself and grinned at the two men.

"Well let's get nekkid, then," urged Liam.

Imogen looked across at Gage to find he was already almost undressed, a pile of clothes on the floor beside him and the quilt pulled off the bed and dropped onto the sofa.

Shrugging, she started to take off her shorts.

"Undo your hair too. I want to play with it," added Liam.

Imogen nodded.

Gage went into the bathroom and returned with a handful of bottles of oils and lotions, then swept Imogen off her feet and dropped her onto the bed.

"I think we'll do your back first, so lie on your front."

Obediently she rolled over, grabbing her hair and dropping it on the pillow beside her so it was out of their way.

Liam sat cross-legged beside her, a tube of cream in his hands. He poured a blob onto one palm and the scent of coconut drifted into the air.

"Hmm, very vacationy," murmured Imogen.

"I thought you might like it." He smoothed it across her shoulders, down her shoulder blades and onto her back. Imogen heard the cap pop off the tube again then a cool swirl of cream was drizzled down her spine.

She shivered in anticipation as his hands again roamed across her back, smoothing the milky cream up her sides and down to the base of her spine.

A second set of hands joined in rubbing cream up one leg then down to her ankle, smoothing the moist lotion into her heel and between her toes.

"That feels so good."

"And it will get even better," said Gage, dropping a blob of coolness onto her ass then massaging it into her butt cheeks.

With four hands rubbing sweetly scented goodness into her skin and two men whispering sexy comments into her ears, Imogen was getting very hot. These men aroused her with the slightest look. Liam with his red-brown hair, twinkling blue eyes and snarky humor and Gage so tall and dark with his take-charge, can-do attitude.

That was why she'd agreed to come on this vacation with them. They were very attractive men, the sex was always excellent and she enjoyed being in their company. Liam's snarky humor was always entertaining and although Gage seemed a bit bossy and overprotective of Liam and, to a lesser extent, her, both men seemed to genuinely care about her needs and her pleasure. She certainly wanted to please them. The

knowledge that her presence and her efforts greatly enhanced their enjoyment was a genuine high for her.

Plus she really wanted to spend this week with them to check that Gage was not too much like her father – that her life would not have to revolve around his wishes – if she let the relationship deepen. Her life had been so much happier since she'd left her parents' home and her father's endless carping.

*"Go and brush your hair, Imogen. You look like something the cat dragged in."*

*"Im-o-gen. Why have you left your book on your bed instead of on the bookshelf? What do you think the bookshelf is for, girl?"*

Imogen was jerked from the past into the present with the pressure of four hands urging her to turn onto her back. Their gentle massaging had her completely relaxed and yet at the same time she was very aroused. Simply focusing on their touch had her hormones revving.

At least now that she was on her back she could look at their delectable bodies. Liam's shoulders so broad, his arms and legs strongly muscled, his chest a wall of defined muscles. Gage longer and leaner, his body rangy, but like a swimmer or runner he had long muscles and a lean, wiry strength. His skin was darkly tanned, his hair black and his eyes a deep brown, almost black. His chest had a covering of black curls, which led in a trail down to his cock. A cock that right now was standing up and begging at her, the head already darkening to deep red.

Imogen switched her gaze to Liam's penis. It too was engorged and thick, the big blue vein throbbing very visibly through his fair skin, and his cap a purplish shade speaking of his need to come.

Suddenly Imogen forgot all about her past and why she was here. All she wanted to do was suck those cocks. Liam's was closer. She reached toward him with both hands and stroked his erection, tugging on his hips to bring him closer to her mouth.

Groaning, Liam knelt up and inched forward so his cock was right beside her mouth. She opened wide and sucked just the head inside, loving the salty-tart taste of him, running her tongue into the little slit to enjoy the full, rich flavor of his cum.

One hand cupped his balls and the other stroked his rod, the pads of her fingers pressing on the vein as she moved them up then down.

"Fuck, that feels good. But this is supposed to be about you, not us." Regret heavy in his voice, Liam wiggled back, his cock popping out of her mouth.

"But I was enjoying that."

"Maybe if we tie your hands to the bed, that will keep them off Liam," suggested Gage, his and Liam's belts in his hands.

Swiftly the two men grasped her wrists, tied them together, lifted them over her head and used the second belt to tie the first one to the headboard.

"Not fair."

"Maybe not, but I want to rub some of this cream into your breasts."

"Guess that means I get her pussy." Liam wriggled down the bed, lay flat and licked the full length of her slit, then back to circle her clit.

"I thought we were going to fuck?" Even to her own ears Imogen's voice sounded rather ragged and higher pitched than normal.

"That'll be the main course. This is just the appetizer. Hmm, your pussy is a delicious appetizer indeed." Liam thrust his tongue deep inside, running it along the walls of her channel to taste the honey there, more dripping with every word the men spoke.

Meanwhile Gage's hands were teasing and tormenting her breasts. He began by drizzling the cream across the tops of her breasts and rubbing it down into the warm globes. Then he trailed more cream across her ribs and rubbed it upward and underneath the mounds. Finally he poured the coconut-scented moisturizer into his

palms and rubbed them across her aching nipples, causing them to instantly peak and turn into diamond-hard, needy points, aching for his touch.

Round and round he massaged, first the tops of her breasts then the undersides, then he slid his hands down along her ribs before returning them to start the pattern again. Always slowly and carefully, never rushing, dragging the process out until her breasts ached with the need to be touched.

Desperately Imogen arched her back, trying to push her breasts into his hands, but he only grinned and began to rub the cream into her hips instead.

Liam had picked up her left leg and was trailing cream up and down her thigh, sliding his hands from her knee up and up, almost to her pussy, but never quite that far.

Frantically Imogen pulled on the restraints, trying to force her body into their hands, but Gage had tied the belts too high to give her enough leverage.

"Dammit, quit teasing me and let me come."

"Oh not yet. We're nowhere near done here yet."

"Besides, the longer you wait the better the orgasm will be when you have it."

"I don't care. I want to come now."

"Soon, sweetie, soon." Gage stopped rubbing her hips and squeezed a dollop of cream onto her arm.

Imogen sighed and wiggled harder, trying to nudge Liam's hand closer to her cunt.

"No you don't, honey. We're in control here and I still have another leg to oil yet."

Imogen took a deep breath and tried to be patient, but she did notice the men sped up their massaging and refrained from teasing her so much.

She watched with eager eyes as they rolled condoms on their cocks—cocks so stiff she knew the men were suffering as much as she was from the waiting.

Liam rolled onto his back and hitched his arms under his knees, raising his legs high and wide so Gage could lube his ass. Gage took a dollop of the coconut cream and rubbed it in all around the rim, then squirted lube into Liam's rectum. As he slid one

finger in knuckle-deep, both Imogen and Liam gasped and shuddered at the erotic sight. Imogen could feel more of her honey dripping from her pussy onto her inner thighs, and she couldn't drag her eyes away from Gage's finger pushing into Liam's ass and twirling around. She could almost feel that finger as if it were inside her own ass, rubbing along the walls, stretching and loosening the tissues. *Hell, that's hot, watching them.*

As Gage's second finger pushed into Liam's ass, Imogen was panting as hard as Liam, and unconsciously her hips were rotating with the movement of Gage's hand. Backward and forward his wrist moved as his fingers inside Liam rubbed and stretched and massaged. Backward and forward went Imogen's hips, matching the movement, cream dripping freely from her cunt, her entire body rocking in response.

Finally Gage dropped the lube onto the nightstand and leaned over Imogen to untie her wrists. He gave her shoulders a brisk rub but she was too aroused to worry about anything but getting a cock inside her empty cunt.

She knelt across Liam, guided his cock into her channel and with a deep, heartfelt groan slid down over his penis. He filled and stretched her in the most delicious way. As soon as he was fully inside her she came. Her muscles clenched him like a vise, her cunt rippled and spasmed and she lay over him as she shook.

"Dammit, woman, don't move or I'll come too," gasped Liam, wrapping his arms around her and holding her body still as her inner muscles continued to clench and spasm. After a few moments he rolled them over so Imogen was underneath him and he lay covering her, his weight on his forearms.

Then it was Gage's turn to groan as he pushed his way into Liam's ass. His cock popped through the ring of muscles and he pushed in farther until he was balls-deep inside Liam. All three were breathing hard and sweat was slicking Liam's chest from the double tension of being in Imogen and having Gage inside him.

Liam braced his arms on the bed on either side of Imogen, while Gage held on to Liam's hips. Imogen grabbed Liam's shoulders and Gage and Liam pushed forward together, Gage into Liam, Liam into Imogen.

After just a few thrusts Imogen knew she would be coming again very soon. She could feel everything. Every movement Gage made transferred through Liam and into her. Every push, every twitch of his cock, every swivel of his hips—all were intensified exponentially by being transmitted through Liam. And Liam's cock was scraping her walls, brushing her G-spot, driving her higher and higher with need.

Her nails dug into Liam's shoulders as her hips thrust up meeting his. Her pussy muscles clenched tightly on his cock and her nerve endings were on fire with need. She was close, so close to coming.

Gage pistoned into Liam, the force of his thrusts rolling through Imogen as well, driving her higher and higher.

"Can't hold on any longer," gasped Liam.

Gage thrust hard once more and ordered, "Come now, Liam. Come now, Imogen."

Liam drove his cock deep and hard inside Imogen, nudging her cervix. The intense pleasure-pain blasted through her and Imogen shattered into a million pieces as her climax hit her like a whirlwind. Her toes curled, her arms and legs thrashed and she felt the heat of Liam coming inside her even through the thin rubber sheath.

Still connected, the three dropped flat onto the bed, the men rolling them all onto their sides as they held tight to each other as the last of the aftershocks raced through them.



## Chapter Three

Imogen woke early the next morning and slid quietly out of bed. She had a quick shower, braided her hair, then dressed in swimwear with a sundress over it. She collected a towel and her room keycard, then silently let herself out of the cabin.

*First the labyrinth I think, then I'll do some laps in the oblong pool. I think the labyrinth looks interesting even if they think it is stupid.*

According to the sign the labyrinth was fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, but once inside it could have been ten times that size. The garden had been planted so cleverly all Imogen could see were beautiful flowers and shrubs at the lower level and tall waving palms at the higher level with every space filled with a plant of some description. All were green and lush, with the flowers brightly colored and ever changing, refreshing the mind and heart as she walked.

The path was narrow but not claustrophobic, the pavement varying from stone to brick to gravel to tile, and the sun shone brightly overhead, but inside the winding trail all was totally silent and beautiful.

Imogen stepped softly, gazing all around her, enjoying the experience immensely. Arriving at the center she found a fountain with a stone bench and she sat and meditated for a long time, her eyes resting on one perfect flower after another. Even the fountain and bench were intricately carved with leaf and flower designs. Feeling completely refreshed, she made her way back out again and walked toward the oblong pool.

This pool was indeed designed for people who liked to swim laps. It was an even depth throughout, ideal for swimming, was tiled in shades of deepest blue highlighted with a greeny aqua shade and had ladders at each corner for easy access.

Happily Imogen swam laps of breaststroke then freestyle, alternating her way up and down the pool. She concluded with a few laps of backstroke, enjoying the fresh clean morning air and comparative silence of the area.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Where have you been? I've been dressed and waiting for you to get here for hours," Gage almost yelled at Imogen as she opened the cabin door.

"He means approximately fifteen minutes," Liam's calm voice explained.

"Why didn't you tell me where you were going and how long you would be? Besides, I was expecting to have sex this morning before we went out and you weren't here."

"Now that bit is true."

"Shut up. She has no right to run off without telling me where she's going," Gage snapped at Liam.

Imogen just stared at the men. Liam might think it was funny but she certainly didn't. "Point one. When I woke up you were both so deeply asleep you didn't notice me get out of bed or have a shower. I figured you wouldn't appreciate being woken up so early on your vacation.

"Point two. We talked about what we would do today and at no time was leaving early this morning mentioned. Nor was morning sex.

"And point three. I am neither your child nor your employee. I don't have to tell you where I am going or what I am doing. If you are not prepared to grant me adult status, I can move into another cabin by myself at any time."

While she spoke, Liam's jaw dropped and the laughter left his face. He watched Gage closely.

Imogen wondered if she had said too much but she refused to enter the kind of controlling relationship she'd experienced with her father. The cold steel in her quiet voice had been the only method that had ever worked with her father. Not that he had

ever changed his mind about anything. He was too sure of always being right. But at least he would let her finish when she spoke in that tone. Now, was Gage going to be another controlling man? Or would he listen? *And dammit, I'm not going to be a sex toy either!*

"He was worried about you," Liam interjected.

"What could happen to me here on the resort?"

Both men were silent for long moments until Liam said, "Gage, this is where you apologize."

There was another long pause and finally Gage said, "Yes, Liam is right. I had no excuse to speak to you like that. I apologize."

Imogen nodded but she noticed that Gage, just like her father, had not taken back what he had said. Nor had he said he was wrong. *Well, hell. It looks like a relationship is not going to work. He is much too bossy and controlling. Oh well, at least I'll get a week of good sex out of it. But I must be very careful to guard my heart.*

\* \* \* \* \*

While Imogen showered and got dressed again, they decided to go to the restaurant and have a big cooked breakfast.

"Then we can have a really good look around the recreation rooms, book some time in the gym, maybe arrange a round of golf or some tennis. That sound like a plan?"

Imogen and Liam nodded.

The breakfast was huge with enough courses to last her all day, Imogen thought. Cereals and fruit and yoghurt followed by a range of sausages, chipolatas, bacon, baked beans, grilled tomatoes, baby spinach, mushrooms, hash brown, eggs scrambled, boiled or fried, then toast with different spreads.

Imogen leaned back and held her tummy. "I can't move. I'll need to spend an hour in the gym before I can even walk back to the cabin."

"Nonsense. You only had one sausage and one egg. I had four of each and I can still move."

"I can hear your arteries clogging up from here. We definitely need to exercise. Let's go find out about booking the tennis courts," Gage suggested.

On the way back to the cabin to change into exercise clothes, they followed a different path and came to the bridge over the double lagoon swimming pool they'd seen the day they arrived.

"Oh isn't this lovely!" exclaimed Imogen, running ahead to stand on the tiny bridge and look both ways across the lagoon.

Laughing, Gage swept her into his arms and held her out over the water. "One, two, three," he teased, swinging her in and out over the lagoon.

Liam grabbed his cell phone out of his pocket and snapped a picture of them then said, "Okay, I'm ready to take another photo if you drop her."

"Probably not a good idea," Gage replied, giving Imogen a hug then setting her on her feet again. But the ice had been broken and they joked around like teenagers, the men walking along the edge of the lagoon and pretending to be about to fall in, and all of them ducking in and out of the trees and chasing each other with branches and leaves.

By the time they got back to their cabin they were all relaxed and happy from the laughter and ready to enjoy their day.

The morning was spent in the gym exercising, then by the double lagoon pool, relaxing under big, shady trees and swimming.

At one stage, after a break in the conversation, Gage looked seriously at Imogen. "I don't want you wandering off early in the morning again. I need you to stay with us. If you really want to go swimming, wake us up and we'll all go. Okay?" asked Gage.

"I hear you," replied Imogen. *I do hear him. I hear him all too well. I'll try not to upset him but I'm not promising anything. This is my vacation too and there are things I want to do that don't interest him. I refuse to have my life dictated to by another person. I had twenty years*

*of every breath I took being structured to someone else's wishes and I'll never let that happen again. Ever. Not even for excellent sex.*

\* \* \* \* \*

But over the next few mornings Imogen either did not wake up early enough to walk the labyrinth or swim laps, or was woken and made love to. And the men did make the most excellent love, morning, noon or night. Their aim was always to please her and they very quickly learned the places to touch her and bring her to spectacular orgasms. She was assured of an orgasm, usually received two, and on one blissful occasion three.

"As a sex team you two are unbeatable," she murmured, cuddled in four strong arms.

"Nah, it's you. You turn us on all the time. I've been walking around with a hard-on all week just from being close to you," said Liam.

"I don't do mushy, girly stuff, but you must have noticed how much we care for you," added Gage.

"I do feel protected and cared for. I'm having an excellent vacation," she added with just the slightest snore as she dozed off.

An hour later they were at the gym exercising, then in the sauna and back to the double lagoon pool which was fast becoming their favorite. It was more or less in the shape of a figure eight with the path and bridge over the narrow middle point and the rounded edges spreading out either side. Imogen loved to swim under the bridge, where the water was only about four foot deep with the bridge another couple of feet over it so a not too tall person such as herself could actually stand under the bridge and look up at the smooth sweep of it overhead. Although she preferred to float past, letting the water drift her where it would.

This pool had the added advantage of a poolside bar with drinks and light snacks readily available. Since Liam was always hungry, under the bar's shade sails with a

drink in his hand and a plate of munchies on his lap had fast become one of his favorite places.

After a sandwich for lunch at the snack bar, they went to the cinema. Each day it showed two different movies, alternating them through the day starting from 10 a.m. and the final session finishing around 10 p.m. Although their tastes in movies were quite different, and the men had refused point-blank to consider anything they termed a chick flick, the three had agreed on a science fiction, futuristic action movie as a compromise.

The movie wasn't bad but it wasn't particularly good either. However, they stayed when the other half dozen patrons left, and laughed at the more absurd features of it.

As the lights came up when the credits rolled across the screen, they realized they were alone in the theatre. Gage looked at his watch then turned his heated gaze on the other two. "The next show doesn't start for half an hour. Do you realize we're all alone here for twenty minutes, probably longer?"

"So what?"

"So I've always wanted to fuck in a movie theater."

"I don't think so," said Imogen.

"What an excellent idea." Liam's voice overrode Imogen's. "So how are we going to do it?"

"I think standing up against the wall. These seats are too close together to do it sitting here."

"No way. Not in a public theater where anyone could come in and see me!"

"Aw, don't be a spoilsport."

"Which part of the word 'no' don't you understand?"

Liam jumped out of his seat and walked down to the front of the theater to the big curtain over the screen. He pushed it aside at one end and disappeared from view.

“Hey, this is perfect. Room for three easily and no one can interrupt us. Imogen, Gage, come here.”

Feeling a bit better about the idea if she was behind a curtain, Imogen allowed Gage to grab her hand and hustle her to the front of the theater. Liam held the curtain open, revealing a small space between it and the screen. As he’d said, enough room for three.

“We’ve only got about twenty minutes, so it’ll have to be a quickie, but doesn’t the thought of being in a public place turn you on, Imogen? Make you hot and wet?”

Gage’s hand ran up her leg, under her sundress, skimming higher and higher to rest on her hip.

Suddenly she didn’t care that they were in a public theater. Imogen could feel her juices dampening her panties at the thought of sex with these two men. They turned her on in a moment with just a glance or a touch. She was already aching for them to fill her. They did care for her and appreciate her and treat her well. Oh, it was just sex, not love—she wasn’t going to pretend it was more than that—but God, right now she did want them, cinema or no cinema. People or no people.

“Yes,” she whispered. “Yes, I do want you, here and now.”

“Thank God, because I don’t think I could wait long enough to get back to our cabin.” Gage slid his hand across her hip, over her belly and down inside her panties. A long finger rubbed lazy circles over her clit and her breath hitched.

Unconsciously she widened her stance and gripped Liam’s arms. Liam leaned over and pressed his mouth to hers, running his tongue along the seam of her mouth until she opened, then thrusting it inside. His tongue tangled with hers, twisting and dancing, then he ran it along the insides of her cheeks and behind her teeth.

Imogen’s knees began to wobble and she held on to Liam harder as Gage stopped playing with her clit and slid two fingers deep inside her cunt.

“Damn you’re wet.” Gage pulled his fingers out and sucked them into his mouth, his eyes on the other two.

Imogen broke the kiss, panting hard, her chest heaving with the effort to draw breath into her lungs.

Liam knelt and dragged her panties down. She stepped out of them. Gage fumbled in his wallet for a condom, unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock and rolled the rubber down.

Liam stood behind Imogen, his hands resting on her hips. At Gage's nod he lifted her up so Gage could slide his cock deep into her welcoming pussy. Without further thought Imogen wrapped her legs around Gage's hips, and Liam moved hard behind her so her back was resting on the solid wall of his chest. His hands left her hips and he worked them up inside her sundress to grasp her breasts.

While Liam played with her breasts, Gage thrust deep inside her, plunging hard and plundering her depths, his urgency cranking up the need and desire inside her. With every powerful thrust of his cock he pulled her closer and closer to climax.

Liam's busy fingers rolled her nipples, twisting and tweaking them, pinching them, smoothing them then rubbing them. His mouth was on her neck, sucking and kissing, nipping and licking.

Gage's hands on her hips were like iron, his cock filling and stretching her in the most delicious way imaginable. He swiveled his hips, scraping his cock along her walls then over her G-spot. He leaned his head over and kissed her hard and lingeringly.

Liam pinched her nipples and Imogen came midkiss. All the breath seemed to be sucked out of her as her pussy spasmed and gripped Gage's cock, milking it. She felt the heat of his release inside her as she shook with her climax.

The three stayed pressed tightly together as Imogen and Gage rode out their releases. Suddenly Imogen noticed the huge cock pressing into her ass. She untangled her legs from Gage and slid to the ground.

"Let me help you with that," she whispered, turning and pulling Liam's board shorts down.



"It's—" Liam began, but then Imogen was kneeling, his cock in her mouth and she was sucking it deep, tilting her head and relaxing the back of her throat to accept as much as possible of his engorged shaft.

"Shit!" He thrust his hips up into her mouth as she clenched her cheeks and sucked hard, then gradually released him, running her tongue along his length as she let him slide out.

When just the head was in her mouth, she gripped his shaft with one hand and rolled his balls with the other as her teeth scraped gently over his head and her tongue flicked inside the slit.

"Oh my God!"

Imogen concentrated on teasing his balls as she fed his penis back into her mouth, her tongue never still as it licked and flicked the length of him. Once again she tipped her head back and relaxed her throat, humming to add vibration to the sensations she was giving him.

As she gradually released him, she ran her tongue under the ridge where the cap and shaft joined. Then she licked and nibbled on the head.

She could feel his cock started to throb and the taste of his pre-cum was getting stronger, so Imogen sucked hard and that was all it took. Liam exploded in her mouth, streams of hot cum jetting to the back of her throat. Holding on to him, she sucked and swallowed, sucked and swallowed then licked him clean.

Gage pulled her to her feet and the three leaned close together, the men's arms around each other with Imogen sandwiched in between them. Gage and Liam kissed in a harsh, passionate clashing of teeth and knocking of noses, then they pulled Imogen's mouth to theirs in a messy, sloppy, three-way kiss.

"I can taste you on Imogen. Damn that's hot," said Gage.

They kissed again and again, sharing all their flavors.

Suddenly there was a rush a feet and a piping voice calling, “Mommy, Mommy, I want to sit right down here.”

“No, I want to sit at the back. Real people sit at the back.”

“Mommy, say we can sit at the front. Mommy —”

“Bloody hell, we’re going to be arrested for corrupting children.” Imogen scrambled around on the floor, grabbing her panties and stepping into them.

Liam was busy pulling his board shorts up and Gage was tying off his condom and wrapping it in a tissue.

“The curtains will open in a minute and then we’ll be in real trouble.”

“No, we’re all dressed again, we’ll be fine. Just walk out like you own the place and should have been behind the curtain all along,” advised Gage.

Imogen patted her hair, checked her dress was down properly then cast her eyes over her men. Both were fully dressed and although she felt hot and sweaty she knew no one—other than her father, of course—would notice anything wrong with her appearance.

Gage led the way up through the cinema with Imogen immediately behind him and Liam following closely. The family was still squabbling about where to sit and did not even notice them, to Imogen’s eternal relief.

Imogen insisted her heart simply could not take any more excitement that day, so they spent the rest of the afternoon lying on the beach, sitting under a beach umbrella and swimming lazily around under the waterfall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gage had booked them in for eighteen holes of golf the next morning with a 7 o’clock start. “Everyone who plays early in the morning takes it seriously. If you play later in the day, you get stuck behind holiday golfers who spend hours just choosing which club to use.”

“And then they take a dozen practice swings and still miss the ball,” added Liam.

Imogen pulled the bedcovers up to her ears. "Go. Enjoy yourselves. Hit the ball. Whatever."

"It would be more fun with you there," Liam begged.

Imogen sat up. "No, actually it wouldn't. I'm not a very good player and I don't really care about the game at all. I'd rather just walk. Or in this case, sleep." She lay down again and pulled the bedding over her head.

"Well, sleep then, honey. Or you could go look at the labyrinth. I know you wanted to go there and we haven't been yet."

Imogen forbore to admit she had been there, simply saying, "I'll probably do a load of laundry. I'm running out of clean underwear, thanks to you two."

The men laughed and left the cabin.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was shining brightly but it wasn't too hot so early in the morning. Nonetheless Gage glanced over at Liam to check he was sheltered from the sun by the little canvas hood of their golf buggy.

"Do you want me to put more sunblock on you? You probably shouldn't have worn a short-sleeved shirt knowing we would be outside so long this morning."

"Great minds think alike! I was just deciding whether or not to ask you to pull up under those trees over there to give myself another coating of cream. I feel like a roast in the oven, constantly having to be basted," joked Liam.

"Surely you aren't thinking about food already? In ten years' time you're going to be as fat as a pig."

"That's why I learned to cook. Otherwise you'd let me starve to death."

Gage pulled the buggy to a stop under the trees then looked up at the flowers towering high overhead as Liam rummaged in his golf bag for the sunblock. "Flowering dogwood. I didn't realize it grew so far south but it makes a nice little secluded area here. It's hard to believe we're in the middle of a resort golf course."

Liam handed the bottle of sunblock to Gage then shrugged out of his T-shirt and turned his back to his friend. "The landscape gardeners or whoever designed this place did a brilliant job. Everything is beautiful to look at with so many different plants all in flower at once. It's mighty easy on the eye."

Gage pressed a gentle kiss to the back of Liam's neck as he smoothed the cream on Liam's fair skin. "You're mighty easy on the eye too. If Imogen was here I'd have the two of you pushed up against the nearest tree and be fucking your ass right now. Or maybe you'd be in her cunt and I'd be in her ass. Whatever. I wouldn't just be putting oil on this delicate white skin of yours."

He slapped Liam's thigh. "Turn round and give me your shoulders."

Liam squeezed sunblock onto his right hand and rubbed it into the front of his neck as Gage did his left arm. "We have changed, haven't we? Before Imogen we'd definitely be fucking like bunnies behind a tree here. Yet now it doesn't seem right to fuck unless she's with us. She's part of us. She completes us."

"That's true. As a twosome we were good. But as a threesome we're better."

Thoughtfully Gage replaced the sunblock in Liam's golf bag as the other man pulled his T-shirt back on. "Let's go. I'm gonna whip your ass on the golf course instead of in bed."

"You wish. I'm a better player than you and you know it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Imogen was wide-awake by the time the men left the cabin. *Dammit. I could've had a nice long sleep-in and now I'm awake. What a bore! Guess that means I really ought to do my laundry as I said. God, my panties are damp all the time around them. I've never had to change my underwear so often in my life before!*

*Should I do their laundry? After all, it's no more effort to do a big load than a small one. No, I don't think so. This is just a sexy vacation, not a statement. I don't want them to get ideas. Or to build up my hopes. I like them, I like them a lot, but this relationship is not going anywhere.*

*In fact, it's not even a real relationship. The words were firm in her mind but her heart was still ambivalent. Isn't it a relationship? Honestly, do I still believe I'm not in a relationship with these men? It no longer feels like they're just casual fuck buddies. They've become friends. Very close friends.*

*Shut up and get with the program, her mind ordered her heart.*

Carefully Imogen sorted her laundry into whites and colors, shaking each item thoroughly before placing it in a machine. After she'd loaded two machines in the large, empty laundry room, Imogen decided she would go back to the labyrinth while she waited for her clothes to wash. Once again she loved the beauty and silence of the garden, but this time thoughts of Liam and Gage kept imposing themselves on her mind.

*Why are you so sure it won't work?*

*Because Gage is too bossy.*

*But he's not self-serving the way my father is. Father wants everything done his way. Gage is happy for Liam and me to do our own thing. He made no attempt to force me to play golf. Father would have insisted I play if he wanted me there.*

*Yes, that's true but...*

*I don't think I could live with a person who is so sure he knows what is right for me all the time. There needs to be genuine consideration for my thoughts and feelings. Gage is caring. But in a quite different way from Liam. Liam has little-boy selfish moments but he's a much lighter-hearted person. He laughs more easily and comes out of his sulks very fast. Liam makes no secret of the fact he wants me to be happy. He puts me ahead of himself, like in the cinema.*

Imogen shivered and her panties dampened as she remembered those hot and heavy twenty minutes behind the curtain in the movie theater. *God, I must have been out of my mind to do that!*

She sat by the fountain in the center of the labyrinth and let the peaceful surroundings flow over her, stilling her thoughts and heart.

*This is just for a week. Gage seems caring and he's definitely a considerate lover – hell, a red-hot, considerate lover. I've never had so many orgasms in my life before as I've had this week! But he is still arrogant. And I won't live with an arrogant man ever again. Case closed.*

Determined, she stood up and headed back along the pathway to collect her laundry.

Her machine had finished its cycle, so she busied herself taking out each item, shaking it carefully, turning it neatly inside out, then placing it in the dryer. She pushed the buttons for medium heat, inserted her coins and pressed Start.

*I'm surprised there are no benches to sit on in here, Imogen said to herself, bending her knees then springing up to sit on a closed washing machine. As she did she remembered a work colleague who said she'd had sex on her washing machine during the spin cycle. She'd said it was pretty awesome too. I'm becoming a nymphomaniac. Sex behind the curtains in the cinema, sex on a washing machine. But how could it be done, I wonder. One man sitting with the woman on his lap. That'd work easily enough. But with two men... Hmm...Gage on the machine. Liam on Gage. Me on Liam. Although on top I would have to actually sit between their two bodies... Shit! What am I doing? I'm planning an orgy on top of a washing machine in a public laundry room. I must be going insane. Too much sex doesn't send you blind, it scrambles your brains totally!*

Imogen remained lost in thought for some time, thinking through everything that had happened on this vacation and where she wanted her life to go. She was roused from her reverie by her dryer beeping, so she collected her laundry, folding and stacking all the items neatly and cleaning the lint filter on the machine before leaving the laundry room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Imogen was just hanging the last of her freshly ironed clothes in the closet when Gage and Liam returned full of stories of lost balls, sand traps and neat putts.

"Have we got time for a shower before lunch?" asked Gage.

"Of course, it's not even noon yet."

"But we didn't have breakfast and we've walked a million miles so we're starving," added Liam.

"You're always starving," she teased, "and I haven't had breakfast either. I forgot all about it."

"Well, let's get cleaned up and we'll have a big lunch." Gage swung her into his arms for a kiss and before she knew what was happening, he and Liam were tugging her T-shirt and shorts off, pulling down her panties and collecting condoms and lube.

"I thought you were having a shower?"

"Oh we are, we are. But it's always more fun to shower with a friend. Or two."

"Uh-huh."

God they were yummy. She'd seen them naked so many times this week she'd lost count. But every time they stripped off it was as if she saw them for the first time. Gage so dark against Liam's fair skin. Liam so lighthearted and filled with *joie de vivre* – well, mostly. Except when he was hungry or worried about getting sunburned! Gage more serious and bossy but always considering Liam and herself in his decrees and statements and always willing to listen.

Suddenly Imogen felt herself have one of those lightbulb moments. He *listened*. When she explained something to him, he listened to her and assessed her needs and wants. Her father never listened. Once he'd made his mind up it was like talking to a brick wall.

Before Imogen could think through this revelation four strong hands were guiding her under the warm water, two mouths were licking and sucking and nibbling at her skin, a muscular thigh was edging her legs apart and her brain was frying with the instant need to come, to be fucked, to feel a hot, hard cock deep inside her, filling her, stretching her, bringing her to completion.

"Face the wall and brace yourself, sweetie," said Gage.

Imogen folded her arms on the shower wall and leaned her forehead on them, her legs apart and her honey already flowing from her eager pussy.

"You're so beautiful, I just have to touch and taste you all the time," whispered Liam, running his hands down her sides and pressing kisses in a line across her shoulders.

Imogen gathered her hair in its long plait and dropped it down between her and the wall so Liam could have unrestricted access to her back. She turned her head and looked over her shoulder to see Liam burying his face in her neck as he spread his legs wide and Gage started lubing his ass.

"Watching you two fuck makes me burn. To be part of your fucking is so erotic, so unbelievably carnal."

"Feeling a little needy, are we?" Liam dropped his hands to her cunt and slid two fingers inside. "So hot, so tight, so very wet. You're ready and waiting for me aren't you, honey."

"Fuck me, fill me. Don't make me wait anymore." These men only had to look at her to light her fire. A single touch from either of them and she burst into flames.

Liam fumbled a condom off the shelf where Gage had put them and quickly rolled it on over his cock. He gripped her hips, bent his knees and thrust deep and hard inside her.

"Shit, you're tight. If you grab me any harder my dick will break."

Gage already had a condom on. He squeezed some lube on it then held Liam's ass cheeks apart and pressed into his dark channel. "Thank God this brand is waterproof."

"Fuck yeah," gasped Liam.

Imogen could feel everything. Liam was pressed so hard against her she sensed every inch of Gage sliding into Liam while Liam stayed perfectly still inside her. Finally Gage was fully inside Liam and all three breathed a deep sigh. Imogen braced herself against the wall once more, Liam held her hips and Gage held Liam's. The men were



both so eager it took them a few strokes to synchronize their movements, but soon they had a rhythm going, moving together, Gage into Liam and Liam into Imogen.

Almost immediately Imogen began to pant from the tension of their slow thrusts. She tried to move her hips but Liam held them too tightly. Experimentally she clenched her inner muscles and Liam gasped.

“Shit, honey, do that again and I’ll come for sure. My cock may be made of steel but my self-control isn’t.”

“Don’t want the party to end when it’s hardly begun,” added Gage.

Imogen was almost sobbing with need. Her belly was a coil of intense desire. She wanted these men more than she’d ever wanted them before. Wanted them to fuck her and fuck her and fuck her again until she was mindless with passion and beyond satiation. Wanted to kiss and caress and care for them. Wanted them to know she was falling in love with them. *Love? Where did that come from?*

Liam seemed to sense how needy she was as he slipped his hand between her body and the wall, his middle finger unerringly reaching her clit and teasing it. As the two men still pumped in unison, Liam’s finger stroked her clit, teasing and soothing, nipping then smoothing, cranking up the heat inside her until she was sure she would combust. Every nerve ending was on fire, she was so close, so close. If only she could have reached their balls—

Desperately she clenched her inner muscles with all her strength. Liam gave a shout, pinched her clit and with a keening wail she came, the climax exploding out of her like a cannonball. Liam had wrapped his arm around her waist and she could feel his body shaking hard against hers. Then Gage’s arms came around Liam, his hands resting on her shoulders, and she sensed him shaking in release as well.

She leaned back into the men, grateful for their strength to support her as her whole body felt like a limp noodle from the power of her release. It was only then she noticed that the water splashing in the shower was icy cold.

## **Chapter Four**

It was quite some time before they'd all recovered enough to wash, dry, get dressed and walk over to the restaurant.

The men were very hungry after their busy morning on an empty stomach and Imogen was awed at how much they both ate. While she worked her way through pumpkin soup, a main course of grilled fish and baked vegetables, and a slice of cherry pie for dessert, they chomped their way steadily through the menu—soup, entrée, salad, main and dessert, or two desserts in Liam's case.

The people who had been sitting near them had all left when their coffee was served.

"So, apart from your laundry, what did you do this morning while I was whipping Gage's ass at golf?" asked Liam.

Not wanting to hear more stories about their prowess on the golf course, she replied quickly, "I walked through the labyrinth. It is so beautiful and serene there. The plants are designed for maximum effect. It's like two layers—a lower front row of flowering shrubs and bushes and a higher back row of trees and thicker, taller shrubs so each aisle is almost enclosed."

"That does sound fascinating. We must go and walk through it while we are here," said Liam.

"Another place we haven't visited yet is the business center. We all really ought to check our emails. It's been quite a while since we contacted the real world."

"How about we go to the business center and go online now, while our lunch digests a bit?" suggested Liam.

"Yes, good idea," replied Gage, and Imogen nodded too. Her friends would be wondering how she was enjoying her vacation. She really ought to send a few emails and catch up on the news.

The business center had a full staff of secretaries and a phalanx of computers, photocopiers, faxes and other business machines. The three settled themselves at a row of PCs. Imogen contented herself with logging into her personal email account and answering her friends, giving them a brief and highly censored account of her vacation so far.

Then she skimmed through her work email, glad to notice nothing urgent in there and, since she had her vacation responder switched on, not bothering to answer even easy questions. *I'm on vacation. I don't want them to think they can bother me right now*, she reasoned.

Both men seemed quite occupied with their own emails so Imogen skimmed through some of her favorite blogs to find out what was happening in her absence. She was still happily reading when Liam squeezed her shoulder. "How about a game of tennis?"

"Tennis?"

"Good idea. Let's burn off some of those calories we just ate." Gage started logging off his computer.

"Okay, but you two will undoubtedly wipe the court with me. I can't see myself having your strength or speed or stamina, even after the enormous meal you just ate."

"I don't know. In our last game you demonstrated a really vicious backhand stroke."

"Not vicious enough to let me win a match, though."

\* \* \* \* \*

Gage and Liam held hands over the sleeping form of an exhausted Imogen.

"It was the third climax that did it. She was a ball of energy until then." Liam spoke quietly but his eyes were full of teasing laughter as he looked at his longtime lover.

Gage's heart was full to bursting with love for this man and this woman. His to love and protect. His responsibility and his joy. His thumb rubbed gentle circles on Liam's palm. "I can't believe how lucky we were to find her. I love you. I will always love you, but I love her too. Somehow she completes us. Together we are good, we were happy. But as a threesome nothing can stop us. Our lives are so much richer, deeper, somehow."

"I feel that too. You're the only man for me. I knew that the moment we met. But with Imogen it's different. Fuller somehow. Her softness completes your hardness. Her gentleness accentuates your sharpness. She adds another dimension to our lives."

"I want to protect Imogen, to keep her safe by my side, but she gets all prickly when I try to put boundaries around her."

"She's a grown woman, Gage. And we now know her father is rather more than just a neat-freak. He's a controlling jerk. She has successfully moved out from under his control and made a life for herself. She'll probably always scrub the sink after cleaning her teeth—that's ingrained in her DNA now. Even though she can look after herself, she'll let us care for her as long as we don't try to constrain her.

"Damn, I hope you're right. I couldn't stand it if anything happened to her or to you. Caring for you both is in *my* DNA."

Liam and Gage half sat up and kissed each other. It wasn't their usual wild teeth-and-tongue-clashing kiss but a gentle, understanding, peaceful kiss. Then they both lay down again, snuggled into Imogen, wrapped their arms around each other across her body and went to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The last few days of their vacation raced by. Gage's tanned skin was an even darker brown, Imogen had a light golden brown glow over her body and Liam's skin was as white as ever.

"No one is going to believe I've been away."

"Well, it's better than going home looking like a boiled lobster," quipped Gage.

"Tell them you spent the entire time in a nightclub," advised Imogen.

"Thanks, guys. So kind."

"It's our last full day here, Imogen. What do you want to do today?"

"Walk through the gardens again, then swim in all three pools."

"Is that all? You can suggest anything you wish. This is your vacation too and today's the last day so it may as well be memorable. Would you like us to come with you in the labyrinth? I know you were disappointed when I crushed that idea. I'm sorry I acted that way. It was rude of me to answer you like that no matter what I thought about a labyrinth garden. I know you walked through by yourself, but would you like to show it to us as well?"

Imogen thought for a few moments. She had finally accepted that she was in love with them. She wasn't sure that was a good thing though, or that the relationship would last once they returned to their homes and their jobs. But for now she knew they both loved and cared for her, anticipated her needs, put her pleasure above their own and sincerely wanted her to be happy. *I want them to be happy too.* She was especially touched by Gage's comment about the labyrinth. It showed what a kind heart he had that he would apologize so unreservedly and offer to go with her, even though he knew she'd already been to see it.

"I would like to show you both the labyrinth. It's such a beautiful, restful place. We can do that later today. But for right now maybe some sexy games? Also, I'd like to have you both inside me together again. That was extra good."

"Oohh, some role playing. I can go with that idea," said Liam.

Gage nodded then stood in front of Imogen and began the game. "Inside this room you must be naked. You are not to wear clothes when we are alone in here."

"Why?"

"Because we love to look at your body."

"And we want instant access so we can touch you or fuck you whenever we want."

"Yeah, okay, but you both have to be naked all the time too."

"What?"

"Well, I like looking at you too. I like touching you too. And it's not as if you can fuck me if you're wearing pants, is it?"

Liam laughed, spoiling the tension of the game, but was quick to pull off the pants he had so recently put on. "Like this?"

Gage swept Imogen off her feet, flung her over his shoulder and marched to the bed. With a sharp swat at her ass, he lifted her sundress over her head while Liam undid her sandals and pulled them off.

Understanding her needs, he set the sandals neatly side by side under a chair and folded the sundress tidily on the seat.

Imogen was busy pulling Gage's shirt off and Liam arrived in time to unbuckle Gage's belt and unzip his pants.

They soon shed their underwear, then Imogen said very tentatively, "There is one thing..."

"Name it."

"One of the women at work said she could put her clit inside the eye of her partner's cock and it was really erotic."

"She actually did that?"

"Well, that's what she said."

"Fuck. That sounds sexy. I was going to tie you up but we may need you to be able to move around to make this work," said Gage.

"The first step would be getting your clit as big as possible," said Liam.

"Oh, I know just the way to do that." Gage gently pushed her down flat on the bed and spread her legs. He wiggled down the bed, put his hands under her butt and drew her clit into his mouth.

He circled it with his tongue, brushing the hood aside, then sucked hard.

Imogen gasped. She could feel her clit growing harder and thicker in his mouth. As he nibbled on it with his teeth, she started to writhe. Her clit was so sensitive and hot. Moisture dripped from her pussy onto Gage's face. She was burning with need already and Gage had hardly touched her.

Gage lifted his head and looked at Liam. Imogen had one elbow under her to watch them both too. Liam's eyes were burning and his hand was stroking his cock.

"Fuck, that's a turn-on."

"Slide over her and put her clit in your cock," Gage instructed Liam, moving aside.

But it wasn't that easy. They were all trying to watch and the men's heads were in the way. Finally Gage pushed Imogen flat on the bed. "Stop trying to look. Just feel."

Gage slid his legs under Imogen's ass to raise her up a bit, then made Liam lie across them both. "Brace yourself on your hands, then you stay still too," he ordered.

With everyone's hands and heads out of the way it was easy for Gage to guide Liam's cock to Imogen's pussy and slip her clit into his slit.

"Damn that's wicked." Liam slid his hips back and forth a little over Imogen's clit.

Finally Imogen grabbed Liam's arms. "Either finish me off or give Gage a turn. I can't hold on much longer."

"Damn, I could stay there all day. It feels so good." Nonetheless Liam climbed off Imogen and took Gage's place holding her butt up as Gage maneuvered himself over her and Liam directed her clit into his cock.

Having had the opportunity to watch Liam, Gage got the idea much faster and soon Liam was sliding Imogen's clit up and down the eye of Gage's cock. Liam pressed his

own cock between her butt cheeks and soon the three of them had a gentle rhythm going.

Hands not in use to balance themselves were soon rubbing each other's nipples. Necks craned and stretched so mouths could lick and kiss and suck. And very, very slowly the tension rose and rose.

Imogen was first. "I'm going to come."

"Well, come then, sweetie." Gage pinched her nipple and she did.

The very act of watching them both was enough for Liam and his cock, tangled between their three bodies, jerked, shuddered and spasmed, releasing a stream of thick white cum.

"Fuck, that's hot," whispered Gage, watching Liam and Imogen come, his cock jetting its semen onto Imogen's belly.

For long moments the three lay together in a tangle of limbs.

"Oh no, what a mess," said Imogen.

"A shower will fix it."

"No, the sheets..."

"Don't worry about them, we'll change the bed. Relax." Liam kissed her gently. "You have to relax. The world will not end if something gets dirty or messy."

"And it's not like the maid won't expect people to be fucking in a vacation resort. It's why people go on vacation," added Gage.

Imogen nodded and deliberately let herself relax and just enjoy lying with them both.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since they would need to leave relatively early the next morning to get to the airport in plenty of time for their flights, Liam insisted on them having a full breakfast once again. While Imogen enjoyed cereal and fruit, then toast with tomatoes and



mushrooms, he worked his way through every platter on the buffet counter. Gage kept pace with him but his plate was never as full as Liam's.

It was midmorning by the time they were ready to walk through the gardens, so they detoured to their cabin for sunhats first.

The maid had been, the bed was remade with fresh, clean sheets and the room was as spotless as always. Imogen looked around critically but there was nothing she needed to straighten or tidy.

Both Liam and Gage watched her gaze rove over the countertops—no dust, the pictures hanging straight, the sofa cushions smooth and square, and the bed—no wrinkles in the coverings.

"What's the deal with your dad, Imogen? Has he got OCD or is he just a jerkwad?" asked Liam.

Imogen tensed, then deliberately forced her shoulders to relax. "It's not Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. Or Obsessive Compulsive Personality Disorder either. He cannot abide dirt or mess but he doesn't repeat activities or anything like that. He simply likes everything to be clean and neat and gets angry if things are disarranged. But he is also very controlling. If he decides the family will go somewhere or do something, there is no discussion. Everyone has to do as he says.

"When I was little it used to upset me that I was such a dirty, careless, untidy child. By the time I was in middle school I finally worked out that I was much tidier and more organized than other kids my age. The moment I could support myself I left home."

"What about your mom?" was Liam's next question.

"I don't know. I think at the start she probably genuinely loved him. After a while it was simply easier for her to do things his way than try to reason with him."

"She never indicated she wanted to leave him?" asked Gage.

"Although he is very controlling, he's not mean or deliberately unkind. Besides, since he hates mess everything is always replaced as soon as it's damaged. I never had

stained jeans or holes in my shoes or anything like that. My father might have been cross they got stained or worn but he always instantly paid for a new pair. As soon as a mug was chipped it was thrown out. And part of his need to control everything is a genuine desire to keep us safe and well."

"No jigsaws with missing pieces or toy trucks with one wheel off," teased Liam.

"I would never have lost a piece from a jigsaw in the first place, but no."

\* \* \* \* \*

With Imogen in the middle, their arms linked together, the threesome walked through the gardens, stopping frequently to talk about the plants, admire the flowers and breathe in the heady scents of some of the blooms.

In the labyrinth they walked single file, Imogen coming last so Liam and Gage could set the pace, as it was their first time. When they reached the center Gage drew her into his arms and said softly, "Thank you for this. It is truly a place of serenity."

"I'm glad you like it. I found it very special. The way they have planted this garden so there are always flowers in bloom, and the upper and lower levels of greenery is pretty amazing."

"And the different pavings of the path, the carvings on the fountain. Very well planned. The landscape gardeners are amazing at this resort. We were just saying that on the golf course the other day," added Liam.

Gage pulled Liam into his arms along with Imogen and the two men stretched their arms around her, absorbing her into the center as was their habit. First one man, then the other kissed her gently.

"You do understand we love you, don't you?" asked Gage.

"We want to be a permanent threesome. For you to move in with us when you're ready." Liam's voice was intense and earnest.

"I—"

Gage rested his finger over her lips. "You don't have to answer yet. We know it's too soon for you, but we wanted you to know where we stood. Think about it."

"If we're too messy for you, we'll get a housekeeper," added Liam.

They all laughed then began walking out of the labyrinth.

"Which pool do you want to go to first?"

"I think the lap pool. We all need the exercise."

"Unfortunately that's true," sighed Gage.

After half an hour swimming laps, they moved on to the pool with the beach and waterfall but soon decided to go to their favorite pool with the double lagoon. Liam wanted to sit under the shade sails with a drink, Gage fancied a snooze in a beach chair and Imogen wanted to float under the bridge, her favorite place.

It was probably an hour later when Imogen was trying to decide whether she would stay in the shade under the bridge or get out of the water and put more sunblock on, that she caught a glimpse of the two young teenage boys she had seen on the first day climbing the rocks by the waterfall.

Imogen let herself drift gently past the bridge to a gap in the six-foot-high wall of flowering sea lavender where she could see what was happening. They seemed to be pushing and shoving each other, then one would run away a bit before standing still and they would push each other some more.

Thinking back to her school days, Imogen had a vague idea that this was some game the boys had played back then, although it had seemed then, and still did now, to make no sense to her. *Whatever, the kids have to do something to amuse themselves I guess, but why not play tennis or golf or swim?* She shrugged and lay back in the water to float under the bridge.

Imogen heard a shout, then one of the boys punched the other and took off running toward the bridge.

Imogen dived underwater and swam as fast as she could to the bridge. She stood up in the center of the water, the deepest part, where the water was up to her shoulders and the bridge a mere foot over her head. Although curious and wondering what was happening, Imogen didn't want them to think she was stalking them or going to interfere in anyway. But she didn't want them to get hurt either. Still, they weren't her kids and really it was none of her business what they did.

The second boy was running quite fast and the one in front didn't have much of a head start on him. The boy in the lead sprinted onto the walkway to the bridge. The other one rounded the bend in the trail right behind him, screaming abuse at the front one. Imogen moved to the far side of the narrow bridge, wishing she had gotten out of the pool and gone to put sunblock on after all instead of hanging around here while the two boys had their disagreement.

*I bet they think they are alone. Teenagers get as embarrassed as hell to be observed in a situation like this. I hope they don't see me here. I feel like a pervert or Peeping Tom or something.*

As the first boy's feet pounded onto the bridge she could hear him puffing and wheezing. The other boy caught up to him just then and grabbed him, pulling him around.

"You can't talk to me like that. I'll –"

The first boy lost his balance and crashed over the railing into the lagoon, landing with an enormous splash that sent water fountaining up right over the bridge.

Imogen shook her head to clear her eyesight. The boy was nowhere in sight. Either he was a good swimmer and was underwater heading away as fast as he could swim or else he was in trouble. Imogen was willing to bet it was the latter.

Silently she dropped into the water, letting her body drift to the bottom, her eyes open wide, searching in the direction she felt he would have gone.

And there he was, just starting to rise to the surface. His eyes were open but he did not appear to be in control of his body. He certainly didn't seem like a teenager trying

to tease his companion by playing dead. Quickly she swam over to him and hauled on the back of his T-shirt, pulling his body upright. He was only about thirteen or so and skinny, but as tall as her and quite heavy to pull out of the water.

A large piece of wood, broken off from the bridge railing, smashed against her arm, but she ignored it as she concentrated on bringing the boy to the edge of the water.

She quickly looked at his head and limbs but saw no blood. His limbs were not bent into awkward shapes so probably weren't fractured, but he wasn't blinking his eyes or speaking at all, which worried her. Surely a boy this age would be making noises if he were conscious? Moaning in pain or hurling abuse at his companion or something?

She dragged him to the edge of the lagoon and put him in the recovery position with his upper arm folded over his chest and his upper leg in a triangle over the lower one. Before she could check his airways, he started coughing and hauled himself into a half-sitting position.

She looked up and saw Gage and Liam running toward her, Liam still holding his drink in his hand. As Liam ran, his hat blew off and he dropped the drink.

"Imogen!"

The cries seemed to come from all around her and to be echoing. Imogen shook her head some more, wondering if she had water in her ears, but it was simply that Gage and Liam were both calling her.

Then the lagoon was full of people. A waiter, fully clothed including his shoes, appeared out of nowhere and waded across the pool to reach the boy on the other side. Gage and Liam dragged Imogen into their arms, asking a hundred questions at once. The other boy leaned over the bridge, avoiding the broken section of the railing, and asked hesitantly, "Drew? Drew? Are you okay?"

Someone must have been making cell-phone calls, because resort staff appeared from everywhere, wanting to know what was happening.

Gage and Liam tenderly led Imogen out of the water, wrapping her in their towels and demanding ice for the large bruises that were starting to show on her left arm.

A staff member went to talk to the boy on the bridge, who was busy calling for his family on his cell phone.

Workers roped off the bridge and began removing the broken railing, a paramedic appeared to look at Imogen's arm and another paramedic was caring for the boy.

"Yes, yes, yes, but what about Imogen? She may have broken bones!" Liam's voice was high-pitched with concern.

The paramedic replied, "I've checked her quite carefully but we can take Ms. Dunlap to the emergency room if she wishes. If it will give you peace of mind." He looked around. "Ms. Dunlap?"

"Please don't worry, I'm fine. Look, my arm moves normally." Imogen circled her arm and smiled at her men. "Don't worry, nothing's wrong. It was just bumped by a piece of wood from the bridge."

Half a dozen people started talking at once, raising their voices louder and louder over the noise of hammering and sawing coming from the now roped-off bridge. A waiter handed around glasses of freshly squeezed orange juice and the boy's family arrived at a flat run.

The two boys were hugged, kissed and slapped in quick succession by their relieved parents as the paramedic assured them Drew had merely swallowed some water and was fine. "I've checked him for concussion and he's got no signs of head injury or any other injury either. Fortunately the water there is the perfect depth if you fall in—deep enough to protect you when you go in, but not so deep you may drown," added the paramedic.

Chaos reigned for long minutes until the second boy came shuffling over to Imogen.

"I'm very sorry you were hurt helping my brother, ma'am. It was stupid of me to tackle him on the bridge even if he did— I mean I shouldn't have grabbed him on the bridge. And I'm sorry you were hurt looking after him, ma'am."

He scuffed his feet, embarrassed.

“Thank you for your concern. I’m fine. Truly. It’s just a bruise and I could have got it doing anything.”

The lad repeated his apology then returned to his family. Imogen could clearly hear the other boy protest, “For Chrissake, Ma, I’m all right. Lay off me, will ya.”

## **Chapter Five**

It was hours later by the time everything was quiet again and they had returned to their cabin. The resort manager had offered an extra week's stay for everyone free of charge and the boys' parents had countered with an offer to pay for the repair of the bridge. Gage had exchanged their flights for ones a week later and notified their bosses of their need for extra vacation time.

Inside their cabin Gage and Liam were doing their best to tuck Imogen up into bed alone, offering to sleep on the floor and the couch so they wouldn't disturb her, offering her hot milk and a backrub.

"Gage! Liam! There is nothing wrong with me. I'm perfectly fine. The bruises on my arm hardly even hurt. I've had much worse bumps playing sport. Now calm down and come to bed with me."

"Are you sure, honey? What if we roll over and lean on your arm during the night?"

"If it hurts I'll poke you. If it doesn't hurt I won't notice so either way it's not a problem. Stop acting like a couple of sick puppies. I'd much rather you fucked my brains out like normal."

"That's what we'd like to do too, but not if it will cause you pain." Gage was hovering over her, looking deeply into her eyes as if trying to read her mind.

Imogen opened her arms wide. "Truly, there's nothing wrong with me. Come to bed and let's play."

Reassured, both men undressed quickly and slid into the bed, one on either side of her as always. Liam pressed his body hard against her back, and Gage against her front, then the men wrapped their arms across her and held each other, uniting the three of them tightly together.



"We belong together, the three of us. You know that, Imogen, don't you?"

"Yes I do."

"Then will you move in with us? Live with us. We'll work on being neat." Gage guiltily thought of the way they'd just dropped their clothing on the floor.

"I'll work on letting go and not fussing about it when you aren't neat," she replied.

"Is that a 'yes'? You will move in with us?" asked Liam.

"Yes. It's yes. In some ways this week has been a challenge to me. I've had to do some deep thinking. I believe now I can clearly tell the difference between concern and control. And I do love you. Both of you. Even when you drop your clothes on the floor."

They all laughed, but laughter soon turned to lust as Imogen felt two cocks growing and heating, one pressing into her belly and the other into her ass.

She pushed her ass back against Liam and rubbed it over his cock, back and forward, back and forward. He groaned.

Imogen stretched out her hand to the hot cock in front of her, running her fingers up and down the shaft, scraping a fingernail gently over the head then running it around the ridge where the cap and shaft joined. "Fuck!" gasped Gage.

"That's what I have been saying for the past half hour," said Imogen. "It's time to fuck."

"Well in that case you won't be needing this sleep shirt, will you?" asked Liam, hauling it up her body and off over her head.

"Or these panties either. In fact, I suggest from now on you stop wearing lingerie altogether. It's just wasting time when you put it on and we take it off."

"This is starting to sound like that role-playing game. If I'm going without underwear, you men had better go commando too."

"It's a deal." Liam ran his tongue down her spine.

"I'll go along with it too. But right now I have a hot woman in my bed demanding to be fucked. So who's on top today?"

"I think Imogen should be in the middle. I don't want her putting any weight on that arm no matter how many times she says it doesn't hurt."

Gently Gage rolled her onto her front while Liam riffled around in the nightstand for the lube and condoms. "We need to buy more condoms. How about some ribbed ones next time? Or those fruit-flavored ones could be good."

"Chocolate. You can get chocolate-flavored ones. Buy those."

"What is it with women and chocolate? All right already. We'll get chocolate-flavored ones."

While they were talking Gage was lubing Imogen's ass. His wicked fingers were twisting and turning inside her, rubbing the walls of her rectum, stretching the tissues, making her burn with the need to be possessed and filled.

Liam sat cross-legged on the bed, his condomed cock sticking straight up out of his nest of red-brown curls. The hair around his cock was a brighter red than that on his head, and much curlier. Teasingly Imogen ran her fingers through it and cupped and caressed his balls before sliding into his lap and holding his cock at the entry to her channel. Then slowly she glided down over him, loving the feeling of being stretched to the limit and filled. Finally she was seated in his lap and his cock was buried inside her to the hilt. She settled her legs around him, her heels resting in the small of his back.

Liam wrapped his arms around her and leaned back, pulling her with him so her ass rose off his lap. When her butt was high in the air, Gage leaned over her, grasped her hips and pushed the head of his cock into the ring of tight sphincter muscles. They opened easily and welcomed him inside.

Gradually he pushed in farther and farther. "Fuck, you're tight. So hot, so tight, so wonderful."

Gage's cock pushed deeper into her rectum and Liam groaned. "I can feel you now. You're right there. This is how we belong, the three of us linked together. All one wrapped up totally in each other."

Now that he was fully seated inside, Gage rested back on his heels and held Liam's shoulders. Liam and Imogen rose more upright into his arms, then as one smooth instrument they moved together. Two cocks sliding out, slowly, slowly, until only the heads remained inside Imogen. Then two cocks pushing in. Next, Gage pulled out as Liam stayed still, only moving as Gage started to thrust in again. Liam matched him in reverse, pulling out as Gage moved in, their cock heads almost touching through Imogen's thin membrane.

Imogen was held so tightly between the two men she could scarcely move, hardly even breathe. Sweat slicked their shoulders and chests with the tension of maintaining the excruciatingly slow pace of counterpoint—one coming out as the other moved in, then reversing it.

Already Imogen could feel the first rippling of an orgasm building inside her. Her heart was bursting with love for these two men. What she felt for them was more than concern or care or excitement at their possession. She felt cherished. In return she promised herself to cherish them always.

With the force of a lightning bolt her climax tore through her. "I love you, Gage and Liam, I love you both," she screamed as her cunt pulsed and spasmed.

Joyfully the two men responded, "We love you too, Imogen. Always and forever."

## 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](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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Dance for Three



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