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Ménage Amour

REYNALDO MAKES THREE

A Triangle of Trust 

Ella Vines



A Triangle of Trust 1

Reynaldo Makes Three

Can Reynaldo, Lorna, and John make it together as a threesome, or will jealousy and uncertainty tear them apart?

Lorna White, a freelance writer in her late twenties, is lonely with just her little pink vibrator for company after a sexy dream about a dark man. Her boyfriend, John, has been away on business for months when the handsome, bronzed Reynaldo Ruiz comes over to cut her lawn. Sparks fly instantly, and the two end up in the shower together that morning and in bed later.

When John calls to tell Lorna he will be home that evening a bit early from his trip abroad, she confesses that she has found a man as he suggested for the times he is away. John is excited at the thought of Reynaldo and Lorna being together, and he suggests that Lorna ask Reynaldo if he is interested in a ménage à trois arrangement. Obstacles stand in the way for these lovers, not the least of which is Reynaldo's wish to have Lorna all to himself. Will they ever make the perfect triangle?

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DEDICATION

To the handsome men of the Tipotex for the inspiration...

REYNALDO MAKES THREE

A Triangle of Trust 1

ELLA VINES

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Chapter 1

Lorna White woke up after a dream that had taken her to the edge of orgasm. It had been two months since she'd slept with John, and she needed to get off in a major way today after the dream of a dark man screwing her all night long. She looked at her alarm clock and groaned. The yard man she had called would be here in fifteen minutes. She'd better make this snappy.

She got dressed quickly and crawled back on the bed, opening her nightstand drawer and taking out the long, pink vibrator she used on just these occasions. It had been a few days, and that was the most she could stand without some relief, especially after an erotic dream like the one she had just had. She pulled her biker shorts down and turned the vibrator on to medium.

She groaned as the dream of last night came back to her. Her fantasy had been about a big, muscular Hispanic man who had been using her mouth as a playground for his cock, and she had loved it. She loved oral sex anyway, but the dream had taken it to new heights. He had tied her up and made her suck him until her mouth was raw. She was only lucky enough to orgasm sometimes, and when she did, it always woke her up with a jolt.

She ran the vibrator languidly over her clit, thinking of the fantasy man's beard on it and how it would feel—rough. Her clit buzzed as she considered the way the dream man had cum all over her face and almost immediately wanted to fill her other holes. He had been fucking her doggy style when she'd woken up.

Just as she was running the pink vibrator over her clit more insistently thinking about the dream man's thick, dark cock, the doorbell rang.

"Shit!"

She threw the pink vibrator back in the drawer and hitched her shorts up. The space between her legs was throbbing and needed relief, but the grass also needed attention, and she could hardly be caught in bed, with a pink vibrator.

Reynaldo Ortiz, the owner and founder of Ortiz Lawn Enterprises, was a welcome surprise to her, especially this early in the morning with no coffee yet. He was only at her front door because her boyfriend John Moore had been out of town on business going on two months, and with all the rain they had gotten recently, the grass had grown like it would never stop. She had found Reynaldo's business card tucked in her door frame one day after coming home from grocery shopping, so she had called, and here he was two days later to trim her lawn and cut back the weeds that were multiplying.

She took him in with a long stare as he stood at the door. She figured with a body like that, he got a lot of business. He seemed unaware of his sensuality, but no woman within eighty meters would have been. He was tall and muscular, his thighs filling out his jeans but without an ounce of fat to pinch on his body—at least not an ounce she could see, she thought with a smile. He was a lot like her dark dream man, Lorna suddenly realized, hot color coming to her cheeks.

"Hi, I'm Reynaldo, and you are...?" He looked at her with blue-violet eyes fringed with a sooty fan of lashes, and she had to struggle to answer.

"I'm Lorna. Lorna White."

"Great to meet you. So, what would you like me to do today?" He still hadn't broken eye contact.

Oh, if you only knew, she thought. But obviously he didn't know because he was smiling, his full lips making her think of anything but cutting grass. He was standing just a couple feet from her, black hair gleaming in the bold South Texas sunlight. His V-neck, white T-shirt showed off the beginning of a hard chest.

"Just the regular cut. Nothing fancy. That's thirty dollars right?"

She smiled at him, thinking she had just caught a peek of him looking at her breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra since he had come by earlier than she had expected, and she was glad to be wearing tight, black biker shorts that showed her legs off to advantage. It was only 8:00 a.m. He was obviously an early riser.

"Yep. Will do. It'll take about a half hour."

"So you own the company?"

"I do."

"And you still like mowing lawns in the heat?" Lorna smiled, enjoying every minute with him.

"That's right. I like to get to know each customer. I usually turn the jobs over to another employee after the initial lawn appointment. Not always, though." He grinned at her, and a frisson ran through her at the look in his eyes.

Lorna handed him the wadded bills, her hand touching his with a hot, electric tingle that fizzled through her straight to the spot between her legs.

He turned and walked toward his mower, and she watched his legs flex under his jeans. *Lord, have mercy*. She felt herself getting wet at the thought of those legs wrapping around her. Shaking her head, she closed the door of the house as she walked away, her breath coming quickly.

Lorna watched him covertly through the front window. He took his shirt off about a minute into cutting the grass. The brutal heat left

him little choice, she supposed, but he was killing her. It had been so long since she'd been with her boyfriend, John. And to be fair, John didn't look like Reynaldo. He was nice enough, but he wasn't a bronzed god with a six pack.

She peeked out of the gauzy curtains, watching Reynaldo's hard, tanned muscles flex as he gripped the lawn mower handle. He must be thirsty, she thought, and she ran to the kitchen to pour him a tall glass of water.

Practically tripping on her feet to get out the front door, she darted across the lawn. He saw her coming, and shut the mower off. Sweat glistened in rivulets on his chest. He had tiny black chest hairs, not too much and not too little there. Lorna felt a twist of desire run through as he took the water from her hand.

"Thanks. This hits the spot." He looked at her as he drank, and she felt her face getting red.

"Good. It's hot. I don't know how you do this work."

"I enjoy it, and I'm good at it." He handed her the empty glass. "How about you? What do you do that you can be home on a Thursday morning?"

She could hardly think to answer because she was too busy watching sweat run down his chest ever so slowly over his dark nipples. She would love to lick them, taste the salt there...

"Oh, I'm a freelance writer—you know, I write articles for women's magazines and that sort of thing."

"Wow. I'm impressed." He grinned at her, and she felt heat creeping into her cheeks. "Well, I gotta finish the yard off, and we can talk some more—if you want to, that is. I'm enjoying getting to know you, and I don't have another lawn to mow until noon."

"Sounds good. You're invited in for breakfast if you want it. I have cereal at least." She laughed as he pulled the cord on the mower and it roared to life.

"It's a date," he yelled over the engine.

Lorna sauntered back into the house, feeling his eyes on her as she

walked away. He was at the side yard when she got inside the house. The property was tiny, and today she was thankful for that. She didn't know if she could wait much longer to get closer to Reynaldo—if he wanted her to. She sat on the couch and watched him out the side window, squirming with every flex of his shoulders and biceps.

* * * *

Reynaldo Ortiz tried to focus on cutting the last patches of grass, but it was tough. Lorna White was the most attractive woman he had seen in a long time. He had tried hard to be a gentleman when talking to her a few minutes ago, but seeing her nipples poking through her T-shirt had almost driven him wild. Her breasts were full and perky, perfect C cups he'd guess, pressing against the fabric, and he hadn't been able to take his eyes off of them. She was tall, and her long legs had distracted him as well. He wondered if she was in a relationship. He figured he would soon find out. In fact, he planned to make her relationship status his business for the afternoon.

He smiled to himself as he cut the last swatches of grass. Now it was time to trim the weeds with the weed whacker, and he could go in and find out more about the lovely Lorna.

* * * *

Lorna heard the weed whacker grind to a halt. He was finally done—she hoped anyway. He would be all sweaty and hot. She shivered and rose from the couch nervously, hoping he would come in and not forget her offer.

Lorna was rewarded by a knock on the door soon enough. She opened it, and a wave of grass, patchouli, and sweat hit her nose. Reynaldo smelled like one hundred percent man. Her knees felt weak, but she tried not to show it as she ushered him inside. She noticed a bundle of clothes under his arm but didn't ask about them. Perhaps he

changed into clean clothes at every place he cut the grass. She felt a twist of desire in her stomach at the thought.

Chapter 2

“Could I trouble you to use your shower? I cut two lawns before yours, and I stink. If I’m going to sit around and talk with you, I’d rather not smell like dirt and body odor.”

Reynaldo flashed brilliant white teeth at her. It was all she could do to look away from his chest. She knew for sure he was looking at her breasts now, and her nipples got hard just thinking about it. She smiled at him, looking down.

“Sure. It’s in the back. Just grab a towel before you get in. They’re in the cupboard.”

“Thanks, Lorna.”

Lorna stood there for a second. This sexy man was going to take a shower in her bathroom, and she was getting signals that he thought she was pretty good-looking as well. What would a brave woman do? Lorna didn’t consider herself brave, but she was hot and bothered by him.

She waited impatiently for the water to start. She could just imagine him—water running down his muscled, tan torso to his hard, thick...

Lorna groaned, pacing the den. She wanted to get naked right now and go in and climb into the shower with him. The door was clear, and he would see her coming in, so if he invited her, it wouldn’t be wrong, would it?

She hurriedly locked the front door and walked slowly to the bathroom, her heart pounding and her nipples tingling with anticipation.

He was standing under the spray, shampooing his hair, so he

didn't see her at first when she walked in. She had a minute to take in his washboard abs and his cock. He was well-endowed, and she got excited looking at the length and thickness of him. She was also surprised to see that he was semi-erect already. He must have been thinking about her, she assumed with a grin.

"Reynaldo," she said softly, a smile curving her lips.

* * * *

At the sound of her voice, Reynaldo blinked the shampoo out of his eyes.

There she was, and she was removing her top ever so slowly. He couldn't believe it. He had had only one woman offer herself so willingly to him, but there had been no real attraction for her on his part. It had fizzled out quickly, as such affairs do.

He watched Lorna slowly pull off her T-shirt, lifting long arms overhead. Her breasts bounced as the top came off, and he saw her nipples harden when the air hit them. She smiled at him, and he felt himself grow stiff in the spray of the shower. It had been so long since he'd been with a woman like Lorna. He had always loved blonde hair and blue eyes like hers.

Lorna put her hands on her nipples and began circling them with her fingers, moaning as she tweaked them. Reynaldo's cock was throbbing at the sight, but he didn't want it to end soon. Lorna's head was thrown back, and her blonde hair shone under the glint of the lights. He noticed her tiny waist and full hips. He couldn't wait to see her ass in the nude, but he wouldn't rush things.

She was sucking on one finger now, looking down, and it was driving him wild. She slowly wet her nipple and pinched it, moaning softly. He thought if she didn't get in the shower soon, he was going to haul her in.

Reynaldo slowly soaped his chest as she moved her hands slowly down her shapely torso and slipped one hand into her black biking

shorts and then the other, never breaking eye contact with him. As she shimmied the shorts to the floor, he saw she had a pair of lacy white panties on—such tiny panties, and he groaned, his erection almost painful now. She did a little dance for him, turning around and showing him her rounded ass. She took her time, sticking it out for him and swaying a little. The underwear was a thong, and seeing the tiny strip of white disappearing into the crack of her sexy bottom excited him even more. Finally, she turned back around, and hooking her fingers into the underwear, she pulled them down. He was pleased to see a tidy blonde bush. She was a natural blonde then. The thought roused him even more.

Lorna raised her eyebrows in a question mark, and he nodded under the spray. He wanted her to touch him so much...

* * * *

Lorna walked toward him slowly. She was already wet just thinking about his hard cock under the shower spray. The fact that she had never done anything like this before also excited her. She slid the glass door open slowly and walked into the shower with him. She put her hands on his slick shoulders and kissed him. His mouth tasted sweet like honey. He kissed her gently at first, and then he captured her tongue and sucked it, drawing a moan from her. He pulled her as close to him as she could get so that she could feel every inch of him, including his cock, pressing into her stomach.

She felt his solid chest against her tingling nipples as he kissed her neck and bent down to suck her nipples. She threw her head back as he circled with his tongue slowly and then quickly. She wanted him to enter her so badly that her legs were trembling.

Suddenly, she felt him pull away.

“Could you grab the condom in the pocket of my jeans on the floor? I swear I’m disease free, but I don’t expect you to do away with precautions.” He smiled shyly at her.

“Glad you’re prepared. I’m on the pill, so I’m not too worried, but I wasn’t expecting this today.” Lorna laughed as she stroked his cock, facing him.

“I’ll get it. Don’t go away.” She practically raced out of the shower, grabbed the filmy package, and jumped back in with him. She tore the package and quickly rolled the condom onto his cock, loving the feel of him as she did it.

Lorna grabbed his cock in her hand. It was thick and just the right length—not too long and definitely not too short. She rubbed her hands around, circling the soft tip of it and running down the shaft with her hands as he moaned, his hands moving on her hips as she handled him.

* * * *

When he couldn’t take it anymore, he turned her around quickly and pushed her against the wall. She pressed her ass against his swollen cock, and he groaned “Lorna...” into her hair.

He rubbed her wet center with his fingers, feeling her engorged readiness as he slipped his member into her. She gasped, and he just stood still for a moment. She was tight around him, and he wanted to savor it. It had been too long since he had been with a woman, especially a woman as attractive as Lorna.

She whimpered, and he slammed into her and then pulled back, teasing her. He felt her hands urging him on as she touched the front of his thighs and pressed against him as hard as she could.

“Just do it, baby. I need you to come inside me. I love your big, thick cock. It feels so amazing, and watching you cut the grass made me so horny.”

He groaned as he looked at the curve of her pale ass and slammed into her again. He wasn’t going to be able to hold back much longer. Lorna was too hot and ready for it, and he was, too.

“Ummm,” she sighed as he pounded her core over and over. She

clung to the wall, her face pressed against it.

With a growl, he spilled into her. She ground into him, making him shake with the intensity of his orgasm. For a moment, he clung to her, gasping. The orgasm was one of the most powerful he had ever had.

He turned her around in the spray and bent down in front of her. He put his mouth on her, flicking his tongue over her clit until she whimpered softly. The sound turned him on again. When she was just to the edge of orgasm, he slid three fingers inside her slowly, and she exploded, trembling as he held her.

He smiled when Lorna reached over to soap his body. She squeezed his ass playfully, and he slapped hers as he scrubbed her down, lingering over her breasts. He loved looking at them—so perfectly porcelain with upturned, light pink nipples. He had only seen nipples like hers in a porno once on a big-chested fake blonde, and he wasn't a big fan of those. He liked real women, and Lorna was definitely that.

Finally, he turned the water off, and they shared a towel, stealing kisses and giggling as they got out.

"Come to bed," she offered, holding out her hand to him as they left the room. He took her hand and gladly accepted.

Chapter 3

Lorna pulled Reynaldo into bed under the silky sheets and light comforter. She felt like a newborn woman as she looked into his eyes—such a strange color of almost violet. She lay back on the pillow, and he looked at her from his vantage point, propped on his left arm. He was gorgeous, dark hair and solid ridges, and his eyes had a softness about them she hadn't seen in most men's. He seemed so kind. And, she could just look at him all day.

Lorna luxuriated in the feel of him running his long fingers through her damp hair. Finally, he spoke.

"So, you do this often?" He wiggled a dark brow at her, and she swatted his hand playfully.

"No, none of it. I'm pretty boring usually." She smiled at him and kissed the palm of his hand.

"Me, too, but it was fun. I need to know something now, though." He traced her jawline with his finger, and fire raced through her again.

"What?" But she thought she knew what.

"Are you involved with anyone else?" He was touching her breasts now, rubbing them and making it hard for her to think.

"I am." She saw the worried look on his face and rushed to explain. "I mean, my boyfriend and I are in an open relationship. He travels all the time for work, and right now he's in Japan for another two weeks."

"Oh." Reynaldo frowned as he rubbed her fingers on her stomach, slowly, making a pool of desire form again between her legs.

"You aren't comfortable with that? Honestly, it's the first time

I've ever acted on the open part." She smiled at him as she ran her fingers through her hair and inched closer to him.

"No, I'm not. I like you, and I want you to myself, and for today, and I hope beyond, I'm going to have you." Reynaldo looked at his watch and frowned. "Shit. I have to go in a half hour—next grass-cutting appointment, but I mean what I just said. I want you. I like everything about you."

Lorna was flustered. She wasn't sure how she felt about his possessive statement, but she did know he was kind and sexy.

"Well, how about you then? Do you have someone special?" She grinned as she rubbed his muscled chest with her hand. They were only an inch apart now, and she could feel his breath on her face.

"No, I don't. I wouldn't be here with you now if I had. I would have just cut the grass, lusted after you, and thought about you later while I was alone. Oh, and we would have just eaten a civilized breakfast together, rather than skipping it to have sex in the shower." He winked at her.

"You bad boy, you," she said and kissed him slowly and tenderly. "I think I need to teach you a lesson before you go."

He smiled as she pushed him on to his back.

* * * *

What a crazy afternoon it was turning out to be. Reynaldo had never had one like it so far in his thirty-two years.

Lorna was leaning over his crotch, running her fingers over his hips and pelvis. Just watching her nipples sway and her long, impossibly blonde hair swing and feeling both touch his legs as she moved her hands over him sent darts of desire through him. He was already erect, and she had barely touched him again. The little sighing sounds she made were about to drive him into a frenzy.

He lay back, rubbing her ass as she sat next to him, leaning over him. He felt her cool, small hands around his pulsating cock. She was

squeezing the base, and it felt like heaven. He wanted to bury it in her small, pink mouth. He wondered if she would mind.

“Don’t worry. I know what you want. I’m going to take your cock in—all of it. I can’t wait.” She practically growled the words, and he moaned in pleasure as she released his cock again, running light fingers over it. She was obviously going to tease him until he went stark, raving mad.

A frisson of pleasure ran through him as she grasped him firmly and squeezed the base of his dick. He writhed as she ran her tongue just over the tip of his swollen member.

“Oh, my God,” he breathed, not sure he could stand the pleasure. This woman was such a turn-on—everything about her, her smoking body, her cornflower blue eyes, and her long sun light hued hair.

“Yeah, baby, I know what you like,” Lorna purred, and he gave himself over to her mouth again.

She eased the head of his rigid member inside the opening of her warm, wet hole, and his hips bucked despite himself. He wanted her so badly, but he didn’t know which part of her he wanted first. She didn’t let him decide anyway. She was stroking his balls, and suddenly, they were in her mouth as she rolled them around on her tongue and sucked them.

“Oh...” he sighed, at a loss for words. He was going to explode again soon if she didn’t give him some relief.

He reached under her and probed her cunt with his hand. It was warm and wet, so inviting that he wanted to turn her over and take her right there. But she was clearly in control, and he was going to let her be.

Lorna sucked his cock down her throat, and he shuddered with pleasure. She began working him, squeezing from the base and alternating the rhythm until he knew he was on the verge of coming.

“Want to come in my mouth? I’d like that.” She glanced at him, smiling as she held his cock close to her full lips.

“Yes, I’m so close.” He could hardly speak.

She took him all the way in her mouth and down her throat, keeping a fast rhythm. When he could take it no longer, his hips bucked, and he came in her mouth. She swallowed, licking his cock clean.

“Umm,” she said. “I liked that, but now you have to go, or you’ll be late.”

“I haven’t taken care of you, yet,” he said, still rubbing her cunt.

“I’m feeling no pain. Go cut some yards and call me later.” She rolled out of bed before he could grab her. He enjoyed watching her perfect white ass shake out of the room. He had plans for it the next time he saw her.

“I’ll give you my number,” she called from the room.

“You know that’s right, girl,” he said under his breath as he eased out of bed and began putting his clothes on. He had a feeling the rest of the day was going to be downhill from here.

Chapter 4

After Reynaldo left, kissing her one more time until she was breathless, Lorna felt at loose ends. She decided to sit down at her desktop and write an article she had a Monday deadline for just a few days away. It was hard to keep her mind on growing lilies and what seasons worked best, though, so she was glad when the phone rang.

“Babe!”

It was John. Lorna’s heart sped up a touch.

“What’s up, hon?”

“Good news. I’ll be home tonight—just after dinnertime.”

“Oh. Wow.” Lorna tried to muster more excitement, but she had been planning on spending the night with Reynaldo—if he called anyway.

“Hey, now, you don’t sound too excited after not seeing me for two months. Baby, I’ve missed you so bad.” John practically cooed in her ear, and she thought about his many talents.

“I miss you, too,” she said huskily.

“So why the hesitation in your voice?” John grew silent.

“I don’t know how to say this.”

“Just say it. You know all I want from you is honesty. We’ve always had that, Lorn.”

“I know. So, the thing is... I found someone else—I mean, as part of our open relationship agreement. It was just today. I swear. I’ve never done it before even though we said—”

“Wow. Let me digest that for a minute.” He grew quiet.

“Are you okay?” Lorna gripped the phone, her stomach queasy at the thought of losing him.

“Yeah, I am. After all, we agreed on this. It’s cool. Is he open to me joining? And are you? I mean, I understand if you’re not and you need him when I’m not around. I know I travel too much, but maybe someday that’ll change. I hope.” John sounded excited, and the tone of his voice sent a thrill down her spine.

“I don’t know. He seemed to want me exclusively, but I told him we’re open. I love you too much to give you up.” She smiled, knowing she meant it. She and John had a history together.

“Well, why don’t you run it by him if he calls or wants to get together later? Let him know I’ll step back and let him take charge of the situation. I just want to be with you. I don’t mind sharing. In fact, I’m hard just thinking about the two of you. What’s his name, Lorn? So I can think about it. Where did you do it?” John’s voice was seductive.

Lorna felt her skin prickle in excitement as he talked about her other lover.

“Oh, his name’s Reynaldo. He’s dark—and sexy as hell. Pretty much your total opposite.”

“What? Way to make me feel good.” John snorted in laughter.

Lorna laughed, too. “No, I mean your opposite since you’re fair skinned, blond, you know. Anyway, we started off in the shower and ended up in bed.”

“Yeah? That sounds so hot, Lorn. Oh, God.”

She could hear rustling on the other end of the line.

“It does. What are you going to do about it?” She laughed softly.

“Well, I’m rubbing my cock through my pants right now. I’m as hard as a rock already.”

“That sounds good. I love your cock, especially when it’s ready for me, John. Could you take it out of your pants now and touch it?” She was wet just thinking about him.

“Yeah...I’m doing that now. It’s so hard it hurts, babe. I need to fuck you so bad.” His voice was coming in gasps.

“Umm, well, put your hands on it and slide them up and down,

baby, and think about me and Rey. He took me in our bed, you know. I put his big, thick rod in my mouth and I made him come. He was so hot, baby.” Lorna was rubbing her cunt now, her hand down her shorts.

“Are you touching yourself, too, baby?” She could hear his rhythmic movements on the other end of the line.

“I am. I’m thinking about how he took me in the shower and then ate my pussy and I came.”

“Oh, shit, Lorna. I’m going to come now, too.” She heard him moan down the line, and it made her feel a power she had never felt before.

“So, I guess you can’t wait to see me, huh?” She giggled.

“That’s an understatement, love. I’m going to devour you when I get home.” He paused. “So, will Reynaldo be joining us, too?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think he’d be comfortable with it, but I’ll ask him if he calls or comes by.”

“That’s good, babe. I don’t care about seeing him naked, but I’m still horny as hell, and watching you with another guy is just bonus, especially since I know you already love me.”

Lorna smiled. “You know that’s right. So, what time will you be here?”

“Seven sharp. Be ready, and I’ll be ready for whatever you cook up—and I don’t mean for dinner. I’ll be eating on the way. I’ll just want dessert when I get there.” He laughed softly.

“Bye, John. I can’t wait.”

“Bye, Lorn. The hours will seem like an eternity until then.”

When she hung up, Lorna groaned. She had always had a fantasy of a ménage a trois, but what woman tells her man that? Even the open relationship had been theoretical until today. Now everything might get tested—if Reynaldo called, that is.

The hours passed in drudgery, but Lorna got some work done. The next time she looked at the clock, it was 6:00 p.m., and still no call from Reynaldo. She was disappointed, but she was so excited about

seeing John that she wasn't too worried about it.

* * * *

Reynaldo Ortiz sat in his opulent living room on the leather couch. It was 6:00 p.m., and all he could think about was Lorna White. He wanted to call her, but he felt like what they had done this afternoon was sheer insanity. And she had a boyfriend—open relationship or not. And what if she hadn't been entirely truthful about that? He sighed as he flipped through the channels. Every woman on TV tonight made him think of Lorna—of her alabaster skin against his, of those tiny rosy nipples and her blonde hair down there. And her ass—it was magnificent. He wasn't usually an ass man, but he wanted to touch her there and do other things, too, and make her like it.

He was getting a hard on just thinking about it, but he didn't want just an erection with Lorna. He wanted to get to know her—to be part of her life. He knew she was classy and educated. The way she talked and her job told him that much. He might own a lawn care service, but he was no idiot. He had worked his way through business school and made a small empire in South Texas. He just didn't flaunt it to everyone.

Reynaldo groaned when he saw a blonde woman with blue eyes on TV, full lips glossed in a bubblegum-pink hue like Lorna's had been when he'd met her this morning. He was stroking his cock, fly unbuttoned at the thought of those lips and what they were capable of, but that was no substitute for her. He sighed, got up and went to the bathroom, putting some cologne on, and combed his hair. He was going over there. He knew she was waiting anyway.

Chapter 5

Lorna got up from her computer, stretching. She lit a couple vanilla candles she had scattered around the house for nights just such as this one when John came home after a long time away. Then she went to her bedroom to change into something more comfortable. A black leather bustier, black silky thigh highs with garter belt, thong underwear, and four-inch heels ought to do the trick. She hadn't worn any leather for John in a long time. Over the ensemble, she put on a slinky black summer dress.

As she was putting the last of her makeup on—he preferred bright red lipstick at the least, she heard the front door open.

“Baby, is that you?”

“The one and only, and I brought something for you.”

She walked back to the den, and there he was. Her John—looking the same, yet different after months away. His blond curly hair was tousled, and his brown eyes were sparkling. His skin was so fair as to be nearly translucent. It gave him a vulnerable look Lorna loved. He wore a long, navy trench coat and a suit. His height and lanky build meant he could pull it off and look like a fashion model. Other women were always checking him out everywhere they went, but he only had eyes for her.

She jumped into his arms, and he hugged her, his lips on her hair as he murmured her name.

“Look,” he said as they finally parted from the embrace.

She opened a small box and saw a pair of large emerald earrings.

“Oh, John. Wow. Thank you so much. I love you. They're perfect.” She held them up to her ears and twirled around in delight.

John laughed indulgently.

“Anything for you, sweetie. Anything. Those are just a taste of what I want for you in the future. I know we said we wouldn’t talk about that right now, but I haven’t forgotten you said no the first time.”

Lorna groaned. “Not the marriage talk again. I can’t say yes until your life changes. I can’t be without you all the time like I am.”

“I know, I know. I’ll drop it for now. Let’s enjoy tonight.” He looked her over and whistled. “I had dinner, so what’s for dessert?”

“I’m pretty sure it’s you.” She leaned into him, kissing him gently at first and then more insistently.

He ran his hands over her behind and squeezed it, moaning. His hands on her felt amazing after so long away from him. She had always loved his long, thin fingers.

“I can’t wait to get you out of this dress. It’s been too long.”

He covered her neck with kisses, and she felt her body respond to him automatically. He kissed better than any man she had ever met. He found the zipper on her dress and pulled it down soundlessly, letting the dress fall to the floor. He caught his breath at the sight of her outfit underneath, and she felt him harden further against her pelvis.

Lorna was kissing him more insistently now, and she pulled his coat off and started to work on his shirt buttons. Soon, she was kissing his chest as the dress shirt fell to the floor with a whisper. She kissed down to his navel and to the top of his pelvis, unfastening his belt as quickly as she could. He had his hands in her hair and was moaning, saying her name over and over. She was panting and couldn’t wait to get to his cock. He had a long, thin one, and she loved to pleasure him.

Just as his pants fell to the floor with a snick and his hands were buried in her hair, pulling her head to his prick, the doorbell rang.

“Who in the world?” She gasped, standing up quickly and straightening her clothes.

“I have an idea—Reynaldo possibly? Or the UPS man.” John winked at her as he ran his hand over her left breast, fingers under the bustier.

“Let me look through the peephole. If it’s him, I’ll let him in.”

“Do you want me to stay here or go to the bedroom and see if I’m wanted?” John smiled at her, his body long and lean like that of Michelangelo’s *David* in the candlelight, his erection high against his pelvis.

“Why don’t you go in there? If I talk him into it, we’ll be there soon enough to join you.” She kissed him lightly before he walked out, and she heard the bedroom door close softly.

She took a deep breath and walked to the door. When she opened it, Reynaldo was standing there, his skin glowing like that of a bronzed god under the porch light.

* * * *

When Lorna opened the door, he did a double take. If she had been hot this morning, she was on fire now. The black leather outfit clung to her in all the right places, and her makeup was mussed, as if she had been interrupted in the middle of something good.

“Good Lord, woman. Look at you. Am I interrupting something?” He smiled at her, hoping she would let him in.

“No. I’d like you to join us.”

The *us* piqued his interest.

“Who’s here? Your boyfriend? I don’t think I should come in.” He smiled at her, loving the play of the light on her blonde hair. She looked so angelic, like every painting he had ever seen of such a being, but she was so bad, and that turned him on. He wasn’t sure he had ever known a woman like her, though he had always wanted to.

“Yeah, you should come in,” she purred, and he felt a dart of desire run through him. Just looking at her made his jeans too tight and painful.

“Is he okay with that? I mean, how to say this?” He paused. “I’m not gay. I just want you, and I don’t really want to share.” He turned red, feeling like a fool.

Lorna’s laughter trilled. “He’s not gay either. He just wants me to do what makes me happy. He knows he’s gone too much, and it’s not fair to make me sit here alone night after night. As long as it’s just one other guy and it’s safe, he’s okay with it. In fact, he would appreciate it.” She grinned at him.

“Okay.” He stood there, his brain overloaded. He didn’t know what else to say and didn’t know if he could actually just walk in there and do this.

“Come on. It’s your night. He’ll play second fiddle, he said. It’s up to you.” She grabbed his hand, and the warmth of her spread through him as he walked in the den.

“So...” he said, wondering what came next. She was nuzzling his neck, and her hand was on his crotch as they stood in the doorway.

“Let’s go to the bedroom, and then we’ll do whatever you want.” She smiled at him, grabbing his hand again and leading him slowly behind her where he didn’t miss a second of appreciating her bottom wiggling in the tiny thong she had on and her muscular legs that adjoined her bottom just right. Good Lord, that luscious bottom. He reached out and stroked it as she walked, and she giggled and pulled him through the door of the bedroom.

When they walked in, Reynaldo immediately noticed what most would call a handsome man on the bed—tall, lanky, blond, and as pale as Reynaldo was dark. He was only wearing boxer briefs, and he had an obvious hard-on outlined against the fabric. Reynaldo felt a bit embarrassed at the sight, but he was more turned on than anything knowing that he would be the master of Lorna tonight. She had promised him that. This proposition was looking better and better.

The man on the bed spoke. “She’s yours first unless you need me to help you. I want Lorna to enjoy her evening. I’ve been away a long time, and I’m glad she’s found someone nice to hang around with

when I'm not here. I'm not opposed to this becoming a regular thing when I am here, but we'll take it at a pace that's comfortable for each of us." He smiled at Reynaldo.

"I don't know what to say other than it sounds good to me so far and thanks. Lorna is an amazing woman, and you're lucky." Reynaldo felt awkward, but he meant what he said.

Lorna was stroking his arms as they stood by the bed. She got right next to him and whispered in his ear, "What do you want, baby? Whatever it is, I'll do it."

His cock leaped at her words, and his erection pushed painfully against his jeans as she pressed into him. He suddenly felt the power he had been given.

"I want to tie you up—to the bed."

"Okay." Lorna moved toward a drawer next to the bed as Reynaldo watched, wondering if she really would do what he wanted.

Chapter 6

Lorna was surprised at Reynaldo's wish, and the truth was that she only had a few silk scarves John had used just once on her. She was a little nervous, but she didn't intend to show it. She would please her man and her other man if it came to that. It felt amazing to be wanted by two gorgeous men.

She found the red scarves and handed them to Reynaldo without a word.

"Lorna, lie down on the bed. John, could you get up? Make yourself comfortable—in that chair over there or where ever, and you can watch for a while." Reynaldo was clearly in control.

John got up and walked over to the plush chair in the corner.

Lorna lay down, her pulse throbbing in her neck. Reynaldo began tying her to the bed, not too tightly. She felt exposed, her breasts apart, and the space between legs on show for both men, though she couldn't see their faces.

She felt Reynaldo's weight on the bed, and she knew he was leaning over her. He kissed her mouth, and she returned his kisses greedily. He fondled her right breast as he kissed her, tweaking her nipple sharply until she cried out softly. That only seemed to spur him on, and he quit kissing her and moved to her breasts, using both hands on them until she was panting. His mouth was on one while he kneaded and rubbed the other mercilessly.

Lorna was already whimpering and straining against her bonds. She could feel the soft fabric of Reynaldo's T-shirt against her skin as he leaned over her, ministering to her breasts with his lips, tongue, teeth, and she ached for him to undress. He continued to play with her

breasts, but she felt something against her lips, and he inserted his fingers in her mouth—four of them. She took them in deeply and sucked them, eliciting a moan of pleasure from him that made her happy.

Then he withdrew, and she ached for his touch. It was quiet for a couple minutes, and she held her breath, wondering what was coming next.

* * * *

John had been sitting in the plush chair watching. The sight of Lorna's glistening pink hole made his erection so hard it ached. He hadn't been with a woman while he was away from her. He loved her too much for that, and he had barely had time even to masturbate with the demands of his business trip. His need for release was strong, but the delay of gratification felt amazing. He had his hand on his cock and rubbed up and down as he watched Reynaldo move over Lorna and suck her breasts. He wanted to be in that man's place now, but he knew he had to be patient. His scrotum tingled every time she moaned, and he felt a drop of pre-cum on the tip of his prick. He wondered how long he would be able to hold out. He already felt like he was going to explode.

Suddenly, Reynaldo stopped and stood still, looking down at Lorna. John looked at the man's fully dressed body, wondering what he was thinking, what he wanted to do next. What he did, surprisingly, was motion for John to join him. He pointed at Lorna's mouth.

John's erection was painful at the thought of having Lorna's wet mouth on him. He loved the blow jobs she gave, but this would be a different situation with him over her and her not being able to move much. Reynaldo was still, so John made the first move and climbed on the bed on her left side. He pulled his boxer briefs down, and his erection sprang out—all eight inches of it.

He straddled Lorna, facing away from the headboard and put his knees on the bed as he grabbed his cock and moved it to her lips. She moaned, and fire filled him as she licked the tip, her pink tongue flicking all over it. He wondered if she knew it was his cock since her eyes were closed, but figured she must know. He stuck his dick a little deeper in her pretty pink mouth, and she groaned. He knew she was enjoying it because she always had loved to suck him. He held his cock with one hand and stroked her breast free of the bustier with the other. He tweaked her nipple fiercely. He was so turned on, he couldn't help but to want to hear her groan, and she did each time he touched her.

Reynaldo watched them for a few minutes and unzipped his pants, pulling his thick cock out and beginning to stroke it. His erection was intense in reaction to Lorna's moaning and her tongue flicking over John's cock. He was jealous of that wet hole and the sensation John must be feeling, but he would take his time.

He continued to stroke himself as he moved to the end of the bed and knelt with his head between Lorna's thighs. He touched her pink, moist folds tenderly, and she quivered. His hand moved over her clitoris, and he teased it with his fingers while John thrust ever deeper into her mouth. Soon, Reynaldo was licking her clit, teasing it as he fingered her hole with three fingers. He felt her spasm around his fingers as she moaned loudly. She had come for the first time.

Just as she came, John exploded in her mouth, his hips bucking. Lorna struggled to swallow his seed down, but she did. He climbed off of her and kissed her and began stroking her breasts tenderly.

* * * *

Lorna rode the waves of her orgasm, wanting one of the men to fill her cunt with his cock. Her hole felt empty and yawning. The orgasm wasn't enough to rid her of that emptiness. As if he had read her mind, she felt Reynaldo's cock at the opening of her cunt.

“Mmmm,” she murmured, wanting him to pound her hard.

Instead, he took his time, putting a condom on slowly and easing the tip into and out of her until she felt wild with the wanting of him. He must have felt her longing, she thought, because she felt him grab her hips and drive his cock deep into her, filling her up.

“Oh, my God!” she screamed as he flicked her clit with his fingers and drove halfway into her. She was on the edge again, and he kept teasing her as John licked and played with her breasts.

As Reynaldo rammed into her again, she spasmed and came again, harder than the first time. She felt totally spent as Reynaldo shouted and thrust into her, gushing into her and burying his cock all the way into her, lifting her hips off the bed in a hard grip. Sated, he massaged her legs as he pulled out of her.

John untied her without a word, and she opened her eyes.

“Ready for bed? I want to sleep between the two of you if you’re okay with that.” She smiled at the two men, and they grinned back at her. The three of them stripped down fully and took turns getting ready for bed.

Chapter 7

Since Reynaldo had to get up bright and early to cut lawns, he slept on the side of the bed near the alarm and the door. It was early in the evening, but the three of them were sated—for now—and tired. The new experience had taken a lot out of them.

Lorna climbed in the middle—luckily her bed was king size—and put her arms around John’s waist. Reynaldo pressed against her, his lips on her neck. He knew by morning he would be hard again and longing for Lorna.

He fell asleep quickly, and the next thing he knew, the sun was slanting through the blinds and the alarm was ringing. He punched it and nestled back in bed behind Lorna. He had his usual morning erection, and the memory of last night made it an even stronger one than usual.

Reynaldo reached his arm around Lorna’s body and began kneading her breasts. She moaned and stirred. He pressed his stiff cock against her bottom. He heard John moaning and could see Lorna moving her hand between John’s legs.

“You want some morning delight, honey?” Reynaldo asked her, enjoying the sighs coming from her as he lowered his hand between her legs.

“Ummm. If you want some.”

“You let me do what I wanted to last night. Today, it’s your turn.” He kissed her neck and continued to rub her breasts.

He saw John turn to face her and begin to kiss her passionately.

Lorna whispered, “I want you to take turns with me this morning. John goes first. Reynaldo, you sit over there and watch.”

Reynaldo groaned, his erection painful already.

“Whatever you say, boss.”

He slid out of bed and went over to sit in the chair.

“I only have fifteen minutes before I have to hit the shower, babe.” Reynaldo knew he had to have relief before then, or he wouldn’t make it to work at all.

“Fine. I like you in the shower anyway.” Lorna smiled sleepily at him as John moved over her.

Reynaldo watched John cradle her head under his arm and kiss her and then give her full breasts more attention. The sight of Lorna writhing on the bed and sighing under John’s body made Reynaldo’s cock throb. He rubbed himself slowly from his balls to the tip, wondering if he was going to be able to hold on long enough to take Lorna in the shower. If possible, he was hornier now than he had been when she had done the little strip dance for him yesterday before coming into the shower.

John was straddling Lorna now, rubbing his cock on her clitoris and putting just the tip of his long cock inside her. She was thrashing on the bed as John tweaked her nipple with his free hand. Reynaldo so wished his cock were the one next to her pussy right now.

After she whimpered and begged him for it, John finally slammed into her, and Lorna screamed. Reynaldo watched, feeling the top of his cock get wet. John went in and out more slowly then, and the sight of Lorna’s long, shapely legs around John’s muscular back just about made him spurt into his hand. He slowed his stroking down and took a deep breath. He would get his turn.

John finally gave it to her hard, and Lorna screamed and groaned as she had an orgasm. John sucked her breasts and then exploded into her himself. He kissed her one more time and rolled off of her on to his right side. He looked at Reynaldo quizzically, eyebrows raised.

Lorna panted for a moment and got up, wasting no time coming to Reynaldo, who was stroking his cock and watching her breasts bounce as she walked. He didn’t think he was going to make it to the

shower.

“I think I want it right here in the chair, if that’s okay with you.” Lorna stood in front of him, hands on her hips.

“It’s more than okay.”

Reynaldo took her hands and then helped her wrap her legs around him. His cock pressed against her mons insistently, and he could feel the wetness of her. He was almost frantic to be nestled in her hole.

“Oh, Reynaldo, I’ve been thinking about this since I first saw you—how I wanted to ride your cock. You’re so damn sexy.” She looked into his eyes and licked her lips.

John walked up behind her and began playing with her hair, running it through his fingers.

“That feels good, baby. I want you to watch me ride Reynaldo’s thick cock. I love it.”

Lorna lifted up slightly, and Reynaldo moaned loudly as she took his cock inside her slowly. He gripped her hips, not wanting her to move or pull away. He wasn’t going to be able to hold back long.

He saw John kissing her neck, and she began to move up and down on his cock, her legs wrapped around his waist. Her cunt felt like a hot vise, and he was ready to shoot inside her. Just as he felt his orgasm rising, she slowed down, and he groaned in frustration.

“Not yet, baby. I want you to wait.” Her voice turned him on even more.

“Lorna, my God, you’re going to kill me,” he gasped as she rode his cock slowly, coming all the way up and down.

He noticed that John was kissing her bottom, and he saw him insert a finger in her ass. Lorna moaned when he did, and the sound took Reynaldo to the edge. She rode him faster, and it was only a minute before he exploded, his orgasm so powerful he saw stars.

Lorna lifted off of him a little, opening her ass to John’s fingers.

“John, oh God, that feels amazing.”

Reynaldo watched John slide his fingers in and out of Lorna’s

tight hole as John's erection grew.

Lorna came again with a yell, shuddering and collapsing on top of Reynaldo. He kissed her over and over on her mouth and wished he could stay all day.

"I have to go," he said after she had gotten up off his lap.

He went to the shower without a word to the other two of them. He didn't know if he could do this threesome thing and only have Lorna to himself sometimes. He wanted all of her.

Lorna and John looked at each other and got dressed without a word. The party was over—for now anyway.

Chapter 8

That morning, John got ready and hurried out the door. After that, Lorna barely saw him for three days. They lived together, but he was exhausted playing catch-up from the long time away from headquarters.

She thought often about Reynaldo, but when she called him, he wouldn't pick up his phone. What had she done wrong, she wondered? She assumed that their triple group had been more than he wanted. She, on the other hand, longed for Reynaldo and John both in her bed, and she was determined to have it that way again.

After four days had passed, she called Reynaldo again, and he finally answered.

"Why are you avoiding me?" Lorna made no preamble to the conversation.

"I haven't been." Reynaldo sighed. "Okay, I have been. I just don't know if I can do this—be part of a threesome and then have you to myself only when John's away."

Lorna thought furiously for an answer that would satisfy Reynaldo. "There's no rule that says that. The only rule we have to each other is faithfulness within our triangle. As for having me to yourself, I have no problem with doing that occasionally, or really as often as you like." She smiled, knowing it was true.

"All right." Reynaldo spoke slowly as if thinking hard. "Would you like to go out with me tonight, then? Let's go to Club Marsh. It's a strip-dance club. If that's okay with you. I've only been once because I'm too embarrassed to be a regular, and honestly, I'd rather have a woman in my arms than one on a pole."

Lorna laughed. "It's a deal. What time are you picking me up?" Lorna knew John had a meeting tonight, and she wanted to keep Reynaldo happy as part of their circle. John was satisfied just to have her in any way he could—as long as she loved him. He had enjoyed the threesome aspect, but he didn't have a problem with her going out with Reynaldo alone. The topic had come up the night before when he told her how tired he was and suggested she call Reynaldo if she needed someone.

"Seven. Is that okay? It might be a late night."

Lorna grinned. "That's great. John has a late meeting, and he'll be cool with me coming in whenever."

"See you then."

* * * *

Reynaldo hung up the phone, excited. If he could be with Lorna sometimes alone, he thought he could deal with the threesome and maybe even grow to love it.

The hours ticked by slowly. He dressed in black leather pants and a red silk shirt, knowing the outfit made him look sharp, and headed out near seven.

When Lorna came to the door, he whistled, and he felt his cock swell at the sight of her. Her blonde hair was straight and gleaming, and her pale skin glowed in a tight, low-cut minidress with silky nude stockings. He wondered what was at the top of the stockings. Panties or not? A garter, maybe? He was so horny after not seeing her for a few days or getting off, though he had wanted to. He had found he really only wanted to be with Lorna, and masturbating wasn't working for him. She turned him on like no other woman ever had.

She took his hand and walked to the car. On the drive, she crossed her legs, and he noticed, his cock rigid again.

"Like what you see? I've missed you, Rey."

"I've missed you, too."

He reached over and slid his right hand down one side of the top of her dress, gasping when he felt that she had no bra on. Her nipple was hard, and he circled it with his fingers, making her moan quietly.

“Man, I could just skip the club and go back to your place—or mine. I want you right now, Lorna.”

“Nope. Let’s go to the club. I want to see some women dancing. Are the strippers there hot?” She felt high. This sort of thing was new to her.

“Yeah. I’ve only been once, but there’s a blonde who dances there every Wednesday night and has quite a reputation among the guys who work for me, so we’re in luck.”

He glanced at his watch. “I called ahead of time, and they said she comes to work tonight at seven thirty. That’s why we’re getting there early. There’s always a full house when she dances.”

“Sounds amazing.” Lorna had reached over to rub his cock with her hand. He wanted her to unzip him so badly, but he knew he would just have to wait. What an idiot he had been for not calling her these past few days! He couldn’t live without her.

When they got to the club, they were lucky to get a front table by the stage. The last dancer was just exiting off the stage, her black leather outfit shimmering under the lights. They sat close together at a round table. Lorna slipped her hand under the table and began rubbing his crotch again. He moaned.

Suddenly, a tall, blonde woman with impossibly long legs—much like Lorna’s—walked out on stage. She had a green negligee on and garters and stockings. Reynaldo glanced over at Lorna as he felt under her dress with his hand. He touched the top of her garter and was pleased to feel a pair of lacy underwear under his fingers as he rubbed lightly near her pussy. She squirmed under his touch.

He looked back at the stage, and “Yvonne” as the announcer had called her, was dancing slowly. She was rubbing her nipples through the lacy negligee, and Reynaldo found he was almost as turned on as he had been a few days before when he had first seen Lorna’s nipples.

Yvonne's were rosy pink through the skimpy negligee, and she began working it down over her breasts to show the audience more of her fabulous chest.

He shifted his fingers over further until he found Lorna's wet opening. She was drenched already and engorged.

"She's good. I like her tits and her legs. I'd like to lick her pussy myself, she's so sexy," Lorna whispered huskily in his ear as he inserted his finger into her vagina.

"I'll bet you would. I wonder what she'd taste like."

"Honey, I'm sure."

His cock was engorged now, and she continued to rub over it with her hand as Yvonne peeled away her filmy top and circled a pole with her legs. She was only a few feet from them.

"I don't know if I've ever been so turned on before," Reynaldo gasped in Lorna's ear as he slipped two fingers into her hot, wet cunt.

He knew he wasn't going to make it home as he looked at Yvonne's large, baby pink areolas and pert nipples and felt the heat of Lorna's cunt. He groaned, so horny he could hardly stand it now.

"Hey, I have an idea."

His ears perked up, wondering what it was as Lorna stood up and grabbed his hand.

* * * *

Heart pounding, Lorna led him back to the back of the club where she knew the bathrooms would be. Everything here gleamed, and it was mod and top of the line. What she had in mind should work well as long as Reynaldo was game, and she thought he was.

She pulled him into the ladies' restroom. There was no one in there as far as she could tell. She rushed him into the handicapped stall. He was panting, and she was, too.

He thrust his hands down the front of her dress and began sucking at her nipples. She groaned aloud, unable to suppress the sound. It

wouldn't take much for her to come now. He pressed her against the stall wall and lifted her up. She curled her legs around his hips as he fumbled, working to unzip his jeans and free his erect cock. They were moaning and kissing hungrily when he quickly shoved his cock into her wet tunnel. She clasped him tightly and screamed as he drove into her, battering her with each thrust.

They heard no one come into the bathroom, but the element of potential discovery made their coupling even hotter. Lorna came quickly, gasping and struggling not to cry out with her orgasm. She had never done this in a bathroom stall before, and the excitement was almost too much to take. Reynaldo followed, bucking his hips and slamming hers against the stall wall with the force of his orgasm.

He gently put her on the ground, and they kissed.

"Let's get out of here." Lorna giggled and peeped out of the stall.

The coast was still clear, and they made their getaway as soon as she got her dress back on and Reynaldo was zipped up. They ran through the club, ready to leave now.

"I don't know about you, but I just want to crawl into bed with you and cuddle all night," Lorna whispered to him as they climbed into the car.

"Sounds like a plan, baby doll. You wore me out back there. That was amazing."

He leaned over and ran his fingers through her tangled hair.

"Thanks, and likewise to you."

They drove through the city, the winking lights surreal to Lorna after their experience.

"So Lorna, about what I said before, I need to talk to you again."

Reynaldo glanced at her with a worried look on his face, and she wondered what in the world he was going to say now. Was he going to dump her, drop his place in the circle?

She gripped the edge of her seat with baited breath as the car whizzed through the night toward her house.

Chapter 9

They were pulling into her driveway as he began to speak—finally, after a long silence. Lorna was relieved to see that John’s car wasn’t there. He was apparently still in his work meeting. She thought that was a good thing since she and Reynaldo had not yet ironed everything out.

“What I wanted to say is—that was amazing back there. I’m in love with you—totally in love with you, and it’s not just the wild sex. It’s you. You’re funny, sexy, smart—everything I want in a woman. I knew that a few days ago, the first time I saw you even.”

Lorna sat there in shock, her heart doing somersaults in her chest. Could he really be in love with her? She hadn’t bargained for this. She knew she was attracted to him, but love? She was definitely in love with John, but did she have room in her heart for two men? Her bed and just sex was one thing, but this was something else.

“Wow. I don’t know what to say.” She looked at him, being honest with her feelings, hoping it didn’t hurt him.

“Don’t say anything right now. I just want you to know that, and this, too. I’m not jealous of John. What you and I have is special—between us and to be shared. There’s enough love, sex, all of it to go around.”

He grinned at her, and she felt her chest lighten.

“Now, let’s go in and have a snack before bed and get some rest. I have to be in early tomorrow.”

They spent the next two hours talking, laughing, and eating a late-night feast of fruit and cheese. Lorna realized more and more how much she liked Reynaldo for who he was. He told her about his

family—how they had come to the States with nothing and built an empire. She told him about her struggles to become a writer and do what she loved.

They held hands on the couch, feeding strawberries to each other and kissing. Reynaldo laughed at all Lorna's jokes and asked her about her childhood. He dried a few of her tears and held her when she told him of her father's death when she was seven. The tenderness she had sensed in him their first time together was no mirage. Lorna didn't want the night to ever end, but she was yawning all too soon.

"Tired, love? I'm sorry I wore you out, but I'm glad we got to know each other better. I love hearing about your life and what you're thinking and feeling." Reynaldo smiled at her.

She punched his arm. "Are you kidding?"

"No way. I mean it." His eyes grew serious.

"I think you do." She kissed him. "Let's turn in."

They made sure the doors were locked—John could let himself in when he got home—and went to bed.

Reynaldo spooned Lorna's naked body, and they drifted off to sleep quickly.

* * * *

John drove up at midnight and was pleasantly surprised to see Reynaldo's black sports car in the driveway. He and Lorna lived together when he was in town, and he couldn't wait to meet the two of them inside. Then he realized they would probably be asleep.

"Well, I'll just have to see if I can wake them up." He chuckled under his breath.

The house was quiet when he let himself in and walked back to the bedroom. He saw Lorna and Reynaldo in bed, cuddled next to each other as he undressed quickly and quietly in the dark.

He climbed in next to Lorna, hard at the thought of sharing a bed with the two of them. She was facing toward him, and she sighed in

her sleep. Her body was warm and pliant, and he kissed her softly as he began to fondle her breasts gently. She groaned in her sleep.

“Hey, baby. It’s me. Wanna wake up?” He whispered softly near her ear, only wanting her to wake up if she wanted to.

“Umm. John, I’ve missed you.”

She opened her arms to him, and he pulled her closer, kissing her passionately and rubbing her pink nipple in a slow circle.

“Oh, John...” she sighed sleepily, and he could tell she was getting turned on.

“Hey, what’s going on over there?” Reynaldo piped up sleepily. “Can I join the party?”

“The more the merrier, Rey,” Lorna said softly as Reynaldo began kissing her neck and massaging her back.

John continued to massage her breasts and kiss her, slipping his tongue deep into her mouth. She was sighing with pleasure.

He slowed up for a minute as he had an idea.

“You guys up for something a little different?”

“Sure,” Reynaldo piped up, lifting his head from kissing the small of Lorna’s back.

“Well, if Lorna is amenable to it, I was thinking front and back entry if you know what I mean.”

John kissed Lorna again.

“I’m game, though you know I’ve only done that once before.” Lorna looked at John as she spoke.

He hugged her tightly. “I know, and I know Rey is the guy to do it again. I and he will be gentle, right, Rey?” He looked over at Reynaldo in the darkness.

“Yes, I’ll make it good for you, Lorna.”

John got up to get some lube out of a drawer. He thought they would need it.

* * * *

“Just relax, baby. Here, Rey.” John handed him the lube.

Reynaldo was aching hard again, even after the wild night at the club. The thought of penetrating Lorna’s hole was driving him wild. It wasn’t something he did with every woman—not even most women, and that made it all the more exciting, and he had to admit, special. He was linked with these two in a committed way, and that was a natural aphrodisiac.

He put a good amount of lube on his fingers. It was the warming kind, so that would make it easier not to make Lorna uncomfortable. He reached down and massaged it slowly into her sweet hole. It felt so tight. Lorna moaned and moved against his fingers.

“Just a minute, baby. I’m gonna give you what you want.”

He began kissing her neck again, sucking her earlobe until she writhed against him, pressing her ass against his throbbing cock. He could see John licking her breasts and pressing against her with his cock.

“Okay, baby. Get ready.”

He put a little more lube on his finger and slowly inserted one finger into her tight, hot hole.

“Ohhh, Rey. Oh, my God. That feels amazing.”

He felt gratified by her praise, and he wanted to take her right then, but he held himself back. He saw John go under the covers and knew he was licking Lorna’s clit.

Reynaldo kept his finger inside her and then inserted another. Lorna bucked against him, John having brought her to her first orgasm.

“Oh, wow. Oh, my God...” Lorna sounded helpless against the licking and teasing she was getting.

“I’m gonna give it you now, baby, and then John’s gonna join the party.”

“Yeah, give it to me.” Lorna whispered and pushed against his cock. He lubed it up and groaned at the feeling of the slick lube and the thought of the tight space he was going to put it in soon.

He gently nudged her opening with the tip of his cock. She wiggled back against him as John worked on her front side. Reynaldo wanted to push his cock in and take her right then, but he knew he needed to go slowly. Her enjoyment was the most important thing. He wanted her to like it so much she wanted it again.

“How does that feel, baby?” he whispered in her ear as he kissed her neck, the tip of his rod still buried in her.

“Feels good. I need some more of it.”

He obliged her by opening her hole wider with his hands and sinking his cock a few more inches in. Lorna moaned, and his member throbbed. He wondered how much longer he could stand moving this slowly.

Lorna was trembling, and Reynaldo could feel her orgasm building due to John’s attentions and his cock in her ass. When she started bucking and coming, he shoved his cock in deeply.

She cried out in ecstasy. “Umm, that feels amazing, Rey. Don’t stop.”

He took that as a signal to put a little more lube on the base of his penis. Slowly, he pulled out and slid back in to her tight crack. He moaned with pleasure.

John looked over Lorna at him. “You guys ready?”

“Hell yes,” Lorna said, moaning as Rey slid out of her again.

John slowly entered her pussy, and she moaned. He pulled out, and Rey spread her cheeks wide and entered her tight hole again.

“Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God.” Lorna thrashed her head from side to side, and Rey felt like he was going to burst any minute.

“Rey, why don’t you finish up? Then I’ll take over,” John said with a wicked grin, kissing Lorna as he pulled out of her cunt, and she whimpered.

Reynaldo obliged by slamming into Lorna’s hole as she screamed.

“Does that hurt, baby?” he said, panting and holding back his orgasm. She was so tight and perfect he wanted to explode in her and not wait another second.

“Umm, it feels so good.”

Reynaldo plunged into her more quickly, fondling her breasts as he did.

He could take it no more and said, “I’m coming, baby. Is that okay?”

“Oh, yeah, come inside me, Rey!”

Lorna pushed against him, and he exploded into her, yelling and collapsing against her when he was done. He had had anal sex a few times before, but never like that. Lorna was so hot that he could fuck her all day.

He leaned back on one arm to watch John take over. John quickly flipped Lorna over on her stomach so he could enter her from behind, doggy style. He kissed her up and down her back, and she twitched and grabbed at her pillow. Then, he teased her with his hard cock, just the tip in her cunt.

“Oh, please give it to me, John.”

Rey was turned on just watching them, though he didn’t think that was even possible this soon after his own orgasm.

John pushed into Lorna again, burying just the tip of his member inside her. She moaned, pushing against him. He teased her further, sliding half way in to her pussy and sliding out slowly. He repeated this action several times before slamming into her over and over again as she clutched the headboard and screamed, her arms making shadows against the wall.

“Oh, no. Oh, my God. I’m going to come...”

John grunted as he spilled into her, thrusting hard as she sighed in a soft orgasm. John pulled out of her and turned her gently back over on to her back.

She panted, and Reynaldo noticed how lovely she was and how much he wanted to take her again in the darkness. She smiled at them both.

“Wow, boys. That was really something. Thank you kindly.” She sighed in utter contentment.

“You’re welcome, ma’am,” Reynaldo said, smiling at her. John kissed her softly on the lips.

* * * *

Lorna didn’t know what was wrong with her. She had been lying there for almost an hour. She sensed that Reynaldo was awake, too. They were lying on their backs in the darkness, shoulders touching. John was snoring, turned on his left side away from them.

She sighed, deciding not to go on with this pretense of sleep. She had to admit to herself that wanted Reynaldo and John again—or at least Reynaldo since John was sleeping. Lorna turned onto her side, facing Reynaldo. She kissed his cheek and shoulder, sliding her hand down his chest, running them over his nipples.

She felt him stir and knew she had been right. He was definitely not asleep. She leaned over and kissed him, flicking her tongue in his mouth, feeling herself get moist. He tugged at her bottom lip as he kissed her back hungrily.

“Should we wake John?” he asked her when they paused to look into each other’s eyes, moonlight pooling around them.

“No. Let him sleep. I want you, and I want you to fuck me on top. In a few minutes, that is...”

Lorna continued to kiss him, and she slid her left hand down to his cock. It was hot and hard, and desire flashed through her, making her weak. She was turned on by the fact that John was snoring lightly, still turned away from them. Lorna felt naughty, like she had in high school when she had had sex with her boyfriend in her bed while the rest of the house slept, oblivious.

Reynaldo returned her kisses and pushed her on to her back. He slid under the covers and began tonguing her clit, licking it in slow circles and sucking it in turns. Lorna moaned softly, totally turned on and already wet. Reynaldo continued to massage her bud with his tongue as he slipped his fingers into her slowly and smoothly. She

thrashed her head on the pillow, fighting to stay quiet and not awaken John.

When she could take no more, she ran her fingers through Reynaldo's hair, urging him up and into her. He took his stiff member in hand and rubbed it on her clit, driving her wilder. Then, he pushed it inside of her just past the tip.

She started to say something to him, to beg him, but he put his hand over her mouth and drove his thick shaft into her again halfway and pulled slowly out. Her eyes were closed in ecstasy, his hand still over her mouth. She was on the verge of orgasm, the forced silence only making her hotter.

As he circled her clit with his cock and then drove into her, she came, a powerful orgasm racking her body as she moaned against his hand on her mouth. He removed it, pressing into the bed and driving hard into her, pounding her over and over again until he came, thrusting hard into her in silence.

John was still snoring at the end, and as Reynaldo pulled out of Lorna and lay beside her, kissing her and looking into her eyes, she began to giggle.

Reynaldo silenced her with a kiss as she rubbed his back, her arms around him.

"Lorna, I want you to know something..."

"What?" She yawned sleepily, as content as a well-fed kitten, his voice in her ear quietly.

"I love you. I really do, and I'm all into this arrangement as long as it means I can be with you—like I just was. I just love to look at you, make love to you."

She pulled away from him, looking at his face and tracing his lips in the moonlit room.

"I think I'm in love with you, too, Reynaldo. The only other man I've ever met who is as kind and considerate of my needs is John. And both of you are different, sexy in your own ways." She ran her finger down his cheek. "You've made the triangle complete."

She kissed him, playfully tugging at his lower lip as their bodies melded together. When he got hard again a little bit later, she turned her back to him, rubbing her ass against his erection.

“Oh, baby. This is a record. I feel like I’m eighteen again, Lorna. You’re so hot.”

He fondled her breasts, teasing her as he slipped his stiff member into her warm, wet hole. They moved slowly and gently together, stopping to kiss and fondle each other. When her orgasm came, it was like a gentle wave on the ocean at low tide.

“I’m going to save it for tomorrow or the next day, babe. I’ve just enjoyed being with you,” Reynaldo said, slipping out of her and spooning her body. “I don’t need to come every time to feel satisfied with you.”

She kissed him on the nose, smiling and sated. Soon they were asleep.

Chapter 10

The next day was a busy one for Reynaldo. He had a nonstop set of yards to cut and hedges to trim. He rose early, kissing Lorna as she mumbled in her sleep. He showered and slipped out of the house, not wanting to wake either of his friends.

John followed suit, waking up with an erection a half hour later and wishing he had more time to spend in bed with Lorna. He had another day of meetings until late, though, and he only had a half hour to get ready and out the door.

“Mmmm, stay in bed.” Lorna curled herself around him, his hard cock against her stomach.

He moaned. “God, you have no idea how badly I want to.”

“I have some idea,” she said playfully, touching his erection between them.

John sighed and rolled out of bed. “I do have to go, though. Can you meet me for lunch today, or do you have plans?”

He was hoping she didn’t, and he was thinking about having her to himself at lunch—just to talk and be together alone. He liked Reynaldo, but he still needed time with just her.

“I have time for lunch with you. All I have to do is edit an article. I’ll come to you on your lunch hour.” Lorna smiled at him from the bed, the morning sunlight dappling her blonde hair like a river of gold. Love shot through John’s heart. He was lucky to have this woman.

“Okay, it’s a date. I’ll see you at twelve if that’s okay with you,” he called as he went into the shower.

Lorna mumbled a yes and snuggled back under the covers,

exhausted.

* * * *

John was sitting at his desk, hard at work on some documents for his next meeting in an hour when Lorna waltzed in, closing the door behind her and locking it. She smiled at him, arching one eyebrow.

He felt himself perk up as he looked at her, his crotch tingling as he leaned back in his chair. She was wearing a silk, green, short-sleeved blouse and a short, black skirt with fishnet hose that made her legs look ten miles long. She must have turned every male head in the place, he thought, smiling at her. Of course, all his coworkers already envied him, asking him how he had managed to land a woman like her. He wondered what she had on underneath her skirt and hose—garters and tiny, silky panties or nothing at all—just her pretty blonde bush? That thought made his erection throb painfully against his restrictive dress pants. High, black heels completed her look, and as she turned to put her purse down in a chair, he saw the seams in the backs of the hose.

“Holy shit, Lorna. Are you trying to kill me?” His voice was hoarse. She knew his favorite look on her was this one—the naughty secretary, but she hadn’t dressed up for him in ages. He guessed he could thank Reynaldo for turning her on again. Suddenly, he didn’t care about lunch, even though he saw a bag of carryout by her purse.

“Do you want to eat now or later?” Lorna asked him, coming to stand beside him.

Her perfume was lush and spicy, and he felt light-headed and even more turned on than he had been last night, if that was possible. She was all his now, and he was going to take advantage of her.

“Later.”

He stood up quickly, pulling her into his arms and kissing her roughly. He shoved his tongue into her mouth, desperate to penetrate every crevice of her—to own her. He grabbed her hair and yanked her

head back slightly, kissing her neck and unbuttoning her shirt roughly so that one of the buttons popped off onto the floor.

“John!” She gasped, pushing at him. Her resistance only excited him more.

He tugged the shirt away from her body more roughly, exposing her creamy, white bra. He unclasped it in the front quickly, holding her next to him tightly. He put her arms behind her, wrists together, and began sucking her right nipple as he kneaded the left one roughly.

Lorna was gasping in pain and pleasure as she stood before him, motionless.

He bit her right nipple and smacked her left one, and she cried out loudly.

“See that, Lorna?” He stopped what he was doing for a minute, and they turned to look out the glass plated window. They were four stories up, standing in full view of the city.

“Oh.” They had never made love in his office before.

“The whole city is going to see me ravage you.” John’s voice was coming in a harsh whisper. “Lean over my desk. Now.” His voice was hard and brooked no argument. He wasn’t going to wait for her today. He was going to take his pleasure.

He shoved all his papers off of his desk, and some paper clips and other knickknacks hit the floor with a thud. Then, he pushed her down on the desk, her cheek on the cold surface, breasts molding to the glass.

“You’ve been a bad girl, Lorna—fucking other men when I wasn’t home and having a good time, then inviting them into our bed.”

She moaned.

“I think you need to be punished. You need to remember I’m your master.”

“I haven’t been a bad girl,” she insisted.

This was a new game for them, and he was enjoying it.

“What did you say?” His voice was harsh.

“I said, ‘I haven’t been a bad girl.’ I’m a good girl.”

He laughed as he stood away from her, looking at her ass rounded in front of him as she lay half on the desk. “I think you’ve been a really nasty girl, sucking another man’s big, fat cock and fucking him in the shower.”

Lorna was silent.

“Well, you did, didn’t you, and you enjoyed his cock in your tight, wet, pussy, didn’t you, Lorna, you bad girl?”

“Yes, I did,” she answered in a small voice.

He stepped close to her and unzipped her skirt savagely, catching the zipper and nearly ripping it.

“And look at you now. You’re a bad girl—coming here and wanting my cock. Wearing those tiny white panties, so silky, and those black tights. You’re such a bad girl that you don’t even match.” He smacked her ass hard, and she jumped.

His cock was painful, it was so engorged. He was as turned on as he had ever been, and he wanted to take her in the back—something he had only done once before with her, but he was going to start with her pussy and violate every part of her, if he could hold out that long.

He pulled her tights down, grabbing at her like an animal, ripping them as they fell to her feet.

“Take them off. Keep the heels on.”

She obeyed him, not looking at him.

He shoved her back down on the desk as he unzipped his pants, taking his long cock out and rubbing it against her smooth, white ass.

She whimpered.

“You like that, huh? I know you do, you bad girl. I want you to turn around and suck on it to show me how much you like it. Turn around and get on your knees.”

Lorna did as he told her to, kneeling down in front of him.

He put his cock next to her lips.

“Suck it like you love it.”

Lorna took it into both hands and deep-throated him immediately.

John shoved his cock deeper into her throat, and she took it, moaning.

“That’s right, take my cock, baby.” He put his hands on her shoulders and thrust into her mouth, in and out as she licked his rod.

His erection was painful as he watched her lick and swallow him into her mouth, her pink, luscious lips around the base of his cock.

“Stop. That’s enough.” He wasn’t going to let her get away with just a blow job. He needed to own her. He pulled her up off the floor quickly and spun her around, shoving her against the desk again and lifting her skirt up. He immediately jammed his finger into her, then two. She gasped and moaned. She was moist but not totally wet yet. She wasn’t used to such rough play. It wasn’t the norm for them, but he wanted her in a bad way.

He reached up a bit to massage her clit, and she hissed, pushing her ass against him.

“You want it, baby? I’ll give it to you if you do.”

“Yes...” she moaned as he pushed into her. He slammed into her over and over, and she grabbed onto the desk, the glass top squeaking as her hands slid down it. John continued to rub her clit with his finger, and she moaned as she orgasmed. When he heard her, he followed, pulling out and spilling his seed on her tight ass.

“Oh, baby. That was hot. I love you so much.” He leaned over and kissed her back. Then, he reached into his drawer and got tissues out for clean up. She turned to him and kissed him, smiling.

“You were pretty hot yourself there. Why don’t you take the rest of the day off and come home and spend it in bed with me?” She grinned, twining herself around him.

“I’ll be home sooner than you think, babe.” He handed her the crumpled clothes from the floor, and she laughed as she held her top together where he had pulled a button off.

“I’ll see you.” She blew him a kiss as she sashayed out of the room.

Chapter 11

After Lorna got home, her cell phone rang.

“Hello.”

“Hey, Lorn. I have a proposition for you—and for John if you’ve got time this afternoon to see me.” Reynaldo’s warm voice came through loud and clear.

“For you, you know it, but this evening would be better. Come over around six and I’ll have dinner ready. I make a mean lasagna.”

“That sounds great. I can’t wait to see you again. Bye until then.”

“Bye.”

Lorna hung up, wondering what Reynaldo wanted to ask her—or them. He had sounded excited. The hours would crawl until then, she knew. She called John, and he agreed to be there at six for dinner, too.

She busied herself making her famous lasagna and buttery garlic bread. The thought of both men sitting at her table warmed her. They had spent hours together, but not in such everyday things as eating together as a sort of family. The thought stopped her, her hand on the oven door. Could they become a family?

The thought both unsettled and excited her. Why not? But would her two men want to become closer, and how could they do that? She would have to wait for Reynaldo’s news first.

Reynaldo arrived first a few minutes early, looking sleek in a black fitted shirt and jeans. He kissed her, his arms going around her. He squeezed her ass with his hands as he pushed his tongue into her mouth.

“Oh, baby. That little sun dress you’re wearing is driving me wild.”

She twirled out of his grasp, knowing the hot pink, strapless cotton dress looked sexy on her.

“Thanks. You don’t look so bad yourself.”

He grabbed her again after her twirl was done and began kissing her neck, nuzzling her in all the right places. She moaned and pressed into him, feeling his hard muscles and his erection against her stomach.

“I wonder if we have time for a quickie, baby. What do you think?” he asked her, his breath coming fast.

“I think so.”

He pulled her a few feet to the couch.

“How you wanna do it, girl?”

“How about me on top? I enjoyed it so much the last time we did it.”

He sat down on the couch, spreading his legs wide and unzipping his jeans. He pulled out his cock, and Lorna enjoyed seeing it, dark, hard, and thick.

She pulled her underwear aside, not bothering to take them off and lowered herself slowly down on the tip of his cock. He kissed her and slipped his hands into the top of her sun dress, kneading her breasts and teasing her nipples with his thumbs as she gasped, sitting further on his cock.

“Oh, baby, I love your pussy,” Reynaldo whispered, letting go of her breasts and grabbing her hips as he eased her down slowly on his cock. “Damn, that feels good. You’re so tight and wet, Lorna.”

She wiggled on his lap, pressing close to him so he could go deeper inside her. Her pussy was tingling as her clit rubbed against him. She put her feet on the couch and began lifting up and down slowly, sliding over the length of his erection.

“Oh, God, baby. That feels good.”

“You like it? Umm, baby, I do, too.” She kissed him and sat down on him again, grinding into him, her clit buzzing.

“You’re driving me crazy, baby.” He grasped her hips again and

began pumping her up and down quickly on his cock.

She gasped at the sensation of his body against her bud, and she came with a loud shout. Reynaldo followed suit, coming inside of her and pulling her close on to him. She sat there for a moment, kissing him as he gasped for breath.

“You’re good, girl—the best,” he said, looking at her as she stood up, pulling her underwear back in place.

“You, too. I love riding you.” She grinned at him, meaning it and glad they had gotten in some time just to themselves before John got there. She loved the three of them together, but she was still a fan of one-on-one action with each of her men.

They were returning to the kitchen, hand in hand when John walked in.

“Hey, guys. It smells great in here.”

Lorna smiled, walking over and kissing him.

“Umm, baby. I smell sex,” he said with a grin.

“You know it,” Reynaldo said, winking at him. “Glad I got here a little early.” The two men laughed.

Lorna pulled the lasagna and bread out of the oven, and they sat down together—John on her right and Rey on her left. They exchanged witticisms over the meal, and John moved his hand up her dress, fingering her under the table.

When they were done and Lorna had made a pot of coffee, Reynaldo stood up.

“Can we take this into the den and talk?”

John and Lorna rose and walked with him into the other room.

* * * *

Reynaldo sat on the couch, and Lorna sat next to him with John on her other side. Rey was a little nervous about what he wanted to say. He thought he had a great idea, but would they?

“I have a proposition for both of you.” He smiled at them,

clasping his hands together and leaning forward on the leather couch.

“Shoot. We can’t wait to hear it,” John said, sipping his coffee.

“I’d like both of you to move in with me. You can pay rent—or not. I don’t plan on kicking you out. I want you with me. I want what we have to move to the next level, for it to last. I know we’re not a family exactly, but that’s the closest comparison I can think of to what I want. What I’m proposing is the three of us, exclusively in a closed triangle.” He looked at the other two, his heart pounding. “Living together will make us official.”

Lorna and John looked at each other, smiling.

“Yes,” they said simultaneously.

“Really?” He was shocked but thrilled.

“Well, as it happens, our lease renews each year in July, so...” Lorna trailed off, clapping her hands together.

“What’s your place like, Rey?” John asked, leaning back on the couch.

“Four thousand square feet, modern decor, six bedrooms, pool house, pool of course, library, and all kinds of other stuff.”

“Are you kidding, Rey? So you’re telling me you’re worth a fortune?” Lorna’s eyes were huge, and Reynaldo laughed.

“Yeah, I guess I am. I just don’t like to tell people about it right up front. I like them to get to know me for who I am first.” He grinned at her.

“Well, I’ll definitely pay some of the mortgage each month. Can we do a third to half of it per month?” She looked at John.

“Sounds good to me. I’m in. So, can we see our new place tonight?” John smiled at Reynaldo.

“I was hoping you’d ask.”

“We’ll meet you there. Lorna, let’s take my car,” John said. “I’ll have to get back tomorrow morning to get ready for work.”

“Yep,” Reynaldo said, “but not for long. Soon, you’ll be home at my home.” He clapped John on the back, and the three of them headed outside.

Chapter 12

Lorna and John were both keyed up on the drive over to Reynaldo's. It was about fifteen minutes away.

As they pulled out of the driveway, John smiled at her. "Damn. I have a raging hard-on just thinking about this—living with the two of you. How amazing will this be?" He reached over and touched her thigh where her sundress had ridden up.

"Pretty hot, I think," she said, reaching over to touch his crotch.

"That feels great, baby. You were so hot this afternoon—I mean, sexier than usual. I'm still horny. I could hardly work, thinking about getting back home to you." He ruffled her hair affectionately.

She was rubbing his cock through his jeans, and she unbuttoned them, and he sucked in his breath. Lorna pulled his long member out, rubbing her fingers over the head.

"Oh, baby. I want to come in you again tonight so badly. Just the thought of earlier today and then Rey doing you before I got here tonight drives me crazy. How did he take you?"

"On the couch," she said, leaning over and licking the tip of his cock.

"Oh, shit. Were you on top?"

"Yeah, I was. His cock is so thick it feels great when I'm on top." She took him in her mouth further, and he groaned.

"I'm not going to be able to drive much longer if you keep doing that," John said, his hand in her hair, urging her head down again over him. "Man, you suck a mean cock, Lorna."

"I know, and I'm only going to improve at it with both of you around to give me lessons." She deep-throated him to his balls, and he

moaned.

“Unfortunately, we’re here. We’ll have to take this up later,” John said, a frustrated sigh coming from him as she slowly released his prick and buttoned him up gently.

“Don’t worry. I have a feeling we’ll do just that.”

* * * *

They walked inside the house after Reynaldo, oohing and aahing over the plush den and other rooms. The paintings and artwork were first rate, and the recessed lighting and best of everything was in every room.

“Like the place?” he asked as they stood in the marble-countered kitchen.

“How are the bedrooms?” John asked, Lorna standing in front of him, her butt pressed against his jean clad near erection.

“Great. Let’s take a look. I want you to see the Jacuzzi.”

The three of them walked down a long hallway and into a spacious bedroom in pale green and lime colors. Reynaldo opened a door for them, and they walked into a marble-tiled bathroom with a huge Jacuzzi.

“Oh, wow!” Lorna breathed, feeling herself get moist thinking about being in there with these two men.

“Shall we try it out?” Reynaldo grinned at the two of them.

“Sure. Let’s.”

Lorna slowly stripped out of her sun dress, tiny panties visible now, her nipples erect in the cool air of the bathroom.

Reynaldo wolf whistled and ran the water as John moved behind her, cupping her breasts. The room was covered in mirrors on most of the walls, and she could see herself arching back into John.

She turned to John and kissed him, taking his shirt off slowly. She felt Reynaldo behind her, kissing her neck, his erection pressing into her after a quick disrobing.

“At this rate, we might not make it to the Jacuzzi,” John joked, his cock springing out as Lorna removed it from his underwear.

“Let’s get in now, then,” Lorna said, grinning.

She settled between them in the Jacuzzi, and their hands were all over each other as they kissed. John was rubbing her clit as she held his cock, and Reynaldo massaged her breasts.

Her ass was right against a jet, and she moaned.

“I love these jets. Feels so good...”

John took her hands and pulled her halfway out of the Jacuzzi water, kissing her as he pressed her, face first against the back wall and entered her quickly.

Reynaldo stayed in his seat, watching as he stroked his cock.

“You’re next, baby—if you want me again.” She turned to look at Rey as John’s cock slid in and out of her in the hot water.

“I’m good to go again, sweetie. We have to christen our new home together, don’t we?” Rey laughed softly.

“Oh, yeah, John. I love that. Fuck me hard.”

John bucked and exploded into her. He clung to her for a moment, and then drifted away from her in the water, sighing. His face was red, but he was smiling.

“Come, my love. You’re next.” She crooked her finger at Rey as she walked toward him in the water, her breasts floating on top, pink nipples erect.

“You’re so damn sexy, Lorn. Even sexier in a Jacuzzi,” he said, laughing.

“Show me you mean it,” she said, her voice husky.

He stood up and pushed her toward the back wall, facing her. He reached down and fingered her swollen nub, and she sighed, pressing against his fingers.

“How’s that feel, baby?”

“Amazing.”

He slipped his fingers inside her, making her moan softly.

John watched them, smiling.

“What do you need, baby? Is this enough for you, or you want something a little thicker?”

“Oh, yeah, you know what I want. That big cock of yours.”

He lifted her up, and she wrapped her legs around him, thinking of their wild night at the club when he had taken her against the stall wall this way.

He rammed his stiff cock in her, and her clit buzzed from the friction of his pelvis against hers.

She moaned and sighed as she came in waves of pleasure. She smiled when Reynaldo cried out with a hard thrust and sighed.

The three of them cuddled close together in the hot water, sated. They talked and kissed for a while until Lorna, feeling light-headed, suggested early bedtime.

John and Reynaldo eagerly agreed to her idea.

They towed each other off and walked into the bedroom over the plush tan carpet. They climbed into the king-sized bed and snuggled together under cool covers. Sleep took the three of them as they murmured and laughed, planning for the future with each other.

* * * *

Just before daybreak, John woke up, his erection throbbing. He often had morning wood, but this was a major case of it, brought on, no doubt, by all the lovemaking he had been doing with Lorna and Rey. He hoped Lorna wouldn't be opposed to giving him some relief. He looked over, noticing Rey was sleeping soundly, as was Lorna.

He inched closer to her and nibbled and kissed her neck, the sweet scent of her skin drawing him in even more. She stirred with a small smile but didn't open her eyes.

He ran his fingers down her back and began caressing her buttocks, the contours of her making him catch his breath with wanting her. John put his arm under her and around her waist, drawing her next to him and pressing his stiff member against her ass.

He fondled her breast, pinching her nipple slightly. Lorna moaned in her sleep and wiggled back against him, making heat surge through his shaft. John moved his hand back down to her ass and worked it from behind to her wet crevice. He could tell she was awake now, and her cunt was ready for him.

Taking his cock in hand, he rubbed it up and down along the crack of her ass, making her wiggle and groan softly.

“You want this, baby?” he whispered into her ear, kissing her neck again.

“Mmm hmm. I want it.”

“Where do you want it exactly?” He was still stroking his hard cock along her ass, and he could feel a drop of moisture from the head slide along her skin. He wasn’t going to be able to hold out much longer without being inside of her.

“Wherever you want to put it, baby.”

He saw Reynaldo stirring on the other side of the bed.

“What are you two up to? Morning delight?” He smiled, his eyes open all the way as he began kissing Lorna as she lay on her side.

John inserted his cock halfway into her cunt, and she moaned.

“Do you mind if I get in on what’s going on here?” Reynaldo grinned, trailing his fingers along Lorna’s face and cupping her breasts as he lay on his side, facing her.

“I don’t mind, Rey, but I’d like to take you in my mouth, and then I want you to come on my face.” Lorna grinned, and John saw her reach down for Rey’s cock.

Her proposal excited him as he slid slowly into her, burying himself in her hot, wet hole up to his balls.

* * * *

Rey’s voice was strained. “Sounds like a plan, baby doll. Let me just get up there so you can take my big dick in your mouth.”

He climbed up to the top of the bed as Rey scooted Lorna down a

few inches.

John was thrusting slowly in and out of Lorna as Rey moved his erection toward her full, pink lips.

Reynaldo touched her lips with his cock and sighed. “Oh, baby, your lips are so soft. I love it when you wrap them around my cock.”

She laughed and took his cock in one hand and rubbed his ball sack gently with the other, making him growl deep within his throat.

“Damn, that’s hot. I love to see you working his cock, Lorna. I don’t know how much longer I can hang on,” John said, slowing his thrusting down even further as he continued to fondle her breasts, enjoying the feeling of her erect nipples beneath his fingertips.

Lorna took the head of Rey’s engorged member in her mouth, and Rey groaned.

“That feels like heaven. Take it all, baby.”

She followed his directions, and he reveled in the sweet wetness of her mouth and the teasing of her tongue, flicking over his sensitive tip. She sucked half way down his stiff rod and squeezed the base of his cock, working him into a frenzy.

“You ready to come, guys? John, you’re working my cunt so right. And Rey, I can’t wait for you to come all over my face. I love that.”

John moved slowly inside Lorna as Reynaldo began stroking his cock, groaning with pleasure.

John came inside her cunt first with a shout. Then, he slid out of her and began working her clit with his fingers. Then, he climbed in bed beside Rey so he could get to her with his mouth. Their hips touched, and he enjoyed the sensation of warmth from the other man’s skin against his. He took her nub under his tongue and rolled it, making her gasp.

“Oh, baby, that’s going to make me come—watching you pull your cock and feeling John’s tongue on my clit.”

She came, and then Rey felt his orgasm surge to the head of his cock. He positioned his dick right over her face, wanting to see his

seed on her eyelashes and mouth. He came in a gush, his sticky seed falling in spurts on Lorna's face as she moaned.

"Oh, that's so hot. I love your cum on my face, baby."

When he was done, she licked his cock thoroughly, getting the rest of the cum off of it as he watched her with satisfaction. He took a Kleenex from the bedside and tenderly wiped her face.

"I think I'm going to like this living together thing. Thanks for accepting my proposal." Reynaldo wiggled his eyebrows at the two of them.

"You're so welcome," Lorna said, and John smiled in agreement. He thought he was going to like this arrangement very much.

"Who's up for a shower?" Reynaldo asked, smiling. "We might not have time for the Jacuzzi, but the walk-in will do nicely for this morning."

* * * *

John covertly watched Reynaldo climb out of bed, admiring his thick, brown shaft at ease but still nice enough. He was well endowed, obviously. John had felt something watching Reynaldo touch himself as he worked on Lorna's mouth and then feeling their hips against each other as they pleased Lorna...

He was curious about what it might be like to be with Reynaldo, though he couldn't believe his thoughts.

Reynaldo smiled at them. "I need to make a phone call, and then I'll meet you two in the shower—if you're game."

"You know it," Lorna said, grinning as she slid out of bed, her breasts bouncing gently.

John watched him walk out of the bedroom, drinking in his tight ass and muscled back. There was no denying it. He was definitely curious.

Lorna giggled beside him as they stood near the bed.

"What?"

"I know what you were just looking at." She rubbed his back with her warm hand.

"What do you mean?" John's heart was racing. He felt exposed and hoped she didn't know what he really had been thinking about.

"Rey. You were looking at him. Weren't you?" She grinned. "It's okay. He's damn hot. I think you'd have to be dead not to notice him."

"Lorna." He stopped and took a deep breath. "Please don't say anything to him about it. It's embarrassing. I've never wanted or even thought about another man that way."

"I won't tell him. What I will do is give you two some time alone together this morning to see what develops. What can it hurt? At least you can get to know each other better. You are living together now, after all." She smiled, scratching his back.

"I don't know what to say other than thank you." He turned toward her and took her in his arms, loving the feel of her nipples and whole body against him.

"Let me just get you in the right frame of mind, and then I'm going to slip out." She kissed him, flicking her tongue into his mouth and capturing his bottom lip.

Her warm, wet mouth made him groan, and he felt himself responding, his cock hardening against her soft stomach.

"Oh, baby. You're so hot," he mumbled, kissing her back and reaching down to thumb her nipples. His cock was rock hard already at the feel of her mouth and body against his.

She reached down to stroke his erection, and he groaned.

"I'm just getting you in the mood," she said, laughing softly as she bent down in front of him, taking him into her mouth—just the tip of his cock.

He threw his head back, enjoying her expert little tongue, flicking and massaging him. He grabbed her hair and pulled it gently, overwhelmed by lust.

She stood up suddenly. "I'm going to go. Rey will be back. Have

a good morning.” She winked and quickly put her clothes on and walked out of the room.

He heard the back door open and close. His balls were aching with need. Lorna had left him hanging well and good. He decided to get into the shower alone and give himself some release if nothing else came up.

He had just gotten under the hot spray, his erection still going strong when Rey came into the bathroom, naked, his cock half erect.

“I guess Lorna left, huh?” Rey asked him, looking a little puzzled.

“Yeah, she did.” John paused, feeling his cock tingle and harden more. He saw Rey look at it, and he felt a frisson of excitement run down his spine.

“Mind if I join you?” Rey asked him, smiling slightly. John could tell he was looking at his cock.

“No, come on in.” John tried to sound nonchalant but figured he was failing miserably. It didn’t matter. He sensed that this was new territory for both of them, but he would have to see if that was true.

Rey walked in to the shower, and John noticed that his thick prick was fully erect now. The thought of it nearly drove him wild.

“So what did you have in mind?” John asked, looking at him.

“Maybe we could soap each other down, see how it feels,” Rey said. “John, I’m being really honest here. I feel awkward saying it, but I’ve never been in a shower with a man like this, let alone in a sexual way. I’ve never thought about any man sexually before—well, before this morning.” He gazed at John, his eyes dipping a little as he spoke.

“Me neither, Rey, but Lorna knew. She saw me looking at you when you walked out of the bedroom this morning. She always has been a mind reader.” John grinned as Reynaldo reached for the soap.

“I think one rule, the same rule as we have with Lorna or any woman we’ve been with. We do only what we both want to do—try things out and see how we like it.” Reynaldo said, his eyes closing halfway as John put his hand on Reynaldo’s arm as they faced each other under the hot spray.

John enjoyed the feel of Reynaldo's hard, muscled shoulder under his hand. He rubbed Reynaldo's shoulder and down to his chest, hearing him gasp as he did so. He took a bar of soap and started lathering it over Reynaldo's chest, soaping the hairs there and reveling in the feel of solid muscle under his palm.

Rey was rubbing his shoulders with soap, too, and it felt so good. John definitely wanted to get to know Rey a lot better—and not just with Lorna.

John soaped down to Reynaldo's six-pack abs, and the other man moaned softly. The sound made John's cock go even harder, and he leaned into Reynaldo and kissed him softly at first. The other man responded with his lips and tongue, and John dropped the soap on the floor as they embraced, their stiff cocks close together between their hot, hard bodies.

Reynaldo pulled out of the kiss first. "Holy shit. That was amazing. How about for you?"

John caught his breath as he rubbed Reynaldo's hip with his fingers. "Yeah, I'm so horny right now."

"Me, too." Reynaldo looked troubled. "But I'm not sure that I want to go all the way—I mean, well, you know what I mean." He smiled sheepishly as both men finished showering.

"Yeah, I do." John admitted to himself that he knew exactly how Reynaldo felt. He didn't want to move too fast either.

Reynaldo and John finished showering, kissing a few times as they did but keeping some distance between them. As they toweled off, John made a suggestion.

"Maybe we could just get in bed and get to know each other better—slowly. I mean, if you have time. I don't have to be in at the office today since it's Sunday." He smiled at Reynaldo, noticing how gorgeous the man's eyes were.

"Sounds like a plan to me." Reynaldo grinned, and they walked out of the bathroom after putting on deodorant.

They climbed in between the cool sheets and sought each other's

arms. They lay together for a while, each of them just listening to and enjoying the other man breathing. John liked the sensation of Reynaldo in his arms. He realized he cared for the man. The link they shared with Lorna had bonded them as well, he realized. His cock stirred further at the thought, hardening from its half erect state.

John ran his fingers through Reynaldo's dark hair, feeling the silkiness and thickness of it. He kissed the other man softly and gently at first. Reynaldo responded, and the kiss grew passionate. Their tongues entwined, and lust flooded through John. He continued kissing Reynaldo as he moved his hand down to touch Reynaldo's firm buttocks. He rubbed them with his hand, making the other man groan and move closer to him. John could feel Reynaldo's hard cock, and it turned him on even more.

They broke the kiss, both of them needing something more.

John gently touched Reynaldo's cock, and the other man's eyes closed as he exhaled with a hiss.

"Damn, John. That feels amazing. Would you take it into your mouth? I was thinking maybe that and some mutual masturbation for our first time around—just to ease into things. Hang on." He hopped out of bed and opened a drawer in his dresser, coming back with a container of warming lube.

John smiled. "I'd love to take your cock in my mouth right now. Just excuse my inexperience. I learn quickly."

The other man lay on his back, and his cock rose up thick and graceful against his dark thatch of pubic hair. John enjoyed the sight of it for a moment before he took it into his hands, running his fingers down the length of it, loving the paradox of softness to the touch, but hardness underneath.

Rey shivered and moaned, beginning to thrash.

John leaned over and grasped Reynaldo's cock by the base, squeezing it as the other man groaned loudly. He took the tip of Reynaldo's rod into his mouth, licking it gently.

"Yeah, John. You're doing it so right. Suck my cock." Reynaldo's

whisper came out harshly, exciting John all the more as he took more of Reynaldo's thick member into his mouth, enjoying the abandon he saw in Reynaldo's face and the acceptance he felt.

John suddenly heard Lorna's voice. "Oh, you bad boys. I'm wet just watching you play with each other. Mind if I join you?"

Reynaldo gasped out, "not at all," and she climbed into bed with them, kissing him, stroking John's rigid shaft, and completing their closed triangle once again.

THE END

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Ella Vines is the pen name and alter ego of a gothic romance novelist and English professor. When she comes out on full moon evenings and late at night when the muse beckons, Ella enjoys writing erotic romance, eating bits of cheesecake, and basking in warm Texas winters. Contact Ella at [ellavines at gmail dot com](mailto:ellavines@gmail.com).

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