

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

*Hear Me,
See Me*

KARENNA
COLCROFT

Hear Me, See Me

Karennna Colcroft

Since Rachel began dating Orrin, he's pushed her boundaries sexually and she's loved every second. Now, to help her overcome her fear of being overheard during sex, Orrin has brought her to a "house party", where nearly everyone will be engaged in some kind of sex act before the night is over.

In a small cubicle made of three walls and a curtain, Orrin brings Rachel to such feverish heights she can no longer remain silent. When Orrin's friend Roy hears them, how will Rachel respond?

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HEAR ME, SEE ME

Karenn Colcroft

Chapter One

As Orrin paid their admission, Rachel's chest tightened. He'd told her what to expect at this house party, but hearing about it was nothing like being here.

She shivered in the thin lace tank top she'd worn at his urging. Her nipples poked at the fabric, but the cold only partly explained their stiffness. Beneath the top, she wore no bra, despite the fabric being nearly see-through. Under her loose cotton miniskirt, she was equally bare. "Show yourself off," Orrin had said as he'd watched her dress. "You don't have to sleep with anyone you don't want to, but there's nothing wrong with letting them see what they can't have."

She'd done as he suggested. She had to admit, dressing this way, knowing people would look at her, made her wet.

"Ready?" Orrin smiled at her. "Shantal, this is my girlfriend Rachel. Rachel, Shantal and her husband run the place."

The black-haired woman behind the admission table smiled and stood to shake Rachel's hand. She wore a thigh-length sheer black shirt through which everything showed, including the black thong underneath. "Nice to meet you. Orrin's well-known around here."

"So I've heard." Rachel shook hands with the woman, trying not to goggle at her nearly nude body.

Shantal wasn't nearly as discreet. She ran her gaze from Rachel's head all the way down and then she gave Rachel a lazy, satisfied smile. "Nice outfit."

Rachel's pussy clenched, surprising her. Attention from a woman didn't usually turn her on. As far as she knew, she had no sexual interest in her own gender. "Um, thanks."

"You're welcome." Shantal sat. "Have a good time. Don't let anyone bother you. No means no here, and if anyone gives you a hard time, just talk to me or Terry and we'll take care of them. Though I'm sure Orrin will protect you."

The man in question put a possessive arm around Rachel and splayed his fingers over her thigh. She squirmed at the arousal his touch elicited. "I certainly will," he said.

They walked past the table into the main room, a huge space furnished with couches and a big-screen TV showing porn. Rachel averted her eyes. Even though she'd asked Orrin to help her broaden her sexual experiences, she hadn't yet managed to be comfortable watching other people have sex. Even in a movie. Maybe she should ask him to add a porn night to their list.

Not tonight, though. Tonight was solely for her to experience a house party. Before she met Orrin, she'd never heard of parties where homeowners opened their houses to paying guests for swapping partners or having group sex. Orrin had been to several, though, and had thought attending might help her let go of a few lingering inhibitions. Like worrying that someone else might hear her having sex.

As they made their way through the room, several people stopped them to greet Orrin, who introduced them to Rachel. A few men propositioned her or them, which Rachel politely demurred. She was all about new experiences, but tonight the only man she intended to fuck was Orrin.

The lustfully appraising looks she got from some of the men and women made her incredibly wet. She hoped Orrin didn't plan to take too long mingling. She wanted his hands on her body, his lips and tongue on her skin. His hard cock inside her.

"Before we get down to business, let me show you around." Orrin rubbed her ass and she shuddered as a jolt of desire shot through straight to her core. "There are different types of playrooms here, and you can choose where you want to play."

Play? Until Orrin, she'd never thought of sex that way. She still didn't, not really. With Orrin, fucking was a serious business. Fun, but the way he went straight to work

in bed, sucking her nipples 'til they became pebble-hard, flicking her clit with his fingertip, plunging first his tongue, then his cock, inside her soaking cunt –

“Rachel?”

Startled out of her hot reverie, Rachel took a ragged breath and tried to calm the thrills of arousal coursing through her. Her hands itched to grab him and pin him against the wall so she could press herself against him and feel his hard shaft between them.

She blinked. “Yeah, show me around.”

He grinned. “This is making you hot as hell, isn’t it?”

Beside them, a couple kissed. The man pushed the neckline of the woman’s shirt down, exposing her and kneading one bare breast. “Watch them,” Orrin whispered, his breath hot against Rachel’s ear.

She shook her head and took his hand. “Show me around,” she repeated firmly. “Watching other people can happen some other time. Right now I want you to show me where we can do it ourselves.”

“Sounds good to me.”

As they walked away, the other man stopped kissing his partner long enough to wink at Rachel.

Orrin led her down a hallway to a closed door. “That’s the public room,” Orrin explained. “If you don’t want to watch others, we won’t go in there. Anyone can go in there, anyone can watch and, with permission, anyone can join in.” A loud moan followed by a sharp shriek came through the door. “And apparently some people already are. The door shouldn’t be closed.”

“Don’t open it,” Rachel begged. Her mind filled in more than enough images of what might be happening behind that door—bodies joined, men’s long, hard cocks sliding in and out of women’s wet pussies or women touching and licking each other...

Her thighs slicked with moisture. She was so turned-on by the images in her head she could barely stand it.

"Okay, okay." Orrin cupped her breast and thumbed the hard nipple. Rachel shivered. "You're ready, aren't you? All hot and wet for my dick?"

"Yes," Rachel gasped.

"You'll have your chance." His eyes twinkled. "But first we have to finish our tour."

Groaning in frustration, she smacked his ass. He chuckled and pulled her away from the door.

Upstairs, he showed her three more closed doors. "These are the private rooms. Very hard to get. There's usually a waiting list for them."

"So we're going to have to wait longer?" Rachel sighed. "I don't know if I can. I might have to do you up against a wall somewhere."

"There's a good spot out in the garden," a woman said as she walked past them, completely nude. "That's where I like to go." She grinned at Rachel. "That's where I'm heading now, as a matter of fact. Want to come watch?"

"Um, no, thanks." Rachel forced a smile. "We'll find a place."

The woman shrugged. "Okay. See you around." She headed downstairs.

"Some people get naked way too early in the evening." Orrin put his arm around Rachel and guided her down the stairs. "Let me show you the basement. Then we'll talk about fucking. Or maybe just fuck without talking."

The finished basement contained a large wood-paneled room with a second big-screen TV showing more porn. Two men and a woman sat on a loveseat watching the screen. They glanced at Rachel and Orrin, then back to the movie. As she passed them, Rachel saw the woman's hand on one man's cock while the other man fingered her. Her gaze lingered on them for a few seconds longer than she intended. The sight amped up her arousal and she took a shuddering breath.

With his hands on her ass, Orrin steered Rachel through a doorway opposite the loveseat. On the other side were several small cubicles in a row, each with walls built of flimsy white wallboard that didn't quite reach the ceilings with curtains to cover the entrances—doorways about six feet high cut into the front wall of each cubicle. Some curtains were open. Rachel glanced into one of the cubicles, a room about the size of her closet. A mattress took up nearly all the floor space, leaving just enough room for a laundry basket heaped with neatly folded sheets beside the entrance.

Some curtains were drawn, and based on the sounds emanating from those cubicles, they were definitely in use.

They paused by another open cubicle at the end of the row. Orrin caressed her ass and desire danced flames over her skin. "In here?" she asked.

"In here or I can find out when one of the private rooms will be available." He kissed her neck below her earlobe and she shivered. "Those have time limits, though, and these don't."

"I don't want a time limit." She turned and put her arms around his neck, drawing him down for a deep kiss. "I want to have plenty of time to fuck your brains out."

"I like the way you think."

He yanked her into the cubicle, pulling the curtain closed behind them. Between the curtain and the end of the mattress, they had just enough room to stand. His arms encircled her, pinning her arms to her sides. He kissed her, his tongue playing over her lips, but when she opened her mouth to allow him access he broke the kiss and lightly bit her earlobe. "Patience."

"Not a chance." She struggled but he didn't let her go. "Please, Orrin. I want you."

"Being around all these sex freaks did it for you, huh?" He placed a trail of kisses down her neck to the top of her shirt. When his lips brushed the tops of her breasts, she moaned. *God, I want him!*

But what if people hear us?

She shook her head. Of course people would hear them. They were in a thin-walled room with a curtain for a door. Other people hearing them shouldn't matter. Everyone here was doing the same thing. Some of them much more openly.

Orrin tugged at the hem of her tank top. "Take this off," he said huskily. "I want to see what's under it."

"I think you already can." She pointed to her taut nipples, clearly visible against, and through, the fabric. Realizing just how much she'd exposed to the people they'd seen sent a rush of arousal through her, heating her entire body, though the fire centered between her legs. She sighed. "Do you mind having people see me like this?"

He laughed. "Who told you to wear that? Rachel, I think it's completely hot that people saw you like that. I wouldn't have cared if they saw everything you have, if that was what you wanted." He nuzzled her breasts. "You're finally letting yourself give in to your desires, and that's such a turn-on I get hard just thinking about what you and I are going to do next. So don't ever worry about whether I'll mind something you do."

She grinned. "Then you won't mind this." She pushed forward, catching him off balance, knocking him down onto the plastic-covered mattress.

"Hang on a minute." He stood and grabbed a pair of sheets from the stack. "You make the bed when you start and strip it when you finish," he explained, "and wipe down the mattress if need be." He nodded toward a shelf attached to the wall above the head of the bed. The shelf held a plastic basket, a spray bottle of cleaner and a thick roll of paper towels. "House rules. Help me with this."

Together they smoothed a sheet over the mattress and tucked the ends underneath to keep it in place. Orrin spread out the other sheet on top of the first. "Much better."

"So now I can do this?" Laughing, Rachel pushed him down again.

He grabbed her hands and tugged her on top of him. Straddling him, she bent for a kiss. Her skirt rode up around her thighs and he pushed it up farther, exposing her wet slit. He slipped a finger into her folds and she cried out as he brushed against her clit.

Immediately she closed her teeth around her lower lip to keep any more sounds from escaping her. There were too many people around for her to make that much noise.

"You're so wet," he murmured. "Is that for me?"

"You know it is." She licked his lips. "Fuck me."

"Not yet."

He pressed his finger harder against her clit and fastened his lips around her nipple. She writhed in pleasure. His touch always made her hot enough to combust, and this time was no exception. As turned-on as she'd already been from her exposure to others' eyes and from watching others, Orrin's finger and tongue pushed her even higher until she wanted to scream with the frustration of not having his cock where she desperately wanted it.

A few seconds of him stroking her clit brought her to the brink of climax. Her cunt clenched in anticipation and she braced herself for the explosive orgasm Orrin always brought her.

He swatted her thigh. "Off."

Startled out of her enjoyment, she stared at him, open-mouthed. "What?"

"I want to eat your sweet little pussy." He grinned at her astonishment. "Get up here."

Ah, that's better! She crawled up his body, making as much contact as possible, and positioned herself over his face. He pulled her down to lick her slit and she squirmed in delight at the sensation of wet on wet. Lightly he nibbled her clit, bringing her back to the edge that she prayed he would let her topple over this time.

When the orgasm hit, she nearly fell onto the mattress. Only Orrin's grip kept her in place, and he didn't miss a lick as ecstasy pummeled her. Her body shook from the intensity of the climax and she moaned loud and long.

Wave upon wave hit her, arching her back, sending shudders through her. Her pussy contracted almost painfully and she wished Orrin were inside her. She loved tightening on his hard shaft when she orgasmed and it always got him off.

Limp from coming and unable to stay upright, she leaned against the wall beside her and panted, trying to regain the ability to breathe. "Is that better?" Orrin asked smugly.

"Yeah," she gasped. "God, yeah. And it's your turn if you unzip your pants."

"Hmm, I think I like that idea."

She turned to watch him slowly, teasingly, unfasten his slacks. Under them, he, like she, wore nothing. His thick, gorgeous cock curved hard against his abdomen, a tiny droplet on its tip. Rachel licked her lips, anticipating the salty sweetness of his fluids.

He gripped his shaft and stroked himself. Rachel grew even wetter. Watching him play with his dick turned her on so much, and he knew it. His eyes gleamed as he looked at her enjoying his show. "Want to take over?"

She shook her head. "I want to suck you."

Voices came from the other side of the wall and Rachel jumped. Her climax had wiped all thoughts of the other partygoers from her mind. Orrin chuckled. "Don't worry, sweetie. They're doing the same thing we are. Only probably not as well."

She laughed. "Pretty pleased with yourself, huh?"

"After you came that hard, how could I not be?" He tugged her hand. "I think you said something about sucking my dick. Why don't you put your mouth where it should be?"

Slowly, deliberately, Rachel ran her tongue across her lips. She kept her gaze glued to Orrin's, reveling in his widening eyes and the twitching of his cock. Finally, she bent and licked the moisture from his cock head.

He moaned softly. "Get back on me. I want to sixty-nine."

A thrill of delight ran through Rachel at the command. Before Orrin, she'd never sixty-nined. He'd taught her to love it and now she couldn't wait to position herself above him and take him into her mouth at the same time. She carefully straddled Orrin's face and let him guide her down to his waiting tongue. She continued lapping at the tip of his cock until his tongue touched her clit, and then she lowered her mouth over his shaft, taking him as deep as she could.

She sucked hard on him, stroking the base of his shaft and his balls with one hand, steadying herself with the other, trying to stay in place over his mouth. He eagerly licked her juices from her wet slit while she slid her lips up and down him. When she cupped his balls, they tightened and so did her cunt. She wanted—no, needed him—inside her.

"Fuck me," she ordered, her words garbled by his cock.

A louder moan escaped him. "Yeah, I think it's time. You've got me so close, I'm going to send my cum straight down your throat if you don't stop."

She wouldn't have minded that a bit. She loved the taste of him when he came. But he needed time to recover afterward, and if he didn't enter her within the next few minutes, she would probably lose her mind. She let go of his cock and grinned at him over her shoulder. "I'm improving, aren't I?"

"You're incredible." He smacked her ass. "Now get off me so I can find a condom and we can start this all over again."

Rachel moved off him and accidentally thumped against the wall. "We're busy!" a male voice called.

"So are we!" Orrin sat up and grabbed a small basket from a shelf on the wall at the head of the bed. He rummaged through it, then tossed it on the bed. "Fucking hell. You have got to be kidding me."

"What's wrong?" Rachel asked. Glancing into the basket, she saw nothing but tissues and condom wrappers. "Trash can?"

"It isn't supposed to be." Orrin sighed. "There are supposed to be condoms in there. And people are supposed to tell the hosts if a room runs out of condoms. That's another one of the rules. Guess we're screwed. Or actually, we're not screwed until I find a rubber."

"Can't we ask them?" Rachel nodded toward the wall.

Orrin shook his head. "You don't deliberately interrupt people when they're, um, engaged unless they invite you to. That's just plain bad manners. We'll have to ask Shantal to restock the room. She'll want to know that people aren't following the rules anyway."

Rachel's mouth watered. "Well, if we can't fuck yet, why don't you let me finish you off before we go talk to her?"

He tilted his head with a thoughtful look. "Hmm. I guess that wouldn't be such a bad thing." His expression changed to a grin. "I like the way you think. Want me to return the favor?"

"Not this time." She smiled. "You got me off once. I'm the one returning the favor."

"I definitely like how you think." He lay on his back again, a lazy smile curving his lips. Rachel knelt beside him and bent to take his shaft into her mouth again. Almost immediately the salty taste of his precum touched her tongue. She lapped at it.

Orrin sighed and closed his eyes. "That's it," he murmured. "Suck me."

Rachel slid her lips slowly down his length, sucking lightly as she did so. With one hand she fondled the base of his cock and his balls. His heavy breathing turned to moans.

Only moments passed before he grunted, "I'm coming. Oh damn, Rachel!"

His cock twitched and he groaned loudly. His cum filled her mouth and she swallowed, savoring the power rush from knowing that she had done this to him. She had pushed him over the edge.

He gulped air as another burst of cum touched Rachel's tongue. She swallowed again and looked at his face just as he opened his eyes. She grinned. "Not bad, huh?"

"Definitely not bad." He drew a few deep breaths. "I think I'm finished. Give me a second."

She gave the head of his cock a final lick and moved up to lie beside him. He stroked her hair with one hand. "Thanks," he said. "I think I can stand waiting 'til we talk to Shantal. We'll just report this to her and then find another room."

"Sounds good." Rachel wasn't sure she could wait that long. On the other hand, waiting would only increase the pleasure when Orrin finally slid his cock inside her.

Orrin breathed deeply again then sat up. "Okay. I think I can move now." He rolled off the mattress and held out his hand to help Rachel up. "Come on. Let's go find Shantal."

Rachel stood and adjusted her skirt and top. Her entire body ached in disappointment, but she knew they'd return once they had what they needed. She took Orrin's hand and they left the room.

Chapter Two

Frigging condoms. We should stop using the damn things.

Even as the thought ran through Rachel's mind, she knew it wouldn't be a good idea. Not yet, anyway. She and Orrin had only been dating a couple of months. They'd talked about the condom issue the first time they'd had sex, and had agreed that they would use the things until both of them had been tested.

Rachel had done so not long after but hadn't brought the subject up with Orrin again. Giving up condoms seemed to her like a pretty big commitment for a guy like him, who'd had a great deal of varied sexual experience with a number of partners. He'd agreed to be monogamous with her unless they decided together to "play" with other partners and she trusted him to keep his word. She just didn't know if either of them was ready to stop using condoms. That seemed like a more intense relationship than just agreeing not to see other people.

Depending how tonight went, they might not remain exclusive, anyway. The idea of coming to more of these parties and "playing" with others, as Orrin had described to her, intrigued her. She just couldn't make up her mind whether she'd actually be able to go through with having sex with someone other than her boyfriend, even if Orrin had no problem with it.

He led her upstairs. In the main room, only a few people stood around watching the movie and nibbling on the refreshments someone had set out. Apparently most had moved on to the playrooms.

One of the men who'd eyed Rachel earlier stood near the buffet. "Having fun?" he asked.

She shrugged. "So far, so good."

"I'll be right back," Orrin said. "Need to use the bathroom while we're up here."

He walked away. The man grinned. "So, you ready to have some real fun?"

Rachel narrowed her eyes. "I'm just here for him. And believe me, he's plenty of fun."

"It's a house party, sweetheart." The man stepped closer. "And you look pretty damn hot in that outfit. Why are you advertising if you don't want to play?"

The man's interest both annoyed her and turned her on. The arousal surprised her. She'd never been interested in men who acted like dicks just because they had them, but knowing he wanted her made her wetter.

And of course, he'd never have her, which gave her a power rush that turned her on even more.

"My boyfriend asked me to dress like this," she replied coolly. "He's proud of what he has and likes showing me off. As for me, I like to be looked at. But I don't 'play'."

"So you're just a goddamn tease."

"That's enough." Shantal strode over to them. At the same moment, Orrin returned from the bathroom, his face a thundercloud.

"I asked a reasonable question," the man said.

"You just called my woman a tease." Orrin put his arm around Rachel's waist. "If you can't take no for an answer, you're in the wrong place."

"You know the rules, Hal," Shantal agreed. "Either apologize or leave."

He rolled his eyes. "Sorry," he muttered to Rachel. He stomped away.

"He's had a few too many," Shantal said. "I'll talk to Shane about cutting him off for the night. Sorry about that, Rachel."

"Stuff happens." She didn't care what the asshole called her. She smiled up at Orrin. "Your woman, huh?"

"I think we've established that pretty well."

He kissed the top of her head, sending warmth straight through her. The small contact reignited the fire within her. Her skin hummed with her building arousal and

she felt his fingers on her even though he didn't touch her. Between her legs, the heat reached its peak. She closed her eyes and drew a shuddering breath to try to bring her libido under control.

Orrin didn't seem to notice the effect he had on her. "Speaking of establishing things, Shantal," he said, "we were in one of the semi-privates and all the condoms had been used."

"Great." Shantal shook her head. "This is the fifth complaint I've had tonight about the rooms not being left the way they're supposed to be. People know they need to tell me when supplies run out and they need to clean up after themselves, and some just aren't bothering. And that thing just now with Hal? That's the third time tonight something like that's happened. If people can't be respectful, we're going to have to close this place. I'll check the rooms after I follow up with Terry about Hal. Can you wait a few minutes?"

Grinning, Orrin cupped his crotch. "Well, it won't be easy, but I think I can hang in there a little longer. If not, I'm sure we can find a room that will suit our needs."

Shantal smiled. "Okay. Rachel, what do you think of the place?"

"I'm enjoying myself." She smiled back and pressed against Orrin's side. "Quite a bit, actually."

"Glad to hear it. I'll talk to you two later." Shantal walked away, muttering to herself.

"Some things just don't run smoothly." Orrin slid his hand over Rachel's ass and she shivered. "Ready to go back down? We can either wait for Shantal to bring some condoms or look for a room that has them."

"You just touched me like that, and you think I'm going to wait?" She rubbed the hard bulge at the front of his slacks. "Let's find another room so I can get this inside me. I don't want to wait anymore."

"I hoped you'd say that."

"You didn't think I would?" She grinned. "Race you."

She ran to the stairs, Orrin right behind her, and made it down with a reasonable amount of grace. That was one of the things she loved about Orrin, his playfulness. Her ex would have glared at her or called her immature for such behavior.

Then again, her ex would never have brought her to a place like this. His idea of sex had been climbing on and getting off. One of the many reasons Rachel had ended the relationship.

She shook her head to clear those thoughts. Orrin had given her a whole new sense of herself and a new view on sex that included being playful and funny as well as serious when called for. A new acceptance of her body and the pleasure it could bring her. Until they'd gotten together, her sexual enjoyment had been limited to fantasy. Now Orrin had made it his mission to help make those imaginings into reality. Being here with him felt perfectly right – onlookers, assholes and all.

The sound of heavy breathing and moaning, along with mumbled dirty talk, filtered up from the room at the bottom of the stairs. The trio who'd been watching porn there earlier had moved on, maybe to find a room or more people to add to their play, and had been replaced by a man with the build of a professional football player, who sat alone on the loveseat. He glanced at Orrin and Rachel, then did a double take and stood, hand extended. "Orrin, you old fucker, where have you been?"

Orrin shook the man's hand. "Hey, Roy, good to see you." His hand at the small of Rachel's back urged her forward. "This is my girlfriend Rachel. She's why I haven't been around lately. We needed to get to know each other well enough before I introduced her to the lifestyle. Rachel, this is Roy, an old friend."

"I see." Roy surveyed Rachel, his gaze lingering for a moment on the hard round nubs at the front of her shirt. "Definitely worth giving this up for." Rachel shook the hand he extended. "Nice to meet you."

She smiled. "Nice to meet you too."

"Don't let this guy pressure you into anything, now." Roy elbowed Orrin in the ribs. "Remember, no means no."

With a seductive smile, Rachel rubbed her ass against Orrin's pelvis. He covered her breasts with his hands. The contact between them and the lewd look in Roy's eyes sent hot chills shooting through her, centering at her core. "I don't think that will be a problem," she told Roy.

He grinned. "Orrin, you got a good one there."

"Yes, I do," Orrin agreed. "And we're about to look for a semi-private room, so if you'll excuse us?"

"Absolutely," Roy said. "Good luck. Some of those rooms are a mess tonight. People just have no respect."

"Already found that out," Orrin replied. "I have to start remembering to bring my own rubbers, I guess."

"Aw, man, you're kidding!" Roy laughed. "That had to suck hard."

"It did put a crimp in things. Talk to you later."

"Yeah, later." Roy sat down again.

Orrin led Rachel through the doorway again. "Do you know him from here?" Rachel asked.

"Roy? Yeah, I've known him since I was married, back when my wife and I used to show up here together." Orrin shook his head. "Not going there. Anyway, Roy's a good guy." He turned to study her. "You want him?"

Her face heated. "I want you. I thought we'd sorted that out already." She didn't know why he'd even asked. She'd said absolutely nothing to indicate any interest in Roy.

Not that Roy didn't look good. Despite his large build, he had muscles, and he probably knew how to use them. She stifled a nervous giggle at the thought. When she and Orrin had scheduled this date, the agreement had been that they would have sex

only with each other. The sole point of coming to the party had been to let Rachel see what a house party was like. And to charge themselves up with the sexual energy that permeated the place.

She caressed his ass. "No, I don't want him."

"Yeah, you do," Orrin teased, "and he wants you. I could tell by that look in his eyes. If you learn anything tonight, Rachel, learn that it's okay to want other people. You don't have to screw them, just let yourself accept that you want them. You already know I get hard as hell when other men look at you. I bet it makes you good and wet too, right?"

Suddenly he pushed her against the wall and stuck his hand up her skirt. His finger traced her slit and her arousal rose higher. "Oh yeah, you're wet," he murmured. "I can't wait to pound into that."

"Then find us a room," she gasped. "And hurry up!"

He fingered her clit until, hearing footsteps headed their way, Rachel pulled away, blushing furiously. "You don't want them to see?" he teased.

"Not ready for that." She stared at the floor as a laughing couple staggered past them. "Are we going to find a room, or are we going home?"

"I think we'll find a room." He kissed her softly, his tongue barely tickling her lips. "It's okay, Rach. Everyone's here for the same thing, remember?"

"That doesn't mean I want to put on a show." She grabbed his arm and yanked. "Come on."

She wouldn't admit it to him, but knowing how close they'd been to being caught with his hand up her skirt, fingering her clit, she quivered with arousal. Her cunt tightened and her clit throbbed as if begging for more. She hadn't quite dared to let him keep going, but she would add it to her fantasies.

At the very end of the corridor, they found an open cubicle. Orrin grabbed the supply basket and rummaged through it. "Fully stocked. Thank goodness." He rubbed

the attractive bulge at the front of his pants. "I don't think I could have waited too much longer."

"I know I couldn't have." Rachel snatched a folded sheet from the basket of bedding on the floor and tossed it over the mattress. Orrin helped her smooth and tuck it in. "Does this mean I finally get laid?"

"Yes, oh horny one." He pushed her backward onto the bed and straddled her. "You finally get laid."

He crushed his lips against hers. His hands explored her body as his tongue took over her mouth. When he pushed her skirt up, she lifted her hips to allow him to raise it above her waist, shivering as the air touched the wet heat between her legs.

He thrust two fingers into her waiting pussy. As he fucked her with his hand, he bent to lick her hard clit. Her skin tingled as though licked by tiny flames and her cunt pulsed, sucking greedily at his fingers and clenching in preparation for another explosion.

She shouted wordlessly as she again neared the brink.

Abruptly, he pulled away and rocked back on his heels, grinning triumphantly. "I don't think you've ever been this wet. I think I'm going to take you from behind. Would you like that?"

Breathing heavily, she nodded. She loved being taken that way. In that position, he had all the control. She could only kneel and move back against him, if he allowed her that much freedom. Sometimes he pinned her shoulders and didn't let her move at all.

A hot chill ran through her at the image of herself held against the mattress while Orrin drove into her swollen pussy with his hard cock.

"Do it," she breathed.

He stood and stripped off his shirt and slacks, leaving only his socks on. Rachel laughed. "Not taking those off?"

"You know I don't like the way my feet look." He chuckled. "Never know, they might stick out through the curtain. I don't want the other guests to see my big, ugly feet. Might kill their mood."

"I doubt it." She shook her head. No matter what they did or where, the only time the man ever took off his socks was for a shower. It was rather endearing. He was so confident about everything else. She liked knowing *something* made him a little uncertain.

"Yeah, well, my feet, my choice." He snapped the neckline of her tank top. "Are you going to undress or should I fuck you like this?"

Kneeling on the bed, skirt pushed up above my waist, breasts hanging down, barely contained by the tank top. Orrin behind me, shoving into me, fucking me hard and fast, wanting me so badly he couldn't even wait for me to undress.

Her cunt grasped greedily at the thought. Moisture collected between her legs and she shook from the arousal the image brought up in her. Her favorite position, the ultimate giving up of control as far as she was concerned, while she was still dressed like a horny slut who only wanted her man's cock. A thrill ran through her when she thought of acting that way just for Orrin.

Orrin's eyes gleamed. "Sometimes I swear you can get yourself off just by imagining what I'm going to do to you. But here's the thing. Doing you with your clothes still on would make me so hot I'd probably come right off the bat. You don't want that, do you? You want it to last."

She nodded. Oh yes, she wanted it to last. Since others would probably want the room, they wouldn't have nearly as long as she wished for, but every second would count.

Every second with him inside her would be incredible. It always was.

She quickly took off her tank and skirt, then took her time about folding them neatly. Orrin made a noise of protest at the delay but she just grinned smugly at him. "Problem?"

"Do you want to walk out of here naked?" he growled. "Because if you don't hurry up with those, I'm going to rip them up."

"I'm already naked," she pointed out. "Ripping the clothes isn't going to change anything." She set the items at the head of the bed, where they'd hopefully be out of the way, and knelt in front of him. "Kiss me."

He did, roughly, one hand gripping her hair and the other arm curving tightly around her back. His mouth crushed hers hard enough to bruise her lips, but she didn't care. She wanted him hard and fast, as rough as he wanted to take her. Sometimes with Orrin she wanted sweet lovemaking, but not tonight. Not here. At this party, rough worked.

As if hearing her thoughts, he squeezed her breast tightly. She squeaked a protest against his mouth and he relaxed his grip. "You're mine," he murmured against her mouth. "Mine, and I'm going to fuck you the way I want to."

"Stop talking and do it," she commanded.

Chapter Three

He pulled back from her so suddenly she fell forward. Orrin caught her, but rather than steadying her he guided her down onto her hands. Without a word, he nudged her toward the head of the bed. She crawled forward, knowing his eyes were on her. Imagining what he thought of seeing her like that brought her arousal to a boil.

His hands on her hips stopped her, then he pushed her shoulders down to the mattress while he maneuvered her lower body. She moved only as he wanted, holding her breath in anticipation. No matter how many times they fucked this way, each time he managed to do something just a bit different. That was one of the things that excited her so much about the position. She never knew what to expect.

Or when he'd plunge into her waiting cunt. She knelt, arms folded on the mattress, head resting on them. Her ass stuck up but he didn't enter her. Instead, he stroked her body gently, pausing to massage her shoulders as he often did. His fingers skated over the outline of her ass, but though she squirmed to give him access, he didn't slip his hand into the wetness between her legs.

He would torture her until she begged for his cock, and she *would* beg. She always did. She loved fucking him.

Small whimpers of mingled pleasure and disappointment escaped her as he continued touching her. The brush of his hands against her bare skin sent chills through her. She pressed back against him, hoping he would take the hint, but he backed away. "Not yet," he whispered. "Oh I'm going to fuck you, Rachel. I'm going to fuck you so hard you scream, and everyone in the place will hear you. You want that, don't you? You want everyone here to know how much you like my dick fucking your hot, wet pussy."

He punctuated his words with sharp thrusts of his finger. "Yes!" she gasped. "Please. Orrin, please!"

He chuckled and rubbed his finger against the sweet spot inside her – the spot that practically guaranteed she would come hard enough to black out. "Should I make you come now and then fuck you?" he mused. "Or should I bring you right to the brink and then thrust my cock into you and make you scream?"

She had no answer for him. The pleasure building inside her took away coherent speech and left her a quivering mass of moans and sighs. Her walls clenched around his finger and her nipples stiffened painfully. She didn't care what he did to her anymore, as long as she ended up with his hard cock inside her.

A few moments more of his finger against her G-spot and she was so close to coming that she wanted to scream. She pressed her face against her hands, hoping to muffle the sounds of passion and need that she couldn't quite contain. When she climaxed, she wouldn't be able to stay silent.

He withdrew his finger and she groaned at the loss. Then he brushed his cock over her entrance. He teased her, tickling her with the tip, allowing it to catch on her opening then pulling away.

Just when she thought she couldn't stand any more of his sweet torment, he shoved inside her hard enough to drive her head against her arms. Her cunt contracted around him and she plunged over the brink of orgasm. Her body trembled so hard she nearly collapsed, but his strong hands held her hips off the mattress. Again and again he plunged into her, fucking her through the climax, bringing her to a peak higher than she'd ever reached before.

She screamed into the mattress and bucked against him. Her entire body felt engulfed in flames and she had no chance of thinking rationally. Again and again her cunt tightened and released, the sensation of squeezing his shaft between her walls only heightening the intensity. The orgasm didn't abate. From behind, each of his thrusts brushed her G-spot, sending her spiraling upward yet again. Her cries of ecstasy went

on along with the pulsations in her pussy, and she didn't give a damn if anyone heard her.

Behind her, Orrin moaned and grunted in time with his thrusts. He gripped her hips, using her as leverage to pound into her harder. The mattress shook with the force of their fucking.

Footsteps paused outside the room. "Everything okay in there?"

"Roy, fuck off," Orrin muttered.

The realization that someone stood just outside hit Rachel like cold water. Although the physical reactions in her body continued, her brain switched on again and she tried to muffle herself. *What's Roy going to think of me?*

Her face warmed and she burrowed into the mattress, trying to hide herself.

"Just checking in." Roy laughed. "Sounds like you two are having a great time in there."

"Oh, we are." Orrin reached under Rachel and fingered her clit. She shivered and moaned for him to stop, but not loudly enough for him to hear. "I'm fucking her with my socks on."

She looked over her shoulder at Orrin, who seemed amused by the situation. Grinning, he continued thrusting into her without missing a beat. Rachel found no humor in the situation. Nothing like coitus interruptus.

Though actually Roy hadn't interrupted anything. Orrin was still fucking her. And her pussy still wanted it even if her brain wished he would stop.

"Boy, you still wearing those fucking socks?" Roy demanded.

"I always wear my socks," Orrin said proudly.

"I'm telling you, you'd better take off those socks!"

Rachel shook her head. Despite her mortification at being caught this way, she couldn't help laughing. And honestly, who cared if Roy had heard them? Sex with other people around, or even watching, was the whole point of a house party. She and Orrin

weren't doing anything at all out of line or unexpected. People showed up here to fuck, and of course they'd overhear one another in a space like this.

She had to be honest enough with herself to admit that knowing her cries had attracted Roy's attention turned her on even more, electrifying her. Proving the point, her cunt clenched around Orrin's cock, and he groaned.

"Did you take those damn socks off?" Roy sounded scandalized. "You don't fuck with your socks on!"

She didn't know whether his words or the tone did it, but Roy's comment struck Rachel so funny she completely lost it. Laughing so hard she could barely breathe, she buried her face in the sheet again.

"Keep making her laugh," Orrin said. "It's making her shake in a very appealing way."

"She isn't supposed to be appealing when your socks are on!"

Rachel laughed so hard tears came to her eyes. The whole thing had become completely ludicrous. There she was, kneeling on a mattress in a house party "semi-private" room with her lover's cock driving in and out of her—because during the entire exchange, Orrin hadn't missed a stroke—and meanwhile, a man she'd just met stood right outside a thin curtain, laughing and complaining about Orrin's socks.

"She appeals to me no matter what I have on." Orrin fingered Rachel's clit again and her pussy clenched. "And I'm fucking her with my socks on."

"You'd better take those socks off, boy, or I'm going to come in there and fuck her myself!"

Startled, Rachel whirled her head around to stare at Orrin. He shook his head, though his smile said he didn't mind the idea in the least. "He won't," he whispered. "He's just goofing around. Unless you want to take him seriously."

As if she'd even consider sex with a stranger. Orrin knew her better than that. That was her brain's reaction, at least. Her body seemed to like the idea. More moisture

added to what had already collected between her legs and she pushed herself back against Orrin without even realizing what she was doing.

“Oh you do like that idea.” Orrin smacked her ass. “Naughty slut, aren’t you?”

She’d learned not to cringe when Orrin called her that. According to him, a slut was just a woman who liked sex. Nothing wrong with that at all. She did like fucking, now that she allowed herself to enjoy it. Now that she had a man who wanted her to like it, who could barely keep his hands off her no matter where they went.

“Did he take off the socks yet, Rachel?” Roy demanded through the curtain.

Did he want an invitation to see for himself? An impulse hit, and for once she didn’t give herself time to think her way out of following it. “No,” she called back. “I think you’d better get in here.”

Orrin’s eyes widened. “Are you sure?” he whispered.

She shook her head. She wouldn’t actually have sex with Roy, but –

She had no time to figure out what she would do. The curtain moved and Roy strode in. He stood at the foot of the mattress, eyes gleaming with lust as he watched Orrin continue pumping in and out of Rachel. She shivered under the intensity of his gaze. Roy wanted her, or maybe he just wanted to screw whoever would let him. She gave him a lazy smile and again pushed back onto Orrin’s cock.

“That would be so hot if he didn’t have those socks,” Roy murmured.

“Shut up about the socks,” Rachel ordered. “If you’re going to watch, you might as well enjoy yourself.” He looked confused and she pantomimed jerking off. “Play with yourself while you watch us.”

“Fucking hell, Rachel, I would never have expected this from you.” Orrin grinned. “You heard the lady, Roy. Whip it out and jerk it off.”

Roy unzipped his jeans. His cock, thicker than Orrin’s but not as long, stood nearly straight out from his body. He gripped it firmly. “You have one gorgeous woman there.”

“Yes. I. Do.” Orrin punctuated each word with a thrust so hard it almost hurt. Rachel cried out in mingled pleasure and pain, not looking away from Roy. “She’s hot as hell.”

She felt hot as hell with Roy watching them. He seemed transfixed by the sight of Orrin’s cock moving in and out of her, by her breasts hanging down, nipples barely brushing the sheet. She closed her eyes and moaned. Maybe she had more of an exhibitionist streak than she’d thought. She had the full attention of two men. Somehow, knowing that only one of them was allowed to touch her made it even better.

Power. She had power over Roy because he could only watch her being taken, possessed, pleased, and he couldn’t touch, but it seemed he couldn’t look away either. Maybe that was naughty of her. Poor man, watching his own live porn show and unable to participate. A smile played over her lips. She wasn’t cruel, but damn, she enjoyed knowing that someone found her so enticing he had to watch.

Orrin ran his hand over her ass then swatted her again. “Open your eyes. You wanted to be watched, so watch him too.”

Her body tingled with excitement. She propped herself on her arms, raising her head from the mattress so she would have a better view of Roy, and opened her eyes. His expression hadn’t changed a bit. Although he stroked himself, he did so absentmindedly, as if what was happening on the mattress distracted him from his own pleasure. He stared directly at Rachel. “Should I come for you?”

“That’s my job.” Orrin began to thrust harder, pounding into her so forcefully her arms wouldn’t hold her up anymore. She let her face fall back to the sheet and cried out as another orgasm built inside her. *Fuck!*

With both hands, Orrin gripped her hips, using them as leverage to slam himself against her. He pushed his cock more deeply inside her, touching the spot that always sent her into flames. Her cunt contracted and her hips bucked, and she knew she was going over the edge.

Her hands clutched at the sheet as the climax spiked. She forced herself to keep looking at Roy, meeting his gaze with her own. He should watch her come, see that look on her face that until now, only Orrin had ever seen, since her former husband had never brought her to orgasm. Another thing she owed Orrin thanks for. Until she'd met him, she'd wondered whether she'd ever be able to come, and now it took the merest touch from him to send her spiraling.

She breathed loudly, whimpers and cries escaping her. Her cunt was enflamed from the ecstasy Orrin brought her. He held her so tightly she could barely move, and she didn't care. The control he had over her now only added to the pleasure. Knowing she was trapped there, impaled on his hard cock until he finished, she shouted a barely coherent, "Fuck me!"

"He is," Roy said softly. "Oh baby, is he ever fucking you." He stroked himself harder. "I wish you'd wrap those sweet lips around my dick while he fucks you. I'd love to be in your mouth right now."

Her mouth watered as she imagined the texture of one man's cock against her tongue while another man fucked her. She'd fantasized about exactly that, and here was a chance for the reality.

She didn't know whether she was ready to take that step. Seeking guidance, or maybe approval, she looked over her shoulder at Orrin.

"It's up to you." Orrin stilled, remaining inside her. "You know I won't have a problem with you giving him head, Rachel, if you want. But don't do it just because Roy wants his dick sucked and I'd love to watch. Do what you want to do."

No, he wouldn't mind. He'd told her he fantasized about watching her with another man, or another woman for that matter. Orrin didn't have many inhibitions and had no issues with group sex. The only thing stopping her was herself.

Not this time. "Roy, get over here."

With a triumphant smile, he knelt on the bed beside her head. Orrin withdrew from her. "Let him in front of you," he said before she protested. "Then we'll start up again. Better watch out, though, Roy. Sometimes she bites when she comes."

"I'll be careful," Rachel promised.

"Just don't bite it off, and it's all good," Roy replied, licking his lips.

Rachel backed up a bit, leaving space between herself and the head of the mattress. Roy moved in front of her, rocking back on his heels. She took his cock in one hand, sliding her mouth over its tip, tasting a tiny drop of precum that had collected there. He moaned and she looked up at him from under her eyelashes to see his eyes rolling back. "Damn, that feels good."

Orrin slid slowly back into her cunt. Without thinking, Rachel clenched her muscles around him, welcoming him back. She slid her lips down Roy's shaft and pushed back against Orrin as he began to fuck her again, not as hard as before. The slower thrusts brought her almost immediately back to the edge.

She wouldn't last much longer, she knew that. It didn't matter. Orrin would keep fucking her and she would suck Roy through her climax.

Two men. Holy shit! She'd never believed she would do anything like this. Nor that she'd be able to handle two at once. Both men seemed pretty happy with what she was doing, though, and hearing their gasps and sighs sent a rush of power through her. She couldn't believe she'd never allowed herself this much pleasure before.

As long as Orrin was okay with it, this damn sure wouldn't be the last time.

She sucked Roy hard, stroking the base of his cock with her hand. Orrin reached beneath her again and rubbed her clit. Fire built inside her. The friction of Orrin's cock in her wet pussy, the taste of Roy in her mouth, both pushed her closer to the edge.

Her body trembled. Her walls tightened, squeezing Orrin's shaft so hard he groaned. "I'm going to come, Rachel."

"With your fucking socks on," Roy grumbled.

Rachel slapped Roy's leg and grazed his cock lightly with her teeth. He chuckled.

Orrin pressed his finger harder against her clit and Rachel lost all control. She erupted, shouting around Roy's cock. The contractions in her pussy went all the way through her, shaking her, bucking her against Orrin. He grunted and convulsed against her as his own orgasm hit.

That only sent her spiraling higher. Her skin tingled and she gasped for breath. The pleasure rushed through her body, stronger than anything she'd ever felt, and she swore she lost consciousness for a moment.

Roy caressed her hair. "You can stop," he murmured. "That was amazing."

She swallowed hard and looked up at him. "You didn't come," she said, speaking around his cock.

"I don't. Not from oral."

Orrin laid his cheek against her back. "God, Rachel, I can't believe you. You're incredible, you know that? Fucking me, sucking him... I can't believe you actually went through with it."

She gave Roy's cock one final lick and pulled away from him. Slowly, she rolled to her side, taking Orrin with her. "Neither can I." She breathed heavily as an aftershock sent another contraction through her pussy. "But I want to do it again sometime."

Orrin kissed her hip. "I wouldn't mind that at all."

"Neither would I," Roy said. "As long as next time, he doesn't wear those fucking socks."

About the Author

Karenn Colcroft is a mother, wife, and former teacher who began writing romance and erotic romance in 2006 and hasn't stopped since. She is multi-published in the romance genre and also is published in other genres under a different name. In her spare time... Oh, wait. Karenn has no spare time! She lives in the northeastern United States with her two daughters, her real-life romance hero husband and two cats, one of whom occasionally tries to help her type.

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