

Beautiful Trouble Publishing

THIRTEEN

*A Special
Occasion*

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To the beautiful and special publishers of
Beautiful Trouble Publishing who gave me a
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Chapter One

Clayton Marshall's first memorable gift to his wife that special morning was a wake up kiss sweetly planted between her legs. She was on her back and he'd carefully drawn down the silken sheets to reveal her in all her naked glory. For a moment, he'd had to pause, the sight of her leaving him breathless. Her rich brown skin had a hint of cherry wood polish to it, making him yearn to stroke it. Most inviting of all were her nipples, which were large and dark, asking him to suck and toy with them.

It's not about you today, he reminded himself, and dropped his eyes on down. *It's all about her*. He set his mahogany hands on her strong thighs, caressing them until her thick eyelashes fluttered and she hummed. She moved, cat-like, sleepily opening up, giving him dreamy permission. Inhaling that fragrance that always made him warm and dizzy, he dipped down to that triangle of curls and parted the folds of her pussy with a slow lick of his tongue.

Regina's legs twitched and she released a moan. That was Clayton's cue to wrap his arms about her thighs and get in deep. He took another taste of her, getting a wet welling of her delightful flavor, all

molasses and salt. She uttered a small shout, and her ample hips thrust up to meet him. Her brown breasts undulated. More honey spilled out of her, wetting her thighs and dripping downward.

God he loved doing this. Loved her. Regina, his wife, his queen. Morning sunlight illuminated the purple rose of her folds, a royal and beautiful sight. Her fragrance was rich and intoxicating, making it difficult for him to hold back. But he took it slow, tickling her thighs with his teeth as he patiently stroked and parted and laved those soft, silken lips.

It wasn't long before her cries grew louder and she was writhing in his grasp. Her heavy thighs gripped him and he rolled that hard, swollen little pearl with his tongue as she jerked and shouted with pleasure.

He held onto her, loving the shudder running through her body, savoring the gush of slick, warm juices flowing over his tongue. Shutting his eyes, he experienced her orgasm with her. When she finally relaxed, too soon for Clayton, and released him from her dark, warm world, he lifted his head and grinned at her even as she, panting for breath, smiled at him.

“Happy Birthday, baby,” he wished her.

They showered together, soaping each other up in intimate places, using the hand spray to rinse. He dried her off and she rubbed the towel over the spots

he'd missed on himself. Both in plush bathrobes, they made breakfast. He would've made it for her, but Regina was never one to sit still. She let him cook up the sausages, while she cut up some fresh mango and strawberries.

They took everything out to the patio table. It was blissfully quiet in their enclosed garden with the quiet, modern art scenery of craggy red desert mountains and brush stretching beyond. The Nevada sun was hot but not baking, and the smell of cactus flowers floated on the dry air.

"My lady," Clayton said, as he drew back her chair to seat her.

"Thank you, kind sir." His Regina had the most beautiful smile. Her high cheekbones lifted and her thick lashes dropping flirtatiously over eyes almond in shape and color. Clayton sighed. They were going on six years of marriage and he still felt like he could stare at her all day long. *Would she like her birthday gift?* He suddenly wondered, his stomach flipping.

He cleared his throat and started to butter his corn muffin. "I've a few other surprises for you today."

"I'm sure you do." She took a sip of coffee. She sounded nervous and Clayton had to anxiously remind himself that she hadn't objected to the idea.

Clayton had dropped several hints about what he'd been thinking of getting her so he was sure she

had to suspect what it might be. That was a good thing as he didn't want to blindside her.

"The first thing I've arranged is a spa day for you. Hair, manicure, pedicure, the works."

Regina smirked. "You want me all gussied up for tonight, is that it?" Her tone was playful, but Clayton felt his gut twist again. He wanted this to be for her, but he had wondered from the beginning if it was as much, if not more, for him.

"It is a special occasion," he murmured, and tried to concentrate on his breakfast.

"So what's he getting you, girl?" Martha, Regina's regular manicurist, asked.

"Something...in white I think," Regina demurred.

"Diamonds?" Martha breathed excitedly and flashed her rhinestone-studded nails.

"He should get you some sort of help around that big house," said Donna from the chair beside her.

"We have a weekly cleaning crew. That's all we need." Regina rolled her eyes.

Donna was the sort who felt big homes should be filled up with servants. Regina could never figure out

why. Perhaps it was so the servants could boast to other servants about their employer's wealth.

"You're so lucky," Martha went on. "I've never seen a man who treated a woman like Clayton treats you. I swear he searches for occasions to spoil you with crazy gifts. One day I expect to see you in here getting prettied up because it's the anniversary of your first date and he's taking you to Tokyo for karaoke night!"

Those in range laughed and chimed in. "In honor of the day they finally did the deed, he'll take her down in a submarine so they can do it at the bottom of the ocean!"

"He'll get her a g-string of rubies, diamonds and sapphires for Flag Day," someone else chimed in.

Regina laughed along. They were too right. Clayton was one of a kind. It was something she loved and adored about him. Other husbands might fantasize about getting their wives extravagant gifts, but Clayton got them for her. The problem was, Regina didn't know how to feel about that this time around. She couldn't deny that what he'd planned excited her. She also couldn't deny that it worried her.

It had all come about a few months back. They'd been reading in bed together, and she'd seen a certain article that had piqued her curiosity. And when she

was being honest with herself, she admitted that it had aroused her.

“Do you ever have sexual fantasies of watching me with someone else?” she’d asked Clayton. She hadn’t really planned on saying it. The words had just popped out. Talk about a Freudian slip. As Clayton lowered his book, she’d felt her face go hot with embarrassment.

“Come again?”

She tried to keep her tone light and carefree. “There’s an article here about men and women who fantasize about seeing their lover making love to someone else. Apparently...apparently a lot of men want to see their wives having sex with someone else—other women, mostly. No surprise there. But there are also men who want to see their wives with another man. I don’t get that,” she added quickly and watched his face to see if she’d made him uncomfortable.

Clayton had never been the jealous sort. In fact, he’d always seemed to enjoy it when other men eyed her with admiration.

“Watch you making love to another man?” he echoed, his gaze drifting off. That’s when she noticed a stirring under the sheets. He was getting an erection.

My God, she thought with a flush and a wicked flicker of glee, *the idea turns him on!*

“Uh,” he murmured putting the open book over his very evident hard-on. “I guess...I guess it kind of excites me.”

“I guess so.” Regina grinned, and leaned in to kiss him on the cheek.

He cleared his throat. “Have you ever...ever wanted to make love to another man?”

Regina slipped her hand down under the covers, finding his muscled thigh, the tight curls at his groin, and finally his warm, pulsing cock. Languidly, she stroked it, loving its silky texture. “Lover, you’re all the man I’ve ever wanted.”

“Well, yeah, of course, but wasn’t there some sort of man you maybe wanted to make love to that you never got around to? Some fantasy man? Besides me, I mean.”

It came to her then, something she hadn’t thought about for years, certainly not since her marriage. Her hand, which had been stroking up and down his cock, froze. A wave of guilt came over her and she found herself looking away.

“There is a fantasy man!” Clayton fairly crowed, and she turned away even more. “Sweetheart? You don’t have to be embarrassed or worried about hurting my feelings. It’s just a fantasy.”

Just a fantasy. Yes. People fantasized about all sorts of things and never acted on them. Still...

“Baby?” Clayton’s voice was tinged with worry now. “What is it?”

She couldn’t say it aloud. Moving up on her knees, she’d tucked her head into his shoulder and whispered it into his ear.

He didn’t say a word. At first she thought he was disturbed. Then she feared that he was angry. Her stomach had churned.

“It’s just a fantasy,” she’d added meekly. Regina was beginning to feel terrible about it. She was sorry she’d told him. It was as if she’d admitted to having an affair.

“No,” he said, abruptly turning and hugging her. She was relieved to see that he was more perturbed than angry. Confused. “No, no, that’s not it. I just—you had other boyfriends before me.”

“Well, yes, but I lived in a black neighborhood and I went to a black college and all.”

She saw the light go on in his eyes then, and knew he was remembering how they’d met at one of the oldest black colleges in the North. It had been long integrated, of course, but the student body was still seventy-five percent black.

“Well,” he said then, “maybe we’ll get you what you want for your birthday.”

They’d laughed about it and she’d thought that was the end of it until he’d mentioned it several times.

Regina couldn't forget his arousal at the idea, nor could she deny her own excitement. Making it real, however, worried her. She'd felt that uncertainty this morning as her fingers had trembled while she'd knotted Clayton's tie.

Regina loved Clayton so much. He had such a warm heart, such a generous soul. To her, everything about him was wonderful; handsome, too, those deep dark eyes of his, and his broad shoulders. Not even the fact that he was a bit soft about the middle detracted from his sexiness.

Finishing with his tie, she'd put her arms around his neck and tilted her head back for one of his marvelous kisses, which were usually hot and lingering. Not for the first time, she'd wondered why she'd ever mentioned her fantasy to him. He really was all she wanted or needed.

As Martha finished up a second coat on her nails, she thought on this. No fantasy or secret desire, she decided, was worth risking her marriage.

Chapter Two

“Earth to Clayton!”

Clayton heard the words and saw a hand flash before his eyes. Hal, who headed accounts, was trying to get his attention.

“Sorry,” he sighed and leaned back in his office chair.

“That’s the third time you’ve zoned out on me,” Hal complained. “What’s with you, boss?”

“It’s Regina’s birthday. I’m trying to make this one special.”

“What else is new?” Hal snorted. “Come on, help me with these figures.” He tapped at the computer screen.

Clayton sighed and tried to focus. It was hard, as his mind kept drifting to what might or might not happen tonight.

Regina’s fantasy—the one she was so shy about she’d had to whisper it in his ear even though they’d been alone in bed together—had captured and aroused him like no other fantasy. Really aroused him. They’d be in the middle of lovemaking, and he’d suddenly envision Regina with another man. Instead of stirring his jealousy, his already stiff dick would get harder and

he'd pound into her until she howled in orgasmic pleasure. His own explosions had been so fierce, jetting cum so deeply into her that he'd almost blacked out.

Clayton had never realized how much of a voyeur he was, though not in the traditional sense. It was only Regina he wanted to watch. Ever since she'd mentioned it, he'd felt a fierce desire to see it, and hadn't been able to stop discussing it with her. If she'd shown even a hint of dismay, he'd have stopped. He didn't want to rush into anything, but she seemed as eager as he to give it a try.

Yet even now he was unsure. It was one thing to imagine it and talk about it. But to really do it, that was something else altogether. What if it ended up frightening her or making her feel ashamed?

"Earth to Clayton!" Hal practically smacked him across the head.

"Sorry, sorry man, I just can't keep my mind on this stuff today."

"Maybe you should take a break." Hal was looking worried.

"Yeah, maybe," Clayton said, watching Hal pick up his documents and head out. Hal was one of those athletic white guys addicted to the gym and the club scene and at one point, Clayton had actually considered him. After thinking it over, however, he'd

realized that asking Hal would only lead to nightmarish complications. Better to go with a professional and a stranger.

That's when he'd turned to his old friend, Zeb. In their youth, Clayton and Zeb had looked and acted enough alike that people thought them brothers. They'd both moved to Nevada where they'd started successful businesses. Those businesses, however, were very different. Clayton had gone into commercial real estate. Zeb, on the other hand, had started an escort service.

"This ain't your old time pimping," Zeb had remarked when Clayton came to see him. "We're a legitimate and well run company—health insurance, retirement benefits, the works. So, what are you looking for?"

"It's not for me," Clayton had cleared his throat. "It's for Regina."

Zeb's eyes had widened, but he hadn't missed a beat. "Good for you. Man or woman?"

"Um, a guy. You've got guys, right?"

"Not many." Zeb laced his fingers over his belly. "Most requests for studs are from gay males and since there are other businesses that cater to that market, I stay out of it. I do have some hetero stallions in the stable for an occasional cougar or bi-sexual scene, however. That what you after?"

Clayton had gulped. “Um, yeah—I guess so.”

“Particulars?”

“I-I don’t know. I’ve never arranged for anything like this before.” He paused and lowered his voice before continuing. “I do know one thing that we want for sure...”

He’d explained. Zeb had frowned and shrugged as if he didn’t understand why this request was so delicate. That surprised Clayton. He’d felt sure Zeb would give him flack about it.

“Okay,” Zeb said, “That’s fine. But I need a little more information.”

“More? Like what?”

His friend rolled his eyes. “How do you want this to play out for a start? Here, let me show you a few scenarios. These folk knew they were being taped by the way, and agreed to it. In case you’re wondering.”

Clayton watched with some embarrassment as Zeb turned the laptop on and showed him a video featuring a young, white escort face-fucking an Asian woman while her husband, dressed in a business suit, sat and placidly watched.

“You like that bitch?” The young man demanded, *“Suck it harder. Harder!”*

Clayton had felt his jaw go hard. He enjoyed his share of porn, and he’d gotten off now and then on a

rough and dirty scene, but imagining anyone treating Regina like that enraged him.

“I’d beat the shit out of any guy who talked to my wife like that!” he snapped.

“I can give you that, too, if you want to be involved,” Zeb loaded up another video.

“I’m gonna rape your ass!” a beefy, white escort screamed as he tore off the underwear of the woman on the film.

“Like fuck you will!” a man yelled out. The Latino man who charged into the room was scrawny by comparison, but he struck the heavier man right in his face.

Clayton jerked back in his seat and watched, appalled, as the thinner fellow hit the larger one several times—really hit him, beating him to the ground and then kicking him in the gut.

“You want my pussy?” the woman snarled as she jumped to her feet. *“You can eat it!”*

Dropping to her knees over the big man’s bleeding face she pushed her crotch over his nose and mouth.

“Eat it you fuck!” the scrawny man commanded, even as the large fellow began to lick at her.

“Stop!” Clayton shouted and Zeb hit the pause button. “That was a real fight. He was bleeding!”

“It’s what the client wanted,” his friend answered, not seeming at all perturbed, “and the escort was paid for it. Like a boxer, he knew he was going to get hit and he likes it. The sex is a hundred percent better if the sex-workers get off on it, too.”

“Anyone who’s going to touch Regina is going to do so with respect,” Clayton emphasized, “Beginning to end, he’d better respect her!”

Zeb blinked, leaned back and chewed thoughtfully on his lip. “Of course—of course—respectful of her, of you and your marriage, that about right?”

“Damn right!” Clayton huffed. “And good in bed, too—the best.”

“I think I might have just the man for you. Yeah. I think you’ll like him a lot. When would you want him?”

They’d worked out the details from there. Clayton was surprised at just how meticulous Zeb was in asking questions about Regina’s tastes and preferences and filling them out on a nameless questionnaire. By the end of it, Clayton’s face had gone several shades darker with embarrassment and he was wondering if going through all this was worth it. Whatever hesitation he may have had however, his cock had none, even as they talked about it, he felt it coming to attention and tried to hide it.

Leaning back in his office chair now, he gazed out the window at the skyscrapers gleaming in the desert sun. He was nervous. He was excited. He was also a little bit worried. God, please, let this be what Regina wanted.

Clayton managed to put aside all nervousness and thoughts of the birthday present through most of the evening. Regina looked stunning enough to keep him distracted: her straightened hair—cut and styled in a sixties *Supreme* fashion, her lush figure perfectly accented by a silver, Grecian-tunic style dress with sparkling buckles.

She's like a princess, Clayton thought, as he helped her into the car. It was one of his favorite things to do, helping her in and out of the car. Particularly on nights like this when a new gown had her moving in alluring ways, offering him glimpses of her shapely thigh. He enjoyed, as well, having her all to himself on the quiet drive through the desert, just the two of them beneath a wide, starry sky.

They dined at their favorite restaurant, at their usual table overlooking the fountains. They shared bites of shrimp ceviche appetizer, and then feasted on Caesar salad and the restaurant's aged, grilled steaks

while savoring a bottle of French wine. Their dessert, a rich caramel-pecan bread pudding made especially for them by the pastry chef, came with a candle in it for the birthday girl. The waiters sang and through it all, Regina flashed her beautiful smile.

It was just like all the other times they'd celebrated her birthday and for a while they put from their minds the event that would make it different. It wasn't until the ride home that it came back to them. Regina opened the visor mirror and fussed with her hair and Clayton wiped his damp palms on his trousers, lest they slip off the wheel. Neither one of them could look the other in the eye.

"Do you want a drink?" Clayton asked her once they were back at home. He was already over at the liquor cabinet, pouring himself a scotch on the rocks.

"No," she murmured, pacing the living room in her silver sandals.

Clayton glanced at his watch just as the doorbell chimed startling them both. For a moment, their eyes met, and the thought they shared was one of apprehension. *Don't open it!* Clayton could almost hear Regina saying to him—could hear himself saying to her.

But that wouldn't be right—if they weren't going through with this they should at least open the door and say so. Clayton put his drink down. He walked

past Regina, who was twisting her hands, and opened the door.

The man who stood there looked to be in his mid-twenties, equal in height to Clayton but with a slender, swimmers body. Clayton had been expecting someone blindingly handsome, but the fellow looked fairly ordinary, like he might work at a department store or a bank. He had a nice smile and a relaxed manner.

He was also white—very white. His skin was milk pale, his corn-colored hair fine as silk and softly curling—and the eyes—Clayton couldn't remember ever seeing eyes such a striking shade of blue. They were as true and clear as the desert sky. They flickered nervously under Clayton's gaze, even as the smile bravely remained.

"Mr. Marshall? I'm Lane."

"Pleased to meet you," Clayton managed. It suddenly seemed silly to be frightened. The man seemed so harmless, and Zeb wouldn't do him wrong. "Won't you come in?"

"Thank you." Lane stepped in, glancing about. He wore a navy jacket over a light blue shirt and bone colored Dockers. Neat and clean and dressed up as if on an important job interview. Clayton liked that. He'd worried that Zeb might send them someone dressed black leather.

Over Lane's shoulder was a gym bag and in one hand he carried a white rose.

"Um... this is my wife, Regina," Clayton ventured. "Regina, this is Lane." She was standing very still, as if she didn't know whether to treat Lane as a guest or an intruder.

Lane paused, blinking with what looked to be honest awe. That pleased Clayton, pleased him a lot. In fact, it gave him a buzz in his pants to have this white boy struck speechless by his beautiful wife.

"Ma'am," Lane murmured, his tone so respectful he might as well have been in church.

Regina offered her hand. Lane set down the gym bag and actually bowed over it. Stepping back, he then handed her the rose.

"For you."

Regina, eyes fluttering to show off the silver shadow she was wearing, giggled and brought the rose up to her lips. Nerves, but Clayton also heard excitement in that little laugh.

"Thank you. Won't you have a seat?" Regina invited.

"Would you like a drink?" Clayton asked almost at the same time.

"Thank you very much, but I'd love to get set up if that's all right?" He glanced first at Clayton then at Regina and waited. Lane looked relaxed, but

underneath, Clayton sensed that Lane might be as nervous and excited as they were.

Clayton exchanged a look with his wife, hearing her in his mind saying “why not?” even as he thought the same.

“Go ahead.”

“Wonderful.” Lane grinned. “Which way to your master bath?”

Chapter Three

Lane vanished and Regina laid the rose aside and settled restlessly onto the couch.

“He seems...nice,” her husband ventured, and she wondered if he was reassuring her or himself. The master bath was far back from the living room and they couldn’t hear what Lane was doing.

The minutes stretched out. Clayton paced and sipped at icemelt and Regina gazed down at the rose, brushing her fingers over the petals. She was still a bit in shock. Her fantasy had just walked through the door; brought to life and made real as she’d never dreamed it would be. She was going to be made love to by a blond, blue-eyed young man, a gallant one at that.

She’d never worked out the details of her fantasy, but Lane was exactly as ordered; better, even, because he wasn’t stunningly handsome. If he’d been some chiseled Aryan, she might’ve been intimidated and called the whole thing off. Lane, however, was cute and friendly looking, and he seemed genuinely eager to please.

His easygoing demeanor didn’t keep her from feeling like she was indulging in something shameful, however. There was a reason she’d kept it from

everyone, her husband included, for so long, a reason why she'd whispered it to him: fear. Regina was worried that it might seem like she didn't like black men.

That wasn't true at all. In fact, she'd always imagined herself married to a black man, and no one but no one was ever going to take Clayton's place. The white guy of her fantasy was...an exotic extra, there to give her sexual pleasure—not to be her soul mate.

Like most such exotics, Regina had always thought that hers would remain in her dreams. Which was why she'd never given her fantasy man solid features, just white skin, blond hair, blue eyes, and an insatiable sexual appetite; yet here he was, in the flesh and in her home. She almost bit her beautifully manicured nails.

When Lane finally returned he was barefoot, sans jacket, and his sleeves were rolled up; otherwise, he seemed no different. *What?* Regina asked herself. *Did you expect him to re-appear in a glittering jockstrap?* The thought made her giggle again, which embarrassed her. She wished she could stop being so nervous.

She couldn't help noticing the golden hair on his arms, the way his blue veins could be seen threading under that white skin. He was hers to look at and touch all she liked—if they went through with this.

“So,” Clayton cleared his throat, “did you want that drink? I was just going to refresh mine.”

“Please, let me get that for you, sir.” Lane took Clayton’s glass and sniffed it. “Scotch?”

“Um, yeah.”

“I worked as a bartender for a bit,” Lane explained. “I wasn’t a very good one, I’m sorry to say, but I can pour scotch on the rocks.”

Regina admired his pert ass clearly outlined by his trousers , as Lane crossed over to the wet bar. Yum. A pale, white ass. Her nails would leave red marks across it when he fucked her. Why did that idea make her feel flushed?

Lane refilled Clayton’s glass with fresh ice and dashed in a shot. “Ma’am, what can I get you?”

“Some white wine, I guess.” Regina decided she could use it. He found the chilled chardonnay in the refrigerator and brought over the drinks. Her heartbeat intensified. In her fantasy the faceless white guy had been at her beck and call sexually, but she’d never imagined him serving them both like this. She decided that she liked it.

“Just relax, sir,” Lane said as he handed Clayton his scotch. “I’ll take care of things.”

Chewing on his lip, Clayton settled into his favorite armchair. Lane gave Regina the wine and then sunk down on his knees right there at her feet.

“I hear it’s your birthday.”

Regina almost giggled again, feeling terribly shy. She sipped at the crisp wine. Lane’s white hand touched her brown hand, nabbing her attention. White men had ogled her before, but she’d never had any admire her as intensely as Lane did now, as if she were the most beautiful woman in the world.

“It’s an honor to be your birthday present,” Lane said. “I sure hope I’ll be special enough.”

On hearing those words, Regina felt her resistance to him, to the whole idea melt away. Lane wasn’t being brash or boastful about himself or his love-making abilities. He wasn’t putting on airs, describing what he was going to do or how he was going to make her feel. Instead, he made it seem like *she* was doing him the favor—the favor of letting him show her a good time.

It was like he really was a birthday present and his only wish was to make her happy on this unique occasion. There was nothing to fear; there was only the opportunity to enjoy. She set aside the wine, and without intending to, touched his golden curls.

Regina had always been a bit shy and the young men she’d dated before meeting Clayton had been neighbors, well known and familiar. As strange as it seemed even to her, this meant that she’d never had the opportunity to touch hair like Lane’s. It was

amazing and silky-satiny-soft. The curls flipped this way and that through her fingers. She lowered her head and rubbed her cheek against that wonderful hair, and Lane bent his head to make it easier. She stroked her hand down over his face, to his shaven jaw. His skin was smooth, even his throat with its knobby Adam's apple.

Suddenly realizing what she was doing, she gulped, and glanced toward Clayton. Her husband had frozen, drink in hand. She expected to see jealous anger in his eyes, but instead she saw a fire burning in them. His eyes were so hot with desire for her that she felt a warm wetness between her thighs. If her touching Lane's hair and face had gotten Clayton that riled up, what would he feel if he saw her fucking him? The thought made her mouth go dry with excitement.

She loved sex, but most of all she loved it when Clayton got off and it looked like this would get him off more than anything ever had. So what now? It was Lane who decided that. She felt him lifting up her feet, slipping off her sandals.

Clayton was breathing shallowly. He'd expected to be turned on, but this was even hotter than he'd dreamed. It wasn't seeing his wife touch another man;

it was seeing that other man adoring his wife, surrendering to her—and yes, the fact that he was white made it even more erotic.

It seemed so right that Lane was sitting at her feet, bowing his head to let her stroke him. When he removed Regina's shoes, as if handling Cinderella's glass slippers, Clayton shivered with delight.

Lane took one of Regina's feet in his hands and began to massage it. Regina visibly relaxed and her breasts rose and fell with growing interest. He could see her hardened nipples pushing against the silvery fabric. Seeing his wife aroused made Clayton burn.

"I want you to be sure to tell me if there's anything you want done that I'm not doing, ma'am," Lane said, while kneading her heel. His eyes were downcast, and Clayton suspected that he was trying not to gawk at her breasts. They were very near to the escort, the deep cleavage and taut nipples within reach of his mouth. He'd be inhaling her perfume.

"You, too, sir," Lane added with a deferential nod to Clayton. He cleared his throat. "I want to make sure I completely satisfy."

"That's wonderful," Regina hummed as Lane switched to the other foot. Clayton could almost feel her liquefying into the cushions, the sensation of those knuckles and fingers pressing against her sole. Even as he felt this, he was also able to experience what Lane

was doing, holding his wife's feet in his hands, sensuously rubbing them.

"Oh, Lane," she moaned, "with a talent for foot massages like that, I'm surprised you haven't been snapped up."

The escort smiled. "Not yet I'm afraid, though I've had a few extravagant proposals."

"Mmmmm, like what?"

"Well, let's see, one lady wanted me to come to live in her Italian villa. Another wanted me to be the cabin boy on her yacht. A third offered to take me with her to Barbados. That's what they *said* they wanted. I'm still waiting for them to actually send for me," he chuckled.

"They're fools if they don't," Regina murmured.

"That's very nice of you to say, ma'am." Lane bent his head to rub his cheek, his forehead, and his hair over Regina's feet.

Clayton's throat went dry, especially when Lane lightly, reverently kissed her instep.

"May I undress you?" he asked Regina. "Or would you rather see me undress?"

"I—me first." Regina shivered. Lane stood up and undid the broach-like clip at her shoulder. The fabric dropped, revealing one breast.

Lane caught his breath, which startled Clayton. He hadn't forgotten that Lane was hired for the job,

but the gasp sounded genuine. The way the young man's hands trembled on the next clip, and his Adam's apple bobbed, adding to the sincerity. It was as if he'd just had a glimpse of the holy land.

Clayton recalled Zeb's words. *Sex is a hundred percent better if they get off on it, too.* The bulge in Lane's pants had grown. Evidently Zeb had been telling the truth.

Clayton had his own throbbing hard on. It had been rising to attention from the moment Regina had stroked Lane's hair. Now, as the escort revealed Regina little by little, Clayton's own dick hardened painfully and leaked. What really iced the cake was how reverent Lane was being, as if carefully removing the covering from an invaluable work of art.

This wasn't something Clayton had considered. If he was this excited and they weren't even naked yet, how was he going to hold out until the end?

Chapter Four

Lane opened up the dress with great care, as if he was working hard to do it just right. For a moment, Regina felt as if she were the birthday present. His gasp at the sight of her breast was very flattering. What excited her most, however, was having Clayton there to watch the strip tease.

Another clasp unfastened and she felt Clayton's dark eyes and Lane's light eyes on her bare nipples. The clip at the dip of her waist was undone, displaying the curve of her hip. She took a moment to remove her dangling earrings and silver hair band. Lane's hands were right there, cupped to take the items and set them on the coffee table. And then he was drawing her up off the couch even as the last clasp fell open.

The dress parted and finally dropped, with a shrug of her shoulder. Beneath it she had on only a wisp of transparent underwear, which was soaked right through. She saw the nostrils flaring on both men and knew they were captured by her fragrance. The thought of having both men wanting her made her tremble.

Dipping to one knee like a knight before a great lady, Lane peeled off her panties. Then he slowly rose,

blue eyes taking in her hourglass shape. By the time he was back up and meeting her gaze, his cheeks were suffused with a deep pink. Regina found it charming, that she had made him blush.

“Ma’am, I didn’t go far enough when I said this was an honor. I thought you were more beautiful than a queen in that gown, but now...wow.” His glance went to Clayton. “You have an incredibly beautiful wife, sir. I’d like to take her back to the bath, if that’s all right.”

Clayton swallowed down the last of his scotch and nodded once. Regina half expected Lane to escort her as if down a red carpet and was taken by surprise when white arms swept her off her feet. “Whoa!” she half cried and latched her arms about his neck. Next thing she knew he was striding with her down the hall. She wasn’t a light lady, but he carried her easily, taking care not to bump her into any walls.

Her breasts pressed against his chest, and she felt his heart beating almost as fast as her own. Lane felt warm and smelled of soap and some generic aftershave. Her breasts jostled as he moved, so that her nipples rubbed against the pressed cotton of his shirt. That aroused her almost as much as the feel of his arm under her thighs. She kept her thighs pressed tight and protective over her wet and swelling, throbbing pussy. A draft on her naked ass made her

squirm a little, imagining a man's touch on that exposed area.

Peeking over Lane's shoulder, Regina saw Clayton following. Steam rose from the water that filled their double-sized spa tub. The light was on, but dimmed to emphasize the glow of the little tea candles Lane had lit and set out. Lane lowered her gently into the glorious heat of the tub.

"Ohhhh," she moaned as the water covered her up to her chin, soothing as a warm blanket. "That's splendid."

She noticed that Lane had set up a chair nearby for Clayton. Her husband straddled it, and gazed at her floating breasts. He adored watching her in the bath.

"I've a few more surprises for you. Let's start with this." He unbuttoned his shirt, shaking it off of his shoulders. He was firm and smooth, sculpted but not ridiculously so. Actually, he could've used a bit more meat on his ribs. Lane turned his back to her and she held her breath as he undid his trousers, letting them slip off narrow hips.

His naked ass was tight and small. His legs, like his arms, were covered in golden hair that glinted in the candlelight. Regina drank him in, pleased that he was all hers for the night. Lane watched her over his shoulder, eager it seemed, to catch her reaction.

“I hope you like what you see, ma’am. I want you to feel free to touch anything, do anything you like.” He grinned. “Shall I turn around?”

She nodded and he did. There it was—what she’d seen plenty of on the internet but never up close and personal: a white man’s pink cock. It wasn’t scary big as she’d feared it might be with Lane being an escort and all. Actually, it appeared about the same size as Clayton’s. But it was strange looking to her eyes, as she was used to her husband’s dark rod.

She was pleased to see that it was alert and interested and, most surprisingly, shaved clean so she could see all. Lane let her look for a minute, then he reached for and brought over a small box. Lifting the silver top, he revealed nine chocolate truffles.

“Are those from Vosges?”

“All your favorites. Your husband got them for you...just like he got me for you.”

Damn. Clayton blinked and swallowed, amazed that he was choked up. Regina looked so sexy, beautiful, and happy as she gazed up at her birthday gift. When Lane had presented her with the truffles her eyes had lit up, but the kicker was when Lane

pointed out that both the chocolates and he were from Clayton—symbols of his love.

Clayton hadn't expected that at all. He swallowed several times as the escort sat on the edge of the tub, feeding Regina delectable bites of truffles.

"Can I ask you something?" she asked Lane.

"Anything you like, ma'am."

"What's with all the ma'ams?"

"Oh." He popped a chocolate caramel into her mouth. "That has to do with my upbringing. *Both* my parents were in the military and woe to any of us kids if we forgot to say 'sir' or 'ma'am.' I hope it doesn't bother you."

Clayton jumped in before Regina could answer, "I like it." He did. His wife deserved that sort of respect.

"I don't mind," Regina agreed, licking chocolate off her full lips so that they shone. "I just don't feel old enough to be called ma'am. But I guess I'm not a 'Miss' any longer, so, ma'am away. How did you get into this business anyway?"

"Fell into it." Lane set aside the truffles. "Ma'am if you'd lift up a bit, I could get in behind you."

"Oh, yeah," Regina said, "I would like that."

She shifted and Lane, low-hanging balls swinging, slipped in. Water sloshed as he nestled around her. Clayton had often been in that position

himself, and he could imagine Regina's warm, soft body against him. He wondered if she liked the way Lane's cock felt against her ass.

"I left the Midwest for California," Lane went on, massaging Regina's fine neck and wonderfully sleek shoulders. His white hands were stark against the cherry wood of her skin. "For Hollywood."

"You wanted to be an actor?" she murmured.

"Oh, gosh, no. All I was after was that year-round sunshine. Well," he amended a smile in his voice, "Okay, yeah, I did think there'd be glamour and movie stars. But I only wanted to see them, not be one of them."

"And did you? See them?"

"Did I ever! Movie stars and rock stars. I snagged myself a job as a personal assistant for a producer, you see."

"I've heard that personal assistants get treated like shit," Clayton put in, eyes on his wife who seemed to be dissolving. She was humming with contentment.

"You heard right," Lane's hands were beneath the water now. "My boss had lots of guests and I had to do errands for all of them, keep their schedules straight, deal with their kids even, but I was good at it, and it had its perks. I got propositioned—by men and women—but I only ever took up the women. You could say that's how I discovered my calling. My boss

was fine with my extracurricular activities until one of my ladies became his girlfriend, then he fired me.”

“Didn’t like the competition?”

Lane shrugged, as if he couldn’t understand any man being threatened by him. “There’s a surplus of paranoia in Hollywood-land, especially among big wigs like my ex-boss. I think what he was really scared of was that I might gossip to the tabloids about them, or maybe gossip about him to her. Let her in on every unflattering thing I knew.”

“Would you have?” Clayton asked, curious now.

“Of course not!” Lane looked almost insulted. “It might sound naïve or stupid, but I think you have to keep promises and confidences while doing jobs like that—like this; otherwise, there’s no respecting what you’re doing or who you are. Anyway, I took the firing as a sign that it was time to move on and since the one thing in life I love doing is making women happy, I decided to make that my full-time job. I thought it best to go someplace where I could do it legally and openly—and with health insurance thrown in.”

Regina laughed and Clayton joined her. He suspected however, that Lane’s light tone wasn’t as easy as it sounded. The tightness around the escort’s blue eyes when he mentioned his parents and boss suggested that things had been a lot harder for him than he was making out.

More than likely the people in his life had been a lot meaner; yet Lane seemed the sort of man who put disappointments behind him and moved on, ever willing to trust and ever hopeful. Hopeful of what? That was the question. Clayton was sure that Lane hadn't gone into escort work on a lark. There was something he was after, something he thought he could find by doing it. Love maybe? Self worth?

Regina had sunk lower, and her breath had quickened. Her eyelids fluttered.

"Sir?" Lane said softly, and with a tilt of his head invited him to come closer. Leaving the chair, Clayton edged near enough to see Lane's pale hands touching Regina's nipples. He gently pinched and twisted them, exactly as she liked. She threw back her head and moaned.

Lane nodded to the sweets, and Clayton felt his hands shake as he took one and fed it to his wife. She licked and sucked on his fingertips as Lane continued to toy with her breasts, making her writhe. It was the most erotic thing Clayton had ever been involved in, bar none. Regina's soft lips and tongue on his fingers while those white hands pleased her almost made Clayton come right there in his pants. His own breath was as shallow as hers, and he didn't even know he'd brought out his cock from his trousers until he felt his fist gripping it, stroking it.

“Kiss her,” Lane whispered, and Clayton bent to give Regina a long and lingering kiss, tasting chocolate on her tongue. His dick throbbed in his hand, hard and slick and wanting her, but that wasn’t the fantasy.

“Take her to the bedroom,” he told Lane.

“Yes sir,” the escort nodded his blond head, rose out of the tub and grabbed a waiting towel.

Chapter Five

The kiss belonged to Clayton, even with her eyes closed, Regina still knew it. She knew those lips, that tongue, and delighted in sharing what she was feeling with him. Lane's touch was exquisite. Information must have been passed to him by Clayton, as he knew just how she liked her nipples tweaked. His naked body pressed up against her, and his stiff dick poking at her backside excited her. The feel of those fingers over her breasts, moving up and down her sides and belly, had left her burning and breathless. She felt him leave, but she was floating in the bath, literally and figuratively and didn't mind at all.

"Ma'am?" he called a moment later.

The candlelight made everything hazy and soft. She blinked up and saw Lane, his hair a curling halo about his head. "Why don't we retire to the bedroom?" he asked while holding out a bath towel.

He helped her out and swaddled her in the towel. Arm about her waist, he rubbed her dry even as he led her to the king sized bed. Before Lane's arrival, she had worried about this, how it would feel making love to another man on the mattress she shared with

Clayton, but it didn't trouble her any longer. Clayton was sharing all this with her.

Lane swept off the towel and used it to pat himself dry. The covers were already pulled back. As Regina settled down on cool, cotton sheets, Lane got a condom packet off the nightstand.

On her side, head braced on one hand, she found herself at eye-level with Lane's crotch, staring at his smooth, heavy balls and his erect blue-veined cock. Her mouth watered.

"Wait," she said as he tore open the packet, "I want to touch it."

She saw Lane's eyes widen and his Adam's apple bob. Setting aside the condom, he eagerly climbed onto the bed, coming up onto his knees, thighs a bit apart, giving her easy access.

There it was, up close and personal: a white cock. She pushed up and started with those pink nuts, weighing them in her hand, rolling them. They were warm and still damp from the bath.

Lane shivered and moaned. "That—that feels very good, ma'am." He shut his eyes and locked his hands behind his back, as if he was worried he might lose control, or as if he was indulging in his own private fantasy.

She stroked and pulled, watching his dick get harder. The blue veins pulsed under her touch.

Clayton's cock was only rosy at the very tip and the rest dark. In comparison, Lane's cock blushed pinker and pinker up its length to a hot red. The leaking slit made that burning tip shiny. Regina swallowed, wet with desire, but also with an odd sort of guilt.

"Do you know why I wanted you, Lane?" she asked. For the first time since they started, she felt uncertain of herself.

"Y-yes ma'am," he gasped. Sweat was appearing on his forehead.

"Does it bother you?" She played her thumb over his slit and continued down along that sensitive seam. He started to pump into her hand, his tightening balls swinging. "Does it bother you that I wanted you simply because you're white?"

"N-no ma'am. Of course not." He gulped and blinked down at her. "Other women want me for my blue eyes and blond hair, why shouldn't you? I'm just your type, like your husband."

"I guess you are," Regina breathed, her thumb caressing the dome and ridge of what was a very fine cock. He was right. She'd been attracted to Clayton from the first time she'd seen him and she still thought him irresistible, so why should her attraction to Lane be any different just because he was light rather than dark?

"If my coloring is something you like," Lane huffed, "it's something you like, and boy, am I glad you do!"

Regina chuckled. "Am I what you like, then?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, you are one of my very favorite types. I think you should stop," he added, "so I can get back to concentrating on you?"

It was a question. She could say no, and he'd let her continue to toy with him, make him come even; but then she thought about Clayton. He'd want to see her being pleased, and it was her birthday. She released Lane and sunk back onto the pillows.

"How do you want me?" she asked, and again, he shivered.

"Why don't you lay on your stomach?" His voice was rough and he fumbled to open up the condom packet and get it on his engorged dick.

"You wanna look at my fine behind?" she said, coyly.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. Please. If I may?"

"Hmm. You may," she said languidly, and drew a pillow up under her head. There was a mirror embedded into the headboard as well as one topping the dresser so she could watch Lane touching her and watch her husband as well. Clayton had stripped off his clothes and was settled on the nearby loveseat with his cock in hand. Had he been stroking along with

her? Had he been imagining her hand on him as she'd pleased Lane?

She felt Lane's heat at her back as he stretched out, just as she saw his blue-veined hand caressing her dark brown skin. He stopped short of her ass before daring to send those deliciously light fingers down to the tailbone. The next stroke was torturously slow and touched the cleft of her behind, making her rise up to meet him. Then his hand vanished between her legs. Regina gasped, both by the sight and the sensation of that intimate fondling.

"Is that all right?" Lane asked. He sounded breathless, excited, but also worried.

"It's...not what I expected," Regina admitted. He was kneeling between her legs and she could see his cock was arching up inside its condom.

He bent as if to bow but instead licked her thighs and bit gently at her ass-cheeks. Then his tongue traced downwards to spots where only her husband had ever gone.

"Oh, god," she cried, as his warm mouth teased her. Her clit was pulsing, but Lane maddeningly avoided her pussy. He kissed and bit every sensitive nerve ending except the one she wanted licked and sucked. She moaned, groaned, undulated and clawed at the sheets, and then she felt a weight on the bed by

her head, and the low voice of her husband saying, "Stop."

Lane's tongue vanished, making Regina cry out for the loss, even as she opened her eyes. Clayton was there, his dick turgid and ready. Lane backed away, a drop of sweat trickled down his pale face. His cock, equally stiff, looked like it was on the defense. Regina was surprised to see it still excited, as Lane looked very worried and scared.

"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to cross any boundaries."

Regina could see Lane gulping, could practically hear his heart racing. She felt her own heart pounding as well. It ought to have been out of worry or fear, but, strangely, it was excitement. The tingle in her pussy mingled with the testosterone in the air. The testosterone was all over her. Then, to her further excitement, Clayton took her arm and flipped her onto her back.

Clayton hadn't wanted to stop things, even though he'd tensed when Lane's fingers had slipped down between Regina's thighs. *Respect*, he'd almost growled when the escort had touched her in intimate places, and Lane, as if feeling Clayton's scrutiny had

been very respectful. Lane had kissed and nipped with all the deference Regina deserved and her warm, peach aroma had filled the room along with her cries and moans of pleasure. He sensed, however, that she wasn't getting all she needed.

"Stop."

Lane jerked back, and for one moment, Clayton thought he'd gotten the typical reaction of a lone and vulnerable white man in a black man's territory. Utter terror. Then something else flitted across that pale face. Not fear, but loss, pain. Lane swallowed and looked like he was expecting to be hit, like that guy in Zeb's video.

Clayton was too focused on Regina to think long about it. He gently turned her over and her breasts swayed and settled into place. He felt her looking up at him, but he kept his gaze on Lane. The escort had his hand protectively around his stiff, rubber-covered dick.

"Lane, why don't you show my wife's pussy some love while I take care of the rest of her," Clayton said quietly.

Lane blinked at him with surprise and something like gratitude. "Yes, sir," he said, re-settling himself between Regina's legs.

Clayton settled in, his arm going over Regina's waist. "I'm here, baby," he smiled. "You just watch

your fantasy in the dresser mirror while I help him make you happy.”

And then he set his mouth to her nipple.

Chapter Six

Regina cried out and bucked her hips up as her husband gently scraped his teeth and tongue over her sensitive nipple. Lane, in the meantime, had taken hold of her thighs and was flicking his warm tongue up ringing that little bell.

She screamed, actually screamed with pleasure, and clung to Clayton's arm. He was nuzzling and lapping at her areolas, chasing after one nipple and then the other, as she writhed and her breasts swayed. For every twirl and tonguing of her nipples, there was the unexpected twirling and tonguing of her swollen clit. She'd never experienced such dual sensations before, and it was driving her crazy.

Now and then, she caught a glimpse in the mirror, her husband lost in her was hot, but Lane, sucking on her, his white ass humping up and down on the bed in desperation—that was beyond hot. These two men weren't simply into her; they were lost in her...drunk on her even and that in turn, made her drunk.

The heat was continuing to build. Sweat was trickling down from her temples, and she was gasping for breath. The moment came when Clayton's warm

mouth sucked on her breast even as Lane sucked on her clit, both of them rolling those nubs in their mouths, sending her over the edge.

Regina howled loud enough to echo off the ceiling, and her thighs clamped like a vice about Lane's head. She rose halfway off the bed, clutching at Clayton. Her whole body rocked with spasms and colors flashed behind her eyes.

Gasping she came down. Her body was still shuddering and her mind was still spinning. Clayton was looking down at her, and behind him, Lane looked up. Both of them appeared anxious.

"Honey, you want a taste of this white boy?" Clayton whispered.

Regina, still breathing hard, nodded. Lane, to her delight, blushed.

"Anything you want, ma'am"

"Get over here!" she demanded.

He maneuvered up the bed to kneel over her with hands holding onto the headboard. His pink balls were drawn tight against his body, waiting for her. As she lifted her chin to have a lick, she felt Clayton settling between her thighs, and her pussy clenched with excitement knowing what was coming.

Lane was holding to the headboard, spread and offering his fruit to Regina. It was the perfect picture. Clayton held off for a moment, watching her suck on that gloved, white cock. Too bad Lane would only get a secondary feel of Regina's clever tongue and lips. He wouldn't be able to really experience the way she could toy with a man's sensitive tip, bringing him to exquisite orgasm.

But Clayton knew how that felt, and he let himself imagine it even as he plunged his hard and naked dick into Regina's velvet warmth. She had soaked the sheets with her orgasm, and was slicker than he'd ever felt her. Pumping into her was like gliding.

Clayton's cock, starved for her, felt her familiar grip, hugging him, squeezing. He got her legs over his shoulders and pushed up so that her knees bent and knocked against Lane's ass. Sweat trickled down into his eyes and his breath quickened even as his nuts started to boil. Clayton heard his own grunts, his wife's moans, and Lane's cries. He didn't think he could go any faster, but he did.

Regina had known in her head that men had different flavors, yet they weren't like chocolate and

vanilla, related to color. Still, she let herself fantasize as she sucked on Lane that she was tasting light and dark flavors. She'd always associated Clayton's taste with a musky and rich Merlot. As she licked at Lane's balls, tasting the precum he'd dripped before gloving up, she thought of a light, citrusy Chardonnay.

In response to her ministrations, Lane clung to the headboard, gyrating. He moaned as she moved up along the blue veins of his cock to its red crown, waiting for her in its rubber like a gumdrop.

Clayton had pushed up her legs, tucking her around Lane, and she felt him penetrate her even as Lane's cock entered her throat. Her sensitive pussy began to orgasm again, making her swallow Lane deeper even as she squeezed Clayton tighter. Lost and soaring, she dug her nails into Lane's white ass, knowing she was leaving the red scratches she'd fantasized about.

She wanted to make Lane scream. As Clayton's pounding cock took her back down that rollercoaster, she sucked Lane so hard he hollered right along with Clayton. Drowning in orgasmic waves, Regina allowed herself to be carried away with them.

Clayton wanted to stay in his wife's warmth forever, but his cock, spent and shrinking back up, wasn't going to let him. The warmth remained, however, thanks to the pure happiness that he'd given her. In addition, he also felt a beam of gleeful pride because another man had acknowledged how wonderful, how amazing, and how incomparable his Regina was. He could hear Lane still panting for breath from the other side. The air around them was thick with male perspiration and Regina's rich, familiar aroma.

"Oh my fucking God," he heard Lane murmur. "That was incredible."

Heh, Clayton thought. They'd impressed the professional. Imagine that.

A while later, Clayton woke to find a blanket pulled up over both of them and Lane missing. He found the young man out in the living room, dressed and putting on his shoes.

"You going?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Lane said, and though he smiled it seemed forced. "I'd love to stay and make you breakfast, but rules are I can't unless it's in the contract."

Zeb had told Clayton that and offered him the option, but Clayton hadn't wanted his precious morning hours with Regina disrupted by a stranger.

Now he regretted that decision. It was the weirdest thing, but he wanted Lane there bringing Regina her morning coffee, feeding her strawberries, waiting on her hand and foot. In fact, it felt like Lane *should* be there doing all that. Weird.

“That’s my cab,” Lane said at the sound of a vehicle rolling up the drive. He hefted his gym bag but hesitated, his eyes glancing toward the bedroom. “I hope I was all you wanted me to be.”

Clayton snorted. Lane had been that and then some. “You were all right,” he said and walked Lane to the door.

He stood there on the porch of his castle watching the taillights of the cab vanish down the highway. Pausing, he stood and took in the desert at night with all its stars and sounds and cool air. He felt both fulfilled, proud of the night he’d given Regina, and a little stunned at all he’d experienced as well. It’d been so amazing he thought as he shut the door and returned to his wife. He could almost believe it’d been a dream if not for his wife’s discarded silver dress. He’d last seen it pooled on the living room floor, but now it was neatly, almost reverently laid out on the bedroom’s loveseat. The white rose rested on top.

Chapter Seven

“So,” Regina said over breakfast, eyes sparkling. “What special ideas do you have for our anniversary?”

It was coming up, Clayton realized. “I dunno,” he answered, sipping at his coffee. Actually, he did. He wanted a repeat of Regina’s birthday. Their sex life over these last few months had been hotter than ever since that night, both of them riding on those waves of memory. Clayton, however, wanted to relive it in more than his mind. He had a suspicion that Regina did as well, but he didn’t want to mention it just yet.

Thing was, they couldn’t return to the heights they’d reached that night with just anyone. Lane had been perfect for them, and it wouldn’t be the same without him. So before he suggested it, he needed to find out if Lane was still around. He went to work, and then took off around noon to drop in on Zeb.

“Sorry, brother,” was Zeb’s answer. “No can do. I fired him about two weeks ago.”

“Fired him?” Clayton was a little stunned. His instincts about people were usually pretty good, and he’d read Lane as honest and reliable, the sort that didn’t just enjoy the work, but took pride in doing his best. Had he been wrong? “Why?”

Zeb eyed him indulgently. “Cause I wasn’t making any money off him. Used to be his sort went over like gangbusters with the cougars, but these days there are young men who actually want to fuck older women and not just for their money, so those ladies don’t have to come to me to find romance. Then there are romantic couples like you and Regina—boy’s perfect for you two, but let’s face it, your type only want him for special occasions. Christmas and Passover, right? Which means the only way a stud like him can make me money is to fuck men or do kink. If he won’t or can’t do that, there’s no selling him. That’s just the way it is. Market forces, ya know?”

“Harsh,” Clayton said, as evenly as he could. So, Lane hadn’t done anything wrong, he was just too special.

“Yeah. But I’m real glad he was right for you. Day after that night, I asked him how it went, and he wouldn’t shut up. Kept yammering on and on about you and Regina.”

“Oh?” Clayton stiffened and his tone went cold.

“Naw, naw,” Zeb quickly assured him. “Lane has these weird ideas about keeping his evenings between him and his clients—never met a whore so discreet. But even if he had said, you think he coulda told me something I didn’t already know? All he did was gush about what fine people you were; sounded like he was

in love with you. Maybe it's a good thing he doesn't work for me any longer 'cause I swear, he'd probably offer to pay *you* for another chance at your wife and lose me my commission."

Zeb laughed at this, and Clayton, a little tardily, joined in. The laughter faded to silence.

"Hmm, I don't suppose," Clayton said into that silence, "That you might have his address?"

The place was a one-time motel that now rented out its rooms by the month. Clayton hauled himself up to the second floor and down the exterior walkway to the corner. He might have wondered if he ought to be doing this, but every time he considered forgetting about it, something in his gut rebelled. Stopping at the right door, he sucked in a breath and knocked.

"Yes?" the door opened and Lane, in boxers and a tee, peered out. It took him a moment to take in Clayton, then his eyes widened and his jaw dropped.

Clayton's own jaw fell as well. The area around Lane's right eye was purple, healing from what must have been one hell of a shiner, and there was a fading bruise covering most of his left jaw.

"Lane, what the hell happened to you?" Clayton asked.

“Mr. Marshall!” he squeaked. His cheeks turned bright pink and he actually cringed. “Um—how? I mean what? I mean, hello, hi, ah...come in, please.”

Backing out of the way, Lane opened up the door to a room with a single bed. There was an old television, a mini-fridge and a hotplate. It was surprisingly tidy, but that hardly made up for how tattered and rundown it looked. Clayton noticed taped and battered suitcases out and opened on the floor, and folded clothes waiting to be stuffed in.

“Um, forgive the look of this place,” Lane still seemed thrown. He moved a pile of bus schedules from the only chair and brought it over for Clayton. “You probably think escorts all live in penthouses given how much we cost. But the sex trade isn’t real, um, reliable.”

“Is that right?” Clayton settled in the chair, feeling strangely like he did that night when he’d sat in his living room watching Lane fetch him a drink.

The escort nervously continued. “One month you get the big paycheck the next nothing. So I’ve learned to bank away the big ones for lean times. I actually have a part-time job—regular work at a sporting goods store. It’s a good way to pay the bills.”

Not good enough, Clayton judged. Lane looked like he hadn’t had a decent meal in a while. “Is that

where you got those bruises—at the sporting goods store?”

Lane winced and flushed again, and brought up a hand to hide his purpled eye. “Ah, no sir. It was stupid, really. I’m embarrassed to have you see me like this.”

“You mean, beaten up?” Clayton growled, amazed at how angry he felt about that. It was, as if someone had abused his kid brother.

“No, I mean, it’s not what you think. Can I get you a drink? I’ve some sodas—.”

“Sit down.” Clayton waited till Lane had settled on the bed. “What happened?”

“Well, I, uh, like I said, there are dry patches in my job, and I went through one after my night with you and Mrs. Marshall. A long one, which didn’t make Zeb real happy with me. I didn’t want him to think I was too special to sell, so I asked him to give me different sorts of contracts, not just cougars and such.”

“Uh-huh.” Clayton read between the lines and knew that Zeb had told Lane he’d better take on kinkier clientele or he was out. “Go on.”

“There was this couple who wanted a non-con scene, and I was having some trouble, um, treating a woman like that. But I was managing—until the husband joined in. I kinda lost it. Totally wrong of me”

“I don’t understand.”

“Well, he stepped in because he didn’t think I was hitting,” Lane could barely say the word, “her hard enough.”

“He showed you how he wanted it done?”

“Yeah.”

“And you lost it?” Clayton winced. “Lane, I remember Zeb’s questionnaire. It was damn thorough. You had to have known exactly what they were going to want.”

“I did, believe me. I knew he’d do that and the wife would want it. That’s why the whole thing’s so absurd. The whore taking umbrage over a little S&M agreed on and paid for upfront. Could I have been more unprofessional? But he gave her a bloody nose and I—I just couldn’t let him treat her like that.”

“He give you the black eye?”

“No. That was his wife. She got up after I slugged her husband. Wicked left hook she had.”

Clayton snorted.

“The husband,” Lane went on unhappily, “got me in the jaw and the ribs. I pulled my ass out of there, and well, Zeb had a hissy fit about returning the money.”

“He fired you.”

Lane sunk his head into his hands, fingers clutching at his blond curls. “I’m so embarrassed.”

"I've seen you coming, your nuts in my wife's mouth. You think this is more embarrassing?"

Lane gave a faint laugh. "No sir. It's more stupid. I mean, I'm a failure as a gigolo. How ridiculous is that? Please don't tell Regi—Mrs. Marshall about this. I know that's stupid, too, given what I am, but she—she seemed to have a good opinion of me and I don't want to lose that."

"Speaking for her, I think her opinion of you would remain high knowing that you're a failure when it comes to hitting women, even if that's what they want." Clayton paused as a moment from their night together flashed through his mind. "Say, you didn't think I was after anything like that during our night together, did you?"

"What?" Lane jerked up in shock. "You'd never raise a hand to your wife! I knew that from the moment I stepped into your home. You'd cut off your arm before you even thought of..."

"Whoa, whoa, calm down." Clayton urged him, amusing as it was to have Lane defending him to himself. "What I meant was did you think I was going to get violent with *you*? I remember there was a minute there on the bed when you had this look on your face."

Lane blinked in confusion, then he seemed to remember and the color drained from his cheeks.

“When you stopped me you mean? It only crossed my mind for a second.” He sounded like he’d been disloyal. “And it shouldn’t have mattered anyway, if that’s what you and you wife wanted from me.”

“We didn’t—we’d never want that from anyone.”

“No, sir, I know that. Actually, what I really feared was that you’d stopped me because I’d done something wrong. Or that maybe you’d decided I wasn’t good enough for your wife.”

“If I had thought that, you wouldn’t have gotten in the door let alone into the bedroom. You were plenty special enough for Regina, Lane. Don’t doubt that.”

“Thank you. It means a lot to me to hear you say that.” He gazed down at his hands. “Mr. Marshall, are you—did you come by to...um...to arrange something?”

“Matter of fact, Regina and I have an anniversary coming up.”

He caught his breath. “Oh? Um, have I fucked up my chances? Shit. I have, haven’t I? Looking like this and all?” The escort sounded like he wanted to hide under the bed.

“I wouldn’t say that. It’s a few weeks from now. Are you even going to be around? You appear to be going somewhere.”

“Yeah.” The man’s pale blue gaze went miserably to the suitcases. “It’s time to move on.”

Meaning, Clayton translated, that Lane had run out of employment opportunities and money.

“But I—I’m sure I could find someplace to hang until the big day.”

Clayton raised his brows. “You want another chance at my wife that badly?”

He laughed a little. “I want another chance with both of you, sir,” Lane corrected. “Not that I’m interested in—I mean, I love having sex, all kinds of sex, but only with women.”

“Spit it out, Lane.”

He ran fingers through his curls. “Look, I’ve been part of scenes where a man was watching, but I never experienced anything like what I did with you two. You were so into what I was doing, it was like a circuit, like we were both making love to your wife.”

“And then we were,” Clayton murmured.

“Yes! And then we were. That was the most powerful charge I’d ever gotten from anything...and I’ve done my share of...things. I know you think I was the special ingredient in your special occasion, but as the sorta expert in these things, I think it was you. In fact, I don’t think your wife would’ve made love to me—could make love to me—without you there to make it special, and I certainly wouldn’t make love to her without you there to make her feel special.”

Clayton didn’t know what to say to that.

“If I’m going to be an anniversary present,” Lane said drawing in a breath, “I’d like to be one for both you and your wife. You—you both deserve the best.”

Am I the best? Lane’s expectant face asked, and Clayton heard it then in the tone of his voice, like a kid asking his coach for a chance to play. Lane thought himself a failure, as one of those who’d never be asked onto a team no matter how many times he hit a home run. To make matters worse, he kept running into clients who got his hopes up, who told him he was the best, then treated him as if he wasn’t. Like those ladies who had propositioned him.

Lane had laughed about them, but Clayton guessed that the young man had believed those women. Maybe he had even waited by the phone, hoping one would make good on her promise and send for him. None had, which told him that however good he’d been, he hadn’t been good enough.

Now he was waiting and hoping again. Not for any kind of permanent arrangement, he’d given up expecting that. He only wanted to know he’d done well enough to be trusted with another special occasion.

It seemed wrong that Lane should want only that. Zeb was right. The escort might have arrived at their door expecting to do his job, but by the end of the night he’d fallen in love and given them not only his best, but his heart. Was this all that Clayton could give

him in return? A little money and the assurance that he wasn't a total loser?

"Hmm. You know, I think I have more in mind for our anniversary than just a repeat of my wife's birthday."

"Oh," Lane hung his head.

"What I mean," Clayton added, "is that a one-night arrangement isn't what I'm after this time around."

"I don't understand."

Clayton leaned forward in his chair. "Why don't you finish packing your bags and I'll explain."

Chapter Eight

“I thought we were going dancing?” Regina said as Clayton turned the car towards home.

It had been a perfect anniversary; a weekend at a desert spa with all the pampering they could want, and then back into town for a magnificent dinner at a new French restaurant. Clayton had hinted about going to a special nightclub but, instead, had driven them toward home.

“I changed my mind about that,” he said bringing the car up to the front door and putting it into park. “I want to spend the rest of the evening snuggling with you.”

“And doing other things as well? Hmm?” Regina grinned and waited as Clayton came around to open the door and help her out. Tonight she wore a sparkling black dress that hugged her figure and left her shoulders bare. It had one very long zipper down the back. The thought of Clayton slowly drawing down that zipper made her shiver with excitement.

He put his arm around her while going up the stairs. The heat of his hand was fairly burning through the fabric into her waist. She couldn’t wait to feel those hands on her bare skin.

As she stepped inside, she was surprised to find the living room lights on. Hadn't they turned them off? Then she heard clinking from the wet bar. Her heart jumped and she glanced back at Clayton but he wasn't alarmed. In fact he was settling into an armchair, kicking back. A familiar blue-eyed white man with irresistibly soft, curling blond hair appeared carrying a tray with two drinks on it.

"Lane!" Regina cried out, and barely let him set down the tray before throwing herself in his arms and kissing him. He kissed and hugged her back so hard he lifted her off her feet. She felt his breath hitch and his lashes blink against her neck. *Were they damp?*

"Ma'am," he whispered, and she felt her heart melt. They'd only had one night together, but she couldn't help feeling like a missing member of their household had been restored to them. Which was ridiculous, wasn't it?

"Clayton, you shouldn't have!" she managed to say, smiling and brushing at her eyes. "You already gave me my anniversary present."

She flashed the diamond bracelet she wore, showing it to Lane.

"Lane is *our* anniversary present." Clayton grinned. "He's not just for you, Miss Selfish. Tell her, Lane."

Lane shifted, looking boyish and shy. "I'm your new personal assistant, ma'am, yours and his."

"Oh?" Regina felt her heart thump, personal assistant?

"I already put him through his paces with this anniversary weekend, having him set everything up for us," Clayton finished. "I've concluded that he was being modest when he said he was a good personal assistant. He's better than good. He's fantastic."

"Is he?" Regina turned that over in her mind. She didn't doubt that Clayton had really worked Lane and made the poor escort prove himself. Clayton liked to indulge her, but he'd never give her anything less than the very best. What she was wondering was just how personal this personal assistant was going to be. "Does that mean he's going to live here? With us?"

Her husband's proud expression faltered. "Well, yes. I mean, there's that whole empty room and bath off the kitchen. I thought—I imagined that would be all right with you." *Isn't it?* His eyes asked, worried now.

"I'll be picking up your dry cleaning tomorrow," Lane said quickly, his hands twisting together, "and re-stocking the refrigerator; and getting Mr. Marshall's car tuned up. I've got both your schedules programmed into my phone, so I can remind you of any appointments."

“It’s okay, Lane.”

“You don’t have to get out of bed in the morning. I’ll bring in your coffee, breakfast.”

She touched her manicured nails to his lips, stopping him. And then, because she couldn’t resist, she moved her fingers to his silky curls. Touching them gave her a thrill, a rising desire. They were still such a novelty. Like those anxious blue eyes. Did he really want this arrangement as much as she suddenly wanted it? Did Clayton?

“I love the idea of having a personal assistant,” she told them. “And I’m fine with the idea of Lane living here—better than fine. I was just wondering...does this new job include any unusual duties?”

“You have to ask?” Clayton murmured, even as a flush went up Lane’s neck, right to his pale cheeks.

“Anything you have in mind, ma’am?”

“Well, I’d like someone to unzip me and help me out of this dress.”

“As your new personal assistant, I’ll take care of that,” Lane said. “That way Mr. Marshall doesn’t have to get up. He can sit there and watch.”

Regina caught the flare in her husband’s eyes as Lane said that, and felt her own heart skip a beat. Turning, she allowed Lane to slowly, very slowly, take

down the zipper. Clayton shifted in his chair and she knew he was getting aroused.

She also knew Lane's blue eyes were following that zipper down, seeing the contours it revealed. She felt a delicious rise of goose-bumps as the gown parted, exposing her to both men, down to the thong she wore. Lane caught the gown before it dropped and helped her step out of it, leaving her standing with almost nothing on, and her nipples hardening.

"Anything else, ma'am?" Lane's quickened breath was stirring the short hairs on the back of her neck.

"The thong?" she said huskily, and he quickly slipped her out of that.

"Well, now I'm a little chilled," Regina said, still gazing at Clayton.

Funny, she'd been so worried and scared revealing her fantasy all those months back. She'd been so sure it was somehow wrong or silly or even offensive. Yet look what had come out of it. All three of them had discovered each other, even she and Clayton. It was like consummating a new marriage.

Lane came up close behind her, bumping her ass with his hard on. "I can warm this side of you, Ma'am. Perhaps your husband would like to take the other side."

“Damn right,” Clayton growled, stepping up. His brown eyes burned and then blazed as Lane’s white arms slipped around her and began to stroke her skin. Coming in close, Clayton bent to kiss her, and Regina found herself between the heat of the two men, loving the way their clothing rubbed over her flesh and her erect nipples. Warm hands touched her fluttering belly, moving down to her hips and on to that soft area of pleasure waiting below. She felt enfolded and secure, loved and respected.

Fingers slipped between her thighs, front and behind, both touching intimate spots. She didn’t know which belonged to Lane or Clayton. All she knew was that they made her moan and open up, and start to soar.

What a very special occasion, she thought feeling the men’s excitement match her own, but then it was always a special occasion when someone made you feel special.

And when you made them feel special as well.

****THIRTEEN****

THIRTEEN

In the Fall of 2005, Thirteen felt a desire to read some romantic erotica and went to an online website to indulge. Halfway through this indulgence, it occurred to her that she had a few erotic and romantic stories she wanted to tell. Five years, four awards—including one from a French website—and twenty-two stories later, she's still writing erotic romances. Who knew such large rewards would come from such a small indulgence? Thirteen lives in a seaside town with a cat, a strange but sexy man who says he's her husband, and a very romantic imagination.