

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

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# Pandora's Box 3

Edited by Kerri Sharp

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# Pandora's Box 3

An Anthology of Erotic Writing by Women

edited by  
Kerri Sharp

**BLACK  
LACE**

## *Introduction*

Black Lace books keep getting better. Five years into this revolutionary imprint and there's no shortage of great stories and new authors. The past year has brought a wealth of new talent to my attention. Expanding the list has meant that authors based in the US, and those who prefer to write short stories, have found an outlet for their work through us, and have provided some outstanding, fresh and innovative erotica. Due to the success of our anthologies and the *Sugar and Spice* collection of short stories, I'm looking to publish more books in this format. The short stories in this collection demonstrate how powerful and arousing concentrated fantasies can be.

We are also excited about our first non-fiction Black Lace book - *Women, Sex and Astrology*, published in June 1988 - which contains a unique erotic profile chart and allows you to discover how Venus and the asteroid Eros can work their sexual magic for you. It's like no other astrology book and is explicitly about sexual relationships. Next year we are publishing the long-awaited collection of our readers' sexual fantasies. I assure you they're hot!

I hope you enjoy reading *Pandora's Box 3*. As ever, it was a difficult but delightful task selecting the extracts from the vast backlist we can now boast. Remember: others may have imitated us, but none can equal the diversity or the perversity!

Kerri Sharp  
Black Lace Editor  
February 1998

# *Ménage*



Emma Holly

*Ménage* is a stunning debut erotic novel from talented American author Emma Holly. The writing is fresh and witty and the setting is contemporary. This extract is from the first chapter of the book, where Kate Winthrop discovers that her flatmates Sean and Joe are not all they seem. The three friends embark on a complex relationship: a kinky *ménage à trois* which pushes the boundaries of anything they've tried before. It's a warm and touching story of unconventional love in modern America.

Emma's other book for Black Lace is *Cooking Up a Storm*, which is set in a Cape Cod restaurant. Abby, the restaurant's owner, needs something to give her business a lift. The answer comes in the form of playboy-chef Storm, whose aphrodisiac menu brings people flocking to Abby's place. As in *Ménage*, Emma's characters feel like friends and, while the sex action is as hot as it can get, there is an underlying sense of warmth and humanity to the story. Emma lives in Massachusetts and has been nominated as erotic writer of the year.

## *Ménage*

ON THE NIGHT it began, I bounded up the stairs to my two-hundred-year-old colonial town house in the heart of Philadelphia. The shiny green shutters gleamed against the brick as if winking in welcome. Despite the tree-lined seclusion of Society Hill, the cacophony of rush hour sang in my ears. I loved this reminder of the city's vitality. My body hummed with its energy. My heart pounded, strong and free. My skin tingled in the brisk autumn air and under it all, like a fruit ripening for harvest, my cunt warmed at the thought of the half-read erotic novel waiting by my bed.

Masturbation first, I thought, then dinner, then TV, then to bed with my smutty book.

Back then, nothing made me happier, or homier, than a productive day at work – preferably a long one. Not only did it prove that, at thirty-three, I still had plenty of go in me; it proved I was as good a breadwinner as Tom – better, in fact, because I didn't have to be a lawyer to do it.

'First thing we do, let's get rid of all the lawyers.' Kicking off my Adidas, I tossed my keys on to the Queen Anne side table in the hall. My hair clip followed.

With a sigh of relief, I dug my fingers through my sheep-thick curls and massaged my scalp. Heaven. I flicked on the lights. Apart from its usual creaks and groans, the old house was quiet. My lodgers must be out cruising the bars on South Street.

A thrill ran through me as I imagined the picture they'd make: one dark, one fair, both gorgeous and young, both fairly reeking with erotic possibilities. The connection between Sean and Joe was palpable. I could almost smell

the sex on them, like animals in heat. Could some of that heat be for me, I wondered, or would they keep it all to themselves?

Pondering that very question, I smoothed my black riding jacket over the swell of my breasts. I loved the way the black velvet hugged my generous curves before nipping in at my waist. Paired with a snug pair of Levis, I knew the jacket bordered on obvious, but I wasn't one to hide my figure - not when I worked so hard to stay in fighting trim.

In any case, having two scrumptious young studs in the house tended to make me clothes-conscious. And body-conscious, I thought, peering up the narrow spindle-banister stairs to make certain I was alone.

No shadows moved on the landing. No Robert Cray Band growled seductively through the hall. I'd never heard Robert Cray before Sean and Joe moved in, but once I had I was hooked. That man really knew how to sing about love. I could have eaten him up just listening.

My sex melted like butter at the thought. I loved giving head, which probably kept my marriage together longer than anything else. Seventeen-year-olds simply don't do that sort of thing well.

Smirking to myself, I took the stairs two at a time.

Maybe I'd slip into Joe's room and borrow the CD. He wouldn't mind. Despite Sean's attempts to make me - and Joe, for that matter - believe he was one hundred per cent boy's boy-toy, I knew Joe was sweet on me. Sean had an early accountancy class, so every morning Joe and I ate breakfast alone. Lately I'd been coming down in my embroidered silk kimono. How he blushed if I bumped his leg under the table or bent to drag the frying pan out of the cabinet.

Of course, my derrière is one of my best features. Power walking will do that.

Anyway, most days Joe finished breakfast with a boner too big to let him stand. There he'd sit, a napkin draping his

humped-up dick, a prisoner of my erotic torment – and his own shyness. Sometimes I'd press a goodbye kiss to his clean-shaven cheek for the sheer pleasure of watching that napkin jump.

Joe made me enjoy being a woman again.

Reaching the landing, I saw he'd left his door open. I caught a whiff of soap and Aramis, the purest aphrodisiac I knew. My palms tingled with excitement. I didn't intend to snoop, merely grab the music and go. Even so, my heart skipped at the prospect of having his private space all to myself. Who knew what I might stumble across?

As though it divined my thoughts, Joe's *Phantom of the Opera* poster glowered as I sauntered to the CD player. Robert Cray's *Strong Persuader* lay on top of the stack. Joe knew I liked the album, and knew I might wander in if he played it. I suspected he played it as often as he dared. I tossed the plastic case into the air, caught it neatly, then stopped in my tracks.

Joe's jockstrap hung from his bedpost. The white pouch sagged with the memory of its burden. I knew from our breakfast sessions that he was well-hung. Oh, yes, Joe was a six-foot, hard-as-a-board, twenty-three-year-old stud.

I fingered the sweat-dampened cotton. The mouth of my sex gave a little gasp and a trickle of warmth ran out.

This was too kinky. What the hell, though. Men liked women's lingerie. Why shouldn't I be aroused by a jockstrap? I brought the cotton to my nose and sniffed the combination of good clean sweat and young man's musk. Immediately, I felt an urge to keep the thing, to sleep with it under my pillow or press it between my thighs while I stroked myself to climax.

I told myself the urge was juvenile, not to mention thievish, but I shoved the underwear in my pocket and ignored my twinge of guilt. Worse, I continued my survey of his room. I touched the military crease at the bottom of his mattress, evidence of Joe's self-disciplined nature. It was a

young man's bed, narrow, the sort a man could carry from his parents' house because he couldn't afford to buy something bigger. That bed made me think of raging, unrequited hormones, of jacking off with his big brother's *Playboy*, or waking up to sticky sheets.

God, I was crazy to even consider messing around with someone that young.

Annoyed with myself for more reasons than I could name, I turned to gaze at my reflection in the small, square mirror on the back of his door. At five foot five, I could see myself from the neck up.

Trying to be both fair and honest, I faced a smooth-skinned woman with wide blue eyes and a mop of unruly auburn curls. My fitness walking, in addition to keeping my curves where they belonged, lent me a flattering outdoor blush. My lips were generous, softly pink, and my cheekbones owed a debt to some forgotten Scandinavian ancestor. All in all, my face appeared a good deal more open than I really was. People would never guess at my reserve from looking at me. Only when I smiled would the twinkle in my eyes lead anyone to suspect I harboured secrets.

My lips curved upward. In my opinion, that grin and the mischief in it were my best features. I shouldn't have let my sense of fun become a stranger to me. I'd been burnt by my divorce, it was true, but that was no excuse for failing to take advantage of the opportunity Fate had so kindly set in my path. Joe was twenty-three, an adult. If I had any nerve at all, I'd let him know - in no uncertain terms - that I was more than ready to play.

Unfortunately, that was easier said than done. Losing my smile, I sighed and shut Joe's door behind me. The third floor called: my bedroom, my big grown-up bed, my two hundred pages of masturbation aid.

A sound halted me at the door to my room: a rhythmic rattle, like a blind flapping against the window - except the sound was too fast for that; too fast and getting faster.

‘Slow down,’ hissed a voice: Joe’s voice. ‘I think I heard someone.’

Another voice groaned something coaxing. The rattling slowed but did not stop.

My hand flattened over my pounding heart. Joe and Sean were fucking in my room. A wave of heat swept me from scalp to ankle – instant, intense arousal. I didn’t even have time to take offence. Awash in cream, my clit beat a frantic tattoo against the seam of my jeans.

My knees gave way. My hand brushed the door. The latch clicked. The door swung open an inch. Wincing, I grabbed the frame for support.

I could see them through the gap in the door. Oh, could I see them. Both men were stark naked. Joe was bent forward at the waist, his arms propped straight on my footboard. His legs were straddled wide; every muscle in his thighs and calves stood out with tension. There was no mistaking what that tension was, either – Sean was sodomising him. The force of his thrusts made the bed rattle. His tight pink buttocks clenched as he forged in and out.

What a cute rump Sean had. I’d been so distracted by Joe’s crush on me, I’d never noticed. Now I longed to kiss it, to bite it. My knuckles whitened on the door. With an effort, I forced myself to remain still.

Sean was shorter than Joe, but he looked at home on top. He caressed Joe’s hair-shadowed torso with a handful of yellow silk. Its trailing edge brushed Joe’s upthrust cock, which bobbed like a spring at the contact. Sean chuckled and repeated the tease.

Apparently, he enjoyed tormenting Joe as much as I did.

But what of it? Sean wasn’t my concern. Joe was. I turned my attention to my favourite tormentee.

Sweat spiked Joe’s straight dark hair. His face red, he grimaced – but not, I thought, with pain. As I watched, he arched his back and tipped his buttocks higher.

Accepting the offer of access, Sean gripped his shoulders and levered deeper. 'Gotta have it, don't you? Can't hardly go a day without it. Hell, if I did you every hour, you'd still want more.'

'Fuck you,' Joe responded, even as he pushed wholeheartedly into the next thrust.

Sean laughed. He nipped the apple of Joe's shoulder and rubbed his cheek across the smooth olive skin. The gesture made my insides turn over. I hadn't thought Sean capable of tenderness - or that his relationship with Joe was more than a power trip.

'Would she do this for you?' he asked. 'Would she lay you over the end of my bed and bugger you till you begged?'

*She?* I wondered. She as in me?

Joe choked out a laugh. 'That would take some doing, considering her equipment.'

Sean laughed, too, and then I really felt like an intruder.

But it was my room! Taking a quick breath for courage, I shoved the door open. The lovers froze, mid-stroke.

'Shit,' said Sean.

'Oh, my God,' said Joe.

Young Joe's face was a canvas for his emotions. I read contrition in the compression of his lips, embarrassment in his flaming cheeks. 'Kate. We didn't expect you back so early.'

'I guess not,' I said.

At the dryness of my tone, he tried to disengage. Sean wouldn't have it. His muscular arms formed a vice around Joe's waist. With a short grunt, he slung himself deeper. Joe couldn't stifle a groan of pleasure.

That groan was all the impetus I needed to step inside.

Joe's head came up. His cognac-coloured eyes darkened. That's when I knew my lodgers were here, in my room, because the chance I might walk in lent a thrill to the proceedings. But I could live with that - considering the thrill they'd given me.

Hiding a smile, I shrugged out of my jacket and hung it over a chair. One pocket bulged with Joe's stolen jockstrap. What a bad girl I was, and getting badder by the minute. Beneath my apple-red turtleneck the tips of my breasts felt cold, as if they'd been capped in steel.

Sean was the first to notice. His thrusting stuttered to a halt.

'Well, well, well. Looks like our landlady isn't miffed, after all.' He circled one finger around Joe's nipple, a tiny mirror of my own. 'Why don't you ask her if she wants to join us?' Clearly, Sean expected me to run from this challenge.

'Yes, why don't you?' I said, my voice as sultry as I could make it.

Joe's gasp sounded loud in the hush of my attic bedroom. His prick bobbed up another inch - and stayed there. Had I ever seen anyone swing so high? I stepped closer. The tip of his penis was shiny and full, plum-red, plum-shaped. I licked my lips. Joe moaned.

Behind him, Sean eyed me like a snake eyes a mongoose. He didn't pull free, though. Maybe he didn't realise I wanted him right where he was.

I circled the locked pair, savouring the sheen of sweat and the ripple of lean male muscle. They made a pretty picture, what with Sean so fair and Joe so dark. Sean's buttocks tightened as though he could feel my eyes on them. Then I reached the other side.

No one could miss how my perusal had energised Joe. His erection grazed the skin beneath his navel. I suspected it was painful. It looked good enough to eat.

He looked at me and bit his smooth lower lip. 'Do you - do you want to join us?'

'That depends on your partner,' I said. 'Were you serious about the invitation, Sean? Or testing whether I'd bite?'

'Try it and I'll bite back.' He bared his teeth. 'And I do like women - in case that's what you really want to know.'

Smug, sexy bastard. I'd deal with him later. In fact, I was looking forward to it. For now, though, Joe and his beautiful boner were my primary concern.

I gestured towards my shirt, capturing his eyes. The soft cotton clung to my tautened nipples. He stared at the little nubs. 'Would you like me to take this off?' I asked.

'W-would I?' He shook his head to clear it. 'Of course I would.'

Sean snorted. I ignored him. Grasping the hem in both hands, I pulled the shirt over my head, then shook out my auburn curls. Now I wore nothing but jeans and a lacy black push-up bra. Both men's eyes widened, visibly impressed.

See, I mentally told my ex. Some men appreciate what I've got to offer. Some men wouldn't trade me for a raft of flat-chested teenagers.

Emboldened, I ran my hands up my sides and cupped my breasts. I lifted their weight the way a man might; my nipples crested the edge of the lace. A low cry broke in Joe's throat.

'Amen,' Sean seconded. His gaze roved my chest as he used the bundled silk to draw a slow figure-of-eight on Joe's belly. I had the oddest feeling he imagined he was touching me.

Curious, I tugged the yellow cloth from his hand. When I shook it out, it turned out to be a skimpy silk teddy. It did not belong to me, but someone had sprayed my Chanel No. 19 all over it. I did not know what to make of this, or of Joe's cringe of horror.

'Whose is this?' I asked.

Joe's eyes flew open. 'I thought it was yours.'

Sean cleared his throat. He looked embarrassed. 'Um, that's what I told him. I thought he'd - well, I didn't want him to mess up your nice underwear. I have sisters. I know how women get about that stuff.'

I pressed my lips together against a laugh. 'Very considerate, Sean.'

Joe frowned – not a reaction I wanted to encourage, so I tossed the lingerie aside and shimmied out of my jeans. That got his attention, especially when I dropped to my knees and scooted under his arms between him and the footboard. I considered his rigid penis. It was long as well as thick. This was going to be a challenge, but a nice one. Knowing he watched, I circled my tongue suggestively round my lips.

‘Oh, God,’ Joe moaned.

Sean’s hands were all that held him back, all that held himself firmly lodged. Both men were panting now, caught on the hook of my suspense. A sense of incredible power sang through my veins. I let my breath wash Joe’s groin. His hips bucked forward.

‘Please, Kate, I can’t stand it. Please touch me.’

I touched him. I rubbed my face like a cat along the ‘V’ of his inner thighs. I kneaded his calves until the knots softened under my palms. I kissed the smooth thrust of his hip-bone. I speared my fingers through his lush pubic hair and then, when his breath was coming in sobs and Sean’s hands had clenched into white-knuckled fists, I opened wide and took one drawn-up testicle into my mouth.

‘Kate.’ Joe stroked my curls with a trembling hand. ‘Kate.’

I knew then that, no matter how good Sean made him feel, no one existed for Joe but me. I mouthed my way around both sides of his sac, testing his weight and fullness, smoothing the dark wire-silk hair with my tongue.

‘Ready?’ I asked, treating the root to one tiny, teasing lick.

Too breathless to answer, he yanked his other hand off the footboard and buried it in my hair. I’d almost licked my way to the head when his fingers tightened and jerked me back.

‘Wait,’ he said in a high, thin voice. ‘I need a condom.’

Sean cursed. Obviously, he’d had enough delay. ‘Don’t be such a prude. Just pull out before you come.’

‘But I’m dripping.’

He was indeed. Tiny droplets of preorgasmic fluid seeped from the eye of his prick.

'I'll take care of it,' I said, and did the honours with the stash I kept in my bedside table.

When I took Joe's cock in my mouth again, he sighed, long and liquid. I felt as if I were the kindest woman alive. This time I swallowed all I could reach, bearing down and up in a steady rhythm that had nothing to do with teasing and everything to do with relief. Sean began to thrust in time to my sucking, bumping Joe forward. Ever the gentleman, Joe braced his legs to prevent being pushed too far down my throat. He couldn't know I loved the added pressure; loved the sensation of witnessing and doing at the same time.

Too turned on to resist, I moved Sean's hands on to Joe's balls. Sean gave them a squeeze.

'Oh, yeah,' he said. 'Buddy, you are primed.'

That taken care of, I was free to see to my own pleasure. I slid my hand into my lacy panties.

Joe's cock abruptly changed angles in my mouth. He was craning around to see. Had he watched a woman masturbate before? The thought that he might not have tightened the coil of heat in my belly. Maybe he'd enjoy seeing more.

I brought my hand back to the lacy waistband. 'Would you like me to take this off?'

'Yes.' He was so breathless I could barely hear him. 'Please.'

I released him long enough to twist out of my panties, then slid two fingers between the slippery petals of my sex. Joe's tongue curled out to wet his upper lip. He swallowed. I promised myself I'd let him taste what he was hankering for before the night was out.

Then Sean broke the heated moment. 'Think we could hurry this up? I can't hold out much longer.'

'So come,' Joe said.

'I want to come with you.'

'So grit your teeth. Ah, yes.' Joe hummed with delight as I bore down towards his root. The sound drove me wild. I friggged myself faster and spread my knees as far as I could so Joe could see. He could hear, too. My fingers made a rapid, squelching sound in all that juice. Joe's shaft thrummed its approval against my palate. Under his velvety skin, he was hard enough to hammer nails. I tongued the sweet spot beneath the head. His knees threatened to buckle.

'Do that again,' he said. 'Oh, yeah. You're going to have to hold on, Sean, because I intend to make this last.' His hands stilled on my head. 'Unless you're tired?'

I laughed and sucked harder. Years of practice had given me jaws of steel. I'd last as long as he could, which - from the feel of things - wouldn't be much longer. No one could get that stiff and not be close to blasting off.

'Oh, man,' Sean complained.

'Oh, yes,' Joe praised.

Their reactions were too much for me. I had to come. With one hand gripping Joe's knee for support, I rubbed my rosy bud faster, chasing the pleasure.

Caught up in his own chase, Sean lost the last shreds of his control. 'Come on.' His belly slapped Joe's back as he went into overdrive. 'Do it, do it, I can't - I'm coming, damn you.'

My fingers slid through my excitement. I thrust the longest into my wet, summery heat, felt the muscles flutter and clutch, felt the achy sweetness spread.

But Joe beat us both. His cock jerked an instant before Sean moaned like a foghorn, an instant before my body spasmed in ecstasy. Lost to everything then, the orgasm shook me like a rag doll, jerking me from the inside out until my legs collapsed and my head thunked against the bed.

Joe immediately slipped from Sean's hold to kneel beside me.

‘Kate. Sweetheart.’ He gathered me against his body. ‘Did you hurt your head?’

‘I’m all right.’ I rubbed the sore spot, more dazed by his concern than by the thump I’d taken.

‘Poor thing,’ he murmured, rocking me.

Left without his partner, Sean stepped towards the window and turned away. The setting sun gilded the curve of his spine. He raked back his short blond hair. His shoulders sagged. A little worry tightened my throat. What if he really cared for Joe? Then a truly horrible thought brought my hand flying to my mouth. ‘Oh, God, Joe, I didn’t bite you, did I?’

He kissed the tip of my nose. ‘No, sweetheart, you let go just in time.’

With a flattering lack of effort, he scooped me off the floor and set me on my king-sized bed. Sleepy and warm, I let him remove my bra – which was the only clothing I had left. His hands passed over my breasts in gentle exploration, a strangely comforting gesture. Then he pulled the chenille coverlet up to my neck.

To my surprise, considering Sean’s possessive streak, both men settled on either side of me. Sean snuggled against my back and sighed with exhaustion. I patted the arm he draped around my waist. In all my fantasies, I’d never dreamed of seducing him.

Of course, I hadn’t really seduced him tonight. He’d just gone along. Well, more than gone along – he’d enjoyed himself. So why did I feel as if I’d stolen something from him? Why did I feel protective? Most of all, why did I wish we could do it again – not just Joe and I, but the three of us together?

Divorce rebound, I thought. You figure if one man will prop up your self-esteem, two should send it through the roof. I didn’t believe that, though. I’d caught a glimpse of the real Sean tonight, and it had struck a chord.

We had more than our lust for Joe in common.

The question was, what did I intend to do about it? Keep it light, I thought. Treat it like a game and no one will get hurt.

The object of our affections lifted the erotic novel I'd left by my bed a lifetime ago. 'Hm,' he said. One finger stroked the naked clench on the cover. 'I'm sure you sleepyheads don't need it, but I think I'll read you a bedtime story.'

The sound of furious whispers woke me, that and the circling caress of a hand on my hip: Joe's hand. Already I recognised the long fingers, the gentleness all out of proportion to his years. Or perhaps his gentleness depended on youth. Perhaps life would roughen his soft edges.

The thought disturbed me. In fact, being disturbed disturbed me.

I feigned sleep, which was not an easy task. Sean's naked front spooned my naked back and his erection nuzzled the crease of my buttocks. Lust told me to squirm closer. Curiosity told me to be quiet and listen. Curiosity won.

'What is your problem?' Sean hissed.

'She's asleep.'

'Don't worry. She'll like it.' Sean's chest was damp with excitement, his nipples pebbled and hot. Whatever 'it' was, I suspected he'd like it, too.

'But I've never done it before.'

Sean reached over me to ruffle Joe's hair. 'It's not hard. Hell of a lot easier than going down on a man.'

'What if I can't find it - and how do you know?'

'I had a life before I met you, you know. Just because I like men better doesn't mean I can't appreciate a good-looking woman.'

'But I thought - You never said -'

This was getting too private for me. 'I'm awake,' I said and laid my hand on Joe's belly. His stomach muscles jumped.

'Oh,' he said, and, 'Oh, man,' when my fingers ventured lower.

Grasping the root of his erection, I pulled slowly until the flare of his glans crossed my palm. He caught my hand before I could stroke him again.

'Behave yourself,' he said. He threw the covers off the three of us and stared at me in the moonlight. His hand trailed down the curve of my side. 'You are so beautiful.'

My skin heated under the compliment. Had anyone said those words so convincingly before?

The mattress creaked as he scooted lower on the bed. I heard the coverlet fall to the faded Turkish carpet; heard the rush of Joe's breath. Did those hastened exhalations signify anxiety or arousal? I prayed he wasn't doing something he didn't want to do. He kissed the tender skin beneath my navel, then rubbed his face across my fleece. Aside from the endearing gesture, which he repeated, he didn't seem to know where to start. My concern intensified.

'Here,' said Sean. He lifted my upper thigh and arranged it over Joe's shoulder. The scent of male sweat and female musk perfumed the air.

Joe kissed one plump lip.

When he went no further, Sean said, 'Watch.' His hand, callused from the construction work he did every summer, slid down my belly. He combed through my curls to part my labia.

He did indeed know what he was doing. His first and second fingers slid into the slick valley either side of my clitoris. Up and down he rubbed, the smooth pressure tugging skin and nerves and spreading my gathering moisture until my whole sex felt oiled. Finally he squeezed the tenderest morsel between two fingers. The tip bulged towards Joe's waiting mouth.

'See,' Sean said with a hint of triumph. 'No trouble finding that.'

'No trouble at all,' Joe agreed, and his tongue curled out to lap the delicate offering.

His touch spurred a delicious throb of sensation. I fought not to squirm. Joe licked me again through Sean's tight fingers, more firmly this time. Oh, he had a good mouth; a natural-born, pussy-loving mouth - soft, but not too soft; curious and flexible. Every nerve-jangling contact called a sound from my throat. Helpless to stop myself, I clasped his silky head and pulled him closer.

'Let go,' Joe rasped.

I stiffened but, to my relief, he meant Sean. Pushing his friend's hand aside, Joe surrounded the apex of my sex with his mouth. His lips tugged my clit while his tongue massaged it. I began to struggle, my orgasm just out of reach. He stroked the inside of my wrist with his thumb. 'Hush,' he said.

But I couldn't hush. It felt so good. I wanted to come so badly. My hips rocked into each suckling pull. Sean pushed forward, helping me, branding my backside with his cock.

Then Joe let go. 'Switch on the light,' he said.

Surprisingly obedient, Sean yanked the chain on the Tiffany lamp. Red-amber light bathed our tangled bodies. Like neon, the glow highlighted muscled arms and thighs, wide chests and soft breasts - three healthy animals rubbing against the boundaries of love.

Joe backed away to view his handiwork. His thumbs spread me wide. The sight of my glistening sex seemed to mesmerise him.

'Don't stop now,' I said, caught between laughter and frustration.

'Just a sec,' he assured me.

His head came up at something Sean was doing behind my back. 'No, man. You're too big. You'll hurt her.'

Well. That made me turn.

Sean was twisting the top off a tube of lubricant.

'I wasn't going to,' he said, all innocence. 'Besides, she's not that much smaller than you.'

He looked to me for permission, hope kindling in his face. Rather than give in at once, I measured his cock with my eyes. What he lacked in length, he more than made up for in girth. Sean cringed. If he could have made it smaller, I think he would have.

‘He’s too thick,’ Joe said.

‘But not too long,’ Sean wheedled, then sighed. ‘I suppose you’re an arse virgin.’

‘I’m afraid so,’ I admitted. ‘Nothing bigger than a finger.’

He looked so crestfallen that I assured him I wasn’t saying never. Sean had made sacrifices tonight, and had been a sport about it. He deserved to be able to play his favourite game – and who could say I wouldn’t enjoy it? Joe obviously did.

‘That’s settled then.’ Joe planted his hands on his hips. ‘Fingers only.’

‘One or two?’ Sean teased.

Joe shook his head at him, but the corners of his mouth twitched. He settled back between my legs, not so nervous this time. ‘Now.’ He parted me again and licked me once to say hello. ‘Where were we?’

Sean waited until I was squirming against Joe’s mouth to begin his probing entrance. Despite my resolve, I couldn’t help tensing. My ex had done little more than rub me there, and that only when he thought I was taking too long to come.

‘Relax.’ Sean pressed the edge of his teeth into my nape. ‘Easy now, easy.’

Joe hummed the echo of this croon while Sean pushed two lubricated fingers past the furred rosebud of my anus. Goose bumps prickled along my arms. In his fingers slid, to the first knuckle, then the second. When they hilted, he massaged me from the inside in slow, firm strokes.

The surprising burst of pleasure made me groan. He scissored his fingers apart, widening me, no doubt preparing me for the day when he would storm that fortress with his

cock. I groaned again. His unfamiliar intrusion woke a hidden set of nerves. They lit up like sparklers under his expert touch. Suddenly Joe's suckling seemed not too gentle, but almost too intense to bear.

'Good girl,' Sean praised, his voice shaky with arousal. His hips rocked mine forward, the demands of his sex too urgent to ignore.

He shifted behind me and rearranged himself. His shaft moved, practically scalding the crease of my inner thigh. With his free hand, he pressed it up against my pussy. The shape of him, the smoothness of his skin, the frantic pulsing of his veins, called down a gush of cream.

'Oh, yeah,' he said, anointing himself with the thoroughness of a connoisseur. 'Baby, you are hot.'

Joe nuzzled lower, taking a taste for himself. From the way Sean whimpered, I knew he'd received a lick, too.

'I'll get to you,' Joe promised him.

But first they got to me.

'Faster?' Sean said, increasing the stretch of his fingers.

I could only gasp.

Joe took that as a 'yes' and increased his efforts. In seconds, the first climax hit me. My neck arched, my legs stiffened. Joe reached up to squeeze my nipples between his fingers and a second drum-roll shuddered through my sex.

Feeling it, he laughed and flicked my clit with his tongue in a lightning-quick rhythm I thought Sean must have taught him. Crying out loudly enough to wake the neighbours, I ground my pussy into his face and came again.

'Cool,' said Joe, when I finally floated back to earth.

'Come here,' I said with the ragged remains of my breath.

He slid up my body and we kissed, our first kiss - hungry on his part, languorous on mine. He tasted of me and himself, a combination of sharp and sweet. To my surprise and pleasure, he kissed without coyness or hesitation. His tongue delved into my mouth as if he couldn't get enough of me, as if he wanted to pass his fever for me through the

kiss. It was catching, all right. In minutes, I was ready to take him.

Too overwhelmed to speak, I took his sex in my hand and guided him towards my gate.

He stopped me with a tiny shake of his head.

For one awful moment, I feared I'd mistaken the extent of his interest. If he didn't want vaginal sex, maybe he wasn't as bi as I'd thought.

'No,' he breathed a millimetre from my ear. 'When we're alone.'

Our eyes locked, just for a second, but long enough to shock me with the intensity of emotion that passed between us. I couldn't define the feeling. Longing was part of it, and fear, and hope. Hope was the scariest, I think.

Sean stirred behind me, breaking the spell. He reached for Joe, took his cock from my grasp and smeared it with lubricant until it glistened in the lamplight, cherrywet, cherry-red. I felt Joe's body tremble. His eyes lifted and searched mine. Focused on his own goals, Sean tugged until their shafts nestled side-by-side between my thighs.

'Press tightly,' he said, and pushed my leg down with his hand.

The pressure jammed their pricks together. Joe's slipped on my skin, on Sean's skin. Joe hesitated. His lips moved with words I never heard - an apology, I believe. Then they embraced each other around my body, kissed each other wetly beside my ear, and buffeted me with the fervour of their grease-slicked thrusts. Sean gripped Joe's buttocks so hard the indentations turned white. Joe flattened my breasts with his chest. Their grunts and gasps aroused me all over again. I could have listened all night, but neither man was in a mood to dawdle. Watching me take my pleasure had cranked them up. Now they wanted theirs, right away, and no monkey business.

They came simultaneously and so quietly I felt embarrassed for crying out.

Sean rolled away from me first, then Joe. Snuggling up to my favourite pillow, Joe promptly fell asleep.

'Thanks,' Sean mumbled from the other side of the bed. 'That was fun.' Then he was out, too.

Some things never change, I thought. Still, there was a spring in my step as I padded into the shower to wash off the night's adventure.

The water streamed over me, soothing my tired muscles. My soapy hand drifted between my legs. I'd have one last firework before sleep. As my fingers pursued the little explosion, a single refrain beat through my head: *When we're alone. When we're alone.*

*Fetish Love*



Novella Foster

*Fetish Love* is the first of our short stories. Set in that most liberated of cities, Amsterdam, it explores the fun that a girl can have with a young and pretty transvestite.

## *Fetish Love*

JANE LEANT BACK from her PC and rested her eyes by scanning the view from the floor-to-ceiling windows of her new Amsterdam office. It was a bright and sunny day; strong light swept the canals. The water, broken up by choppy breezes, lapped the canal walls as ducks and seagulls vied for scraps thrown by tourists.

Jane felt invigorated. It was a splendid location; not an anonymous office block on the outskirts of the city but an elegant eighteenth-century building on the Kaisergracht. She leant back further, her long legs shapely in sheer stockings and high-heeled shoes, her body flattered by the smart pin-striped suit she favoured for the office.

Jane was tall, five foot nine, her build athletic rather than curvaceous. Her hair was auburn, cut in a geometric bob, her features expressive, especially her grey-green eyes. She was not pretty, but she was certainly attractive. She held an air of authority and confidence that belied her comparative youth. She knew certain men found this incredibly sexy. She loved it and used it to her advantage, at work and at leisure.

'Good morning. My name is Peter Van Heek.' The voice sounded mellow, almost treacly. Jane startled out of her reverie and turned and looked into the most startling blue eyes. God, she mused, some of these Dutch men are just too gorgeous.

Jane always liked her men tall, and Peter was tall: six foot two at least, with a muscular yet rather light build. He seemed boyish really: snub-nosed, wide-mouthed, topped with a mass of blond, curly locks. I wonder if his pubes are