

Chapter One

Let me clear the air right now before we go any further. I was *not* a prostitute. As Victoria, I was a certified, trained, and educated Relationship Sex Therapist, with a psychology degree. There wasn't any radio talk show behind my work, or a secret Dear Madam newspaper column for what I did. There couldn't be. In order to know what was wrong with a couple, I had to meet with them, talk to them, listen to them. Hear their voices, understand their worries, fears and doubts. And hear what they felt their real obstacles were in the sexual department, because honestly, no two couples, if it were a couple, typically had the same problems verbatim. And on occasion, I would get naked with them, but that was a rare occurrence. I *know* the human body. More than that, I *love* the human body. Let me rephrase that. I have a *deep, unadulterated, hungry passion* for the human body.

The rough part was I was a dual persona. Clark Kent and Superman, if you will. My Clark Kent job was a library superintendent for the county. It was a standard eight to five kind of routine, overseeing three different library systems in my county. Lots of driving and paperwork. *Boooring*. The evenings though, those were a different story. I also had weekend hours to accommodate working people. The day job paid my bills. The therapy job fed my soul. I needed the therapy as much as my clients did. I just never knew it.

I'd hidden my fears, and my scars, as deep as they could go. I'd buried the real me for years and didn't have the strength to bring her back to the surface. That wasn't easy for me to admit then, either. My childhood, the hurts and pains I'd lived through didn't exist in Victoria's world. As Victoria, I ruled. And I rather liked my reign. I had respect on many levels, in two different careers. I had my own home, my own possessions.

I didn't have love. See, I had thought I didn't deserve it because of all the things I'd done. This was the beginning that changed it.

The epiphany was scary, exhilarating, shocking, terrifying even. Thankfully, by the time I got hit with that epiphany clue-by-four, there was a man in my life who was ready and willing to help me pick up the pieces. This is our story. It's also the only one I've ever wanted to write down. See, so much of what I do is of a personal nature, emotionally and physically, something like this being read out of context would see me getting sued! And we don't want that. Especially since I'm not even doing the therapy any longer, but that's for later in the story. But to protect the innocent, I'll change names.

It was actually Brad—I like that name—his wife Nancy, and their friend Cory—I'll get to him later—that gave me the incentive to write this down. It seemed fitting since their seeking me out for their problem became the catalyst behind the discovery and healing of my own problems. Problems I'd ignored, buried, and drowned into the blackest abyss of my subconsciousness. Yes, I was a therapist in desperate need of my own therapy. It wasn't so much this couple that prompted me to write this down, as the tangle of events that meeting them created. I'm very glad I did now, but in the beginning... Well, it will become apparent why I was nervous about this situation soon enough.

I met Brad and Nancy first and oh Mama! Was he sexy. She bagged herself a catch with this man for her husband, and wouldn't you know it? She was letting him rot like an old log.

Okay, that might be a bit strong, but the man obviously had frustration issues. It might seem like a trivial thing, but when a person has bottled up emotion and desires for a while, and after talking to him it came out that it had been quite a while, this lack of an outlet begins to have repercussions. Insecurity, frustration, doubt, and anger are often the most common. Just like any other relationship, communication is key. Oftentimes when it comes to sex, we just expect our partners to *know*. Last I heard E.S.P. doesn't come in a handy bottle form. He loved his wife. That I had no doubt, but he wanted new experiences. With her. And out of fear of disrupting the balance, never mentioned them. After time, she picked up on the angst, took it for withdrawal and bam! One major misunderstanding. It had now festered until his greatest fear was that he was losing his wife. Seems simple enough in hindsight, but when there's enough tiny misunderstandings, one large one is usually the result.

I'll never forget the first time I met him. He had this slow southern drawl that could make women drool at ten paces. Nothing was ever spoken in a rush, and he had a voice like a king. Dark. Imperial. Still gives me shivers when I remember. Better than dark chocolate that man was.

Okay, so back to where I was going.

After several office sessions and breakthroughs, they anticipated taking the next step. It's an option I lay on the table when necessary. They can accept or decline, but often when a couple is making this kind of breakthrough, a sense of familiarity goes a long way. And I don't represent a threat to either.

We had an appointment to meet in the hotel bar, a usual for me. I liked dark corners and quiet most of the time. I always had. The chosen hotel was also well away from any place that I would normally be recognized. The meeting place was also in public, kind of like offering a final stand to change minds if necessary. After the office conferences, we all knew what they felt their problems were, and how they wanted to address them. And how they both wanted to get past them. I didn't think either would be changing their mind tonight.

Brad impressed me quite a lot from the beginning. In more than one way. Nancy was a lot shyer about discussing her sexual desires. I've noticed that can be very common in women. As if we're supposed to be ashamed to admit we want a climax. As if we're not supposed to really *want* to be satisfied, and should take it like a gift when it does happen.

My answer to that can't be said in polite company.

So I'll express it here: Fuck that! One thing I've learned is sex is a give and receive action. I like to do both.

During the office sessions, we conversed and did light situational testing. The "How do you feel... How do you think you'd react..." type of hypothesizing. Once they got over the initial embarrassment of discussing their sex life, which is something I'm always sensitive about, they both began to describe their home life in their own words. Over the last two years, Brad had been feeling more and more insecure with Nancy. Wary, and it was affecting their lovemaking. She wasn't demanding. Quite the opposite. She was repressing and he feared it was because of something he had done and either couldn't remember or was being blamed for something he had no clue about. They visited their regular therapist once or twice a year to clear the air and nothing had ever arisen. They had one of the strongest marriages I'd ever encountered, especially considering the steps they took to keep it strong. She came across as the quiet thinker, where, given the chance, Brad was a man of action. Now he wasn't sure if the root of their dysfunction was something either of them had delved deep enough to uncover.

Thus my involvement.

Like any male, he had fantasies. He also suspected Nancy had a few too, but real life factors kept them hidden, tight in a box. With her unwilling to discuss hers, he felt trapped unable to discuss his own. It was finally getting to the point where they both needed to let out the urges, either verbally or physically, or explode. Brad felt giving his wife a safe way to explore those hidden desires would unlock the heat and passion that had been slowly fading. He hadn't counted on finding the depth of his own fantasies along the way.

He was a smart man, though. Brad knew his insecurity to speak his own desires was just as much a stumbling block. They both needed a safe way to discuss, explore, and experience.

I really felt for them by this point and after several weeks, I presented the option to them to take it a step further. The proof that I wasn't too far off the mark in diagnosing their needs became apparent when she didn't run screaming away from the ideas I had suggested for this intimate session. Nancy knew what she wanted, but had never known how to put them to voice. Nancy became stronger in our sessions and finally admitted she knew what she wanted, but was still hesitant about putting that want to practice. Safety to explore was Nancy's largest concern.

Tonight we would touch, in more than one way, on her deepest desires. I sipped my drink while I waited for the couple, doing a mental rehearsal of the ideas we had discussed.

Brad was easy to spot as soon as he entered the bar. Late forties, with a touch of gray in his dark sandy blond hair right at the temples. That distinguished "better with age" look. Strong face and hands, and a body that was freaking solid. The woman in me couldn't help but purr. The therapist kept her smile in place, relaxed as he approached. He wore a dusty-gray cowboy hat, a well tailored

suit and scrumptious cowboy boots that screamed money. He walked right up to me and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

“Thank you for being here, Victoria,” he said in that swoon-worthy voice. “You look good enough to eat.”

I smirked then buried it. That was part of the plan. “Thank you.” My dress of choice had a loose cowl off the shoulder neckline that draped low over my chest, clinging to my curves in all the right places in a rich, deep green. I knew what worked. If his gaze was any indication, it was working like a charm. His inspection had hardly gone higher than my chin since he’d first spoken.

My Manhattan drink was cool in my palm. I sipped at it, then asked about Nancy, glancing around his shoulder.

“She’s coming. She was a little nervous. Stopped at the ladies room.”

I nodded, not really surprised. “She’ll be fine. You both will be. You both know tonight’s intentions and hopefully what the discoveries will open up for you. This is a great step to strengthen your relationship. Most don’t take the time, or are too frightened of the unknown to really challenge their own insecurities.”

“It’s no secret how much I love Nancy. Two of our best friends are divorcing. I don’t want to be them. I want her to be happy.”

“Strong sex, shared sex, can bring you together,” I told him, leaning closer to keep the conversation private. “Have you searched your memories like I asked? Those first dates? The first rush? It’s still there. It’s only that familiarity and time has dulled the sensation. It’s all grown up now, but it’s still there.”

Brad was the rock in the relationship. If he was confident and secure in tonight’s journey, that would greatly reduce Nancy’s apprehension.

He smiled, a knowing smile that was as sweet as it was sensual. “Yeah. She was something else back then. Still is. I know I haven’t told her often enough.”

“That’s easy to fix. Expression is important.” It was one of the points I’d counseled them on during the office sessions. It’s selfish to assume your partner knows you and your thoughts twenty-four/seven. He nodded in agreement. I knew he understood.

The bar where we waited for Nancy was elegant, with leather and deep, smoky wood details, with hazed mirrors on two walls, and the only visible neon was the requisite retail signs behind the bar and the big one outside the front door. Calming jazz and piano played in the background. This wasn’t a drunken nightclub. It was perfect for the image and state of relaxation I wanted both of my clients to absorb.

Let’s think about this a minute. How many would love to have their partner as their personal sex dream, sex kitten, or Adonis? Able to fulfill any desire suitable to that relationship? An equal partner to the give and take, where pleasure and passion have equal footing for both? This was one of the ideas I opened up for my clients. Why shouldn’t they enjoy each other? The human body was meant to experience touch, pleasure and pain, and react to it. One of our more enlightening conversations had been on how rare that balance really was between *any*—even married—couples. It helped Brad realize that what had happened between him and Nancy was just a matter of a hurdle, and it was only finding the right way over it to make it disappear.

While their relationship was normal for them, lacking substance and reciprocal physical attention was leading them to a dangerous side of need. Especially if they didn’t know how to broach the subject with the one person who could remove the danger element.

When in a solid relationship, either should feel unfettered and able to explore anything. This was actually far more rare than most think. People clam up, fearing their own needs and the reactions they might receive, or of disturbing their partner. Or worse, the balance of the relationship. There’s a long list of excuses. Thankfully, we’d addressed a lot of those concerns already and I really felt these two were on the right path to solving their problem.

Nancy was a lovely average height platinum blonde, easy to spot as she entered from the side causeway from the hotel foyer. Two kids had given her a bit of a stomach but she worked out and took

care of herself and the family. She wasn't a weak woman. I'd also seen how proud Brad was of all she'd accomplished with her life and kids.

He slipped an arm around her when she came into range and pressed a kiss to her temple.

I leaned forward and brushed a cheek to hers in greeting. "You look lovely, Nancy. I'm glad to see you."

"Me too," she replied firmly. She glanced at her husband. "You're sure about this?"

He hugged her snug. "Completely. We need a safe place with no kids, dogs or TV to bare everything."

I hid my smirk at his pun behind my glass. I sipped then said, "I assure you, nothing will be done that you don't agree to. Just like we discussed in the office sessions, we're only putting those desires into practice. You know I have a clean bill of health, and everything we need is already in place."

Her mouth made that silent 'o' shape. She was nervous but determined. There was something on her mind that I glimpsed once or twice but she still hadn't found the courage to put it into words. Tonight would likely fix that.

"Honest. This is what I do, Nancy." I had explained to them both before they'd agreed to this step how few I actually physically helped. Sometimes it was the encouragement more than the action that did the most good. I loved getting naked, but not at the expense of a client.

She tipped her head. "I thought it sounded insane at first, but it makes more and more sense."

"You trust me, right?" I asked, without inflection.

"Absolutely!" she stated.

"That is why you can be comfortable with this. It's like learning to trust a professor. You don't, not on the first day, but by the end of the second week, you believe he might just know what he's teaching. I'm here to teach you how to unlock what you're rediscovering in each other."

"I trust her," Brad told Nancy, drawing her attention up to him. "This will be good for us. What we want from each other is individual. I love you. I don't want to lose you because one of us isn't doing or saying the right thing."

"Excellent." I praised him for being so open. "It's actually just being free, following your desires, sharing the joy in expressing it with your partner. Even something as simple as vocalizing what might be on your mind in that moment. Many are programmed to never do that, to hate saying their deepest desires when lost in passion. That could be another avenue to try to see how it feels for the both of you." I gave them both an easy smile, not rushing any part of the evening, keeping the conversation slow and relaxed. "Sex should be enjoyed on all levels, not just the physical. It's a sensual act because you bring your senses to the party. Touch, taste, sound, smell and sight. Sometimes the most arousing thing and erotic thing is nothing more than watching your partner."

"Take your relationship," I offered. "Have you tried my suggestions to use candles in the bedroom, or shared a bath with music in the background and low lights?" They glanced at each other and Nancy blushed.

"We've used the candles, but it's hard with two teenagers at home to feel sexy."

I grinned. She had me there. I didn't have kids.

"Then tonight is about taking it to the next level."

Nancy tipped in agreement, curving more into Brad's body as he stroked a slow finger over her shoulder. I brought myself closer to her. On the side of her body that was blocked from the view of onlookers, I drifted the back of my hand down her body, caressing the swell of her breast. She was tense and still a little nervous, but she was also slowly getting hot. Slowly unwinding. Sipping at her drink, her eyes locked on mine.

"A body is made to feel. The more you feel, the more you want to share that feeling. It escalates for the both of you."

"That is hot," Brad groaned, following the slow motion of my hand on her body.

"You like watching your wife, don't you, Brad?" I always reaffirm the relationship. I was an outside influence and would remain that way.

He looked at her, his heart in his eyes. "She's beautiful."

Nancy's cheeks pinked again. "It's been a while since you said so."

Her breasts rose and fell with heightened energy. The press of her nipples tipped the fabric of her blouse. It was hard not to look. Harder not to appreciate. She had a luscious body.

I finished my drink.

Time for the lesson to begin.

* * *

"Tell me the fantasy you've always wanted." I stood close to Nancy on the elevator, rising to the suite I had reserved for the evening for them. She gave me a wanton smile when I rested a hand on her lower back. I didn't remove it the entire trip upward, caressing and teasing the fabric of her blouse beneath my touch. Once or twice, I swept to caress the gentle slope of her ass. I felt her arousal heightening, flowing off her in waves. The more aroused she became, the more open she'd become to sharing.

I had ordered wine and champagne for the room. It was sitting out, breathing, or chilling and would be ready when we arrived.

"Well." She dipped her head, grinning mischievously. "He's watched me masturbate and I know how much that turns him on."

Brad groaned. Thank God the elevator stayed empty except for us. His slacks hid nothing.

"And?" I encouraged. Brad answered first.

"I've always wanted to watch her with another woman."

Typical, but easily fulfilled. "Nancy?"

The elevator doors slid open on silent runners. The hall beckoned. All three of us strolled easily toward the room. It was early evening but the low lights of the hall made it seem much later.

"How will that help us?" She was shooting lowered appraising looks at me, and I knew she was considering it.

"Fantasy is all about breathing life into your sex again. Some suggestions I've made are titillation, light bondage, and sex toys. Even something as simple as whipped cream or a body butter. Something sensory for the both of you. Just because it's more than you and him naked doesn't mean it isn't right. It's what you're both sharing and that you both enjoy it that counts. Doesn't the same coffeecake every morning get boring?"

It's one of the most simplistic comparisons you can make. An everyday norm associated to their sex life.

In answer: Hell yes it gets boring!

While I let them think about that, I opened the door with the pass key I'd stashed in my purse. The door closed behind us and I set the purse to the side. The front room was quite large, the bedroom doors open and inviting to the side. The entire suite smelled like jasmine and vanilla. I preferred this hotel because of the colors they used. Rich and vibrant in reds, russets and dark browns, a little more subdued for the bedrooms. None of that depressing teal and green that was everywhere.

"Nancy," I said. "Did you have a fantasy you wanted to explore or do you want to see where this goes? Let yourself experience the freedom of your body?" I neared her again, giving her a soothing expression. There was a game plan, but spontaneity could heighten the anticipation and the level of freedom. Plus, it put the ball in their court so to speak. They, as a couple, were making up the plays rather than following an itinerary. "Humans are sensual creatures. We crave touch, crave pleasure, but are taught to segregate it from our physical selves, to be turned on like a switch at will. You have more control than that. *You* have the power to create it, not just receive it." I gave both of them frank stares. "When you separate yourself constantly, you become apathetic to sex, to what it means, to how it can be enjoyed. I really feel this has happened to the both of you through time and real life intrusions. You have been blocking cravings. You're both careful and considerate to not push, for those deeper wants. You're safe in the status quo and don't want to disturb it, but leaving it as is can be even more damaging. There is no one better to explore the unknown, all the wonders than the one person you cherish, trust and love above all others."

Brad stood at my side, both listening intently, their gazes showing I'd hit the target full on.

"Don't be scared to voice what you want in this room, either of you. This is a special haven to find your inner sensuality and embrace it. Once you've found it, you get to take it home and explore it even more."

Brad grinned at that. "I like this idea," he said.

He wasn't the one I was worried about. Nancy was still watching me, neither of us really blinking as she absorbed the fact that it was *okay* to want. That it was *okay* to ask for her pleasures, for satisfaction. I didn't think Brad was losing her at all. She was a mature woman, with kids. You did certain things in life, at certain ages.

Sexual freedom wasn't typically one of them. That train had departed. Or so she thought.

I was going to fix that misconception.

One of my hands lifted between us, hovering then sliding along her jaw, caressing her. "Feel," I crooned and her lashes fluttered closed. "Breathe." She did. A small smile curved her lips. Vanilla, every time. Music played through the suite, a slow sultry jazz quartet that always made me think of humid nights and no clothes, sensual caresses and secret desires.

"Listen. To our breathing, the rush of your heart, even the music." Her chest staggered as she did. With gentle pressure, I touched my thumb to her bottom lip. Her eyes opened and locked on mine. "Taste."

The flicker of her tongue was hesitant against me but it only took a short second before she was opening to lick the pad of my thumb in fascination.

Most men who brought their wives to help unearth hidden desires easily digressed back to their late teen years. Brad was no different. Men and sex were synonymous. The male was made to procreate. It's really a shame to me how women are force fed their submissive tendencies through their lives and then the men bitch when the women won't come out of their shell to play. Go figure.

But Nancy was blooming before my eyes. The office sessions and confident support were doing wonders to awaken her dormant sexuality, to regain the heat of passion she'd been denying.

Chapter Two

Brad must've spotted the wine and glasses because he walked to the hutch and filled three. "What do you want, Nancy?" I nudged her gently. "Do you want to touch? Do you want to taste? Do you want to be touched?"

Her answer was a low spoken affirmative, slipping through lips she moistened with the tip of her tongue. Brad was watching her intensely from where he stood near the hutch. He'd removed his hat and his jacket. I spared a glance to appreciate his physique, broad shoulders with a solid chest and a little broader than some in the waist and hips, but he'd been married for twenty years. It looked good on him.

The pair had gone out before tonight's tryst. A night on the town to celebrate their breakthroughs and the new adventure they were embarking on. I applauded his thoughtfulness to make Nancy feel special. The night wasn't all about her. It was about bringing them closer. It was still a very nice and generous effort.

"My fantasy," Nancy finally whispered.

"Yes?" Anticipation filled the room.

"I have a few," she admitted, blushing.

I had suspected but she'd been tightlipped about what they may be during the office sessions.

"I want to see Brad with another woman. I want to see what it's like when he's with me." She drew a steady breath. "And I want to do the same."

I was proud of him when he didn't express the shock I saw with a glance in his eyes. His voice didn't change one bit. It could easily set Nancy back to square one or further.

"With another guy?"

"I don't want to have just another guy," she said a little stronger. "I want two."

He groaned an 'oh shit'.

Nancy didn't break eye contact with me. I could sense the tension already rising now that she'd admitted it. "Don't be frightened of wanting," I told her. "It's perfectly normal. It's how you address it as to whether you can do it as a partnership and enjoy it to fulfill the need between you, or approach it in secret and spiral out of control because of it. Or the least favorite. Ignore it and let it fester." I'd seen all of the above happen. Unfulfilled desire, passion left to rot, made even the strongest relationship bitter and brittle over time. I didn't want anything but success for Brad and Nancy's relationship. Still holding her in the palm of my hand, her hair slid through my fingers as I released her.

"This is good that you are sharing. Tonight we'll open the desire vault and see how far we can get."

"Honey, do you really want two men?" That slow as molasses voice, deep as thunder. No wonder she fell for him.

She swallowed and after a short hesitation, she nodded. She didn't turn around though. "Are you mad?"

"God, no!" he replied in a rush. "I'm so damned turned on..." He gusted a sharp breath and walked up behind her. He tipped her head and brushed her hair to the side to nip at her neck. "I had no idea," I heard him say as he nuzzled his wife.

Which proved I was right. Again. It's amazing what just communicating can do for a couple. Granted, many would say this is dangerous territory to experiment with, possibly creating the first step for a failed marriage.

I don't think so. We would not even be at this point if either of these two, or any client, were on rocky ground. My first focus is always to stabilize the relationship, then the sex, in a form that is acceptable to the client. The sex then creates an even tighter bond, a shared experience to savor between them. It forms a tighter bond of trust, which strengthens the love between them because the two go hand in hand. If you can't trust your lover, love is rarely part of the equation. Watching Nancy and Brad, these two could become oblivious to an entire room—or just the woman standing in it with them—if the mood struck them. Them not being in love was hardly a problem.

I chose my clients as carefully as I chose my tomatoes at the store. If I even had the inkling that their personal stability would be in jeopardy, there'd be no party. It was that simple, and always had been. The rarity of nights like tonight was testament to my personal ethics on the matter. And yes, I'd been propositioned more than once. No, none of them got what they wanted. Business rules and professional ethics would always come first.

Brad stopped and turned Nancy in his arms, looking down at her with all the love in the world. "I'm glad you told me, honey. We'll do something about it, unless Victoria happens to have a spare guy hidden in the bedroom. Just the idea of it..."

His breathing grew labored and his nostrils flared, like an animal in heat. He palmed his wife's face and kissed her with a hard, passionate kiss. Plunging between her lips, he claimed her, a thorough caveman-style marking kiss, pulling her tight against his body. Quiet, whimpered moans flitted between them. It made my heart beat a little faster for watching the show.

He groaned when he finally let her go, only to press his forehead to hers. "Tell me what you want baby. I'm yours. I always have been."

That... That almost choked me up.

Nancy turned and faced me. I waited. I had a room reserved down the hall in case they didn't need me. At this point, they could say they were done with me and I'd be fine with it. Horny as hell, but fine.

Nancy surprised me though. She smiled, leaning against Brad's chest, watching me. "I want to give him his fantasy for tonight." A daring smile rose on her kissed blush lips. The woman had a devil imp the size of Michigan. Sparkles of adventure lit in her blue eyes. She was blossoming into her sexuality. It was a beautiful thing.

"Why don't you get comfortable, honey?" She tilted up to find his gaze, sounding a little breathless. I wondered how much of it had been from his kiss, or the anticipation.

He dropped a last kiss on her mouth then stepped back. With a glass of wine in hand, he laid down on one of the long couches, sliding off his boots. He undid his tie and flicked open the top buttons of his shirt exposing the short curls that dusted his chest.

"I've never been with another woman," she said quietly to me, bringing my full attention back to her.

"Just remember," I told her. "You can stop this whenever. It's your desire, your pleasure that is important, that we're bringing to the surface."

She nodded, her eyes dilating with the flow of lust running rampant through both our systems.

It was very gratifying to know I wasn't the only one turned on in the room.

Leaning forward, I brushed my lips to hers. Just a light touch, an introduction if you will. Hers were soft and silky. She stood stiff and unyielding for only a few short beats, then began to respond. She curved and warmed beneath me, following my lead when I touched her lips with my tongue. Her gasp was deep, but her moan made me shiver a little.

"Touch me," I whispered against her mouth, needing the feel of her hands on my breasts. The fabric of my dress rubbed over my nipples, creating a new shiver of excitement with just the words. The heat between my legs was turning into a churning, gnawing ache.

She cupped my breasts with tentative touches. "Like this?"

I moaned. I couldn't help it. My breasts are seriously sensitive to touch, any kind of abrasion. Bras were often a nightmare for me. Beneath my lips, she let that daring imp out more. She found the peaks of my nipples, running her tips over them through the knit of my dress. The sensation sent liquid heat to my core. She relaxed more as both of our bodies turned supple under the friction and rising enjoyment.

Part of my love for the human body is the many erogenous zones. Nipples would be one of those. Hard and aroused, they made my tongue itch to taste. Nancy's were definitely showing through her blouse, a rich cream silk that hugged her body.

I lowered myself to find one hard peak with my lips and a pleased moan slipped free. Her hands cupped mine tighter and a shot of lust warmed me. I was going to come if she kept doing that.

Wanting to see her body, I withdrew enough to pull her blouse free of her evening slacks and tossed it away. A bra of pale ice blue formed over her breasts. A lace woman. It wasn't hard at all to understand why men find lace and satin sexy on a woman's body. Reaching around, I had the hooks undone and it fell to the floor. The slacks followed a moment later, kicked to the side, leaving her in a small pair of lacy cream yellow panties.

"You," she panted, completely absorbed in new discoveries. My dress was pulled up over my hips, then over my head. It floated to the floor in a green pool leaving me in nothing but a green string thong and my heels.

"That is so hot," Brad growled from the couch. "Come closer." He motioned to the thick designer rug in the middle of the floor. He'd unzipped his trousers, the bulge held back only by the thin material of his boxers. Leading Nancy with me, we approached him. He cupped his erection, his gaze sliding back and forth between us. One darker brunette, the other vibrantly, pale blonde.

He stood and dropped his pants completely, then stepped in front of us. Reaching behind me, he undid the jeweled clip that held my hair up. For as long as I could remember, I'd worn it up, in a coiled bun. The only difference was when I'm doing the eight to five, there would be no soft tendrils to float around my face to reach my neck. It's all in the coiled rope, tight.

With a single motion, he pulled the clip free and the coiffed bun fell down beyond my shoulders.

Facing us, he dropped a hand to the thinnest piece of material known to mankind between each of our legs. He drew her nearer with a kiss. Then he shifted and kissed me, all the while playing with the edge of my pussy. We both anchored ourselves to his shoulders, just riding the wave of electric pleasure. He slid his fingers along the crotch of my thong, scraping over my clit until I saw stars. The flicking tease of his nails was making me very wet. Every now and then, the slipped shock of his touch on hot flesh sent a shudder down my spine.

His kiss deepened with a ground out moan. I glanced and spotted Nancy's hand caressing his thick length through the boxers, watching us as he kissed me deep, his hand stroking me. It was all I could do to stay on my feet.

"I want to watch you eat my wife," he growled, biting down on my lip then licking the pain away.

That worked fine with me. I was ready. More than ready. He dragged his hands free with excruciating slowness then licked the fingers that had been touching Nancy. Erotic doesn't even come close to the image. Leading her, he sat her down, slipping her underwear free.

"Beautiful," he breathed, dropping a kiss on her skin. Her hair was trimmed to expose her slit. He rose, positioning her as she watched him, her breasts heaving with excited, desire filled gasps.

He sat facing her on the couch, one leg beneath him and I knelt between her legs on the floor. She did have a beautiful pussy, tight and firm, even with having kids. He palmed one of her breasts and suckled on a taut nipple. I went downtown.

Every woman has a different taste or scent because of their body and chemical makeup, the same as men. Nancy was baby powder and horny woman. And she glistened with juices. A throbbing, wet pussy is such a turn on. Mine. Theirs. It's like candy. A hard cock makes me react the same way. I love the human body and what it can do, how it can feel, how it can express itself on the physical plane.

And Nancy wasn't against expressing anything. She moaned with the first stroke against her clit.

"That's hot, baby," Brad whispered to her over my head.

Her hips quivered when I spread her labia, hungry for the lushness in front of me. His encouraging voice swelled around us the same as the music, which only made her more responsive to everything I did to her body.

"Do you want to come?" His deep voice was even more hoarse, filled with lust.

I glanced up toward them to see her answer. She nodded, staring at him and clutching at the couch. He blocked her aimed attempts for his cock. What a man. This was for his wife and he wanted her to enjoy it.

"Make her come, Victoria. I want to see her orgasm."

The increased graveled strain in his voice was easy to hear. He was totally aroused and watching his wife with unblinking eyes to not miss a single sensation. His request was an effortless one to fulfill.

Nancy's body trembled beneath my gaze. With renewed enthusiasm, I attacked her body. Sucking on hot flesh between my lips, I laved her with my tongue and teased her with my fingers. Her body responded instantly with shivers. Moisture slicked her pussy as I delved and licked. With two fingers, I thrust within and she groaned louder, pumping to meet the thrust. I lipped at her clit, whipping against it with the tip of my tongue. Her walls clenched down on my fingers in raging desire.

I felt the buildup, not relenting until she screamed. She bucked wildly as she orgasmed, pushing harder against my tongue and fingers where I filled her heat. With a final lapping circle, I rode her clit and she shivered from head to toe with ecstasy.

"Beautiful," Brad murmured, raining light kisses to his wife's shoulder as she came back from Orgasma. Then he looked at me and gave me a devilish grin that made my nerves tingle. "You're next."

He kissed his wife, a slow passionate surrender, then asked her, "Do you want to watch, or do you want to touch?"

I almost swallowed my tongue at the decadence in his voice. The man should be in radio.

"You do it. I want to watch." Her blue eyes were bright with her own pleasure still pulsing through her own system. Her words came out in a breathless plea. It was her fantasy to witness her husband's pleasure.

He ran a possessive hand over her soft breasts, tweaking at her nipples as he grazed them. Then palming one of her hands, he put it over her mound.

"Keep that warm." She shivered under his promise-laden command. Her fingers danced over her clit as Brad stood and dropped his boxers. He stood before me and he was beautiful. Hard and thick and heavy at the head. Professionalism had officially left the building.

I licked my lips anticipating what would come next. I hoped it would be me.