

BWWM MMF MENAGE EROTICA

*Making a*  
**MENAGE**

LARAN MITHRAS

BWWM MMF MENAGE EROTICA

*Making a*  
**MENAGE**

LARAN MITHRAS

# **Making a Menage**

**By**

**Laran Mithras**

Cover Photo by [www.Shutterstock.com](http://www.Shutterstock.com)

Making a Menage is a work of fiction. Names, locations and incidents either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Copyright © 2017 - All Rights Reserved

**Love is color-blind.**

## CHAPTER 1

I prefer white men; it's my thing.

I get a lot of looks for that: some bad; some good. White women glare at me. Sometimes a white man. Very few of those.

Cory received a lot more glares from white men, and some black men, for having my hand.

Quite a few white men looked at me with interest. Some white women looked at me with envy.

I didn't care, though the men who looked at me with interest got a secret smile and wink.

Yeah, secret. My husband was handsome and all, and sexy, too, but oh so jealous and suspicious. Always questioning me. Always checking on me. While I loved him, I wondered if I would ever break his cycle of suspicion.

I'm Trina and I married a white man. I am a good girl – I don't cheat on him. Nuh uh, no way. However, I'm a friendly person and that causes no end to his jealousy. I often go to lunch with the guys at work.

We distribute tools across the nation – big company warehouse. I always eat for free when I go to lunch with guys, and many of the gals won't have me as a friend. Screw their uptight ideas.

I sometimes go out with Kyle, an absolute sexy god of a man. A true hunk of blonde hair and blue eyes. He has eyes for white women and that's okay with me. We're friends and that's all there is. Cory is always asking about him.

Then there's Trey, a handsome black guy who is always flirting with me. I like him, but he's not my thing, right? But I like him, so I put up with the flirting.

My other two friends are the safest of all and give my husband not a single doubt or worry: Garret and Brandon. They are a gay couple, so it's perfect. Garret is a

little bit of a muscle guy. Brandon is an attractive Asian. Hey, good for them, you know? If they love each other, I don't have a problem with it.

All of it is innocent. Perfect purity. Oh, never mind a stray thought or two when I'm out with Kyle and never mind what kind of heat he causes down there. He isn't interested in me that way and I have my husband.

"Trina?"

"Hmm?" I looked at my husband in the mirror.

"Do you have to wear perfume to work?"

I held the bottle still. "I always wear perfume. You like it on me."

"I can't smell it while you're at work."

*You have a point, but I'm meeting Kyle for lunch today. I finished spraying it on. "You can smell it after work."*

He gave me a dubious look. "Going to lunch today?"

"I always go to lunch. It's how I can afford this perfume."

"With Kyle?" That dangerous edge was in his voice again, dripping with jealousy.

"I'm not sure..." Best not to tell him the truth in this case, though I didn't make a habit of lying to him. It was just better to avoid the jealousy.

He was silent, watching me through the mirror from over my shoulder.

I turned to him, spinning neatly about. I put my arms around him. "You're the only man for me." It was the truth.

He buried his face in my neck. I so loved that. His lips kissed and sucked lightly on my skin. I loved that even more. Shivers raced up my spine and I hummed contentedly.

He asked, "Or is it Trey today?"

"I don't really know. I'll probably accept whoever asks first."

"He wants you."

I knew it was true. Trey wanted in my pants like it hurt. But he wasn't my type.  
"Yes, he flirts. I ignore it."

"You haven't changed your mind? Want a black guy now?"

I coughed. "No. It's not some spur of the moment decision for me. I want white dick, okay? Don't want black dick. Get it through your head."

It was an old argument with no heat. Maybe just a way to reassure himself that I still craved him.

Well, I did. Just not the jealousy.

He hadn't always been jealous, just protective. He was a true alpha male who snapped his fingers and things happened, just like in all the romances. His confidence and command could bring me to my knees in submission. But when I was out of his sight, he viewed it as out of his control.

He was an orderly at the hospital and his focus served him well.

He kissed me, a push of the lips as if to test whether I'd kiss him or hesitate.

I eagerly kissed him back, not because I was trying to convince him, but because I wanted to. I loved him.

Kyle leaned into my cubicle. "Ready?"

I had been leaning back in my chair, reading text messages on my phone. "Yep." I'm ready right here. You can shuck those clothes and just do me right on my desk... Heat suffused my pussy and made me moist. As much as I loved my husband and wouldn't cheat on him, the thoughts of being with Kyle were a welcome fantasy – even if they would never be reality. I got up without staring into his eyes for too long.

He led the way, me following behind. Just a friend, not up by his side like a date or a girlfriend. He didn't wait and I didn't try to get on his side. He was saying, "Lynne is jealous of you. Might have to stop the lunches."

"Oh... that's a shame. You told her we're just friends?"

"Many times. She thinks I have the hots for you."

I stifled my laugh. "Do you?" It was a flirty tease, but I knew I would get away with it because they always bounced off of him.

"No. But she thinks lunch means we're having an affair."

*I wish. Well, no, maybe not. That kind of indecision forever intruded on fantasy. I loved my husband and even if Kyle made me moist, I couldn't act on it, even if I could. It wasn't right in my heart. I said, "You do what you have to, to make her happy."*

He stopped at the employee's door. "And how far do I go in making her happy?"

Without a blink of hesitation, I said, "All the way."

He pushed out the door into the parking lot. "Sounds like a lot of give and no get."

"You married her." I didn't say it as accusation, but rather observation that his love must have included her capacity to demand.

He grunted. "Yeah, and I love her. So this might be our last lunch."

I was disappointed. What was her problem? Couldn't she see her man didn't have eyes for me? What did she care if he watched me chew on salad? Would she rather he went with a guy? Watched him chew salad?

*Or is it because I'm black?*

No, not that. It was because I was a woman.

Jealousy.

Insecurity.

*Sort of like Cory. I suppressed a laugh. Not at my husband, but at the similarity. No, I would never laugh at Cory; my love for him was higher than all else.*

*Even while staring at Kyle's sexy ass.*

I liked his BMW. It was always a springy, comfortable ride to lunch. I often imagined his sexual effort must be like his car: energetic and elastic. Probably satisfying. But not for me.

Still, despite my certainty nothing could ever come of my lunches with him, I was pleased to be out and about with a handsome friend.

Likely for the last time.

Well, there was still Trey, and Garret and Brandon. All three were good-looking men.

Why couldn't Kyle's wife understand nothing was going to happen between him and me? He didn't look at me that way. Even if he did, we both loved our spouses. The woman was going to pile on the pressure until he snapped and bedded some ugly woman.

*Instead of me.*

Interesting thought. But not a happy one.

We were at the Soup Tureen – basically a cafeteria with a soup and salad bar. Everything was purchased at the counter after sliding your tray to the cashier. There were no waitresses, only busboys. But there were a lot of potted plants to make it seem posh.

Maximum efficiency for maximum profits.

No interruptions while eating. Great for chatting with friends.

Kyle was quiet for the first half of the meal. Awkward was a word that came to my mind. He finally said, "Trina, does your husband know you go to lunch...?"

"Mm hmm."

Interest sparked his blue eyes like lightning across a heavy sky. "How does he feel about it?"

I laughed. "About like your wife."

He looked doubtful. "Really? Jealous? Suspicious all the time?"

I gave him both eyes in sincerity and nodded slowly.

He set his fork down as if no longer hungry. "No kidding?"

"In fact, he asked about you this morning."

"He did? You've never said anything—"

"You've never asked."

He looked down, shame on his face. "I never thought—"

"Most people don't."

"I'm... sorry."

I gave him a pained look of amusement. "Don't be sorry. We talk about work. I don't ask about your wife and you don't ask about my husband. No issue there."

He made a few faces as if grinding through thoughts. "Anyway, I've valued you as a friend."

"I know." Don't embarrass me...

"Despite our lunches and talk and all... I always felt like there could've been more..."

I pursed my lips shut. No fucking way was I going to admit that I felt the same. No way was I going to embarrass myself in what amounted to a kiss-off of our friendship. I stared at him, saying nothing.

He considered my look and silence, then picked up his fork and looked at his salad.

*I am not a fool and I'm not going to start being one. I stabbed at my chicken and ate the rest of my meal without another word.*

## CHAPTER 2

I've never been a big fan of Mondays. I don't mind them, but they are the interruption of my relaxed weekends.

Cory doesn't care because his shifts span the whole week with some odd days off.

Just something we have to deal with.

"Trina." He was always so direct.

"Hmm?" I was reading a blog on my phone in bed.

"I got the schedule change I've been talking about." His intense eyes were disappointed as he undressed for bed. Another orderly had quit. A new one was being trained. Cory had to slide hours to fill the experience left absent by the quitter. A trainee needed supervision and the old slot had none. My husband had to fill it.

"Oh? You get the night shift?" I didn't want it for him, but we had talked about the possibility beforehand and his certainty of the likely change.

He made a sour face and nodded.

"I don't want to be here alone. Can I come to work with you?"

He shook his head.

I pouted. "So I'm basically going to see you two days a week? For how long?"

"Six to eight weeks. I have seniority so they'll move me back when the new guy is ready to take night shift."

I thrust my lower lip out some more.

"Can you handle it?"

"I don't like being alone. Maybe I'll visit Brandon and Garret."

He stood naked, stroking his cock. It was sort of his signal that he needed sex.

I was very willing to oblige and threw back the covers with a smile.

He asked, "The butt bandits? The fairy faggots?"

I scowled. "They're not like that."

He laughed. "Sure..."

"They don't act poofy or talk with a lisp. You'd probably think they were straight guys."

He climbed onto the bed and ran his tongue up my clit. "And they have no interest in women?"

Shivers shimmied up my back and tickled my arms. "None. In fact, they're both virgins in that regard. Grew up gay."

"Too bad for them. Nothing better than pussy." He licked as if ravenous. "Nothing better than black pussy."

I sighed. "You nasty man."

He slid two fingers in. "Who did you go to lunch with today?"

I tensed a little. "Kyle."

His fingers sawed in and out. "Oh?"

"Yes, and he had news."

"Asked you to blow him?"

Jolts shot up my pussy. "No..."

He moved up, his cock throbbing with readiness. He jabbed it at my pussy and slid it in. "Are you cheating on me with him?" There was that heat.

Danger.

"No." I felt my husband's thickness fill me with force. I imagined Kyle above me and I trembled.

He leaned down a little, eyes intense. "Has he ever put his dick in you?"

I coughed. "No, never; I've never seen it." Oh, but I so wish I had; I love white cock.

He rammed me, hard.

I panted. Oh fuck, yes, I want Kyle in me, stretching my pussy open... Oh... fuck yes... But I knew it could never be. Kyle didn't like black pussy. But if he had, I might have opened my legs for him without hesitation. Even if just once.

Just once.

I was fortunate that it could not be: I maintained my innocence. I did not cheat on my husband. No, I was a good girl.

But right now, I was not. Not in my mind.

*Yes, do it Kyle. Ram me with your beautiful cock. Fill my black pussy. Make me scream your name... I wanted it so badly that the ache in my pussy was unbearable. I thrust my hips up at my husband, trying to tame that tension inside me on his erection.*

*Yes... you fuck so good, Kyle...*

Cory slowed. "So what was the news your boyfriend gave you?"

"He's not my boyfriend. He likes white girls."

He grunted indifferently.

I said, "His wife is demanding we stop the lunches. Thinks we're having an affair."

"Are you?"

Irritation flashed through me, first at his repetitive questioning, and second that I might have been if Kyle was willing – even if for just a one-time taste. "No, I told you. Not ever. With anyone."

He thrust faster. "Well, good. He shouldn't be dating a married woman."

"They aren't dates."

"Have you ever kissed him?"

Irritation was turning to anger. "No." And my heat was apparent to him.

His eyebrows drew down, studying me. "All right... What about Trey?"

My handsome black co-worker who flirted incessantly.

I said, still heated, "I've never seen his dick, we're not having an affair, and I've never kissed him. He's black, okay? I don't go for black."

He cracked a grin. "Sort of racist, isn't it?"

The anger left me as if ripped away and amusement took its place. "Am I racist to prefer white cock?" I giggled.

"You've never thought of giving Trey a try?"

I shook my head. "No. Not once." I just didn't want it.

"Two black people fucking is natural—"

"Well, I'm not natural then."

He laughed, genuinely amused. "I guess not. Two gay friends?"

"They're very nice."

"No doubt..." He moved a little slower. "I guess if you hung around them it would be okay."

"I hope they don't watch gay movies."

He snorted. "Yeah, don't be catching the gay." He pumped for a while, then sped up. "There's no other men at work wanting to date you?"

"It's not dating. No, I don't think so." Just once, for Kyle. I would have. Yes, I would have. The tension inside tightened and released, sending me tumbling over as torrents of relief tamed my passion. I was cumming on Kyle's cock because I never would in real life.

It just couldn't be.

But here, in my mind, where it was safe...

## CHAPTER 3

I sat at my desk Tuesday, satisfied. And a little guilty.

My pussy still vibrated from the extremely satisfying sex from the night before. My conscience, however, shamed me with disgrace at my interior indiscretion with Kyle.

Thoughts only, but I felt dirty. I felt the thorn of remorse.

I was compiling the sales reports for the Northwest Division when my phone buzzed with a text. We weren't supposed to text while on the clock, but many did it quickly if the vice president was out golfing.

He was always golfing.

*Trey: Lunch?*

*Me: Checking.*

I tapped a text to Kyle.

*Me: No more lunches?*

*Kyle: Nope, sorry.*

*Kyle: Lynne put her foot down.*

I frowned in disappointment, even if we would never do more than just eat lunch together. But we didn't even have that now. I tapped to Trey.

*Me: Lunch is good.*

I finished the report and attached it to an email. Then I got up and grabbed my coffee mug.

Short coffee break with a rendezvous on the way to the machine.

I poked my head into Brandon's cubicle. He was on the phone so I waited. When he clicked off and swiveled to face me, I asked, "Can I come over tonight?"

Indifference laced with a hint of curiosity colored his answer. "Sure."

"My husband's hours were shifted and I don't want to be alone."

His face lit up with understanding and sympathy. "I understand. As long as you don't mind watching action flicks."

I giggled. "Whatever."

He winked.

No, it was not flirty. Not ever from him or Garret. It was friendly with that hint of the wink meaning he was gay and liked me as a friend only.

Sometimes I wish I had a real gal-friend, but neither black nor white women found me likable. My sisters thought I was a traitor. The white women looked at me as a threat, out to steal their men.

Maybe I would've.

Maybe that's why I didn't have any female friends.

My resentment towards the prejudiced attitudes probably made me more likely to try stealing their men. So it was a good thing I didn't have any; I would've fucked their men out of revenge.

Except that I was married, happy, and probably wouldn't do something like that. But it felt good to believe I was that fierce about it. I would show them, right? And it would be just another fantasy in my mind to remind me my thoughts were shameful.

I rode on the back of Trey's motorcycle. My afro whipped around where it poked out from underneath the helmet.

I kept a firm grip on him, despite my aversion to black men and despite having

so much fun feeling the freedom of riding in the open air.

He felt muscular under my hands. If he were white, I might've been excited. But, he was just a friend. Nothing sexy seasoned my thoughts as I felt his physique and hugged him close from behind.

Not a one.

Soup Tureen. We all ate here if we ate out. I carried my tray behind him. "Thank you." I was always appreciative for lunch.

His head turn included a brilliant white smile. "Anytime, baby."

We sat.

He slid his feet forward and squeezed my foot between them. He always did; he liked the contact.

I allowed it. His flirting was amusing, at least.

After several minutes of typical, meaningless office chatter, he said, "We could make some prime music together, you know."

I gave him a warning look. "You're not my type."

"How do you know?"

"I've had black before..."

"And was it any good?"

"Not as good as white."

His frown was comical. "You know how to hurt a man..."

I rolled my eyes. "Trey..."

"We were meant for each other."

I suppressed a smile. "That's a lonely relationship for you."

"I mean it, baby."

"Haven't you met any other women—"

He was earnest. "None so beautiful as you."

I sighed. "That's sweet, but..."

"I'm serious."

"You throwing shade at sisters?"

"No, man, but when I look at you, I see heat. And it touches me deep in here."  
He lightly beat his fist against his chest.

"Aren't you a smoothie?"

He gave me a sincere look. "You and me, babe. It's the future."

I shook my head, the amusement not well-concealed on my lips. "If my husband were to hear this, he'd make a bloody mess of you."

"Aw... He don't have to know—"

"I'm married."

"Tshh... that don't mean nothing."

"It does to me."

"All kinds of married women are having sex – just for the sex. Just to feel a good, hard cock—"

"Trey." I wanted him to stop, but my pussy was tingling.

His head was low, forward over his plate. "I got just what you need."

I giggled. I wasn't going to take him up on it – ever. But it sure was funny.

After the lunch and by his motorcycle, he gave me a hug. He always did. And it always was a long embrace.

I felt his body pressed against mine: his half hard erection pressing into the cleft of my slacks. Even if I wasn't into black guys, just the feel of his thinly-covered and obvious manhood was a salacious sensation that sent heat and moisture throughout my pussy.

He ground against me – very slow and with small moves. To anyone standing several feet away, we were just hugging. But I felt his movement. His hardness rubbed back and forth across my clit – teasing me considerably through my clothing. I was getting wet.

Before letting go he looked into my eyes. "I'm always here for you, baby."

I sighed – a shaky sigh of relief and regret. I wasn't trying to lead him on. No. I had always told him he wasn't my type. Why can't you understand?

## CHAPTER 4

I went home first to catch the brief fifteen minute glimpse of Cory before he went to work. "This sucks."

He chuckled. "How was your day?"

"Bad. I'm not looking forward to this two-month thing—"

"Me either." His jaw tensed and flexed. "You go to lunch today?"

"Yeah..."

"With Kyle?"

"No, that's all over. His wife couldn't handle it."

"Good."

I stamped my foot. "He was a friend."

"He was a good-looking white man. I'm not stupid."

"But I'm black and he don't do black. Plus he's married and so am I. Nothing was going to happen there." It felt like the truth.

"So who'd you go with?"

"Trey."

"He flirt again?"

I looked down. "A little."

"And?"

"You know me, Cory. I want white. I want you."

"Did he kiss you?"

I coughed. "No. He gave me a hug; that was it."

"You need to shut him down."

I gave him a direct look that brooked no argument. "I do every time."

"Kyle cut you off; that's good. You should cut Trey off, too."

I lifted my hand, palm up. "What, just get rid of all my friends?"

"Your gay ones are fine. Get some female friends."

"None of them trust me."

"Still, I think you should get rid of Trey. I don't like him sniffing after you."

"I'm not going to allow him to do anything—"

"I don't care. It sounds like Kyle's wife is my kind of person. Smart. You need to cut off Trey. Period."

"Cutting off half my friends—"

He came close, finger up and then descending down to point at my nose. "Just do it."

*How long before you won't even allow me to have gay friends? The tears welled in my eyes.*

He was brusque. "I need to go." He planted a kiss on my stiff lips. "Cut it off with him tonight." His finger pointed down as if to imply right now.

I wiped at my eyes and turned away.

I texted Trey.

*Me: My husband is cutting us off.*

*Me: No more lunches.*

He didn't respond right away, so I turned off my phone. I didn't want to read his response.

I knew Trey wanted more, but I wasn't going to let anything happen. Just like Kyle didn't let anything happen – though I never tried.

But he was still my friend and was a fun guy when he wasn't flirting.

Would Cory's jealousy eventually include Brandon and Garret? He seemed perfectly okay with them being around me.

What did that say about his trust in me? He couldn't trust me even with someone who wasn't my type? This was madness.

It was extremely insulting.

If I was locked in a remote cabin with Trey for an entire week, I still wouldn't touch him. I liked him, not lusted for him. What was so dangerous that even being his friend couldn't be allowed?

I drove. My last two friends lived together in an apartment.

Why did I feel that these, too, would be forcefully stripped from me so I had nothing? Then what would the next step be after them? What would my husband do to further tear away at who I was? What new issue would he focus on to force me to change? Was life going to be an endless dance of removing my identity so I was just a fuck doll when he came home? Just a vacant shell that he would needlessly drill to determine if I was cheating or not?

I had earned my friends.

He had removed them on a selfish whim.

What else would he decide had to go? And when would that stop?

Why did I have to be the one losing everything? Why not him? Why was there not even compromise? What if his design of the perfect wife was unattainable? Nothing had satisfied him so far and I felt as if these latest two losses were just

the beginning. Now that he had some momentum in our endless struggle, he wasn't going to give up.

Harder and harder, he'd push. Removing one thing after another, a new thing popping up in their place to replace the previous goal.

Two years I had kept the struggle balanced. From the first day of our marriage, we had grappled. Oh, I loved him and he loved me; I knew it. But there was a depth to him I had not foreseen, and it had reared its head after we had said our vows.

I had kept it in check. Until now.

When would he stop? Would he stop? Flush with victory and pushing harder, did he have any reason to stop?

Brandon answered the door. He was a very good looking Asian. "Hey."

"Hi."

His eyebrows drew down and he touched my shoulder. "You okay?"

I nodded dismissively, not wanting to go into it all. But I couldn't meet his eyes.

"Aww, come on." His arm circled my shoulders and he guided me to the recliner.

I had been here once before. It was a clean apartment – fastidiously and faithfully kept in a state of near perfection. There was even an air purifier that ran in the corner to collect dust.

He said, "You just sit right here. Would you like something to drink?"

"Orange juice?" I asked hopefully.

He turned his head in a reassuring way and grinned. "We have juice. You just wait right here."

He disappeared and Garret came out.

Garret was even more of a looker than Brandon. His eyes were always looking, searching, squinting – all with a devious smile on his face that suggested

mischief. Black hair, carefully trimmed beard and gray eyes made a mouth-watering view.

Mouth-watering for me, of course. I don't know if my tastes were different than the typical white woman enough that they might find him less attractive. Probably not.

Of course, they were very, very gay. Talkative with women in that womanly way, their masculinity was not on offer for feminine inspection.

That much was very evident. There was no confusion.

And they really, obviously, didn't care what others thought.

Perhaps it was in the way that a beautiful woman affected them no different than an ugly woman. There was no tremble in their voices, no nervousness in their eyes. No hesitation as if they were considering how best to impress.

No, Brandon and Garret were very obviously not the slightest bit interested in women and it showed.

When would my husband force me to dump them, too? Next week? Tomorrow? Trey is gone, what will be the next to get knocked down and out?

Garret gave me a look that only a deep friend could give. He was also wearing only a towel around his waist – his hair still slicked back from a shower. "Hey, what's up? You've got worry lines all over your eyes." He sat on the couch.

I wasn't uncomfortable with him only being in a towel. "Oh... Cory made me break off my friendship with Trey."

He frowned ferociously. "Why?"

"He thinks he's a threat."

"He was your friend."

"That's what I said."

Garret shook his head. "What kind of husband demands you give up your

friends?"

I said, "Cory."

His look softened. "Has he mentioned us?"

"Not yet. Right now he thinks you two are perfect friends."

He seemed inwardly amused by that. "We are, really..." His frown returned. "That's too bad about him, though. He doesn't trust you?"

"No, I guess not."

"Pardon me if this offends you, but that doesn't sound like love."

Brandon brought out a tall glass of orange juice. "Here you go." It even had a straw in it.

"Thank you..."

"Oh, you're very welcome." He turned, saw Garret on the couch and put both fists to hips. "Hey, the towel? We have company."

"It's just Trina."

"She's company."

"Oh, all right." He started to get up.

I waved him to stop. "You don't have to go change."

Garret muttered, "We usually watch after I shower. I always sit in my towel."

Brandon said, "But—"

I wasn't going to give him a chance. Why should they change for me? Why should they alter what they do because of my presence? Wouldn't I be just another version of Cory in that case? "You two just stop. Don't change who you are because of me. I'm perfectly fine right here with my orange juice. Sit in your towel, Garret."

He gave me a marginally surprised look and a happy smile. "Thanks."

Brandon exhaled. "Whatever." He plopped down next to his buddy.

Garret scooted closer and squeezed in.

I thought it was cute and couldn't hide the smile on my face.

Brandon was aiming the remote, but paused. His Asian eyes swiveled to me without moving his face. "What?"

I giggled. "Nothing, sorry. Just never seen two guys get so close."

His eyes crinkled up above his smile. "Oh."

The movie started. One of the later Rambo movies. Shirtless Stallone running around all ripped and buff.

I blinked several times and fought back laughter. Is this like porn for them or something?

When Rambo started going on his rampage, a half hour into the show, I heard harsh whispering.

"Stop it."

"Shh."

"No."

"Shh."

I looked over at them.

They were having some little slap fit.

I laughed.

Brandon said, "She's laughing at us. Stop it."

I said, "What's wrong?"

He sighed loudly.

Garret said, "He doesn't want me touching him while you're here."

I concentrated on what that meant. "Touching?"

"Yeah, got a good movie on, shirtless guy. You know..."

Brandon was covering his face.

It dawned on me and I covered my mouth with my hand. "Oh..." Touching. Ha. I get it. "Well, why don't you? It's not like I'd be jealous or something."

Garret elbowed his friend, hard. "See?"

Brandon scowled in perfect Asian anger and elbowed him back just as hard.

*Ow, man-play. This is hot. I was grinning ear to ear. "Keep going, this is getting better than the movie."*

Garret gave a huge, over-the-top smile. He undid his towel, exposing his cock.

I gulped.

It was long and thick. And white, of course.

I tried to swallow.

Brandon sighed. "Fine. But it's not proper to do this in front of guests." He slid off his shorts.

I blinked. Another cock, white-looking even if Asian. He was as big as Cory – a little less than Garret. Oh. My. Gosh. And these guys are gay? I wanna be a guy.

Brandon was looking at me again, eyes locked and his face still. "What? What are you thinking?"

I blurted out, "How I wish I was a futa."

Both men leaned their heads back in raucous laughter.

"I'm not kidding."

Brandon laughed so hard he looked like he was crying.

Garret patted the spot next to him. "Well, come on over here and get a closer look, if you want."

"Really?"

"Sure. We've talked about other guys watching us, but maybe this will be fun, too."

*Uh, excuse me. Handsome white man with dick on display wants me to get closer and watch? I'm all there, right now. I got out of the recliner and joined them.*

They both watched me.

I couldn't take my eyes off their dicks. What an exciting exhibit of male eroticism. My mouth wouldn't close. When they began jacking each other to the movie - hands crossed over into each other's laps - I was frozen with lust. Fire in my pussy made me fidget. It was clamping over and over, twitching on nothing and wishing something was there.

Garret whispered to me, "Are you all right? Are you uncomfortable with this?" All while Brandon's hand moved up and down on his enormous erection.

How I wanted to lean over and take that mushroom head on his shaft into my mouth. I was shaking with barely restrained need. "I-I'm okay," I stuttered.

"You sure?"

I exhaled a shaking breath. "I just wish I was a guy right now. Do you like black?"

He chuckled.

Brandon leaned over, looking. "Huh?"

"She asked if we like black guys."

He shrugged. "Never had one."

I said, "I'm not... making you uncomfortable, am I?"

Garret grinned. "Nah, this is kind of hot. We won't go overboard, though. Don't worry."

My eyes went wide. "Oh, butt sex?"

Both laughed.

Brandon said, "We don't do that." He corrected, fast, "Not that we haven't, we just don't like it. We..."

Garret finished for him. "Hand and mouth for us. Neither of us likes the pain of anal."

I was dumbfounded. "I thought all gays..." I trailed off at their looks.

Brandon was almost accusatory. "No, not all gays like anal." Slightly defensive.

I guess I was intruding with prejudice and assumptions.

Garret was more patient. "Neither of us likes being bottom and we don't care for topping, either. It's just easier and more intimate to give handjobs or oral."

I breathed, "Wow, I didn't know."

"That also saves us from strange diseases and the like... Of course, we keep this between ourselves. We don't dick-hop."

Why did I feel so turned on?

## CHAPTER 5

I barely faced Cory when he got home, as I was getting ready to leave for work.

He asked, "How was your visit with the gay guys?"

I looked around for some escape, but the obvious seemed most believable. "We watched Rambo."

He gave me an eyebrow. "Rambo?"

"Yeah, one of them. Stallone running around shirtless? Maybe it's a gay thing." I grabbed up my keys.

"Hmm..." He appeared deep in the wheels of thought and I didn't know where they would roll. But if his momentum was to continue stripping me of what I liked, then I knew the direction of his spin.

It led to nowhere good.

The loss of the last of my friends.

I fled the house.

Work was another day of shuffling numbers and reports on the computer screen. It might not have been an exciting job, but at least I wasn't pushing a broom. Or being some register clerk at Walmart or some gas station mini mart.

Trey came in and squatted down by my desk, hands clasped between his knees. It was fast and I was already looking down into his eyes as I swiveled my chair to address him.

He looked pained. "Trina, baby, what's all this about?" He kept his voice low. "Why the texts?"

I liked Trey, I did. Just not in the way he wanted. Maybe this was for the better. Did my husband know it was a struggle to constantly deflect this handsome black man?

Though I knew I would never succumb to Trey, did my husband think I was too weak to resist? That my friendship to him would eventually lead to sex? All friends always have sex? Is that what he thought?

I said, "Well, your constant flirting made my husband angry. It's over." I didn't want to say that, but it felt like a good way to put Trey in his place, first.

He put a hand on my knee. "I've always respected you." He squeezed.

I gently removed his hand. "I like you, Trey. You're a funny guy to be around when you aren't flirting. But..."

"I know. I just always hoped there might be something for me inside there, somewhere."

"There is, as a friend. Nothing more."

His mouth twisted into a smile. "That was always good enough for me. But a man gains nothing if he doesn't try."

I framed a smile of regret and said nothing.

"So that's it? Not even friends anymore?"

I shook my head. "Sorry."

Something wilted in his features and it was as if his eyes followed whatever fell from inside him to the ground. "I see." He got up, stiffly, and turned.

His footsteps away from my cubicle echoed like a hammer striking nails in the coffin of our friendship.

I wanted to run to him – not to hug him or kiss him. No, I wanted to grab his hand and plead forgiveness. To beg for him to remain my friend. But I couldn't. It was not something Cory was going to allow.

I had lost that struggle.

Kyle's wife Lynne had precipitated my loss to my husband. Did she even know? Was she aware of the shift she made in the relationship dynamics of another couple? Her move started the dominoes toppling in my marriage.

She would probably dance with glee to know she was wrecking the life of the woman who went out to lunch with her husband. She would strut and huff and act so very superior.

White women were like that with me around.

I could've kept Trey in check. I had for years. His efforts came and went like waves and I rode them like a master surfer, even if I had never touched a surfboard in my life. Trey was easy. Kyle wasn't all that much more difficult. While I might have strayed with him once if he had been interested in black women, the fact that he wasn't made the mental exercise pointless. Nothing was going to happen with Kyle any more than it would with Trey.

But now both were gone, Lynne having given my husband the leverage he needed to begin breaking my friends away from me.

And it wasn't just that I had all male friends. If I somehow managed to have female friends, Cory would question just as much about them as the guys. Where had I been? Who did they introduce me to? Was I out on some double date? Had their boyfriends touched me?

*Ugh.*

Endless.

*Is there any way I can regain my balance?*

My phone buzzed. A text from my husband.

*Cory: I don't like the idea of you spending time with guys.*

I shook my head. How did I know this was coming?

*Me: What now?*

I tried to avoid pressing too hard on the letters and auto-suggestions.

*Cory: You need to break off all your male friendships.*

I ground my teeth together. Fuck! Why is this happening to me?

*Me: I already have. Flushed them all down the toilet for you.*

*Cory: Including your gay ones.*

*Me: Why?*

*Cory: I don't trust them.*

I shook my head. Do you trust anyone? Apparently not me.

*Me: I'm not going to sit home alone and I'm sure you don't want me going to bars to pick up female friends.*

That shut him up. But I bet anything he was fuming. Pacing. Strutting.

Planning his next move.

No, he wasn't going to give up until I had shed every last friend. He probably wanted me chained to the wall at home, on my hands and knees all day, naked, waiting for him to come home and feed me dinner from a doggy dish.

*Fuck that.*

Was I a pet or a person?

Was I his wife and partner or a wimp and loser?

What was this sudden shift in everything that was laying waste to my life?

Was I overreacting? What if I could move through the years having nothing except what Cory gave me? No friends, no ability to interact. Did I need it? If I surrendered to him and became nothing for him, would it be bad? Would it be... so... bad?

Maybe the better question was, would it be endurable?

I was agitated with anxiety, as if before dental surgery with the drill whining and screaming with promise of pain.

*I can't do this.*

I don't know where the thought came from.

No, I did. It was me, within me.

But I didn't know what could possibly support the thought. What came with it?  
What would go with it?

My resistance was crumbling. Eroding to nothing. Nil.

I had no push left and everything was in Cory's court.

I was being rolled over as if the waves I had ridden with Trey so easily had turned on me and were taking me under – Cory at the controls.

A tremor inside wriggled free, rattling my shoulders.

*I'm me.*

*I'm someone, too.*

*I'm me...*

## CHAPTER 6

I walked into my home and into my prison. I walked willingly, as I had every day for two years.

No, it hadn't begun to feel like a prison until recently.

But here I walked, knowing it was prison, directly inside into my waiting chains.

How convenient.

How compliant I was.

Yes, I was complying. Please don't taze me.

But my compliance meant nothing.

Cory was buttoning his white shirt. "Why did you shut off your phone?"

"Because I didn't feel like arguing about it."

"We're not arguing. You're just going to break off your relationship with the gay guys is all. Simple."

"And what does that solve?" Some heat entered my voice. Maybe it was desperation – something offering a bit of resistance to the inevitable.

He looked at me as if I was stupid. "I don't trust any guy around you."

Heat intensified to fire. "No, I think it's that you don't trust me with anyone. Not even women or animals."

His face deformed into a scowl of anger. "Are you cheating on me?" With two steps, he was in my face. "Answer me!"

My response was not hot. It was all ice. And I felt the resolve flood me with its chill embrace. "I have never cheated on you."

His squint held me, pinning me where I stood as his heat met my ice.

I was strong, like an iceberg. I felt it. But I also knew ice melted under heat.  
How long could I resist him?

He sighed and cinched his belt. "I don't like gay guys. Tell them no more. And that's all there is to it."

The chill came from my mouth like a mist. "And what will it be tomorrow? A chain? Are you going to chain me? Make me a proper nigger?"

His eyes studied me.

I did not know what was going on behind them.

He left without further words. No kiss. No hug.

My prison had shifted fast. A week? No more than that, and suddenly there was a new paradigm – one without passion.

I went to watch a movie with Brandon and Garret anyway.

Fuck him.

I sipped another generous glass of orange juice. The acidic drink settled my stomach but jolted my soul.

They knew something was wrong. Right away.

Why?

Why did they understand my expression?

What did my husband miss? Or did he not and just didn't care?

I knew it – felt it in my bones and deep in my soul – that this was not some spat. Not a silly argument.

This wasn't about who should replace the toilet paper. This wasn't about what to

eat for dinner. This wasn't a disagreement over how to spend a vacation.

This was a shift in life. Something larger and permanent. Something out of my control. I was being collared as surely as if a metal brace had snapped around my neck.

I felt the whip, even if it hadn't landed yet. I could feel its presence tingling on my skin. And it smelled like Cory.

I... had felt it all along.

Brandon was looking at me, face towards the big TV screen, but eyes on me.

Garret was frowning. Always frowning. Always searching. Always... concerned. "What's going on, Trina?"

"Wrong? Something's wrong?"

Both faces went stony.

A flutter of panic pursued my last words through me. I slapped a hand to my forehead. "Forget I said that." I rubbed with slow fingers and waited for their disapproval.

I didn't want their disapproval. Not theirs, most of all.

But I had earned it with my lie.

Garret said, "Come here."

I looked up.

He was patting the spot next to him – that concern still on his face.

I did as he asked because I wanted to. I wanted to feel his warmth – even if he could never give me more. I wanted his warmth of spirit and sympathy.

He gripped my knee – in the same spot as Trey had earlier in the day. "Tell us."

So different.

Trey had wanted, demanded. Needed.

Garret offered, waited. Listened.

Brandon just looked at me, as silent and serene as his lover.

There was no judging there.

A small joy jolted through me, dancing along the avenues of my heart with relief that I had not caused their disapproval.

Cory would've been ranting.

And I... loved him?

Did I?

I did when I had married him. He was everything I wanted. But then the struggle came and with it... a corrosion.

What was left?

Bitterness. Resentment. Despair.

How could such a wonderful love change in just two years? Had I been at fault in any of it?

I took a small breath, not enough to really feel ready to talk, and let it out. "My husband wants our friendship to end."

Garret was usually the more cerebral of the two, but it was Brandon who asked, "Why in the world would he want that?"

I waved fingers. "He thinks you're a threat and doesn't like gay guys anyway."

Garret was silent.

Brandon got a pained look on his face. "Why should that matter—"

"It just does with him." I shook my head to indicate I didn't understand it, either.

Garret said, "And what do you plan to do?" And there he was, silent at first – letting Brandon take the lead in immediate outrage – while considering what might be ahead.

I whispered, "I don't want to lose you two as friends." My throat constricted. Would I be able to make good on that sentiment?

His hand squeezed my knee again.

I lifted my chin, suddenly not wanting to dwell on what I couldn't know. "And I think I'm going to watch a movie with you."

They shared a look and some decision was made without words. As simple as that, we were watching a movie just as happy as at any other time.

They had accepted what I said; what they thought about it I didn't know.

We watched Master of the Universe. And a shirtless Dolph Lundgren captivated all three of us.

My decision to stay was a tiny seed sprouting.

A decision of a lifetime.

One almost not made.

## CHAPTER 7

I sat next to Garret as they began to play with each other.

I didn't react, because there was no need. They were doing what they did and I was their guest. What say did I have?

None.

Not that I was disadvantaged – no, in fact, I was very much at the advantage of experiencing their intimacy. Even if at a close distance.

That's what it meant to be friends with them.

Was that so bad?

Why was Cory so concerned?

Why would he care?

What threat—

Garret giggled.

*Hey, I'm trying to be philosophical here about our friendship...*

"Just ask," Brandon whispered.

"No, shh."

I rolled my eyes. Like I couldn't hear them?

Garret slapped at Brandon. "No."

Elbows were jerking, hitting manly ribs.

Garret said, "Stop it."

"Do it, you fool." Brandon's more immediate concern was insistent.

"No. Shh." That... Garret-restraint.

My cough of annoyance was tainted with laughter. "What? What is it?"

Brandon leaned over Garret's cock, his eyes wide and looking straight at me. "Would you touch his cock? Please?"

Garret jerked. "Oh my god. Did you have to? She doesn't like us that way—"

I said, "What? Me? I'm a girl."

Brandon's eyes were bright, for being black. "Please? He wants to know what it feels like."

Garret growled, "I know what it feels like—"

"Oh yeah, once, by your sister."

My eyes went large.

Garret fumed, "Thanks a lot for spilling th—"

Brandon scoffed. "Who cares?"

"It was a secret."

"Like she cares?" He looked at me. "Do you care?"

I sort of laughed and sputtered at the same time. "Well... I... uh..."

Garret scowled. "Look, you totally disgusted her."

I said, "I'm not disgusted."

Both looked at me.

I lowered my head on my neck, moving it forward. "Your sister touched you?"

Garret pursed his lips and looked everywhere but at my face. "It was a long time

ago. And only once."

Brandon said excitedly, "He wants to know what a real woman's hand feels like. Not his sister's."

A swell of sympathy and honor surged inside me – overwhelming my thoughts and heart. "And you want me... to...?"

"He wants it to be you."

Garret was quiet, just watching me, a hint of hope in his gaze.

Erupting inside me was an elation so exciting that my skin tingled with delight. "I'd... be honored."

Sparkles brighter than the TV screen lit in Garret's eyes. His voice was barely containing his excitement and wonder. "You would?"

Humility muted my words. "I'd do anything to help you..." I reached over and gripped his dick.

His eyes, already large, went wider and bigger. His mouth dropped open at my touch.

I moved my hand, knowing what to do. Just imagine it's Cory. Easy.

Brandon watched, curious and interested, his head tilted and considering.

Garret's shaft felt hot and hard in my hand – the perfect male member.

I asked, "Do you have any oil? Avocado? Sesame?"

Brandon was up in a flash. "Sesame, sure. I'll get some."

Garret was staring at me while I was holding his dick. The connection of flesh contrasted with the non-tactile connection of eyes. He breathed, "Wow..."

I giggled. "What?"

"It... feels... good."

I pursed my lips to hold back my grin. "Well, I guess I'm glad you think so."

He blinked and said, "I..."

I tilted my head. "What?"

He shook his head and said nothing. But his cock flexed in my hand.

It felt good in my grip – solid and sure, crude and carnal – without airs of expectation.

It simply... was.

Brandon returned with a bottle and poured a small drip into my palm. His demeanor was as if he were supervising the handling of merchandise belonging to him.

Which, I assume it was.

I gripped Garret again, grasping his manhood without thought to my marriage.

They were gay. What threat could they possibly pose?

I stroked his shaft, feeling the oily movement as my skin slid up and down his erection.

His shaft was solid.

He was sincere.

And my pussy became soaked.

I stroked and he breathed – faster with my motions. Harder with my squeezes. I loved the feel of his cock in my hand; it was fantastic.

It felt so perfect. I was a friend, doing something only a friend could do. A close friend.

An intimate friend.

My pussy clamped on emptiness and need.

His cock swelled and his back arched. His chest heaved and his stomach clenched.

I slid my hand up and down, feeling that wonderful power of masculinity at the mercy of my femininity. Working softly, I conquered his strength by stroking his shaft.

His eruption was a surprise and a triumph.

A surprise for me that he had finished under my hand – a female hand. A triumph for me as it always was – the subjugation of the male member to my ministrations.

Brandon reacted almost instantly – just after the first shot. "No! Don't waste it." He immediately shoved his mouth over Garret's spurting cock. His head moved slightly, a little up and down, as his lover finished in his mouth.

I let go of his shaft and let Brandon take over.

Garret's eyes closed and his head was thrown back as he ejected the last of his passion into his buddy's mouth.

I... had been... involved. And it felt so personal.

So perfect.

## CHAPTER 8

I was at work after a harrowing Thursday morning facing Cory.

It had been ugly.

Maybe ugly was being subjective on my part. But maybe not.

He had accused me of defying his wishes. Of cheating on him.

With reality at hand – as in the previous night – I could neither refute nor confirm.

Of course I had remained faithful to him.

A handjob as an experiment was nothing more than a gesture between friends.

Was it not?

But I had seen the evidence of his displeasure. I had a hobby. A simple one, but one I thought worth my artistic effort: Doodleart. Silly things, really. But I had several posters and a full set of felts that covered the entire range of the rainbow. I spent hours upon hours coloring my thoughts and desires, painting a picture of my inner passion that, once finished, went into a framed hanging on the wall.

I had four of them done - beautiful and brilliant with all that I was.

Corey had torn them all down. Torn them to shreds.

To show me that my desires mattered not.

To show me my ideas and feelings were worthless.

It wasn't so much the loss of the art that made me cry. It wasn't the torn colored paper that littered the floor that drew the tears down my cheeks.

No, it wasn't any of that.

It was the shredding of my passion and soul that had gone into it.

It was his demonstration that nothing I did mattered – especially if it meant anything to me.

It was the purest demonstration of my destruction.

I was already late for work. I was in bed, held down, choked as he fucked me with ferocity.

Cory raged above me. "Fuck you! You fucking cheating cunt!"

His thrusts were hard and not exciting – not passionate.

"You fucking whore!" His hand left my neck. His slap across my cheek stung like a thousand brilliant fires that instantly numbed my face.

Dread drifted through me – the certainty that this was the sickness my mother had warned me of. I whimpered, cowering beneath him as he fucked me with hate and need.

Where had that love gone?

What had happened?

Was this something I had missed? This deep-seated obsession in him?

How had it happened so fast?

Numbness struck my face several times and my resistance slackened.

From a distance, I heard, "Fucking cheating cunt."

*But, I have never cheated on you...*

The handjob rose inside my thoughts, testament to my lie.

I was a liar, wasn't I?

I went through the day and the weekend, bruises on my face and my soul.

I had failed my husband. My marriage.

His raised hand as if to backhand my face had me cringing every time.

He had conquered me with almost no effort.

I had brought all this on myself.

If only I had not had any friends.

Defeat was the new reality.

Cory was triumphant.

I was in my cubicle, numbly noting what needed notice in the sales reports.

Someone stooped beside me, hand on my knee.

*Trey?*

No, it was Brandon.

He said, "Come over tonight?"

"I can't."

"What's stopping you?"

His practicality gave me pause.

And it required an answer. To a friend.

"My husband... will beat me."

His eyes, his expression, his jaw, went tight. He rose and hugged me. He

whispered, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. You're worth far more than this, Trina."

I was numb.

It was Brandon that was crying.

Someone... cared.

Out of all my friends – my few friends – someone cared.

I looked at the shredded remains of my art. I had not cleaned it up.

No, it remained as testimony of my husband's control over me.

His victory.

He would kick at the fragments of frame and scatter them – as if to show me I had not yet cleaned up the results of my error - mine, not his.

But I had left it. I don't know why.

It was Wednesday evening.

The numbness had taken over, extending to...

He chewed his stew meat. "You better fucking clean up that mess."

I watched him, feeling nothing inside for this new side of the man I thought I knew.

He felt it necessary to reinforce the point. His fist clenched. "If you don't clean up the mess..."

A tingling serenity filled me. It would not protect my face when he came home. It would not stop him from fucking me and calling me names. But it would separate me from his hate.

What had happened to the love?

I stared at him.

He fumed – a stick of dynamite on a short fuse and burning fast.

The next beating was not far off – I knew it.

*How can I have been so blind?*

He left for work.

I took broom and safety-yellow dustpan to my scattered dreams. I swept up the fragments of my inner self and deposited them into the trash.

Connections and threads to my past and passions were tossed as easily as used tea bags into the past. No more thought. No more concern. No more care.

I was Trina.

I did what needed to be done.

And a small part of me rose, quietly, to make a petition. That seed that had sprouted on a whim in my friends' apartment.

I took up my cell phone and texted.

*Me: Can I come over?*

## CHAPTER 9

Brandon answered the door. He always did. Seemed like Garret was always in the bathroom getting ready for the evening.

I couldn't even open my mouth before the Asian had me in a hug as fierce as any I had ever felt from my husband.

He said into my hair, "I'm glad you came." He released me instantly after that – as proper as propriety demanded. A friendly gesture and no more. No crossing the line, no foul, and no infraction that demanded an answer.

He was careful with me. He was gay.

I was careful with him. I was straight.

Kinky for white, but I was conscious of their relationship and mine. I kept that line firm in my thoughts.

No gay couple wanted someone flaunting their heterosexuality in their faces any more than a straight couple wanted a gay couple throwing homosexuality in theirs. There were considerations to understand and accept.

And the best way to approach that was to value the friendship over seeming to meddle or poke into their sexual affairs.

Right? It was called respect.

They had their thing; I had mine.

Right now, I respected them more than I had ever respected Cory. The corrosion was that far advanced.

Thing was, I knew I had to do something, and I knew what that something was: I had to get away.

He was solicitous. "Orange Juice?"

"I would love some."

His anticipatory smile was none the lesser for knowing. He returned with a glass before Garret came out. He sat and said, "What's the news?"

"I need to get out." Of my marriage. I felt it as surely as I was sitting on their recliner. I just... had trouble saying it. Why hadn't I detected this rage inside Cory before? While we were dating. He had been possessive and demanding, but in that sexy alpha male sort of way.

Wasn't that what all women wanted who read romances? They wanted the strong man to so dominate them with their need that they were left breathless and submissive.

That was exactly what Cory had been.

Were the books wrong? Or did Cory have a twist that fit well under that alpha maleness? Hidden until it was too late? Two years too late?

Brandon was frowning, thinking. "Yes, I think you do."

Garret came out in a bathrobe. It was getting chillier out. "Hey, Trina." He looked to his buddy. "What are we talking about?"

"She recognizes her need."

Garret looked pleased. "We thought you were strong enough to find that on your own."

Brandon added, "We hoped, anyway."

"Do you need help leaving him?"

"I was just going to leave..."

Garret looked at me askance. "But you have things—"

"That mean nothing. A few personal things, yes. But the rest?"

"You don't want a moving van?"

I laughed, bitterness biting at my heart. "For what? Furniture that we shared? I want nothing I had with him." Could I do it? I rubbed my arms. I just need to get away. Can I do it?

Brandon offered, "We could go right now..."

The sprout from the seed inside me bloomed a little brighter. "We can?"

Garret made a dismissive face. "Sure, we can watch something when we get back."

I didn't want to impose. "I'll need to find a place. A motel—"

Brandon looked angry. "That would be the worst place. A lonely place."

Garret looked annoyed, too. "You can stay here with us. Until you can make other arrangements."

"I don't want to impose..."

Brandon said, "Nonsense."

His buddy said, "Don't be silly. You can stay in the weight room." They had a small two-bedroom apartment. The second bedroom was used for their weight set.

Brandon nodded. "And we can ride into work together."

My heart was thumping up in my throat. I had an opportunity... "I can't imagine... how I can thank you—"

Both were scowling.

Garret said, "We're friends, Trina. We're here to help."

Even the air inside my home had an atmosphere of hate and violence in it.

When had that become noticeable?

I didn't want to remain long in case it stained me.

My two friends were grim and quiet. They had a couple boxes, ready to help.

I dumped toiletries into one and personals in the other. I left the perfume, breaking the bottle in the sink. I would never wear that fragrance again.

My clothes I just bagged up and only essentials. None of the never-worns were bagged. Let Cory deal with them; I didn't want them.

I had a sense that there was danger approaching all throughout my packing. It made my shoulders tense with the need to be out of the house. Was he coming home early? Able to find a replacement?

My reasoning said he couldn't. But what if he had?

Even my face was rigid. "I'm done. Let's get out of here."

Garret was astonished. "This is it?"

Brandon was looking at me as if I might be sick or faint.

"This is it. Let's go."

They carried the two boxes. I carried my three bags.

At the door I dropped everything. With a yank, I tore the wedding ring from my finger and threw it down in the living room.

I left, feeling invisible fingers choking my neck, trying to drag me back with the promise of a collar. A chain. And pain.

## CHAPTER 10

I blocked his number.

I blocked his work number.

When I got strange texts, I deleted them.

I hired an attorney the very first day on my lunch hour. He doubted a restraining order would get through since I had no proof of Cory's physical abuse.

But I had the ball rolling. And I went back to work feeling free.

Not just free of something that turned bad. Not just the marriage – though that would take a number of months if he didn't respond to the petition.

I knew Cory: he would stall. Dig in his heels.

No, I felt free of chains I had begun to wrap around myself. The blame. The guilt. The ignorance. Bad enough Cory would put his emotional chains on me, but I had been layering on my own, as well.

I rode into work with Brandon and Garret. It helped my only friends were my coworkers. My two remaining friends.

Would I want to re-establish my friendship with Trey? Or leave it like it was? I wasn't sure there. He was fun at times, and burdensome other times. Maybe? Maybe not?

I didn't put much thought into it.

A few days went by of utter peace.

I watched movies with the guys at night. Sometimes I helped them stroke; it was kind of fun.

Tuesday night – the day before Cory would be served the petition – I sat with

them watching Conan the Destroyer. They really liked muscle flicks.

I was getting to know these two.

The elbow jerks started.

The whispers.

The shushes.

Brandon would be trying to get Garret to do something. Quiet Garret would be resisting.

The couch was moving to their elbows.

*I mean, come on guys. Good grief, just spit it out. I looked over at them from underneath my frizzy bangs. "What. Is. It?"*

Brandon said, "Ask her."

Garret murmured, "No."

I indicated the TV. "Guys. We're missing the rippling abs."

Brandon elbowed him. "Ask her."

Garret was next to me, erection in hand, but not stroking it.

I said, "Do you want me to handle that?" I had done so on and off – not wanting to intrude on their relationship – but I knew they might only be letting me be involved because I was a friend. They were gay; they needed a chick like a fish needed a bicycle.

A huge elbow nudge from Brandon.

Garret looked at me shyly. "Um, this is really awkward..."

I had the immediate sensation I should be over in the recliner, or even out the door. I sensed I was intruding. I leaned back, hand on my blouse. "Should I pack my things up? I can have everything gone—"

Brandon spat, "No." He scowled at his buddy. "You idiot, just ask."

He fidgeted with his fingers like a little kid, then turned those searching eyes towards me. Garret licked his lips and said, "We... I was curious..." His eyes shifted to mine, down, and back and forth.

I touched his arm. "Go on."

He exhaled shakily.

*Wow, I've never seen him so uncertain around a woman before. I squeezed his arm.*

"I've never..."

Brandon bugged his black eyes out in a comical – almost Jackie Chan – look. "He's never been with a woman."

Garret's elbow hitting him shook the couch.

"Just ask her. The worst she can do is say no."

Garret turned back to me and took a deep breath. "I feel I can trust you as a friend..."

I nodded. "Of course."

"Would you be... willing... to show me, uh... what it's like?"

"Show you?"

Brandon rolled his eyes. "He wants to know if he can put it in you, just to feel it."

I blinked. I was still married, even if separated at the moment, and I had never cheated on my husband. But the divorce papers would be served tomorrow and the finality of it all another month or six weeks beyond that. Would it hurt? Would it really be cheating if he just stuck it in to feel?

I could do that for him as a friend, couldn't I? Well, why not? I opened my mouth, still stunned by the question from a gay man.

Garret beat me to the punch. "I'll understand if you think it's gross because I'm gay."

*Gross? I screwed up my face in annoyance. "Gross? Not at all. I've stroked your cock..."*

He exhaled loudly. "Oh... good. We didn't know if that would be disgusting for a hetero..."

Brandon elbowed him. "Let her talk."

I said, "Stop hurting each other. I don't want to drag you both to the hospital with severe elbow-trauma."

They both chuckled.

Garret said, "I'm sorry. He's really pushy about being open. I'm quiet, he's the talker."

I said, "Yeah, I think everyone knows that."

"So..."

I swallowed. "If you really want to experience what it feels like, I'll help you with that."

He looked immensely relieved – almost collapsing in on himself as his muscles relaxed.

"Just put it in?"

He nodded. "Just to feel. I understand it's very different from anal."

I said, "Well, I wouldn't know about that."

"Do you need to prepare...?"

I looked back and forth at both of them. "No, I'm ready right now—"

Brandon hit his arm. "I told you."

Garret slapped him back. "I didn't know."

I giggled. "Um, where do you want to try this?"

"Um, right here? Just a quick feel?"

Brandon went to the recliner.

I felt heat rise up my neck in embarrassment. "Well, sure." I removed my shorts.

Garret said, "Doesn't she have supple-looking legs?"

His buddy said, "Yep. Very strange, but very nice."

I laughed, being naked now from the waist down. "They're just legs."

Garret ran his hand along my thigh. "But they're so smooth. No muscle ridges or sculpted lines."

"Surely you've see women's legs before."

"Of course, but they're so fascinating. It's not like we had anyone we could ask..."

Brandon finished for him. "Who was a female."

I thrilled to the passage of his hand on my skin. I scooted around to lie back. "Well, give it a try, if you can."

Garret frowned. "I think I can..."

"Oh, well... I've heard of gay men going soft at the sight of a woman's pussy."

He was staring at mine. "Well, it is odd-looking..."

I laughed.

He took a deep breath and climbed over me, but stopped and looked lost.

I reached down and pulled open my lips. "Right there."

"Wow, you're pink inside."

I laughed louder. "Of course I am."

"I mean, I knew that... It's just seeing it..." He stopped stalling and stuck the head in.

I tensed at the touch, wondering if I was technically cheating being still married. I didn't think I was. Especially not if he was just going to put it in to feel it. He was a friend. I was helping him out.

His thickness pushed in, filling me as it went.

His eyes opened, wider and wider and he froze midway in. He whispered, "Oh my god..."

I said, "What's wrong?"

Brandon was scowling. "What is it?"

Garret's mouth dropped all the way open and he pushed the rest of his cock inside. He stopped there, flexing inside of me as his pulse throbbed at his neck. "Wow..." He panted his breaths for a few seconds. "That feels... so good."

My pussy clamped on his cock. I felt frozen, wanting to be turned on, but knowing this was just a test.

Garret moved back a little, drawing out, but stopped midway. His eyes flashed, moving this way, and that. Then he pushed back in, sliding that thick cock back into my pussy.

I moaned with tension and gripped his arms.

My sound spurred him. He began thrusting - and blinking so rapidly I thought he might pass out. "This is incredible."

Brandon said, "I thought you were just going to test it?" He got up and came over in a rush. "Is it really that good?"

Garret moaned above me. "This is amazing." He panted, looking down at me.

"Can he try it? He's never had—"

His friend scowled. "I almost did, once."

I swallowed, my heart thumping so fast and hard I thought my chest would explode. "Sure..."

Garret pulled out and got off.

Brandon looked ill as he took his place.

I said, "You don't have to if this is gross—"

"No, no, it's just... What if I like it? Will I not be gay anymore?"

Garret looked at me as if I could provide the answer.

I shrugged.

He slapped his friend's shoulder. "Try it. You need to know." He gripped his cock and stroked it.

Brandon eased into me, very tentatively. His face took on a comical look of Asian outrage and wonder. "What... is...?" He pushed in faster, sinking it all the way in. He groaned out in amazed pleasure. "No way... dude..."

Garret laughed. "No kidding, right? It's amazing."

I felt him move, starting the back and forth motion. This was more than just sticking it in to feel and I was enjoying every second of it. My hips began moving; I couldn't help it. I gasped loudly as the tension began twisting inside me. I would never have thought a gay guy pumping in me would be hot.

Brandon froze. "Am I hurting you?"

I exhaled sharply. "No, it feels good." I began moving my hips more.

Garret laughed. "She likes you."

I groaned, my hips undulating without control. My pussy was tight with that achy need.

Garret jacked faster, watching us.

His buddy said, "Bring that over here." His hips worked on mine, fluidly filling me with his manhood.

Garret moved over to us and Brandon leaned up, taking his friend's cock into his mouth.

I stared up as my pussy was plowed. Watching Brandon blow Garret was stunning. The Asian's moans and Garret's groans, combined with what was going on in my pussy, were too much. Tickles turned to trembles and built a coil of excitement inside that wound up so tight I thought I'd not be able to breathe.

It blew apart inside, tossing me over into a long fall of explosive releases.

Garret said, "Fuck, dude; she's cumming. This is incredible."

I was pulling on Brandon's hips. "Fuck me..."

His shaft began moving faster inside me. His lips sucked harder on Garret.

*I came on an Asian, no way. Who would've thought they'd be just as hot as white? I looked up Garret's thighs. They were tense, standing out with strain as he tried to keep his hips still. He began grunting, groaning out with higher and higher sighs.*

Brandon moaned loudly in warning and unleashed a flood of cum inside my pussy.

Garret cried out, jerking. Cum gushed out of Brandon's mouth – he was unprepared. He pulled his head off of the squirting cock and coughed. Cum splashed down on my face and I flinched.

Both men were panting, and within seconds went still. They were looking at each other, at me, and around the room.

I could sense it as surely as I knew anything, they were wondering exactly what I was thinking. What just happened here?

## CHAPTER 11

I felt an icy wall between all three of us.

It wasn't my fault.

Was it?

They weren't talking to each other and they weren't talking to me, either.

It was Wednesday, the day Cory was to be served. It should've been a happy day. Instead, it was filled with regret.

What had I caused? Some rift between my best friends? Did my pussy spoil everything between us? Was I some form of toxic agent, ruining first my husband and now my two friends?

Maybe Cory had been right; I shouldn't have any friends at all.

Was I only good enough for my husband's chain?

I had cheated on him the previous night, and it had felt so good.

I had been beat and raped by Cory because of it – but it hadn't happened yet. Should I just have given in to Trey? Would that have felt so wonderful, too? At least the beatings would've been deserved, then. If I was going to be blamed for it, why miss out on the fun? Maybe I should've pushed Kyle to the wall and blown him – forced my mouth on him and sucked him dry. Well, why not?

But my fun had ruined something with Brandon and Garret. Something critical.

I was relaxing in my chair after a small lunch of tomato soup I had brought with me.

I would have to talk to Garret and Brandon. Tell them I was leaving. I didn't

want them suffering because I was a corrosive influence in their home. They had been happy.

My chair spun around.

I looked up into the eyes of madness.

Cory spat, "You fucking bitch." His hand yanked my hair, spinning me out of my chair and upright. His fist connected with my stomach in an uppercut. "Fucking cunt!"

Hurting, sickened, and scared, I heaved up my soup all over him.

The blow to the side of my head sent me sprawling against the cubicle wall. Things fell.

My hair was grabbed again.

There was a solid smack and my hair came free of his grip.

Trey had punched Cory.

I scrambled back, fearful of my husband.

But Trey hauled him up and prepared to punch him again. More footsteps came running.

One of the other women in the area screamed, "Call security!"

Trey doubled over, wind knocked out of him.

Corey grated, "Fucking nigger." He wound up for a blow down at Trey's head.

He was tackled from behind by Kyle into a necklock.

Trey recovered just as Cory broke Kyle's hold. I knew my husband knew what he was doing. Kyle was just a guy, even if tall and handsome.

My husband delivered one good punch to Kyle's jaw and sent him and the cubicle wall toppling over with a metallic screech.

Trey punched Cory low on his back and my husband dropped to his knees in agony. My friend was fast, though, and gripped him to haul him to his feet from behind. "You're getting your ass out of here. And if I ever see you around here again..." His voice went low. "I'll kill you. Understand me white boy? I'll kill you."

Douglas, our security guard, skidded into the remains of the cubicle.

Trey said, "Get him outta here."

"Charges?" He was unlatching his cuff case.

"No, just get him outta here."

Kyle was getting up, rubbing his jaw. He came over to me just seconds before Trey did. "Are you okay? Trina? Are you all right?" His eyes held that concern that made me want to forget my life.

"I... think so." My stomach hurt, but breathing was getting a little easier.

"Where did all that blood come—"

"That was my tomato soup..."

Trey touched my forehead. "Are you hurt?"

"No, I don't think so. He punched me..." I pointed. "But I think I'm okay now."

I was helped onto my wobbly feet.

My two friends that Cory had made me dump had come to my rescue. Where might I have been without them?

One thing now was for certain, I had enough witnesses to make affidavits for a restraining order.

I was at home, for however long it would still be home, telling and retelling Brandon and Garret what had happened. They worked on a different floor than I did and only heard about it after the fact.

Both were kneeling, on either side of the recliner, as I told them.

I didn't want to dwell on the incident, but neither did I want to broach the subject I knew was between us. However, I forced myself to bring it up. "About last night..."

Their faces hardened and they shared a look.

I said, "I think I should probably move out."

Garret, normally the quiet one, was first, and frowned. "Why?"

"I feel like I've destroyed something here—"

Brandon said, "Stop right there."

"But, I can feel it."

"Garret and I need to talk, it's true. But don't go doing anything stupid."

Garret added, "Or rash."

Brandon tossed his head at his lover. "Might as well talk now."

They rose and walked back to their bedroom.

Would they discuss my corrosive effect? Was I cursed? They stayed in there for far longer than I imagined they might.

I was curled up on the couch watching TV when Garret came out.

He dropped down next to me and pulled me up close to him. "I guess we're all talked out."

"It's about me, isn't it?"

He nodded.

"Should I go?"

He leaned back from me a little, a look of confusion on his face. "Only if you

want to."

"What were you discussing back there?"

"Our feelings."

I almost laughed. Gay guys talk about feelings? "What? You're kidding."

Brandon came out, looking worried.

That was odd – both had switched their usual positions. Brandon was action, Garret was thought. Now it looked like they were being the other way around.

Garret said, "Having you here has changed us."

I said, "I'm sorry."

His smile was amused. "No, don't be. This is new for us. But..."

Brandon reverted to his normal self. "What he's trying to say is, we both think of you as more than a friend. It's..." He glanced at his friend, "Deeper than that."

I was lost. "What do you mean? I came in here like a wrecking ball—"

Garret interrupted me. "And smashed right through our hearts." His kiss surprised me, pressing into my mouth with all the fervor I had seen when he kissed Brandon.

Caught off guard, I started kissing him back, curious if it was forced.

But it wasn't.

He released me and I breathed, mouth open, and staring him in the eyes.

Brandon's touch turned my chin towards him. His kiss was just as surprising, and just as tender. The similarity of their kisses could only come from knowing how each other kissed and they were almost mirror images of effort and style.

I was released and Brandon and Garret kissed each other, both leaning over me from either side. They held each other's necks, moving just as slow in their kiss as they had in each of mine.

When they stopped, I was breathing hard with excitement.

Brandon said, "Would you be a third part of us?"

"You... want me that way?"

His eyes flashed and his smile broadened. "I can't wait to do that again."

Garret said, "Me either."

"But... I'm black..."

Brandon's forehead crinkled in scrutiny. "Is that a problem?"

"But not many people like black women—"

Garret cracked, "We're not many people."

Brandon shook his head. "Love knows no color."

There was a lump in my throat. "Friends... to... lovers?"

Both nodded.

That sprout stretched inside me, reaching higher – towards me heart. Warmth embraced me inside and I felt as weak as a kitten. "I'll... be anything you want."

Garret said, "We want you to be yourself." He reached behind the couch, leaning over as if reaching down. Stretching...

Brandon grinned at me.

Garret settled back, holding a tube and a packet of felts. "We got these for you." Doodleart and felt pens.

I pursed my lips tight, not wanting my quivering lower lip to make me look stupid. I croaked, "Thank you."

Brandon said, "We'd love to help you do them, if you want. Or if it's something you'd rather do alone..."

I shook my head. "No, I can't... think of a nicer thing than having you two share this with me."

And there were those brilliant smiles.

## CHAPTER 12

I had a few days to recover.

Douglas, our security guard, checked on me often.

My cubicle was repaired, though my boss had stern looks of disapproval for what had happened. Private lives shouldn't interfere with work.

Like it was my fault. I must have sent invitations to Cory to come trash my workplace and forgot I had done it.

Bosses know so much.

I rolled my eyes when he wasn't looking.

He went back to golfing and the division was left in peace.

I was checked on by Kyle, Trey, and even Garret and Brandon making the trek downstairs. The cocoon of concern was a huge comfort following the incident with my husband.

I got my restraining order.

I was sitting, talking to Brandon. "This isn't all about pity, is it?"

He shook his head, his Asian features schooled in seriousness.

I found I liked his looks. Very expressive. "You don't think including me in this is going to create jealousies?"

"Do you have a dick?"

I laughed. "Uh, no."

He shrugged. "So what's to worry about?"

"Is it really that easy for you?"

"We think so..."

"You were back there a long time talking about it."

"Well, yeah, it was strange admitting we both had feelings for you and what it meant."

"Strange? How?"

He raised a hand in pontification. "I grew up gay. Knew it since I was small. I liked dick, not pussy. And so pretty much did Garret – grew up that way, despite his sister's advances."

I leaned over on the couch, lowering my voice. "Did it ever go farther than a handjob?"

"No."

"Just the once?"

He nodded. "So he's said, and I believe him."

"Oh no, so do I, for sure."

"Do you miss your husband?"

My head shake was so violent, my curls swung all over. I took a few deep breaths in reflection. "Well, sort of. I miss what he had been. So commanding and confident. But I surely don't miss what emerged. I almost gave in. I almost surrendered."

Garret came out naked. "I... uh..."

Brandon rolled his eyes. "He's tongue-tied. That means he's thinking about you."

The naked man blushed.

I smiled at the flattery.

Brandon whispered loud enough for the neighbors to hear, "That means he probably wants to have sex with you."

The ache was so deep and sudden that I became wet. "Oh... a signal?"

The Asian rolled his eyes and nodded. He stood and offered his hand.

I took it and allowed him to lead me into their bedroom.

Just as clean as the rest of the house, there was still a hint of an aroma – manhood.

Cock.

It was a captivating trace in the air of two handsome men.

Garret was wide-eyed. "I never thought I'd say this to a woman, but would you strip for me?" His cock was already firming.

Brandon chuckled. "I never thought I'd want to watch." He was almost done undressing.

I gave them a shy look and began unbuttoning my blouse.

Both of the men sighed in awe.

I giggled and removed it to begin working on my bra.

"Amazing," breathed Garret.

"Truly fantastic," said Brandon.

Both men were hard. Almost without thought, they reached across and began stroking each other while they watched me.

*Now that is hot! No strip tease for me, I wanna see this handjob stuff. I licked at my lips and swallowed.*

Both were very comfortable and gentle at handling each other.

I had expected men might be rough. I don't know, maybe some were, but

Brandon treated Garret's cock like a delicate instrument. Garret did likewise to Brandon. These two had known each other for years, if not longer.

I asked, "How long have you two been together?"

Brandon answered, of course. "Since we were fourteen."

I bugged out my eyes. "That long?"

Garret nodded. "Don't tell our mothers. They can barely look at us as it is. If they knew..."

Brandon laughed. "Yeah, if they knew..."

I removed my shorts and panties.

Their eyes lit on my pussy and they grew quiet. Their stroking, however, got faster.

I held up both palms. "So... um..."

Garret moved immediately. "I want to taste you."

Brandon scowled. "Hey, I do, too."

"Get in line."

"No, just make room."

I was tossed down onto the bed and my legs yanked open by two hunky men. I felt the heat even before I felt their tongues. I said, "The top part at the apex of the lips..." I pressed a finger there to show them.

Hey, I've been licked before. It's great and all, but two tongues at once?

Out. Of. This. World.

And then to look down and watch them lick me, their tongues crossing over each other, kissing each other and then returning back to licking me? I have never felt a faster surge of orgasm in my life.

No.

It wasn't sneaking up on me.

It wasn't trying to take its time.

This wasn't a slow-cook pot of passion.

My pussy clamped just once - like a bomb bouncing on the ground – and then exploded with bursts of fire and frenzy. Convulsive waves tore up my body, flopping me about on the bed until I was a limp, shaking, puddle of jello.

Brandon said, "Fuck she cums easy."

I tried to laugh. I tried to breathe. I tried to talk. It all came out at once as a mumble of breathy gibberish.

Garret began moving up, looking unsure. "Let me go first. You got to have her more last time."

Brandon backed off a little and settled beside me. His mouth found my boob and began playing. He definitely knew what he was doing there.

Garret was trembling over me, his dick very erect and swollen. He was larger than Cory and I looked forward to feeling it this time for more than just a couple of thrusts. My pussy took the pressure of his push and spread open for him, swallowing his passage and being filled inside.

He pushed tension along with it, my canal tight around his cock. It was a fullness that locked me in place unable to move. The tingles from my orgasm still vibrated inside me and my pussy clenched when the tingles turned to tickles.

Garret groaned with it all the way inside. "I never knew..." He began pumping, slow and long, sensing and savoring the moment with his strokes.

Brandon moved up and kissed me, thrusting his tongue into my mouth.

Neither of them had made a face when they were licking me; I must have tasted good. Probably a lot like cock tastes like.

Brandon stopped and got onto his knees. He brushed his cock across my lips.

I opened readily, taking his erection into my mouth while being filled with Garret's in my pussy. I had never thought much about threesomes before but this was easy.

Even more stunning was the sensation of Garret's mouth joining mine. Together, we licked and kissed and sucked Brandon's shaft.

He was moaning loudly, obviously pleased.

Garret chuckled. "Good?"

"Yeah, two mouths are better than one."

"Don't get any ideas and start hunting for other guys."

"No, no, you two are the ticket."

I giggled. Garret's thrusting in me was powerful and brought my excitement to heights I had never before known.

I felt so alive.

I watched him suck his friend, giving him a wet blowjob inches from my face. Their breathing, panting and moaning was so intoxicating and intimate – and inclusive. I felt a part of them in all that they were doing.

Garret released Brandon's cock and I took over. The two men kissed over me as I sucked.

Garret's thrusts became harder and more insistent – his proximity to finishing so very apparent to me. I knew men could pace themselves and hold back, but Garret was going with his base sexual motivation and just giving me what he had.

It was raw and personal.

He groaned in Brandon's mouth and scalding hot splashes wet deeply in my insides. I went from wet to swamped in seconds.

I loved every second of it.

He finally panted to a finish and said to both of us, "That is such an amazing feeling in there. The perfect fit for cock."

Brandon was nodding. "Totally different from a mouth."

"Mouth is still exciting."

"Oh yeah, for sure. It's intimate."

Garret said, "This is just different, in a really great way."

I was silent behind my satisfied smile.

## CHAPTER 13

I chose a golden yellow pen.

Brandon was helping me color one of the Doodleart posters. "All done then?"

My attorney had made the final appearance. The judge had signed off on the divorce order. It was all over. "Yep, I'll get copies in the mail and that will be that."

"No regrets?"

"None."

"Decided what to do about Trey and Kyle?" There was a hint there that might have been dangerous. But not Corey-dangerous.

I capped the pen before using it and set it back down. I touched his arm. "I'm not into black guys. Trey's just a friend."

"You weren't into Asians, either."

"True, but I'd never really thought about it. I certainly am now."

"And Kyle?"

I shook my head. "Don't worry about him. He's handsome and that's about it. Just a friend, though his wife put an end to that. I don't have feelings for either of them like I have for you two. I don't love them."

His eyes shifted around the poster, but he was thinking, not looking.

I said, "I love both of you. No one is going to change that."

Garret came out and leaned over behind me. His mouth to my ear was a kiss. "Trina..."

"Hmm?"

"We've been saving this..."

I knew what he meant.

"Let's go make this real..."

I stifled a laugh. "I don't know..."

Brandon waggled his black eyebrows. "Don't think you can?"

"Probably not."

Garret showed his concern. "We don't want to hurt you."

I rose. "Oh, no, I don't think you will. It'll either work or not."

He put his hands on my shoulders. "We want to try." He pulled me into a hug. Brandon hugged me from behind. The three of us made a tight unit.

It was that kind of embrace that smoothed away all my worries. It was the strong arms of two loving and tender men that made all of this worth what I had been through.

My inner self was strengthened, solidified, and blossoming. Between these two, I had found my identity again and stepped with them into a world of compassion – if just between us three.

I was stronger now and knew my future held more promise than I could've imagined six months before.

I had hope.

I had love.

And I had friendship. A deep friendship that was giving, not taking.

I followed them to the bedroom.

I let their eyes soak me in as I undressed and already they were hard. They were

hard for me – for us. And that mattered more to me than any kink I had.

Yes, I had loved white cock. I certainly still did. But also Asian now and only both for these two who held me so close in their intimacy. I didn't want other cock of any color or persuasion.

I had everything I wanted.

And fulfillment?

I wanted to laugh because men sometimes were simple.

Garret lay down on his back: he had the longer cock.

I climbed over him and settled my back against his chest. I laughed nervously. "I don't know..."

I felt him press his erection up and against my hole, popping the head in. We tilted our hips and wriggled, getting most of his shaft inside.

Brandon climbed over us, rocking the bed. His eyes were alight with excitement. He knelt down, working his knee down in between our legs. "Move your leg, Garret."

He grunted beneath me, shifting a little.

The head of Brandon's cock touched my clit and slid down.

I gasped, "I don't know, guys..."

Pressure mounted and so did some stretching. My pussy shifted shape, the opening expanding slightly as Brandon tried to push inside on top of Garret's cock.

"I don't... know..."

The stretching continued, and I opened my mouth to be ready for the pain I knew was coming. But it didn't hurt. Yet. My pussy kept stretching, promising pain, but expanding right on the edge of it.

I voiced my apprehension. "Ahhh..."

Higher and higher I gasped that, feeling the stretching and expanding. Am I going to tear open?

I was almost yelling – letting out my fear as I felt Brandon's cock make the room and slide in on top of Garret's.

My eyes felt like they were going to pop out of my head. Still no pain, but the tension and pressure said that any second, I was going to tear.

I didn't.

I panted, moaning loudly, still expecting the hurt to begin.

They both started moving.

Brandon said, "Fuck, this is too tight."

I groaned high in agreement.

Garret grunted. "Shut up and don't move too much." He was pumping beneath me, no more than an inch going in and out at once.

Brandon complained, "But I have to move, dude."

"Shut up and kiss me."

My head flopped around as my body writhed between them. My dark arms and legs flailed as Brandon's body pressed mine down into Garret's. The two men kissed, hugging me between them and impaling me on their cocks.

It was accomplished. My black body sandwiched between these two pale gay men took their assault on my pussy as if it was made for them.

Maybe I was.

Maybe I had always been meant for two men.

Maybe that's why I had thought of Kyle when I had been married to Cory.

Maybe one man was not enough.

If so, I had found my perfection.

Two men filled and fulfilled me so perfectly that my passions were set free.

I groaned out, still loud, "Oh yes... fill me..."

Whether my comment was the cause, or my pussy the purpose, both men began panting, wriggling with effort.

It was almost funny, them trying to keep their cocks in me.

The three of us writhed in unison on the bed, joined at my pussy by their cocks.

I felt heat, not just from their bodies, but from inside myself.

My mouth was still wide open, prepped for a scream that never came. That coil wound up inside me, coming closer with every jerk and gasp on the bed.

I could've sworn the sounds we made came from ten people.

Brandon cried out first. And immediately set off Garret. Both men swelled in my pussy and their shafts pulsed.

I groaned heavily, feeling the effects of their efforts. I could've sworn someone stuck a garden hose up my pussy and turned it on. I felt cum running out of me in rivers.

And in that intense moment of conquering the sexuality of two men – two gay men – I found my release.

The eruption of ecstasy inside was so intense that my eyes shut against the blinding lights of the stars that popped in my vision. I cried out, my body convulsing between their pressing bodies. I floated on those waves, tossed up and over, rolling with the relief of satisfaction.

I was free.

And in my freedom, I gave myself to them, as they had given themselves to me.

**Thank you for reading Making a Menage. All reviews are appreciated.**

**Goodreads.com has a fairly complete list of Laran Mithras books.**