



HER TWO DOCTORS

AMAZON BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LENA LITTLE

HER TWO DOCTORS

A MMF MÉNAGE ROMANCE: BOOK 1

LENA LITTLE

© 2022 by Lena Little

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

If you see this book anywhere other than Amazon, it is a stolen version of this story. My stories are exclusive to Amazon and can only be purchased through Amazon or read through Amazon's Kindle Unlimited program.

CONTENTS

Free Books

1. Meeting Doctor Davis
2. Meeting My New Nurse
3. The Dinner Invitation
4. The Night Out
5. The Night Club
6. The Condo
7. Tasting Dillon
8. The Next Day
9. Our First Date
10. Alone with Delia
11. Taking Dillon Home
12. Exploring Virgin Territory
13. Quiet Bliss
14. The Hospital
15. Getting Put in My Place
16. Our Second Date
17. Dinner for Three
18. After Dinner Games
19. Three Weeks Later
20. Visitors
21. Surgery
22. My Port in the Storm
23. Always
24. Six Months
25. Christmas Day
26. The Wedding
27. After the Wedding
28. The Honeymoon
29. Last Night in the Maldives
30. Home Again
31. An Unexpected Surprise
32. Expecting

Epilogue

Extended Epilogue

Also by Lena Little

PREVIEW

Delia's eager and willing to leave her small town for the first time and gain some experience working for a doctor in the big city, only to find out that she won't be serving as the right hand for one doctor, but potentially two.

Doctors Dillon and Curtis quickly develop a mutual obsession with Delia, who is surprised to find out that not only do these two daring doctors want to share her, but also...each other.

But when Dillon needs her to be more than just his little girl, and decides four hands on Delia's body is two too many, jealousy and possessiveness ensue.

Can they keep the sexual chemistry alive, or will they be forced to go three separate ways...or two...or one, together?

Her Two Doctors is a MFM standalone romance with a slight MM twist, and the HEA you've come to know and love.

FREE BOOKS

Get free books from time to time by signing up for my mailing list...

www.subscribepage.com/lenalittle

MEETING DOCTOR DAVIS

My heels echo on the shiny, white tile floor as I make the long walk to the elevator. I glance around the room to see if I'm drawing any attention. Grateful that no one seems to notice, or care, I run my finger down the listing of suite numbers and Doctor's names hanging beside the elevator door then press the up arrow and wait for the doors to open.

When the elevator stops I step out on the fourth floor and follow the signs to Suite 404, Dr. Dillon Davis, and Dr. Curtis Wade. This is my new office and today is the day that I meet the doctor that I'll be assisting in the operating room.

I tell the nurse at the reception desk my name and she looks me up and down before telling me to have a seat. While I wait for the doctor to come out to greet me, I thumb through the hospital newsletter. I stop on the page titled, "Meet your surgical team". I scan the photographs searching for my new doctor. I find him and my cheeks get a little flush. Dr. Dillon Davis is a very handsome man.

I've been waiting a long time and my mind wanders to where it always seems to go lately, my problems. I came to the city with nothing. I could barely afford the rent and deposit on the apartment and I don't know how I'm going to eat until my first paycheck comes. I keep telling myself to hold on because it's going to be worth it but it's hard to have faith when you spend all your time sitting alone staring at the walls of a place that is so unfamiliar. I know I have the job but I'm terrified that I'll say the wrong thing and make a bad first impression. If that

happens, it's over for me. I'll have to call for help and my parents will insist that I come back home. That's the last thing I want. I'd rather starve.

"Delia? Delia Reynolds," Doctor Davis calls for me. I swallow hard before getting up to greet him at the door to the inner-suite. He's well over six feet tall with a broad chest and massive shoulders. I could trace every line of his muscles through the arms of his thin, white, dress shirt. His perfectly cropped black hair shines under the fluorescent lights and frames his face from his deep, brown eyes to the half grin that he flashes down at me as I approach. He holds out his hand and takes mine tightly inside it. I try to retract my hand but he continues his grip on me and gently pulls me through the door.

"This way," he tells me and I follow him down the narrow hall. He is just as impressive from behind. He has a wide, toned back and a perfect ass. He moves with a confidence that I haven't seen in other men and I find myself blushing again as I imagine what he must look like underneath his dress shirt and expertly trimmed slacks.

We enter his office and he points to where he'd like me to sit before stepping behind his mahogany desk and seating himself in an oversized leather chair. From his vantage point, he can look me over from head to toe. I cross, then, uncross my legs. I'm feeling completely exposed and don't know what to do with myself.

"Tell me, Delia, what brings you to the city?"

His deeply commanding tone makes me question if I even know why I'm here. "Opportunity," I reply, "there's only one hospital where I come from and it stays very well staffed. I've always wanted to be an OR nurse so after graduation and a year in the nursing program there, I expanded my job search. That's when I found you, I mean, this opportunity to work with you."

"Small town girl, hmm. When nurses come in from little Podunk towns I wonder if they have experience performing under pressure. I like a fast pace and I hope you have what it

takes to keep up with me,” he replies and I’m not certain if he’s talking about his practice or his personal life.

“Are you married? Do you have children?” he asks me.

“No, I’m single. No children,” I reply

“So, you came to the city alone? That’s a bold move for someone so young,” he tells me and I don’t know if I’ve impressed him or if he finds me foolish. His expression gives me no indication either way and my people-reading skills leave much to be desired.

“I did. I thought my time was better served to establish my career than trying to put down roots and have a family,” I tell him.

“And what about life in the big city? Is it everything you expected?” he asks.

I hope my desperation isn’t showing and tell him, “I haven’t really met anyone here yet so I spend a lot of time at home. I hear the museums and art galleries are some of the best in the world. I do plan to check them out at some point.”

“So, you’re a tourist? I feel like spending too much time in museums and galleries prevents us from creating our own experiences. Why climb to the top of a mountain and look at the stars when you can pay admission to the planetarium and see what someone else saw?” he tells me.

“Are you saying that museums and art galleries make us lazy or unambitious?” I ask. I thought rich doctors spent a lot of time in those types of places.

“I’m saying that it’s silly for people to spend money and travel thousands of miles to gaze upon a collection of the experiences of other people when they could spend just a bit more and go a few more miles to have experiences of their own,” he replies.

“Not everyone has an adventurous spirit. Some people feel that gazing upon a collection of other people’s experiences is adventure enough. Besides, I’ll never have an opportunity to go to space but I can sit in the simulation at the Planetarium and feel what it might be like to be there,” I explain.

“So, you have a good imagination, a desire to learn, but no sense of adventure. These aren’t bad qualities... for a nurse,” he replies, “I suspect you’re very detailed, regimented, and a problem solver.”

Yesterday, detailed, regimented and a problem solver would have sounded like compliments to me. Today, from Doctor Davis, I feel as though these words were meant to describe why I’m a total disappointment in his eyes.

“I hope to be an excellent OR nurse. I wouldn’t have applied if I didn’t think that I could do a good job for you and the hospital,” I reply.

He nods at me, then flashes that grin once more. I’m waiting for his response but he is distracted by a knock on the door. He shouts, “Come,” without taking his eyes off me.

MEETING MY NEW NURSE

I know that I'm supposed to be meeting my new nurse this morning. I'm fully prepared to spend ten or fifteen minutes listening to an over-caffeinated woman listing her relevant job experience and expertise but when I open that door and see her in the waiting room I can't believe she is real. How could I have managed to employ the perfect girl without even trying? She stands up and I watch as her short skirt slides down her exposed thigh to her knee. She's a petite girl but her toned legs seem to go on forever and I want to feel them wrapped around my waist right now. She's young and she looks it. Her body checks off everything on the list...big tits, nice ass, perfect legs, and small waist but her face is the true stunner. She's not overly made up, which is a turn-on for me, and my attention is drawn immediately to her big, blue eyes. She has long, wavy blonde hair and I find myself thinking how nice it would be to sink my hands into it as I slip my dick inside her.

I can tell she's a little unsure as she follows me to my office. She's probably sizing me up, too. I decide to play coy and let her see that I'm not one to swoon over a hot girl. I am the one in charge here and she needs to know that I can't be played. I've got my guard up but the more I look at her, the softer I want to be. I don't know why but something about her hits me differently. I can feel myself starting to crack and ask her if she's single. I almost lose my composure when she says yes. I'm saved when someone knocks on the door giving me a chance to get back into character.

My partner, Curtis, bursts through the door in his typical chaotic fashion and instantly begins to size up Delia. I wonder if I was as obvious to her as he's being.

"Delia, this is Dr. Curtis Wade, he's my partner," I introduce him and he steps toward her with his arm outstretched to her.

I watch them interact and feel a tingle in my groin. Curtis is employing all of the tactics he uses when we pick up women together. He's the sweet, sentimental one, the ultimate blue eyed charmer. I'm more the brooding, serious type. We have similar builds but he's fair-haired with a more Scandinavian look and I'm the poster boy for my Italian heritage. The best of both worlds in some women's opinions.

I observe Delia's reaction. She seems taken in by him but not in the way other women are. I wonder if she's just trying to make a good impression. Of course, she is. It's her first day at a new job.

Curtis is about to make his exit but stops and looks at me. I nod and he turns back to Delia, "Since you're new in town, why don't you let us buy you dinner? We can have a few drinks and get to know each other," he tells her.

She smiles and nods and says, "Okay, thank you."

For the first time, I feel like maybe I want this one all to myself but I need to see her outside this office so I can find out what she's really got going on. Like I always say; loosen them up and see what falls out.

THE DINNER INVITATION

I rush into my apartment and begin pulling clothes out of the closet. I wasn't expecting a dinner invitation and have no idea what I'm supposed to wear. I think, maybe they were just being polite and expected me to turn down the invitation and with that thought, all of my insecurities come rushing back to the surface but the fact is, I want to go. Even if impressing these men wasn't important for my career, they are the most attractive men I've ever laid eyes on and the first people I've interacted with since I moved here. Something about a night out with these two strikes me as naughty and I'm really enjoying the images that my mind is conjuring up. A little secret fantasy never hurts, right? Of course, a free meal in my current situation isn't a bad thing, either.

I decide to go a little on the sexy side without going too wild. I put on my little green dress. It shows a fair amount of cleavage and sits just above my knee with a small slit in the back. I cover it with a sweater in case this dinner turns out to be more professional than fun. I tell myself that I'm overthinking things and take a deep breath then perch myself at the window. They said they'd be picking me up at seven-thirty and it's now seven-fifteen.

As I wait, my thoughts drift back to Dr. Davis standing in the doorway calling my name. I begin to wonder if he might be bringing a wife or girlfriend to dinner tonight. He's too perfect to be single and that's disappointing. And, Dr. Wade? Wow, he could have his pick of any woman, I'm sure. How awkward would it be to the lonely little farm girl out with the hot

doctors and their classy wives? The thought of it makes my stomach churn.

It's seven-forty-five and I see a dark colored sports car pull up outside. It's too nice for this neighborhood so it must be them. I take a final look in the mirror and make my way downstairs to the front entrance where Dr. Wade is waiting outside the glass doors. He smiles at me as I make my approach, then, opens the door for me. He takes me by the arm and escorts me down the steps and to the passenger side of the car. He opens the door for me and I look inside. A gentle scent of cologne wafts out of the car and I breathe it in as I look at Dr. Davis in the driver's seat. He's dressed more casually, in a collared, short sleeve shirt and jeans. His rock solid biceps are exposed and he looks like a model from a fitness magazine. His eyes meet mine, then, slowly make their way down my body. When his gaze returns to my face he smiles and I'm excited by his reaction. I don't know why but I'm relieved that I please him.

I slide on to the tan leather passenger seat and buckle my seatbelt as Dr. Wade takes his place in the seat behind me. "Sorry, we're late. City traffic," Dr. Davis tells me as he pulls away from the curb.

I summon up the courage and ask, "Is anyone else joining us, Dr. Davis?"

He turns his eyes from the road to look at me and tells me sternly, "Tonight, we're Dillon and Curt and you're Delia. Leave the work formalities at work," he orders, but doesn't answer my question.

I watch the landscape change as we leave my neighborhood and head downtown to the more affluent side of the city. Curt seems to read my thoughts and asks, "How's your apartment, Delia? I've never been in that neighborhood before."

"It's okay," I reply, "It's a bit small but I don't need much room and the building has security at night. It's not a terrible neighborhood. I can walk to the market and the train station is close by."

Dillon shakes his head and says, "You shouldn't be living in a place like that. A girl like you isn't safe in that neighborhood.

You shouldn't be walking anywhere alone."

"Well, it's the best that I can afford right now," I tell him trying not to express my disappointment at his judgment.

"Like putting a beautiful chocolate cake in front of a toddler," Curtis says, "you're too much temptation for a neighborhood like that. Every degenerate for miles will want a taste of you."

His words cause my face to heat up. It's like listening to my mother all over again.

"Let's not scare her," Dillon tells him, "We want her to stay, remember?"

I feel a rush of endorphins when he says it. He seems to have a way of flipping my emotions.

We pull up to the restaurant and a valet approaches the car and opens my door for me. Dillon and Curt get out and flank me, one on either side. Their size dwarfs me and I feel like a little girl sandwiched between two grown men.

The restaurant is buzzing and I look around and notice that the crowd is around the same age as the doctors, mid to late thirties, and all professional looking. This is a trendy place and I feel a bit out of my comfort zone but I take a deep breath and try to push those feelings aside.

The hostess seats us and my question is answered. It's a small table with no extra seats for wives or girlfriends. Dillon orders a bottle of wine for the table and begins schooling me on the best dishes on the menu. When the waitress returns with the wine, he orders appetizers and entrees for the three of us.

I haven't eaten today so the wine hits me a little more quickly than usual and I begin feeling warm inside. I'm feeling good but decide it's better to slow down on the drinking until I have some food in me.

Dillon notices and asks, "Is there something wrong with the wine, Delia?"

"No, it's delicious. I'm just not much of a drinker," I tell him, "I think I should take it slow."

“There’s no shame in loosening up a bit, Delia,” he tells me, “We won’t let anything happen to you.”

Curt rubs my hand and adds; “The looser the better,” then twists his imaginary mustache and lets out a sinister laugh.

Our first course comes and I’m relieved at the chance to clear my buzzing head before delving into anymore conversation.

As the evening progresses I notice that Dillon doesn’t seem to have much to add to the conversation but when I glance over at him he seems to be listening intently to every word. I assume he’s sizing me up trying to decide if I’m an idiot. So, I try my best to keep my wits about me but the wine is making me doubt myself. I glance down at my watch and see that it’s getting late. I expect that we’ll be ending this party soon and although I’m petrified that I’ll end up making a fool out of myself at some point, I know that I’ll miss their company when I’m back in my empty apartment.

THE NIGHT OUT

I let Curt and Delia run the dinner conversation. I just want to observe her as she interacts with him. She is just as captivating as I imagined and they look good together. With their fair hair and light complexions, they could almost pass for older brother and younger sister. This is even more of a turn-on for me. She keeps looking at me as if to make sure I don't feel left out of the conversation. I find this sweet gesture endearing and reach under the table and place my hand on her thigh. She jumps slightly, then, settles down under the weight of my hand.

I glance across at the bar while they're talking and notice that two men are sizing up Delia while they chat between sips of their beers. I'm pleased to see that other men want her because I know that they won't get close to having her. If I didn't know it before, I'm certain now. She's going to be mine. The two men catch my stare and turn their stools to face the bar. My size intimidates them. I get that a lot. The feeling of other men damn near cowering in my presence only makes my already sky high self-confidence soar.

We finish eating and I pour the last of the wine into our glasses. Curt takes a sip from his glass and places his hand on top of Delia's and asks, "Are you ready for part two of the evening?" She looks concerned that I might disapprove of him having his hand on her but I squeeze her thigh and nod to let her know that it's alright.

She asks, "Part two? Tomorrow is my first day of work. What would my boss think of me being out all night?"

I lean into her and whisper, “He would be very upset with you if you declined his invitation.”

What she doesn’t know is that Curt and I had planned the night on the way to her apartment. I need to see what she’s really made of and, frankly, I don’t know how much longer I can keep my hands off of her. We’re taking her to a night spot where we’ve been successful in picking up women in the past. It’s sort of a no-judgment zone where people like us can be ourselves without worrying that word of our nighttime activities will follow us back to the office.

We exit the restaurant and I give the ticket to the valet. A group of twenty-something guys comes barreling down the sidewalk and I take Delia by the arm and pull her body against me as they pass.

THE NIGHT CLUB

The music pounds inside my head as we enter the neon interior of the nightclub. I've never been in a place like this before. I can tell from the Jovani dresses and Coach bags that this is an exclusive night spot. These accessories cost more than my rent and I feel like a librarian in a room full of showgirls.

I look out across the dance floor and blush when I see that the DJ booth is flanked by floor to ceiling steel cages. There is a topless woman in one. She is hanging upside down from what looks like a perch that runs across the length of the cage. There is a man in the other cage. He is shirtless and wearing backless, leather shorts.

Curt sees my confusion and tells me, "It's performance art. This isn't a strip club or anything like that."

Dillon stays close to me as Curt presses through the crowd and finds us a table at the far edge of the dance floor. This would place us directly in front of the girl in the cage. He waves us over and I hesitate.

"If you sit in front of her you won't have to look at her," Dillon tells me.

"I don't mind looking at her. I don't want to be in the way of everyone else's view of her," I reply.

"So, you don't want people looking at you? I don't know why. You're the hottest girl in here," he replies.

My pulse quickens and I take his arm and walk with him to the table. When we take our seats Dillon looks up at the half-naked girl who is now spinning on a pole in the middle of the cage. He leans in close to me and asks, “What do you think of her?”

I stutter as I scramble to come up with the right answer. I’m learning that all of his questions are part of a test, “I think she’s pretty,” I reply.

“Pretty? Not sexy? You wouldn’t want to fuck her?” he asks.

I’m stunned, “I’m not gay,” I answer.

“You don’t have to be gay to enjoy sex with someone of the same sex. Bodies are bodies. Some have tits, some have dicks. There’s no reason to label what you want to fuck. Who wants to live in a box?” he asks me.

“Did she trade her box for a cage?” I ask him.

He smiles, “Very good, Delia, but you need to realize, she can come out of that cage anytime. Can you get out of yours as easily?”

I never considered myself caged but as my head swims in the liquor and the music fills my ears I begin to think that he may be right. I was raised to be proper and polite and to never step outside my comfort zone. This way of thinking may have kept me out of trouble but it also kept me from experiencing things that I regret missing out on. The girl in the cage is sexy but I would never say something like that for fear of what people would think of me.

This place is too loud to carry on a conversation without screaming and I wonder why they would bring me here. What could they be expecting? Is it a test to see if I’m a brainless party girl who can’t be trusted in the operating room? Just as I begin to lose myself in a sea of self-doubt again, Curt stands up in front of me. He takes my hand and leads me to the dance floor without saying a word. It’s crowded with little room for us to squeeze in so we stay by the edge close to the table. The song is slow and Curt pulls me in tight and places his hand on

the small of my back. We begin to sway together and I'm again reminded of how massive these men are.

A second song begins. It's another slow one. I close my eyes but open them quickly when I feel a second set of hands on me. It's Dillon, behind me. He grips my hips and presses himself against me from behind. My head swims as I take in their mingled scents and feel their respective manhoods pressed against my ass and thigh. I'm finding it hard to breathe and immediately consider retreating to the ladies' room to hyperventilate in private but that's what a girl who lives in a cage would do so I stay in my place between the doctors and close my eyes again.

Dillon digs his fingers into my hips and spins me around. I place my arms around his neck as Curt leans into me from behind now. I look into Dillon's eyes hoping to see something there that explains his intentions but he looks down at my lips. Panic strikes again. I think he's going to kiss me. I don't know what's come over me but I look at his mouth and lick my lips. He leans forward and places his lips against mine. He places a hand on the side of my face and holds me in position. I'm losing myself in the heat that I feel inside me. It's a lustful sensation that consumes me and at this moment, I would do anything to have him. If he ripped off my dress and took me right here on the dance floor, I would forget that everyone else in the room existed and let him consume me.

We continue our trio of interlocked bodies through two more songs. Curt and Dillon spin me around two more times becoming a bit freer with where they place their hands on me with each change of the guard. I don't know how much more of this public foreplay I can handle. My heart is beating out of my chest.

Dillon leans in close to my ear and asks, "Have you ever been with two men?" I feel like firecrackers are exploding in my brain as I contemplate the potential outcomes of my answer. My voice trembles as I struggle for words. Do I say no? Do I say no but I'd like to? Do I act offended and push him away? What does he want me to say? What do I want to say? The music stops before I can summon up the strength to ask for

what I want and the two men step away from me. I can feel the heat in my cheeks and think I must look like a naïve child.

“Let’s get out of here,” Dillon tells us and goes to the coat check to collect our things. Curt moves back to the table to finish his drink and, as soon as I’m alone, I hear a voice coming from over my left shoulder. I turn around and a tall, thin guy with dark hair is standing right on top of me.

“I’m Eddie, what’s your name?” he shouts in my face.

“Delia,” I say, turning to look for Dillon.

“Want to dance, Delia?” he asks me.

“No, thank you. I’m waiting for someone,” I reply.

“If he left a girl like you out here alone he isn’t worth waiting for. No man should walk away from a chick that looks like you,” he looks me up and down and licks his lips.

“No, really, he just went to get out coats. We’re leaving,” I tell him but he inches closer instead of walking away.

“It was nice meeting you,” I tell him hoping to end the conversation but he reaches up and takes me by the arm. I pull back and say, “Let go of me!” He’s frightening me now and I wish I was strong enough to yank my arm from his grasp.

“Wow, you can tell me to leave without being a bitch about it,” he grunts but maintains his hold on me, “All I want is a dance. I’m not gonna pull my dick out on the dance floor!”

“I told you that I was...”, Dillon grabs my arm and pulls me backward before I can complete my sentence. He steps in front of me and tells Eddie, “She told you she was waiting for someone. Do I need to tell you, too?”

Eddie sizes up Dillon and then puts his hands up and takes a step back muttering, “It’s all good, brother. We don’t have a problem here.”

“No, we don’t have a problem but you will if you ever put your hands on this girl again,” Dillon warns him.

“Understood, man, I didn’t mean to touch your girl,” Eddie puts his head down like a scolded child and shrinks back onto

the crowded dance floor.

Dillon turns and looks down at me sternly, “Don’t talk to strangers,” he commands and plants his hand on the back of my neck leading me out into the night.

The air is charged with a mixture of lust and electricity as we drive to another part of town that I didn’t know existed. It’s residential and consists of an ever expanding landscape of tall buildings with illuminated and pristine entrances. I hear the turn signal engage and watch as we pull into a parking structure. Dillon parks and I read the sign, “Reserved for Dr. Davis”. I don’t know what I was expecting but I didn’t expect him to take us to his apartment.

If I never believed that I was living in a cage I feel it now as I wonder what I’ve gotten myself into. Part of me wants to make a break for it, run to the street, hail a cab, and scurry home but if I did that I could never face these men again. Sure, losing the job would be terrible but that’s the least of my concerns. The real issue is the fact that being desired by these two beautiful men is like a drug to me and I don’t want to come down from this high.

We exit the car and Curt says, “Hold on.” I watch as he presses the alarm button on his key fob and unlocks the BMW that is parked beside us. He reaches inside and retrieves his briefcase and I realize that the doctors are either neighbors or roommates.

THE CONDO

My blood boiled when I saw that guy talking to Delia and the anger mixed with the erection I got from dancing with her has me feeling like a caged animal. I consider ending the night early because I fear scaring Delia off but I need a release and won't be satisfied if I don't get it so I decide to continue as planned and drive us back to my place.

I can see that she's impressed with the apartment. She stops at the entry and looks across the room to the lights of the city skyline bouncing off the balcony doors then up at the vaulted ceilings and second-floor landing. I take her sweater off and lead her into the living room. Curt is already in there setting the mood. He's dimmed the lights and turned on some music.

"So, you share this place?" Delia asks us.

"We share a lot," Curt answers and she looks concerned so I step in.

"We're both single and this is a big place," I tell her.

Curt approaches and takes Delia by the hands. "Let's dance," he says and begins moving her body to the sultry music coming from the sound system. I take a seat in the center of the black leather sofa and settle in to watch them. My eyes fix on her ass moving from side to side under her tight green dress. She is pressed against Curt but her eyes are focused on me. I smile at her and let my hand drift down to my crotch. She is reluctant to watch me pleasure myself but I think it's because she doesn't want to make me uncomfortable so she

averts her eyes. I proceed to unzip my pants and expose my hard cock anyway.

She returns her focus to Curt who is expertly unzipping her dress. She pulls away from him slightly and I think she might tell him to stop so I get up and finish the job myself. I can feel her heart racing as I run my hand across the smooth, bare skin on her back. I know this is new for her so I allow her to keep her bra and panties in place. Tonight is just an introduction to this world for her. We'll need to move slowly and ensure that we have her complete buy-in before we show her what it feels like to be shared, pleased, and owned by two men.

I move her hair to the side and gently kiss her neck. Curt follows my lead and presses his lips to the other side while fondling her breasts, which are spilling over her black, silk bra. I caress every inch of her with a slow stroking motion. She moans, signaling her approval, as we continue to explore her.

The song ends and Curt steps away from Delia. She watches as he removes his shirt exposing his broad, muscular chest. I spin her around and place her hands on my chest. I lift my arms and wait for her to remove my shirt for me. She pulls it over my head and lets it drop to the floor. She runs her fingers across my bicep tracing the outline of my black scorpion tattoo.

I remove my pants and boxers and place her hand on my hard penis. She blushes but doesn't let go. I put my hand on hers and stroke my cock through her hand. She looks up at me and I place my other hand on her shoulder pushing her to her knees. She puts up no resistance and gets into position to take me in her mouth.

Curt kneels behind her and places his hand on the back of her neck. He holds her still as I slip my hard cock between her pretty lips and move the length of my shaft in and out of her mouth. She feels good on my cock and I have to pull out several times to keep myself from finishing. I look at her and see that she needs a break so I motion to Curt. He crawls forward and buries his head in my crotch. Delia looks stunned and I grab her head and lift her off her knees and into an open

mouthed kiss. My tongue darts in and out of her mouth while Curt runs his tongue up the underside of my throbbing shaft. He knows what's coming. I whisper to Delia, "Get down there and join him."

She drops back to her knees and Curt releases his grip on my cock. The two run their tongues up and down my shaft then Curt takes my balls in his mouth and sucks on them while Delia licks the head of my cock. I'm ready to come but I don't want to drain myself into Delia's mouth so I grab Curt's hair and force him off my sack. I thrust my dick in his mouth and halfway down his throat and let go.

TASTING DILLON

I never imagined myself in a situation like this but when Curt and Dillon started undressing me, I didn't want them to stop. I like feeling desired by them. I feel like the girl in the nightclub cage. Still, I'm glad that they didn't try to have sex with me. I'm not ready to go that far just yet.

I'd never seen two men together like this and it was the last thing that I expected. I thought it would disgust me but I have to admit that it's turning me on. When Dillon told me to join Curt I didn't hesitate. I like the feeling of Dillon's dick on my lips. I like it when Curt's tongue slaps against mine as we both lick his big cock and Dillon seems to love using us both for his pleasure. I don't care about anything but giving him what he desires. I'm getting off on making him feel good.

He pulls his cock from my mouth and Curt takes the full length deeply into his throat. That's something I've never done and I watch as Dillon digs his fingers into the man's scalp and groans. He grabs me up and kisses me as he comes in Curt's mouth. Curt gets up to his knees and joins us in a three-way kiss. I can taste Dillon's juices in Curt's mouth and want to lick up every drop.

The three of us collapse on the floor in a heap. Dillon is on the bottom and holds Curt and me close against his chest. Curt drapes his arm across my body and the three of us remain in this embrace for a long time. There is a sense of euphoria that I've never experienced in my life. I could honestly be content here forever.

When we get up, we dress and Dillon tells me that he's driving me home. It's late and I'm worried about not being in top condition for my first real day of work. I'm thankful that things didn't go any further tonight. Dillon holds my hand as we leave the apartment and make our way back to the parking garage. When we arrive at the car, he opens my door for me and kisses my hand before moving to the driver's side.

We ride silently to my apartment and he parks at the curb. I wait to see if he's going to kill the engine but he doesn't. He asks me, "Are you okay with what happened tonight?"

I look down at my shoes and say, "Yes, I had fun."

"It wasn't too much for you? You don't strike me as the kind of girl who has had many threesomes," he replies.

"Before tonight I hadn't had any threesomes," I finally confess.

"I'm pleased that you enjoyed your first, then. I'd like to do it again but I'd also like to spend some alone time with you," he tells me, "Is that alright?"

"I'd like that," I reply.

"Good, take tomorrow off. We don't have any surgeries on the books. I'll text you in the afternoon and let you know what time to expect me." He leans into me and gives me a long, lingering kiss then tells me, "I'd like to walk you to your door so that I can make sure you get inside safely."

"That's not necessary," I tell him, "I'll be fine."

"I didn't ask, little girl. I told you," he says and gets out of the car. He opens my door and holds his hand out to me. I take it and exit the car. We walk arm in arm to the door of my building and he waits for me to unlock the door and enter, then tells me goodnight. As I wait for the elevator I check to see if he's still standing outside. He is. I think for a moment that maybe I should go back and let him in. I could take him upstairs and let him finish what we started with Curt but as soon as the elevator reaches the ground floor he turns and walks away.

I lay in bed wondering if I did the right thing. He is my boss, after all, and inviting him in to sleep with me might not be the smartest thing to do. Besides, he doesn't strike me as the type of man to wait for an invitation. If he wanted to come up with me he would have simply followed me inside.

I wonder what tomorrow will hold for me but too much wine and a whirlwind of sexual activity has me too tired to continue to stress over it so I close my eyes and drift off to sleep.

THE NEXT DAY

I was up all night thinking about Delia so I took the afternoon off to rest up before taking her on our first date. She isn't the first girl that Curt and I have taken home together but she's the first one that I didn't forget about the next morning. Until now, my career has been my one true passion. Having someone in my life with any permanence just seemed like a complication but from the moment I saw Delia I knew that she was going to be more than just a one night stand. Now, I find myself watching the clock waiting to see her again.

I texted her at two-thirty to let her know that I'd be picking her up for dinner at six o'clock. I want this night to be an opportunity for us to get to know each other, but I also want to show her my romantic side so I book a river side table at a city bistro. I think she'll appreciate the view and I know the ritzy hotspots that I might use to impress someone else would make her uncomfortable, which is a good thing. She's a real girl with real feelings, not a soulless gold digger that's only after one thing...or two. I now see the flaws in my past in how I approached dating. Delia, who was supposed to be somewhat of my student, has in fact clearly become my teacher in this regard.

My hands are shaking a little as I pull up in front of her place and I try to shake it off. How can I be nervous before a date? I've never been rejected by a woman and have no reason to expect it now, but in the past I didn't think about rejection because dating was nothing more than a diversion. It was a

way to pass the few hours when I wasn't building my career and naturally it was a means to satisfying my sexual appetite. With my looks and my profession, I could always get any woman I wanted but I don't think that there are many women like Delia. None in fact. She's truly one of a kind and I want her as mine and mine alone, which could prove to be a challenge when it comes to Curt...but not one I can't overcome, no matter the consequences.

I scan the neighborhood while I wait for Delia to come down. It's a dull, dingy canvas of human struggle. It's not the most dangerous or poorest neighborhood in town but it's not an appropriate place for someone like Delia to live. I don't like this for her but I'm impressed that she took the initiative to chase the life that she wants and that she is willing to struggle to make her way in the world. I don't doubt that she could have leveraged her looks to elevate her social status on some guy's dime but she didn't. In my social circle, I meet gold diggers and status chasers all the time and I have no remorse for using them for sex.

Delia texts me that she's on her way down so I get out of the car and walk to her front door. I see her come out of the elevator. She's sexy as hell in a little white dress with purple flowers on it. It fits tightly around her waist showing off her wide, child-bearing hips and beautiful ass. Child-bearing... there's a trait I've never considered before, until her.

She sees me and smiles and my heart melts in my chest. I can almost see her blue eyes sparkle from here.

OUR FIRST DATE

I meet Dillon at the door to my building, where he's holding a bouquet of pink roses. I didn't know men still brought flowers on a date and I smile widely as I take them from him and thank him. He escorts me to the car and takes my flowers, placing them on the backseat for me. The aroma in the car is a melodic mixture of his cologne and the sweet scent of roses.

We arrive at the harbor and he parks on the scenic side of the street where there are still coin-operated tower viewers lining the sidewalk. He walks me to one and drops in a quarter. I look through it and see all the way to the horizon. I can make out the billowy white sails on the boats anchored miles from shore. "Sometimes, you can see the whales breach through these things," Dillon tells me but he doesn't strike me as the type of guy who would ever look through one of these. He's standing behind me with his hands on my waist and I'm disappointed when my time runs out and the viewer screen goes black. I liked having his hands on me.

He takes my arm and we walk across the cobblestone street to the bistro on the other side. The front of the building is lit with thousands of tiny lights and the muted sound of a violin is emanating from its closed doors. He holds the door for me and I step inside. It's like walking into another world. The sights and sounds of the city become a distant memory in this place with stone and mahogany walls adorned with old world paintings and candle-lit sconces. There is a fire burning in the fireplace and the sound and smell of it remind me of home.

“We’ll have our meal inside then take dessert on the patio,” Dillon tells me and I nod my approval.

He sits close to me at the tiny table and places his hand on my thigh. I reach down and place my own hand in his and he grasps it tightly. My heart races a bit. I want to be present in every moment of this night. It’s all so beautiful, but my mind keeps racing to what happens next. If he wants to have sex with me, I will have to tell him that I’m a virgin and I don’t know how a man with his sexual experience will take this information. He’s so sophisticated and, as last night showed me, very sexually experienced. I don’t want him to see me as a naïve country girl and I would die if I was a disappointment to him.

ALONE WITH DELIA

I want to know everything about this girl so I start asking questions at dinner. What her home town is like, does she have siblings, and are her parents still living? She seems eager to talk about herself and I soak in everything I can about her, obsessed with knowing what makes her tick.

She tells me about her college days. It's like we went to school in two separate worlds. Mine was high competition and mega partying and hers was quiet academia fit into a life of part-time work and family obligations.

When we finish eating I order dessert and instruct the waitress to bring it to the patio. We step out into the night air and find a table that overlooks the harbor.

"It's really beautiful here and dinner was delicious," she tells me and I'm pleased that I made the right choice of restaurant.

I sit close enough to her that our legs are touching and lean in for a kiss before the waitress arrives with dessert and coffee. I take in the expression on her face as she watches the long boats enter the harbor. There is an innocence about her that really turns me on. I find myself wanting to show her all of the things that she hasn't experienced in the world.

We eat our dessert and I point out the distinctions between each of the passing ships but she seems more interested in the bright yellow moon and stars that hang like ornaments above the bay. This gives me another idea. I excuse myself and go to the bar at the back of the bistro. She's confused when I return with a bottle of champagne and two glasses. I had to tip the

bartender fifty dollars to persuade him to hand over the glasses.

“Let’s go for a ride,” I tell her. She smiles and nods and we exit to the street side from the patio.

We ride up the hillside until the city disappears behind us. The road is winding with sharp curves and I see Delia wrenching her hands together in her lap so I reach over and squeeze them, “I know how to drive, little girl. I promise,” I tell her. The right side of the road is peppered with long driveways that lead to large, stately houses. This is where the well to do who don’t want their children in the city schools live. If I had a family, I’d live here, too. The left side is lined with a metal guard rail that couldn’t possibly stop an out of control vehicle from plummeting over the edge of the ever ascending hillside. We continue for several miles and finally reach our destination. There is a gap in the guard rail and we turn in. We traverse the gravel path until we reach the scenic overlook. I park and step out of the car. I open Delia’s door and take her by the arm. I lead her to the front of the car. We lean against the hood and she finally looks down.

“Wow! This is amazing!” she gasps as she takes in the lights of the entire city below.

“Now, look up,” I tell her and she tilts her head back and smiles. There is a pale, yellow full moon surrounded by a blanket of stars.

She’s even more desirable in the natural light. Her face is angelic and that’s not easy to find here. The city has a way of hardening even the softest of souls.

“This is so beautiful! The lights in the city really dull the night sky. It’s one of the few things that I miss about home. This is the sky I looked up at every night,” she tells me.

I go to the car and retrieve the champagne and glasses. She jumps when the cork pops.

“A toast, to us,” I raise my glass and tap it against hers.

“To us,” she repeats back.

Forty minutes and an astronomy lesson later, I ask her, “Can we go to your place?”

“My place isn’t exactly as inviting as yours,” she replies.

“If you’re in it, it’s inviting enough for me,” I say.

TAKING DILLON HOME

I'm twisting in my seat as we drive to my apartment. After seeing where Dillon and Curt live I'm mortified to show Dillon how I live. We pull up to the curb and I wait for Dillon to open my car door for me. He walks me up the steps and I hesitate before unlocking the door.

"It's alright, Delia," he consoles me. "I promise I've seen worse. I lived in a fraternity once, you know."

We step inside my apartment and I click on the lights. Dillon looks around and then walks to the sofa and sits down. "Come sit with me," he tells me and I oblige.

He wastes no time pulling me onto his lap and kissing me while running his hands down my back. He squeezes my ass with both hands then slaps it playfully before reaching up my dress and removing my panties and stroking my inner thigh. I see his swollen manhood through his pants and run my fingers across the outline in his jeans. He lifts my dress over my head and unclasps my bra. His tongue flicks at my nipples and I dig my fingers into the back of his neck.

I want him badly but I have to tell him so I lean back and look into his eyes.

"What's wrong?" he asks me.

"I need to tell you something before we go any further," I take a deep breath and exhale, "I've never done this before."

He looks mystified and simply stares at me, then reiterates, "You're a virgin?"

I nod and wait for his reaction.

“Why?” he asks me and my cheeks fill with heat.

“My parents were very strict and didn’t let me date until I was seventeen. That was just four years ago and I’ve only had two boyfriends since. Neither of them was the kind of guy that I wanted to lose my virginity with so we did other things. Things like what we did last night,” I explain.

“And these boyfriends didn’t try to persuade you to have sex with them?” he asks me.

“As long as they got off, they didn’t seem to mind. I don’t know, maybe that’s why we didn’t stay together but they never complained,” I explain.

“And now?” he asks me, “Do you want me to take your virginity?”

I blush again and say, “Yes”.

He takes both of my hands and asks me, “Have you ever had an orgasm?”

“Yes,” I answer, “from touching. I had a boy finger me once and after that, I knew how to get myself off.”

“So you’ve never had someone slide down your body like this?” he asks as he drops to his knees in front of me. “And lick your thigh like this?” he continues, running his tongue up my thigh. “And play with your pussy like this?” He parts my lips and blows on my clit sending waves of electricity through my entire body. “And lick your pretty clit like this?” He runs his tongue across my clit and I dig my fingernails into the flesh of my thighs. I want to scream but all I can do is whimper. He’s taken all the breath from my lungs. He pulls me to the edge of the sofa and places my legs over his shoulders. He licks his way from my clit to my ass making small circles around my tiny back door. I am out of my mind but can hear myself moaning with need to take this to the next level, even though this feels so incredible where we’re at right here and now. When his mouth returns to my now red and swollen clit he wraps his lips around it and sucks until I cry out. He looks up at me and smiles before slipping his face back between my

legs and forcing his tongue deep inside me. My hips begin to rock as he fucks me with his tongue. It makes me even more desperate to feel his cock inside me. He returns his attention to my clit flicking it with his tongue and I feel my belly tighten as the moment of sweet release approaches. He can tell that I'm there and he pulls his head away blowing cool air on my clit again. He wants to tease me. He wants me to beg for it.

"Please, don't stop," I plead with him.

"You want me to make you come?" he asks, tapping my engorged clit with his finger.

I squirm and say, "Please!"

He takes my clit between his lips again and suckles it. My back arches and I cry out as my muscles tense and my juices flow. I try to tighten my grip on his neck with my legs but he swats them away and spreads me wide holding me in place by pressing down with his hands on my inner thighs. He shows no signs of stopping as electric charges pulse through me causing me to contort and convulse beneath the grip of his strong hands. A second wave of orgasm consumes me and having given over completely to this pleasure, I collapse and attempt to catch my breath.

He lifts me up by my arms and tells me, "I'm not finished with you yet."

EXPLORING VIRGIN TERRITORY

I can't believe I haven't come in my pants. The taste of her, the sound of her begging, and especially the thought of taking her virginity have me wired and ready to bust. It's time to feel that tight pussy for the first time so I lift her off the sofa and carry her to her bed. I lay her down gently and stroke her ivory breasts before slipping my hand down her body and spreading her legs. I want to start out missionary because I want to see her face when she takes me inside for the first time. I tilt her torso and press my cock against her. She's so wet that after only some slight resistance I slide right in. Her eyes widen and she whimpers. I guess all of our pleasures begin with a little pain. I fill her completely and lay still until she relaxes again, then I find a moderate rhythm and fuck her with even strokes. She closes her eyes and tilts her head back. She's definitely enjoying the ride so I go a little deeper and harder. She lets out another whimper and then begins to moan. I take my right hand and press down firmly on her lower belly. My next stroke causes her to open her eyes and look at me, stunned at the change in sensation. I know I've found the spot now so I fuck her a little faster. Her breath becomes unsteady and her moans come so close together it sounds like the steady purr of a kitten. Her stunned expression tells me that she hadn't expected me to make her come this way and I grin down at her and say, "Did you like that little girl?" She smiles back up at me and says, "Oh, yes."

I pull out and flip her over telling her to get on her knees. I slap her ass and she cries out but I can tell she likes it so I do it again. This time she moans and wiggles her ass at me so I slap

the other cheek just a little harder before mounting her doggy style. I'm not holding back this time. I pound her hard and she responds by bracing herself to take every inch of me. I grab her by her arms and hold her down. She says, "Yes, daddy," and I almost cream right there.

"You want this dick, little girl?" I tease her. Understanding the game she replies, "Yes, daddy, give it to me, please!"

I pull out abruptly and flip her over again. I lean back with my cock in my hand and say, "If you want it, come get it."

She crawls to me and straddles my cock. I hold it steady as she drops down on it and begins to rise and fall. "Ride it the way you want to. Figure out what feels good and do it. Back and forth, up and down, side to side, try them all," I tell her and she settles on keeping me in deep and rubbing against my crotch. She's moaning and shaking with another orgasm on the way. I hold on as long as I can but once she bears down on me, I lose it. I grab her and hold her steady. Three fast, deep thrusts, and I explode inside her.

I lay here with her naked body pressed against my chest and hold her as she sleeps. If she was any other girl this would be the time that I would be planning my escape but the smell of her soft, blonde hair and the sound of her breathing is somehow comforting to me and I'm not going anywhere. I want to stay here for as long as possible.

QUIET BLISS

I wake up to Dillon quietly calling my name. I've been asleep on him for a long time and hope I didn't snore or drool or worse. I raise my head and he brushes my hair from my face.

"We've been asleep for a while but I have to go home now," he tells me, "we both have to work in the morning and I don't have any clothes here."

I groan and roll off of his chest. I don't want him to go anywhere. I could stay in this bed with him forever.

"Are you okay?" he asks me as he gets up and slips on his jeans.

"I'm good. I just wish you could stay," I tell him.

"Me too, but we'll see each other again in a few hours," he replies. He sits on the bed and puts on his shoes then gives me a long, deep, kiss, "Get up so you can lock the door behind me," he tells me, "Safety first, little girl."

I don't want to move but I want to spend every second possible with Dillon so I put on my robe and walk him to the door. We kiss and he pulls me into a tight embrace. He kisses my forehead and tells me, "Lock the door." I close the door behind him and turn the deadbolt and lock the knob. I'm about to walk away when I hear him try to turn the knob from the outside. I chuckle but his concern for me melts my heart.

I go back to bed and close my eyes. I need to be ready to start my new job in the morning but my head is still racing with

thoughts of Dillon and what the future might hold for us. I think maybe I'm expecting too much. We've just met and he hasn't said or done anything to make me think that he's looking for a commitment from me or anyone, but there's something about him that makes me feel safe and protected. For the first time in my life, I found a man that I could see myself spending the rest of my life with.

THE HOSPITAL

I arrive at work in time to prep our first patient for surgery. I don't see Dillon or Curt but that's to be expected. The surgeons usually leave the details to the nurses and anesthesiologists and make their entrance when the patient is ready for the procedure. I'm feeling good about the morning so far. The staff is friendly and helpful and the surgical center is equipped with only the latest and best equipment.

When the orderly comes to take my patient I go to the nurses' station to check the rotation. As I arrive the charge nurse looks at me and asks, "Why are you here? You should be scrubbing in!" My heart drops. I didn't expect to be assisting in the operating room today. I assumed that I would just be doing patient triage for now. I rush to the scrub station and frantically sanitize my hands. I put on gloves and search the room for the masking table. I find it and put the mask over my nose and mouth and push through the doors to the operating room.

Dillon is standing at the head of the operating table and looks up as I enter, "Nice of you to join us, Miss Reynolds." My heart sinks a little further in my chest and I bow my head at the scolding. The other nurses are staring at me. I'm sure they're grinning under their masks. I rush to the left side of the table and await my instructions.

"Stand at my side. You'll be my scrub nurse today," Dillon tells me.

Confused, I do as he says and begin by handing him his scalpel.

WE COMPLETE the operation and the patient is wheeled to recovery. I follow Dillon to the cleanup area and remove my mask and gloves. He doesn't look at me but tells me, "You look at the rotation each day as soon as you arrive. Don't start working until you know when you'll be required to assist me. Is that clear?"

"Clear, Doctor," I tell him. There is a lump in my chest now and all I want to do is break down and cry. I can't believe that I disappointed him on my first day.

We perform two additional procedures and Dillon barely makes eye contact or speaks to me. I can't imagine that one rookie error on my first day could anger him in such a way and I begin to question his feelings for me. Did I misinterpret things? Was our sexual relationship just some twisted initiation? The worst thought of all is that maybe I was just one of many nurses that he initiated in this way.

When my shift is over I rush to the door and don't look back. I'm not ready to face Dillon and if I speak with anyone I might just break down and cry like some amateur. This job is too important for me to risk by being seen as overly emotional.

I go home and run myself a hot shower. I can't do anything but stand under the water and sob. What made me think that this rich, handsome doctor would fall instantly for me and give me some fairy tale ending? Things like that just don't happen for me. I have to work for everything.

I lay on my bed still wrapped in my towel. The late night combined with the emotionally charged day causes me to drift off to sleep as soon as I close my eyes.

I don't know how long I sleep but I awake in darkness to the sound of loud pounding on my apartment door. I get up, realize that I'm naked, and pull on my robe. I move cautiously toward the door. I peer through the peep hole and see Dillon

outside leaning on the door. He is squeezing his forehead with one hand and banging on the door with the other.

I unlock the door and turn the knob. He nearly knocks me over as he comes rushing inside. He slams the door and turns to me and says, "Damn it! Why haven't you answered my calls?"

I'm a bit taken aback by this display of anger and I stare at him for a moment before saying, "My phone is still in my purse. I came home from work and fell asleep. Are you okay?"

He breathes deeply and shakes his head, "I'm sorry. I called several times and when you didn't answer I was terrified that something might have happened to you. I need you to answer when I call, Delia. I was out of mind with worry."

"I appreciate the concern but I'm fine. Is there anything else?" I ask crossing my arms and leaning against the door.

He seems stunned by my reply, "Is there anything else? What does that mean?"

"The way you treated me today made me assume that we're finished with whatever we've been doing these past few days. I didn't expect to see you outside of work again," I explain.

"Is this some kind of a game to you?" he asks me.

"No, I think you're the one playing games," I reply, "You sleep with me like that and then treat me like shit the next day? What am I supposed to think?" I want to be strong but I'm losing composure fast and a tear rolls down my cheek.

"Delia, what happens at work is work. I'm hard on all of my nurses. I can't be seen treating you any differently especially when you've made an error," he tells me, "I'm not playing games with you. That's the furthest from my intentions. I'm sorry. Maybe I'm a little too hard on my nurses. I'll try to work on that."

"Or maybe you could set clearer expectations. I knew that we would have to be professional at work but I didn't know that meant you giving me the cold shoulder and acting as though I was incompetent," I tell him.

He comes to me and places his arms around me, "I'm sorry. Forgive me," he says and my heart melts. I hold him tightly and say, "I forgive you."

He slides my robe off my shoulder and kisses his way down to my exposed breast, "Let me make it up to you," he tells me, "Sex first, then dinner."

I expect him to take me to my bedroom but he doesn't. He lifts me off the floor, wraps my legs around his waist, and slides his cock inside me. He presses my back against the wall and takes me standing up. He's inside me so deep that I swear he's filled my body completely. Bolts of lightning run up my spine and into my head as I immerse myself in the heat and intensity of his love making. I have a tight grip on his neck and look him in the eyes and say, "Kiss me, daddy." He explores my mouth with his tongue as his pace quickens and I know he's about to come. I bear down on him and feel his unsheathed cock jerk inside me, filling me with a hot geyser, followed by two more aftershocks. Bringing him to completion makes me feel like a real woman, one who belongs right where I am...here with him. Together.

GETTING PUT IN MY PLACE

I was out of control when Delia didn't answer my calls. My thoughts ranged from everything from her not wanting to see me again to her lying dead in a gutter. I didn't expect her to tear into me the way she did and I realize now that I have to be more respectful to her at work or I just might lose her. This is all new for me but now, as I make love to her all I feel is desire. My cravings for this girl are insatiable and I want to be with her all of the time.

She wraps her arms and legs around me and takes my cock like it belongs to her as I lose control, with her pressed against the living room wall. I come fast and I haven't gotten her off yet so I take her to the bedroom for another round. I lay her down on the bed and straddle her midsection. I slap my still three-quarters erect dick against her tits then squeeze them together slide my dick in and out of the tight space between her breasts, my cock rock hard all over again, seemingly only knowing how to be ready to breed in her presence, regardless of the fact I climaxed seconds ago.

Moving up to her face I place my cock against her full, pink lips. She sticks out her tongue and I rub myself against it.

I have to stop being so selfish. This time is for her so I grab her legs and lift them in the air and mount her. I go easy. I don't want to get worked up and finish too fast but something about her arouses me more than anyone else that I've been with, not that those other women that came before her will every occupy the slightest of real estate in my mind ever again...because she owns my mind now. All of it.

I pull out and reposition myself. I want her to come so I use my fingers to get her off then take her from behind. I plow her hard and she seems to like it that way. To my surprise, she arches her back and cries out from a second orgasm. Within minutes my cock jerks as I fill her with my juices. I collapse on her back and nibble gently on her flesh. She giggles and reaches back placing her hand in my hair.

I ORDER Chinese takeout and have it delivered. We shower together while we wait. Her shower is too small to accommodate me alone and we slip and slide trying to take turns standing under the water. She laughs as I bend down to make myself shorter than the shower head. It's good to hear her laugh after how much my behavior had upset her.

She's getting dressed when the food arrives and I set out the dishes on her coffee table. When she comes into the room she smiles and says, "I'm sorry I don't have a proper dining table. This place is just too small."

"Stop apologizing," I tell her, "it's fine. This way we can sit on the sofa together. Tomorrow we can eat at my place. I'll cook. What would you like?"

"Surprise me," she tells me and sits beside me on the sofa.

She devours her dinner. From the way she's eating it's clear that this is her first meal of the day. I don't like her not eating but I love that she doesn't mind chowing down in front of me. She sees me watching and her eyes grow big.

She covers her mouth and says, "I must look like an absolute pig," as she struggles to swallow a bite of an egg roll.

"You look adorable," I reply, "but I have to go. I'm supposed to be meeting Curt at the gym."

"I'm glad you came by," she tells me, "I'm glad we're okay."

"We're perfect little girl," I kiss her between bites of her dinner and say, "Lock the door behind me."

OUR SECOND DATE

I want to try something different tonight so I tell Delia to wear her sexiest outfit for our date. She asks me why and I just tell her that I want to see her slutty side. She protests a little but I know she gets off on being desired by me and she's becoming more comfortable with her sexy side so she agrees.

I go to pick her up and find that she hasn't disappointed me. She's wearing a skin-tight black, leather dress that stops on her upper thigh barely covering her ass. She has on black fishnets and tall boots. Her tits are spilling over the top of the strapless dress and I have to fight back the urge to pull one out and wrap my mouth around it.

I take her to the club where Curt and I took her that first night and sit at a table near the back. I pull her onto my lap and kiss her neck as I survey the room to see if anyone is watching us. I want them to watch. I want them to want her. That's the goal of the evening. I want Delia to put on a show.

I whisper in her ear, "Dance for me."

"Alone?" she asks.

"Yes, right there," I tell her pointing to where the dance floor meets the carpet.

She gets off my lap and steps onto the dance floor and begins to sway to the music. I sit back on my stool and take in every inch of her. It isn't long before she starts drawing attention and seeing other men and women sizing her up. She's a natural.

She just closes her eyes and moves as if the music is making love to her.

A tall brunette in a tight red halter top and black leather shorts makes eye contact with me. When she has my attention she motions toward Delia and mouths the words, "May I?"

I hadn't considered opening this door tonight but I'm interested to see what Delia will do when confronted with the opportunity to rub bodies with a hot girl so I nod my approval and the girl glides across the floor like a preying cat and takes her place beside Delia. She says something that I can't hear and Delia looks at me. I nod at her and wait to see what she'll do. I'm surprised when she turns to her new partner and begins to dance.

They look like polar opposites. Delia is petite with her full hips and tits and this girl is tall and lean with a smaller rack but I can tell by the placement of her hard nipples that they're perky and full. They look good together and I find myself wondering what it would be like to watch them fuck. I can see their naked bodies rubbing against each other as they lick, suck and finger each other. It's a good fantasy but one I don't believe we'll be bringing to life tonight.

They dance close and the girl places her leg against Delia's crotch. I can see her expression change as the friction begins to bring her pleasure. She's grinding gently against the girl, still too timid to go all in. I look around the room and find the several men are enjoying the show. I know that they are sharing in my fantasy and this knowledge makes my cock a little stiffer. I return my attention to the girls and watch as the tall girl leans in to kiss my little girl. I'm astounded when she eagerly accepts her advances and parts her lips to take the girl's tongue in her mouth.

The music stops and the girls exchange words then the taller girl turns to me. She smiles, nods, and walks away. Delia comes to the table and climbs back into my lap.

"Where did your friend go?" I ask her

"I told her thank you for the dance but that I wasn't interested in anything more," she replies.

“Are you sure?” I ask, “You seemed to like kissing her.”

She smiles coyly and says, “I’ve always wanted to try that.”

When I planned this date I was just out for the pleasure of seeing other men want what they couldn’t have. The girl on girl action was just a happy accident but it caused an aching in my groin that I had to contend with so I grab Delia by the hand and escort her to the ladies’ room. I pull her through the door and into the large stall in the back.

“What are you doing? We can’t,” she feigns protests but I spin her around and press her up against the wall. I reach up her dress and yank on her panties until the fabric gives up and they tear in my hand. “Tell me you want me to stop and I will?” I challenge.

She swallows hard. “I don’t want you to stop,” she confesses. “Not now. Not ever.” I lift her dress and squeeze her firm ass then release my cock from its prison and bury it inside her. This isn’t about making love. This is about satisfying a primal need and I do exactly that...hard and with reckless abandon. She is doing her best to be quiet but I don’t care who hears. I’m going to shoot my load inside her and nothing else matters. I finish fast and place my hands on the wall above her head. I need a moment to compose myself before pulling out and facing her reaction to my aggression.

When my dick goes limp I move away from her and fix my pants. She pulls her dress down then picks up her ruined panties and tosses them in the trash. I wait for a scolding for tearing them but it doesn’t come. She just looks up at me and smiles and asks, “Do you feel better, daddy?”

I pull her to my chest and hug her tightly.

We leave the club and drive back to my place. It’s still early and I’m not ready to part company just yet. I park in my spot in the garage and turn to speak to her but my words catch in my throat when I see that she’s pulled the top of her dress down. Her exposed breasts glisten under the florescent lights of the parking garage.

“Are those for me?” I ask her.

“Do you like them?” she places her hands under her breasts and jiggles them.

“I love them, “ I answer as I lean in for a taste of her sweet flesh.

I feel my erection swell again and unzip my pants. I push the seat all the way back and tell her to climb on my lap. She does as she was told and I reach down and slide two fingers inside her. She rocks her hips and rides my hand until she’s good and wet.

I bring her down on my cock and kiss her hard as I hold my full length inside her.

“There’s nowhere to hide in here, little girl. If someone comes down, they’ll see us,” I tell her.

“I don’t care, daddy,” she replies, “I want you to fuck me.”

“That’s my girl,” I respond and use her ass to lift her on and off my cock.

When we finish I tell her that we need to go to her place. I can see that she’s confused and I don’t want to explain myself to her. Curt is home and I know that if we go upstairs he’s going to want to play with us. That’s not what I want tonight. Tonight I want Delia all to myself and I’m not finished with her yet.

We spend the night together in her tiny bed. She has to practically sleep on top of me for us both to fit. I stroke her hair and think back to her dancing with the girl in the bar. I’ve never had a problem with the idea of being with two women but it doesn’t feel like something I’d want with Delia. She’s not like other girls and everything she experiences sexually is because of me. I feel a strange sense of responsibility for what I bring into her life now and, selfishly, I don’t want to introduce her to anything that she may enjoy more than she likes being with me.

DINNER FOR THREE

I tell Dillon that I can take a taxi to his place but he insists on sending Curt to pick me up. His car is roomier than Dillon's but he drives a bit more erratically and has us across town in record time. We park in the garage and make our way up to their apartment. I step inside and think how I could fit my whole place in their living room.

Dillon is in the kitchen drinking wine and cooking pasta. He looks like a television chef with all the latest gadgets and professionally sharpened knives not to mention his perfectly chiseled features. He wipes his hands on a towel and comes around the breakfast bar to greet me. He grabs my ass and kisses me, "Dinner will be a minute, make yourself at home," he tells me.

Curt and I sit together on the sofa and he asks me how I enjoyed my first two days on the job. Dillon looks at me from the kitchen and waits for my reply.

"I think it went well. The surgery center is amazing and the staff is nice," I tell him. Dillon smiles and turns his attention back to the pasta.

"You didn't have any issues with the dictator over there?" Curt asks pointing to the kitchen.

"No, everything went well," I tell him, but I wonder if Dillon may have confided in him about our troubles.

"You'd be amazed at how many of his nurses ask to transfer to my operating schedule. I hear he's a bear to work for and I can

see that really. I suspect he may have some control issues.”
Curt smiles.

“Delia has pointed out that I can be a bit overbearing and I’ve agreed to work on that,” Dillon tells him.

“Well then,” Curt says, “I’ll be interested to see how that works out.”

“Dinner is ready,” Dillon tells us and we make our way to the dining room, “Today is a cheat day for us so I made my mother’s famous spaghetti and meatballs. I hope you like it.”

“It looks and smells amazing,” I reply.

AFTER DINNER GAMES

We finish dinner and move to the living room for some cocktails. Delia is seated between Curt and me on the sofa. She and Curt are rambling on about some television show that they both watch and all I can think about is getting Delia back in bed. I reach over and take her hand and place it on my leg. She keeps it there but continues her conversation with Curt. They've almost completely tuned me out.

I take her other hand and place it on Curt's leg. She says nothing as he takes it and slides it up his thigh closer to his crotch. We each place a hand on her thighs and rub and squeeze her flesh. She acts oblivious and just keeps talking. I've almost zoned them out completely when I hear Curt call my name.

"What did you say?" I ask him.

"I was saying that Delia hasn't been upstairs yet," he replies.

I know what he means by this and I take a moment to consider whether I want to move forward.

"What's upstairs?" Delia asks.

Still torn, I decide to leave the decision to her. I turn to face her and take both of her hands in mine. I take a deep breath and begin, "Our bedrooms are up there but that's not what Curt is talking about. We have a third bedroom where we keep some...toys. That's what he wants to show you," I stop to check for her understanding.

“Toys?” she seems perplexed and needs a descriptive explanation so I just blurt it out.

“Sex toys, Delia. Light bondage stuff, nothing crazy,” I say and watch as her cheeks turn pink, “I’m telling you that it’s your choice. If you want to play, we can go upstairs. If not, it doesn’t matter. We can stay down here and just enjoy each other’s company. No pressure from either of us,” I flash Curt a disapproving glare for even bringing it up without clearing it with me first.

She bats her eyes a few times and flashes me a naughty smile. “I’d like to see what you guys have up there,” she says.

“Okay, that’s settled,” Curt tells us. I can see that he’s confused by my behavior. I’ve never been one to turn down a chance to bring an attractive woman to the toy room, and Delia is the most attractive of them all...by a long shot.

I’m at my best when I’m the one controlling things, so Curt’s insistence on taking the lead right now is out of character and damn near requires me to real things back in, to let him know who’s in charge. But the truth is, it’s Delia. She wants to see and I want my baby doll to be happy, so I let Curt’s behavior slide...for now.

He starts up the stairs and Delia and I follow behind. I pull her back a step and whisper, “We don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.”

“Do you enjoy being with both of us at the same time?” she asks.

I’m reluctant to answer but I tell her yes.

“Then we’re doing this. I like pleasing you,” she replies.

I get hard at the thought of her submitting for my pleasure but I sense that she’s intrigued for herself as well. Her sexuality has been awakened now and she wants to try everything.

Curt opens the door and we step inside. Delia’s eyes grow wide as she studies the leather sex swing hanging in the middle of the room. She then turns her gaze to the collection of floggers displayed on the wall.

“So, what do you think, little girl? Are you up for a ride?” I ask her, “Tonight is all about you.”

She turns to me and puts her arms around my neck. I grab her waist and pull her up against my stiff erection. Curt comes at her from behind rubbing his manhood on her ass. She tilts her head back and sighs. Together we undress her kissing and licking her from head to toe. She has her eyes closed and I spin her around and slap her ass hard. She gasps and takes a step forward. I nibble her ear and whisper, “Into the swing.”

“On her stomach,” I tell Curt and we position her and secure her arms and legs with the straps.

We stand in front of her and make her watch as we undress each other, then I walk behind her and place my hand between her legs. I want her good and wet when I go in. Curt stands in front of her and caresses her face. When she’s ready, I give him a nod and he slips his cock inside her mouth. I go deep in her pussy and push the swing gently so that my outstroke and his instroke align. She’s not a pro at oral and I’m not sure how much she can take so I try not to force her to take his full length. We continue for a few moments, then, I stop to confirm that she’s okay. She gives her approval and we start again.

Curt asks me if I want to switch but I have something else in mind. I slide my thumb between her ass cheeks and rub her tiny hole. Delia is going to get the full treatment tonight. I pull out and step away to retrieve the bottle of oil from the cabinet near the door. I return and pour the cool liquid on the small of her back and begin rubbing it all over her back and backside. When she’s good and slippery I position my cock at her back door and slip the head inside. She groans and nearly chokes on Curt’s length. I pull out and then stick the head back in. I do this several times before giving her half the length of my shaft. She settles down and relaxes giving me the green light to fuck her ass while she sucks my roommate’s cock. I’m just getting in my groove when I hear Curt grunt and moan and I realize that she’s finished him. I pull out and tell her that she needs to be reprimanded for making him come too soon.

I go to the wall and take down a small red flogger. When I return I give her a light swat on the ass. She moans, so I do it

again, just a little harder. I rub the tiny red mark that I left on her ass and then smack it again. Curt tugs at his flaccid penis as he looks on. I swat her other cheek and she moans louder. Soon, Curt is moaning too and he's ready to get back in the game. I release Delia's bindings and help her to her feet. I walk her to the hand shackles that are hanging from the ceiling. Curt lifts her off the floor and I secure her hands above her head. She wraps her legs around his waist and takes his cock inside her. I slip back in from behind.

"Oh, Jesus," she cries out as I put my full length in her ass for the first time.

"Does it feel good, little girl?" I ask her.

"Yes, daddy," she moans.

"Do you want more?" I ask her.

"Yes, please," she answers.

"Are you going to come on Curt's cock?" I ask her.

"Yes, is that okay?" she asks.

"Yeah baby, get him all wet," I tell her and her body quakes between us as her grip tightens on Curt. He isn't far behind her and holds her spent body in position for me until I explode in her sweet ass.

Curt is the first to leave the room and Delia asks me if I'm going to take her home. I don't want her to leave so I tell her to stay with me and take her to my bedroom.

IN THE MORNING, I meet Curt in the kitchen. "Good morning," he says, "Sleep well?"

His tone is dry and snarky so I answer, "I slept fine. Did you?"

"I did sleep well and alone," he replies.

"Don't you always?" I ask, setting my coffee cup down hard on the counter.

“Yes, I suppose that’s the point, isn’t it? Generally speaking, we both sleep alone. Until last night, that is,” he tilts his head and smirks at me while tapping his index finger against his coffee mug.

“If there’s a point to this word game, why don’t you make it,” I say.

“I’m asking, is this it? Are you hooked?” he slaps his hands on his knees.

“I think it’s a little early to make that kind of observation,” I lie to his face. I’m not ready to discuss my feelings with him or even her for that matter.

“But, you’re considering it? I mean, since you met her we haven’t gone out or done anything with her,” he tells me.

“I don’t want to talk about this right now and it’s not your place to ask,” I reply and put my cup in the sink, “I’m going for a run.” I can feel his eyes on me as I exit through the back door.

My run is my time to clear my head but this morning thoughts of Delia won’t stop swirling around in it. I can still see her lying on my bed asleep. I see her white skin against my dark grey sheets and mentally trace the path from her shoulders to the small of her back and the curve of her sweet ass. I feel my erection grow and increase the speed of my gait. I’m going to finish this run in record time so I can be inside her again.

I get home and take off my running shoes and wipe the sweat from my face. I slip silently into my room and confirm that Delia is still sleeping then go to my bathroom to shower. The water feels good on my skin but I hurry to clean up so I can get back to Delia.

I wrap myself in a towel and shake some of the wetness from my hair taking a final check in the mirror before exiting the bathroom but my demeanor changes when I walk through the door. Curt is lying on my bed with his head in Delia’s lap. She’s still naked, covered only by the silk sheet that she’s raised up over her breasts. They’re laughing and she is stroking his hair.

“Why are you in here?” I bellow.

Curt looks up at me and grins, “Is there a problem?”

“You know there is. Bedrooms are off limits, remember?”

“Well, it isn’t off limits for Delia. Why should the rules apply to me and not to her?” he asks.

He’s testing me and I’m pissed. Now, Delia is questioning the tension in the room and tells me that everything is alright.

“It’s not alright,” I growl. He knows that he shouldn’t be here. My anger gets the better of me and I move to the bed and stand over them.

“Your cock is hard,” Curt teases me.

At this moment, I don’t know if I want to punch him or fuck him. He lifts himself off of Delia’s lap and lies across the bed with his head hanging off the edge. He wants me to fuck his mouth. I look at Delia expecting her to be appalled but she isn’t. I think she may be aroused so I slap Curt lightly on the face and tell him to get up and turn around. He complies, removing his pants and bending over the edge of the bed. I drop my towel exposing my rock-hard cock. He spreads his legs and I enter him without mercy. I fuck him hard. It’s more a punishment than an act of passion but he loves it and moans with desire so I take him harder. I want them both to understand that I’m the alpha here. I want them to see that I make the rules and take what I want.

I command her to move to the edge of the bed. She does and Curt slips his tongue inside her. She’s enjoying his mouth but doesn’t take her eyes off of me.

I find myself imagining that it’s her that I’m fucking. I slow my stroke at the idea of being inside her. With her, I want to take in every moment. I don’t want to rush or be aggressive. With her, I want to make love. She tilts her head back and closes her eyes. I know it won’t be long until she succumbs to the expert licking she’s getting from Curt. I watch as her eyes roll to the back of her head and she begins panting and moaning. I finish inside Curt and pull out quickly so that I can watch her get off. When she climaxes I wipe my spent dick on

my towel and tell him to get out. He doesn't hesitate. He grabs his clothes and leaves the room. He got exactly what he wanted.

I'm angry that I have nothing left for Delia and mildly ashamed of my behavior. I sit on the edge of the bed and drop my head into my hands. She moves beside me and places her arm around my neck.

"Are you alright?" she asks me.

I want to confess my feelings to her but this isn't the time. She's just watched me fuck my partner. How do I tell her that I love her now?

"I'm fine. I just lost my temper, little girl," I tell her. I lay back down on the bed and she lays beside me with her head on my chest. We stay here silently for a long time. I can't stop thinking about the situation with Curt. We had our fun but now, things are getting complicated. I'm going to have to correct this situation before things get out of control.

I TAKE Delia home and return to the apartment to confront Curt. I find him seated in the living room watching the football game.

"Are you coming to watch the game with me?" he asks.

I pick up the remote control and click the television off. He looks confused at first, then rolls his eyes and says, "You want to talk about that bullshit from earlier. I wasn't trying to step on your toes or anything. I just thought that maybe if I pressed things you'd tell me what was going on. You don't take chicks to your bed. They don't spend the night. What's so different about Delia? Why the sudden change?"

My mood softens as I remember that Curt is my friend and that I should be able to talk to him about anything. "I don't know, man. There's just something different about her. I felt it the first time I saw her."

“And you want to pursue a relationship with her? One-on-one, I mean,” he asks me.

“Yeah, I do. How do you feel about that?” I ask him.

“I hope you’re doing the right thing for yourself. I don’t know if you are or not. You know I got my heart broken once and I’m still not ready to try that shit again.” He pauses before continuing. “As far as where we go from here?” Another pause followed by an exhale. “It’s been a blast, man. You’ve opened me up to things that I never imagined myself doing. It’s been a real fucking awesome time. I hate to see it all end but I want you to be happy, brother and if that means that we’re done fucking around, we’re done. Do what you have to do,” he tells me.

“So, we’re good then?” I ask him.

“We’re good but what about you and Delia? Have you talked to her about this? No offense but she does seem to enjoy being with both of us. Maybe she’s not looking for what you have to offer right now,” he tells me and I have to admit that he might be right. I saw the look in her eyes when she watched me fuck Curt this morning. She was really into it. I’ve introduced Delia to something that she never imagined being a part of and she seems to like it, a lot. Her reaction to the toy room was surprising to me. I expected her to shy away from the idea of being devoured by the two of us but she was more than ready to take us on.

I have to consider the possibility that she might want to keep things the way they are. “I haven’t spoken to her yet. I just assumed that she would be down for having a relationship with me. I guess I’ll have to ask her and see where we stand,” I tell him.

“Well, I’m game for anything, brother. If you need me to step aside, I’ll step aside,” he says.

“Thank you,” I reply.

THREE WEEKS LATER

The surgical schedule was packed today and I come home exhausted. I wonder how Dillon is doing as I slip out of my work clothes and climb into the shower. There was no time for us to speak privately and we didn't make any plans to see each other. I try not to let my mind run away with me. I'm sure I'll hear from him later. He likely needs to decompress from the stress of the day. I wonder what he does to wind down after a day like this and as much as I don't want to think it, I find myself wondering if he and Curt have sex with each other when I'm not there. At this point, their sex lives should be none of my business. Dillon hasn't expressed any desire to be exclusive with me and I've been more than willing to play their games with them but I feel a tinge of jealousy at the thought of them being intimate without me.

This is all so new to me that I'm not sure about my place in this triangle. I wonder if I'm just the "extra" who can be removed or replaced since they were together in some way before I came into the picture. I hope not. That's not what I want to be. It's been three weeks since Dillon and Curt introduced me to their toy room. None of us have mentioned that night or the idea of using the room again. Dillon and I have been spending more time alone together but I'm beginning to worry that I may be getting too attached. We haven't spoken about what we are or where we are going and I'm afraid that for him, this is all just fun and games.

I decide that I'm going to ask him to define our relationship the next time we're alone together. I'm afraid that pressing the issue may push him away but I need to know where I stand with him and where we're going. I'm far too attached at this point to be just a plaything. I'd rather be disappointed now than devastated later.

VISITORS

I come home from work and walk straight to the shower. I'm spent from a full day of surgery and just want to go to bed. I think I'll call Delia before I go down for the night but there's no way that I can see her tonight.

My stomach growls and I realize that I haven't eaten since breakfast so I toss on my grey sweats and head to the kitchen to make a sandwich. I'm just about to go back upstairs when the front door opens with a burst of laughter and female voices.

Curt rounds the corner flanked on each side by a girl. He has a redhead on his left arm and a blonde on his right. They're both sexy as hell and I'm impressed by his conquest.

They're all clearly inebriated and stumble all the way to the sofa before realizing that I'm here. I watch as the two women look me over and whisper something to each other. I'm standing here without a shirt on and I know exactly what they're thinking. They think they'll be getting rammed by the two of us tonight.

Curt staggers to the breakfast bar and says, "I didn't expect you to be home tonight. I thought you'd be out with Delia."

"Work was a bear today and I just needed to come home and get some rest," I reply.

"I mean, since you're here I'd be more than willing to let you get in on this," he says motioning to the girls who are now making out on my sofa.

“I appreciate the offer, brother, but I’m not interested,” I tell him.

“Your loss man, I mean, look at them. They’re gonna have me rocking all night,” he replies.

“Have a good time. I’m going to bed,” I reply and make a hasty exit.

I get to my room and close and lock the door. I hear them stumble past on their way to the toy room and once the noise subsides I pick up my phone and call Delia.

“Hey, how are you?” she asks when she answers.

“I’m good, little girl. I’m just exhausted. I wanted to call to see how you’re doing.”

“I’m tired too and I miss you,” she replies and I feel a sadness in my chest.

“I miss you, too. I wish I could be there. I just don’t have the energy and we have a big surgery tomorrow,” I tell her.

“I know. I understand and I’m happy that you called me,” she says.

“Me too. I’ll see you in the morning,” I tell her.

“See you in the morning. Sleep well,” she replies.

I lay in the darkness and close my eyes but the faint sounds of Curt’s sex party keep me from drifting to sleep. I try to imagine Delia curling up on that tiny bed of hers. I can almost breathe in the scent of her hair and see her pale skin. I imagine removing her clothing piece by piece. The sounds from the toy room serve to add dimension to my fantasy. I think about the way it feels to have her lips on my cock and how it tastes when I slip my tongue inside her. I think about fucking her and how good it feels to know that she gets off on submitting to me.

I find myself stroking my cock as I imagine her firm tits bouncing in my face while she rides my dick. She is perfect in every way imaginable and I feel an insatiable need to be with her. The sounds from the toy room begin to intensify. Someone is about to orgasm and I yank my cock harder. I can

almost feel the weight of Delia on top of me and the warmth of her breath on my face.

I close my eyes as my seed spills out unto my stomach and hand.

SURGERY

I arrive at work just in time to scrub in for surgery. Our patient is a young boy whose spine was injured in an auto accident. As I take my place beside Dillon in the surgical suite I hear the anesthesiologist say that the boy's heart rate was thread when he was putting him under and that we should monitor him closely. I nod at Dillon to let him know that I heard and understood.

Dillon makes his incision and begins the delicate repair. The boy's heart rate and blood pressure are steady and it looks like this is going to be a quick and easy operation. I admire the precision and gentleness of Dillon's hands as he works. He is the best and certainly the most gifted surgeon I've ever worked with. I'm so busy watching his hands work that I forget to check the monitor. I'm jarred back to reality when the alarms begin to sound. The boy's heart rate is dropping steadily and soon he'll be in cardiac arrest. Dillon begins shouting orders to the other nurses but I can barely make out a word of it. I've never experienced a code in surgery before and I'm not sure what role I'm supposed to play.

"I have to close him, Delia. I need you to focus. You need to keep the area clean for me," he tells me.

My hands are shaky and beads of cold sweat have gathered on my forehead but I pull myself together and irrigate the area and wipe it down with gauze. I glance up at the monitor. The boy is still in danger but his heart is still beating so Dillon continues to suture the incision. He ties off the thread and waits for me to cut it off.

“Clear!” the OR nurse shouts and I step back from the boy as the paddles are placed on his chest. He has coded. His heart has stopped. Another nurse is pushing epinephrine into his I.V. I’m feeling queasy and my heart is racing. Dillon orders the nurse to shock him again and I watch as his little body rises off the table. It takes a third charge of the paddles to start his heart. I watch the monitor breathlessly until his heart rate returns to normal then I exhale deeply.

I turn my attention to Dillon. He hasn’t even broken a sweat. I am astounded by his strength and composure until his eyes meet mine. They are full of despair. I want to rush to him, throw my arms around him, and tell him that he has saved this boy’s life but I can’t and I die a little inside because of it.

When the boy is stable, we exit the suite and scrub out. I’m about to return to the nurses’ station to update his status on the board when Dillon gently brushes my hand. “Come to the office,” he whispers and I nod.

I don’t know if he needs consolation or if he wants to scold me for losing my cool in there and as I walk to the office, I try to mentally prepare for both outcomes at once. I’m still a little shaken myself. I guess I never expected to come so close to losing a patient and especially not one so young. For the first time, I realize just how much stress Dillon and Curt deal with every time they walk into the surgery suite. That may be why they haven’t married and had children and the idea of it makes me sad.

MY PORT IN THE STORM

I've never come close to losing a patient before and the thought that my first could have been a boy so young cuts me like a knife slicing through my very soul. I could have lost my composure in there and that could have been a career ending mistake. The idea of any situation where I'm not the one in complete control was foreign to me until it actually happened. Thoughts of having to tell that boy's parents that he was on my table and I couldn't save him? No, I don't even want to think about that.

I'm waiting in the office with the lights off when Delia comes through the door. She walks to me and I bow my head. She takes my face in her hands and gives me a delicate kiss. I wrap my arms around her and hold her tightly. This, she, is exactly what I need. I close my eyes and listen to the sound of her breathing. She whispers, "You were great in there. That boy will walk because of you."

I am the alpha, and showing vulnerability is something that I have always considered a sign of weakness in a man. No woman has ever had to build me up but at this moment, there is nothing and no one else. There is only me being consoled by the woman that I love. It takes a minute for it to register. It's the first time the concept has crossed my mind. I understand now why she seems so different from the other women that I've been with. She's the first woman that I've ever truly loved. I want to tell her but this isn't the time and I don't have the words. So, I continue to hold her without saying anything.

She sinks into my chest and remains there rubbing her hands up and down my back. It feels so good I close my eyes and drift silently to some other place in my head. I hear her voice and snap back to reality.

“I have to get back to the nurse’s station to log the surgical notes and then check on the patient in recovery,” she whispers, “I can come back and we can go have coffee or go to my place.”

I loosen my grasp and let her step away from me. “Delia,” I say, but hesitate and she tilts her head and smiles.

“Yes, Dillon?” she asks

“Never mind, just, thank you for being here,” I reply.

“Anytime,” she tells me, “Always.”

Always. It’s a word I never really paid attention to before because for me, it had no meaning. My narrow life view consists of now and tomorrow. I don’t look back and I don’t look too far ahead. Everything I do is a calculated move that takes me a step further in my career and affords me the lifestyle that I’ve come to enjoy. Delia doesn’t fit into this equation. She is an outlier, an unexpected fork in the road.

Always? Until now, I didn’t know what it meant to want something for always. Until Delia, I didn’t know what it meant to long to be with someone forever.

ALWAYS

“**A**lways...” that was the word that she chose to use and I can’t stop thinking about how I felt when I heard her say it. I wanted to pull her back to me and tell her how I feel. I couldn’t do it then but I’m fully prepared to do it tonight.

I round the curve and park my car in front of Delia’s building. She isn’t expecting me until later but I can’t wait any longer to get this off my chest.

I knock and the door opens. She’s standing there with her hair in a messy ponytail that is strewn over her shoulder. She’s wearing an oversized white t-shirt and dark blue sweats that look older than she is and have several colors of paint splattered on the legs. She looks like a little girl wearing her big sister’s clothes and it’s adorable.

“What are you doing here?” she asks, “I’m not ready. I’m a mess,” she tells me.

“A beautiful mess,” I reply, “I wanted to come by early because I wanted to discuss something with you. Can we sit down and talk for a minute?”

“Okay? Sure, is something wrong?” she asks, biting the thumb of her left hand.

I move her hand away from her face and say, “No, little girl, nothing’s wrong. Come and sit,” I take her by the hand and escort her to the sofa.

She stares at me while I summon the courage to speak. This is something that I've never done before. I take her hand and place it in my lap and say, "Delia, I've really enjoyed our time together..."

Her expression changes and she pulls her hand away. She must think that I've come to break things off with her. I panic a little and try not to let on that I have no idea what I'm doing.

"No, wait! I don't mean that I want it to end! That's not what I'm trying to say!" I mutter, "What I meant was that I would like for us to spend more time together...exclusively. I want you to be mine and only mine. No more sharing. Are you okay with that?"

She pauses and looks down at her lap. I reach over and lift her chin and look into her eyes.

"What are you thinking, little girl?" I ask her.

She tears up and I wipe the warm liquid from her cheek.

"I've been thinking a lot about this. I want to be with you. Just you, but I don't understand your relationship with Curt. I don't want to cause any tension between you and I don't want to have to wonder if the two of you are being intimate together behind my back." she replies.

I smile and place my hand on her shoulder, "You don't have to worry about that at all. Curt and I don't have a romantic relationship. We've never had sex with each other unless there was a woman involved. We have a friendship and we'll always be friends. The other things were just fun and I don't have any interest in doing them anymore. Not. One. Bit. This is about you and me. Do you want to be with me and only me?" I ask her.

"More than anything," she smiles and wipes her eyes.

I lift her off the sofa and stand her in front of me slipping my hands under her big, white shirt. She shivers when my fingers touch her warm flesh. Her back arches as I reach her bare breasts and squeeze one in each hand. Her skin is like silk and her full tits fit nicely in my big hands.

“Take off your shirt,” I tell her and she lifts it over her head. I pull her forward and lick and suckle her hard nipples. Her eyes are closed and she moans so I bite down gently on her flesh. She gasps, then moans. I lift my head and smile. I’m pleased with how excited she is to submit to me. I cup her breasts in my hands and squeeze them a little harder. “Now, take off your pants,” I command. She unties the drawstring on her sweats and lets them drop to the floor. “Panties, too,” I tell her.

When she’s naked, I slide my hand between her legs and slip my middle finger all the way inside her. I use my thumb to rub her clit and watch as her body goes limp and she struggles to stay upright. I tease her just enough to get her juices flowing then tell her, “Get on your knees.” She gets down on the floor in front of me and I order her to, “Take out my cock and put it in your mouth.”

She takes my pulsing length in her mouth and I take her head in my hands. I guide her up and down my shaft. I go deep and when she gags I pull back. When I think she’s had enough I release her but she comes right back for more. “You like that, don’t you?” I ask and she mumbles through a mouth full. I need to stop her. I’m not ready for this game to be over and she’s going to make me explode so I pull out and smack her face with my rod. “Do you want this inside you?” I ask her.

“Please, daddy,” she tells me.

“On your hands and knees,” I reply and she spins around and crawls forward. I slip off the couch behind her and take her full ass in my hands. I squeeze it, then, smack her left cheek. She moans so I rub it and then smack it again. When her left cheek is red I move to the right and smack her again. She whimpers and moans and I can’t stand it any longer. I slide my cock inside her and use my hand to push her head to the floor. I grab onto her hips and rock her on and off my member. I’m going slowly because I want her primed and ready to come with me.

“Do you like that, little girl?” I ask her.

“I love it, daddy. I want more,” she replies.

That was all I needed. I lift her legs off the floor and hook my arms under them. She gasps for air when she feels my full length inside her. I hold the position for a moment, then, withdraw. The next thrust is hard and fast and I don't stop until we've both lost our senses and are acting on nothing more than animal lust.

"I'm gonna come, little girl. Are you coming with me?" I ask.

"Fuck me hard, daddy!" she answers.

I tear into her with abandon. Until now I've always tried to hold back just a little but this time, she asked for it and she's going to get it. Within seconds we're both spent and exhausted. I lean over her with my limp, wet dick on her ass and whisper, "Good girl," in her ear.

We decide to skip our date and stay in her apartment. I order take out and we sit naked in her bed and eat, then push the food containers onto the floor and fuck again. This time she rides me as I lay still and let her find the rhythm that's right for her. She comes on my cock then spins around and tries her first reverse cowgirl. She gets so into it that she causes me to cream inside her ending her playtime.

She lays beside me with her head on my chest and I run my fingers through her hair until we both fall asleep. I ask myself if this is really something that I can do forever. Can I see myself coming home to the same person every night? Can I see myself never touching anyone else but her? It's too easy. If it's this girl, yes, without hesitation. Because she belongs to me. Forever.

Mine.

SIX MONTHS

I can't believe that our anniversary falls on Christmas Eve but today marks six months since Dillon asked me to be his girlfriend. He's taking me out to dinner and I want to give him his Christmas gift tonight but he insists that I wait until tomorrow and let him open it under the tree. He and Curt have never put a tree up in their apartment before but I pleaded with them so much that they told me that I could have a tree if I did all the work myself. Dillon gave me a credit card and I used it to buy the tree and all the trimmings. They complain and call it an eyesore but I know they both secretly like it. I'm feeling a bit silly. I haven't been this excited about the holidays since I was six years old and got my Barbie Dream House on Christmas morning.

My mother was disappointed when I told her that I wouldn't be coming home for Christmas but I promised that I would be there right after New Year's to make up for it. I'm hoping that tonight I can convince Dillon to make the trip with me. It's definitely time for him to meet my parents.

I'm wearing a little black dress with a rhinestone collar and knee length boots and I have my hair down the way Dillon likes it. He arrives to pick me up and looks me over from head to toe.

"That dress is my favorite," he tells me and I smile, "The boots are sexy too, little girl. I can't wait to peel them off you later."

THE RESTAURANT IS CROWDED, which I suspect is because nobody wants to cook on Christmas Eve. Thankfully Dillon had me make a reservation so we walk straight past the line to our table. The entire place is decorated for the holidays with an enormous tree positioned beside a crackling fireplace and twinkling white lights along the perimeter walls. This is not the type of place that he would normally choose. He likes things sleek, clean, and modern. I suspect he picked this place for me and this kind of gesture from him always makes me feel warm inside.

Dillon orders us filet mignon and lobster tail. I'm surprised when he orders champagne instead of our usual bottle of wine. He raises his glass and says, "To us, princess."

"I didn't expect champagne," I tell him, "When I told you it was our six month anniversary you scoffed at me."

"I didn't scoff. I just didn't know that people counted dating anniversaries. I thought that tradition was reserved for married couples," he replies.

"I will celebrate every milestone that I have with you. The day I met you changed my life," I say.

"I'm glad to hear that because you've changed mine, too. In fact, I would have to say that you've had far more influence on me than I could ever have on you. You made me see just how empty I was inside. I never thought that there would be anything more important than my career. It had become my identity and I always thought that a relationship would get in the way of that. You've shown me that all the success in the world is meaningless if I have no one to share it with." This is the first time Dillon has ever expressed something so emotional to me and I can feel the tears begin to well up in my eyes. I would have been happy if he hadn't said another word. I thought this was all I could have hoped for but then, he stands up, moves to my side of the table, and drops to one knee.

My body is shaking and I'm full on crying now as he reaches up and takes my hand in his.

"Delia, will you marry me?" he asks. He's holding a black, velvet ring box and opens the lid. Inside it is the biggest single cut diamond that I've ever seen. The tiny white lights bounce off of it casting a breathtaking rainbow of sparkles.

I'm sobbing so hard now that I put my hand on my chest and struggle to steady my breathing. He's looking up at me waiting for my answer. "The whole restaurant is looking at me. Please say yes!" he smirks at me as he slides the huge ring onto my finger.

"Yes, yes, yes!" I tell him.

I wrap my arms around him and hear the entire restaurant break out in applause. Dillon kisses me and says, "I love you." It's the first time that I've heard those words from him and even though he just proposed to me, hearing him say it stuns me.

"I love you, too. I've loved you from the moment I met you." I reply.

WE GO to his place after dinner. I want to wake up beside him on Christmas morning. I'm sure that there's nothing under the tree for me that could ever compare to a marriage proposal but I don't care about gifts. I want to see him wake up on our first Christmas together. From now on it's all about creating memories.

Curt is waiting for us when we arrive and rushes over to give me a bear hug. He holds me by my arms and looks into my eyes, "I guess congratulations are in order!" he says, "I'm so happy for you and I know that you're going to be happy together."

I smile and hug him again. I'm so glad that he's supportive of us. I know that he's important to Dillon and over the past six months, he's also become very important to me.

“I know you like a traditional Christmas, Delia, so I made some cocoa with marshmallows. I thought we could watch a Christmas movie before bed,” he tells me.

Dillon rolls his eyes and sarcastically says, “Thanks a lot, man! That’s *exactly* what I wanted to do.”

I pout at him and say, “You can watch one Christmas movie. It’s not going to kill you.”

He lifts me up off the floor and carries me to the couch, dropping me on it and says, “Anything for you, little girl.”

Curt and I laugh and repeat the lines from the movie that we’ve individually memorized over the years. Dillon stays quiet and I ask him several times if he’s okay. He seems like he’s somewhere else in his head and I wonder what has him so preoccupied. My insecurities strike and I begin to wonder if he regrets spending the holiday with me. I know his family lives out of state and I wonder if he’d rather be visiting them though he never really mentions any true connection to home. He’s only just eluded to the fact that he comes from money as I suspect anyone who could afford medical school does.

Perhaps sensing my inner dialogue Dillon places his arm around me and pulls me close to him. I settle in with my head on his big chest and smile. I’m content here. Safe and sound in the comfort of his arms.

I fall asleep before the second movie ends and Dillon carries me to bed. He sets me down gently and sits beside me. He strokes my hair and I wake up and look at him. “I’m sorry you didn’t enjoy the movies,” I tell him.

“I don’t care what we do, little girl. I wouldn’t change anything about the time that I spend with you. All that matters is that you’re here with me,” he replies.

“I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else, either,” I tell him, “You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

“You’re tired, go back to sleep,” he says and kisses me good night.

“Stay with me,” I answer.

He nods and crawls over me to take his place behind me. I lay my head on his left arm and he drapes his right over my body and cradles me there as I drift off to sleep.

CHRISTMAS DAY

I wake up and catch a whiff of something delicious coming from downstairs. I feel like a little girl again as I stumble over my shoes and almost fall on my face. I'm too excited and rushing to dress and get down the stairs.

"Breakfast," Dillon calls out to me as I nearly fly down like a heat-seeking missile, the food in question my target. He has a tray of homemade waffles on the counter and is finishing up a pan of eggs and I can hear the bacon crackling on the griddle. I sit down on a stool and watch as he pours me a mug of coffee.

"You're up early," I say as I take a sip of the coffee.

"I knew that if I didn't get up first we'd end up missing breakfast. You wouldn't be capable of containing yourself."

"I can't wait for you to open your gift," I tell him.

"Food first, little girl," he replies.

Curt enters the room. He's dressed in a navy blue suit and tie and is adjusting his watch band as he approaches. "Good morning," he tells us.

"You look handsome," I reply, "I feel underdressed."

"Oh, this isn't for you. I have to go to my mother's house this morning for family Christmas but first, I'm going to eat some of this breakfast," he replies.

I didn't realize that Curt had family nearby and I had expected the three of us to spend the day together. I have to admit, I'm

glad that he has somewhere to be so that Dillon and I can spend the day alone.

“I have a gift for you,” I tell him.

“I’ll be back tonight. We can exchange our gifts then,” he responds.

We eat our breakfast and Curt leaves the apartment with a bag full of wrapped gifts for his family. Dillon moves to the couch and I rush to the tree to retrieve his gift and hand it to him. He inspects the wrapping and says, “You didn’t have to get me anything.”

“Just open it,” I tell him unable to hide my excitement.

He unwraps my gift folding the discarded paper and placing it on the sofa. I watch as he scans the canvas of the painting that I’ve given him and I wait to see if he makes the connection. I hold my breath worried that he won’t understand. He looks up at me and smiles and I exhale.

“This is the exact place where we stood and watched the ships on our first date,” he tells me, “How did you manage to find this?”

I smile and say, “I think it was destiny. I walked into a shop in my neighborhood and it was sitting right there. I wanted you to have it so you could look at it and always remember that moment.”

He gets off the couch and wraps his arms around me, “I could never forget that moment,” he tells me, “but it’s beautiful and I’m going to hang it in my office so I can look at it every day.”

“I wish I could afford to give you something more,” I tell him.

He smiles at me and says, “I love the painting but you didn’t have to give me anything. I already have everything that I could ever want or need. I have you.”

He goes to the tree and retrieves a box wrapped in gold and white striped foil paper and hands it to me. I look down at my ring and say, “You’ve already given me this!”

“Open your gift,” he replies, “It’s something for both of us.”

I tear into the package with a complete lack of decorum. I'm not as tidy and disciplined as Dillon. I toss the lid off the box, reach in and pull out a royal blue silk and lace bustier complete with garters and matching silk stockings.

"It's beautiful" I say and jump up clutching it to my chest.

"Where are you going?" he asks.

"To try it on," I tell him as I rush to the bathroom to change.

I come out to find him sitting on the sofa and I spin around in front of him. He smiles and says, "perfect".

"Let's go upstairs," I tell him.

"You naughty little girl," he replies and hugs me.

We go up the stairs and he stops at his bedroom door but I continue to the end of the hall and stand at the door of the toy room. He hesitates and then joins me.

"I'm the one who decides when we use the toy room but I'll make an exception for you today because it's Christmas," he tells me.

I slip into character and say, "Thank you, daddy."

We enter the room and I stop just inside the door. He walks up behind me and grabs my ass then runs his fingers through my hair. He takes my hands and forces them behind my back. I feel the leather cuffs slip around my wrists and tighten. He moves around me and stands in front of me. He helps me to my knees and places his cock in my mouth. I'm determined that this time I'll take all of him and I do my best to relax my throat. He presses in until the tip of his cock brushes against the roof of my mouth, then he tilts my head down and slides to the back of my throat. I gag and he pulls back and pauses. When I relax again, he holds my head still and repeats the motion. This time I relax my jaw and take him more easily. He smiles down at me and says, "good girl."

He puts his full length in my mouth and holds me against his groin. I hold my breath until he releases me. He does this several times then begins sliding his cock in and out of my mouth. I can tell that he's enjoying my newly acquired talent

and I would have been content to finish him this way but he had other plans and moved behind me forcing my head to the floor and my ass in the air. I wait as he goes to the cabinet by the door and pulls something out of the drawer. When he returns I hear the buzzing of a vibrator. He takes the lubed instrument and inserts it inside me. I feel a rush of pleasure as it pulses and spins. Then, another rush as he inserts a much small item in my ass. I'm filled with desire and the rush of endorphins that only comes from doing things that seem naughty or wrong.

He kneels in front of me and lifts my head off the floor, then holds my head steady and slides his cock in my mouth again, using my face to pleasure himself as his toys bring me to my own series of climaxes in rapid succession.

We spend the rest of the day in this room experimenting with all of his instruments then go back downstairs to prepare dinner. He invites me into the kitchen and we cook together, followed by eating the meal we prepared along with enjoying two bottles of wine.

Curt returns home and we adjourn to the living room where he and I exchange our gifts. I bought him a bottle of his favorite cologne. It set me back quite a bit but I've been doing better financially now that I've been working steadily.

He hands me my gift and I open it more cautiously than I did with Dillon's. I don't want him to make fun of me again. Inside is a luxurious bath set complete with salts, bubble bath, and a big, fluffy robe. I hug him and thank him then Dillon and I excuse ourselves and head up to bed.

"This is the best Christmas that I've ever had," I tell him.

"Me too, little girl," he replies.

He kisses me deeply and I sink into the bed. He climbs on top of me and gently finds his way inside me. I wrap my arms and legs around him and bury my head in his chest as he takes me with a gentleness that he's never shown me before. My body trembles with every smooth stroke and the rest of the room seems to disappear as I get lost in my connection with him. He

feels like a part of me now, an extension that fits so perfectly that I wonder how I lived my life without him.

He is the best of both worlds switching seamlessly from dominating alpha aggressor to sweet, passionate lover. His back arches and he silently reaches an orgasmic release. I tighten my grip on him and hold him inside me. I don't want to let him go. He lays his head down beside mine and I stroke his silky, black hair until I feel him grow hard inside me again. He climbs off of me and positions me on my side. I place my leg on top of his and he enters me again taking me from behind. It's like a silent dance between perfect partners.

I think that expressing our love to each other and getting engaged has somehow freed us to express our love in other ways and, though I couldn't imagine it possible, our lovemaking has gotten better. He is the perfect combination of dominant alpha aggressor and sweet, compassionate lover and I wouldn't have it any other way. I think I'm the luckiest woman in the world.

THE WEDDING

Delia and I went back and forth about the wedding. I wanted to slip off to Vegas and have a wedding vacation. We could have taken Curt and maybe Delia's mother as witnesses and had a great time but Delia insisted on the traditional white wedding in a chapel with a reception after. As I stand here in my tuxedo and watch the guests arrive I realize that she's invited more than half of the hospital staff. I wonder if they came to celebrate with us or to see for themselves if I'd actually go through with it, not that there's a shadow of a doubt in my mind.

I flew Delia's mother into town to help her make the arrangements and pick out her dress. She's smiling at me from the front row as I stand at the alter waiting for Delia to come down the aisle. The music begins to play and I look at Curt, my best man. He smiles and nods his approval. Delia steps through the door, arm in arm with her father and I think my heart stops beating. She was adamant that I didn't see her dress before the wedding and seeing her now, for the first time takes my breath away.

She had mentioned that the dress was by Pronovias and that meant nothing to me as it didn't register. I didn't care that it was expensive. I wasn't interested in what it looked like but seeing it now, I understand why she found it so important. It's tight fitting satin with a plunging neckline and soft, billowy sleeves. She has her hair up with tiny ringlet curls framing her face and she's wearing a wreath of tiny white flowers. She reminds me of a Hollywood starlet from the black and white

movies. She moves with such grace and style that everyone in the chapel seems to hold their breath and then exhale all at once. I argued against a traditional wedding and I was wrong. The image of her today is one that will be etched into my memory for eternity. Not only that, but thanks to this wedding, the whole world gets to see the woman who's about to officially become mine. Forever. And in doing so makes me the luckiest man to ever walk the face of the Earth.

The dress is incredible all right, but at the end of the day all it is is fabric stitched together. She's the one that breathes life in it, just by putting it on. It's not the dress, no matter how stunning it is. It's her. It's always been her.

Her father hands her off to me and we step up to stand before the Chaplain. Before he begins I whisper, "You're beautiful little girl".

Delia insisted that we write our own vows. I was against it at first because our feelings are sacred to me and I didn't want to share them with the rest of the people in this chapel. She told me that they wouldn't remember a single word of it but that she would remember them forever so I did as she requested and sat down and tried to write out what she means to me.

I look down at the paper in my hand and begin, "Delia, I never believed that I would find a person in this world that I cared about more than myself and my career and so I never bothered to look for one. Then, by fate or sheer luck, you walked into my life. Before you, I thought that I was happy but I never truly knew what happiness was. You are my joy, my inspiration, and my port in the storm and I owe you a lifetime of the same. You once told me that you would be here for me always and always is exactly what I promise to give to you. I love you."

She smiles but her eyes are filled with tears. "You've ruined my makeup," she whispers.

She takes a deep breath and looks deeply into my eyes. She doesn't need a cheat sheet.

"Dillon, from the moment I met you my life has been filled with firsts. You've opened my eyes to the world and given me

experiences that I never imagined. You are my teacher, my protector, and the love of my life. I'm sure there are many more firsts to come in our future and I can't wait to experience all of them with you. I love you."

AFTER THE WEDDING

I can't believe that I'm now Delia Davis and somehow I feel more like myself than I ever have. I watch Dillon and Curt from across the reception room and I think back to how this all started. It seems like it was a lifetime ago. Dillon catches me staring and walks toward me. He has his jacket off and his tie undone but still looks like perfection in his immaculately fitted tuxedo pants and white shirt. I wonder how I could have gotten this lucky.

He wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me to the dance floor where he lifts me off my feet, spins me in a circle, and says, "I can't wait to get you out of that dress, little girl."

"You mean you don't like it?" I tease him.

"I like it so much it makes me want I want to see it on the floor," he replies.

"How is Curt feeling about you moving out?" I ask him.

"He's fine. We'll settle up financially once he sells the condo. Until then, he's a free man. He can do whatever he wants with whomever he wants," he replies.

I hesitate wondering if my wedding is the right time to ask but he can almost read my mind, "Don't worry, little girl, you'll have your toys."

I look up at him and smile. I've had a small taste of that world and I want more.

Our guests seem to have enjoyed the evening and Dillon and Curt have spent most of their time enjoying the open bar. Curt

approaches us on the dance floor and puts his hand on Dillon's back and says, "Excuse me, sir, may I have the honor of dancing with the bride?"

Dillon looks at me and I nod. He takes my hand and offers it to Curt who takes it and spins me in a circle.

"That was quite formal of you," I tell him.

"Well, you're a married woman now, Mrs. Davis. I have to be respectful," he replies, "You make a very beautiful bride by the way. Dillon is a lucky man."

"Thank you," I reply.

"Don't worry about anything while you're on your honeymoon. I've got your furniture delivery schedule and I'll make sure you have a home to come back to," he tells me.

"Thank you for everything. I can't tell you how much I appreciate everything," I reply.

"I want you to know something. I wouldn't change the way things started out with you. I thoroughly enjoyed being with you in that way but I couldn't ask for a better wife for my best friend and I would love you even if...those things...never happened," he tells me.

Dillon returns and places his arm around me, "I'm sorry to interrupt but if we don't leave here soon we'll miss our plane and Delia's mother's goodbyes typically take about twenty minutes."

"It's all good. Have a fabulous time, be safe, and don't worry about a thing," Curt winks at Dillon and I wonder what that's about but have no time to ask as I'm whisked away to my mother's table.

THE HONEYMOON

The blue water and white sand of the Maldives is amazing. Delia and I spend the day on the rattan hammock on the patio of our cabana. I wanted to book the penthouse of a luxury hotel but Delia insisted that we stay on the ocean in a private cottage. It's a bit more rustic than I'm used to but room service still comes to feed us and keep our cabana clean. I didn't expect to like this arrangement but I would do anything to make this girl smile and now that we're here, I wouldn't have things any other way.

Delia steps off the side of the patio and stands in the crystal, clear water. Her yellow bikini looks amazing against her newly tanned skin.

"Come down here," she tells me.

"I don't like the ocean," I reply.

She holds her arms out to the sides and spins in a circle laughing, "Well, there's a lot of it so I think you're screwed. Besides, I've never had sex in the ocean before and I thought I'd like to try it but if the water repulses you that much, I suppose I'll just have to suffer."

I climb off the hammock and jump into the water beside her. She wraps her arms around me and I slip my tongue into her mouth. I pull her tight against my crotch so that she can feel what I have waiting for her. She rubs herself against me and asks, "Is that for me, daddy?"

"It's all yours, little girl," I reply.

She lays back and floats on the water with her legs wrapped around my waist. I move her bikini bottom to the side and slide inside her and guide her hips back and forth. She closes her eyes and squeezes me with her legs. I reach down with one hand and slip my middle finger between her legs. She squirms a bit, then settles down as I stroke her clit while I fuck her. It takes no time for her to come and when she does I lift her up and place my hands under her ass. She wraps her arms around my neck and I bounce her on my cock until I explode.

She puts her head on my shoulder and says, "I love you so much".

"I love you more, little girl," I reply.

LAST NIGHT IN THE MALDIVES

Our honeymoon is everything that I dreamed it would be. We stayed in our cabana and on the beach for the first few days but today Dillon wants to explore the island and then spend the night checking out the resort area restaurants and clubs. He said that the purpose of traveling is to bring back memories of the culture and the sights but I would have been perfectly content to stay locked away in our private hideaway with no one but him.

We rent bikes and ride up the coast to the local street market where we buy fresh local fruit for lunch and then browse the booths for souvenirs until the sun begins to set, deciding it's a good time to ride back to the resort so we can get dressed for dinner.

I step out of the bathroom wearing a long, sheer white dress that I bought for the trip. Dillon, who has his face buried in his phone checking email looks up at me and puts down his phone. He stands up and walks to me placing his hands on my hips as he always does. He pulls me close and tells me, "You're the most beautiful girl in the world".

I laugh and say, "I doubt that, but thank you".

He raises his arms to my shoulders and looks me in the eye and says, "Don't ever doubt yourself. When I say you're the most beautiful girl in the world, that's the way it is. No if's, and's, or but's."

We walk to the resort restaurant which is crowded with tourists and I begin to wonder if coming here was a good idea. Dillon

takes my hand and leads to me a table in the corner. I like the way people look at him when we're in public. His physique causes people to clear a space for him everywhere we go.

We order from the seafood menu and choose cocktails to drink while we wait. We sit close and Dillon holds my hand under the table. There are people dancing to the music of a live band and we watch them as we sip our drinks. A cool breeze comes in from the beach and is caught by the giant palm-shaped blades of the ceiling fans. It looks like a scene straight out of the resort brochure.

After dinner, we head to the nightclub next door. The sounds of local music have been replaced by the pounding beats of electric dance music. It reminds me of the first night Dillon and Curt took me out but this time, I don't feel awkward or insecure. This time I'm out with my husband.

Dillon and I dance until we work up a sweat in the tropical heat. With no worries about work or everyday life we are drinking a bit more than usual and the looser we get, the more light headed I become. I try to steady myself enough to make the walk to the bathroom but a woman walks in front of me and I stagger sideways. A man catches me before I fall over. I regain my balance and thank him for his help and continue on to the bathroom. When I come out Dillon grabs my arm and sternly says, "Let's go."

He's pulling me out of the club and I don't understand why he's so upset. I ask him what's wrong but he doesn't say a word until we're back in our cabana. He closes the door and turns to me and says, "Why did you let that man put his hands on you?"

Stunned, I reply, "I didn't have a choice! I was falling and he caught me. For all I know I may have been falling on him. I'm drunk!"

"Well, you let him put his hands on you and now I have to punish you," he says.

I'm confused and trying my best to clear my foggy head enough to understand what's happening. I don't know if I

misinterpreted what happened in the club or if Dillon has just gone crazy.

“I don’t know what you mean. Are you okay?” I ask.

Dillon walks over to me and places his hands on my face, “I said, I have to punish you.” He reaches down and grabs my pussy and I finally understand. Dillon wants to play a game.

“I’m sorry, daddy. I know I was bad,” I tell him and he nods his approval.

“I’m going to have to take you over my knee,” he tells me as he unties the back of my dress and lets it drop to the floor. I step out of it and stand with my hands clasped in front of me. He sits on the edge of the bed and commands me to lie across his lap. I do as I’m told. Crack! His hand comes down hard on my ass and I cry out.

“One,” he says then smacks me again, but in a slightly different location. This time I feel butterflies forming in my stomach as I cry out again.

“Two,” he says and quickly smacks me a third time, again in a new spot. I’m sure my ass must be bright red now but my pussy is aching as this spanking turns me on more and more.

“Three,” he tells me, “Have you learned your lesson?”

“No, daddy, I’ve been very bad,” I reply.

“Then I guess I need to tie you up to make sure you behave,” he tells me.

He lifts me up and tosses me onto the center of the bed then removes my stockings and uses one to secure my hands together and the other as a makeshift blindfold to cover my eyes. He removes his clothes and straddles my head placing his hard cock against my lips. I make circles on his tip with my tongue. He pulls it away and slaps my cheek with it.

“Open your mouth, little girl,” he tells me.

I open wide and he slides his cock inside. I wrap my lips around it and suck hard.

“That’s it. Suck it. Suck it hard,” he says.

I'm squirming beneath him but his stern tone is making me hot so I do as I'm told and I suck harder.

He pulls out of my mouth and flips me over on my stomach. He runs his fingers down my back and ass and spreads my legs. He lies on top of me and enters me from behind and I gasp.

"I'm gonna punish this tight pussy now, little girl," he tells me. He grabs a handful of my hair and holds me down while he takes me in smooth, hard strokes. I've never come so quickly or so hard. Dillon pulls out and slaps my ass again and says, "Now, I'm gonna punish this pretty little ass".

He gets off the bed and retrieves a bottle of oil from the nightstand and drips it on my ass. He rubs it onto my cheeks then slides his hand between them and slips a finger into my backside. I lift my ass and he slaps it and tells me to be still. He places his hands on my ass and hoists himself up to position his slick cock between my cheeks. I feel the tip penetrate me and I brace myself as every last inch slides inside.

"Oh daddy," I mutter and feel his body quake.

"You want me to finish in your ass, little girl?" he asks me.

"Yes, daddy," I respond.

"I'll have to fuck you hard, baby," he says.

"Yes, daddy, fuck me hard," I reply.

He takes me without restraint plunging deep inside me. The initial pain is replaced by a wild, mind shattering desire. I feel him everywhere as his cock strokes and teases pleasure centers that I had no idea existed within me. I cry out as he brings me to my first anal orgasm and my thrashing spasm causes him to erupt inside me.

We lay there catching our breath and Dillon asks, "Was it too much?"

I kiss him and say, "Not even close. I can't wait to do it again."

“That’s good because you’re going to be up all night. You can sleep on the plane,” he tells me.

Before Dillon, if someone had told me that I would be so turned on by the idea of submitting to a man I would have thought they were crazy. Just the thought of it seemed degrading but that was before I knew what it was like to have a man that I could trust with every part of my being and how exciting it is to know that I please him so completely.

He removes my blindfold and unbinds my hands and tells me that he’s ready for another round. He holds his cock firmly in his hand and tells me to get on it. I climb on top of him and ease myself down on his shaft. I think that I’m about to ride him but he has other plans. He shifts my body forward and holds me still thrusting upward and fucks me while lying flat on his back. I feel a tingle in the pit of my stomach and succumb to the waves of pleasure. We come together and I collapse on his chest.

“Rest up,” he tells me, “There’s more to come.”

HOME AGAIN

Dillon puts our bags in the trunk of the car and we leave the airport on our way to spend our first night in our new home. We looked at several condos and decided on one on the fifth floor of Dillon and Curt's building. Since we left for the honeymoon right after the wedding Curt agreed to move Dillon and my personal items upstairs and meet the furniture deliveries for us while we were away.

I'm excited to finally make a home with Dillon but I'm not sure how much of a mess we're going to be walking into. Dillon asks me to take his phone and check his work emails while he drives so I don't even notice when he passes the exit that leads to the condo.

When I finally look out the window, we're driving up the hillside where we stargazed on our first date. "Where are we going?" I ask him.

"It's a surprise," he tells me and squeezes my thigh.

I watch as we travel further and further from the city and then, finally, he turns into a long, narrow driveway that widens into a parking pad in front of what looks like a four-car garage. There's a pretty red SUV parked there and he pulls in beside it.

"Who lives here?" I ask him.

He kills the engine and turns to me and says, "We do."

"No! What are you saying? You didn't buy this house. When could you have done that?" I ask him. Tears are beginning to

build in my eyes as I imagine having a real home for the first time.

“Yes, little girl. I bought this house for you, for our family,” he replies.

I throw my arms around him and cry, “I love you so much!”

“Come on, let’s look inside,” he tells me and I don’t waste a second. I hop out of the car and practically sprint up the walkway to the front door. He follows behind me fiddling with his keys.

We step inside and I stop to take it all in. We’re standing in a grand entry room with twenty-foot ceilings and windows that reach almost all the way to the top. The floor is a dark hardwood as is all of the trim work.

“There’s more, Delia. Come inside,” he teases. “I had the furniture that we ordered delivered here but that’s only going to cover our basic needs while you design this house for us,” he adds.

We walk through the formal dining room to the chef’s kitchen complete with an island cook surface, double farm sinks, and stainless appliances. This is the kind of house that I could only dream about before Dillon and I rush to look at the backyard. There is a deck that runs the length of the house and a lush green lawn leading to a large natural pond.

“There’s a finished lower floor with a nice office for me, a family room, and a workout room,” he tells me, “but the best is upstairs. Come back inside so I can show you.”

I grab the railing and run up the stairs. I can see the entire first floor from the second floor landing.

“Master suite,” Dillon says, opening the double doors. Our new bedroom furniture is all set up in the room. The master bath is huge with a soaking tub, rain shower, and walk-in dressing suite.

“There are five other rooms up here. We can set one up for when your parents visit and use another for a standard guest bedroom,” he tells me.

“That leaves three more. What are they for?” I ask.

“Well, two will be for our kids,” he replies, “You didn’t ask about the SUV outside. That’s yours. You’ll need something large enough to haul around our children.”

“Kids?” We hadn’t even discussed having a family. I had told him that I wanted kids but he never really expressed his feelings on the subject. I’m thrilled that he is planning for our future children but there’s still one room unaccounted for so I ask, “And the other room?”

“I’m so glad you asked. Come this way,” he leads me to the last door on the second floor. It has a lock on the outside. He pulls his keys from his pocket and unlocks the door. My jaw drops as I enter. Our new playroom has all of the items from Dillon and Curt’s toy room plus a table filled with tethers and handcuffs and a bed that looks more like a metal cage. I walk to the bed and sit on the edge.

“So, this is why Curt winked at you at the reception?” I ask.

“Yes. He was kind enough to let me have the contents of our toy room and since this room was so much bigger, he made a few suggestions for added features,” he replied.

“He’s always so thoughtful,” I reply as I run my hand across one of the cold, steel rails on the bed, “Strange configuration for a canopy.”

“It’s called a bondage bed. There’s no limit to how many positions I can restrain you in,” Dillon tells me.

“I can’t believe you planned all of this. I can’t believe Curt set it all up!” I tell him.

“You asked me to bring the toy room when we moved in together. I will never allow you to want for anything again,” he replies.

I hold my arms out to him and he bends down to embrace me then lifts me off the floor and holds me like a child in his arms and I’m reminded that I’ve most certainly found the perfect man.

“I want to see the rest of the house but first, I mean, can we, daddy?” I stare coyly at him.

“What did I just say, little girl? I won’t allow you to want for anything,” he replies. He tosses me on the bed and I watch as he undresses. He’s already hard and my mouth waters at the sight of his erection.

“I want you to strip for me,” he tells me so I get up off the bed and wait for him to take a seat before starting the show.

I sway my hips in slow, sultry movements as I brush my hands across my breasts and then slowly unbutton my top. I finish and let the blouse slip off my shoulders and onto the floor. I turn my back to him and wait for him to open the clasp on my bra. He does but when he tries to touch me I pull away and spin back around. I take off my bra and squeeze my tits together with my hands then slide them down my belly and unbutton my jeans. I slip them off and stand before him in just my thong and heels. He has his hand on his cock stroking it as he watches me so I decide to turn things up a bit. I turn around and bend over and shake my ass for him. This is when he’s had enough and leaps off the bed and grabs me around the waist taking a bite out of my ass. He uses his teeth to remove my thong and laps at the warm space between my legs.

“Stand on the bed,” he tells me and I comply.

He binds my wrists to the pole above my head then goes to the table and retrieves a red leather flogger. There is a loud crack as the leather strips make contact with my ass. He moves in front of me and gives each of my tits a whack then slaps me hard on my left thigh.

“Are you a good girl or a bad girl?” he asks me.

“I’m a bad girl, daddy,” I tell him.

He stands behind me and enters me from behind. I let my body go limp and put my trust in my bindings to hold my weight. I don’t want to have to think. I only want to feel him fill me. I close my eyes and savor every thrust of his manhood. I come back to reality when he pulls out and repositions himself in

front of me. He enters me again and takes my head in his hands.

“Look at me,” he commands.

“Yes, daddy,” I say. My voice is breathy and weak now.

I look deeply into his eyes and we lock stares. I close my eyes when I feel myself ready to come but he bellows, “Look at me,” so I open them again. I’ve never had an orgasm with my eyes open before and the sensation is mind blowing. I lose focus and watch as bursts of light and color appear in my field of vision. He’s grinning at me. He knows what just happened.

“Now watch me come,” he tells me and I watch his face contort and change as he tenses for the last few thrusts then relaxes as he shoots his seed inside me.

His gaze never falters and he looks deeply into my eyes and says, “I love you, little girl.”

I smile at him and say, “I love you, always, daddy.”

AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE

I rush home and toss my purse and keys on the dining room table. I wanted to make absolutely certain that I arrived home and settled in before Dillon got here. Now that I'm here I pace the floor and watch out the window for his car.

I'm not sure how he's going to feel when I tell him. I just finished decorating the house and making it our home and we've barely had time to enjoy it. Our relationship has been a whirlwind of firsts for both of us and I wonder if he was expecting this to be our time to settle down and enjoy some relaxation for a while.

My heartbeat quickens as I see him roll up the driveway. I sit, stand, then sit again as I wait for him to come through the door.

"Delia?" he calls.

"In the kitchen," I answer. My voice is shaking.

"Your car is moved. Did you go out today?" he asks as he retrieves the orange juice from the refrigerator and pours himself a glass.

"I ran a few errands and went to the doctor," I tell him.

"The doctor? Why? Are you feeling okay?" he asks.

"I'm fine. I went to my gynecologist," I reply.

"Yearly checkup?" he probes me.

“No. I had some symptoms that needed to be checked out,” I answer.

“Symptoms of?” he asks.

I slip the positive pregnancy test out of my pocket and set it on the counter. He looks into my eyes, then picks up the test stick and stares at it. I scan his face but he shows no emotion. My fears consume me. He said he wanted kids but this must be too soon for him. How could I possibly imagine that he'd be ready for this? Less than a year ago he wouldn't have imagined being married and now he's going to be a father as well.

He finally sets the test back down on the counter and walks to me. He wraps his arms around me and pulls me tightly to his chest. I listen to his heart beat and begin to cry. He looks at me and says, “Why are you crying?” He scans my face as though he believes that the answer is hiding there.

“I'm sorry. We should have discussed this. I should have been more careful not to let this happen,” I tell him.

“What are you talking about? Aren't you happy?” he asks me.

“How can I be happy if you're not happy?” I reply.

He holds me by my elbows and looks down at me, “I am happy, little girl. I'm going to have a baby with the love of my life. How could I be anything but happy?”

The tears roll uncontrollably out of my eyes and I say, “I'm so relieved to hear that! I want this baby so much but I was afraid that you weren't ready and that you'd be disappointed.”

“Never, little girl. You could never disappoint me,” he says, “This child, our child, will have the best of everything including the most beautiful mother in the world.”

EXPECTING

I was concerned that the pregnancy might have an adverse effect on our relationship, mostly our sex life, but as it turns out I find her sexier than ever. Sure, the way we make love has changed. Knowing that she is carrying my child inside her has made me want nothing more than to love and protect her. Her due date is quickly approaching and she isn't feeling well. Her energy's drained and I'm making her dinner and bringing it up to her in bed.

I enter the room and place the tray of food on the nightstand and sit on the bed beside her. I rub her belly and ask, "How's he doing in there?"

She smiles and tells me, "He's run out of patience. He wants to come out and meet his daddy."

"And to see his gorgeous mother," I reply.

She looks down and I can see that something is bothering her. "What's wrong, little girl?" I ask.

"Am I?" she responds, "Am I still your little girl?"

"You'll always be my little girl," I assure her.

"Even if I never lose this weight? Even if I look a mess every day when you come home? Even if I don't have the time to... take care of you?" she asks.

"You're talking crazy," I tell her, "You're just as beautiful today as you were the moment I met you and you'll be equally as beautiful once Matthew is born. I don't care if your hair is a mess. I don't care what you weigh. You've barely gained

anything more than a belly bump anyway. You're my little girl. As far as you taking care of me goes, if you're talking about sex I have no worries about that. You're a bit of a vixen and I'm betting that you'll always find time for that."

She bats her eyes and feigns embarrassment because she knows it's true.

"My doctor told me that having sex this far along in the pregnancy can actually help to speed things up. Maybe after dinner we can test that theory," she tells me and I grin.

WE MAKE love and in the morning she tells me that she's ready to go to the hospital.

"Looks like your doctor was right," I tell her as I collect her overnight bag and ready the car.

She holds my hand as we take the drive to the hospital. I squeeze it and say, "Thank you."

"For what?" she asks and I tell her, "For giving me everything that I could ever ask for. For loving me the way you do. For being the woman that you are. And, for making me a father. I love you, little girl."

EPILOGUE

It's our one-year wedding anniversary and Dillon has planned a romantic evening for us. I've just fed the baby and put him down for a nap. I rush to shower and dress before he comes home. I wanted to surprise him so I bought a new green dress. I hope he remembers that I was wearing green the first time we were together. This dress is cut much lower than the previous one. My breasts have grown some since having the baby so I have more to show off and this time I won't be covering up with a sweater. I do my makeup and start to put my hair up but think twice and let it fall down over my shoulders. I know he likes my hair this way and since the baby, I've been wearing it up or pulled back most of the time.

I see his headlights through the bedroom window and rush downstairs to meet him. My mother is in the kitchen and I tell her that we'll be leaving soon. She's been visiting a lot since our son, Matthew was born. Dillon was very supportive of my strengthening my relationship with my parents.

He opens the door and steps inside with a bouquet of roses in his left hand and a jeweler's bag in his right. I take the flowers from him and lean in to kiss him.

"These are beautiful," I tell him, "Thank you".

"Set them down so you can open your gift, angel," he replies.

My mother steps in and takes the flowers from me, "I'll put them in water," she advises.

Dillon holds the jeweler's bag out to me and shakes it. I take it and rummage through it like a child on Christmas morning. I

pull out a large black box and open it. Inside is an Andreoli diamond necklace. I'm almost afraid to touch it and I ask, "How much did this cost?"

Dillon grins and says, "It's irrelevant when the woman whose neck it will go around is priceless. Now, take it out of the box so that I can put it on you."

HE TAKES me to dinner at the grand opening of Chef Michael Andretti's new restaurant where we're surrounded by celebrities and politicians. I think the press may have even snapped photos of us on our way in.

After dinner, we drive to the same harbor side bistro where we had our first date so we can enjoy dessert and champagne. Then, when I think we're headed home for the night, Dillon drives right by our house and turns off on the path to the overlook.

So much has changed for us with a wedding and a baby just a year apart. I know my body is different now and I'm carrying a few extra pounds but he still looks at me like he did in the beginning and there's been no change in his sex drive. We make love almost every night and make it a point to spend time in the toy room every week.

Tonight we make love on the hood of the car under the stars. We start out slowly but that same animal passion takes us over and we just can't help ourselves. He bends me over the hood and takes me from behind. The rest of the world disappears and there's nothing but the feeling of him inside me. Some things never change, which when it comes to the perfect moments in life like these is exactly how it's meant to be.

We arrive back home and I go upstairs to check on the baby and shortly thereafter Dillon joins me. He caresses me from behind and looks down into the crib at the beautiful life that we created and says, "I love you."

I place my hand on his and say, "I love you. Always."

EXTENDED EPILOGUE

It's been ten years since Delia and I married and our son Matthew is having his ninth birthday party today. Our daughter Emily is now four and our third child, Sara is two. Delia has planned an outdoor party complete with bouncy houses and pony rides. Her mother wanted to cook for the event but I insisted on hiring a caterer. Delia has made so many friends at the kids' schools and charity events that the guest headcount will top out well over one hundred.

I sit on the patio and watch Delia busy herself with the last minute touches. She always wants everything to be perfect for the kids and me. As I look on I think how lucky I am to have had this gorgeous angel as my queen for a decade, shaking my head in disbelief at how life dealt me the ultimate winning hand when she showed up in my world, flipped it upside down in a way that made me realize what real happiness is. Her. Us. Our family.

She's still the sexiest woman I've ever laid eyes on. Always has been, always will be. Add in the fact that perfect body of hers has been the vessel for our three children, and I have to roll my weight to my left side and then my right, trying to generate some breathing room between my raging cock and the suddenly constricting fabric it's threatening to break clean through. Damn...she just gets more beautiful by the day, which is really saying something considering she's always been the most stunning woman to ever walk the face of the Earth. I would say she ages like the fine wine she enjoys so much, but the reality is she doesn't age at all. She truly is

ethereal, my angel, the mother to my children, my life, my everything.

Once the cake table is set and decorated she walks toward me and I reach out and take her wrist in my hand. She looks up at me and smiles.

“Let the caterers finish up out here. I need to see you inside for a minute,” I tell her.

“Is it important, Love? There’s so much to do and I want things to be just right for Matthew,” she replies.

“Come with me, precious,” I tell her, “By now you should know not to question me,” I smirk, flashing her a quick wink.

She stares at me for a moment then, as if she reads my mind, her cheeks redden and she smiles. “We don’t have time,” she whispered as if she expected the spring breeze to carry her words down the hill to the caterer’s ears.

“I said *come with me*,” I stand up, take her arm and lead her into the house and up the stairs, “I make the rules and I say we have time.”

She follows me to the room at the end of the hall. Her breath is heavy as she watches me unlock the door. I step through pulling her behind me. Once the door is closed and locked from the inside I push her against the wall and, holding her there, nibble my way down her neck and around to take a playful nip at her breast through her silk blouse. She is panting as I pick her up off her feet and carry her to the bed. I instruct her to stand in the center and I quickly secure her wrists to the pole above her head. I remove her panties and put my head up under her skirt. I bury my face inside her tracing her silky walls with my tongue and lapping up the salty sweet juices that gush from inside her. I wrap my lips around her swollen clit and suck until she comes on my face then I lick up her sticky drippings.

When she finishes I stand in front of her and command her to free my cock from my khaki shorts. She takes it in her hand and strokes it until it’s stiff and red. Then I lift her legs off the

bed and toss them over my shoulders. I put my hands on her ass and penetrate her as she hangs from her bindings.

“Fuck me, daddy,” her breathy voice utters.

I pull out and say, “Beg for it, little bit.”

“Please fuck me, daddy. Pleeeeeease. I need to feel you inside me,” she pleads.

I ram my cock in her and give her exactly what she asks for, and what we both need to keep us sane...each other.

WE WALK DOWNSTAIRS HOLDING hands and giggling like giddy teenagers with a dirty secret. After spending a few moments in the kitchen regaining our composure we go outside. The children run to us and hug our legs. I pick Sara up and hold her in my arms as we greet our guests as they arrive.

This is my life now and I wouldn't change it for anything in the world because I have her...them...us. And without *us* there is nothing.

Because my family is everything. Family first. Family always. Forever.

The End. Thanks for reading!

Did you know you can get free books from time to time by signing up for my mailing list? Just click the link below to sign up so you'll be the first to know about new releases and get the next free book when it's ready...

www.subscribepage.com/lenalittle

ALSO BY LENA LITTLE

Yes Daddy Series

Book 1: [Daddy Next Door](#)

Book 2: [Bossy Daddy](#)

Book 3: [Paying Daddy's Debt](#)

Book 4: [Daddy's Halloween](#)

Book 5: [Daddy's Italian Friend](#)

Book 6: [Russian Teacher](#)

Book 7: [Daddy's Housekeeper](#)

Book 8: [Possessive Daddy](#)

Book 9: [Protective Daddy](#)

Book 10: [Daddy's Destiny](#)

Book 11: [Dear Daddy](#)

Book 12: [Russian Doctor Daddy](#)

Book 13: [Daddy's Christmas](#)

Book 14: [Italian Mafia Stalker](#)

Book 15: [Daddy's Friend](#)

Book 16: [Possessive Policeman](#)

Book 17: [The Debt Collector](#)

Book 18: [Her Hitman](#)

Book 19: [The Goalie's Girl](#)

Book 20: [Hitman's Target](#)

Book 21: [Daddy's Secret](#)

Book 22: [Stepbrother Daddy](#)

Book 23: [Daddy For A Day](#)

Book 24: [Stepbrother Daddy's Christmas Eve](#)

A Possessive Man Series

Book 1: [Jealous](#)

Book 2: [Possessive](#)

Book 3: [Stalker](#)

Book 4: [Discipline](#)

Book 5: [Obsession](#)

Book 6: [Control](#)

Book 7: [Motorcycle Man](#)

Book 8: [Possessive Puppy](#)

Book 9: [Possessive Mechanic](#)

Book 10: [Lawyer](#)

Book 11: [Nanny For The Italian Mafia](#)

Book 12: [The Italian](#)

Book 13: [Butcher of Belfast](#)

Book 14: [Addiction](#)

Dad's Best Friend

Book 1: [Dad's Policeman Friend](#)

Book 2: [Dad's Italian Mafia Friend](#)

Book 3: [Dad's Blacksmith Friend](#)

Book 4: [Thanksgiving With Dad's Best Friend](#)

Book 5: [Dad's Doctor Friend](#)

Book 6: [Christmas Eve With Dad's Best Friend](#)

Book 7: [Dad's Jealous Friend](#)

Book 8: [Dad's Russian Friend](#)

Book 9: [Dad's Navy SEAL Friend](#)

Book 10: [Dad's Cop Friend](#)

Book 11: [Halloween With Dad's Ex-Best Friend](#)

Book 12: [Baby For Dad's Best Friend](#)

Book 13: [Dad's Mafia Secret](#)

Her Bad Boy

Book 1: [Opposites Attract](#)

Jealous Psycho

Book 1: [Jealous Cop](#)

Book 2: [Jealous Fighter](#)

Book 3: [Jealous Firefighter](#)

Book 4: [Jealous Protector](#)

Book 5: [Jealous Boss](#)

Book 6: [Jealous Lawyer](#)

Book 7: [Jealous Italian](#)

Book 8: [Jealous Detective](#)

Book 9: [Jealous Savage](#)

Book 10: [Jealous Serial Killer](#)

Claimed

Book 1: [Claimed](#)

Book 2: [Her Protector](#)

Book 3: [Protective Cop](#)

Book 4: [Security](#)

Book 5: [Protective Artist](#)

Her Mafia Man

Book 1: [Baby For The Mafia](#)

Book 2: [Paying Dad's Italian Debt](#)

A MMF Ménage Romance

Book 1: Her Two Doctors