

RILZY ADAMS

Treble

TREBLE

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RILZY ADAMS

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*To everyone who loves out loud.*

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## BEFORE YOU DIVE IN

Writing 'Treble' was nerve-wracking since it was my first time working on a romance featuring polyamory. I had the concept for a while now, so I decided to just dive in. I am happy I did. Hendrix, Novah and Sadie will remain at the forefront of my mind for a while.

I hope they will remain on yours too!

Please note that this book contains explicit language and vivid descriptions of sex.

Happy Reading.

*Peace. Love. Light.*

Rilzy

## 1 NOVAH

“**R**ight there,” Novah moaned.

She tilted her pelvis so she could better receive the smooth, expertly delivered thrusts Hendrix had been blessing her with for the last twenty minutes. She moaned deep in her throat — well, growled, really — as she tried to ride the wave of each delicious sensation washing over her body.

Novah dug her fingernails into Hendrix’s biceps, enjoying his soft hiss of pain as she continued teetering on the edge of an explosive combustion. Her pussy was frantic. Her mind was wild. Her soul was fighting to leave her body. Novah’s dark brown eyes rolled back into her head. An expert-level fuck should come with a safety warning, and Hendrix delivered one every single time.

“Damn,” she murmured. “Why you gotta do me like that?”

Hendrix smiled. He rolled his hips and angled himself so he could deliver another hard thrust just the way she liked it. Novah yelped, her soul coming that much closer to taking sudden flight.

Her husband was cocky as hell when it came to his fucking, but Novah let him have it. He was an endowed, capable, and perceptive lover, things not all men could boast about. If Hendrix’s dick was a superhero, it’d be called ‘The Decimator’ because Nova wanted to write her pussy an obituary every time he sexed her: *here lies Novah’s pussy — a casualty of pleasure*. And that was just where his skill was concerned. *His stamina?* Sweet baby Jesus in a manger.



Hendrix knew how to make the pleasure last. There were times he kept the sweet friction going so long that Novah knew for sure he wasn't nutting just off the back of spite. She wasn't complaining, though.

She *definitely* didn't complain when he raised her leg to his shoulder and dove his hand between her legs so he could circle her clit in time with the now maddeningly languid rhythm of his thrusts.

Novah's orgasm was a body-shaking, soul-snatching, exorcism-resembling affair.

She was still whimpering when Hendrix picked up his rhythm and started chasing his own nut with purpose. He squeezed her breasts, rubbing her nipples and tweaking her nipple rings as his rhythm faltered, just barely, and guttural cries of how good her pussy felt, how wild she was driving him, and how hard he was going to *cum* spilled from his mouth.

"Let it all go, baby," she whispered against the outer shell of his ear. "Give me all your nut."

It worked, as it always did. Hendrix barely managed to hang on ten more thrusts before his body started shaking. He moaned as he grabbed her hands and held them above her head while he filled her with every bit of his gratification. Just the thought propelled Novah to another burst of pleasure, and soon, she was cumming right along with him.

They stayed cuddled into each other with Hendrix tracing feather-like touches along the length of Novah's arms and the undersides of her breasts until his phone's alarm jolted them.

"Time to get ready," Novah whispered, turning so she could plant a small kiss on his lips. She chuckled when she felt his dick already hardening against her thigh. His cognac-colored eyes were filled with mischief when he noticed her noticing he was primed for another round.

"No," she laughed, cutting off whatever flirty invitation was on the tip of his tongue. The world may be filled with many mysteries, but Novah *knew* her husband.

Hendrix kissed her cheek. “I’ll be quick.”

Novah was tempted. She couldn’t hide it with the way her nipples tightened, her pussy quivered, and the breath caught in her throat. She shook her head all the same.

“Nah,” she said. “You need to start getting ready right now, or else you’ll be late.”

Hendrix seemed to weigh his options. She watched all the expressions move across his handsome face, momentarily distracted by just how attractive her husband was. His body was top tier, yes. He was tall enough to make her feel small in his embrace and muscular enough for her to enjoy watching his biceps flex while he fucked her, but there was enough softness to his body that made snuggling into him a heavenly experience. He always kept his hair in a low fade and his beard freshly trimmed, which did the worst things to Novah’s pussy. Then there was the dick Novah often considered creating a shrine to — slightly darker than his walnut skin, girthy, veiny, and currently pressed with all its length against her thigh. Novah couldn’t stop focusing on his face even though she knew she ran the risk of losing her willpower to keep saying no if she kept her gaze on his strong jaw, thick lips, and round, lust-lidded eyes. Especially when Hendrix’s hands dove between her legs to part her folds and rub her clit as he reasoned, “All I need is fifteen minutes.”

Novah’s eyes fluttered closed before she remembered she was meant to be resisting this man.

“Nah, Dre,” she said. “Fifteen minutes is a long ass time. I don’t want you to embarrass me by showing up to your first date with this woman late. It’s bad enough you’re waiting for the in-person meeting to give her a full picture of what dating you will be like. Couple that with lateness, and she wouldn’t be out of bounds to suspect you have no home training.”

Hendrix laughed, ignoring her jab about the timing of explaining that he was married, and moved on to the part she knew he’d find humor in. “Damn, you icy. And not in the way Saweetie meant it. Okay, ma’am. Lemme go choose an outfit that will reflect my home training.”

“Good boy,” she teased, patting his cheek. “You should wear that burnt orange Henley I love so much. I can’t see anybody resisting you when you’re wearing that.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, leaning forward to kiss Novah’s forehead. “I love you.”

“Love you more, Dre,” she whispered. “Now go ‘head! I promised Jax we’d have an early dinner at six.”

She could hear him chuckling as he got out of bed and moved toward the walk-in closet.

“The truth emerges! You don’t care about me being early for my date. You’re worried about being late to *yours*.”

“I’m just here trying to make sure you make a good impression, Dre. Looking out for you like always,” Novah teased. “The fact I need to avoid you and your Energizer Bunny dick if I don’t want to be late for my date is just the truth. Besides, I don’t want to be late since I’m planning on letting him down gently tonight.”

Hendrix stuck his head out the closet. “Wait, you’re breaking up with him tonight?”

Novah eased off the bed so she could get her shower started. “Yeah. I planned to do it next week, but I don’t wanna drag it out any longer than necessary.”

She’d liked the funny, attractive engineer she’d been on a few dates with over the last three months. She’d liked him enough that she’d momentarily gone on a dating app hiatus so she could see how things might develop between them. She always did this when she figured a situation might have potential since she liked to give herself the space to truly focus on getting to know someone during the early days. It seemed to be working for a little while too, but more and more, Novah was starting to see that Jax wasn’t as down with polyamory as he first appeared. Perhaps the idea of trying something new intrigued him, or perhaps he had just been after a piece of her ass. Whatever it was, he’d proven himself to be jealous of Hendrix one too many times. These bursts of jealousy never manifested themselves in ways that could be resolved via

communication or accommodations. The relationship had run its course, and Novah knew it was time to stop hesitating on pulling the plug.

She felt Hendrix coming up behind her as she started brushing her teeth. He pulled her into him, so her back pressed against his chest. “I’m sorry. Do you want me to postpone my date so I can be here when you get home?”

Novah made quick work of finishing up brushing her teeth and rinsing so she could turn around and give Hendrix a thorough kiss laced with spearmint and love. God, she adored this man.

“I’ll be fine,” she whispered. “It’s run its course for a while now. Ending it is just a formality at this point.”

He kissed the side of her head. “Okay. How about we conserve water and shower together?”

Novah rolled her eyes, but she was grinning hard. “Sure, but no hanky-panky business.”

## 2 HENDRIX

**T**here was, in fact, hanky-panky business.

But who could blame Hendrix for trying a thing when his wife looked *like that*, smelled *like that*, felt *like that*, and her pussy gripped *like that*?

It'd taken only a few minutes of watching her lather soap over her body — her deep brown skin wet and inviting, large titties sagging slightly under the weight of their sexiness, and her bare pussy so fucking alluring — before he was pushing her against the shower tiles, spreading her legs and arms and sliding into her warmth. Nirvana. Nobody could tell Hendrix that the gateway to heaven wasn't Novah's pussy. Fucking her was a spiritual experience.

“Damn,” he murmured against her ear as she pushed that ass back, almost causing them to go down in the tub. Hendrix gripped her waist to keep her steady as he continued thrusting hard and fast. Novah always teased him about how long he lasted, but surely she *had* to know that not nutting as soon as the tip of his dick touched her pussy was a herculean effort. Right now, the only thing standing between him and his nut was Novah's own orgasm. He'd promised in his vows that his mission in life would be taking care of her, and he meant every word. Whether it was financially, emotionally, mentally, sexually, or otherwise, Novah's fulfillment was always his top priority. He angled himself so he could hit against the spot she liked and kept up the rhythm while brushing his fingers against her clit until she started shaking against him. Then he allowed himself to let go.

He didn't even end up being late to the D.C. bar he and his date, Alexis, agreed to meet at. Neither was Novah to hers. She'd texted him five minutes ago to let him know she'd gotten to the restaurant in Bethesda where she was meeting her date. He reminded her to let him know when she was finished breaking up with Jax just in case things went sideways and he needed to pull up on him.

**Novi-Cat:** Will do! Love you.

**Hendrix:** Love you too.

**Novi-Cat:** Home training :).

He was still grinning at her teasing message when he spotted his date entering the small bar. He and Alexis met on a dating app a few weeks before and had been talking back and forth since. He liked her sense of humor and the easy way they communicated, so he'd decided it was time to see if they would get past the first hurdle to dating. He silenced Novah's warning that he should have mentioned polyamory to her earlier. Hendrix liked to have that conversation in person because it made it easier to answer any questions and spot when someone was being fake when they said they were okay with it. He chose, instead, to keep his attention on Alexis as she made her way further into the bar. She was wearing skinny jeans and a yellow silk top that did magical things against her brown skin. Her straightened hair was piled on her head in some sort of top bun situation. Hendrix allowed his gaze to wander over her; the photos hadn't done her justice.

"Hendrix?" she asked, stopping a small distance from him. He noted her giving him an appreciative once-over. He reminded himself to tell Novah she was right as always when Alexis tapped the Henley he'd worn per Novah's suggestion and said, "I love your shirt."

The plan was to buy Alexis a drink and chit-chat for a while before easing her into the conversation. That went out the window when he noticed Alexis's appreciative gaze turn curious and then annoyed when it landed on his hand...and his wedding band.

She raised an eyebrow. “Most men at least take the ring off when they’re out dogging on their wives.”

He couldn’t help but chuckle at her dry, sarcastic tone, knowing Novah would appreciate the hell out of her humor. He stopped chuckling when he realized it was probably the worst thing he could have done in the situation. Alexis was understandably more irritated when she snapped, “So you find that funny, huh?”

“It isn’t. I shouldn’t have laughed, but it was a funny ass statement that caught me off-guard,” he clarified. “The assumption is true, too. Most cheats do try to get rid of evidence of their marriage. I’m not a cheat.”

“Really?” Alexis grinned. It was a tad less snide than the last but even more sarcastic. “Lemme guess,” she continued, tapping her chin like she was giving the situation deep thought. “You and your wife are going through a divorce?”

He shook his head.

“Separated?”

“Nah.”

“She is the recently deceased love of your life, so you can’t bear to take off the ring. You have, however, jumped back into dating because you have urges you need to fulfill.”

Hendrix raised an eyebrow. “*That* is morbid and oddly specific.”

Alexis shrugged. “Where’s your wife then?”

“On a date.”

Whatever she’d been gearing up to hear him say...was not that. Her eyes widened slightly, and her forehead creased. “On a *what?*”

“She messaged me about five minutes ago to let me know she just arrived at the restaurant safely, and her boyfriend was on his way.”

“Boyfriend?”

Alexus's voice rose a half an octave. Hendrix grinned. He knew he should just offer to sit her down and explain that he and Novah were polyamorous, but he was having fun getting a rise out of her.

“Well, not past this date. She's about to break up with him. I'm going to make sure I pick up her favorite wine and ice cream when I'm done here.”

He could see curiosity burning in Alexis's hazel eyes. It was warring with a look that said she was wondering if Hendrix smoked the highest grade before he came to meet her.

“You and your wife trying to lure somebody into your bed or something?”

Hendrix chuckled. Now they were moving on to familiar reactions. He didn't bother telling her that he and Novah had never had a threesome and never dated the same person. People usually refused to believe that.

“Let me buy you a drink,” he suggested. “You can ask me all the questions bouncing around that pretty little head of yours, and I'll do my best to answer them.”

She started to speak, but he held up his hand, palm facing out. “No worries, I know this is no longer a date.”

Alexus chuckled. “I'm staying strictly for research purposes. Plus, I hate the fact I got dolled up to meet a hot man for nothing, so it's best I try to get a few drinks and some mileage out of this outfit. You better know this entire thing is hitting my group chat the moment I step out this bar.”

This time, Hendrix didn't hold his laughter back. “I'd be disappointed if it didn't.”



### 3 NOVAH

Novah flicked her gaze to the door when she heard Hendrix's keys jingle in the lock. She looked at the clock just above the TV and frowned. Her date ended early, as was expected, but she hadn't anticipated Hendrix being back so soon.

"Didn't go well?" she asked once he came through the door. She patted the space closest to her on the cream chaise she was snuggled into watching some show Netflix deemed binge-worthy, but she was finding a hard time figuring out how they came to that conclusion.

She watched him shrug out of his jacket, remove his shoes, and drop his keys in the ornamental bowl on the sleek black foyer table before he walked over to her. He pulled her into a hug, settled on the couch, and draped her feet over his thighs.

"She wasn't *'down with the lifestyle,'*" Hendrix said, managing to put air quotes into his words. Novah couldn't help but giggle.

"You know..."

"Yeah, yeah," her husband responded. "You're right...as you always are."

Giggles became full belly laughs. "Go ahead and say that again so I can record it. I'm probably going to need to refer you to it sometime in the very near future."

He rubbed her ankles. "Really, Novi-Cat? You willing to do me like that?"

“I’m just saying... I’ve told you it’s best to let people know what *our lifestyle* is all about before the first date. It saves time and disappointment.” She made a sympathetic face. “I’m sorry it didn’t work out.”

“It’s fine. I’m going to take your advice going forward,” he said. “How about you? How did breaking it off with your guy go?”

Novah shrugged, remembering the deep creases in Jax’s forehead and how his lips curled into a sneer when he realized she was really ending things with him. His true colors, late to the game, were glaring as all fuck then. Novah wondered what she’d ever seen in the tall, lean man with light brown skin, a low fade, and a beard that didn’t connect in the way beards were supposed to connect.

“Your husband doesn’t give a fuck about you, you know?” he said as he pushed his chair back to leave. “He wouldn’t share you if he did. Fucking pass around.”

She’d let his words slide off her. It wasn’t even the nastiest thing a man had said to her when she ended things. Egos were funny as hell sometimes. Novah was too secure in herself *and in her marriage* to let Jax and his non-connecting beard ass make her second-guess anything other than dating him in the first place and staying longer than she should’ve. She contemplated whether she should even tell Hendrix how the date ended but quickly dismissed the idea of keeping the ugly comment from him. Honesty was the golden thread that ran through every aspect of their relationship. It had been that way throughout their years of dating and now their nearly five years of marriage. Getting things out in the open was the only way to properly communicate through problems that might be avoided otherwise. She took a sip of the chai tea sitting on the side table before she launched into an abbreviated explanation of her final date with Jax.

“He said what now?” Hendrix said. His deep voice was filled with aggravation and a little bit of aggression that had Novah’s pussy rousing in ways it shouldn’t, given that this was neither the time, place, nor discussion to be getting wet from.

Novah shrugged. “It didn’t even hurt my feelings. People be on their bullshit sometimes. They can’t imagine a happy, healthy, horny relationship that doesn’t fit within what they’ve come to accept as normal, so they need to shit on it. That sounds very much like a *them* problem and not a *Novah* problem. Besides, a bitter nigga who isn’t even able to get his beard under control can’t tell me how you feel about me. I get to live in the warmth of your love every day.”

Hendrix leaned forward and brushed his lips across hers. “I’m glad you know I don’t fucking play about you.”

Novah smiled, running the balls of her feet against his lap until she could feel his dick harden under her touch. “How about you come play with me instead?”

## 4 SADIE

The conversation between her and the man sitting across from her at the fancy restaurant he'd chosen to impress her had long dried up. She ran her hand through her curly chin-length bob and sighed. Sadie was fast remembering why she'd sworn off dating the last time she took a hiatus — the market had not improved since then. Her bisexuality meant her dating pool was supposed to be significantly larger, but what was quantity without quality? Not a damn thing. The man was attempting to be gracious and accommodating, and he was easy on the eyes, but he wasn't doing anything for her. *At all*. Nothing about him made Sadie wonder what things could be like if she invited him back to her apartment after their date... and it had been a long ass time since Sadie had gotten any. Maybe it was because Sadie sniffed out his asshole nature behind his veneer of niceness faster than her best friend's beagle, Grotto, sniffed out a treat. She spent more time trying to think about the colors and textures she intended to use on the painting she was currently working on, a special commission for a couple's fiftieth anniversary later that month, than she did keeping up with the conversation her date launched into. She continued pushing her tiramisu around the plate, hoping she was nodding at the appropriate times during the story Carl was telling her about some college trip to Cabo that had gone bad. The tale he spun made him even less endearing than he'd been in the first place. Did this man have zero self-awareness?

“But considering everything about you, I know you must know about all of that.”

His straight white teeth shone as he sipped his cocktail.

She chose to let the '*everything about you*' comment slide...for now...and focused on the other part of his absurd statement.

"I would know *all about* what, exactly?" she asked.

Sadie tried to keep the edge out of her voice, but she knew she'd failed when she noticed the almost imperceptible way Carl flinched. She put her fork down and cocked her head to the side, one eyebrow raised almost off the top of her forehead as she waited for him to explain away his comment.

The Cabo story was about him and his friends trying to find a plug, snorting too much cocaine, vandalizing the taxi driver's vehicle because they didn't like the quoted fare, and eventually landing him and his privileged friends' asses in jail until they were able to negotiate payment to the driver for the damage to his car.

"Come on, Shari. I'm not saying you did *all of that*," he said with a nervous chuckle. "But you can't be a stranger to wild times...you are unconventional. That's what drew me in. I was tired of those uptight, prissy, good girls."

Sadie tried hard to stop herself from rolling her eyes straight into the back of her head. Normally she'd just brush away comments like these, choosing instead to hasten the ending of the date, but the *good girls* statement rubbed her the wrong way. And Sadie had the time tonight.

"What makes me the opposite of a *good girl*, Carl?"

"It's a compliment," he said. If it hadn't dawned on him that he offended her before, he knew now... At least that's the story his tightening jaw muscles told. "You don't let normal boxes hold you back. Look at you...gorgeous as fuck, arty, and bisexual? You can't tell me you haven't had some *wild* times."

She took a sip of her cocktail and willed herself to calm down. She should've seen this one coming a mile away. There were two types of men: those who fetishized her bisexuality, hoping it would increase their chances of a threesome, and

then there were those who had a fucking clue about sexuality. The latter category was far smaller than the former. When Sadie thought back to conversations she'd had with Carl previously, she couldn't even pretend to be surprised he fell into the first type. His flirting had sure taken on a different tone once he found out she was bi.

“You need to get out more,” she said. It was the calmest response she could muster. “To answer your question...no, I don't understand. The story you told doesn't sound wild at all. It sounds kinda dickish. But then again, *you* are sounding kinda dickish right now.”

Sadie didn't wait for him to try to defuse the situation. Instead, she pushed her chair back, wishing she'd gone for the most expensive items on the menu. “Thanks for the meal. Company? Not so much.”

She was out of the restaurant as fast as her high-heeled boots could take her. She ordered a ride-share which promised to be fifteen minutes away. Sadie stood on the pavement outside the restaurant for all of two seconds before she chose to walk further up the road to the nearest Starbucks. She could wait inside, so she didn't run the risk of running into the asshole after he got done paying the bill. The cocaine wasn't the reason he and his friends felt compelled to damage that poor man's taxi. That was all entitlement. The same entitlement that could potentially lead to him doing something fucked up since he paid for an expensive meal with nothing “in return.” She thanked her foresight once again for using a fake name and not exchanging any permanent information while dating online. She was a ghost to Carl now, even if he didn't want her to be.

She pulled out her phone and called her friend as she walked up the street.

Lana answered on the second ring.

“Please tell me you got to the main course this time,” her friend huffed. Sadie smiled. She could imagine her sitting on her living room couch, locs piled atop her head, as she devoured some true crime podcast.

“I made it all the way to dessert, but honestly, I should’ve left after the appetizer. The food wasn’t all that great, and the company...the company was trash.”

“Worse than the one where you left before the bartender even finished your cocktail?”

Sadie made a face as she thought back to the date where she showed up, sat down, and exchanged the slightest pleasantries with her date while ordering her drink. She found him looking at her with the weirdest expression on his face, and when she asked him what was up, he smiled and proudly exclaimed he couldn’t wait to have her barefoot and pregnant...the way women *ought to be*.

“Well, not quite,” Sadie admitted. She’d hightailed so fast out that bar she was surprised she didn’t leave smoke.

Lana chuckled. “How about the date where she wanted y’all to pass by her ex afterward so she could kick her ass?”

Sadie laughed out loud, thinking about Marie, the petite woman with the fiercest personality she’d ever come across. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I enjoyed that date. I probably would’ve gone to help her ass fight her ex too... except the tears that started flowing let me know she was not over that woman.”

She launched into an explanation about what made her last date as bad as it was and was laughing at some slick ass comment Lana made when she walked into something solid. There was a curse and a splat, followed by another soft curse. Sadie looked up to see who she’d walked into and stood stunned for a millisecond as she took her in. The woman’s hair was pulled back into a slick ponytail, revealing sculpted cheekbones that begged to be sketched. Her skin was the smoothest, deepest brown, but Sadie’s eyes were drawn to her dark brown almond-shaped eyes and lips she wanted to get lost in. She snapped back to her senses when the woman bent to pick up the ruined cup of coffee now on the pavement. Sadie rushed off the phone with her friend, stooping to help the woman pick up the trashed cup. She tried to swallow back the jolt of awareness she felt when their fingers brushed

against each other. *Damn*. It'd been too long since she'd met someone she was instantly attracted to out in the wild. Her eyes glanced to the diamond ring and wedding band on her finger, and she swallowed the disappointment she felt. Instead, she stood and offered her apologies.

"I should have been looking where I was going," she said. "I had a bad date and was bitching to my best friend."

Sadie thought this woman was beautiful before, but she hadn't been prepared for when her face relaxed into a smile.

"Let me replace your coffee," Sadie said. "I'm so sorry I ruined it."

The woman brushed away her apology. "I'm Novah."

"Sadie, the klutz," Sadie said with a self-deprecating chuckle.

Novah laughed hard, and Sadie had to clear her throat and glance away before she freaked her out for how hard she was looking at her. She was still trying to pull herself from the pit of self-conscious awkwardness when Novah spoke again.

"Now we're on a first-name basis, you can take me to replace my chai tea latte *and* tell me why your date was so bad that it had you walking around like a human demolition ball."

Sadie grinned. "Let me go ahead and cancel my Uber because what you described sounds like just the thing I need."



## 5 NOVAH

The irritation that swept through Novah at whoever carelessly made her drop the chai tea latte she'd barely taken three sips of disappeared as soon as she saw the careless person in question. She wasn't sure what that said about her as an individual, but Novah didn't have time to unpack it. She was too busy cataloging the woman in front of her. She was tall, lithe, and willowy, where Novah was thicker with wide hips and curvy thighs. She was a few shades lighter, with a septum piercing that added to her appeal. The black slinky dress with leggings and high-heeled boots that rose to her thighs clued Novah to the fact she was either on her way to or coming from a date even before she explained she'd been on a *bad* date. She could relate to that. She'd gone on a few lackluster and annoying dates in the weeks after she ended things with Jax, and Novah was just telling Hendrix she was going to lay off the dating for a while. It was funny the way the Universe worked sometimes. The moment she decided she was going to exit the dating scene, even if for a little while, temptation walked right into her.

*Sadie.*

Novah turned the name over on her tongue, wondering how she would sound moaning it. She liked the way she thought it would sound. Maybe that was why instead of telling Sadie she was good on needing to buy her a replacement drink, Novah suggested she tell her about that bad date instead.

Novah wasn't sure when the conversation switched from her asshole date to other things as they sat in the corner of Starbucks, sipping on their drinks, but she was happy it did. They were both creative, Sadie being an artist and Novah running her own interior design business. She was sure to ask for Sadie's business card then. If there was one thing about Novah, nothing stopped her from making possible business connections — even if she was distracted by the overall Jhené Aiko-like vibe she was getting off Sadie. A vibe she was coming to realize she liked very much. They moved easily between discussions about art, music, travel, food, and their love for photography.

“I'm an amateur photographer,” Novah admitted. “I frustrate the shit out of my husband when I make him pose for practice shots. I'm working on black and white portraits right now, and I swear he winces whenever I stroll into a room with my camera.”

Sadie's laughter was soft and melodic, revealing a dimple on the left side of her cheek Novah hadn't noticed before. Her smile shifted into something a little more mischievous when she said, “Give the hubby a break. I'm happy to spend a few hours posing for you, provided you pay me in wine.”

Novah didn't miss the glint in her russet-colored eyes. She knew flirting when she saw it, but not knowing if she was being serious stopped the flirty comment that hovered on the tip of her tongue.

“Don't back out when I try to cash in on that offer,” Novah grinned.

“I wouldn't dream of it.”

“Great. Well, I guess we'll be seeing each other again.”

Sadie raised her cup in a mock toast. “I count on it.”

*Three Weeks Later*

“**R**emind me why you refuse to ask this woman out again?” Hendrix asked. He tossed a look over his shoulder to Novah, who was putting together a garden salad. Wednesdays were their designated date night, but neither of them felt like getting dressed up and going out, choosing instead to order in dinner before settling in front of the TV with wine and whiskey until they were overtaken by sleep...or lust...whichever struck first.

“I don’t even know if she’s interested like that,” Novah responded. “But... I’ve also laying off dating for a while, remember?”

“You guys have met up for coffee three times,” Hendrix chuckled. “What do you think is happening?”

“Not dating,” Novah responded. “We’ve spoken about everything under the sun except anything to do with dating. You’ve barely come up.”

Hendrix stopped plating the ribs. He took a swig of his whiskey. “Jesus, that hurt my feelings.”

Novah padded over to him, rose to the balls of her feet, kissed him, and patted his cheek. “You’ll get over it.”

“Cold world,” Hendrix teased. “But maybe you should take the risk. I know you never make the first move, but...”

“Hey!” Novah interrupted. “I definitely made the first move with you.”

Hendrix leaned against the kitchen counter, and Novah stepped between his legs. His hands came around the small of her back, squeezing her ass.

“You did what now?” Hendrix asked. His voice was filled with humor. “I don’t recall anything like that.”

Novah rolled her eyes. “*Of course*, you don’t. I was the one who invited you over to my apartment to chill after nearly a year of only meeting in neutral places.”

Hendrix chuckled. “I didn’t read that as interest, Novi-Cat. We’d been friends for so long, by then, I was sure you were just trying to score some free weed.”

“And my wardrobe malfunction?” Novah asked.

He hardened instantly at the memory of seeing Novah’s lush breasts for the first time when her top dipped too low as she bent over to grab a bottle of wine.

“Wait?” he said once he caught on to his wife’s implication. “You did that on purpose?”

She chuckled. “Duh! Of course, I did. You really believe I’d be so careless with a top *like that* if I didn’t plan on showing you my goodies?”

“You little manipulator,” Hendrix grinned. “I can’t lie and say I’m not turned the fuck on right now.”

He and Novah met over a decade ago when they were put together to work one too many store-opening shifts at the Starbucks they both worked at to assist with putting themselves through school. Hendrix was at American University getting a degree in business and marketing, while Novah attended the Corcoran School of the Arts and Design, where she studied graphic design. Their friendship moved from checking in on each other during shifts, offering back-up in the face of passive-aggressive *and* downright aggressive customers, and sharing inside jokes with facial expressions from across the room, to occasionally meeting up for drinks, pizza, and the types of long, deep conversations that always left Hendrix feeling like he’d brushed Novah’s soul with his fingertips. He was halfway in love with Novah within the first

three months, but he kept that shit to himself. She'd had a girlfriend at the time, and he was worried about ruining a friendship that seemed to be on track to becoming one of the best he'd had in a long time by bringing up an attraction that couldn't be acted on anyway. He pushed that initial attraction so far down that he didn't even consider making a move when Novah's relationship ended after her girlfriend transferred to a school out of state and was unwilling to make the distance work.

He didn't think to try to shoot his shot until that night she'd invited him over for Chinese food, drinks, and Scrabble, and her damn blouse kept gaping open to reveal lush breasts and dainty nipple rings. To find out the moment that instigated his decision to pursue Novah was a careful set-up on her part had him in equal parts awed at her and feeling like he should've realized it sooner. He bent and pulled Novah's lips between his teeth, palming and rubbing her ass as he felt desire rise like the most intoxicating smoke inside him. She started pressing into him, as expressive as ever, but Hendrix forced himself to pull away. They still had to eat dinner, but he was willing to bet lust would win out before they even made it to the Netflix portion of their date night.

“So, that's how you plan to make the first move on Sadie?” he teased.

Novah made a face before sauntering back to the counter where she was putting together the salad, giving him an unobstructed and distracting view of her ass in the purple silk pajama bottoms she wore.

“I don't talk about you often, but she knows I'm happily married. She doesn't know anything between us is actually on the table,” Novah said. “The master doesn't reuse the same plays. We are meeting for her to model for a portrait, so I have time to come up with something new.”

“Something other than ‘I really like you, and I'd like to see where this goes? Don't worry, my marriage isn't a bar between exploring things between us if you are comfortable with it?’ Because that seems to cover things nicely,” Hendrix said. He handed her a plate of food so she could put the salad beside it.

Novah made a face as she accepted the plate. “Don’t let me come find out that this is how you’ve been telling people about the polyamory ahead of time.”

“What’s wrong with it?”

She laughed. “Nothing. You got that tidied up on all ends like a damn contract. So how has it gone?”

“A mixed bag,” he admitted. “Though the last woman I’ve been talking to, Shari, had an interesting ass reaction that I want to discuss over dinner.”

“Ooooh,” Novah teased. “We got tea?”

He chuckled. “We got something different.”

They were just wrapping up dinner when Hendrix finally circled back to the conversation he’d had with the woman he’d been messaging for nearly two weeks when he told her he wanted to meet up but needed her to know he was married and in a polyamorous relationship. She’d shocked him by asking him questions that made him realize she was familiar with polyamory. She wanted to know if he was trying to form a triad, if his wife had veto power, what accommodations were in place for when one partner’s needs conflicted with the others, and how open he and his wife were with other relationships. It was the first time in a long time that he was actually excited to get into the specifics.

Shari got details he hadn’t bothered giving Alexis. She didn’t automatically accuse him of lying when he told her he and Novah had never even had a threesome after he let her know he wasn’t trying to form a triad. He explained that he and Novah didn’t hold veto power as neither of them believed the other should be able to unilaterally end a relationship they were not a part of. That didn’t mean there weren’t differences between the relationships. There was no denying he and Novah had financial and legal bonds that he didn’t share with other people he dated, but that had nothing to do with being considerate of everyone involved and thinking of everyone when decisions were made. Some of his friends always maintained they were jealous about him practicing non-monogamy, but he knew most of them couldn’t last in

polyamorous relationships. All they saw was the sex with different people but not the constant emotional work put into ensuring each partner felt respected, valued, and cherished. It wasn't even always about sex, but people were very rarely ready to hear that. It was about knowing that love was too wild, too wide, too boundless to be forced into boxes for the sake of perpetuating what was expected by society.

Now, he wasn't saying that polyamory worked for everyone. That would be as childish, cocky, and condescending as people who maintained that it couldn't work for *anyone*. He hadn't even realized he'd gone on his rant until Shari finally piped back in, saying that people just seemed to misunderstand or plainly refused to accept that relationships could take any form the people in them felt comfortable with, provided it had at its center respect, trust, and love. They'd spoken for a good forty-five minutes, and Hendrix was certain all the way through that they'd passed the first hurdle. Then she said the thing that made this conversation with Novah necessary in the first place.

*"I really like you, Hendrix. I believe you're probably telling the truth, but a girl can't be too careful. Next thing, I find out you're in a polyamorous relationship with your wife, but she isn't in one with you. How about the three of us meet up for drinks so I can hear it from her that this is the way your marriage works? Tuesday? I know a place in Dupont Circle called Boqueria. It has excellent tapas and cocktails and a happy hour from 5:00 p.m. How does that sound? And, oh yeah...bring along your wedding photo, so I know the woman you're bringing is really your wife."*

She didn't leave room for negotiation, so Hendrix chuckled and promised he would speak to his wife and let her know what was up as soon as possible. This was the first time anyone wanted to hear directly from Novah, so the request caught him off-guard. He couldn't be sure Novah would even be willing to tag along to set Shari's fears to rest. Even though they were very open about their other partners, not hesitating to share stories and check in on how things were going, Novah had never met anyone Hendrix dated. Nor had he met anyone she was involved with. It wasn't something they ever spoke

about but a rhythm they fell into all the same. He didn't know if Novah would be willing to make an exception in this case, and as much as he liked Shari, he wasn't about to force the issue. It turned out his worry was misplaced.

Novah couldn't stop laughing once Hendrix relayed the conversation, to the point he was worried she'd choke on the wine she'd been sipping.

“Bring along your wedding photo?” Novah howled. “She asked you to bring your wedding photo so she could verify you didn't pay a random woman off the street to come pose? That is thorough as hell. I like this woman. I'd say you have good taste, but present company is already a confirmation of that. I can't wait to have a few cocktails with her so she can tell us what experience from hell made her even consider asking for a wedding photo for verification. You go ahead and text her and let her know your wife is excited as hell to meet her.”

He picked up his phone and started sending Shari a message to confirm the time and place of their meet-up. He stopped typing halfway through so he could get a good look at Novah, who was sipping on her wine, eyes still bright with humor.

“You're not going to embarrass me on purpose, are you?”

She chuckled again. “What am I, five?”

There was a brief pause before a mischievous smile crossed her face because both she and Hendrix knew that that was exactly the kind of thing she would try to do. “Maybe only once or twice. I'm impish, but you love me.”

Hendrix found himself laughing along with her. “You haven't told a damn lie yet.”

“Besides,” Novah said with a smile and a wink, “this will be the first time I get to see whether or not you're embarrassing me out here in these streets.”

“Really, Novi-cat?” he laughed.

She pushed back the chair so she could collect the empty plates, mouthing “*impish, but you love me,*” as she made her



way back into the kitchen.

Hendrix took a sip of his whiskey.

He couldn't wait for her to bring her ass back so he could show her how much he loved her indeed.

## 7 SADIE

Sadie powerwalked up the street, barely dodging the man she almost walked straight into. She ignored the glare he tossed her way as she silently cursed herself for losing track of time.

She checked her watch, and this time, the curse spilled from her mouth. 5:30 p.m. *Damn*. Sadie had already sent Hendrix a few messages giving him the heads up that she was just running late. She didn't want him to think she was standing him and his wife up.

*His wife.*

Sadie was pleasantly surprised when he texted her the morning after she'd made the request agreeing to the meeting and then spent all the time afterward expecting a last-minute cancelation. It wasn't that Sadie thought he was lying about his relationship. He seemed like a good guy, and she could tell he was excited when she approached the conversation with inquisitiveness. It didn't matter that Sadie's gut told her Hendrix seemed genuine. She'd met enough *really* good liars in her lifetime to know impressions and reality were sometimes starkly different.

Sadie planned out her day the night before to make sure she had enough time to finish the outline of the oil painting she hoped to start working on over the weekend. She was supposed to have enough time to complete that *and* arrive at the restaurant before Hendrix and his wife. She probably *did* have enough time, but in true Sadie fashion, she got lost in her

creative process, shutting off the alarm she set to tell her it was time to get her ass ready and returning to her sketch pad.

It was always hard to stop creating once she got in the mood, and her essential oil diffuser filling her bedroom with the scents of sweet orange and lemongrass, Lucky Daye's soulful voice floating in the air, while her pencil moved over her sketch pad was enough to make her zone all the way out.

She shot up off the bed as the consequences of her own actions came home to roost when Lana called her, wanting to know which outfit she'd decided on. She didn't even have time to put together the outfit she'd chosen, settling instead for a simple navy blue sweater dress with black leggings and ankle boots. So much for the sexy but mysterious look she wanted to go with. All her best-laid plans crumbled like sand before her eyes. She didn't have time to be *too* disappointed about that, though. She was busy trying to see if she could manage to make it to the restaurant on time or barely late, moving at an impossible speed to shower, dress, and put on minimal makeup. The Metro had other plans, however, and now she was nearly a full forty-five minutes late. She called Lana while she waited on the train but had to rush her off the call since her friend was still having too much fun teasing her about finding herself in this position in the first place. She'd told Lana a few days after her awful date with Carl that she wasn't ready to dip her toes back into the sewage-filled dating pool. Yes, she'd been craving emotional intimacy as of late, but at least physical gratification was easy to come by. That she managed to go from swearing off dating to becoming interested in *two* people in just a few weeks was hilarious to her best friend.

*Novah.*

Thoughts of Novah popped into her mind more frequently every day, and Sadie still didn't know what the hell she was going to do about it. She reminded herself to shoot her a message to make sure they were still on for their photo session on Thursday. Or maybe she'd call her. Novah had a beautiful voice that always managed to fill her with little bubbles of happiness Sadie thought she'd aged out of once she reached

adulthood. In the few weeks since she'd run into Novah outside Starbucks, Sadie seemed to have developed an honest-to-goodness crush on the woman who smelled like spiced vanilla with skin as soft as her heart. She wanted to chuckle when she thought about the crush, something else she thought she'd aged out of at least two decades ago. Her crush on Novah might be honest, but it sure as hell wasn't innocent. It was carnal and scorching, and as much as Sadie hoped they were still on for their photo session, she knew spending so much time with Novah was about to be a minefield. Sadie had a firm moral mandate to leave people in relationships alone, especially those who seemed to be as happily paired up as Novah appeared to be. But every time she met up with her, she wondered if her moral mandate needed to be *that* firm. She kept wondering if she would part her lips so she could explore her mouth if she leaned forward and kissed her one of those times every inch of Novah appeared to want her to.

Thoughts about whether Novah's lips would feel as soft and supple against her own as they did when Novah brushed them against her cheek when she said goodbye consumed Sadie. Then again, those were not the lips Sadie was most interested in.

Sadie pushed those thoughts away and turned her focus back to the meeting at hand. What was she even like, fantasizing about a woman while on her way to meet up with the man she'd thought about while she pleased herself the night before? Sadie's cheeks went warm. She couldn't deny she was excited to meet Hendrix. Not with the way he also occupied the hell out of her thoughts, and definitely not with the way butterflies fluttered nervously to life deep in her belly. It'd been a long time since she'd been anxious for a date. Could she even call this a date, though? Sadie decided she could not. It was more of a *pre-date* than anything else. A meeting to decide whether an actual date would happen. Sadie hoped like hell that this meeting would lead to setting up a real date with Hendrix. Excitement pushed her steps forward to the restaurant she'd suggested they meet at. She had enjoyed getting to know Hendrix over the last two weeks and was interested in seeing if their dynamic transferred from behind a

phone screen to in-person. She wanted to know if the spark of attraction she'd felt when she first saw his photo on the dating app would flicker into fire when she finally experienced what he felt like, smelled like, and when she heard the exact cadence of his voice.

Sadie spotted Hendrix sitting in the outdoor seating area as soon as she entered the restaurant's premises. He was wearing a white T-shirt with black jeans and a black jacket that fit his shoulders like it was made specifically for him. Attraction? Check. He stood when he saw her walking toward his table and pulled her into a hug. She tried to stop herself from sinking into him. He smelled earthy and spicy, even though Sadie couldn't identify any notes other than a hint of bergamot and sandalwood. She pushed herself away from him and smiled. "Hendrix, right? Or did I hug a complete stranger way too tightly for way too long just now?"

His laughter was deep and joyous. "Yes, I'm Hendrix. I'm happy we were able to set this up. I'm very pleased to meet you."

*That voice.*

*That smile.*

*That body.*

Her pussy was already preparing the welcome mat.

Hendrix didn't hide the fact he was checking her out, and that made Sadie burn hot. She pulled her bottom lip through her teeth. *Oh boy*. She hoped Hendrix was able to deliver exactly what she asked him to because she would be disappointed as hell if she had to walk away from whatever *this* could be, even if it was just a few hours of enjoying each other's body. She dragged her gaze over Hendrix again. Yeah, those few hours would *definitely* be a really good time.

She took a deep breath as she tried to imagine him pressed up against her, tongue trailing its way across her skin. Sadie throbbed. *Damn*. She needed a cocktail...or two. She stopped being thirsty *just* long enough to realize he was leading her to

an empty table. Sadie raised an eyebrow at him. “I thought you were bringing your wife?”

A server showed up, so he signaled to her to wait a minute before he spoke.

“There’s fifteen minutes of happy hour left. What do you want?”

She ordered a jalapeño margarita while Hendrix ordered a whiskey on the rocks and a Cosmopolitan. They started speaking at the same time, but he made a motion with his hand encouraging her to say what she was going to.

“Is the third drink for your ghost wife?”

He chuckled. *Hard*. The vibrations reverberated through Sadie’s body even though they were sitting on opposite sides of the table.

“Ghost wife? Damn, Novi-cat was right. You two are going to like each other,” he said, adding after a pause, “My wife is very much flesh, bones, and blood. She just ran to the bathroom since she is already about three Cosmos in.”

She doubted Hendrix meant to remind her that she was late, but guilt pricked at her all the same. He waved off her apology before she could finish it.

“As I said when I texted, it’s fine. Novi-cat liked the added suspense. She was hella convinced you planned to be fashionably late, anyway. Or not show up at all. She thought that would be in keeping with someone who had the balls to ask for wedding photos.”

“That’s funny since I thought you would bail at the last minute. I planned to be super early, but I got lost in a sketch. That happens way more often than it should, honestly,” Sadie said with a chuckle before she tried to satisfy the question bouncing around her mind. “Novi-cat, huh? What kind of nickname is that?”

“It’s a mixture of her name and a teasing ode to her obsession with cats. I’m a dog lover, but she is cat-obsessed and ambivalent about dogs at best. So naturally, when it’s time to get a pet, we’re gonna get a cat.”

“I think both animals are majestic. I couldn’t choose between them if I tried. I always planned to have one of each. I grew up with a dog, Sprout, as a kid. My parents got him when I was seven. I took one look at him, and he had my heart.”

“Lucky dog,” Hendrix said with a smile.

Sadie ignored the way her heart fluttered in her chest, clearing her throat before she asked, “What name is Novi short for, anyway?”

“Novi is short for...”

His voice trailed off when a woman appeared behind him and placed a hand on his shoulder. Sadie glanced up, her heart slamming against her chest. “Novah?”

The woman’s attention jerked to her. “Sadie?”

Hendrix looked from his wife to Sadie with confusion in his eyes.

“Sadie?” he repeated, looking to his wife. “*Your* Sadie?”

Sadie tried to fight the warmth that spread inside her when Hendrix said, “*Your Sadie.*” The warmth was soon drowned by genuine humor when the reality of the situation dawned on her. She smiled, wetting her lips with her tongue, as she tried to figure out what good karma just got dropped on her lap.

“I thought your name was Shari,” Hendrix said, pulling her back to the conversation at hand.

“Shari is a fake name,” she said by way of explanation, eyes still fixed on Novah, who was filling the hell out of the yellow jumpsuit she wore. *Goddamn.* “You can’t be too careful on the internet and whatnot. The name my mama gave me is Sadie.”

The absurdity of everything seemed to hit Hendrix first. That deep, sexy laughter filled the air around them, and Sadie had to shift uncomfortably in her chair. Damn it. She was being hit by lust from all sides.

He stopped laughing and moved his gaze from Novah to Sadie one more time before he said, “Now *this* is an interesting turn of events.”

This was either some drug-induced dream or a huge cosmic joke. Except Novah didn't think she could dream up something like this even if she was higher than Snoop Dogg, and the Universe *definitely* didn't have *this* type of sense of humor.

Sadie was there in the living, luscious flesh and looking up at her with a gaze Novah could only describe as...heated. Novah realized, with a jolt, that she hadn't been misinterpreting the flirty comments Sadie used to make. Neither was her body overreacting when goosebumps erupted along her skin whenever Sadie casually touched her. Novah was now realizing those touches had never been casual at all. Had Sadie just been waiting for her to make the first move? She couldn't believe she'd read the situation *this* badly.

"How come you never mentioned you were polyam?" Sadie asked once Novah finally took the seat next to Hendrix. Her husband was paying keen attention to the scene playing out in front of him but was otherwise silent. Novah would kill to know what was running through Hendrix's mind. But then again, she could barely get a handle on her own thoughts.

"Honestly, I was trying to steer conversation away from anything relationship-related," Nova confessed. She was relieved when the server returned with their drinks, giving her a few minutes to collect herself before Sadie asked the question Novah knew she would.

"Why?"



Novah took a small sip of her drink and cleared her throat as she tried to find the best way to respond to the question. She could be honest and tell Sadie she was shocked by the force of her initial reaction to her. She could tell her it made her nervous, even though there were times she could clearly see Sadie flirting with her because, for the first time in a long time, Novah feared rejection. She didn't want to do that, though. It felt too open, too vulnerable, and too heavy for this moment. In the end, Novah took the easy way out. She brushed off the question with what she hoped was a breezy laugh.

“Don't let me sidetrack y'all. I'm only here to put any concerns you might have to rest. Dre's not up to any bullshit.” She squeezed Hendrix's thigh and flashed him an adoring smile. “I don't even know if Hendrix is capable of being up to bullshit. Now that we've got that out of the way, I'll leave so you two can get to know each other better.”

She noticed the way Sadie's eyes widened. The flicker of disappointment that flashed in them was gone too quickly for her to be sure that was what she saw. Novah was too focused on getting herself out of the situation to try to analyze it. She didn't consider herself a runner, but Novah guessed right now, she was going to be a track star.

She drained the rest of her Cosmopolitan before she pushed the chair back and started getting up. She was almost on her feet when Hendrix, the damn traitor, grabbed her around the waist and pulled her down to sit on his lap. He placed a few kisses against her neck, tightening his grip whenever she tried to break free. Novah sighed, resigning herself to having to stay put for the moment.

“I would like you to stay,” he said. “And I'd bet most of the money in our bank account that Sadie would like you to stay too. Right, Sadie?”

Sadie played with the stem of her cocktail glass for a few seconds before she spoke. “Of course, I want her to stay. I can't understand why Novah would want to leave *now*. Things have...changed with this new development. Haven't they? I'm not even going to beat around the bush when I say the

outcome of this isn't going to be anything like I expected it to be.”

Sadie held Novah's gaze, and she couldn't help but feel a little bit exposed. She tried to catch Hendrix's eyes, but he still wasn't giving any of his thoughts away. Curiosity made Novah speak up. “What do you mean?”

Sadie's smile was small and shy. “I planned on coming here to see if I would go on a date with Hendrix. I'm not sure it can work like that now. No offense, Hendrix.”

Novah's heart beat *hard* against her chest. In the end, it was Hendrix who spoke.

“Are you saying you're going to have to make a choice?” he said, eyes fixed on Sadie. Novah followed his gaze and took a small, sharp breath. She was mesmerized by the shallow rise and fall of Sadie's chest. She wondered how it would feel to rest her head on the softness of her breasts while Hendrix's hardness pressed against her ass. The vivid thought stopped Novah in her tracks. She reached for Hendrix's whiskey and took a deep drink, enjoying the way it burned down her chest.

“I don't want to,” Sadie was saying. She was still playing with the stem of her glass, but Novah couldn't look away when she caught her gaze. Her tongue darted out her mouth and licked apprehension away from her lips. She held Novah's gaze for a few more seconds before she turned her attention to Hendrix. “Can I keep it real?”

“Of course.”

“When you hugged me earlier, I knew I would take you back to my apartment to fuck the shit out of you, as long as you proved you and your wife actually had a polyam relationship, and you weren't trying to pull a fast one on me.”

Hendrix's body went stiff against Novah's as he dug his fingers into her thigh. Novah couldn't blame him. Her mind immediately conjured up images of Sadie doing just that, and her pussy throbbed.

“And can I keep it all the way one hundred with you?”

Novah had to pause a while to gather her voice when Sadie turned those beautiful russet-hued eyes on her.

“Will I be able to handle it?” she asked, laughing nervously.

That dimple came out to play when Sadie smiled. “I noticed you checking me out when we first met. I also noticed you checking me out the times we met up after that. I’m not even going to pretend like I don’t aggressively pursue people I’m attracted to. It was the ring that stopped me. If you had given me even the slightest indication that you were willing to step out on your marriage — again, no offense, Hendrix — or better yet, that you were polyam, I would already know what you taste like by now.”

“Jesus Christ.”

That was from Hendrix, who’d already hardened against Novah and was digging his fingers so much harder into her thighs that she almost yelped. Except she couldn’t find her voice...or oxygen...or the ability to stop her pussy from soaking through her jumpsuit.

Sadie was enjoying the fuck out of knowing the effect she must be having on them. Novah could see it in the glint in her eyes.

“I don’t want to choose which one of you I get to have, and I don’t see a single reason why I should have to,” she continued. “Clearly, the Universe wanted me to have you both. And who am I to deny fate?”

**H**e was rock hard.  
Maybe *harder*.

There couldn't be any blood running through his veins now. All of it had gone straight to his dick. He dug his fingers into Novah's thighs, wondering if she was struggling the way he was. Sadie was sitting across from them, seemingly oblivious to the avalanche her words set off. She took another sip of her drink and looked at them expectantly. "I know Hendrix told me you guys have always dated other people, so I suppose you might need to have a conversation about all of this. At least all my cards are on the table." She paused before she started talking again. "I'm not opposed to just one night if that makes any difference in the decision you make."

She smiled and winked before finishing her drink and grabbing her bag from the table. "I'll leave you guys to it. You both know how to reach me when you're ready."

She pushed the chair back, and Hendrix was about to beg her to stay. He wasn't ready for her to leave yet, not when things were more interesting than they'd been in a long time. He stopped himself from giving in to the urge. Sadie had a damn good point. This *was* new territory for him and Novah. It didn't matter that lust was flowing through him thick and heavy, setting his body on fire. He and Novah still needed to talk about the implications of this wild ass turn of events.

"I'll call you," he said instead, even though his body protested each word.

“You don’t have to,” Sadie shot back with another mischievous smile. “Me and Novah are supposed to be meeting up for some photos the day after tomorrow. We can grab drinks after and discuss it then.”

“We should walk you out,” Novah suggested. He chuckled softly. Novah had been quiet for so long, Hendrix started to wonder if she planned on saying anything else for the rest of the night. She eased up off him so he could grab his wallet and peel off enough bills to cover the drinks and tip before he stood and started following Novah and Sadie out to the street.

He observed their differences in height and curves. Novah only came up to the top of his chest and managed to reach just a little above Sadie’s shoulder. His wife had an ass that could stop traffic, but Sadie’s small, perky, pear-shaped butt begged for him to sink his teeth into it. He fought the urge to adjust his hardness in his pants as he watched them say their goodbyes. Sadie pulled Novah in for a hug that lasted a little too long and was a little too tight to be friendly. Her hand wandered down the small of Novah’s back, settling on her ass as she whispered something in Novah’s ear that caused his wife to blush then laugh. She turned, hand still around Novah’s waist, and asked, “May I say goodnight to Novah?”

He chuckled. “Isn’t that what you’ve been doing all this time?”

Sadie laughed. “Not nearly properly enough.”

Hendrix realized then that both he and Novah were in big trouble. Sadie was going to be one hell of a trip; he just hoped he and Novah landed in one piece.

“You’re asking the wrong Richardson that question,” he said. He’d moved so that he was standing close enough to them to hear Sadie murmur under her breath, “Touché.”

She didn’t miss a beat, though. She turned to Novah with a smile. “May I say goodnight?”

Poor Novah. She was so worked up he could almost feel the waves of need radiating off her body. Novah nodded, then Sadie was leaning in and capturing her lips in a soft, probing

kiss that made Hendrix even harder. Sadie lingered in the kiss for a while before she pulled away and kissed Novah's cheek. "I'll see you Thursday."

"I can't wait."

Sadie smiled and leaned in for a last short peck. "Trust me, neither can I."

She turned to him with a sly smile on her pretty ass face as she stepped close enough for their bodies to press together. "May I say good..."

Hendrix didn't wait for her to finish. He pulled her against him and crashed his lips against hers, sliding his tongue into her mouth for a hard and bruising kiss. Hendrix wrapped his hand up in her hair so he could pull her even closer to him. She tasted like her margarita and Novah, and that made him dizzy with wanting. Sadie was panting when she pulled away, eyes glistening with desire. His gaze went to Novah, who was watching them keenly, breathing rapidly with her hand pressed to her lower stomach as if she was trying to soothe away her own craving.

"Do we really need to talk?" she asked Hendrix, her voice soft and shaking. She stepped toward him so he could tip her chin up and kiss her.

"I don't know," he answered. "Do we?"

Novah shook her head. "This sort of feels inevitable, doesn't it? Why wait until Thursday?"

He nodded, agreeing with her point. He turned to Sadie, who was looking between them both like a child trying to decide which gift she wanted to open first at Christmas.

"That only leaves one question," he said, holding her excited gaze. "Our place or yours?"

She chose their apartment. Her choice, and how quickly she made it, shocked Sadie. She usually brought people back into her space because that was where she felt safest. However, she couldn't fight her curiosity about Novah and Hendrix.

Seeing where and how people lived was one of the best ways to get a reading on them. Sadie also enjoyed the thought of fucking them in their bed, leaving their sheets smelling like her and the walls echoing with the ghosts of her screams so neither of them could forget her even if they wanted to.

She leaned up to kiss Hendrix again, happily surprised when she felt Novah's soft fingers digging into her hips as she hugged her from behind. She turned slightly so she could capture Novah's soft, sweet lips in hers. God, she loved kissing her. She turned her entire body so she could press herself against Novah's curves, one hand coming to the back of her neck so she could kiss her harder. Novah parted her lips, welcoming the intrusion of her tongue, and Sadie's body burned. Novah pressed her body against Sadie's, desperate to get closer, which pushed Sadie back into Hendrix. She could feel his hardness pressed against her ass, and Sadie grinned against Novah's lips.

*This was going to be fun.*

"Damn, homie! When I grow up, I wanna be just like you!" a young man who was passing down the street yelled. Novah broke the kiss, giggling against Sadie's cheek.

“Maybe we need to move this somewhere more private,” she suggested.

Sadie nodded, cupping Novah’s cheeks in both hands and placing another light kiss against her lips. “Take me home.”

They walked the short distance to where Hendrix and Novah had parked, chatting casually about more neutral things like the fact the weather was unusually cold for the middle of September, Sadie’s complaints about the Metro, and trading quirky stories about themselves. If the benign topics of conversation were meant to douse the sexual heat flowing between them, it failed. It was, however, distracting enough to stop Sadie from trying to climb Hendrix right there in the middle of the street. Despite all her bravado, Sadie couldn’t really believe this was happening. What were the fucking odds? Like, really? She kept wondering whether she would wake up in her bed, drooling over her sketch pad, having not yet left for the meeting. This had to be a dream, right? She continued looking for things to center herself while she slid into the back of Hendrix’s and Novah’s black Mazda sedan as Novah slid in right beside her.

The only thing that grounded Sadie in the reality that this *was* actually happening was the gentle pressure of Novah’s hand fondling and squeezing her thigh while Hendrix pulled out of the parking lot. Novah’s caresses kept moving up her thigh, perilously close to her pussy, and she had to close her eyes to stop her body from jerking toward her touch. Patience. The time would come soon enough. Except, Novah didn’t seem particularly keen on being patient as she caressed the inside of Sadie’s thighs. She swallowed, not even remembering opening her legs. When she opened her eyes, Hendrix was watching in the rearview mirror.

He smiled. “It’s okay, Sadie. You guys don’t have to wait for me.”

That seemed to be all the encouragement Novah needed to lean in and brush her lips across Sadie’s mouth as her fingers went straight to the vee between Sadie’s thighs. Sadie gasped.

Novah turned her face. “Hey, Dre. She’s wet as fuck.”



His deep chuckle rang through the car. “Is she now?”

“Mm-hmm,” Novah said, crashing her lips back down on Sadie’s as she rubbed four of her fingers in firm circular motions against Sadie’s leggings. Sadie moaned in her throat, tilting her hips so her greedy pussy could better enjoy the friction. Novah seemed spurred on by the moan, rubbing harder as those lips trailed down her cheek until she was sucking on Sadie’s neck.

Sadie bit her lips, squeezing her eyes shut...trying to fight off a very familiar sensation that rolled up to the party way too soon.

“Taste her for me, baby.”

Sadie’s eyes shot open, and her gaze went immediately to the rearview mirror to find Hendrix taking advantage of the spotlight so he could watch what was happening in the backseat. The only indication Novah gave that she heard her husband’s request was that she stopped rubbing Sadie’s pussy, her fingers trailing under the sweater dress so that she could slide them down into her leggings. Sadie jerked against the soft brush of Novah’s fingers against her bare pussy. Novah stopped licking and nipping at Sadie’s neck long enough to bring her forehead to hers and grin. “You’re so fucking wet.”

One finger slid up and down Sadie’s entrance as she tried to catch her breath. Novah’s voice was so low and so sexy that it was no small wonder Sadie’s hot, slick pussy easily took the three fingers she pushed inside. Novah pumped her fingers in and out, her forehead still pressed against Sadie’s as she lost herself in the pleasure. Sadie tipped her chin forward so she could kiss Novah, suddenly self-conscious about how her loud moans filled the small space of the sedan. Novah kissed her greedily, thrusting those fingers faster and harder into her. The sensations were overwhelming — Novah’s tongue brushing against her own, soft body pressed against hers, and her fingers sliding frantically in and out of a pussy that was basking in the attention. Sadie murmured her disappointment against Novah’s lips when she stopped and pulled her fingers from between her legs. Sadie’s own hand went straight to her sex when she watched Novah place those fingers in her mouth

one by one, licking her wetness away and moaning like it was the best thing she'd ever had in her mouth. She rubbed her engorged, desperate clit faster and harder when Novah smiled widely and turned back to Hendrix.

“She tastes amazing, Dre,” she said. “I can't wait to watch you savor her.”

Sadie's eyes locked on Hendrix as she rubbed herself harder, her body immediately freefalling into an ocean of pleasure. She threw her head back and moaned through her orgasm. Novah covered Sadie's mouth immediately with her own. Sadie tasted margarita, anticipation, and her own wetness on Novah's tongue.

Suddenly, she was cumming again.

*Have mercy*, Sadie thought.

This was about to be a hell of a ride.

Novah wasn't even sure why she and Hendrix went through the pretense of showing Sadie around their house and offering her a glass of wine before they settled on the couch. It felt kind of ridiculous when she was sure she'd already soaked through her jumpsuit, Sadie's sweet earthiness still lingered on her tongue, and she'd seen Hendrix adjust his hard-on more than once during the tour.

They were sitting on the couch, Sadie between them both, holding glasses of wine in their hands. Wine they were barely sipping since it was beyond obvious that the only thing they wanted on their tongues was each other.

Hendrix made the first move. He pushed himself up off the couch, placing his wine on the coffee table before removing Novah's wine from her hand and putting it down too. Then he was pulling her to her feet and turning her around so he could unzip her jumpsuit. He kissed the base of her neck as one hand dealt with the zipper while his other hand cupped and squeezed her mound.

"Poor baby," he whispered. "We owe you an orgasm." She felt his head turn toward Sadie. "Don't we?"

"We do," Sadie responded. Her voice was a little breathless. Novah didn't realize Sadie had gotten up from the couch and placed her own glass of wine down until she came to stand in front of her. Her eyes were sparkling with lust so hot that Novah's pussy clenched hard.

“I always return favors,” she whispered, kissing Novah lightly as she moved to pull the jumpsuit down her shoulders. Sadie and Hendrix worked together to remove the garment, Sadie’s lips exploring Novah’s while Hendrix licked and bit the back of her neck and her shoulder. Sadie stepped back so she could properly observe Novah when Hendrix helped her step out of the jumpsuit and threw it on the couch. Novah tingled all over at the intense way Sadie’s eyes roved over her body. She knew how she must look with her black see-through silk bra, soft stomach, thick thighs, and fat, bare pussy. She was happy she decided to forgo the thong she’d picked up then discarded while she was getting ready. Sadie’s eyes zeroed in on Novah’s breasts, and she felt her nipples tighten.

“Nipple piercings,” Sadie said, voice thick with desire as she brought her fingers to trace the outline of the rings under the sheer fabric.

She felt Hendrix’s fingers working to release the clips of her bra, and then Sadie was pulling it from her shoulders. She brought her lips to hers again, fingertips digging into Novah’s love handles as she kissed her so hard, Novah’s lips tingled from the pressure. Hendrix was massaging her breasts, pulling at her nipples every so often with enough force to make Novah moan in her throat at the pain-pleasure Hendrix knew she loved so much. Novah broke her kiss with Sadie so she could turn her face and tilt her lips toward Hendrix. He didn’t make her wait long, crashing his mouth against hers, tongue trailing the inseam of her lips. His kisses were as frantic as Novah felt, and she gushed a little. Sadie pulled Novah’s earlobe between her teeth before she started kissing Novah’s neck right above her shoulder blade. She moaned into Hendrix’s mouth, and that just made him kiss her harder. Then there were hands everywhere. Fingers trailing the skin at her sides, down her spine, the curve of her ass...just briefly across her pussy...the insides of her thighs. Fingertips twisting and teasing her nipples. Nails massaging her scalp. It was so much. *Too much*, and Novah could feel her body start to short-circuit from the pleasure that had her almost sobbing into Hendrix’s mouth. Eventually, Sadie started pulling her closer to the couch. Hendrix still played with her nipples as he moved his body

with them. Sadie pressed herself into Novah from the front, pushing her back into Hendrix. He was hard and throbbing through his jeans. Sadie bent her head to kiss Novah's cheek before leaning up so she could kiss Hendrix. His arm came around them both, hugging them tightly as he kissed Sadie. Novah couldn't remember the last time she'd been this aroused. She started moving her hand to her center so she could soothe away some of the frustration she felt, but Sadie grabbed her wrist.

"Not yet," she said with a little laugh before she returned to kissing Hendrix.

There was something intensely and intoxicatingly pleasurable about being pressed between them like this as they sought pleasure in each other's mouths. Novah chewed at her bottom lip and closed her eyes, allowing herself to enjoy the sensations. Sadie pressed herself even harder into her, her smaller fabric-covered breasts smashing Novah's as she tried to deepen her kiss with Hendrix. Novah's pussy throbbed hard as she felt Hendrix's hand move to cup Sadie's ass and pull her hard against Novah, in turn pushing Novah's ass tightly into his dick. She wiggled her ass cheeks a little and laughed when she heard Hendrix groan in frustration.

Then Sadie was lifting Novah's right leg to the couch. Hendrix kept her thighs spread wide while Sadie got to her knees. Her fingers dug into her hips as she pressed her face against Novah's pussy, inhaling deeply before she pulled away and said, "I've wanted to do this for a *very* long time."

And then she was parting Novah's pussy's lips with her tongue, stroking gently and then frantically before pulling Novah's clit into her mouth. Sadie sucked, nipped, slurped, and moaned against Novah's pussy until she could feel her world blackening around the edges. She moaned as she watched Sadie eat her out with frenzied urgency. Novah thought she hadn't seen a more beautiful sight than Sadie staring up at her with those russet-colored eyes while she ate her out in ways that had Novah trying to grip onto air. But she was wrong. Novah lost all control when Hendrix's hands went

to the back of Sadie's head so he could pull her deeper into her pussy.

Novah came with a stream of cusses that barely made sense as she shook from the force of the orgasm that started at the tips of her toes and shot straight up her body so that she saw double. Sadie didn't stop eating her out. Novah couldn't tell if it was because she was enjoying doling out the pleasure-filled torture or if it was because Hendrix was still holding her firmly between her legs. The thought of either sent Novah barreling toward the edge again, and she came all over Sadie's face. She lapped up Novah's wetness enthusiastically before she finally rose from her knees and immediately kissed Hendrix. Novah managed to wiggle herself from their grasps, collapsing on the couch because her legs couldn't stop shaking. She spread her thighs wide, lazily rubbing her overstimulated clit as she watched Sadie and Hendrix share her juices between them.

A girl could get used to this.

She didn't realize she'd said it out loud until Hendrix and Sadie broke away from the kiss with their soft laughter filling the room. They joined her on the couch, each sitting on either side of her. Sadie kissed her as Hendrix bent his head and sucked a nipple into his mouth. She rubbed her clit a little faster when he pulled the hardened peak through his teeth.

Sadie was still laughing when she broke the kiss. "You're not wrong. A girl *could* get used to this."

If Hendrix had been asked to describe his ultimate fantasy, whatever he settled on would have been wrong. Because it wouldn't be this. *This* was Hendrix's wildest, most sensuous fantasy come to life, and he never even knew he wanted it.

Novah was spread out on the couch, naked and wet and wanting, while Sadie nuzzled her neck as she played with Novah's nipple ring. The air was filled with the scents of both of their arousal, and the little differences between the women he couldn't wait to sink his aching, throbbing dick into robbed him of the ability to think straight.

*Damn.*

Sadie was an insatiable vixen, and Hendrix decided both she and Novah were right. He could *definitely* get used to this. He chuckled as she climbed over Novah so she could straddle her, pulling her into a punishing kiss. Her hair was as wild as the kiss. Sadie's sweater dress pulled all the way to her waist as she angled her body and started grinding her legging-clad pussy against Novah. Her mouth was still moving desperately over Novah's lips as his wife grabbed onto Sadie's hips to pull her into her.

He groaned in his throat, his dick hardening even more against the fabric of his jeans. He and Sadie were wearing entirely too many clothes at this point. He grabbed onto the edge of Sadie's sweater dress and started pulling it over her head. She stopped grinding against Novah, dazed for a millisecond before she realized what he was trying to do. She climbed off Novah, and Hendrix watched his wife's hungry

gaze follow her. He started dealing with his top and his jeans as Sadie yanked the sweater dress over her head and dropped it to the floor. He and Novah gasped at the same time at the sight of Sadie's perky brown breasts that he knew would fit perfectly in the palms of both his and Novah's hands. Her areolas were a few shades lighter brown than Novah's, and Hendrix couldn't wait to pull one of her nipples into his mouth. They reminded him of caramel candy, and he wondered if they tasted as sweet. Sadie pulled down the leggings, and suddenly, she was standing naked in front of them. She cocked her head to the side and smiled slyly as she placed two fingers into her mouth. She sucked on them for a while before she brought them back and parted the folds of her clit to reveal a shiny purple clit ring.

Novah gasped again, and Hendrix hardened even more. He wasn't going to survive the night, was he? She moved back to the couch and straddled Novah again, licking at the shell of her ear as she started grinding against her pussy...hard. It was a good thing they were so damn wet, Hendrix mused as he finally finished undressing himself, throwing his things on the small puddle of Sadie's clothes next to the couch. He sat at the other end of the couch, spat in his hand, and then wrapped his fist around his dick, stroking lazily as he watched both women cum again. What a sight they were, bodies slick with sweat, chests rising and falling, and lips pressed together as if they couldn't bear to part. He stroked himself harder and faster. Sadie smiled widely when she noticed him jacking himself off.

"Well, hello there," she murmured. He continued stroking, making circular motions at the head of his dick before stroking his entire length.

"What were you saying about returning favors?" Novah whispered to Sadie. She was massaging Sadie's breasts while she traced her tongue along her jaw. "I think Dre's due."

Sadie brought her hungry gaze to his dick. "He is."

She crawled her way down the couch toward Hendrix. He caught Novah's gaze and smiled when he saw that dazed, fiery pit of arousal still shining in her eyes. He winked at her and smiled when she blushed and then turned his attention back to



Sadie, who had straddled him. Her nipples brushed against his chest as he brought his hand to the back of her neck and pulled her into a kiss. She kissed him like she might never get an opportunity to do it again, and she wanted to leave a piece of herself wedged on his tongue forever. They kissed frantically, tongues lashing, teeth clashing as she dug her fingers into his shoulders. He wasn't sure how long they kissed before she was easing herself off him and down to the floor so she could kneel between his knees. She traced her tongue down the inside of each of his thighs before she wrapped her hand around his dick. She held his gaze as she stroked him, mouth slightly parted as her other hand teased her nipples. Then she leaned forward and took him in her mouth, sucking on the head of his dick for a little while before she took him all the way. Hendrix bucked against her, hand fisting in her hair as she worked his dick over. It was the kind of sloppy, messy head that felt like a reward for something, and all Hendrix could do was bite down on his lips hard enough to draw blood and fling his head back while she pleased him. It was because his eyes were squeezed tightly shut while he fought against his nut that Hendrix missed Novah taking up a spot next to Sadie on her knees in front of him. His eyes fluttered open when he felt his balls being sucked into a hot, wet mouth.

“Jesus,” he whispered, eyes transfixed on the women in front of him. Sadie was still busy bobbing up and down his dick while Novah sucked his balls, her fingernails digging into his thigh. He groaned, he moaned, he squealed like fuck when Sadie took him so deeply, she gagged on his dick while Novah sucked harder on his balls. He had Sadie's hair in one of his hands and Novah's in the other, unable to figure out if he wanted them to continue or if he needed the explosion of pleasure to stop so he could regain control of himself. He wanted to believe he and Novah were so deeply connected that she could sense her man losing the entire battle, and that was why she released his balls from her mouth and fisted Sadie's hair in her hand so she could pull her off his dick. Sadie resisted a little before she released him from her mouth, swiping her tongue across his head before she accepted the kiss Novah gave her.

“Fucking hell,” he groaned as he watched them kiss, Sadie still stroking his dick as Novah pivoted so she could wrap the other woman in her arms as she lost herself in her lips.

Maybe Novah hadn’t been trying to give him a reprieve after all, Hendrix realized when his wife turned to him with a smile. “How you doing over there, babe?” she asked.

“Good,” he choked out.

She smiled wider. “How good?”

“Impossibly good,” he confessed.

Novah turned back to Sadie, hand caressing her cheek. “How are you doing, lovely?”

The look Sadie gave Novah was pure lust when she responded, “Better than I’ve been in a long time.”

Novah pressed a soft kiss against Sadie’s forehead.

“Those are the things I like to hear.”

“And how are *you* doing?” Hendrix asked, immediately regretting the question when Novah turned to him with a twinkle in her eyes. He knew whatever she was about to say would destroy him, and his dick throbbed with reckless anticipation.

“I’m great,” she grinned. “But you know what would make me better?”

She was talking to him, but her gaze was on Sadie, hand still caressing her cheek. Novah continued without prompting. “I want you to sit on my face while you choke on my husband’s dick. Can you do that for me, lovely?”

Sadie nodded enthusiastically, while Hendrix barely stopped himself from cumming right there and then. He watched with widened eyes, breath catching in his throat as Novah settled herself on her back on the floor, tugging Sadie down gently so she could sit right where Novah said she wanted her to. He couldn’t see clearly what Novah was doing with her mouth, but Sadie almost pitched forward into his lap, a soft, startled cry escaping her lips, followed by a long, satisfying moan. His lower stomach tightened. He dug his

fingernails into the palm of his hands, hoping the sting of pain would stop him from barreling headfirst into an orgasm when he heard what he couldn't see. Novah's tongue lapping against Sadie's soft, plump flesh echoed in the almost silent room save for Sadie's panting as she struggled to stay upright. He almost lost it again when he realized Sadie was moving her hips, grinding against Novah's tongue.

*Fucking hell.*

He must have said it out loud because Sadie brought her dazed eyes to his, smiling sheepishly mid-moan as if she just remembered she'd promised Novah more than riding her lips like a bike. She fisted his dick in her hand, stroking with a haphazard rhythm until she finally seemed to get used to the pleasure Novah was raining down on her. She stroked him for a while longer, and then she leaned forward and...swallowed him. There was no other way Hendrix could describe it. Sadie took him down like she wanted his dick to disappear into her esophagus. She took Novah's order to choke on his dick to heart, too. Gagging shouldn't be such a beautiful sound, but there wasn't a Grammy-nominated song in existence that sounded better than Sadie slurping and gagging and choking on his dick. The only exception was probably the sounds of Novah feasting on Sadie's pussy and the little gurgles of pleasure she occasionally made. He looked over Sadie's head to see that although Novah had one hand around Sadie's waist to keep her in place while she ate her out, she was fingering herself with the other.

That was what almost tipped him over the edge. He tried a few times until he was finally able to nudge his dick from Sadie's mouth.

"I was about to cum," he said by way of explanation, wiping some of the spit and precum running down her chin away.

"That was kinda the point," she giggled, then moaned. She dug her fingers into his thighs as her body started trembling a little bit. Hendrix ran his hand through her disheveled hair, massaging her scalp as he smiled down at her. "You first, Dee."

Sadie was murmuring and groaning and moaning things he couldn't understand while she ground against Novah's face in earnest. Novah stopped fingering herself so she could properly hold Sadie in place for how wild she was bucking. He had to admire Novah's persistence — make her cum or suffocate trying, he guessed. When Sadie fell apart, she fell apart magnificently. Her body went rigid while she spluttered, sobbed, and screamed Novah's name. Hendrix almost came from how beautiful Novah's name sounded being cried out in pleasure from Sadie's lips. And then her body started to shake. It took a little while before she was able to push herself up from off Novah and collapse from the couch. Both he and Sadie chuckled hard when Novah took a deep, well-earned breath. She pushed herself off the floor, turned around, and kneeled in front of Hendrix. She licked her way up his hardness before she spent some time pleasuring him with her mouth. She played with her nipples, as she always did, while she sucked him off. If Hendrix had enough control of his mind to form a single coherent thought, he would wonder how two women with head games differing so vastly could destroy him with their tongues. Except he had no control. None at all. Especially not when Sadie slid closer to him on the couch and rested her head on his shoulder as she watched Novah suck him.

Novah released his dick. She moved onto the couch, kissing Sadie's cheek when she shifted a little so that Novah could comfortably straddle him. He groaned hard as he slid into her hot, tight cunt.

"I'm not going to last long," he warned when she rose into a squatting position and started riding him.

"That's a first, Mr. Long-love," Novah teased, gasping a little when he thrust up into her. "But don't worry. The night is young."

She leaned forward and captured his lips with hers as she increased her pace. She tasted of Sadie's pussy and passion as she continued kissing him deeply.

Hendrix couldn't hold back any longer and lost the battle when Sadie interlinked her hand with his before bringing his

fingers to her mouth and sucking at each one. He came with Novah's pussy gripping his dick, Sadie's mouth sucking on his fingers, and both of their names on his mouth.

*Damn.*

**H**ow many times would she have to cum before she no longer felt drunk on desire?

Sadie had lost count of the number of body-shaking, pussy-clenching, existence-shattering orgasms she'd had from Novah's tongue and fingers, Hendrix's tongue and fingers — sometimes separately, sometimes in tandem — and from the sleek green vibrator that appeared once they finally made it to the large master bedroom with its king-size bed. She wasn't even sure how much time passed as she busied herself with Hendrix's dick under her tongue, her face in Novah's pussy, and her own fingers thrusting deep into her cunt as she tried to soothe an ache that only got worse with each release, tried to satisfy a need that became greater with each passing minute. Was it that she'd never have enough of them both? Would she wander around dazed and desperate for just a taste of Novah's juices...just a touch of Hendrix's dick?

The three of them were currently in bed. Novah was propped up against the headboard with her legs spread wide, fondling her large, perfect breasts that Sadie wanted to smother her face in. Later for that. Her face was too busy being smothered in Novah's plump, juicy pussy. She ran her tongue slowly up and down her slit, and then she thrust it in and out of Novah's welcoming warmth. She continued while Novah cried out her name before Sadie settled her mouth over her clit and sucked like she could find sustenance there. It was hard to stay focused for how intoxicating Novah tasted against her tongue. Of course, there was also the small matter of Hendrix's tongue currently lapping at Sadie's pussy even as

she pleased his wife. His lips were firm as he navigated his way around her pussy with long strokes of his tongue and gentle grazes and nips against her overstimulated clit. Sadie groaned into Novah's pussy. Novah moaned her name. Hendrix swore. Then, Sadie heard the sound she'd been waiting for — the opening of the condom wrapper. She moaned into Novah's wetness.

She waited, back arched in anticipation, but Hendrix didn't slide into her. He pulled her up to her knees so that her back was pressed against his chest, fingers finding and teasing her clit ring while he stroked the shell of her ear with his tongue.

"I'm not gonna fuck you from the back tonight," he whispered roughly against her ear. "I want to see your face when I make you cum."

Sadie's pussy throbbed hard — harder still when Novah rose to her knees and shimmied over to them, bending her head so she could suck Sadie's nipples. She gave each nub some attention before she tugged Sadie back down onto the bed with her. Novah pulled Sadie's back against her chest, raising and spreading one of her legs. Hendrix lay on his side facing Sadie, his thick hardness bobbing out in front of him. She ignored the pang of disappointment she felt at the condom. Patience. In time, she'd feel the pleasure of him fucking her raw and filling her up with his cum while Novah squirted all over her face. She moaned at the imagery as Hendrix raised her bent knee to his waist and slid into her with one powerful thrust. The force pushed her against Novah's chest, her breasts pressed against her back while Hendrix started fucking her. His thrusts were hard and fast and ached in the best possible way as she remained pressed deliciously between them both. He devoured her mouth, swallowing each scream while Novah sucked on her neck and earlobes as she bragged about knowing how good Hendrix's stroke game was, telling her how much it turned her on seeing her pussy handle her husband's dick and asking her if her pussy could handle it if he fucked her any harder. Sadie barely managed to nod yes before Novah was giving Hendrix that very command.

“You want that, Dee?” he whispered against her open mouth, his hand going to her throat and squeezing gently.

“Yes, please,” she moaned. “So fucking much.”

Sadie barely registered Novah moving, allowing Hendrix the space to pivot Sadie’s body, so she was lying flat on her back with his dick still cocooned in her. She did register the slight hum of the vibrator, though. She turned her head to the left, watching Novah slide the vibrator along her slit before pushing it inside. And that was the last thing she registered. Hendrix slid out of her so he could rise to his knees before planting one foot on the bed and raising her leg to his shoulder. And then he fucked her. *Fucked her* fucked her. He fucked her until tears came to her eyes. Fucked her until she couldn’t even scream. She just opened and closed her mouth with no sounds coming out. She could barely breathe. He fucked her until her body shook. Fucked her until he snatched the wig she wasn’t even wearing. But it was when Novah moaned, “You look so fucking good handling my dick like a champ,” that the three of them lost it.

It was only later, after Hendrix finished disposing of the condom and they’d cleaned themselves up and were cuddled into bed, that Sadie realized they had all cum together, perfectly in sync like they been pleasuring each other for years.

She smiled as she drifted to sleep, Hendrix’s hand casually draped around her hips and Novah’s head pressed against her breasts.

This wasn’t a coincidence. There was no way in heaven or hell that this was just random luck. This was kismet. The Universe wanted her to have them both. Sadie knew perfection when she felt it.

How could she refuse?



Novah came to in stages. She blinked against the sunshine streaming through the open window and moved her face, trying to get away from the hair tickling her nose. She grinned when she opened her eyes properly to see Sadie sprawled across her body, hair wild and snoring softly. She was all softness and light as Novah was pummeled by memories from the night before, leaving her body heated all over. She turned her head, unsurprised to find the rest of the bed empty. Hendrix was a creature of habit. It was Wednesday morning, so he was probably halfway through his morning jog by now.

Novah lay still, not wanting to disturb Sadie any sooner than necessary, but she started shifting on her own after a short while anyway. She met Novah's gaze and smiled widely, linking her hands together and stretching them above her head. Novah forced herself to keep her gaze on Sadie's face and not on her breasts as she stretched.

"Good morning," Sadie yawned.

"Morning, sleepyhead. You know we're both going to regret not wearing a bonnet to bed, right?"

Sadie chuckled, trying to run her hand through her hair and failing. "Definitely."

She looked around before she turned back to Novah with furrowed brows. "Where's Hendrix?"

"He jogs every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday," Novah supplied. "He hates breaking habits."

Sadie yawned again. “Better him than me. He should be tired as hell right now.”

She caught Novah’s eyes and smiled. Novah looked away before she could see her blush. God, was she twelve? She knew they were both thinking about the same thing, and Novah couldn’t believe her body was reacting as violently as it was.

“Last night was fun,” Sadie said, dealing with the elephant in the room head-on. “It was an...experience.”

“It was,” Novah whispered. “I still can’t quite believe it happened.”

Sadie propped her elbow on the bed and rested her head against her hand. “You guys really never...”

Novah shook her head. “No. I don’t even think we ever came close. I can’t say I haven’t been curious once or twice, but never so curious that I actually wanted to try it.”

Sadie trailed her fingers down Novah’s stomach before she cuddled herself back into her and rested her head on her breasts. “I’m happy you were curious enough to try with me.”

Novah massaged the small of her back. “That wasn’t curiosity, lovely. Do you know how long I’ve wanted you? I was ready to rip into the person who knocked my chai tea latte out my hands, but when I looked up and saw you... I felt like I was a nervous, stumbling teen again. I knew I couldn’t let you walk away.”

“But yet you never made a move,” Sadie teased. “I’d been wondering if it was all in my head.”

“You didn’t make one either.”

“You had a huge rock on your finger, and your face went all soft and bright when you mentioned your husband,” Sadie chuckled. “I would’ve been all up on you if I’d known it would be okay, but I prefer how things played out. It was nothing short of perfect.”

“I swear I almost died on the spot when I walked out of the restroom and saw you sitting there. Hendrix had been teasing

me just the day before about not telling you I liked you.”

“I knew there was a reason I liked him,” Sadie said. “How did you guys meet?”

Novah gave Sadie a quick rundown about how she and Hendrix moved from coworkers to friends to lovers to life-mates.

“That’s a cute story,” she said once Novah was finished. She pushed herself up in bed, crossing one foot under the other. “How did you guys know polyamory was right for your relationship?”

Novah moved so she could rest her head on Sadie’s lap. “We knew that before a relationship was even on the table. We were hanging out one night, drinking some beer, and having the deepest conversations about life when it turned to if monogamy was really the only space where true, healthy, and respectful relationships could thrive. I expected him to give me the answer most men usually gave whenever that conversation came up. The answer where it was obvious that they fetishized the idea of physically being with other partners but didn’t give jack shit about the emotional intimacy aspects of a relationship before explaining why their woman wouldn’t be allowed to have multiple partners.”

Sadie rubbed Novah’s stomach then massaged her breasts before she settled on playing with Novah’s nipple rings. Novah closed her eyes, savoring the sensations for a few seconds before she turned her attention back to the conversation at hand. “I remember him asking me if I thought love was a limited resource so that the love you had for another person had to diminish to love another. That was the deepest conversation I’d ever had, and we weren’t even high. We pitched ideas back and forth for hours. I believe we had the conversation a few more times, and when we finally started dating, I asked him if he was willing to try opening our relationship for a little while to see if we felt the same in practice as we did theoretically. We did. And here we are.”

Sadie leaned over and kissed Novah. She sighed into the kiss, feeling her pussy immediately rouse to life.

“Here is different, though, isn’t it?” Sadie asked when she finally pulled away. “You guys never had this dynamic before.”

Novah thought about it. She was right. They’d never dated the same person. She wasn’t sure if it was by design or if they’d just never met someone they were both interested in before. She pushed herself up in bed so she could pull Sadie into her arms. She brought her forehead to hers and brushed her lips lightly across her mouth.

“You’re right,” she admitted. “We’ve never been here before, but it feels like it’s right where we belong.”

Sadie’s eyes shone with joy as she kissed Novah again, more thoroughly this time. “I completely agree.”

Hendrix loved his morning runs because they gave him a good time to listen to his favorite playlists and be alone with his thoughts. He awoke tired as hell after all the energy he expended the night before, wanting nothing more than to cuddle back into the women in his bed. He, Novah, and Sadie fell asleep what seemed like a mere two hours before, and that was probably the case. He crawled out of bed, careful to not wake either of them, his eyes always returning where his wife and the woman he knew was about to shake the fuck up out of their lives were snuggled together. They looked so peaceful he considered crawling back into bed and cuddling into their warmth for a brief second, but he forced himself out the house because he wanted the time to think.

He ran a little bit longer than he usually did as he tried to make sense of everything that had happened over the last twelve hours. If anybody, even someone he trusted with his life, had told him that things would have turned out like *this* when he messaged Sadie on the dating app, he'd have laughed himself all the way to the bar for a drink. It wasn't even that the night before was the singularly most dynamic and all-consuming fuck of his life — something he couldn't dwell on *too* hard as he jogged because he couldn't run with a hard-on. It was that he liked her. He'd come to look forward to her messages as he went about the day, her funny little stories about what she was up to, and the never-ending list of random useless facts she could sprout at a moment's notice. He'd been excited as hell to see what dating her would be like, and that was why he even bothered to ask Novah to come along when

she asked for proof he was being truthful about their marriage. He remembered the way Novah's face lit up whenever she would tell him about Sadie. His wife was usually a little bit more reserved with her feelings, so it came as no surprise that she hadn't made the first move, or any move, really. He'd chalked it up to how much she liked the woman that she would rather pine than risk rejection. The way she was ready to bolt out the restaurant rather than give Sadie an honest answer as to why she never told her that she was in a polyamorous relationship and therefore able to be pursued just confirmed what he thought. He'd always known he and Novah were compatible as hell, but he'd never thought they'd be *attracted to the same woman* type of compatible. Yet, here they were. His body wanted as many repeats of the night before as it could possibly withstand, but Hendrix knew he wanted more than that. He didn't know exactly where things would end up, but he wanted to date Sadie, both on her own *and* with Novah.

He jogged by the closest restaurant and ordered some breakfast burritos, settled in his mind that he knew what he wanted. The ball would now be in both women's courts as to how they would move forward.

He found them still cuddled in bed when he returned, staring intensely at the iPad Novah was holding. He crawled into bed, planting quick kisses on Novah's forehead and Sadie's cheek, and crawled back off before Novah could curse him for putting his sweaty ass on her sheets.

"What are you guys doing?"

"Sadie is showing me a Pinterest hack that should help me source paintings for my latest project," Novah said, casting a look at Sadie that had Hendrix shaking his head with a small smile. He recognized that look from the really early stages of their relationship when Novah was so full of attraction, adoration, and nervous energy she didn't know what to do with herself. He couldn't wait to point it out to her and see her try to deny the hell out of it.

"I bought us some breakfast burritos," he said, stripping off his jogging outfit as he made his way toward the shower. "I have them warming on low in the oven."

He tossed a look over his shoulder and found both Novah and Sadie paying keener attention to his ass than they did to the iPad.

“Y’all wanna conserve water with me?” he asked with a smile. His dick twitched, and Hendrix caught himself laughing. Of course, his dick thought that was a good plan. Novah, Sadie, and his dick seemed to have the same idea since they both slid out of bed and followed him to the shower that thankfully fit three people just right. It was a long time before they all emerged from the shower shivering, satiated, and settled in the knowledge that one night wasn’t going to be enough.

“I leave you alone for two days, and you pick up a couple?”

Lana sat back on the couch and laughed incredulously. “Girl, what do you eat in the morning? Cause I don’t understand why your life always feels like it’s coming straight out of a movie.”

Sadie smiled slyly. “I mean...I can tell you what I ate *this* morning.”

“No, you *can-fucking-not*,” Lana said, reaching for her glass of wine, but she was smiling. “What are the odds, though? I’ve heard you speak so much about Novah and Hendrix over the last few weeks, but for them to be Novah *and* Hendrix? That’s wild.”

“Imagine how *I* felt,” Sadie said. “I’m still waiting for myself to wake up.”

Lana reached out and pinched her...*hard*. Sadie yelped and glared at her best friend. “Really?”

“Well,” Lana grinned. “At least now you know you’re not sleeping. What are you going to do?”

Sadie shrugged. “There’s not much I can do. I’ve already laid my cards on the table. They’re going to have to decide how to navigate being with the same person. That is if they even want to. I’ve got a good read on Novah, but I can’t quite tell what Hendrix is thinking. I get the feeling if it came down to choosing between them, he’d just excuse himself from the scenario.”



“That kinda loyalty is hot.”

“You don’t even know,” Sadie said with a sigh. “They are so cute with each other.”

She thought back to when Hendrix finally got dressed for work nearly an hour after they shared breakfast burritos around the kitchen counter. She was already swooning at how damn sexy he looked in his navy blue suit when her heart started doing soft, tender things as she watched him say goodbye to Novah in the foyer. There were lots of light kisses, forehead presses, and declarations of love as if he was going off to battle instead of downtown to his nine-to-five job that he was already nearly three and a half hours late to by that point.

He kissed Novah one last time before crossing the distance to Sadie and pulling her into a tight hug, brushing his lips lightly over hers before asking, “Will I see you when I get home?”

She wanted to say no, wanted to tell him that she’d already overstayed her welcome, but she couldn’t make her mouth form the words, so she nodded instead.

That was how she ended up spending the day with Novah dressed in nothing but one of Hendrix’s largest T-shirts. She’d half-expected that she and Novah would spend the entire day continuing to explore each other’s bodies, but they didn’t. They talked. A lot. Novah told her about being an only child, passing her time by disappearing into books and following her mother everywhere. Sadie lamented about being the younger sister of three overprotective brothers who’d often felt like they were stifling her when she was growing up. She shared about when she came out as bisexual to her family when she was fifteen. She was terrified as hell of their response, but before anyone could say anything, her oldest brother, Jacob, threw up his hands in exasperation and said, “Really, Sadie? It’s hard enough trying to scare guys out of dating you. You mean we’re going to have to take it up with girls too? Do you know how much work it’s going to be to threaten the entire school?”

Her anxiety disappeared immediately when a few things clicked into place.

“Wait, are you guys the reason why nobody ever asks me out?” she’d yelled. Suddenly, her parents were too preoccupied with controlling four screaming teenagers to make a big deal about her sexuality. It never really came up again, either, except for her father expressly banning her brothers from trying to intimidate any guy or girl Sadie brought home. Novah laughed until she choked on the cookies they ended up baking early that afternoon when she told her that her brothers continued their sabotage of her romantic life until they left for college. She kissed away the powdered sugar from Novah’s lips, and then they spent the rest of the day lounging around, sharing more stories and virtually shopping for items to fit the space Novah was working on.

Novah eventually brought out her camera and had Sadie pose for a few black and white shots. They were still taking photos when Hendrix returned home. Novah was excited as hell, directing him to remove his tie and unbutton his shirt before asking him to sit on the couch with his legs spread wide. Sadie barely pulled her gaze from his powerful thighs to follow Novah’s instructions to stand between his legs. Hendrix cupped and squeezed her ass under the long T-shirt and brought his lips to hers before Novah could direct them to kiss. She sank into his lips like she’d been waiting to kiss him all day. And perhaps she had.

They had another distracting shower before Sadie put back on the now-clean clothes she’d worn the night before, and they went in search of a quick light meal. They settled on Nando’s, which Sadie suggested they take back to her apartment. She wasn’t even sure why she suggested that other than wanting to see them both in her space. Sometime after dinner, they ended up on the couch watching a movie. Sadie wasn’t sure when she slid onto Hendrix’s lap like it was the most natural thing in the world, but she grinned when Novah pulled out her phone. Hendrix had the longest arms, so he took the selfie as Novah cuddled into his side. Her heart stopped at just how cute the photo looked, but soon, the photo and the movie were forgotten as they became a mass of lips and limbs and loving.

Her queen-size bed was a much smaller fit than their king-size bed, and perhaps that's why they cuddled so closely together that night.

She'd missed them as soon as she kissed them goodbye the next morning, and that was when she realized how badly she hoped things would work out. She was already halfway gone.

Sadie pulled out her phone and showed Lana the selfie Hendrix had taken.

She watched as Lana's face went soft. "Damn, y'all are cute together for real. Look at those smiles, look at that glow. You almost make me want to find my own couple too."

Sadie couldn't help but laugh when Lana continued, "God knows I wouldn't know what to do with two lovers even if they came with an instruction manual, though. But you? I think you'll manage just fine."

She tried to pull her body away from Hendrix's thrusts, unable to handle the sweet pressure coiling deep in her belly. He wouldn't let up, though...no matter how hard she screamed, grunted, and tried to crawl her ass up the bed.

Hendrix chuckled, smacking her lightly on her ass before wrapping her hair up in his hand so he could yank her back a little. "Stop running from the dick, Novi-cat. You're more gangsta than that."

"More gangsta than that, my ass," Novah muttered and then yelped when he hit her with another deep stroke. He murmured something about her needing to be taking that aggression out on his dick before he leaned over her and pressed them both into the bed. Novah sank her teeth into the pillow, trying to suppress her guttural cries as Hendrix bit her on the soft flesh of her shoulder and earlobe as he continued pounding into her.

"Now you can't run," he whispered in her ear. "You just have to take it."

Her pussy clenched hard around his dick as her nipples tightened at his words. She stopped trying to fight the pleasure pooling in her bloodstream, closed her eyes, and let the inescapable force of her orgasm start ripping its way through her body. She was doing a good job of keeping herself under control until Hendrix pressed his lips against her ear and whispered, "Imagine if instead of pressing your face into that pillow, you were pressing it into Sadie's pussy?"

Novah fell all the way apart then.



HENDRIX WOULDN'T WIPE THE SMUG LOOK OFF HIS FACE.

Novah chuckled. He'd earned that shit. He planted a kiss on her cheek before going back to the monstrosity of a puzzle he was working on.

"I bet they had to put out a flood warning for how hard you came when I mentioned Sadie's name," he said in a deadpan voice. "Some poor soul in Virginia is currently wondering why they never took out flood insurance."

She made a face. "Will you stop? I'm about five seconds from going to find something else to do other than stare at these two thousand puzzle pieces."

She started to get up to prove her point, but Hendrix just pulled her back down and nuzzled her neck. "You're always looking for an excuse to skip out on our puzzle dates."

Novah threw her head back and allowed her laughter to bounce off the walls like the soft glow of the afternoon sun. "I love you to death, but you know I hate these damn puzzles. I only humor you because it makes you so happy."

"Uh-uh, Novi-cat," Hendrix teased. "You humor me because you want me to show up to couples yoga with you."

Novah laughed. "Not you having me all figured out! Just know I'm filing for a divorce if you buy that ten thousand-piece puzzle I see lurking in your Amazon cart."

"Stop with your idle threats and come help me make some progress."

Novah grumbled — just a little — before resuming her seat and settling in to help Hendrix complete what was meant to be a cityscape of Manhattan. They never had huge conversations during the puzzles, but she did love to watch him chewing on the insides of his lips as he concentrated on trying to fit the pieces together. *So damn cute.* They worked in

silence for a while before an interesting thought popped into Novah's mind. She turned a puzzle piece between her fingers, glancing at Hendrix as she asked, "You think Sadie likes puzzles?"

He was slow to respond, more focused on finding the place for the piece he held in his hand. She was peering over at the formation of a yellow cab when Hendrix's deep chuckle tickled her spine.

"Just say you want to talk to Sadie and go," he teased. "Better yet, go ahead and Facetime her so we can ask."

Heat rushed through Novah, making her face hot at the thought of hearing the sweet dulcet tones of Sadie's voice. They spoke on and off via text throughout the day, Sadie keeping her up to date on the progress she was making on a painting where the deadline got pushed up. The messages were a welcome distraction from the struggles she was having to source the perfect antique mirror for a space she was working on. She smiled even now when she thought of the vastly different pieces of advice Sadie and Hendrix had offered.

"Create a list of antique shops within a three-hour radius, and I'll take the day off tomorrow to help you search," Hendrix had suggested.

"Run yourself a bath, pour a glass of wine, relax and take your mind off it for a while. The right mirror will find you when you aren't stressing about it."

Sadie sent her message with a winking emoji, followed by a nude that certainly took Novah's mind off things for a while.

The butterflies fluttering in Novah's stomach over the last couple days made her giddy in ways she could never have imagined. But then again, she never could have imagined *this*. She'd barely scratched Sadie's surface, and she couldn't wait to see the beauty that lay at her core. She wanted to pull back every layer. She wanted to experience her highs and her lows; wanted to pull laughter from those beautiful lips and soothe away her tears. She wanted to know her hopes, dreams, and fears. She wanted to know her innermost thoughts. She wanted to see the version of Sadie that existed when she didn't know

anyone was looking. She wanted to experience it *all*. But that was expected, wasn't it? Didn't everybody feel like that when they were lucky enough to stumble across someone who ignited something special deep inside? She'd experienced the ethereal, heady giddiness the first moment she'd realized her feelings for Hendrix had changed from friendly into something that had the potential to be so much more. The years hadn't dulled the feeling, but it went through a chemical shift so that Novah no longer felt like she was holding unstable atoms in the palms of her hands. She welcomed the new exciting feelings that came with this stage of what she hoped was the blossoming of something beautiful between her and Sadie, between Sadie and Hendrix, and between the three of them. The feelings that hit her like an avalanche as she watched Hendrix fall under the spell Sadie seemed to wrap so effortlessly around them were another story altogether. There was something supremely intoxicating about watching his eyes light up with interest and with lust. It was such a delicious whirlwind, and Novah couldn't wait to see where things went.

“You're really down bad, huh? I mention Sadie's name once, and you zone the hell out. We going to call her or not?”

Hendrix's soft laughter broke through Novah's thoughts.

“You're one to talk,” Novah laughed. “You should see your dopey ass face when you look at her.”

“No need to be mean.” Hendrix grabbed her hand, pulled her gently from her chair, and settled her on his lap. “You love this dopey face.”

Novah leaned forward and kissed him. “More than anything.”

She kissed him again, lingering in the familiar yet electric feel of his lips moving over hers, tongue caressing the inside of her mouth and his fingers digging into her thighs. She pulled away reluctantly. “Remember just before we brought Sadie home...”

Hendrix chuckled. “You mean just before Sadie brought us home.”

Novah took a few seconds to consider what he was implying and found herself nodding in agreement. She couldn't run from the fact that Sadie had walked into their meeting, shaken shit up, and left them like putty in the palms of her dainty hands, which managed to fit perfectly in both Novah's and Hendrix's. "*That* she did. You remember how I said that a night between us seemed kinda inevitable?"

Hendrix nodded.

"Don't you think *all of this* seems kind of inevitable?"

"You tell me."

Novah leaned forward and picked up one of the puzzle pieces strewn on the table before she brought her body back so she could rest her head against Hendrix's shoulders. "She fits just like this puzzle piece. I don't even truly know what that means for anything, other than the fact she feels like she's meant to be here."

She rested her hand on the left side of Hendrix's chest where she imagined his heart was, smiling when she noticed the way it thumped rapidly against her palm.

"I took one look at her, another at you looking at her, and then saw how she looked at us and knew she was about to fuck up our lives...but in the best way possible."

Novah chuckled nervously at the thought of the beautiful life she and Hendrix built being fucked up in any way at all. "I hope you're right."

Hendrix's lips curved into the widest smile while his eyes shone bright with diamonds of anticipation. "I know I am."

Nerves, excitement, longing, and lust pummeled into Novah so hard she had to pause to take a breath before she said, "I think it's time we found out."



*Six Months Later*

**W**hat did falling in love look like?

Sadie never gave the question much thought. She never had a reason to. But that thought had stayed at the forefront of her mind during these last six months.

She still remembered the night Novah and Hendrix showed up at her apartment like it was yesterday. Novah wore a black dress that hugged her curves in ways that made Sadie's mouth water, while Hendrix wore a black suit with a skinny burgundy tie she wanted wrap her hands around and pull him in for a kiss. So, she did just that, savoring the sweet pressure of his lips against hers until she got her fill. Then she offered her mouth to Novah, who claimed it eagerly and greedily. She pulled away, chest heaving, pussy throbbing, surrounded by the intoxicating scent of them both — Hendrix's spicy earthiness, Novah's soft sweetness.

She raked her gaze over them, instantly self-conscious about her ratty shorts and oversized paint-dappled shirt as she stepped aside for them to enter her space.

“Do you like puzzles?”

“We've come to take you out on a date.”

Hendrix and Novah spoke at the same time, laughing together at the baffled look on Sadie's face. They chose to completely disregard the puzzle question and focused instead on explaining that they had dinner reservations at Caribbean

Fusion booked for the next hour and that they wanted her to come.

She didn't need to be told twice. Sadie parked them on her couch with a bottle of wine before heading to her bedroom to begin the process of getting ready in a quarter of the time she was used to. She settled on pulling her hair back into a bun, a backless burgundy dress, black heels, and a glossy brown lipstick she couldn't wait for Hendrix or Novah to kiss off. She topped off the look with gold accessories and was happy when Novah's and Hendrix's appreciative gazes made her skin flush and nipples tight.

She didn't remember much about that dinner other than the start when they laid all their cards on the table, telling her how they wanted to see how things between them could grow. The force of the relief sliding down her spine would have been hilarious, except it drove home just how worried she'd been that they would have been satisfied enough with that explosive night between them that they didn't want more. Her heart warmed, knowing they weren't asking for just sex, either. They wanted to see — truly see — what could grow out of a spilled chai tea latte and a swipe to the right while cuddled in bed one night. Sadie spent the rest of dinner filled with hot anticipation in the pit of her stomach of finally making it back to their bed, her bed, or *anywhere* where they could become a tangled mass of limbs and pleasure.

They ended up back at Novah's and Hendrix's place, barely crossing the threshold before they were devouring each other. Sadie burned at the altar of their lust, and every keening cry pulled from her throat as they worshiped her body was a prayer that they'd never tire of this. When she awoke sandwiched between them in the morning, Sadie briefly wondered if *this* was what falling in love looked like.

She let the thought fade away as quickly as it came, deciding it was too soon for her to be sure.

She had six months' worth of knowing *exactly* what falling in love looked like now.

It looked like late nights of eating takeout right from the containers and drinking wine straight from the bottle, pressed up against Hendrix while Novah lay on her lap.

It looked like date nights filled with laughter and affection, ignoring the curious glances of people who couldn't figure out what to make of their relationship with each other.

It looked like an impromptu road trip to nowhere, filled with debates about music and fast food stops and littered with talks about what a perfect vacation would look like. They all agreed on that, at least; sun, sea, sex, and sangrias. They drove until they felt like stopping, ending up checking into a random motel where they likely kept the other guests up all night with the sounds of their lovemaking.

Falling in love looked like Hendrix and Novah converting the room Novah used as an office into an art room, so Sadie didn't have to make the trek over to her apartment when she wanted to paint. She'd cried for a full ten minutes when she realized the office renovations they told her had been going on were an elaborate ruse to surprise her. She loved painting in the room in the midmorning when the lighting was the best, even managing to convince Hendrix and Novah to pose on the navy blue chaise tucked into the corner so she could sketch them on a few occasions. Novah claimed the chaise helped pull together the color scheme she'd decided on for the room, but Hendrix and Sadie maintained she had ulterior motives. The fact that Novah always managed to wander into the art room from the office she'd set up in the spare room across the hall at least once every morning and end up sprawled out on that chaise with Sadie's face between her legs bolstered the shit out of Sadie's and Hendrix's suspicions.

Falling in love looked like Sadie waking up and catching Hendrix staring at her and Novah like they were made up of all the stardust in the Universe and feeling something shift so deeply in her chest that she knew she had fallen in love.

She was wrong, though.

It was *the period thing* that did her in.

It only took about three months for them to take notice of an unusual pattern Sadie had hoped neither Novah nor Hendrix would catch onto. The night after that dinner where they decided to give a relationship a try, Sadie returned to Hendrix's and Novah's house and spent every night there after that — except for four nights each month when she'd give an excuse to disappear back to her apartment and be distant as hell before popping back in again.

“Just checking to make sure you remember you don't have to hide dating other people,” Hendrix said during dinner the first night she returned after spending the four previous nights at her apartment. His voice was casual, but Sadie heard the slight bite to the words. She knew how much Hendrix and Novah valued communication, so it wouldn't be the idea of her dating someone else that would upset them. It would be what they perceived as her decision to hide it. Lana popped into her mind with an *I told you so* expression firmly on her face. She'd advised Sadie weeks ago that it was best she just opened up to Novah and Hendrix about *the period thing* because trying to hide it wasn't a logical or long-term solution. But how did she explain to Lana that she was afraid of appearing less than perfect in the eyes of the two people whose opinions had started to mean everything to her? She couldn't. So, she didn't try. She made some sort of evasive comment and steered the conversation elsewhere.

Sadie took a deep breath before turning to Hendrix and Novah and explaining what she and Lana dubbed *the period thing* since it was a lot less of a mouthful than premenstrual dysphoric disorder, the condition that turned Sadie's life upside down during the week before her period and up to a day after it started. She was usually able to handle the anxiety and push the sadness away for the first few days of that week, but two days before her period began, everything crumbled around her much in the same way Cinderella's spell disappeared when the clock struck midnight. It became so hard to fight the dark clouds that appeared over her head, destined to smother her, that Sadie learned to stop fighting. She and her therapist worked through coping strategies and action plans for if things got too overwhelming, but Sadie usually spent those

days moping and crying in bed, losing herself in books or movies until the feelings passed. Then just as her emotions settled, she would be hit by the body-contorting, painkiller-resistant cramps that signaled the actual start of her period, which always left her curled up in bed with a hot water bottle, cold sweat, and misery.

Hendrix and Novah listened to her explain the condition before fixing curious gazes on her. Novah was the one who spoke first, shaking her head with disbelief deep in her brown eyes. “That makes you self-conscious, lovely? You were here for the Chipotle incident! How could we be shy with each other after Hendrix basically almost declared this house more toxic than Chernobyl?”

Suddenly, Sadie was laughing until she couldn’t breathe, rising from the table to plant a kiss on Hendrix’s forehead when he muttered, “Novi-cat loves playing lowball, but I’ll allow it because it made you smile.”

Sadie didn’t think about it much after that until her next period rolled around. Hendrix took a personal day off, and Novah blocked off her calendar so they could snuggle right up in bed with her, watching all the movies it took to distract her and holding her when the feelings became too much and leaked from her eyes. When the cramps started, they were ready with backrubs, hot water bottles, and the ice cream Hendrix seemed to believe was a cure for everything.

Sadie’s heart expanded so large in her chest that it ached when she realized that she was in love with Novah, with Hendrix, and with Novah *and* Hendrix.

She knew what falling in love looked like. It was the most stunning art in the world, painted with bright strokes of tender affection, respect, laughter, and beautiful memories. But it paled in comparison to what love *felt* like.

Now that?

That was the most priceless treasure of them all.

Her phone's ringtone pulled Novah away from the sight in front of her. She considered not answering, but she knew her mother would continue calling until she answered.

"Yes, Ruthie," she said with a grin. "How may I assist you?"

"Don't 'Yes, Ruthie' me," Ruthlyn Scholar responded, sucking her teeth. "You aren't too old for me to whoop your ass."

Novah rolled her eyes. Her mother wasn't whooping her ass when she was young and wild, so she wasn't sure where those idle threats were coming from.

"How can I help you, my dearest mother?" she said cheekily.

"I just wanted to know if you think Sadie would be willing to donate one of her paintings to an auction the community center is having."

"I'm sure she'd be okay with it. Why didn't you ask her?"

"I sent her a text about an hour ago," Ruthlyn responded. Novah could hear pots and pans banging in the background. She wondered what her mother was up to. "She hasn't responded yet. I guess she's busy."

"Uh-huh," Novah said. Her eyes locked on Sadie, who was indeed busy riding Hendrix reverse cowgirl style while he played with her nipples and tried to keep his groans under his

breath. “She’s a little bit occupied, but I’ll make sure she gets the message.”

“Thanks, dear. I love you. Give Sadie my love. And Hendrix too.”

Novah couldn’t help but laugh. “You’re one left turn away from kicking Hendrix to the curb.”

Her mother had taken an instant liking to Sadie when she traveled to New York with Novah and Hendrix for Thanksgiving dinner. Novah introduced her to Ruthlyn and the rest of the family as her and Hendrix’s girlfriend and dared anyone to say anything about it. She’d learned long ago that there was no benefit to be gained in trying to water herself down to be more palatable to people, so she didn’t. Novah noticed a few glances exchanged between some family members and knew she was about to be a topic in the group chat yet again, but she didn’t mind. Her mother was busy taking Sadie to the kitchen, where Novah knew she was going to grill her about every second of her life up until now, and Hendrix sauntered off to the living room where a few people played dominoes.

They got through to dessert before her Aunt Cheryl, emboldened by one too many glasses of rum, made a snide comment about Hendrix and Novah disrespecting the sanctity of their marriage by parading around the woman warming their bed.

Novah didn’t get a chance to jump down her aunt’s throat. Ruthlyn, as always, was there first.

“She’s their partner, Cheryl, keep up,” Ruthlyn drawled. “If you want to be concerned about the sanctity of marriage, you should be concerned about the sanctity of the marriage of the man your daughter won’t stop spreading her legs for, even after his wife pulled off her wig down on Fordham Road.”

The entire table went quiet after that, including her cousin Portia who caught a stray bullet because her mother didn’t know how to keep her mouth shut.

Sadie and Ruthlyn were thick as thieves from then on, calling each other a few times a week, and Novah kept teasing Hendrix that Sadie was about to take his spot as favorite child-in-law. Ruthlyn always managed to sound scandalized whenever Novah suggested that to her.

“Don’t say that, Novah! I do *not* play favorites,” she said with a huff before Novah rushed her off the phone, telling her she had something she had to attend to.

She disconnected the call and turned her attention to Sadie. She could tell from the way her rhythm was faltering and how her eyes had become unfocused that she was close as hell to cumming. She crawled up the bed, straddling Hendrix’s thighs so she could press her body to Sadie’s as she dug her fingers into her hips, steadying her as Hendrix started thrusting up into her, propelling her to her orgasm. She came with the cutest mewling sounds in her throat, and her entire body started convulsing. Novah kissed the edges of her lips, holding her until the shaking stopped, and she was able to rise off Hendrix’s still-hard dick and slide down onto the bed with a contented sigh.

Novah pushed herself closer to Hendrix, holding onto his shoulders to stabilize herself as she sank down on that beautiful dick of his that her pussy loved so much. She rode him hard and fast, chasing relief from the built-up desire of watching him and Sadie enjoy each other.

It’d been six months, and she’d expected that their extremely potent need for each other would have dulled. It hadn’t. It was so much more now. She’d peeled back Sadie’s layers and found that she loved each one. Novah couldn’t find the words to explain the tenderness she felt whenever Sadie was nearby. Her heart craved her just as much as her body did, and Novah was in a constant state of awe that the Universe sent her exactly what she needed when she didn’t even know she wanted it. Novah moaned when Hendrix leaned forward and captured her lips in his, devouring her mouth even as Sadie pressed up behind her and started kissing her shoulder while she continued riding Hendrix to an earthshattering orgasm.



Her entire world erupted into colors when she came, her body shaking even harder when Hendrix followed behind her. If this wasn't perfection, Novah didn't know what was. She allowed her body to fall limply on the bed as both Sadie and Hendrix snuggled her into them.

Yes, this was perfection, and total and utter bliss.

A lot changed in six months.

Some of the changes were gradual, barely noticed as they were happening, but others were like lightning strikes.

Sadie was lightning.

But falling in love with her? That was gradual as fuck.

Watching the woman he loved with his entire heart fall in love with the woman his heart continued to make room for so that his love for both coexisted like it had already blossomed in his heart while each cell was being formed?

That was a blessing.

A blessing he never realized he wanted.

A blessing he never realized his soul craved.

The three of them slid into a routine so easily, Hendrix found it hard to remember a time when it didn't exist. It turned out that Sadie liked doing puzzles after all — something he and Novah still occasionally chuckled about. She was competitive as hell about it too, and he enjoyed that because it always challenged him to bring his A-game. Novah just enjoyed not having to pretend to be interested. She settled on hanging around nearby, happily reading away on her Kindle, checking every once in a while to see what progress they made. She was so unbothered about not having to help with puzzles that she went ahead and bought the ten thousand-piece puzzle she'd threatened to divorce him over.

Hendrix could relate to the elation Novah felt. He hadn't seen the inside of a couples yoga session in nearly six months, and he planned to do everything in his power to keep it that way. There was a tradeoff, of course. Sadie loved spoken word and attended a show almost every week, which she insisted they join her for. Novah and Hendrix found solidarity in just how much they hated it and how out of place they felt, but it made Sadie so damn happy that he sometimes looked forward to those nights. He loved watching the way her face lit up as she closed her eyes and nodded in agreement when an artist dropped a line she liked.

Their relationship was more than laughter, road trips, weekly dates, built-in hobby partners, and amazing sex. It wasn't effortless. Anything treasured needed to be nurtured, and nurturing took work — especially with three strong personalities that differed in as many ways as they complemented each other. It was hard managing emotions, expectations, and communication styles, but it was the most rewarding work. Hendrix wouldn't have it any other way. He took a sip of his cocktail, eyes turning to the entrance of the restaurant as if drawn there just as Novah and Sadie entered. He derived more pleasure than he should've from the way the eyes in Boqueria turned to them.

Hendrix thought returning to the restaurant where it all began was the perfect way to continue celebrating half a year together. They'd been celebrating for almost a full week so far. Novah had booked them into a spa for a throuple's massage the weekend before. The hot stone and Swedish massages, aromatherapy, manicure, and pedicure were relaxing as hell. It wasn't until they were home and putting dinner together that Sadie thought to ask Novah how she managed to stumble across a spa that offered a throuple's massage. Hendrix was curious, too, since he'd only ever seen couple's massages offered. Novah greeted their questions with a sly smile. "I didn't stumble across a spa offering throuple's massages. I stumbled across a spa whose facilities I liked and then threw money at them until they agreed to make the adjustments."

Novah's gift was relaxing, but Sadie's was not. Sadie's gift had Hendrix fighting for his life, even though he would deny

the shit out of it if anyone challenged him about it. He'd always had a lowkey aversion to needles, so the idea of a tattoo had him breaking out in cold sweat. But despite Sadie's concern and Novah deriving too much amusement from his poorly hidden fright, Hendrix thugged it out and got it done.

He, Sadie, and Novah now sported matching tattoos on their left ribcages of the infinity symbol encased in a triangle and the date they first met in elegant cursive writing under the triangle. He was in love with how the tattoos came out and the symbolism, so he guessed it was worth almost booking himself a one-way ticket to meeting his maker.

Novah and Sadie thought they'd already received his gifts; a watch Novah had been eyeing for a while and a necklace with a pendant in the shape of an easel that he knew Sadie would adore. They didn't know those gifts were just distractions. He couldn't wait to see their reactions when he told them he'd booked a weeklong trip to St. Lucia. He chose a luxury boutique hotel with their own private plunge pool and views of the Pitons. Sun, sea, sex, and sangrias was the plan for the entire week, and Hendrix couldn't wait to spend lazy days and passionate nights with his two favorite people in the world.

Novah greeted him with a light kiss, and Sadie sank down on his lap as the server brought the pitcher of Cava sangria he'd already ordered. Sadie grinned at him before turning to Novah and commenting in a faux whisper, "I think he is *really* happy to see us."

They ran a few jokes at his expense due to his overly excited dick and the instant erection that popped up once he saw them walking into the restaurant before Novah gestured to the sangria.

"What's with the interesting order? I figured you would buy our usual drinks when you said you'd order for us."

Hendrix smiled, pouring the drink into the wine glasses the server provided.

"This goes better with the theme."

“The theme?”

This was from Sadie. She stopped perusing the tapas menu so she could look at him.

“What theme?” Novah asked.

“The theme where I’ve booked us a seven-day trip to St. Lucia so we can work on that sun, sea, sex, and sangrias thing we said would make a perfect vacation. We leave this weekend.”

Novah and Sadie’s reactions were everything he expected and then some. Their delighted peals of laughter rang out as they excitedly asked for more details about the upcoming trip. Hendrix basked in the warmth of the happiness radiating off the women he loved, knowing he would gladly face down an army of needles to keep them happy.

“That was thoughtful,” Sadie mused with a small smile. She leaned in and kissed him. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Hendrix whispered.

“I love you three,” Novah giggled, raising her glass for a toast. Hendrix couldn’t wipe the smile off his face as he leaned over to kiss Novah.

There had been many changes in the last six months, and Hendrix was grateful as fuck for every single one.

The hotel boasted that it had the best view in St. Lucia, and although they weren't lying...they weren't exactly right, either. The Gros Piton and Petit Piton were gorgeous off in the distance, the majestic peaks soaring out of the sea with their lush greenness. The twin peaks were a reminder that although volcanoes brought with them disaster, many times they left behind beauty too. Yes, the beauty, the majesty, the wonder of the mountainous volcanic plugs couldn't be denied, but the best view in St. Lucia was Novah and Sadie standing naked on the balcony, admiring the sunset with glasses of champagne in their hands.

Hendrix lay in bed, enjoying the view through the wide-open French doors, trying to ignore the way his body stirred when Sadie offered Novah a sip from her champagne glass before leaning down and kissing her.

They'd arrived a few hours ago and spent some time relaxing after their flight before Sadie and Novah decided to take a dip in the plunge pool. Hendrix stayed behind to finish the book he'd started on the plane, but his body was encouraging him to go join them on the balcony. The golden rays of the setting sun bathed Novah and Sadie in an ethereal, sensuous glow that had Hendrix pushing himself up off the bed and tossing his boxers into the empty suitcase they'd agreed to use for dirty clothes.

*Goddesses.*

There was no other way to describe them, standing there with glowing brown skin and lush curves. They were

temptation and salvation rolled into one. They didn't notice him until he was already out on the balcony, Novah's face lighting up as she extricated her limbs from Sadie and padded over to him. She rose on the balls of her feet and kissed him. He could feel the fading bubbles of the champagne on her lips and taste the hints of something familiar as hell on her tongue that made his dick swell. It seemed like Sadie and Novah weren't just enjoying the pool while he read. His hands went to her ass, palming and squeezing, as he sank deeper into the kiss, enjoying the way her nipples hardened against his chest. She broke the kiss after she had her fill and then sauntered back to where Sadie was leaning against the balcony. Hendrix's eyes were glued to Novah's ass. He smiled when he caught Sadie watching him watch Novah with a smirk on her face. Sadie kissed him quickly when he was near enough before turning her attention back to the sunset and murmuring, "It's so beautiful here."

Hendrix had to agree, but as it stood...he didn't give a fuck about the sunset. Sadie and Novah were busy watching the view as he dropped to his knees, gently sinking his teeth into one of Sadie's ass cheeks. He chuckled at her yelp of surprise before moving to spread those cheeks and push his face into her wet and waiting pussy. Sadie grabbed onto the balcony's railing for support as he went to work, pleasuring her. He pleased her until her breathless cries rang out before shifting his attention to Novah. He lived for the taste of Sadie and Novah intermingling on his tongue. It always unleashed a wanting so primal that his entire body vibrated from it. Novah barely recovered from her orgasm before he was on his feet and guiding both women back to the king-size bed so he could properly enjoy them.

His dick was hard and throbbing, but Hendrix ignored the discomfort once he had both Sadie and Novah laid out on the bed. He trailed his lips over every inch of their skin, savoring and feasting on them. He ran his tongue down the valleys between their breasts and the hollows of their collarbones, dipped his tongue into their navels, and traced their pubic bones with his lips before landing his mouth right where it ached to be. He sucked on, licked, and nipped the plump

wetness of each of their sexes, sucking their clits into his mouth. He always spent a little extra time playing with Sadie's clit ring, much in the same way he liked toying with Novah's nipple rings. At the start, Hendrix used to try to be sure to shower Sadie's and Novah's bodies with equal amounts of attention, but he quickly realized that wasn't what wrung the most pleasure from them. He focused instead on giving their bodies what they asked for. So, when Sadie arched her back when he started sucking her nipple, he grazed his teeth over it while he twisted and tugged at the other until she tried to push his head away. When Novah moaned hard as he sucked her pussy, he stroked her with one...then two...then three fingers until she was gushing against his face.

He worshiped their bodies until they both begged him to stop. He brushed away their hands as they reached for his dick. Maybe later. Maybe tomorrow, even, but tonight Hendrix was too far gone. He needed to feel his dick sink into their welcoming warmth. He spread Novah's legs, tapping his dick against her pussy and rubbing his head along her slit as she jerked her hips, trying to get him to slip inside. Her moans were small whimpers that were cut off when Sadie positioned herself over Novah's mouth and sat on her face.

"Stop teasing her," Sadie grinned. "Give the woman what she wants."

Novah's hands tightened around Sadie's waist as he thrust into her pussy, gasping at just how much he needed to feel her clench around him. He fucked Novah with the pent-up passion he felt, leaning over so he could capture Sadie's mouth as he settled into a rhythm he knew Novah liked. He continued thrusting hard, keeping Novah's legs spread wide as he remembered that he needed to pace himself even though it was hard to while Sadie squeezed her breasts and tugged at her nipples as she rode Novah's face. He fucked Novah until her body collapsed on itself, and she pushed Sadie from her face so she could scream her way through the orgasm overtaking her body. What a beautiful sight that was. He pulled Sadie into his arms, claiming her mouth in a long, bruising kiss.



“How do you want it, Dee?” he growled against her lips, fingers delving into her pussy and finding her so fucking ready for him.

“It doesn’t matter,” she moaned. “Just as long as you cum in me.”

He closed his eyes and swallowed a curse when Sadie got on her knees and pushed her sexy little ass in the air. He slid into her in one long stroke, palming and squeezing her little peach as he used his other hand to keep her pressed into the bed. Her pussy gripped his dick like it never wanted to let him go.

*Just as long as you cum in me.*

Hendrix didn’t think that would be a hard task *at all*. He rocked his hips in circles, giving Sadie the rhythm he knew she preferred while Novah stroked her hair and kissed her temple, telling her how sexy she looked taking his dick. That got to him every time, but Hendrix bit down on his cheek and forced himself to ward off the nut wanting to break free as he continued hitting Sadie with strokes until her whimpers became moans, and those moans became screams as she started throwing her ass back on him. *Fuck*. If she kept it up like that, Hendrix would definitely get to the finish line before she did. He squeezed his eyes shut, lost to the feel of her pussy clenching him hard and the sounds of their flesh slapping together. He kept his eyes closed until he thought he was in better control but reopened them to see Novah leaning against the headboard, legs spread wide with three fingers deep in her pussy, and Sadie sucking on the fingers of her other hand. He lost it then, feeling his thigh muscles and ass clench as his orgasm began. He managed two hard strokes, but that was enough to send Sadie toppling over the edge with him as he filled her up exactly like she asked him to.

It took a few minutes before he was able to drag his depleted ass, still high on the pleasure from his orgasm, into a proper position on the bed so that Sadie and Novah could cuddle into him. He kissed Novah’s forehead and Sadie’s temple as he felt their breathing relax against him. Hendrix couldn’t stop the happy smile from spreading across his face.

He didn't know what the future held for them, but he knew they would go on each adventure, fight each battle, and conquer each mountain together.

*This was happiness.*

*This was contentment.*

*This was forever.*

*This was home.*

**\*\*\* THE END \*\*\***

## AFTERWORD

I had a lot of fun with Hendrix, Novah and Sadie. I hope you enjoyed them as much as I did!

If you liked this book, please think about rating it and/or leaving a review on Amazon and/or Goodreads and telling your friends about it. Word of mouth is so important for indie authors.

***Peace. Love. Light.***

Rilzy

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Rilzy Adams believes all you need is love. Or, at least it should. She may, or may not, be a huge Beatles fan. She spends too much time living in her head watching the romantic lives of her ‘imaginary friends’ play out and then being the chatty friend to tell the world about them. When she isn’t living in her head, she must show up to work every day and be a lawyer. She resides, with her two dogs, on an island in the middle of the Caribbean Sea, which is perfect for her sun addiction, love affair with Prosecco and sushi worship.

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