

A REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE



# FOUR FANTASIES

STEPHANIE BROTHER

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# Contents

## Reality

1. Lorraine
2. Lorraine
3. Lorraine
4. Leo
5. Darian
6. Lorraine
7. Leo
8. Lorraine
9. Leo
10. Lorraine
11. Dante
12. Lorraine

## Fantasy 1

13. Leo
14. Leo
15. Lorraine

## Fantasy 2

16. Lorraine
17. Troy
18. Lorraine

## Fantasy 3

19. Dante
20. Lorraine
21. Darian
22. Lorraine
23. Dante
24. Darian
25. Lorraine
26. Dante
27. Darian
28. Lorraine
29. Lorraine

#### Fantasy 4

30. Troy
31. Lorraine
32. Leo
33. Lorraine
34. Dante
35. Lorraine

#### New Reality

36. Darian
37. Lorraine
38. Lorraine
39. Lorraine
40. Lorraine
41. Leo
42. Lorraine
43. Lorraine
44. Dante
45. Troy

#### Epilogue

46. Lorraine - One month later
47. Dante
48. Troy
49. Leo - One year later
50. Darian

Also by Stephanie Brother

About the Author

Reality

## Lorraine

The carpet is red, the walls are red, and the waiter's leather pants are ... you guessed it — red. The deep crimson of a dry merlot, actually. Wine is typically my drink of choice, but tonight I opted for something stronger.

"I'll give him the tip when he comes back," Donna says as soon as the waiter walks off with our orders. "I'm going to stuff some dollar bills into his pants."

"He's a server, not a stripper," my sister, Brittany, says drily.

"He doesn't have a shirt on, and his pants leave nothing to the imagination," Brittany's longtime friend Erica says, her eyes tracking the man as he disappears into the growing crowd.

Brittany shakes her head and rolls her eyes for only me to see, but what was she expecting? I could have told her Donna and Erica would react this way. For the life of me, I can't figure out why Brittany brought us to Club Red. She works here, so you'd think she'd have her fill of the place, and I know she's not interested in the dancers. According to the posters on the walls, most of them look young enough to be our ... well, not quite our children, but close. Very close. Did she think I'd be interested in men who don't yet need to shave?

The night is in my honor, after all, not that I even want to be here. My divorce was final just three days ago. I'm officially a single woman, a category that feels wholly foreign, and Brittany thought I should celebrate.

Though I have my moments, for the most part, I don't feel like the end of my marriage is something to celebrate. But I've learned that it's much easier to just go along with whatever my older sister wants. She can be like a dog with a bone, and I'm not in the mood to be chewed to pieces.

"Here he comes! Here he comes!" Donna is flapping her hand excitedly, the paper money almost flying out of her grip. The ironic thing is that Donna is now the only one of us four who is married, and she's the most excited to be at this male revue club. I suppose that should tell you something about marriage.

"Donna, you're embarrassing us," Brittany says, grabbing the dollar bills from our friend's hand. "Besides, if anyone should sexually harass him with the tip money, it's Lorraine." She thrusts the money at me, and I take it, because, again, it's the easiest thing to do. It's not that I don't stand up to my sister, but I've learned to pick my battles.

"Here we are, ladies." The leather-pants-wearing waiter returns with a tray holding our drinks. Donna's eyes are wide as she studies his body, but my focus is on the colorful liquid in the glasses. "Which one of you had the Bump and Grind?" he asks, holding out a pale pinkish-orange drink.

I hold up a finger. "That's mine."

He hands me the drink and I take a sip as he distributes the rest of the order. All of the cocktails on their limited menu had silly names like Lap Dance, Dirty Fantasy, and Pop My Cherry. I chose the Bump and Grind because it had tequila in it, and I'm relieved to find that it's smooth and very tasty mixed with grapefruit juice and ginger.

"Can I bring you anything else right now?" the man asks. His eyes are so bright they're nearly a baby blue, and I can't help but picture him as someone's son. At thirty-four, I feel too old to be in a place like this.

"I think we're all set." I hand him the wad of folded bills, ignoring Donna's frown. I am not touching this man's bare skin. It occurs to me that even if he were ten years older, not a waiter, and we were alone, I'd still have no desire to touch



him. I'm not a "my ex-husband was the only man for me" kind of woman, so is it normal that I have zero desire for men?

Ex-husband. It hurts to think of Nick that way.

I don't miss him, and I'm no longer in love with him, but I can't help but feel like I've failed. We've failed.

"My god, that man is hot," Erica says, still watching the waiter as he delivers drinks to other tables. "Will he be performing in the show?"

Brittany shakes her head. "The servers aren't dancers, though some of them work out here while they wait for performance spots to open up."

After many years working as a cashier at the only grocery store on this island, my sister heard about Club Red coming to Four Points, and put in an application to work the front desk. She's been employed here since they first opened about four months ago, and she said there's talk about expanding her job role, which is great since her skills have been underutilized for years.

"Let's toast to Lorraine," Brittany says, holding up her glass. "To freedom, at last!" My sister never liked Nick, not from the very start.

"To freedom!" Donna echoes.

"To new beginnings," Erica says, clinking our glasses.

I don't feel like toasting or being toasted, but I am enjoying this drink. I don't need the drink, though. I'm not trying to escape any particular kind of feeling. Maybe I should be feeling relieved that the legal process is over, or sad that I'm alone for the first time since my very early adulthood, or lighter somehow maybe. I feel all of that, but I also hardly feel any of it.

I'm numb, I guess, and I don't know how I can still be numb after such a long, drawn-out divorce. Neither of us made things difficult, but the state required a lengthy separation before the divorce could go through. Maybe I was in denial early on, but I've processed things. I thought I was ready to move on.

“Lorraine, you are so much better off,” Donna says, really making me wonder about the state of her marriage. “You can do what you want, when you want. You’re your own woman.”

“She’s always been her own woman,” Brittany says. “Only now she’s not tied down to that asshole.”

Out of habit, I open my mouth to defend Nick, but then I close it again. They’re right. I’m free. He wasn’t a terrible husband, but he wasn’t a prize either. Then again, neither was I.

Brittany takes a long drink of her cocktail and sets it on the table with so much force that some of the liquid sloshes over the rim. “Men suck.”

Erica laughs. “Then why did we come to a club specifically to watch them?”

Brittany shrugs, like it wasn’t her idea. “Dating them, getting involved with them, expecting anything decent from them — all of that sucks. Doesn’t mean we can’t come and watch them dance around in their underwear.”

That gets a small smile from me, and Donna cracks up.

“You love them,” Donna tells Brittany. “You just like to pretend you don’t.”

My sister’s never been married, and she’s never been lucky in love. She dates, followed by long periods where she doesn’t want anything to do with men. Then she starts dating again, and the cycle repeats. She’s met a lot of losers, and I used to think that she might envy the fact that I was in a longtime marriage, even though she claimed not to like Nick. I thought I was the lucky one.

“Have you dated any of the performers?” Donna asks Brittany, who shakes her head.

“Not interested. I like my men older,” Brittany says. “Gives them half a chance to have some maturity.” She snorts at her own comment, like the maturity is still a long shot, no matter their age.

The lights dim and flash, and Donna squeals. “Ooh, it’s starting soon!”

I glance around and realize I hadn't been paying attention to the space around us, which is now packed tightly with women. And though I thought this place was meant for younger women, apparently I was wrong, because we are not the oldest here, not by far.

"I'm so excited!" Donna says, stating the obvious.

She's not the only one. A hush comes over the crowd when the lights go dark, but then the chanting starts. At first I think they're saying "Red, red, red," but then I realize it's "Men, men, men," which makes a lot more sense.

The cheering and hollering reaches a frenzied peak when the red stage curtains part and a man struts out. He's a cowboy, shown only in silhouette at first, but then the lighting shifts and his face is revealed.

He's attractive, in a standard sort of way. He doesn't do anything for me.

The man starts to dance, raising his hands behind his head, flexing his biceps and thrusting his hips, and he could be my tax accountant for all my body cares.

I'm nothing but numb.

## Lorraine

I take another gulp from my drink and observe the people around me. I'm definitely the odd woman out. Everyone is very into the show. Even Brittany has a gleam in her eye, though she'd probably deny it.

The music changes and different men come out, a new group dressed like construction workers. They have nice bodies, but it's as if I'm an anthropologist, observing a new society, trying to decipher the people's strange behavior. I should probably turn my focus inward and try to figure out why I'm so detached from it all.

More performances — pirates, football players, firemen. It's all a bit cheesy, but I'm apparently in the minority for thinking so. The waiter comes by and I order another drink while the other three women at my table keep their eyes glued to the stage.

I'm halfway through my refill when a surprisingly mellow love song fills the room. The curtain is drawn, but it soon parts to reveal a small table at the center of the stage. The crowd is relatively quiet until a murmur ripples through it. I notice heads turning and follow their gaze to see a man approaching the stage, weaving around tables at the side of the room.

He's tall and well built, as most all of the men tonight have been, but there's something different about the way he carries himself. Maybe it's the suit he's wearing.

Instead of going up on the stage, he turns at the front of the floor and heads toward the center. It's then that I realize there's

a second man coming from the other side of the room, and he appears to be a mirror image of the first. They meet in front of the stage and look out into the audience as hands start waving at them.

Stretching my neck to get a better look, I see that the men are identical twins. Individually, each man would be eye catching, but together, they are striking in their black tuxedos, the crisp white shirts beneath making their rich brown skin glow with warmth. They share the same short haircuts and have matching mustaches and closely-trimmed facial hair. Each of them are broad as can be, and I have the odd thought of wondering whether or not I could circle my arms around their upper bodies. Maybe I could stand on tiptoe and embrace their necks.

They're grinning as they scan the crowd. They point and nod and confer with each other as if they're trying to make a decision. Finally, they seem to settle on something, and together they stride toward one of the tables up front. My view is blocked for a moment, and when I next catch sight of them, they're leading a woman onto the stage. She's between them, each of her hands wrapping around one of their arms as they escort her.

I'll bet the fabric of their suits is soft to the touch while covering what is no doubt rock hard muscle underneath. The only skin showing is their faces and their hands, but you can just tell how fit they must be.

The men lead the audience member to the table. One gallantly holds the chair out for her as the other supports her arm as she sits. Their total focus is on her as one of them mimics pouring wine before the other entwines his arm with hers and they each pretend to drink.

A red and pink bouquet is produced from some unseen spot and presented to her. The men gaze adoringly at the woman as she smells the flowers and smiles like she's never been happier in her life. After they set the flowers on the table, they each take one of her hands and plant a tender kiss on the backs of them with coordinated timing.

A strange tingle dances down my back.

After the kisses, there's dancing, the two men taking turns spinning the woman around, dipping her, romancing her in the most beautiful way, all of their attention focused solely on her, rather than on the audience, unlike all of the performances that preceded this one.

A sofa is pushed out onto the stage, and the lighting changes. We're led to believe the two men have taken this lucky woman home.

They wrap a fluffy white robe around her and settle her onto the center cushion. As she — and everyone in the audience — watches them, the men remove their suit jackets to cheering, which they seem not to hear.

In unison, the twins roll up their sleeves, revealing forearms as thick and strong as I'd imagined. As the audience continues to go wild, one of the men positions himself behind the woman and begins to give her a back rub as the other man slips off her shoes and rubs her feet.

Complicated feelings swirl inside me. I can imagine myself in this woman's place. I want to be this woman and have these two gorgeous men give me all of their attention as they pamper me. My ex never did anything like this for me — not even the dinner and dancing part, not even when we were younger — and suddenly I feel cheated. I shouldn't have settled for what my husband had to offer.

A large, white, claw-footed bathtub appears on the stage, discreetly rolled out by a stagehand dressed in dark clothing. After the massage, the men lead the woman to the tub, where one of them mimes turning on the water and pouring in bubble bath. The other man unbuttons his shirt, and if I thought the crowd had been loud before, it's nothing compared to how they scream for him now.

I don't make a sound, but I notice my lips are parted, my heart is beating faster, and I probably don't blink as I watch the man undress. Beneath his dress shirt there's a thin, snug-fitting undershirt, the kind with no sleeves, and my god, the sight of

his muscular arms and chest is the best thing I've seen all night.

I'm suddenly no longer numb, and certain parts of me are feeling all sorts of things.

When the man is down to only his red boxers, I realize I'm holding my breath. I'm not a creative type, but I could probably write poetry about his thighs. Everything about his body is perfection, and I want to see all of it, but I know from the previous acts that the men don't strip all the way.

I imagine myself running up to the stage, waving a handful of bills, trying to persuade him to take it all off. I would touch this man — both of these men — and I wouldn't care who was watching. I want them to touch me.

The realization startles me to my senses, and as the other man removes the woman's robe — she's still fully dressed beneath — and helps her climb into the empty bathtub, I snap out of it.

How did I forget that these men are young, much too young for me, and that what they're presenting here is just a fantasy? I can't believe I was getting caught up in it.

Men aren't really like this. None of this is real.

Despite getting a grip on myself, I keep watching. The man who'd disrobed cuddles the woman in the tub, cradling her back against his chest, which I imagine is warm and would make anyone feel safe and protected.

The second twin disrobes and joins the couple in the imaginary bubble bath, and the fantasy shifts. This had been about being cared for, attended to, and pampered, but now my thoughts focus on the fact that there are two men in this scenario, both nearly naked. If this was real, presumably sex would follow. A threesome. What would it be like ... with two men? And especially ... with these two men?

I get that weird feeling you have when you're being watched, and pull my eyes away from the stage to find my sister staring at me. She's grinning a knowing grin, and I quickly look down, focusing on my drink, which had been abandoned on

the table. She knows how much I was enjoying what I was watching, and it's embarrassing.

Why did I get so caught up watching this performance, when all of the previous ones had done nothing for me? The men are ridiculously good looking, of course, but objectively, all of the men have been attractive.

Not like these two, though.

When I finally look at the stage again, the twins are working together, toweling off the woman after her "bath." One of them picks her up in his strong arms and carries her backstage, the other man following, and the curtain closes.

That act was so different from the others. So intimate. I felt like a voyeur, while at the same time wanting to be the woman in the performance. I understand now why so many women come to this club. It's deceptively easy to get caught up in the fantasy of it all.

There's a brief intermission where I take the opportunity to order another drink before excusing myself to go to the restroom. I don't need to go, but it's a convenient way to avoid a conversation about what I just saw on the stage.

I wonder if Brittany knows those men.

It doesn't matter; I won't be asking her. Besides, what would be the point? It's all make believe. I don't need to know who they are, and I can guarantee they're nothing like that off stage. That's not reality.

Not surprisingly, the line is long at the restroom, and the show has already resumed when I get back to our table. I can't help but scan the men on stage, and a little thrill zings through me when I spot the twins. I hadn't noticed them before the dinner/dancing/bath act, but I hadn't been paying much attention.

Now, I can hardly look away.

There are two other men on stage with them now — one with scruffy dark hair and a beard, and another with longish dirty blond hair and dark brows that give him a brooding look. And speaking of dirty ... the way all four of them are pumping



their hips to the beat of the music has my skin heating up again.

While the other three dance in the back, the dark-haired bearded man moves to front and center, where he squats up and down, thrusting and rolling his pelvis, circling his fist in the air, and holding the other arm out like he's taming a wild bronco, while he makes me sweat more than a heatwave in August.

The show has definitely awakened something in me that I thought was either dead or dormant. The men on stage are all younger than me, but I no longer care. I'll bet these men know how to please a woman.

And why should I worry about age when my husband certainly didn't? The woman he left me for is probably younger than any of the men performing here. I may as well enjoy the night.

Another mouthful of citrusy tequila slides down my throat, sweet even though my thoughts are bitter.

I have no need or desire for a man in real life, but I can enjoy watching the performers no matter their age. This club exists to sell women their fantasies, and afterward, we can all return to our boring, mostly unfulfilling lives.

It's all a tease. A temporary escape. A mental vacation.

Different men come out next, a team of doctors. The audience loves them, especially when their scrubs come off, but I find I'm not that interested until the twins come out again, and the two hot men who had been on stage with them.

Attraction is a strange and mysterious thing, and these four definitely do it for me.

The third time they come out, and after I'm halfway through another drink, I find myself cheering for them. Brittany gives me a look, but I don't care.

It's the four of them again, dressed in army fatigues this time, and I want to enlist. Scratch that. I want to be their drill sergeant and put them through their paces. I want them to put *me* through *my* paces.

Such dirty, dirty thoughts go through my mind when all four of them drop down to do pushups. I'm fanning the fabric at the top of my blouse when they pop up to do jumping jacks, their dog tags bouncing on their bare chests, their torsos all hard muscle, trained to perfection.

They march in formation toward the audience, then away, giving us all a stunning view of their broad backs and tight butts in their camouflage pants. As a unit, they turn back toward us, bend forward, grasp their pants and pull them off in one quick movement.

Until now, I'd had a hard time deciding where to look, with so many attention-worthy features among the four of them. Now, with them down to thin black boxers that fit like a second skin, I gape shamelessly at the bulges between their legs, which make me question reality. Are the size of their packages also part of the fantasy?

Their faces are handsome, their bodies are incredible, and now this. No real men are this perfect.

I raise my glass for another drink, lubricating my throat so I can scream encouragement at them.

"Take it off! Show me everything!"

## Lorraine

I'm trapped in a horror movie. Someone is chasing me with a chainsaw, and they're getting closer. I duck into a barn and hide behind hay bales, but the loud buzz grows louder still until it's the only thing I hear.

I wake up, my heart pounding, and the sound vibrating in my brain turns into a dull ache. My head drops back to the pillow, but then the noise resumes. I'm no longer dreaming, but I still hear the chainsaw.

Blinking my eyes open, I try to sort out what's real and what's lingering from sleep. The pain in my head is as real as anything, and the noise seems to be coming from the backyard. It's not a chainsaw, but it may as well be, because my skull feels like it might crack in two.

A few more blinks and a shuddering inhale, and I remember the landscapers. Nick had promised to take care of the yard, at least until the divorce was final, but he'd neglected it for months. At some point, I gave up on waiting for him to come over and realized I needed to do something about it myself, but I couldn't bring myself to care enough to make any calls.

Finally, a couple of weeks ago, a brief moment of motivation kicked in and I got a referral from a neighbor.

*Ugh.* I didn't expect them to be so loud.

I try to muffle the sound with my pillow, but my efforts are futile.

I need an aspirin, and maybe something to settle my stomach. The drinks at Club Red felt good going down, but they've turned into a queasy ball of regret low in my belly.

After visiting the bathroom, I head to the kitchen, wondering if crackers would be a good idea or a bad one. My stomach recoils at the mere thought of them, so I decide to wait. The noise from the landscapers is even louder in the main part of the house. There's a chorus of buzzing machinery now, a very discordant chorus. How big is the crew?

I part the vertical blinds that hang at my sliding glass door and peer out to the backyard, the harsh sunlight slicing a sharp pain into my head's dull ache.

Several dark figures are at work, visible only as fuzzy silhouettes through my squinting eyes. One is running a lawnmower; another is hacking at the weeds in the flower beds.

As the men come into focus, I rub the inner corners of my eyes. There is some kind of disconnect between my eyes and my brain, because I'm having flashbacks to last night.

The men in my yard look uncannily similar to the dancers from Club Red. *The* dancers. The ones I couldn't stop watching.

It's definitely some kind of illusion or delusion, but after blinking several times and pressing my face closer to the glass, the perception persists.

The man who's mowing and the one who's raking look exactly like the handsome twins from last night. They can't be.

I should call out to the men and ask them to take their shirts off so I can identify them. I studied them in detail last night, so I feel prepared to use the muscles in their upper bodies as evidence.

I'm laughing at my absurd thought and am not quick to notice that a third man is approaching my back door from the other side of the yard.

It's the dark-haired man who rode the wild bronco on stage last night, and he's heading right toward me, his eyes fixed on

mine.

I let the blinds fall back in place and freeze as he knocks on the glass. *Shit*. I got a glimpse of myself in the bathroom mirror a few minutes ago. I was apparently too wasted last night to bother taking off my makeup, and my shoulder length strawberry-blonde hair looks like birds have nested in it.

I am not in any shape to talk to anyone, especially not this man.

## Leo

The face at the window takes me by surprise, because the state of the yard made me think that the house was vacant. Either that, or it's owned by an older person who isn't capable of caring for their lawn, but the woman looking out doesn't seem very old.

She holds up a finger, indicating that I should wait, and it's at least a minute before she finally opens the door.

"Hi. Good morning," she says. Her voice is thick, her hair is tousled, and there's makeup smudged beneath her striking green eyes. Was she having sex? Is that why she looks so beautifully disheveled?

"Good morning. Are you Mrs. Martin?"

The woman pauses for a beat before nodding. "Lorraine."

"Lorraine. I'm Leo. Nice to meet you." I hold out my hand, but when she hesitates again, I realize my palm is grimy with dirt. "Oh, sorry," I say, pulling it back and wiping it on my pants.

"Do you ... need something?" she asks, adjusting the collar of the bulky, oversized sweater that hangs halfway to her knees. Her arm is wrapped around her middle, holding the sweater closed. Her bare legs are very shapely, but I pull my eyes away.

"The yard is, uh ... going to require more time than I anticipated." We maintain a few yards in this neighborhood of

upscale homes, and none have ever been as overgrown as this one.

“Yeah, sorry,” she says. “I know it’s a mess.” She holds eye contact for longer than is typical, and when she’s not staring at me, she’s looking past me to where the others are working. I sneak another full-length glance at her. Even though I can’t see what’s beneath her sweater, the skin that is exposed tells me she probably has a very impressive body. The sweater doesn’t completely hide her curves.

“We won’t be able to finish today, but we can come back later this week.”

She squints at me, still staring, and answers distractedly. “That’s fine.”

“Is everything okay?” I ask.

Her eyes drop to the floor before she again looks past me into the yard. “This is going to be a strange question,” she says when she looks at me again. “Do you, by any chance, perform at Club Red?”

I let out a breath and nod my head. “Yeah. I guess you’ve seen the show?”

“Just last night,” she says with a small laugh. “I thought I was imagining things.”

“No, you’re not imagining it. All of us were on stage last night.” I turn toward the yard, where my brother is trimming a hedge and Dante is starting a second pass with the mower, because the grass was too long to cut all at once. Darian must have hauled stuff out to the truck, because I don’t see him at the moment. “Would you like to meet everyone?” I ask her.

She looks down at her sweater before shaking her head. “Maybe later. I don’t want to disrupt your work.”

“Did you like the show?” I haven’t seen any disappointed women leaving Club Red, so I ask her this only to keep the conversation going. Trying to keep my eyes away from her legs, I notice how full and soft her lips are.

“It was good. Not my usual thing, but enjoyable.”

“It can be good to take a break from the usual,” I tell her.

She continues to look at me for another beat with an expression on her face that I can't read. When I flirt with women I get smiles, sometimes giggles depending on their age, and almost always some flirtation in return, but Lorraine's response is different.

“Would you like something to drink?” she asks, looking uneasy. I wonder if there's a man waiting for her in her bed.

“I'd love that, when we're done out here. We can work on the yard for another hour today.”

“Sounds good.” Her voice is softer now, and her dark lashes flutter as she gives me a nod.

Darian reappears just as the woman is sliding the door closed. “Someone's home?” he asks, raising a brow.

I nod, lifting a brow in return.

“What's that look?” he asks.

“Wait'll you see her.”



## Darian

Leo wasn't kidding. The woman of the house is smoking hot.

She brings out a tray holding pitchers of lemonade and water, and it's a very motherly gesture, but if she is a mom, she's solidly in the MILF category. Her eyes are sultry, even in the late morning sun, and the waves in her reddish-blond hair are begging to be tugged.

She's wearing casual black pants and a black shirt that dips down into a V, revealing the tantalizing swell of the tops of her tits, her skin all creamy and soft looking.

*Damn.*

"I have Cokes, too, if anyone wants one, or I could make coffee." She sets the tray on the table on the patio, where there's seating for six.

"Lemonade sounds great right now," Leo says, turning the grin on her that he reserves for women he's trying to impress. He's always a shameless flirt, but there are different levels to the charm he employs.

The rest of us indicate our water or lemonade preference, and the sexy woman pours drinks for each of us, giving us an even better view of her cleavage as she leans forward to pick up the pitchers.

"Guys, this is Lorraine Martin," Leo says, sounding smug about being the first to meet her.

My brother steps forward immediately. “Nice to meet you. I’m Dante.”

Troy nods at her from the other side of the table, but I take the opportunity to shake her hand and find out if her skin is as soft as it looks. It definitely is, and her grip is firmer than I expect, conveying more confidence than her eyes do. “Darian. Pleased to meet you.”

Not surprisingly, her eyes shift between my brother and me, searching for our differences, which are very subtle. Prior to working at Club Red, we had different haircuts, but our twin-ness was what got us the job, so we play up our identical looks these days.

“I might need name tags for you two,” Lorraine says.

“I’m the handsome one,” Dante says, the corners of his mouth turning up. He’s into her. No surprise there. We have the same taste in women.

Leo scoffs and shakes his head. He and Dante are too much alike when it comes to flirting. Troy and I take a different approach.

“Have a seat,” Lorraine says, gesturing to the chairs at the table. “If you don’t mind the dusty furniture. Sorry, the patio has been neglected along with the yard.”

“Not a problem,” Leo says, pulling out a chair and sitting down, his legs sprawling wide.

“Would you like something to eat?” Lorraine asks. “Fruit, or maybe a protein bar?”

“I’m good,” Dante says.

When the rest of us offer our thanks and refuse her offer, Lorraine sits down across from Leo, and Troy, Dante, and I claim our drinks and fill in the seats around them.

“Lorraine was at Club Red last night,” Leo tells us.

“And you recognized us this morning?” I ask her.

“You’re hard to miss,” she says, showing me her smile for the first time.

“I could say the same about you. You weren’t in the picture line after the show, were you?”

She shakes her head and ignores my compliment. “No. How long have you all been performing there?”

“About a month for my brother and me,” Dante says.

“And only a couple of weeks longer than that for Troy and me,” Leo says.

Lorraine studies the two of them. “Are you brothers too?”

“We are,” Leo says. “People don’t usually see it.”

“Your eyes are the same,” she says, still assessing them. “So you dance and do landscaping? Is it your own business?”

“We’re all partners,” Dante says. “The landscaping business is long term. Our night job provides money to invest in equipment, advertising, and eventually another truck.”

“We’re aiming to expand so it’s not just the four of us doing all of the labor,” I say.

“Sounds like you have big plans,” she says before taking a drink of her lemonade, her pretty throat moving as she swallows.

Dante responds with a single nod. He’s admiring her, just like I am.

“Which do you like better,” she asks. “Taking care of yards, or dancing in front of hundreds of screaming women?”

“Depends on who’s in the audience,” Leo says, lifting a brow, making his meaning clear with the way he looks at her.

She hasn’t shut down any of the flirtation, but she doesn’t respond either. I don’t see a ring on her finger, but that doesn’t mean she doesn’t have a boyfriend.

“You mentioned needing to come back to finish the yard work?” she says, her tone of voice signaling a change of subject.

“What day works best for you?” Leo changes his tone too, though he doesn’t stop sounding like he’s trying to pick her

up.

“I work from home most days, so my schedule is flexible,” she says.

“After we finish the cleanup, would you like to get on our schedule for regular service? Several people in your neighborhood have us come by weekly,” Leo says. There’s a reason he handles the majority of our sales work.

Lorraine’s hesitation is visible. In fact, she takes another sip of her drink and looks around at each of us, not quite meeting our eyes, before she finally says, “That’ll be fine. I’d like to have a few new things planted. Do you do that too?”

Leo makes the arrangements for our next visit, Troy joins the conversation with a couple of suggestions for new trees and shrubs, and then it’s time to go.

I’m already looking forward to seeing this woman on a weekly basis, if only for more glimpses of her impressive curves.

## Lorraine

It's been way too long since I've had sex. I kept it cool on the outside, but part of me wanted to hump the landscapers' legs like a dog in heat.

Of course, they're ridiculously good looking, so you can't really blame me, but they're so young, and I don't even know them, except for the fact that they apparently have a very good work ethic. And great dance moves.

Which circles me back to thinking how good they'd probably be in bed.

After they leave, I collect their glasses on the tray and carry them inside. The men offered to help me clean up, but I was already flustered and eager for them to leave before I made a fool of myself.

As I'm rinsing the glasses with purposely cold water to chill my libido, my phone trills with a call. Despite the aspirin I took earlier, which has helped my head, the ringtone sounds unusually shrill.

My sister's name is on the screen, and an irrational wave of guilt passes through me, as if I've been caught doing something I shouldn't.

"How're you feeling this morning?" she asks in lieu of her typical greeting.

"I'm all right."

“You must have really needed a night out, Rainy. You hit it pretty hard.” To her credit, she’s not teasing me.

“Yep. Thanks for driving me home.”

“Erica drove your car home. I wasn’t sure how much of last night you’d remember,” she says.

“Bits and pieces near the end,” I admit.

“Seems like you really enjoyed the show.” Now, the teasing starts. I’d been expecting it ever since she caught me watching those twins perform.

Before I can think better of it, I say, “Hey, you’re not going to believe what happened this morning.”

“What’s that?”

“Well, I woke up to the sound of a new landscaping company I’d forgotten I hired.”

Brittany makes a pained sound, and I can picture her grimacing in sympathy at the thought of the loud noises of lawn mowers and leaf blowers.

“The landscapers turned out to all be dancers from the club,” I say.

“What? Who were they?”

Assuming Club Red isn’t the type of employer that would care if their employees were moonlighting, or in this case daylighting, I tell Brittany their names. Even if having a second job is against the rules, I know she won’t get them in trouble.

“Leo, Troy, Dante, and Darian,” she repeats. “That’s quite a coincidence since they were your favorites in the show.”

“What? How do you –” I try to feign ignorance and innocence, but decide there’s no point. Even if I hadn’t been intoxicated, I probably couldn’t have hidden my reaction to those particular four men and their mostly-naked bodies.

They looked good this morning, too, even with work shirts and pants on, but I hope I hid my thoughts better while I was

talking to them. They were pretty cocky, and they don't need me feeding their egos.

"Did they water your lawn this morning?" she asks, making her words sound filthy.

"What?"

"Sorry. Lame attempt at innuendo. It's too early for me to come up with something more clever. Did you invite them in and ask for a private show?"

"Is that what *you* would have done?" Because I know very well that she wouldn't.

"I'm not the one who was salivating over them," she says.

"I wasn't salivating." And that's probably a lie. "I was a mess when I first saw them today. Messy hair, smeared makeup. They probably think I'm some wild old lady." I don't tell Brittany about the part where I showered, styled my hair, and put on fresh makeup before I went out with the drinks.

"Will they be coming back to clean your gutters?" She's returned to her raunchy jokes.

"They're landscapers, not handymen, and you really need to work on your innuendo."

"I know. You'd think I'd be better at it, working at a strip club," she says.

"They *are* coming back in a couple of days, because the yard was in really bad shape."

"Thanks to that asshole, Nick." No matter the time of day, Brittany never misses a chance to disparage him.

"The yard is my responsibility now. I should have called someone sooner."

"And who better to trim your bush than four hot strippers?"

"Oh my god, Brit. I can't. I'm hanging up."

## Leo

Lorraine Martin gets better looking every time I see her, and that's saying something, because she was pretty damn hot the first time she answered her door.

Today, she's wearing a sleeveless pink shirt and black shorts, and her body looks amazing. Trim waist, full hips, and a chest I want to bury my face in. It took her a minute to answer my knock on her back door, and her cheeks are flushed. Again, I get the idea that I've interrupted activities in the bedroom, but she ends up setting me straight, as if she could read my thoughts.

"Sorry, I was on my stationary bike," she says, tilting her head toward the unseen piece of exercise equipment somewhere inside the house.

"No problem. We're just getting started, but I wanted to check in and see if you had any requests."

She looks at me for a few seconds before responding, and I swear I see a dirty thought cross her mind. "No, nothing yet," she says. "You're still in cleanup mode, aren't you?"

"We are, but the worst is behind us. We can move ahead with planting whenever you're ready."

"Okay, I'll be out before you leave," she says.

"Sounds good." I let my eyes drag down the length of her before I head back to join the others, and it's a mistake, because the memory of what I see is a distraction the entire time I'm working. Her skin was glistening with a thin sheen of



sweat, and I wanted to lick it off of her, starting at her shoulder and going —

*Fuck!* My dick's getting hard while I rake up the weeds that Dante pulled.

There's just something about the woman.

And don't think I missed the way her thin shirt clung to the hollow under her breasts. I'd like to grab her by the waist and tug her against me and —

"Leo!" Troy calls me over for a question, and thank god, because if I let my thoughts keep running in the same direction, I'll have to go jerk off behind the trash cans on the side of the house.

I manage to stop being a perv long enough to finish my work, but the explicit thoughts return instantly when I spot Lorraine on the patio. She must have finished her workout, because she's wearing different clothes and her hair is damp and combed straight back away from her face. It seems intimate, seeing her post-shower, and my dick gives a little warning kick in my pants, which I ignore.

Drinks are already on the table, and now she's carrying out a tray with sandwiches and chips.

"You're our new favorite customer," Dante tells her, rushing over to take the tray out of her hands. "None of the others feed us."

"You didn't have to do this," Darian says, joining his twin.

"But it was very nice of you," I add. "Much appreciated."

Lorraine smiles, and I think about all of the things I'd like to do to her to make her smile more. And to make her laugh, and make her scream my name. My one-track mind is on a particularly narrow track today.

"Sit down and rest for a few minutes," she tells us. "I saw how hard you were working out here."

I wonder if she saw how hard I was a little while ago. I'd love to show her.

“Are you performing tonight?” she asks.

“We are,” Dante says. “Are you thinking of coming to the show again?”

She shakes her head, strands of her drying hair catching the sunlight. “I don’t think so. Here, eat.” She passes the tray of sandwiches to Darian, who’s sitting on her right. He takes one and passes it along.

“Why not?” I ask. “Doesn’t your husband like you to go?” She doesn’t wear a ring, but I’m pretending not to have noticed that.

Lorraine takes a drink of lemonade before answering. “I was actually at Club Red the other night to celebrate my divorce.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I say, not liking that my question made her grimace.

Her voice is low and soft when she says, “Don’t be sorry.”

“The club seems to get as many women celebrating divorces as marriages,” Dante tells her.

“How long were you married?” Darian asks.

“Twelve years.”

“Any kids?” he asks.

“No,” she answers with a shake of her head. “How about all of you, since we’re getting personal. Wives? Girlfriends? Kids? Skeletons in your closets?”

I laugh as I tell her no, as do the other guys.

“We don’t even have girlfriends,” I say. “Mostly because we’re always working.”

“We do have fun during our time off, though,” Dante says.

“That’s good,” Lorraine says. “I probably got married too young, so I’d recommend waiting.”

There’s pain in her eyes, and my dick helpfully suggests what I could do to soothe her hurt. It has excellent ideas, though I can’t yet tell if she’d be up for it.

Dante, who's on her left, briefly touches Lorraine's arm. "You don't look like you're old enough to have been married for twelve years. Did you get married in high school?"

She glances down at his hand before answering. "Not quite, but right after college."

"Guy must be a fool," I mumble too loudly, not initially intending to say it aloud.

"It takes two," she says. Now it's sadness that crosses her features, and I kick myself. It's obviously all very fresh, and the wound is probably raw. I can't imagine what it must be like, being with the same partner for over a decade, but I'm sure the split hurts, no matter the circumstances.

A surge of heat rises in my chest, and I realize it's anger toward this unknown guy. I stand behind my assumption that he must be an asshole to have hurt her.

"You probably need to get to your next house," Lorraine says, rising to her feet even though we just sat down.

I kick myself a few more times for good measure, and wish I'd kept my mouth shut.

Darian says, "Next time we see you, we'll tell you about all those closet skeletons we have," and I'm grateful when his joke makes her smile.

## Lorraine

I should go make myself something to eat, but cooking for one is a drag, and I'm getting tired of the microwave meals in my freezer. My work day ended almost an hour ago, but I'm still sitting at my computer, though I did take off my bra to make myself comfortable. I'd work all day without a bra, but you never know when someone on my team will want a video conference call.

I also have a glass of wine by my side, something I abstain from during work hours, though some days I'm tempted.

I'm checking my personal email, doing a little casual shopping, and somehow, inexplicably, I end up on the Club Red website. It's all red, just like the place itself, and I'm instantly transported back to that room, where I watched first the twins, and then all four of the men, dazzle the audience.

Who am I kidding? They dazzled me, much as I thought it wasn't possible.

There are pictures of the dancers on one of the pages. Most business sites would only show people's headshots, but considering what they're advertising, there are full-body images of all of the men.

The pictures of my four landscapers don't fully do them justice, but they are nice pictures. Very nice. Dante and Darian are together in their photo, holding identical stances, hands on their hips, muscles flexed. Their bodies are impressive, but I'm drawn to the warmth in their eyes and the hint of a mirror-image grin on their lips.

Leo's seated on a chair in his shot, making it clear that there's room for the viewer to come and sit on his lap, or at least that's what I imagine when I see it. I study Troy's picture the longest. His good looks and smooth dance moves grabbed my attention the night of the show, but he's a mystery to me, because outside of specific conversations about plants, I've hardly heard him say two words when he's here. I can't tell if he's shy or disinterested.

On another page of the club's site, I find a video. There are too many quick cut edits in it, when I'd rather linger on some performances, but it's still good viewing. I'm on my second replay when my hand finds itself slipping into the loose-fitting pajama shorts I'm wearing.

I spot all four of the men in the video. They stand out to me, just like they did when I saw them live on stage. The other dancers may as well not even be there, though I still can't put my finger on exactly what it is about these four.

Another replay, and my finger dips into the wetness that has already pooled at my center. In one part of the video, Leo is in a plank position and simulates thrusting, though there's no one beneath him. He rolls his hips, and every muscle in his body works in beautiful coordination. My pussy throbs, and I find my clit.

Am I really doing this? Am I really going to get myself off while watching these young men flaunt their bodies and tease the audience? I feel like a fool, but I don't stop.

I don't stop until my doorbell rings.

*Damn.* I wipe my finger on my underwear and hastily shut down the website as if I've been watching porn. I may as well have been.

On the way to the door, I look out of the front window to see who's here. It's the landscapers' truck.

I'm starting to wonder if I'm a witch who can make these men appear just by thinking about them too much.

*What are they doing here?*

I smooth my hands over my hair before I open the inner door. It's just one man outside. Leo. I am absolutely a man-conjuring witch, and my cheeks burn at the thought of what I was just doing while I watched Leo in the video.

"Hi," I say questioningly as I open the screen door.

"Hi." He smiles at me before his eyes travel down my body. I was so flustered, in various ways, that I didn't give a thought to what I'm wearing. The thin tank top does nothing to conceal my braless breasts, and my nipples are halfway hard because, well, I was masturbating.

I wrap an arm around myself, which pushes my breasts up, but at least it covers the pointy bits. "Leo. What're you doing here?"

"I hope I didn't interrupt anything." *If he only knew.* "I'm pretty sure we forgot some of our equipment here earlier. A couple of rakes."

"Oh, okay. I thought you were working at the club tonight." I step aside to invite him in.

"I am. I have another hour until I need to be there."

"C'mon through." I'm hyper aware of how short my shorts are as he follows me through the entry and the great room to the patio door.

The sun is starting to go down, and the air is cooler outside, which is not doing my nipples any favors. It feels unfriendly to send him out back by himself, so I follow along as he rounds the corner of the house and finds two rakes propped on the wall that surrounds my property.

"Here they are," he says brightly.

I don't know what kind of confusion might've been going on as the four men left earlier today, but the rakes are very much in plain sight.

"What are you doing this evening?" Leo asks, keeping his eyes fixed on mine, which is a surprise, considering how much of my body is exposed, and how he's never been shy about checking it out.

“The usual. Staying in. Catching up on some work.” *Watching videos of you and making myself supremely horny.*

He hasn't picked up the tools yet. Instead, he takes a step closer to me, and reflexively, I take a step back, bumping into the side of the house.

“Do you work a lot of hours? What do you do, by the way? I meant to ask you.”

“I'm a financial analyst.”

“That sounds important,” he says, propping a hand on the wall, his impressive arm on display just a few inches from me. I'm torn between wanting to touch it, and telling him he's coming on too strong.

I shrug in response to his comment.

“You must like numbers,” he says, and how is it that he makes numbers sound like something dirty? I do like numbers, but I never thought of them as sexy until he said the word.

“I like the logic of them,” I say, even as logic seems to be leaving me the closer Leo gets.

“Do you need a break from your work? Are you sure you don't want to come down to the club tonight?”

Trying to maintain my calm, I take a deep breath, but it's a mistake, because what I inhale is this man's scent, and the warm, spicy tang of it does nothing to calm me down. Quite the opposite.

“The club's really not my thing,” I say. “It's just fantasy.”

“What's wrong with fantasy?” His voice has gone low and husky, and he could be saying literally anything right now and I'd still be getting turned on.

“I'm not against fantasy. I guess I just don't have a place for it in my life right now.”

“Why not?” Now it's his eyes that are pulling me in. They're dark, so dark, and they're focused on me like I'm the only other thing that exists in the world outside of him. I may have

the power to conjure a man from thin air, but he's the one casting a spell on me.

With one of his fingers, he touches my arm so lightly that he barely makes contact, yet my body responds in outsized ways, my nipples tightening further, my belly fluttering with need, my heart increasing its already amped-up pace.

Somehow, I find words to answer him, though my throat's gone dry. "It's more frustrating than fun, I guess."

"I'm sorry to hear that," he says. "It should always be fun." He strokes my arm again, using a little more pressure. "Did you ever act out fantasies when you were married?"

A few minutes ago, I was alone in my house, engaging in a little bit of harmless self-pleasure. Now, I'm outdoors, somehow involved in a conversation about sexual fantasies with an extremely attractive, much younger man. A man who's gently touching my bare skin and looking at me like he wants to —

"No," I say, wondering why I'm answering such a private, personal question, asked by someone I hardly know.

There's nothing logical about any of this.



## Leo

I nearly curse after bringing up her ex. The mention of him was a conversation-ender this morning, and I want to keep talking to this woman — unless we stop talking and start kissing.

It's unreal how sexy she is. And the more I see her, the more I want her.

“My brother and our friends could show you how much fun fantasies can be,” I say.

“You and Troy and your friends?” Her voice isn't so soft now, and I'm afraid I ruined the mood. “You mean watching your show at Club Red?”

“No, no. I was talking about something ... more personalized.”

“More personalized.” She echoes my words like she's trying to make sense of them. She uncrosses her arm, revealing the lush fullness of her breasts as they press against the thin shirt she's wearing, and when her eyes linger on mine, I decide to go for it.

Resting my hand on her waist, I bend to bring my mouth to hers, but it's a mistake.

Lorraine turns away from my kiss and takes a step back, putting distance between us.

Too soon. She has me off my game somehow. Too much in my own head.

“I think you’d better get the rakes and go, so you’re not late for the club,” she says. Her voice isn’t angry, so that’s something.

When I grab the tools, she leads me toward the gate. I’m being escorted to the nearest exit, but I’m not defeated.

“Think about it,” I tell her, giving her a smile like she hasn’t just shut me down.

It’s just a setback, not a defeat.

## Lorraine

What the hell was I thinking?

I wasn't thinking; I was just feeling. I shouldn't have let him get so close, and I shouldn't have allowed the conversation to get so personal. At least I snapped out of whatever trance he had me in before things went too far.

It's ridiculous, really. Such a young man. My landscaper. It's almost a cliché. Divorcée fools around with the gardener. If I had a pool, maybe it would be the pool boy. I roll my eyes at my own self.

But, my god, that man has the moves. I've probably spent less than twenty minutes total in his presence, not counting watching him on stage or working in my backyard, and I was *thisclose* to letting him kiss me!

And what is he even talking about, he and the others giving me a personalized experience? Is it another side business of theirs? Or does Club Red hire them out for private events?

Curiosity gets the best of me, and I return to the strip club's website, where it doesn't take long to verify that yes, the men can be hired for off-site events. For a minute, I'm glad to have confirmation, but then I grow irritated.

I'm not going to pay for sex. I'm not that desperate for it. Not yet, anyway.

Though even as I think this, I can't help but imagine that it would be sex very much worth paying for. How could Leo not be good in bed, with moves like he has?

I pay for facials and massages, so maybe it would be another type of self care ... but no, it's ridiculous. I'll buy a vibrator if it comes to that. I should've bought one years ago, actually.

I close my laptop with a frustrated sigh. Despite how turned on I was earlier, I'm no longer in the mood to get myself off. Leo is such a flirt, but it turns out it's all a sales pitch. With our age difference, I should have known better. He and the others probably think I'm a lonely, pitiful woman, and I'm not, despite current evidence to the contrary.

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WHEN THE NEXT LANDSCAPING DAY ROLLS AROUND, I consider staying inside the house. I'd prefer to avoid Leo after the awkwardness of his evening visit, but I don't want to be rude. The four of them are doing a great job in the yard and they're very reliable, and I don't want to have to search for a new company to do the yard maintenance.

That's what I tell myself my reason is for taking drinks out to them when they're almost finished. It has nothing to do with the fact that it's a warm day and Leo, Dante, and Darian have all taken their shirts off. I'll just pretend the whole "personalized experience" conversation with Leo never happened.

Their greetings are friendly, as always, but the looks they give me are different, more curious, longer, lingering, as if there's something unspoken bouncing around between us. I'd bet money that Leo told them about our conversation, and I really wonder exactly what he told them.

"The yard's shaping up nicely," I tell them as I pour their drinks. By now, I know what each of them prefers. "You've worked wonders out here."

I can't help but think about what kind of wonders Leo might have worked if I'd let him kiss me, but then I remind myself that I'm supposed to be forgetting all about that encounter.

"It's our pleasure," Dante says, giving me a grin that I have to look away from because it's too charming. Coupled with his

still-shirtless state, it's a threat to the calm demeanor that I'm determined to maintain.

I'm having trouble finding a good place to focus my gaze with so many muscles and so much skin on display. I settle on Troy, who's watching me with curiosity.

"Have you thought about what new things you'd like to have planted? I have some suggestions," he says.

I'm relieved for a topic of conversation that should be completely free of flirtation. He and I talk for a few minutes about our ideas, with the other guys joining in occasionally. I breathe a sigh of relief, glad our relationship is where it should be, homeowner and service providers — landscaping service, to be specific — none of that personalized fantasy stuff that Leo tried to sell me.

But then our discussion of trees and groundcover plants wraps up, and Leo fixes his eyes on me. "Have you thought any more about what you and I talked about the other night?" he asks.

I consider playing dumb, giving my head a small shake, with the hope that he'll get the message and drop the topic, when he continues, "About bringing your fantasies to life?"

I must look like one of the rabbits that occasionally come into the yard, the way they freeze when they spot a threat, how they don't even breathe until the danger is gone. I'm not in mortal danger, but there are several potential pitfalls to answering his question.

When I don't say anything, Leo says, "I talked to the others about it." He looks around the table at the other three men. "They're all very interested in the idea of acting out your fantasies with you."

"Does the club pay you a commission when you bring in new bookings?" I ask.

He frowns at me. "Club Red? What does it have to do with anything?"

"You're trying to bring in business for them. A private booking?"

“This doesn’t have anything to do with business,” Dante says.  
“We’re talking about pleasure.”

I look around at the men, trying to read their faces. “What exactly are you talking about?”

I shouldn’t ask. I really shouldn’t, but I can’t deny that I’m intrigued.

“We’re not talking about any kind of business arrangement,” Leo says. “We’re talking about something that would be enjoyable for all of us. A win-win arrangement. A way to convince you that fantasies can and should be fun.”

I have no idea what to say. I’m shocked as I process what he’s saying. It was one thing for Leo to flirt with me, and I had hoped it was authentic, without an ulterior motive that involved making money, but even though he’d mentioned his brother and his friends, I hadn’t really let myself imagine it.

They’re proposing that the four of them help me act out my fantasies.

I don’t know how many times I’d need to repeat that sentence in my head for the reality to sink in.

*Four of them. Me.*

I have so many questions, and I can’t imagine how this would work, but I can’t bring myself to ask questions. I can’t speak at all.

## Dante

Lorraine doesn't seem like a woman who's often at a loss for words, but we seem to have stunned her into silence.

"I guess we've taken you by surprise," my brother says. Darian is always the first to help someone who seems uncomfortable or upset. He's been that way ever since we were little kids. I have a vivid memory of him comforting a girl whose balloon had floated away, and he always consoled classmates who were distressed about anything.

"What we were thinking," I say, "is that you'd share your fantasies with us, and we'd make them happen. We'll bring them to life. It sounds like you deserve some fun after what I'm going to assume was an unsatisfying marriage."

Lorraine's beautiful green eyes shift to her left, like she's remembering something, and she frowns. Of course, I don't know shit about her marriage, but since when do satisfying marriages end in divorce?

She takes a drink of water as the four of us watch her. Finally, she says, "What kind of fantasies?"

"The sky's the limit," Leo says. "I mean, no revenge murder fantasies, of course, but you know ... the fun ones. Sexual fantasies."

She nods, as if this is a business discussion and she's silently weighing the pros and cons of our offer.

"It would all be on your terms," Leo says. "Your fantasies, and never anything that would make you uncomfortable."

“Unless you like being uncomfortable,” I add, grinning and aiming to put her at ease.

“I don’t think I’m into that,” she says, and her body visibly relaxes as she smiles back at me.

“What are you thinking?” Darian asks when Lorraine’s focus goes to her water glass, where her pink-tipped finger traces a swirl through the condensation.

“I feel like this arrangement would need some sort of structure. Rules? A time limit?” she says.

“Rules are up to you,” Leo says.

“How about four fantasies?” I suggest. “One for each of us.”

She blinks. “Oh. Okay. I guess that works. But what if I don’t have four fantasies?”

“Don’t you?” Darian asks.

She tilts her head and shrugs a shoulder. “I don’t know.”

“I bet if you think about it, you’ll come up with more than four,” Leo says.

She returns to drawing a pattern in the moisture on her glass. “So this isn’t a business arrangement. What’s in it for all of you?”

“Are you kidding?” I say, voicing the first thought that comes to mind.

“Have you seen yourself in a mirror?” It’s Troy who asks this rhetorical question, and Lorraine’s brows shoot up in surprise as he smiles at her. Aside from discussions about the plants in her yard, I don’t think he’s said one word.

She’s flattered by his remark, and her cheeks turn a pretty pink.

“It’s not like we’re being selfless with our offer,” Leo says. “You’re a beautiful woman. Of course we want to ... spend time with you.”

“You sure know how to make a woman feel good.” Her comment is directed at all of us.



“We’re just being honest,” I say, “but you’re right. We do know how to make a woman feel good, and we’re looking forward to showing you that.”

## Lorraine

It's actually sad how flattered I am. I thought I had a healthy opinion of myself, but apparently I've become insecure over the years. I weigh more than I did when I got married, and my ex used to like to remind me of that fact, but these men don't seem to mind my extra padding.

Dante said I deserve to have some fun, and sitting here around the table with these four gorgeous men, I'm inclined to agree with him.

There are so many years that were wasted. So many years being a good wife, or trying to, and not worrying about my own needs. If these men are offering some harmless good times, why shouldn't I take them up on their offer? It's not a business deal, as they've repeatedly said, but if it was, I'd be a fool to turn it down.

Except I wasn't being coy when I said I didn't have four fantasies. Nothing specific comes to mind, but the longer I sit here looking at their well-muscled bodies, the easier I think it might be to come up with ideas.

"This is all so bizarre," I say, thinking out loud.

"Life isn't meant to be routine and boring," Leo says. And then he leans in, turns my face toward his with a finger on my chin, and presses his lips to mine. Even though I see it coming, it's still unexpected. But I don't turn away this time. I let him kiss me, and after a beat, I kiss him back.

Hip lips are tender, and the scent of him fills my senses. He's been working hard out here, and the smell of his sweat leads me to imagine him lying over me in bed, sweaty, working hard to please me.

The taste of his mouth gnaws a hole of need low in my belly. I suddenly feel empty. I'm starving, and I want more of him. But three others are watching us, and I refuse to get caught up in this. Not here. Not yet.

I break away, even though it takes tremendous willpower.

It was odd to kiss someone other than Nick. I haven't done that since my first year of college, and I don't even remember that guy's name. After I got married, I never imagined that I would kiss anyone other than my husband. Too bad he didn't have the same limitations that I did.

"This is all very strange." My tone is apologetic as I rise onto shaky feet. "I need some time for all of this to sink in. You probably need to get to your next yard, don't you?"

"We probably should get going," Leo says, his voice thick before he clears his throat and pushes his chair back to stand.

As always, the men offer to help me clean up, but I refuse. I'm eager to be alone. I need time to process everything.

"When are you free?" Leo asks, and my stomach flutters like a teenager being asked out on her first date.

"Most nights," I say. "Your schedule must be much busier than mine."

"I'll take a night off whenever you want me," he says, and his choice of words sends my mind racing and my skin turning to fire.

We make plans for him to come over two days from now, because if I wait too long, I'll probably lose my nerve and change my mind.

When the men are gone and I'm alone in my house, I laugh out loud. What have I just agreed to? Am I being ridiculous, or am I the luckiest woman alive? Both things somehow seem true.

The memory of Leo's kiss still vibrates on my lips. What would have happened if I hadn't stopped him? Would all of the men have kissed me?

It's still morning, but the rest of my day is spent thinking about the possibilities.

Fantasy 1

## Leo

It's been a while since I've been on a date, and I'm considering this a date, even though it's ... I don't really know what it is. An arrangement. An agreement. A meeting that's been making my dick hard every time I think about it.

Most of my thoughts center around Ms. Martin and her luscious body. The image of her creamy thighs in those little shorts is forever burned into my brain, and I'm very happy about that. Especially since I hope to soon be touching those thighs and all of her other parts.

I also keep wondering what her fantasy will be. What do most women fantasize about? If you used our revue show and the audience's reaction as a guide, it would seem that cowboys, athletes, and heroes like firemen are the type of men women dream about. But Lorraine said no when I asked her if she'd like me to bring any sort of costume.

I've texted her twice since we made our plans. I think about her often, and I've been tempted to see if she would be game for sexting, but I thought better of it before I let my thumbs get me in trouble. I get the idea that it would be easy to scare her off.

So tonight I'll be a gentleman. At least until she tells me that she'd like something different. I hope she likes it rough and dirty. And, fuck, now I'm hard again just thinking about that.

I couldn't get Lorraine to commit to any specific plans for the night, so it was a challenge to decide what to wear. I opt for something that will work at a variety of restaurants in case she

wants to go out, and show up at her door in dark jeans and a long-sleeved tan button down. Most of the classiest places on the island are pretty casual about their dress code.

She's quick to answer her door, and I confess that my gaze explores her body and the short, dark pink dress she's wearing before I finally meet her eyes.

"You look beautiful," I say, skipping over the pleasantries. The dress could be tighter, but it emphasizes the swell of her breasts and the curve of her hips to perfection.

"Oh, thank you." She looks down at herself as if she's surprised by my compliment. "You look very nice, too."

"Clean for a change," I say, gesturing to my clothes. "No dirt or grass stains."

"No glittery Speedo," she says, referring to my *other* work clothes.

"You sure about that?" When I start to work my fly as if I'm about to open my pants, her eyes go wide. "Kidding," I say, pulling my hand away and holding it out, palm up, to show her I'm innocent. "If I was wearing my stage Speedo, I wouldn't show it to you out here, anyway."

"C'mon in." She steps back and holds the door open, inviting me to enter.

"These are for you," I say, revealing the small bouquet I'd been holding behind my back.

She looks even more surprised than when she thought I was going to strip on her front porch. It's just a red rose and a couple of pink flowers with some green leafy stuff wrapped in brown paper, but you'd think I'd presented her with a diamond.

"Why — you didn't have to —"

She doesn't even take them at first, until I push them closer. "I felt like it," I say. "Do you want me to put them in water for you?"

"No, that's okay. I'll get it. Thank you for these. You didn't have to bring me anything." When I shrug and smile, she says,

“Come in.”

We’d been standing in her entry, but now she gestures for me to follow her past the living room area and toward her kitchen, where a big granite counter with barstools separates the rooms.

“Have a seat,” she says. “Would you like something to drink?”

“What do you have?”

“Most of the basics.” She stretches to reach a vase from a tall cupboard, and I take the opportunity to check out her bare legs as her dress slides up. “What’s your usual?”

“Beer,” I say with a grin. “But whiskey will do. With water.”

She puts water in the vase along with the flowers, and then gets out glasses and finds a whiskey bottle in her pantry. “I usually drink wine, but I think I’ll join you,” she says with a small laugh.

“Are you nervous?”

She shrugs. “A little. I don’t really know what to expect tonight.”

“Nothing to be nervous about, though.” I watch her until she meets my eyes, and then I smile, hoping to put her at ease.

“I am ... very much out of practice when it comes to ... whatever this is.” She gestures between us with the neck of the liquor bottle.

“It’s like riding a bicycle.”

Her cheeks flush at my remark. Her reaction is subtle, but I’ve been watching her closely enough to notice.

“Are you hungry?” she asks as she slowly slides my drink toward me across the counter.

“I could eat. What about you?”

She takes a sip of her drink before answering. “When I stop being nervous, I’ll probably be hungry.”

“Would you like to go out?”

It’s apparently a complicated question, and she appears to deliberate before saying, “We don’t have to. I could order in.”



“Whatever you want.” I’d love to take her to a nice restaurant, but being alone with her in the privacy of her home has its own appeal. “What would you do if I weren’t here?” I ask.

“I’ve been craving pizza lately.”

“Then let’s order pizza. Have you had De Luca’s?” I ask.

“That’s my favorite place.”

“You have good taste. What do you like on your pizza?”

She comes around the counter to sit on the stool next to me and pulls out her phone. “Mushrooms and peppers.”

I scrunch my nose as I grin at her. “Never mind what I said about your good taste.”

“We can get half and half,” she says. “What do you like?”

“Pepperoni, or there’s no point eating pizza,” I say, teasing her and watching her body relax in response.

She scrolls through the delivery app, selecting a large pizza and clicking toppings. “What are your views on pineapple on pizza?”

“Never tried it. Probably never will,” I say.

She nudges me with her arm, leaning into me, giving me a whiff of her sweet scent. Maybe vanilla? “Me too,” she says. “I can’t wrap my head around it.”

“I might try it when I go to Hawaii someday, if it’s actually a thing there,” I say, missing the soft weight of her body when she straightens on her stool.

“You want to go to Hawaii?”

“I want to go everywhere. How about you? Have you been there?” It could have been her honeymoon destination, for all I know, or an anniversary trip. I hope I haven’t hit a sore spot again.

But she shakes her head. “I haven’t been there, but I’d like to go.”

“What’s the best place you’ve been?” I ask.

Her attention has returned to her phone, but she's not scrolling or tapping. "I don't know," she says, turning to look at me. "I haven't been to a lot of places. My ex didn't like to travel. How about you?"

"I haven't gotten very far yet, but I'll travel more when our business gets going, and when I'm not working constantly. I've been to the middle of nowhere in Canada on a fishing trip with my dad, and I've been to New Orleans during Mardi Gras. Those were probably my favorite trips."

"Those sound like very different experiences," she says.

"Yeah, I like it all."

She smiles at that and returns to her phone. "Pizza with two very different halves in the cart. Anything else? A salad?"

"Only if you want it."

"Just pizza then," she says, clicking to start to check out.

I grab her phone. "Wait, let me put my card in."

She pulls it back from my grip. "Mine's already in there. It's just a pizza. No big deal."

"I know you haven't dated in a while, but that's not how it's supposed to go. I'm supposed to pay for the dinner."

Her brows lift. "Is that what this is? A date?"

"Well, I did bring you flowers, and you are trying to get me drunk with whiskey. Looks like a date to me." I lift my glass and swirl it, grinning at her over the rim when I take a drink.

"Trying to get you drunk!" Her laugh is big and full on, and I am now living to hear more of it.

"I saw what a heavy hand you had with the pour."

Her laughter fades away, but her smile remains, and I consider it my first victory of the night. I aim to make her smile — and hopefully laugh — a lot more before I leave here.

## Leo

“What should we do while we wait for the pizza?” she asks.

“I can think of several good ideas.” My eyes zero in on her plump lips, but then I remind myself to take things slow. “First, though, you never did tell me what fantasy you decided on for tonight.”

“I wasn’t lying when I said I couldn’t think of anything. Maybe I suffer from a lack of imagination.”

I shake my head, doubtful. “I’m sure you have some deep, dark hidden desires. I understand if you’re not yet comfortable enough to share them with me.”

She seems relieved that I’m not pushing, but we still need a plan for tonight, one that satisfies her, whether or not she’s the one to come up with an idea.

“Just remember,” I add, “that nothing will happen that you’re not comfortable with. If we head in any direction that you don’t want to go, just say the word, and we’ll shift course.”

“That won’t be a problem,” she says, and I love the self-assuredness in her tone. I trust that Lorraine will be direct and honest, once she knows what she wants.

What kind of loser must her ex have been to leave her out of touch with her own desires? And for her to feel surprised when someone compliments her, or brings her flowers?

She slides off of her seat. “They usually get here pretty quickly,” she says, reaching into another cupboard for plates,

giving me another look at her shapely legs.

I want to suggest all kinds of dirty ideas for our evening, but I bite my tongue and take another swig of whiskey.

“Ever watch porn?” I ask after I swallow. Sometimes I’m not very good at censoring myself.

“What?”

“You have, right? Doesn’t everybody?”

“Why do you ask?” she says, leaning on the counter, her arms straight and stiff, her breasts pressed together between them.

The fact that she didn’t deny it leaves me with the image of her in front of a screen, her hands in her panties, her breath coming out in short huffs. I wonder what she likes to watch.

“I was just thinking,” I say. “You know the stereotypical pizza guy porn?”

She neither confirms nor denies, but continues to look at me as she pulls napkins from a drawer.

“The pizza guy delivers a pizza to a sexy woman. That would be you,” I tell her, because I’m going to keep complimenting her until she gets used to it. “The woman, for some weird reason, placed an order even though she has absolutely no cash or credit cards available to pay for it. The two of them puzzle over the problem while some cheesy music plays, and then one of them suggests an alternate way for her to reimburse the guy for the pizza. The cheesy music gets louder, and things start to get more interesting.”

“Why are you telling me this?” she asks.

“That could be us. That could be your fantasy for tonight, minus the cringey music.”

She continues to stare before finally saying, “You want us to act out a bad porn plot?”

I nod. “It could be fun. And probably way better than ordering pineapple on our pizza.”

Lorraine shakes her head, not in refusal but because it’s such a goofy idea, and she laughs, which I chalk up as another win.

When her doorbell rings, I hold up a finger, telling her to wait where she is. On my way to the door, I take off my outer shirt, leaving the t-shirt underneath. I step outside to accept the delivery, and give the guy a few dollars, even though Lorraine may have already tipped through the app.

When he drives off, I mess up my hair in a small attempt to change my appearance, and knock on her door, pizza box in hand. I have to knock twice before she answers, but when she does, I'm knocked off my feet.

Lorraine is draped against the door frame, her arm stretched above her, her hip jutting out, and her back arched, pressing her chest forward. Her other hand rests on her hip, and when she speaks, her voice is a purr. "Hi there."

I nearly forget we're playacting, and the impulse to tackle her immediately is strong. With effort, I force a bored tone. "I'm here with your pizza."

"Oh, that's great," she says, her voice low and sultry. "How much do I owe you?"

"Twenty dollars. And seventy-four cents," I add.

She smirks and almost starts to laugh, but keeps it together. "Why don't you come inside? I just need to get my purse."

I do as she says and continue to mime boredom, even as I check out her body. Has she hiked up her dress since I first arrived?

"Oh no," Lorraine says, holding her wallet and looking mock distressed. "I don't have any money."

"I can't give you the pizza unless you pay me, lady."

"I'm really, really hungry," she says, and my cock twitches at the sight of her pouty red lips.

"I'm sorry, lady. I need some kind of payment. Maybe you could think of something."

She flutters her eyelashes as she looks me up and down, playing her role like a pro.

I pretend to check the label on the cardboard box. “I see this is a meat lover’s pizza. Are you a *meat* lover?”

Lorraine nods enthusiastically. “I am. I *love* meat,” she says, and both of us almost start laughing. “I’m really, really hungry for some meat. Maybe I could pay you ... in some other way?”

“What did you have in mind?” I ask.

Even with the direction our talk is going, I’m stunned when she sinks to her knees in front of me. I nearly drop the pizza when her fingers work at the button and open the top of my jeans. When she starts to pull my zipper down, I set the box on the nearest table.

Somehow, I wasn’t expecting this, at least not so soon, and I’m almost tempted to stop her — our dinner just arrived, after all — but I’m not an idiot.

“Would this work, since I don’t have any money to pay you?” she asks, stroking her hand over the bulge that’s suddenly straining against my underwear.

*Yes, yes, yes*, I want to tell her, but I somehow stick to my part. “I guess. That might work.”

“I could make you come,” she says, giving my dick a firm squeeze.

I draw in a breath through clenched teeth. Our silly roleplay is over. It’s just me and her, her hand and my cock.

She pushes my pants and briefs a couple of inches down my hips. When my cock is on the verge of springing free, she slides her fingers under the elastic band and wraps them around my erection.

“Oh, you’re big,” she says, bringing me out, stroking over my hard length. “Wow.”

More blood rushes downward, and my cock swells further in response to her touch and her praise.

“I don’t know how much of your meat I’m going to be able to fit in my mouth.”

I bark out a laugh, a small release of the sensations that are quickly building. To be honest, I'd have been happy with a handjob, but she plans to take me in her mouth. I need to keep my shit together.

She looks up at me with her big green eyes, and I could practically lose it at the sight of her beautiful face so close to my hard cock. I've had plenty of blowjobs, but there's just something about this woman that threatens to do me in.

Her hands slide over my length, exploring, weighing, tracing, squeezing. "You have a really nice cock," she says, and she no longer sounds like she's playing a character. Her compliment is sincere, and she looks impressed.

"Thanks," I say, chuckling, easing a bit more of the tension. It's all so good. Too good. And I need to pace myself.

I hadn't dared to touch her yet, but now I slide my fingers into her hair, pushing it back before I cup the edge of her jaw. Her mouth is going to feel so good.

My thumb slides over her bottom lip and she parts for me. Her eyes on mine, she looks obedient, ready for me to take the lead.

I press my finger into her mouth and her tongue darts out to lick the tip. I push in deeper and she sucks on it. Oh fuck, she's going to be good.

All the while, she continues to stroke my cock, her soft hands like silk wrapped around me.

"Take me in your mouth," I tell her, pulling my finger free. Her tongue slides across her upper lip, and her eyes stay fixed on mine as she opens her lips and wraps them around my dick.

A breath whooshes out of me. Heat and wetness surround me, and I suddenly need to be inside this woman, though I have to wait. I am absolutely going to go at her pace, at least for now.

Inside her mouth, her tongue swirls around the tip of my cock, and her lips stretch to take me deeper.

I stroke her cheek and focus on various points — her hair, her nose, her shoulder — because looking into her eyes and

watching the beautiful sight of her lips around my cock would be too intense at the moment. “Suck my cock. Make me come,” I tell her as I search for inner strength.

Lorraine wraps one of her hands around the base and holds on tight as her mouth starts to work on me. I love hooking up with older women for many reasons, one being that they’re experienced.

Her head bobs back and forth on my cock, and every stroke feels so good. I cup the back of her head gently and start to push toward her as she develops a rhythm, fucking her mouth as she sucks on me.

With her free hand, she tickles the inside of my thigh and then — oh shit, she cups my balls, holding them with all of the tenderness they require, gently stroking — oh shit. “I’m gonna come,” I grunt out.

It was already a runaway train situation, but when I see that she’s not taking her mouth off of me, my orgasm comes barreling at me with even more force.

I grab at a fistful of her hair as everything in me stiffens. I get one last view of her gorgeous face looking up at me, and then my eyes squeeze shut as release washes over me. I come in her mouth, pulse after pulse, and she takes it all, holding tight to my hip, squeezing my flesh as if she’s experiencing it too.

She takes it all, every drop, and when I’m done, she licks me clean. *Fuck me.* I’d already thought this woman was special, but shit. That was perfect.

“That doesn’t normally happen so fast,” I tell her. Never that fast. She could get the wrong idea that I’m bad in bed.

“I’m flattered,” she says, still on her knees, licking her lips, and I’m grateful that she makes the correct assumption. I came quickly because of her skill, and because of her.

“You paid too much, though.” Taking her arm, I help her stand.

She tilts her head in confusion “Hmm?”



“You overpaid for the pizza. I owe you some change.” As she’s still processing my meaning, I scoop her up in my arms, and oh, it feels so good to touch her body. Her skin is as soft as I’ve been imagining, though I can feel the firm tone of muscle beneath.

“What are you doing?” she asks, but she doesn’t resist. Instead, she wraps her arms around my neck and leans into my chest, and I’m the one who’s flattered by the amount of trust she’s put in me, and how comfortable she is with me tonight.

“You paid too much for the pizza, and it just so happens that I don’t have any cash on me either.”

She squeals when I set her down on the kitchen counter.

## Lorraine

*He's not going to — is he going to —*

Leo brings my hips just to the edge of the kitchen counter, pushes my dress up, and when his hands retreat, they're sliding my panties down.

He just came and it was intense, so I assume he's not going to be ready to go again so soon, but maybe I've forgotten about the stamina that young men have. I try to get a look at his cock to assess his readiness, but he's bending down, spreading my legs wide, and oh ... *oh!*

The last thing I see is his wicked grin before he buries his face between my legs. I'm in disbelief as he lays kisses on my pussy. Then his fingers spread my folds, and his tongue is — *oh god, oh god!*

Nick hadn't done this in many, many years, and I'd forgotten how good it felt. Did it ever feel this good?

I was already soaking wet and incredibly horny, because sucking on Leo's cock was a huge turn-on. After seeing him on stage at Club Red, and watching him get all sweaty in my yard, it was surreal to have him in my mouth and have him at my mercy.

He tasted so good, and was so big, and now — oh god! This man has skills. As his tongue lightly flicks over my clit, he presses a finger inside me, then another. He curls them, then sucks on my clit, and my body explodes with pleasure.

I'm frustrated by the unyielding surface of the countertop because I need something to hold on to. I find Leo's shoulder and dig my fingers in. "Oh god, oh god!"

My hips press up into his face, and he keeps rubbing that spot that feels so — *what the hell?* I should be coming down from my climax, but he keeps me coming and coming.

He's playing my body like he's a musician and I'm his favorite instrument. How is he doing this?

My thoughts dissolve into nothingness as I float through pure sensation for what seems like an eternity. His lips, his tongue, and his fingers bring me more pleasure than I may have ever felt at one time, and when I catch glimpses of his dark head between my legs, I know it's an image that will forever be burned in my memory.

Finally, finally, I start to drift back to reality, and then suddenly it all feels like too much. "No more," I manage to say as I gently press him away.

He grins up at me, and I can only laugh at the sight of his proud grin.

"I came much faster than you did," I say, my voice all breathy and weak.

"Then I'm very flattered," he says, his hands gently stroking my thighs.

"How did you — what did you do?" I really have no idea how he made that feel so good, and for so long.

His deep chuckle triggers a needy sensation low in my belly, and I can't believe I'm feeling this way after the ridiculously satisfying orgasm he just provided.

When his laugh fades away, his dark eyes are on mine, his thumbs digging into my inner thighs. "I really want to fuck you, Lorraine."

He's gorgeous, and his gaze is so intense, and my pussy clenches at the thought of how talented he probably is with his cock, when he just did all that with his fingers and mouth. I desperately want to say yes, but this is all happening so fast.

Taking a moment to question it makes me wonder how we even got to this point, when I barely know him, when I've barely been single for two weeks. Should I be rushing into this?

"I need a little more time," I say.

I can't believe what we've already done together, and I'm shocked at how right it all felt. I was incredibly nervous about tonight, and several times, I considered calling off this wild arrangement.

I haven't been with anyone but Nick for nearly as long as I can remember, and it's been a long time since Nick and I were intimate, so I was filled with all kinds of doubts, but Leo made me feel so comfortable, so quickly.

His silly porno fantasy was the perfect icebreaker, and his sense of humor has made all of this so fun, but maybe I'm getting carried away by his charm.

"I'm sorry," I say. "I'm just not ready."

To his credit, Leo doesn't push and he doesn't even show me his disappointment, and I know he must be disappointed because I am, and I'm the one making the decision.

Still holding my legs, he leans in to kiss me, the taste of me on his lips. It's not a long kiss, but it's filled with promise.

"We'll wait until you're ready, and when you're ready, it's going to be amazing."

A shiver races up my spine, and I have no doubt that he's speaking the truth.

We end up reheating the pizza in the air fryer oven, and it's the best damn pizza I've ever had. I don't even mind that some of his pepperoni ended up on my veggie slices.

We drink more whiskey that we mix with Coke, and when we're done eating, we relax on the sofa with the intention of watching TV, but we end up talking and never even turn it on.

I learn more about his work at Club Red and his plans for the landscaping business. He and the other men seem to have a

sound business plan in place and a lot of smart ideas for expansion.

He asks about my work and how long I've lived on the island, but he doesn't mention my marriage, which I appreciate. It's strange being with another man inside this house where I lived for so long with Nick.

We also return to the subject of travel, and talk about places we'd like to go. We have a lot of dream destinations in common, though at this point in my life I don't know when or if I'll manage to go. I had mostly given up on these ideas after Nick repeatedly shut them down, and at least I'm lucky to live in a nice place where a lot of people come on their own vacations. I'm happy here on Four Points Island, but a change of scenery would be nice.

Leo clears his throat, pulling me from my thoughts. "Should we brainstorm fantasies?" he asks. "For your next one?"

I give him a look, as I imagine what an odd conversation that would be.

"Troy wants to go next."

"Really. Troy? Your brother is so quiet. I never know what he's thinking."

Leo grins. "He probably gave up talking when I came along. I talked so much, he couldn't get a word in."

"You're the younger brother?"

Leo nods.

I'm afraid to ask, but I do anyway. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-four. Troy's twenty-six." As I inwardly cringe, he adds, "Dante and Darian are also twenty-six. Troy's been friends with them since middle school."

That's an eight-year difference from my thirty-four years. I'm ten years older than Leo, who I've just exchanged sexual favors with.

He doesn't ask my age, but just in case he's under any misconceptions, I say, "You'd have been in middle school

when I got married.”

Leo shrugs, the same pleasant look on his face that seems to be his default expression.

Leaving the age topic behind as if it's insignificant, he says, “Troy and I have an older sister, so he's the middle child. Maybe that's why he's so quiet.”

The word “child” makes me cringe, but maybe I'm making too big a deal of our ages. They're obviously men in every sense of the word. At just twenty-four, Leo rocked my world earlier tonight. My much older ex-husband never made me come so hard.

“Are you okay with Troy dating you next?”

“I'm looking forward to getting to know him,” I say.

“He's a great guy, and he's not really shy, but he's introverted. Prefers to do his own thing sometimes.”

I nod, interested in Leo's insight on his brother. It will be strange to be alone with Troy, and I hope things won't be awkward between us. When Leo sold me on this fantasy idea, I wasn't originally picturing that I'd be with each of the men one on one.

“Maybe I should make a plan to go out somewhere with Troy, so we'll have more to talk about,” I say, thinking out loud.

“Make him take you somewhere nice,” Leo says. “Women love him at the club. He earns a lot of tip money.”

That's not a surprise, though I'm guessing that women shove a lot of bills at all four of the men every night. I have vague recollections of the dancers lining up for photos after the show, but Brittany ushered me by them, even though I wanted to stop. It was probably for the best, since there's a very good chance I might have thrown up on one of them or made a fool of myself in some other way.

After Leo leaves, the regrets set in. Not regrets over what we did, but what we didn't do.

We're two consenting adults, and I wanted to fuck him too. My body did, anyway, very much so, and my mind could get

on board at some point.

What's the point of me agreeing to this fantasy thing, if I'm not going to enjoy it to its fullest? It's like a genie popped out of a bottle and granted me four wishes, and I just wasted the first one. Not that tonight was a waste. Not at all. But it could have been more. I'm haunted for the rest of the night by all that could have happened.

It's not as if I'm spending time with these men to build a relationship. It's all about sex, pure and simple, so why did I hold back?

When Brittany calls me the next day, I decide to confess what's been going on. I think I'm looking for feedback, and my sister is always happy to provide it.

I expect her to tease me, or maybe even disapprove, but she surprises me.

"So the four guys from the club, the ones who are tending to your lawn every week, also want to tend to your lady garden?"

"Lady garden!?"

"I thought I tied that in pretty well," Brittany says, sounding proud.

"They've offered to act out fantasies with me."

"We all know what that means. They want to get in your pants," she says.

"Am I ridiculous for agreeing to their idea?" I ask. I decide not to mention what's already happened with Leo.

Finally, she laughs. A single bark of incredulity. "It would be ridiculous not to."

An odd sense of relief washes over me. I didn't realize I was looking for someone else's approval, but it feels good to have it.

"It's just sex, right?" Brittany asks. When I confirm that it is, she says, "You're probably long overdue for some quality orgasms. Life's too short to pass up opportunities like this."

When I get off the call, I resolve that I'll have sex on my next fantasy night, if it's on offer.



## Fantasy 2

## Lorraine

Even though Leo put me at ease, I'm nervous all over again when my date with Troy arrives. Just like Leo, Troy texted me a couple of times beforehand, and we got into a few lengthy conversations, as text messages go, but I still don't know what to expect from him.

I didn't realize when I entered into this arrangement that one of the hardest parts would be actually sharing my fantasies with the men. Yes, I do have fantasies, buried deep though they may be, but telling my desires to another person makes me feel very vulnerable.

It almost makes it easier that I don't know these men very well. I don't have to worry about being judged, but it's still difficult.

What I shared with Troy via text, in a very roundabout way, is that I've always had a fantasy about having sex on the beach. I didn't directly mention sex, but I got the beach part across, and the other part was implied.

In my work and in probably every other aspect of my life, I'm a direct communicator, but telling these men what I want is hard for reasons I can't quite pinpoint. I guess I'm not used to asking for sex, and that's what it feels like I'm doing.

I meet Troy at a beach parking lot in the afternoon. There are several public access beaches all around the island, but I wasn't familiar with this particular spot. He's leaning against the trunk of his car when I pull in, looking casually gorgeous in a loose-fitting white linen shirt, dark shorts, and leather

sandals. His dark blonde hair is blowing in the ocean breeze and I instantly have the urge to brush it out of his eyes, if only as an excuse to touch him.

As I park, he walks over to me, a grin on his face that reminds me of his younger brother. “Hi, how are you?” he asks, as I step out of my car.

Leo had said his older brother wasn’t shy, but I suddenly am, standing so close to him. He’s taller than I realized, and even better looking than I remembered, if that’s possible. His cheekbones appear to be carved from granite, and they lead my eyes down to his mouth, which is very ... distracting.

“Hi. I’m good. How are you doing?”

Our conversation isn’t off to the quickest start, but I’m sure it will improve.

“Anything I can carry for you?” he asks.

“I just have one bag.” From my backseat, I retrieve my beach bag, which has a towel, sunscreen, and a bottle of wine.

Troy takes it from me and leads me over to his car, where he produces a canvas bag of his own, along with a bag from the gourmet grocery in Whitman, a town just off the island. He refuses to let me carry anything, and shoulders it all with ease.

“Are you up for a short walk?” he asks when we reach the sand.

“Sure. I haven’t been to this particular beach before. It looks like a nice location.”

“It’s great for watching the sunset,” he says, “and I know a secluded spot down the way.”

A little shiver passes through me at the mention of seclusion.

Living on Four Points for most of my adult life, you’d think I’d have had the opportunity to experience sex on the beach, especially during my younger days with Nick, but he was never up for it. I brought it up once and he immediately had reasons why it would be too uncomfortable and too complicated — sand in the shorts, and all of that.

“Do you come to the beach a lot?” Troy asks.

“Not as much as I’d like, and I’m not sure why.”

“It’s easy to get busy with other things,” he says.

“Very true.” The beach isn’t crowded at all, and some of the people we pass are packing up to go home for dinner.

“Not too much further,” he says after we’ve walked only a couple of minutes.

After we pass a rocky outcropping, Troy slows to a stop. “This looks like a good spot,” he says, depositing the bags on the sand. “Would you like to swim before we eat?”

I wore my suit under my clothes, but I didn’t know if we’d go in the water. “Do you think it’ll be cold this late in the day?” I ask.

“I can keep you warm,” he says, and another wave of shyness hits me as I pull off my shirt and step out of my shorts. “Want me to put sunscreen on you?” Troy asks, holding a bottle from his own bag.

The sun is past its fullest intensity and I could probably get away without sunscreen, but it provides a good excuse to feel his hands on my body, so I tell him yes.

He sets the bottle down and removes his shirt first, and my body heats at the sight of his bare chest. He’s lean, but beautifully toned and obviously very strong. After warming the lotion in his hands, he stands behind me and begins to rub it onto my back, starting at the top and smoothing it downward.

I’m wearing a black bikini, and my nipples tighten as his big hands navigate around and under the strings at the back to apply the sunscreen. When he reaches the curve of my hips and massages me there, sensation flutters downward from my belly.

The typical thing would be for me to apply the lotion myself to all of the parts of my body that I can reach, but I stay still as Troy squirts more from the bottle and moves on to my arms.

“Is it okay?” he asks, eyeing my chest, where the tops of my breasts swell above the bikini top.

When I nod, his warm hands glide over my collarbone, out to my shoulders, and then dip down, slipping just under the edge of the fabric of my top. Even though my suit is dark, there’s no hiding the fact that my nipples are hard as rocks, and they only get harder when his hands slide just below my top, crossing my midsection, edging down toward my bikini bottoms.

How is this man turning me on so completely with just a few swipes of his hands on my body?

## Troy

*Lorraine.* She's dominated my thoughts for days, and her name has become like music to my ears.

Now that I'm touching her body, it's going to be even harder to get her out of my mind.

How did some fool divorce this woman? Her body is incredible, strong and firm, yet soft in all the right places. Her beautiful green eyes are so trusting, and the way she's responding to my touch has my cock stirring in my shorts.

The need to kiss her is nearly overwhelming, but the timing isn't right.

"Want me to do you?" she asks, reaching for the bottle of sunscreen when I stand after coating her legs.

"Thanks." I grin at her and am rewarded with a smile in return.

Facing me, she starts at my chest, rubbing the lotion in broad strokes with hands that look small against my body.

"I bet the women who go to Club Red would pay money for this privilege," she says, as she covers my abs.

I laugh when her hands glide over a ticklish spot on my side. "I don't know about that," I say.

"It'd be money well spent," she says, looking up at me, her smile having turned into a look of focused concentration.

Her nipples are still hard even though the breeze is warm, and I want so badly to graze my teeth over one of them to see how

she'd respond, but I need to wait. Luckily, waiting has its own pleasures. Anticipation can be very sweet.

She does an incredibly thorough job of applying the sunscreen and it's obvious both of us are worked up by the time she's done. "Ready to go?" I ask. I'm relying on the cool ocean water to help my patience.

As we walk down to the surf, I take her hand and am pleased when she lets me hold it. Once we're ankle deep in the water, she squeezes my palm as a shiver passes through her.

"We'll go slow," I tell her.

We wade in up to our knees, and I wrap Lorraine in my arms, her back to my chest. We stop frequently to adjust to the water temperature, and I enjoy the sweet vanilla fragrance of her hair.

"Doing okay?" I ask when she leans into me. She nods, and I hold her tighter, crossing my arms around her to rub her arms. Looking down from above her, the hollow between her breasts draws my eye, and the rigid points of her nipples make my cock swell, even in the cold water.

As I'm wondering if she feels my erection, she presses her hips back so that my cock nestles in the cleft of her ass. She hinted at sex on the beach; did she mean sex in the ocean?

I push her hair to one side, exposing the back of her neck, and press my lips there, breathing in the sweet scent of her skin. Her body relaxes into mine, and when I kiss her shoulder, she turns to face me, wrapping her arms around my chest, pulling us even closer together.

When she tips her head back to look up at me, I'm ready to meet her lips, gently at first, and then with more pressure, because the way our nearly naked bodies are pressed against each other makes it hard to go slow.

She returns my kiss instantly and tightens her hold on me, and we carry on kissing, the waves lapping at us, the sun shining down.

I could stay here doing this all day and night, but Lorraine starts to shiver again.

“You’re still cold. Would you like to get out?”

“I think I’d better. You can swim if you want. I’ll wait on the beach,” she says, but there’s no way I’m leaving her side.

“Put your arms around my neck,” I tell her, bending down. She does as I ask, and I lift her, cradling her in my arms. There’s no need for her to feel the cold water any longer.

“You didn’t have to do that,” she says, but she leans into me and rests her head against my chest.

“Do you mind?”

“No, I feel like a princess being rescued by the hero.”

“I didn’t think you needed to be rescued, but if you did, I’d be there for you.”

We’re back to the shore much too quickly, and I don’t have a good excuse for keeping her in my arms. As soon as I set her down, I wrap her in a towel and spread a blanket on the sand so she can sit down.

“Are you hungry?”

Her eyes shift down to my mouth before she answers, and maybe, like me, she’s hungry for something other than food. “What do you have?” she asks. “I have a bottle of wine.”

“That will go perfectly with the cheese and crackers I brought,” I say. “And I have wine too.”

“Can never have too much of that.” She reaches for her bag, and I unpack the food. “I’m not usually like this,” she says as she peels the top from her bottle to reveal the cork.

“Like what?”

“Kissing someone I haven’t known for very long. Touching their body.”

I study her for a moment, and though I can tell she doesn’t regret it, I ask, to be sure. “You don’t feel any pressure, do you?”

She shakes her head immediately. “No, not at all. I’m just surprised by my behavior.”



“If it feels right, you should do whatever you want.”

She’s thoughtful for a minute as I set out the food. Eventually, she says, “It’s hard knowing exactly what feels right. Having been married for so long, it’s all new again.”

“You don’t like to talk about your marriage, do you?”

She gives me a surprised look. “I was thinking I mentioned it too much, and I don’t want to be someone who’s always complaining about their ex.”

“You’re the furthest thing from that. I’ve barely heard you mention him.” As she hands me a glass of wine, I ask, “Was there a lot to complain about?”

Lorraine shrugs, but I can see there’s something behind the gesture. “We married too young,” she says. “We didn’t even know who we were yet, and we grew into different people who didn’t have a lot in common. That’s no one’s fault.”

I watch her take a slow sip of her wine before asking, “How did things come to an end? If you want to answer — you don’t have to.”

“It’s okay. I guess he and I had grown apart more than I realized. When I found out he’d been cheating on me, I realized there was no saving the marriage.”

“He cheated on you?” I know it happens all the time, but it’s hard to imagine someone cheating on Lorraine. I wish her loser ex was here right now, because punching him would feel so good.

She nods and busies herself putting a slice of cheese onto a wheat cracker.

“You didn’t deserve that.” And even though I haven’t known her for long, I know that much is true.

She glances up at me, and she looks surprised by my expression, which has likely turned hard. There’s no excuse for some asshole treating her with such a lack of respect, and it pisses me off.

“Things happen,” she says lightly, as if it’s of no significance, though I know he hurt her badly. She hands me the cracker she

was preparing. “That’s enough about that. Thanks for bringing the snacks. This is perfect.”

I follow her lead and drop the subject. I don’t want my anger about her ex to stir up any bad memories, and I’m not going to dwell on the topic when she wants to change the subject. She turns the conversation to landscape design, and while we eat, we talk about plants and design in general, and her yard specifically, and the goals she has for it.

At one point, when I’m explaining my ideas, I find a stick nearby and sketch some things in the sand next to our blanket.

“You’re so talented,” she says, looking at what I drew. When I frown skeptically, she says, “I know it’s just a rough drawing on sand, but I can see your creativity. You have a unique way of looking at things, and I love your ideas for my yard.”

“Thanks.” Since Leo is often the spokesperson for our work, I don’t always hear comments about the designs, and it feels good.

“How did you get into that kind of work?” she asks.

“I grew up gardening with my mom. I think she was shocked when I started asking if we could grow certain plants. I’ve always liked any kind of art and design, too. I still keep sketchbooks handy.”

“I can’t draw a straight line.”

“Everyone has creativity inside them. It’s just a matter of bringing it out,” I say.

“Hmm, I guess I’ve never nurtured that side of myself.”

“It’s a nice way to relax. Making art can be meditative.”

After a couple of quiet minutes spent eating and drinking, Lorraine says, “What about your dancing job? It seems so different from design. Do you like it?”

“Surprisingly, I do. It has its creative side, too, though it took me a while to find it. And I wasn’t good at the moves at all in the beginning, but I think I’ve improved.”

“Your moves are very, very good,” she says, and the impressed tone in her voice makes me laugh even while it swells my chest with pride.

“You’re so easy to talk to,” I tell her as I offer her the last of the cheese, which she refuses with a wave of her hand.

“So are you. Your brother made me laugh a lot, but being with you feels peaceful.”

“Is that a polite way of saying I’m boring?” I ask with a grin.

“No, not at all,” she rushes to say. “I just feel at ease with you, and calm. It’s a nice feeling.”

“That’s good. I’m glad to hear it.”

She shifts on the blanket to help me pack up what’s left of our meal. “Are you and Leo competitive with each other?”

It’s an interesting question, and not something I’d thought about, at least not for several years. “Not anymore, I wouldn’t say we are. We used to be, but that was when we were playing sports at school, running track and stuff like that.”

It’s subtle, but she shrinks back at the mention of school, and I wonder if it’s because of our age difference. School was a long time ago, though.

“That’s good,” she says.

“Now that we work together, our relationship is the best it’s been. We’re close.”

“That’s good. My sister and I are really close, too. Oh, you probably know her. Brittany, she works at the club?”

“Brittany’s your sister?”

She nods. “I can’t believe I forgot to mention that before.”

“You and she seem so different,” I tell her.

“So do you and Leo.”

“I guess you’re right.” I honestly don’t feel competitive with my brother, but I am curious about how his evening with Lorraine went. I heard the basic outline of it from him, but I

wonder how it was from her point of view. It's not something I plan to ask about, though; that's their business.

As I put away the remains of our picnic, I spot the bottle of sunscreen at the edge of the blanket. "Want more sunscreen on?" I ask her. "The water probably washed it away."

She gives me a look, well aware of my ulterior motive, though I don't want her to get a sunburn either. "The sun is starting to go down," she says. "I should be okay."

"Well, then, how about a massage?"

Lorraine's eyes are soft as she smiles at me. "I'll never say no to a massage."

## Lorraine

Troy straightens the blanket, which was wrinkled from us sitting on it. He folds another towel into a pillow shape and tells me to lie on my stomach.

Even though the sun isn't at its fullest, it's still strong enough to feel warm and lovely on my skin. There's no better feeling than lying in the sun with an ocean breeze softly blowing. No better feeling, except for Troy's strong hands on my bare skin.

He starts on my shoulders, using the same broad strokes as he did with the sunscreen, and there must be enough of it left on my skin, because his hands glide along smoothly. He kneads the muscles on my upper arms, first one, then the other, at a languorous pace that could lull me to sleep if I weren't constantly aware of the nearness of his body.

He massages my forearms, my hands, and even my fingers, treating every inch of me with tender care. I feel heavy on the sand, soaked with the sun's rays, almost drunk with pleasure. Not drunk like I'm losing my head, but in the foggy, relaxed way that feels so good. A massage on the beach is something else I've never experienced, and it's wonderful.

Troy's hands caress my lower back and stroke upward under the strings of my bikini top. "Is it okay if I untie this?" he asks. "There's no one around."

When I murmur agreement, his fingers undo the tie, and my pussy flutters with the thrill of it. He relaxes my back muscles thoroughly with just the right amount of pressure. Occasionally, his fingers dip lower to the sides of my breasts,

and I begin to ache with the need for him to touch me in more places.

As if reading my mind, his hands soon slide around and under me, cupping my breasts briefly, then massaging and returning, eventually focusing on my nipples. His touch there sends sensations shooting lower in my belly and outward to my fingers and toes.

With a few smooth movements, he rolls me onto my side and lies down beside me, his head level with my chest. Cupping one breast in his hand, he brings his mouth to it and wraps his lips around my nipple, licking lightly at first, then sucking on it, and I'm in heaven.

His knees tangle with my legs and his palm strokes over the side of my body, from my waist down to my hip and back as he continues to lazily lick and suck as if he could carry on doing it all day. His tongue swirls circles around my hardened peaks, and I could almost come, but my body needs more from him.

I'm in no rush either, though. What he's doing is absolute bliss, and I relax into the soft sand that lies beneath the towel and enjoy this once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Eventually his hand slides down and slips into my bikini bottoms, a finger stroking over my trim hair before he presses downward, making a sound of surprise when he discovers how wet I am. I'm surprised when he pulls his hand back, but his intent is soon clear.

He slides backward on the towel and rolls me onto my other side, so that my back is against his chest. His arm wraps around my hip and his hand returns to my pussy, gently stroking me there as he nuzzles my neck, kissing my shoulder, nibbling at my earlobe, whispering in my ear.

"I want you so badly," he says, his voice low and husky, triggering another rush of wetness between my legs. "I want to be inside you."

I murmur a sound of surprised pleasure as his other hand slides under me and into my bottoms, joining the first. I'm wrapped

in his embrace, warm and safe in his arms as his fingers start to work some kind of magic.

In unison, they slide through my wet folds, spreading me open, quickly finding my clit and lighting me up. My husband used to fumble around for it, and when he did find it, his touch was usually too hard or too rough. That's all a dull memory as Troy gathers my wetness, using it to lubricate the soft circles he traces around my clit.

"Come for me, Lorraine." He follows up his command with action that steadily brings me to the edge. My breaths come faster, in short little huffs that almost make me lightheaded. He holds me tight as his skillful fingers press into my clit, and I let go, clenching, releasing, arching in his arms and then shuddering my release.

"Beautiful," he whispers, one of his hands caressing my body, hip to chest, still holding me snug against him, surrounding me with his solid warmth.

I'm left feeling even more relaxed than I already was, as my body molds itself to him, eager for what's next but also wonderfully content if he just keeps holding me like this.

His hands keep touching me, soothing and exploring, but avoiding my core, as if he knows his touch there would be too much right now. He strokes over my hip and my thighs, and when I become aware of his erection prodding the back of my thigh, I shift against him to feel it better.

My pussy throbs, greedy with need, even though it's just been satisfied. The ocean breeze washes over me, teasing my hardened nipples, reminding me of my surroundings, when I'd been lost to everything except Troy and how our bodies feel pressed together.

"I want to make you come with my cock," he says, his words a gentle rumble at my ear. "I want to be deep inside you and feel you throb all around me."

Hard to believe he's usually so quiet, because he has a lot to say now, and his words are driving me wild with need.

“Please fuck me,” I say, and when I turn toward him, his mouth finds mine, kissing me with an intensity that takes me by surprise. His tongue pushes in, finding mine, stroking it, making me whimper against his mouth.

There’s movement behind me as I lie in the glow of the setting sun, and then he pushes aside the small strip of fabric between my legs, not even bothering to pull my bikini down, too eager to be inside me.

He lifts my top leg, sliding his knee below it, and in one long, smooth, steady stroke, his cock pushes inside me, taking me by surprise with the way its thickness stretches me and with the depths it reaches. I gasp as he fills me more than I’ve ever been filled before.

“You okay?” he asks, his chin at my shoulder, his tone full of concern.

My head cradled on the inside of his arm, I nod. “I’m good. Really good.”

He lays a kiss on my shoulder blade, and with a hand splayed over my navel, pulls my hips closer to him. He stays buried deep inside me, letting my body adjust to his size.

When he starts to move inside me, pulling slowly back, pressing even more slowly in, he continues to kiss me — shoulder, neck, and back — and I’m nearly overwhelmed with the tenderness of his actions. We’ve only just met, and this was supposed to be about acting out a fantasy, but it all feels so intimate, more intimate than sex with Nick had felt for a long, long time.

Keeping me wrapped in his embrace, he fucks me slow and steady, his cock moving in and out of me with a delicious friction that’s nothing short of amazing. His fingers pluck at my nipples and when he pinches them, I squirm in his arms, shocked at the sensations quickly rising again from deep inside me.

He’s tuned in to my breath and my movements, and he tugs at my hardened peaks as he starts to pump into me with greater



intensity and speed. “Come apart for me, Lorraine. Come all over my cock.”

I do as I’m told, because I couldn’t hold back if I tried. The walls of my pussy grip tightly around him, and my body goes tense in his arms, yet again.

“Fuck yeah,” he says. “Let go. Let it all go.”

It’s all such a surprise, how comfortable I am with him, how quickly my body responds to him, and how good he makes me feel, physically and emotionally. I cry out his name as I grip the blanket in my fist.

“You feel so good, Lorraine. So fucking good.”

He makes me feel special and beautiful, and I could nearly cry as my body lets go completely, wave after wave washing over me, sun and sky and sand all around me, and Troy keeping me steady in his strong arms.

“That’s it, that’s it ...” He’s with me every step of the way, over every peak, down every valley, and through every aftershock that rocks my body. He keeps fucking me, his cock filling me so completely, and I’m gone. Best sex of my life, not even close.

My head is dizzy and my body is drunk on ecstasy, as Troy squeezes me to him, his lips resting against my shoulder. When I turn my head, he kisses me again, warm and tender this time, a cherry on top of the most delicious sundae in the world.

“Was it good?” he asks, though I know that he already knows the answer.

“The best.”

Maybe I shouldn’t have told him that. Me, so much older than him, having the best sex now, with this man who barely knows me, and who’s basically doing me a favor, showing me a little fun. But I don’t care if the admission makes me pitiful. I can’t be anything but honest with him right now.

He squeezes my hand, threading his fingers with mine when I say it, and I shut my eyes, wanting to remember this moment,

sure there will never be one like it again.

“Now you,” I say. “I want to feel you come inside me.”

“I’ve been holding back,” he says. “I probably won’t take long.” And again, I’m flattered. This man knows how to make me feel so good, physically and emotionally.

Holding me steady with a hand on my hip, he pumps in and out of me, and it’s so good I could almost come again. He underestimated his staying power. He lasts a good, long time, and I love every minute of it.

When he finally approaches his climax, his body stiffens and his hand grips me tighter, and he curses under his breath just before his cock throbs inside me. I’d been aware that he’d put a condom on, but I find myself wishing he hadn’t. I want him to fill me with his cum. I want to take him inside me in every way possible, and I’m startled at the thought.

This is just sex. Amazing, unforgettable sex, but just sex. Our connection is just for now, nothing longer.

I reign in my thoughts and focus on the feel of him releasing inside me, and I enjoy every pulse of his body, the way his breath has gone ragged, and the way he collapses against me when he’s done.

It was good for him too; I feel sure of it, and if I wasn’t sure, he lets me know with his words and actions.

While his cock is still throbbing, he pulls me close and kisses my neck one more time, and he continues to hold me even after he pulls out. We’re both quiet for quite some time as our breaths slow and our heartbeats return to a normal pace. He smooths my hair back from my face, kisses my cheek, and squeezes my hip affectionately. “How did it compare to your fantasy?” he asks, brushing his lips against the edge of my ear.

“It was better.” I could elaborate. It was beyond anything I imagined, and I didn’t expect him to be so cuddly. I didn’t expect to feel so seen and known and understood. It’s sad to say, but what we shared here was so far beyond sex with Nick, even before we started drifting apart.

When Leo made the offer for the men to act out my fantasies, I expected myself to be nervous, and I might have expected some awkwardness, but I never expected to feel anything on the level Troy has just made me feel.

My heart is not a sexual organ, but it came dangerously close to getting involved in what just happened here on the beach, and that's not something I can let happen.

I try to tell myself it's just the sun making my head fuzzy, but I know that's not the truth.

Troy puts his shorts back on and helps me tie my bikini top. He gets my coverup from my bag and helps me put that on too, and I want to tell him to stop being so nice, but instead I decide to enjoy it, because I don't know how long it will be before someone takes such good care of me again.

He moves our towel down closer to the water, but still safely out of the surf's reach, and then we sit and he holds me in his arms as we watch the last of the setting sun.

Fantasy 3

## Dante

“Have you decided on your third fantasy?”

It’s landscaping day at Lorraine’s, and I get her alone for a conversation the first chance I have. She looks hotter than ever today, in a thin white top that’s held up by two tiny straps. Her hair is piled on top of her head, and her bare neck makes me want to bite it. The other thing that’s extra appealing about her is how at ease she is. After dates with Leo and Troy, she’s more relaxed around all four of us, and her beautiful smiles show themselves more frequently.

“Are you next?” she asks, sounding pleased at the prospect.

“Yes, I am.” She couldn’t be as happy about it as I am. Neither Leo nor Troy talked much about their time with her, but they said just enough to make me jealous that I was third in line. And it wasn’t so much what they said, but the looks on their faces when I asked how things went.

“Do you have something you’d like to do?” she asks.

“This is your fantasy. It’s all about you.”

When she hesitates, I decide to tease her. “Are you having trouble narrowing down all of your sinful ideas?”

Her laughter makes my cock stir in my pants.

“More the opposite,” she says.

“Surely, you must have some ideas.” From the look on her face, I can tell that she does. “You don’t have to feel shy about

it,” I say. “No matter how wild your fantasies are, I’d love to hear them.”

“That also is the opposite.” A strand of her hair has fallen loose, and she twists it around her finger before weaving it into the rest of her hair. “I’m afraid my fantasies are probably boring.”

“I’m sure that’s not true.” I step closer to her and gently touch her arm with the tip of my finger. “Tell me.”

She covers her face with her hand for a quick moment before looking at me again. “It’s about the scene from your show. At Club Red.”

My brows lift. “Which one?”

“The one where you and Darian choose a woman from the audience, take her out for dinner and dancing ...”

“You want to go out for dinner and dancing?”

“I really don’t care about the dancing part. I think the part that struck me was how you were completely focused on her and pampered her. Made her feel cared for.”

Not for the first time, I wonder how bad Lorraine’s marriage was, and what kind of jerk she’d been married to. Apparently, a lot of women need more care from the men in their lives, because that act is usually one of the most popular, based on comments from women in the audience.

“You want to recreate that scene for our date?”

She nods.

“With Darian too?”

Again she nods, looking shy again, not meeting my eyes.

With a fingertip on her chin, I tip her head back so she’ll look at me. “You should ask for what you want. All of it. Because my brother and I will be happy to give it to you.”

Her pretty throat moves, swallowing a gulp of air.

“Tell us what you want, and we’ll deliver.”

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THE NEXT NIGHT, AFTER SOME QUICK PLANNING AND LUCK with reservations, Darian and I show up at Lorraine's house at seven o'clock.

We're not in our tuxedos from the show, but we are in matching dark suits, and we look pretty sharp, if I do say so myself.

But we are nothing compared to the vision of Lorraine when she answers her door. Her deep purple dress hugs her every curve and dips down in the front, accentuating her gorgeous breasts.

It only goes halfway down to her knees, and her shapely legs rising from her black heels have my hands itching to touch her.

"Wow," she says, looking us over as we stand shoulder to shoulder on her front porch.

"No, we're the ones saying wow," Darian says. "You beat us to it because you left us speechless."

"Speechless?" She laughs at the notion. "Is this the kind of charm I can look forward to tonight?"

"He's not kidding," I say, my tone serious. "How is it that you have no idea how stunning you are?"

She doesn't have an answer as she looks back at us, thoughts flickering behind her eyes.

"Are you ready to go?" Darian asks.

"I just need to grab my wrap."

"Do you have your bag?" I ask.

"Right here." Just inside her door is a small blue overnight bag, which I sling over my shoulder.

After she steps out and locks her door, Darian and I each offer an arm for her to hold and we escort her down the steps. It's strange to be doing this off stage, out in the real world, but it's so much better, because it's not just a random pretty face we're

with, it's a beautiful woman we've been coming to know and admire with each of our visits, and tonight she's all ours.



## Lorraine

“You hired a driver?” The men lead me to a sleek black town car that’s parked in my driveway. “You didn’t have to do that.”

“We did, or we’d have fought over who got to sit next to you,” Dante says.

The driver is standing beside the car, holding the back door open. Darian gestures for me to slide in just before he goes around and enters from the other side. When we’re settled, I’m between the two men on the leather bench seat. There’s a bottle of champagne in front of me, which Dante reaches for and pours a glass for each of us.

The vehicle has a spacious interior, but the brothers are so big that it’s a snug fit between them.

“Are you comfortable?” Darian asks.

“Yes, this is really nice, but you didn’t need to go to this trouble.”

“It was no trouble, and there’s going to be a lot more luxury this evening, so please just relax and enjoy it,” Dante says.

I suspect I’m going to feel uncomfortable when I think of the money they may have spent on the date, but I promise to do my best.

“To tonight,” Dante says, raising his glass to mine and Darian’s.

“To tonight.” I clink their glasses, looking side to side at each of them, and then I swallow a small sip of the very smooth and

flavorful champagne. The bubbles add to the nervous excitement that's been fizzing in my belly all afternoon, but I hope a few more sips will provide a calming effect.

Dante lets his free hand rest on my thigh, and heat seeps into my skin, spreading out in every direction.

"Remember when you said you thought your fantasies were boring?" he asks.

I nod, hardly able to focus on anything except his hand, and his twin's hand, which settles onto my other leg.

"I don't agree with you about that, but if you wanted to add some spice, I have a few ideas."

"And what are those ideas?" I ask.

"Are you feeling brave?" He lowers his voice and leans in closer, as Darian gently squeezes my thigh.

"I don't know." What I am feeling is horny, and if they keep touching me, I'm about to revise my fantasy into one where we have sex in a limo. There isn't a lot of room, but I'd be very motivated to make it work.

"How about we remove your panties?" Dante says, whispering in my ear, even though there's a partition between us and the driver, and I'm assuming the man can't hear us.

"And do what?" I ask.

"Eventually, many, many things," he says, sending a shiver up my spine. "But for now, I'm only suggesting we remove them. You can spend the evening bare, thinking about all of the things we'll be doing to you later."

*Oh my.*

"Want to do it?" he asks, probably reading the small smile of anticipation on my face.

"Okay."

Without a word, the twins act in unison, each of them sliding a hand up my legs to my hips, where they caress the skin before taking hold of the straps of my bikini panties. I lift up to assist

them, and they take off my underwear completely, Dante pocketing them like a prize.

But they don't stop there. Their hands venture up my dress again, this time on the insides of my thighs, where they part my legs and stroke rough fingers over the delicate skin there.

My dress is long enough that I won't be worried about exposure if I go without panties during our dinner tonight, but my wet pussy may become a problem. These men are quickly going to have enough excitement pooled that it's going to drip down my leg when I stand.

Dante's and Darian's fingers both rub soft circles over the short hair between my legs.

"I thought you were only going to remove them now, nothing more," I say, as one of them lightly trails over my clit.

Dante's grin is wicked. "We never said we had much willpower."

Brushing my hair back from my shoulder, Darian bends to kiss my neck, his lush lips eventually making a path down my chest. Taking advantage of my plunging neckline, he licks the sides of my breasts, pushing the fabric aside to expose my black lace bra.

Meanwhile, their hands don't stop exploring my bare pussy. My dress has ridden up my legs, and somehow they both manage to fit their large hands down there as they work together, one stroking my clit while the other pushes a thick finger inside me.

"No willpower at all," I manage to say, as the sensations intensify.

A week ago, I'd have never been able to imagine getting into a car with these two men — no matter how hot they are — and being brought to the brink of an orgasm in mere seconds, but after my dates with Leo and Troy, I feel turned on most all of the time, my head filled with these four men, my body primed for pleasure.

Add to that the skill of their fingers, and I'm soon gripping their arms and crying out as I'm overtaken. The orgasm is

quick but intense, and does more to relax me than the champagne could have done, but it also excites me. Sitting through dinner, wondering what might happen after, is going to be sweet torture.

“So responsive,” Dante says in his deep rumble of a voice.

“So beautiful, especially when you come,” Darian says, his eyes all over me.

“So delicious.” Dante licks his finger, leaving no doubt which brother pressed inside me.

The car comes to a stop, prompting me to glance through the tinted windows. I had nearly forgotten I was even in a car.

“We’re here,” Darian says. The men had told me to pack an overnight bag, but didn’t tell me where we were going. It was a short drive, and I immediately recognize our destination.

“The Beach Resort?” It’s the nicest place on the island, by far. The reality dating show *For Keeps* once filmed an episode here when an island resident starred on the show, and it’s where the wealthiest visitors to Four Points stay.

“Have you stayed here before?” Dante asks.

“I was here for a company holiday party one night, but I haven’t stayed here.”

“I’ve heard it’s really nice,” Darian says.

That’s an understatement, and I can’t believe these men hired a car and driver, *and* booked a stay at this fancy resort. I’ve never thought about what strippers might earn, but it’s apparently more than I’d imagine.

Dante has my bag over his shoulder again as the two men escort me through the entrance and across the lobby. When they bypass the front desk, I say, “Don’t we need to check in?”

“We took care of that before we picked you up,” Darian says, and I’m so touched by their thoughtfulness and planning that I’m silent the rest of the way to the elevator.

There are a couple of other guests in the elevator with us, so we don’t get the opportunity for more hanky panky during the

brief ride up to the third floor. At the end of a long hallway, Dante opens a door with a keycard produced from his pocket.

Darian takes my hand and leads me into the room, which turns out to be a large suite with a dining table and lounge area, and a separate room with an enormous bed, the sight of which triggers fresh tingling sensations between my legs. One wall of the suite is lined with windows, and a doorway leads out to a private balcony that faces the ocean.

All of it is stunning, but none of it as much as the two gorgeous men who are watching my reaction to it all.

“We’re staying here?” It’s an obvious question requiring no answer, but I can’t help but express my surprise. Not only did my ex not want to travel, if he had, he wouldn’t have wanted us to splurge at a place like this.

“Do you like it?” Darian asks.

“It’s beautiful. I never expected anything like this.”

“Good. We like surprising you.” Dante slips his arm around me and squeezes my waist as he bends to kiss me. As his lips are gently brushing mine, I feel the heat of Darian’s body on my other side just before an arm goes around my back. Dante breaks off the kiss, and when I turn toward Darian, his mouth replaces his brother’s.

The two of them hold me and pass me back and forth between them a few times before Darian steps back. “Don’t forget our reservation,” he reminds his brother.

Reluctantly, Dante gives me one last kiss before pulling back.

“And we almost forgot, these are for you,” Darian says. There’s a vase of red roses on the table next to him, and when I go over to see them, he hands me a white box bearing the name of a fancy local chocolatier.

“Really, guys, you didn’t need to do all of this,” I say, laughing with delight as I accept the box.

“I thought you were going to just relax and enjoy the evening,” Dante says.

“I *am* enjoying the evening.”

“Then stop telling us what we didn’t need to do. You should learn to accept gifts and enjoy nice experiences, because you deserve them.” His words are admonishing, but his tone is gentle, and again, he hugs me to his side, the heat of his body seeping through the fabric of my dress.

I appreciate his sentiment, but I wonder if it’s a good idea to get used to any of this, because tonight is a one-time thing. A fantasy night. Even if I decide to start dating soon, what are the odds I’ll find a man who would pamper me like these two are determined to do?

“We have reservations?” I ask, brightening my tone.

“Are you hungry?” Darian asks.

My eyes trail over his body as I nod in response. I can eat, though food is not really what I’m hungry for.

“We have the whole evening ahead of us,” he says, reading the lust in my gaze. “Let’s go to dinner.”

“And we’ll see how much willpower we have while we try to keep our hands off of you,” Dante says.

## Darian

Neither my brother nor I make an effort to exert any bit of willpower as the three of us walk back to the elevator.

Actually, on second thought, we do, because both of us would prefer to take the lovely Lorraine right up against the wall, but we settle for slipping our hands under the bottom of her dress, walking at a slow pace as we caress her bare ass.

It's an extremely worthy ass, and I'm mentally adding doggy style to the list of ways I want to take her tonight. Giving her cheek a pinch, I can't help but envision her bent on all fours in front of me while I —

*Fuck*, my dick is getting hard.

I see scantily clad women every night at Club Red, but none have an effect on my cock like Lorraine does.

“You'd better stop,” she says, laughing. “You're going to get us kicked out of this place.”

“Can't make any promises,” Dante says, but he eventually pulls his hands away, and I do the same.

Our table in the resort's best restaurant is a half-circle booth where we of course position Lorraine between us. There's a long tablecloth that's going to allow for a lot more lapsed willpower.

After encouraging her to order whatever her heart desires, we place our dinner orders and pour the wine that's delivered to the table.

“Another delicious choice,” she says after taking a sip. “You have excellent taste.”

“Yes, we do,” Dante says, eyeing our date, making it obvious he’s talking about her.

She really does look incredible tonight, even more so after we put an extra glow on her cheeks in the car on the way here.

I slide closer to her and let my hand rest on her thigh, because I can’t resist. She glances at me but doesn’t object, even when I shift to slip that hand under the bottom of her dress and venture a few inches further up her leg.

Dante’s talking to her about the wine, but I barely register their conversation, because all of my focus is on the softness of Lorraine’s skin, and the subtle changes in her breathing as I venture closer and closer to the promised land.

The tips of my fingers dip into her wetness, and she gasps quietly.

After taking a drink of my wine, I lean in close to her to say, “Spread your legs.” When she hesitates, I add, “No one can see.”

Her thighs inch apart, and after a gentle nudge, they open further.

The bottom of her dress is bunched up at her waist now, and I settle my hand over her mound, cupping it in my palm and letting my fingers rest near her opening. I don’t probe or stroke, I just hold her, her juices dripping onto my hand. The heat of her makes me itch to be inside her, but I enjoy watching and feeling her body react as she adjusts to my hold on her.

She fidgets as our appetizer course is delivered, and her thighs press together again, but my hand remains. After the waiter retreats, I slide a finger up to her clit, circling around it as she stares at me, wide eyed. She lifts her glass as if to take a drink, but instead holds it in front of her face, trying to conceal her expression as I torment her.

“Let yourself go,” Dante tells her, completely aware of what’s going on.



She shakes her head, biting her lower lip. "I can't. Not here."

My brother smiles at her. "Sure you can."

She looks back and forth between us as I curl a finger inside her, the heel of my palm pressing against her clit in a repetitive rhythm.

"Let go," Dante repeats in a soothing voice.

Her head drops forward and her cheeks blaze as her pussy clenches around my finger.

I meet my brother's eyes, and then we both watch her as she comes, her wetness soaking my hand, her body quivering between us. She fights to cut it short and grasps for a napkin, bringing it up to her mouth.

"You two are bad. So bad," she says after the pulses have faded.

Dante grins, shaking his head as he goes back to eating his crab cake.

I withdraw my hand, wipe my palm on my napkin, but save the juice on my fingers, which I bring up to my lips to suck clean, watching Lorraine while I do it.

Her lips part and her eyes go wide when she sees me. "I'm not going to be able to eat my dinner if you keep touching me."

"I've had my appetizer," I tell her. "I'll be good for a while."

When she turns to look at Dante, he says, "I'll wait for dessert."

Lorraine releases a long sigh and her body relaxes back against the seat as she picks up her spoon to start on her lobster bisque.

"Try a bite of this," Dante says, offering Lorraine a forkful of his crab once she's halfway through her soup.

She accepts it, and a discussion about their favorite seafood dishes and restaurants follows as I eat my Greek salad. I'm not a fan of seafood, and though my salad is good, it's not nearly as tasty as Lorraine's pussy.

## Lorraine

These two men have completely taken me by surprise.

The fantasy I was expecting was about being wined and dined and pampered, and that is surely part of it, but they're taking the night to new levels. Orgasms in a car and in the dining room of a restaurant (!) and the night is just getting started.

It wasn't that long ago that I was sitting at Club Red, thinking about how I wasn't really interested in sex anymore, and these men have me coming on their hands in mere seconds. I barely recognize myself, but I'm enjoying being someone else for the night.

The food is delicious, and their company is very enjoyable, even when they're not sneaking their hands between my legs. We're enjoying our entrees and having a lively discussion about our favorite movies, when the night takes a turn.

A waving hand catches my eye at a table across the room.

"Oh, shit! It's my neighbor," I say when I recognize Mrs. Wilton. I brighten my expression and smile as I wave back at her, so my dismay won't be obvious.

"What's wrong with that?" Dante asks.

"She's really nosy," I explain. Since tonight is a fantasy, for some reason I didn't expect to see people that I know in the real world. It also didn't occur to me that any of my neighbors would dine here at the resort, though of course many of them could easily afford it. Just because Nick and I didn't go out and enjoy nice things doesn't mean other people don't.

Maybe I should have requested that our date take place somewhere off the island.

“You’re afraid she’ll ask questions about tonight?” Darian asks.

I’m afraid she’ll spread the news that she saw me, a recent divorcee, here with two young strippers. And oh shit, what if she saw me earlier when Darian made me come right here at the table? “She likes to gossip,” is all I say to the men.

I don’t want to be rude and make them think I’m embarrassed to be seen with them, but I’ll be the talk of the neighborhood if I’m spotted with one young hunk, much less two identical ones. Thank goodness there isn’t a neighborhood newsletter, or I can see the woman snapping a photo of me and printing it for everyone to see. I really hope she’s too old to do her gossiping on social media.

“Is it really a big deal that you’re out on a date?” Dante asks.

“People talk about everything,” I explain. “It’s bad all over the island, and even worse in my neighborhood.” It’s then that I remember the men are also landscapers and have other customers on my street, and my stomach sinks. Not that dating gardeners is as scandalous as dating strippers.

When I glance back at Mrs. Wilton’s table, she’s eating her meal and talking to her husband. I wonder if they’re talking about me, and I try to read her face, but I can’t tell.

I’m not usually a person who cares what the neighbors think, and I didn’t give the idea of gossip a thought when Nick left, but this is something else entirely.

Why should it be, though? Would Nick care if he was spotted out with two young women? He’d be proud, probably, and other men would congratulate him. Why should I worry about being judged by antiquated, sexist standards designed to keep women in line?

“You’re right,” I tell Dante. “It’s just new for me, dating after my divorce. I don’t know why I’m worried about what people think.”

“Great,” he says. “Want the last bite of my steak?” He holds his fork out to me, and I force myself not to care whether or not Mrs. Wilton is looking as I lean in to take the food he’s offering me.

I’m going to ask them to keep their hands off my pussy for the rest of the meal, but I’m not going to hide the fact that I’m enjoying their company.

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EVEN THOUGH THE RESTAURANT HAS TEMPTING DESSERT options, I suggest we skip it and return to our room. The box of chocolates awaits, as do two very delicious-looking men.

We pass by my neighbor’s table on our way out, and I slow down to say hello, but I don’t stop to introduce my dates. I do hold onto their arms, though, and it’s liberating, enjoying them without caring what anyone thinks.

As soon as we exit the dining room, all thoughts of Mrs. Wilton or anyone else in the real world leave my mind. I have more important things to focus on.

## Dante

Lorraine and her sexy body have distracted us from the real goal for tonight, which is to make her feel like the only woman in the world, taking inspiration from the stage act that she enjoyed so much.

Tonight isn't about our lust, it's about making her feel good — or, to be specific, feel good in ways other than orgasms, or — in addition to orgasms.

When we get back to the room, I put on a sultry playlist and take her in my arms. “Are you up for dancing?” I ask.

Her brows lift in pleasant surprise. “Maybe if I take these shoes off,” she says, wincing as she smiles.

Without a word, I pick her up and carry her to the nearest chair. Once I set her down, Darian and I each bow at her feet, working the straps open and slipping off her heels, each of us laying a kiss on her legs as we finish.

Darian toes off his shoes, and I do the same before offering a hand to help Lorraine stand.

“Do you want to take your jackets off, too?” Lorraine asks. “Get more comfortable?”

“Great idea.” Her eyes track our motions as my brother and I shed our suit jackets and drape them over the chair.

“I've never danced with two men,” she says.

“We'll take turns,” I say. “There are other things the three of us can do together, but we might end up in a heap on the floor

if we try to dance together.”

She laughs softly as I pull her toward the open center of the room. “I wouldn’t mind being in a pile on the floor with the two of you.”

Using some of the moves from the show, I turn circles with her, alternately holding her close and spinning her around. On one of those spins, Darian steps up and takes her from me, smoothly continuing the dance.

“I nearly forgot about this part of your show. This is how you did it on stage,” she says, sounding charmed.

“Are you having a good time?” Darian asks.

“It’s magical,” she says, as he twirls her around and back into my arms. “You’re both such good dancers. Are you professionally trained?”

“We’ve always liked to dance,” I tell her. “And there’s a choreographer at the club, but no, no formal training.”

I bring her up against my chest with a firm hold on her lower back, and she lets out a small laugh.

“What’s funny?”

“I’m remembering when I first saw you at Club Red. You both looked so big, I was wondering if my arms could even reach around you.”

“Do they?”

She tips her head back to look up at me, a beautiful smile on her face. “I never imagined that I’d actually have the opportunity to find out.” Her arms slide around my middle and she leans in closer, her cheek pressing against my chest, her head resting against me, and her position stirs some sort of primal guardian instinct. I want to keep her close like this and protect her from any future unhappiness. She’s obviously been unhappy and neglected by her ex, and I feel the need to make sure she never suffers like that again.

“My fingers just about touch,” she says, laughing.

“See if you can reach around me,” Darian says, and if it were anyone but my brother pulling her out of my arms, I’d be ready for a fight, but I know he’ll take just as good care of her as I will, and her being in his arms is virtually the same as her being in mine.

Though maybe my chest is a few inches bigger than his.

## Darian

I saw the look in my brother's eyes and I already knew what he was feeling, but now I'm experiencing it for myself.

Anonymous women wrap themselves around us on a nightly basis when we're working at the club, but none of that feels like this does.

Maybe we're ready for something more than we've wanted before.

"You're the same," Lorraine says, her arms holding me tight. "I don't know why you thought there'd be a difference."

I caress her back and inhale the sweet scent of her hair. "My brother thinks he puts in more reps at the gym, but he doesn't."

Her laughter vibrates against my chest as I take one of her hands, continuing our dance, spinning her around the room and pulling her close to feel her body against mine.

When I sense that she's getting tired, I slow to a gentle sway. "Ready for some chocolate?"

"Always."

We're near the couch, so I settle her onto it before retrieving the box of truffles. Extracting one, I hold it up to her lips, offering her a bite. Her lips brush against my fingers as she takes half of the candy. As soon as she swallows it, I bend to kiss her, tasting the rich sweetness on her mouth.

"Delicious," she says, her eyes soft as she looks at me.



I hold the other half of the truffle to her mouth, but instead of letting her take it, I rub its soft center on her bottom lip before immediately kissing it off of her, sucking on her lip to collect it all. She responds with a purr that vibrates down to my cock.

I repeat the action, going slower as I pull her lip into my mouth, sucking on it as she hums with pleasure. Holding out her hand, I smear a little more of the chocolate on the delicate skin of her forearm and lick it off of her as I stare into her eyes.

Meanwhile, my brother comes to kneel in front of her. He rolls up his sleeves before taking one of her feet in his hands and massaging it.

Lorraine's head drops back as she moans. "Is this even real?"

They're such simple actions. Pleasing a woman doesn't need to be complicated. It takes so little to make her feel good; there's no excuse for someone who took a vow to her not to care for her this way.

When she looks at me, I feed her the remaining bit of chocolate. "Want another one?"

She shakes her head. "It was very rich."

I kiss her again before putting the box aside and sitting down beside her, turning her back to me, so I can massage her shoulders as Dante focuses on her feet. She melts into me, her body going limp under my hands.

"You dance like professionals, and now I suspect you've been trained in massage therapy," she says, her words coming out in contented sighs.

"Nope. I guess we're just naturally talented," Dante says.

"You could charge a lot of money for this." Her head has dropped forward in complete relaxation.

I want to tell her that I haven't met anyone else I'd be interested in giving this kind of treatment to, but I sense that it's too soon to say something like that.

After several more minutes of finding small knots in her back and working them out, I say, "How about a warm bath?"

Her voice sounds sleepy when she says, “I don’t even know if I can take all of this pleasure, but I’ll give it a try.”

I kiss the back of her neck before I stand. “Stay here. I’ll be back.”

In the bathroom, I turn on the hot water tap and let it run as I gather towels and bubble bath. When the tub is filled just right, I return for Lorraine.

Dante is sitting next to her now, kissing her as he massages one of her hands.

“Ready?” I ask.

As I take Lorraine in my arms, I give Dante a look. Reading my meaning, he collects a bottle of wine and glasses and follows us into the bathroom. When I set her down, I find the zipper on the back of Lorraine’s dress and slowly pull it down. Together, my brother and I slip the garment off of her shoulders and down her body, supporting her arm as she steps out of it.

She’s a tempting sight, standing there in only her sexy black bra, but I’m a man on a mission, and the mission is treating her right.

Dante unhooks her bra, and I pull the straps from her arms, feasting my eyes on her luscious, heavy breasts, her nipples growing hard before my eyes.

“Beautiful,” I say, letting my eyes dip down to the V between her legs, where her closely trimmed curls beg for my touch.

There’s some uncertainty in her eyes, which seems to lift at my compliment. Please don’t tell me that she doesn’t know how beautiful she is.

“Let me know if the water’s too warm.” I hold her arm as I help her step into the tub.

“Oh, it’s perfect,” she says, sinking down into the bubbles. “But the tub is awfully big. I need some company in here.” She folds her arms on the edge of the tub and rests her chin on them, her eyes fixed on us.

“Of course, we wouldn’t make you take a bath on your own,” Dante says, starting to unbutton his shirt.

“Don’t rush, though,” she tells him. “I want to watch you both strip.”

He arches a brow. “I believe you’ve already seen us strip.”

Lorraine’s skin is already starting to turn an appealing pink color from the hot water, and the damp tips of her hair are curling on her shoulders. She leans back and gathers handfuls of bubbles, using them to cover her breasts. “This is going to be even better.”

## Lorraine

These two men were unbelievably gorgeous when I first saw them from a distance at Club Red. Up close, they are phenomenal.

One of them alone would be breathtaking; two are enough to make me dizzy as I sit in the warm bath, my front-row seat for the private show.

They don't do any fancy moves. They don't need to. They simply remove their clothing with unspoken coordination, first unbuttoning their dress shirts, revealing thin, snug undershirts beneath. Their size and muscle structure, which are always impressive, even when their clothes are on, become awe inspiring when the dress shirts are off.

Their arms are thick as tree trunks, beautifully sculpted and covered with dark hair that gives me flutters low in my belly. I hold my breath as they undo their belts and step out of their pants. Their massive thighs are like something out of superhero movies that's usually only achieved with computer graphic enhancements.

I want to tell them to come closer so I can touch, but I'm enjoying the view too much to disrupt them.

Next, they pull their undershirts over their heads, and I get an unobstructed look at those broad chests I was hugging earlier. I want to press myself to every inch of them, to map out what's hard, and to look for soft spots I can lick or bite.

My own thoughts take me by surprise. When have I ever lusted so hard after a man, or men? Never like this. Never before meeting Leo, Troy, and these beautiful twins.

There's so much gorgeousness that my eyes don't know where to go, but I'm continually drawn to the fascinating shapes shadowed in their dark briefs. On stage, they wore showy red boxers, but now, like the real-life men that they are, they wear black briefs that strain to contain their sizable packages.

I swallow a gulp of air. The size of one of these men would be intimidating; two are a challenge that I will either meet or happily die trying.

Dante catches my eye, and his grin is cocky, but he obviously has the goods to back up all that confidence.

When he lifts a foot to step into the tub, I stop him. "What are you doing?"

"Thought you wanted us to come in."

"You're not naked yet."

He glances down at his briefs. "These will help my willpower."

I narrow my eyes. "What if I don't want you to have willpower?"

The sexy rumble of his laugh echoes off of the bathroom walls as he steps backward and tucks his thumbs into the sides of the waistband of his briefs. My breath catches in my chest as he tugs downward, releasing his massively long and thick erection.

Once it springs free, I'm confused about how it ever fit in his underwear. I'm nervous about how it will fit inside me.

"Don't worry," Dante says. My thoughts must be clear on my face.

The bathwater seems to increase by twenty degrees as I continue to stare. Dante's cock is so beautifully veined that it appears to be specially designed for female pleasure. I'm in awe.

Motion to the side catches my eye and I look to Darian. The men had been removing their clothes together, but Darian has waited for his own reveal, and I'm extremely grateful. I tear my eyes away from Dante to watch Darian remove his final piece of clothing, and my pussy throbs as his cock, a glorious twin to his brother's, is exposed.

*Lord, help me.*

"You're both truly beautiful men," I say, once I find my words.

"Not as beautiful as you," Darian says without missing a beat.

"Come in here." I center myself in the tub, which thankfully is quite large, but it's hard to tell if it will be big enough.

Dante steps in first, then Darian, and as they sink down on either side of me, some water sloshes over the lip of the tub.

The twins settle in on each end, and I'm between them wondering what to do and where to go first. Dante makes the decision for me, reaching for my arm and turning me so that my back faces him. He pulls me through the bubbles until my body rests against his solid chest and his slippery arms and legs surround me.

His cock bobs against my back, and my nipples go hard even in the warm water.

If we were alone, I'd be inclined to rest my head on Dante's chest, close my eyes, and relax. But the sight in front of me is too good to miss. Darian's watching me, a sexy grin curling his lip. "Would you like some wine?" he asks.

"Sure." It's hard to imagine this experience getting any better than it already is, but sure, I'll have some wine.

Darian pours a glass for all three of us, and after we all take a drink, I slide over to Darian's side of the tub, wanting to give the men equal time.

Dante finds one of my feet under the water and cradles it in his hands, resuming his massage. Darian brushes my hair back from my face and presses his lips along my jaw and cheek until I turn to meet his mouth.

He kisses me, and I'm nearly tempted to pinch myself, because this all feels like a dream. I guess, in a way, it is. Not a dream, but a fantasy, brought to life for just one night.

Darian's lips gently tug at my lower lip as his tongue strokes across it. I open for him, and his mouth claims mine, tender but firm.

We carry on kissing, his fingers stroking over my arm, my body growing more and more needy, until Dante's hand on my shoulder tugs me gently away. He's closer now, and his mouth immediately takes the place of his brother's, claiming my mouth as his.

I could carry on kissing these two men for an endless amount of time. I've never been a particularly huge fan of kissing, but they elevate it to a new experience altogether.

I feel cherished and desired, like I'm the only woman they've ever wanted. I must be getting drunk from these kisses.

Tonight isn't supposed to be about emotional feelings — only physical ones — and I'm ready to experience more.

Reaching out on either side of me, I find their cocks, both hard and ready, and I wrap my hands around each of them. Though the tips of my fingers touched when I stretched my arms around their bodies, the same can't be said for my hands circling around their cocks.

I start to stroke them, and I swear they grow larger still. It can't even be possible.

Darian clears what's left of the dissolving bubbles from my chest and bends to take one of my nipples in his mouth. When I moan and squeeze their cocks in my hands, Dante says, "Maybe we should take this into the bedroom."

I'm reluctant to leave the tub, where everything has been pure bliss, but he's probably right. The water is growing cooler, and the amount of time I want to spend exploring their bodies would leave us all with skin like prunes.

Darian gets out of the tub first, and after quickly drying himself, he holds a fresh towel out for me, wrapping me in its warmth as soon as I step out. His big hands work to dry me,

and it's another moment where I feel like I'm living the fantasy they presented on stage at Club Red. I feel so cared for, so pampered.

Dante steps out, too, and towels himself off. As soon as he's dry, he goes into the closet, returns with a fluffy white hotel robe, and wraps it around me. Still gorgeously naked himself, he picks me up and carries me into the bedroom, where he lays me on the center of the bed.

Dante lies down beside me, folding me into his arms, and moments later, Darian joins us, lying on my other side. My body tingles in anticipation. This is tonight's pinnacle event. It's all been wonderful, but this is what I've been looking forward to.

I feel small lying between the two men — almost anyone would. I also feel safe, cared for, valued, and admired. They may have been repeating a lot of the things they do on stage, but the way they've looked at me all evening has made me feel special. Maybe it's all part of the fantasy, and if so, they do a brilliant job at making a woman feel desired.

“What are you thinking?” Darian asks, stroking a finger over my cheek with a light touch you wouldn't think a man of his size would be capable of.

I let out a breath. “Just thinking there's nowhere else I'd rather be.”

“Agreed,” Dante says, turning me toward him with a hand at my waist. His mouth covers mine and I melt into his arms. After a blissful minute, Darian cuts in, bringing me back to him, his lips quickly taking his twin's spot.

The two of them carry on like that, passing me between them, kissing me, caressing my back, stroking fingers through my hair, squeezing me to them, until Dante starts to move down my body, kissing a path that leads him to where the belt holds the robe together.

He easily loosens the knot, his lips turning my skin to flames as he continues lower, lower, to where he spreads my legs and settles himself between them.



## Dante

Time to have more than a quick taste. The chocolate truffles looked fine, but this is what I've been craving for dessert. Actually, I'm going to consider this my main course tonight, and I'm finally about to get my fill.

Lorraine's skin is soft and dewy from the bath. I kiss each of her inner thighs, breathing in the scent of her as I spread her wider, opening her to me. Her pussy is glistening with desire, and just the sight of it sends blood rushing to my cock.

"I don't know how I waited this long," I murmur just before dipping my tongue into her juices. At first contact, her body stiffens and her back arches, pressing her pussy closer to my face. I take a bigger taste, and she moans into my brother's mouth.

She's so incredibly responsive, and I can't wait a moment longer for her to come on my face. I dive in deeper, tongue in her folds, lips sucking, kissing, my teeth nipping. Her clit is a stiff little nub, primed to explode, and it only takes a few strokes of my tongue before she's crying out, hips pressing up, her pussy seizing, then throbbing in release.

I keep licking and slide a finger inside her to feel her inner walls grip it as she comes, and she whimpers before crying out again, reaching another peak, trembling beneath me. It's all even better than I've been imagining.

Backing off, replacing licks with soothing kisses, I let her recover. We have all night ahead of us, and I don't want to wear her out too soon.

Her head is resting on Darian's arm, tipped backward in her pose of surrender, her pretty pink nipples hard and pointing up to the ceiling, her skin flush with desire.

I want to consume every inch of her, and as she recovers, I lay claim to her belly, her hip, her thigh and her knee.

With a deep, satisfied sigh, she rights herself and reaches for Darian's cock, which has been prodding her other hip. "I don't know how *I* waited this long," she echoes, her fingers bumping over the texture of his skin before she wraps her fist around him, bends her body, and takes the head of him between her lips.

I want her mouth on me, but watching my brother's cock disappear into her mouth is a close second best.

How is this woman so effortlessly sexy?

She can't take him all, but she does an admirable job, and it's clear from just a few moments of watching that she has some tricks up her sleeve. I'm looking forward to my turn, but in the meantime, I return to her pussy, where I work to set her off again.

She's wetter than ever, and after a few licks, I decide that I can't wait to be inside her. After I find the condoms, I toss a stack on the bedside table, snagging one for myself first. When I'm covered, I return to Lorraine, who's still sucking my brother's cock, and somehow he's still managing to hang on.

She continues to work on him as I shift her onto all fours. Her juices are dripping down her thigh, and I can't wait to make her even wetter. Lining up at her entrance, I stroke the head of my cock through her slick folds, nudging the edges of her opening before sliding up and over her clit.

She shifts backward, bringing her hips closer to me, as eager as I am for our bodies to come together. I want to tease her more, but she makes it impossible to wait.

Using all of my self control, I press in slowly, watching her pussy lips stretch around my cock. I go slow for a couple of reasons, one of which is to give her time to adjust. When I feel

her body relax, I push further into her moist heat, inch by inch, until my hips meet her ass.

“Fuck, you’re so big,” she says, pulling off of Darian’s cock.

“Are you okay?” he asks, beating me to the question.

She nods enthusiastically. “Yeah, I’m great, but fuck. Wow.”

Fortunately, or unfortunately for her, my cock swells larger at the praise. I stay buried inside her and reach around to find her clit with my fingers. As I circle it, her inner walls relax. She’s still a tight, tight fit, but I can tell I won’t hurt her.

Slowly, I pull halfway out, and when I sink back in, she groans. “Damn, that feels good.”

Darian meets my eyes, and we share a look that conveys the pleasure we both feel about our partner.

As I start to move in Lorraine, she goes back to Darian’s cock, taking it in deep and sucking hard, her cheeks suctioning in, her focus on pleasing him, even as I pick up the pace.

I continue to draw circles around her clit and when I press on it, she starts to whimper. I tilt my hips, pressing in deeper, matching the rhythm of my cock to my fingers, and she cries out, her words muffled by my brother’s cock.

Her body stiffens and her pussy grips me even tighter before it throbs, milking my cock with rhythmic waves. I intended to last a lot longer, but holding out would be torture. Instead, I pull her hip tight against me and let loose, my cock jerking inside her, our bodies joined in ecstasy, together in the way we’re meant to be.

My climax is intense and lasts a long time, but when I come back to awareness, Lorraine is still in the throes, quivering beneath me, a thin sheen of sweat glistening on her skin. Slipping an arm under her chest, I straighten her, kissing points on her back, up to her shoulder and her neck.

“Beautiful,” I say, because that’s the word that fills my mind. She’s beautiful. The experience was beautiful. Sharing it with my brother makes it even better.

His eyes are fixed on her, admiring her just as I am.

Cupping one of her breasts, I pull her tight against me. When she turns her head, I kiss her, and it's all new because of what we just shared.

## Darian

While Dante and Lorraine kiss, I reach for a condom. It wasn't easy to last while she was sucking on my cock, but I had an end goal in sight. Not that I couldn't have come already and recovered instantly. I'm going to stay hard all night for this woman.

When she looks down at me, I curl up and grab her waist, lifting her and setting her on my thighs, right next to my cock. "You ready to ride me?"

Her eyes go wide, and I get it. Even though my twin was just inside her, his approach from behind was undoubtedly less daunting than what she's faced with now.

"You know it'll fit you just right," I tell her, and the slow curve of her mouth makes my cock jerk in anticipation.

She goes up on her knees, and I help her lift up the rest of the way, lining her up and then letting her sink down at her own pace. Her eyes drift closed as she starts to take me inside her, and I watch her expression closely as her pussy envelops my cock.

When she reaches my root, her eyes flutter open and she meets my gaze with a beautiful grin.

"Feel good?" I ask.

She nods, almost looking drunk, or sleepy. I won't make her work too hard, but I couldn't pass up having this view of her, and I want to enjoy it for at least a minute or two.

Instead of lifting up right away, Lorraine grinds down on me, rocking gently against me, and *fuck* — I need to concentrate to keep a grip on myself. Her gorgeous tits bounce as she sways, and her hair brushes against her shoulders enticingly, giving me ideas for other positions I'd like to try with her later on.

“C'mere. Bend forward.” I reach for her hand, encouraging her to support herself on my chest. Her tits hang over me before she presses them against me. My hands find her hips and I pull her closer, encouraging her to continue the delicious grind.

She does, and her eyes go wide yet again before squeezing tight. “Oh, fuck, this feels good.”

She makes good use of the position, rubbing her clit against me as my cock fills her. I slide my hand into her silky hair and when she looks at me, I curl up to give her a brief kiss.

“Can you come for me, baby? I want to watch you come apart on my cock. Come for me.”

Her eyes flutter shut again, and she grinds down on me, looking unbelievably sexy as she chases her pleasure. Then she starts to bounce, fast little movements that make her moan, and when I pinch one of her nipples, she cries my name, making me feel like I've won a prize.

“Oh, god, Darian, I'm coming!”

She gets lost in herself and soaks my cock as her body lets go. She's beautiful, and I could watch her do this over and over. In fact, I plan to, but for now, I'll let her relax.

When she comes down from her peak, I lift her off of me, shifting her onto her back. Kneeling below her, I lift her legs, supporting them on my chest as I sink back into her pussy.

Dante lies down next to her, bending over her to suck on her nipples as her body sways on the bed with the motion of my thrusts. I glide my fingers up and down over the silky skin on her legs as my cock sinks home over and over.

She feels so good, like she was custom made for me. I dip deep inside her, again and again and again, until I reach my oblivion.

## Lorraine

Tonight was the longest buildup to sex that I've ever experienced. I've needed these men inside me ever since they took off my panties in the car — hell, since they first showed up at my door.

After so much pleasure, so much foreplay, and so much romance, it finally happened, and it was everything I imagined.

More, even.

But the night isn't over.

They both lie beside me, Darian curling me into his arms, Dante's hand resting possessively on my hip, his thumb strumming over me, and it's like that that we all fall asleep, or at least, I assume they do. When I wake up some time later, they're still holding me, and when I move to stretch my legs, their hold on me tightens into an embrace.

"Want some water?" Darian asks, his voice thick.

"Sure."

When I move to get up to follow him, he tells me to rest.

Dante cups my breast, pulling me closer to him, nuzzling my ear. "I want to be inside you again," he murmurs.

As he kisses me, his cock nudges my back, and my pussy comes awake. There'll be time for sleep another night.

After a few fortifying sips of the water Darian brings, the three of us go another round ... and then another.

In the morning, I'm woken up by a tongue tickling my thighs. As I realize what's happening, it moves on to my swollen pussy, kissing it good morning, dipping inside to say hello. From there, we move on to sex in the shower, which is much roomier and more accommodating than the tub, and after giving me two orgasms and thoroughly and gently washing every inch of me, the two men leave me by myself to get dressed.

I realize that aside from a quick trip in the night to the bathroom, it's the first moment I've had alone since they picked me up. They've been so completely attentive, and so caring.

By contrast, life back at my house is going to feel lonely.

I'm not usually lonely when I'm alone, but this night has been so fantastically magical that it has my head and heart in a different place. I could get used to having their company, all four of them, not just for the ridiculously hot sex, but for their humor, their care, their companionship.

But being with them isn't real life, and instead of being sad that it's over, I should be glad it happened.

All in all, everything went wonderfully, except for my time with Leo. I regret my hesitation that first night, even though we still had fun together.

I've used up my four wishes — well, I've used three, but I had a two-for-one with Dante and Darian, and it was worth it.

How many women have an opportunity to bring their fantasies to life, no strings attached, with four incredibly gorgeous men? But now that I've had nights with all of them, my fantasy life is over.

And it's probably a good thing, because I could easily get used to the kind of treatment they've been giving me, even though I know it was only special because it was temporary.

It's just been about sex for them, but acting out these fantasies has played with my head at times. I could almost feel like I'm



falling for these men, but I'd only be falling for a fantasy.

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LATER IN THE DAY, BACK AT MY EMPTY HOUSE, I GET A TEXT from Troy asking if I can go to the nursery with him on Friday morning to select new plants for the yard. We're back to official landscape business, and the hollow twinge of sadness I'd been feeling expands.

I'm convinced the feeling is temporary, though. Just a little post-glow letdown.

When Friday comes, I'm torn between wanting to see Troy and worrying that seeing him will reignite the sparks I felt when I was last around him. Not that he or the other three men have ever been far from my mind.

My body has been craving them like an addict, and I've been masturbating every night since I was with Darian and Dante. Sometimes, I even take a little midday break for some self love, just to try to get them off my mind.

My chest is fluttering when my doorbell rings, and the sensations multiply when I open the door to find not just Troy, but all four men.

My landscapers, here for purely professional reasons — but the look in all of their eyes says something different.

“Good morning. How are you?” Leo's at the head of the group, and he steps across my threshold, taking me by surprise with a kiss on the lips. I'm shocked at first, but I melt into him after only a second or two. His mouth feels so good on mine, and my entire body activates instantly, like it's been waiting for this — because it has.

“Did you order a pizza?” he asks, giving me a look that takes me right back to our night together and makes me laugh.

“Not for breakfast.”

“Pity,” he says, releasing me after an affectionate parting kiss on the forehead.

Dante and Darian are next, wrapping me in their arms together, hugging and kissing me in turn.

Troy's last, his eyes scanning my face. "How've you been?" he asks, sliding an arm around my shoulders and hugging me to his side.

I've been not quite myself, and more than a little lonely, but all I say is, "Good."

Not only was I not expecting all of them to come today, I definitely wasn't expecting the hugs and physical contact. I'm sure it's not a good idea, even though it feels good, and I'm confused by their motivations.

I'd hoped we'd be friendly acquaintances after the fantasies were done, but the kisses they just gave me weren't the type you share with friends. I feel like I should say something about it, but taken so off guard, I don't know quite how to approach the subject.

## Lorraine

“Ready to go?” Leo asks.

“Um ... sure. Does anyone want coffee first?”

“You don’t have to bother,” he says. “We can get some on the way.”

Out at their truck, Troy opens the passenger door for me, but before I climb in, it occurs to me that this will leave Troy and the twins squished together in the back seat.

“I can sit in the back,” I say. “We might all fit better that way.”

What I don’t think through is what being between Dante and Darian is going to feel like. I’m instantly filled with memories of our night, from sitting between them in the car, to lying between them in the bed.

“Send some air back here,” Darian calls up to Leo when he notices my skin flush, but the temperature in the truck isn’t the problem.

Each of the twins rests a hand on one of my knees, and it makes me feel like I’m theirs, or like I want to be theirs.

I can’t think clearly at the moment, and I quickly give up trying. Instead, I focus on the questions they’re asking me — about where my favorite place is to get coffee and how my work week has been — and I follow along as they tell me about two new landscape clients, and how they might soon be able to cut back their time at Club Red.

The next thing I know, we're at the garden center, coffees in hand, and Darian is helping me down from the truck. Troy leads the way around the place, showing me his ideas for new trees and bushes, and encouraging me to choose what I like.

Going over a patch of gravel, Troy takes my arm to keep me steady, and it's at this unfortunate moment that a familiar face appears on the path in front of us.

"Lorraine?"

It's Nick's mother, my ex-mother-in-law, and she's frowning at me with an expression she'd usually reserve for spoiled milk.

I used to call her Mom, but she's Mrs. Martin to me again, so that's how I greet her.

"What are you doing here?" she asks, her emphasis on the *doing*, though I know her question is more about who I'm here with. Troy still has hold of my arm, but I straighten it, hoping he'll drop it, and he does.

"Just picking out some plants. These are my new landscapers." I gesture to the men and she gives them a short nod, taking in an eyeeful before finally returning to me.

"Oh, well. Nice to see you, Lorraine. Take care."

I stay frozen as she passes, and when she's out of earshot, Darian is at my side, concerned. "Who was that?"

"Oh, sorry. I should have introduced you. That was my former mother-in-law."

He nods. "You don't get along?"

"Apparently not anymore. We used to be close, but she hasn't been in touch since my separation."

His eyes are sympathetic, and he rubs my shoulder in a soothing way. Mothers-in-law have a bad reputation, but I'd always liked mine, and I thought she liked me. I thought our relationship might have continued outside of my marriage to her son, but I guess I was wrong about that.

"You forgot to tell her that I'm also your pizza delivery man," Leo says, and even though he's joking, it makes me wonder if

it was insensitive to introduce the men as my landscapers. They're definitely my friends, too, but putting a label on our unusual relationship is complicated. The word *relationship* is complicated in itself, and I feel that twinge again as I find myself wishing this *was* actually some sort of romantic relationship, though I know I don't really want that.

The nearness of these men makes my head go funny, I swear to god.

We don't buy any plants, despite seeing some nice ones. Troy tells me that now that he knows what I want, he'll shop around at a couple of other places and find the best deals. We spent quite a while at the garden center, and when we get back in the truck, me between the twins again, Leo asks if I have time to go to lunch with them.

I want to say no, but I can't think of any good reason to object, other than the fact that being around them has me lusting after them and wanting things that make no sense. Briefly, I consider suggesting that we somehow extend the fantasy arrangement, but I remind myself that would be a bad idea.

If being with them for three nights — it's hard to believe it was only three nights, when it felt like so much more — amplified my loneliness, imagine how much worse I'd feel after more time with them. If I decide I want the long-term company of a man again, I need to find an appropriate partner. Carrying on an affair with four young male strippers is no path forward for a divorced woman in her mid-thirties.

We've had our fun, but all good things must come to an end.

During our lunch at the Seafood Shack, I find out the men have different ideas.

“So what's it going to be for fantasy number four?” Leo asks, casually waving a french fry in the air before popping it in his mouth.

I'm still chewing, and after I swallow, I take a long sip of my iced tea before answering. “I've had dates with all four of you. I thought that would be it.”

“Maybe you’ve been crunching numbers too hard at work,” he says, “because you lost count. You’ve only had three fantasies, and you were promised four.

“You’ve got one more coming,” Dante says, looking at me like he wants to be directly involved in the fourth fantasy.

“Surely, you have more ideas,” Leo says.

I look down at my basket of fried seafood, wondering if I have the nerve to say what I’m thinking. I’ve gotten to know these men a lot better, and I’m comfortable with them, but what I have actually been fantasizing about this week is new, and it’s a big step beyond what’s gone on so far.

But since this will be the final fantasy, I can’t single one of them out, not even Leo.

“I do have one more idea,” I say, glad that we’re at the restaurant early and there’s no one else sitting around us.

“Tell us,” Dante says.

I take a deep breath. “I have been fantasizing about what it would be like ... to be with ... all of you ... together.”

It’s not a *huge* stretch. Dante and Darian shared me, but they’re twins. Troy and Leo are brothers, but the two sets of brothers are unrelated; they’re just coworkers and friends. Would this be too weird for them?

When I finally meet their eyes again, my worries are quickly dispelled.

“I knew you had it in you to bring up your deepest hidden desires,” Leo says, his eyes glinting and his voice sounding positively filthy.

As usual, Troy is quiet, but he’s clearly interested. Darian, who’s next to me, slides his hand onto my leg and gives it an encouraging squeeze.

“Nothing like this ever crossed my mind until I met the four of you.”

“So you’re saying we inspire your fantasies?” Dante asks, rivaling Leo for the sexiest tone of voice.

“I’m pretty sure you inspire fantasies in every woman who sets foot in Club Red.”

They ignore my mention of other women and keep their curious eyes fixed on me.

“When are you available?” Leo asks.

Considering all I’ve been doing is sitting at home thinking about them, my calendar is wide open. “You’re the busy ones working two jobs,” I say. “I’m available most nights.”

“We’re going to need a long night,” Leo says, “and you’re going to want to have a free schedule the next day, because you’re going to need time to recover.”

My eyes widen at the implication of his warning, and I can’t help but imagine what will go on that will leave me needing recovery time. Can I handle four men?

As I look around at the four of them, my body screams, “Hell, yes!”

# Fantasy 4



## Troy

My brother and I have never shared a woman. The situation never came up before, and like Lorraine, I'd never thought about it until I met her. Even when it did cross my mind, I didn't necessarily expect it to happen, but we've been talking about our mutual attraction for her, and we were aware of her night with Dante and Darian, so her request didn't come as a complete surprise.

I knew as soon as she mentioned it that the others would be up for it. They'll have her any and every way they can, and I'm feeling the same about her.

Leo suggested we go to a hotel for the night, but Lorraine invited us to her house, so here we are at her door, bags of groceries in hand.

"What's all this?" she says as she invites us in.

"We're making dinner for you," Dante says.

"I told them you preferred meat lover's pizza," Leo says, "but they insisted."

"Wow, you didn't have to do this." She leads us into her kitchen, where we set the bags on the counter. "What are we having?"

"Vegetable lasagna, salad, and garlic bread," Dante tells her.

"You're kidding me. Are you joking?" She peers into the bags, surely seeing the boxes of noodles and other ingredients. I'm

guessing by her level of surprise that her ex never cooked anything special for her. Yet another strike against the man.

“What can I do to help?” she asks.

Darian pulls a bottle from the bag nearest him. “You can start drinking some of this wine while you relax and wait for dinner.”

“You are all completely over the top, do you know that?” The grin on her face lights me up, and despite being urged to relax, she stays in the kitchen and helps. It’s a tight fit at times with the five of us, but that just gives us opportunities to hold her close when we’re near her.

“You look beautiful tonight,” I whisper in her ear on the first occasion she’s in my arms. “You always do, but I swear you get more attractive every time I see you.”

She looks up at me, surprised, and tips her head back to receive a kiss. I keep her in my arms for a few minutes while we watch the others.

“Do you cook meals like this often?” she asks.

“Not often. Dante is the best cook, and he and Darian have had us over for meals sometimes. Usually when we watch a big game.”

“They live together? I can’t believe I never asked about that,” she says.

“They do, and Leo and I live together, though lately the four of us have been joking that we may as well move into the same house because we’re together so much for work.” *And now for pleasure*, I think.

“It’s great that you all get along so well,” she says, looking thoughtful.

Shifting her in my arms, I stroke a hand down her back. “Are you ready for tonight?”

My brother told me that on the date he had with her, she was reluctant to even name a fantasy, and tonight she wants to take us all. It’s an impressive progression, and I’m honored that she

has such trust in all of us. I would hope we've all demonstrated that we're worthy of that trust.

"I'm a little nervous, but I figured, when am I ever going to have this chance again?" she says.

I'm about to tell her that she can have a night like this anytime she wants it, but before I can speak, Leo calls me over. "Troy, can you cut these mushrooms?"

"Sure." I give Lorraine a kiss on the top of her head and rejoin the work in the kitchen.

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"IF I HADN'T WATCHED YOU MAKE THIS, I'D HAVE SUSPECTED you brought it from a restaurant," Lorraine says once she's two bites into her dinner. "This is the best lasagna I've ever had."

"What about the salad?" Leo says. "That's some pretty great salad I made, isn't it?"

"From a prepacked kit," Dante says.

"Every bit of the meal is delicious," Lorraine says. "This is really a treat. Thank you."

"Our pleasure," Darian says.

I can't take credit for much of the meal either, but if a home-cooked dinner makes Lorraine this happy, then I'm going to ask Dante for some lessons.

I can't explain how seeing her smile makes me feel, but it's something I aim to make happen as much as I can.

## Lorraine

The main reason that I invited the men to my house was because I was afraid they'd splurge on another stay at a fancy resort. I have a well-paying job, and the Beach Resort would've put a big dent in my budget. I don't want them spending money on things like that when they're trying to grow their business.

The other reason, one that was mostly in the back of my mind, is that Nick's presence still echoes through the house, even though he's been gone for quite some time. A night with these men, here in the bedroom I used to share with him, will surely expel the unwanted memories. Even just sitting at the dining room table eating with them is bringing so much joy back to the space.

Despite my pleasure at having them here, my feelings are still very mixed about tonight. Of course, I'm excited about the sex, and I love spending time with them, but sadness edges all of it, since tonight will be my last time with them. Tonight will be worth the sadness that will follow, though. I'm sure of that.

"I'm excited for the new additions to the yard," I tell them. "You've done such a great job out there. You've brought it all back to life." *They've brought me back to life, too.*

"Our pleasure," Darian says again.

I suppose they won't need to come by so often for yard work once the new things are planted, and maybe that will be for the best, because I have a feeling that seeing them after tonight, after this fantasy arrangement is over, is going to be torture.

Maybe I'll even have to purposely not be home when they come by. I can't imagine watching them work shirtless in the yard again, now that I've been under their hard bodies.

"Who's ready for more?" Dante asks, reaching for the spatula that's in the lasagna pan.

I opt for a small second helping, because it's too good to stop eating, and the men all have more, but amazingly, there's still some left when we're all done.

I start to clear our plates, but they insist that they'll take care of it. I'm sent to the living room with a refilled wine glass while the four of them put away the leftovers, rinse plates, load the dishwasher, and wipe down the counters. Someday, these men are going to make great husbands for some lucky women, if such a thing as a great husband exists.

When they're finished, they join me, Leo and Dante taking the spots on either side of me on the couch, and Troy and Darian taking the chairs. Even though my belly is full from the delicious dinner, there is apparently still plenty of room in there for butterflies. I check myself to see if I'm having second thoughts, but there are only nerves and excitement fluttering around.

"Is there anything the four of you can't do?" I ask them. "Landscaping, dancing, cooking, massages. And everything I've seen you do, you do to perfection."

"We're looking forward to doing more things tonight to perfection," Leo says, sliding a big hand along my thigh.

"I have no doubt."

"Any specific requests for what's to follow?" Leo asks, my skin heating and my pussy throbbing at the thought of *what's to follow*.

"This is new to me," I say. "I wouldn't know what to request." My fantasies have mostly involved having all of their hands and mouths on me. "Have you all ... shared before?"

He shakes his head, giving a brief glance to Dante and Darian. "Not all of us."

“Are you sure you’re okay with it?” The last thing I’d want to do is cause any kind of tension or awkwardness in their relationships with each other.

“We are more than okay with whatever you want,” Leo says, sliding his hand further up my leg until it rests in the crease at my hip.

“Okay,” I say, my voice going breathy. “Then I’m okay with whatever you want to do tonight.”

“Are you sure you want to give us that kind of leeway?” Leo asks, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

“I trust you.”

“Good.” His hand crosses over my lap and grabs my hip, tugging me closer to him, bringing me in for a kiss that’s immediately hungry.

I didn’t get enough of Leo during our date, and I’m fired up at the thought of experiencing him fully tonight. His playful ways have me convinced that he’s going to be a hell of a lot of fun in bed.

While he’s kissing me, his lips doing a delicious dance with mine, a hand presses onto my other leg, and I know at once that it’s Dante. His fingers wrap around to my inner thigh, digging into my flesh with just enough pressure to dampen my panties.

Sex with Troy, Dante, and Darian on the previous dates has been tender and full of care, but something feels different tonight, even though they’ve only just started touching me. There’s a different energy crackling between us, and it’s got me shivering with anticipation.

With a hand on my chin, Dante tips my head away from Leo and toward him. He’s moved in closer, and strokes his hand down my neck as he kisses me, briefly cupping me there, claiming me. I sigh into his mouth and let my head drop back against the couch cushion, falling under his spell.

When Darian comes over to kneel between my legs, I find my voice to say, “Let’s go into the bedroom.”

Leo slides his hands under me and scoops me into his arms. “That way?” he asks, gesturing to the hall.

“Mm-hmm. Down and to the left.”

He kisses me again as he carries me, and I’m lit up from within, all of my body humming with excitement about what’s to come. This is really happening. It’s a lesson in remembering to always ask for what you want.

Inside the bedroom, he finds the switch and lights up the room. I’ve been lying in the dark these past several nights, conjuring these men in my mind, but I suppose it will be best to have the lights on, so as not to miss a single thing.

Leo lays me in the center of the bed, bending over me, letting some of his weight rest on me, including the heavy stiffness that presses between my legs. *Fuck*. He’s ready to go. My pussy releases another flood of moisture. I’m ready too.

## Leo

Lorraine spreads her legs, inviting me closer, but I pull back, and as I do, she sits up, reaching for me. I'd like nothing more than to rip her clothes off and bury myself inside her, but this isn't going to be a goddamn quickie.

"Thought you might like a home show," I tell her. The other guys are standing beside me, and I give them a look, hoping they catch my meaning.

Apparently they do, because they shift into a row, the four of us lined up at the foot of Lorraine's bed.

"This would be better with music," Dante says.

"Wait a minute." Lorraine turns toward her nightstand and reaches for her phone. The room is quiet for a moment as she taps and scrolls, and then a tinny, thumping beat radiates from the device in her hands. "How's this?"

I shrug. "Works for me."

"Should I grab some dollar bills?" she asks, grinning so big that her eyes nearly squeeze shut.

"If you want to stuff something into our pants, it can be your hands," I tell her, causing her to throw her head back with laughter. Even Dante chuckles at that.

"Ready, guys?" I look to my brother and our friends, and name a song that we regularly perform to, indicating what dance moves to do. Hopefully, we can find some coordination for this impromptu performance.



All of us put our hands behind our heads and instantly realize we need to spread further apart. After a quick shuffle, we continue, thrusting our hips from side to side and then gyrating in a wide circle.

Fuck, my cock is never hard when I'm performing these moves, but it is tonight, and there's no helping the situation. My need for Lorraine is almost painful, but she's going to be worth the wait.

Her eyes are fixed on us, moving side to side, trying to watch us all. She looks away only long enough to increase the volume of the music on her phone, and she lets out a yell when we start teasing the removal of our shirts, lifting them in the center, exposing a few abs, and letting them fall.

"Take it off!" she calls, and it's so odd doing this in her home, but it's also exciting. Too exciting. I cup the bulge in my pants and try to shift it into a more comfortable position.

The four of us lift our shirts again, this time tugging them off over our heads, earning cheers from Lorraine. We gyrate some more, lifting alternate hands over our heads, making our muscles ripple. She's transfixed.

Maybe I should've chosen a shorter number, but we're committed now, and our audience of one is definitely appreciative.

In fairly close coordination, we all turn our backs to her, wiggling our butts in her direction. It's then that I realize I haven't thought this through. The performance relies on tearaway pants, which of course, we're not wearing.

"This next part won't be as smooth as it is on stage," I tell her.

Lorraine waves a hand dismissively. She's clearly hooked; it won't matter.

Trying to be as seductive about it as possible while still keeping with the beat of the music, I open my fly and tug my pants down my hips, keeping a tease going. The others start to follow suit, and again her eyes ping pong around, trying to take it all in.

I wait until her attention's back on me before I do the final reveal, letting my tortured cock finally spring out. It bobs at full attention, and Lorraine's eyes go wide again.

That never won't be satisfying.

She licks her upper lip, then bites it, and I fist my cock, stretching it out before letting it bounce up to my belly. She's mesmerized.

Next to me, Dante's about to tug down his briefs, and Lorraine's eyes shift over to him. I sway with the music, waiting for the others, until all four of us are completely naked, bouncing our hips, making our cocks swing, hypnotizing our date.

"Come here," she begs, stretching her arms out, wiggling her fingers. Together, we move closer, and her hands don't know where to go first.

She starts by touching Dante's and Darian's abs, trailing her hands down to their cocks, wrapping her fists around them and sliding down their lengths before reaching for me and Troy, who are on the outer ends of the line.

When her soft skin makes contact with my aching dick, I grit my teeth. I should've jerked off before I came over, because this is torture.

"This is beyond any fantasy I've had, honestly," she says, looking like a kid in a candy store as she rotates between us, clearly wishing she had more hands. "I must've built up some ridiculously good karma to deserve this," she says distractedly, as if thinking out loud.

"We're the ones getting our cocks stroked," Dante says.

"Come closer," she beckons again, and when he does, she bends to take him in her mouth. She sucks on him with enthusiasm, and it's pretty fucking sexy to watch. My own cock twitches in anticipation.

After about thirty seconds, she reaches out for my brother, wrapping her lips around him, and that hits even closer to home. I watch for a few moments, but have to look away to keep my cool.

Darian gets her attention next, but when it's my turn, I reach for her instead. "Time to get your clothes off." I head straight for her pants while the other guys peel off her shirt and bra. As soon as I have her panties off, I dive between her legs.

The taste of her has been tormenting me ever since our pizza delivery night. When Troy went out with her, I sat at home in agony at the thought that he was enjoying her pussy and I wasn't. Same with her Dante and Darian date.

Now she's finally back in my arms, arms which I wrap around her thighs to spread her open.

So pretty. So pink. So hot and wet.

I swipe up her center with long strokes of my tongue, a growl coming from my throat at first taste. My memory hadn't been exaggerating her deliciousness.

"Oh! Oh god!" Her words and the sounds she's making let me know how much she likes what I'm doing, even as she squirms in my hold. I flick over her clit, and her body quivers. She was so ready for this.

I suck on her clit as I press a finger inside and curl it just the way I know she likes it, and her breathing goes ragged.

"Oh god! Oh god!"

She comes so fast, her knees pressing in, her thighs clamping around my head as her hips lift, pressing her pussy into my mouth. *Fuck yeah!* She's even more responsive than she was the last time, and I fucking love it. I can't get enough of her.

But my cock is so fucking hard it won't let me feast any longer.

As she's coming down from her peak, I kiss a wet trail up to her belly. When I rise up, Troy is at my side, handing me a small foil packet. I told him I hadn't been inside her yet, so I guess he knows I plan on going first.

I wrap up, tossing the empty packet aside, and continue my path, arriving at Lorraine's mouth. "Are you ready for me?"

"Yeah, so ready." Her voice is all soft and breathy like I've knocked the air out of her, but I haven't even gotten started.

“Fair warning,” I say, my lips brushing hers, our breath mingling. “I’ve been thinking about this a lot. I’m probably not going to be able to go easy on you.”

Her mouth curves into a grin beneath mine. “Good,” she says. “Give me all you got.”

*Fuck me*, this woman is something else.

I shift back down to the foot of the bed, stand, and tug her body toward me so that her legs dangle off the edge and her pussy is right where I want it.

“Hand me a pillow,” I tell Darian, who’s at her side.

I slip a bed pillow under her hips, working fast because my cock is aching with a need that gets stronger every time I look at what’s waiting for me between her legs.

So wet. So hot. So ready.

She purrs when I dip my tip into her folds, gathering some of her juices. I slip in a couple of inches and pull out, teasing both her and myself.

“Fuck me, Leo. I want you inside me.”

*This woman.*

I can’t deny her, even if I wanted to. Which I don’t.

I feed my cock into her, moaning as her heat envelops me. Has anything ever felt this good?

She fits me just right, and her pussy clenches around me, taking me by surprise.

I’d been watching myself disappear inside her, and when I look up, I find her watching me, her eyelids heavy, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted.

“You feel so good,” she says.

She can’t possibly be feeling as much as I am. I want to tell her she feels better than any woman I’ve ever had, but I need to focus to make this last.

I pull back and press in again, loving the way her body wants to keep hold of me. Digging my thumbs into her thighs, I

spread her wider and push in deeper, earning a moan when I bottom out.

I pump into her again. Again. *Fuck*, it's everything.

As I start to build a rhythm, the others circle in around her. I expect they'll be going for her tits, but instead she reaches out for them. Troy and Darian kneel on each side of her as she grasps their cocks in her fists and starts to tug on them. It's so fucking sexy.

Not one to be left out, Dante crawls up behind her on the bed, they exchange a look, and he dangles his cock over her face. The sight of her tongue reaching for it nearly makes me blow my load.

When I look back at them, he's straddling her head and she's sucking on his cock.

Part of me wonders if Lorraine was lying when she said she'd never been with four men before, because she's taking all of us like she was born for this. I know she wouldn't lie, though.

She seemed so shy my first night with her, and that makes seeing her like this even more impressive, even more of a turn-on. She's perfect for the four of us.

I don't even know exactly what it is about her. Her maturity? The way she's up for anything, and how she can switch from playful to intense in a flash? It's no one thing, really, but the combination of it all that makes her uniquely her.

And that's not just my dick talking, though if it were, I'd be agreeing with it that this is definitely not going to be the end of things. Endless fantasies will be granted.

There'll be many more nights like this to follow.

And just in case she has any doubts, I intend to show her right now why we need to be together.

## Lorraine

I've died and gone to heaven.

I'm surrounded by the four most gorgeous men I've ever known, and I'm being filled by two of the biggest, most talented cocks I've ever encountered.

I had hoped that having them in my home would dispel memories of my ex, and now all I can do is laugh about that. Nick who?

My god, these men know how to please a woman.

Every single time has been mind blowing.

Leo is fucking me so, so good. I loved that Troy was so gentle on the beach, and the twins were so caring at the resort, but I also love the way Leo is going at me like he could rip me apart.

He's holding my legs tight in his grip and pounding into me, and the bed is rocking beneath me. Somehow, through it all, I'm managing to suck on Dante's cock and work the others with my hands, because I don't want to leave tonight feeling I left anything undone.

Leo slows his pace just enough to keep his thumb steady on my clit. He presses my button, rubbing over it, and an orgasm comes screaming up from my depths, flooding over me.

Dante pulls back, giving me the ability to cry out as the pleasure overtakes me.

Leo keeps fucking me, and wave after wave of pleasure rushes over me, pulling me under, filling me up, wringing me out. It's all so good.

He's watching me as I start to resurface; they all are. Four gorgeous sets of eyes filled with desire. It's nearly enough to send me under again.

"My god, you're gorgeous when you come," Leo says. He's slowed his pace, but he amps back up, his body slapping against mine, his cock going so deep I feel the sensation of him in my chest.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna come." His words are delivered through clenched teeth, and my eyes don't know where to focus, his flexed chest, so powerful as he stiffens over me, his rippled abs so tight, the sharp angles of his gorgeous face intense as he goes within himself.

His cock throbs deep inside me, and I savor every pulse.

He bows his head as he finishes, and when he pulls out, his body quivers.

"That was so good," I say, and the smile Leo gives me fills me even fuller than his big cock.

As he goes off to the bathroom, Troy takes his place, already sheathed and ready. "You doing okay?" he asks.

I smile up at him. "Fabulous."

His hand presses down onto my leg, his eyes smoldering as he says, "Why don't you come sit on my lap?" He sits on the edge of my bed and pats his leg, and my pussy throbs.

His cock is up and at attention, and it's glorious. I didn't get to see a lot when we were together on the beach, but now I take the opportunity to devour him with my eyes. All four of these men have been terrifically gifted in all respects.

I straddle his legs, wrapping my arms around his shoulders and settling down onto his lap, just below his jutting cock.

Troy's eyes search my face as he smiles at me. "Are you having a good time?"

“The very best.”

“Good.” His lips brush against mine and then claim me, a deep kiss full of promise. Arousal drips from me as his tongue presses into my mouth, sliding against mine.

“Want to ride me?” he says.

“Absolutely.”

His grin widens as his eyes go dark. “Climb on.”

I do as invited, Troy supporting my hips as I lift up.

Gravity takes me down, down, down, and I watch the length of him disappear inside me. The two of us groan together as I reach the bottom.

“I like it like this,” he says. “I like to watch you.” His eyes drift around my body, from where we’re connected, to my chest, and to my face.

My view is pretty great, too, and I let my hands survey his broad shoulders, his chest, and his arms as I start to move over him.

He kisses me again as his thumbs slide up my sides and his hands come to cup my breasts, stilling their bounce, stroking over my nipples. He curls to take one between his teeth, and I gasp at how good it feels.

I gasp again and arch my back as someone else’s hand settles at the base of my spine and slides down between my ass cheeks. It’s Dante who’s behind me, a playful grin on his lips.

He proceeds to tease me there as I fuck his friend, and I’m shocked by the sensations his finger triggers. I’ve never engaged in this kind of play. My ex never suggested it.

Troy slips a hand between my legs and starts to toy with my clit as Dante presses the tip of his finger just inside my puckered hole, and another orgasm bubbles up, washing over me with an unexpected familiarity. These men bring them out of me so easily.

Troy groans as my pussy clamps around his cock, and before my aftershocks recede, he joins me, his cock jerking, then



pulsing inside me.

He presses his forehead to mine as he comes, and cups my cheek, his shallow breaths brushing against my lips.

He holds me like that for a long time after he finishes, and I have to press my eyes closed and tell myself that this doesn't mean anything. It's a shared release, not a melding of our souls, no matter how intimate and intense it may feel.

## Dante

I have nothing but awe and admiration for this woman. She's one hell of a sexual partner. She's had Leo and Troy, and she's looking to Darian and me with eager eyes.

"Did you like this?" I ask, wiggling my finger between her ass cheeks as I stretch out behind her on the bed.

Her body quivers in response, and I can't resist giving her butt a light, playful slap with my free hand.

"It's not something I've done before," she says.

"Would you like to try?"

"Try...?"

"My brother and I could take you at the same time," I tell her, wrapping my arm around her and cupping her jaw, turning her face toward me. Her eyes process my suggestion and I see the moment she decides.

"I'm open to anything."

"I think you'll like it, and if you don't, I'll stop."

She gives a nod and I go in for a kiss.

Darian overheard our conversation and finds my pants to retrieve the small bottle of lube he saw me tuck into my pocket at home. Back at the bed, he discreetly passes it over to me as he lies down on the other side of Lorraine. He turns her toward him and kisses her, soothing her with long caresses.

We trade off kissing her, giving her time to rest and recover from her earlier encounters. When things start to get heated, Darian rolls on a condom and presses into her as they lie face to face.

I resume playing with her backside, using a slick finger and working with more intention, taking the time to get her good and ready. She stiffens when I press my finger in further, and I urge her to relax.

“We don’t have to do this tonight,” I say. “We can wait for another time.”

Lorraine shakes her head. “No, I want to do it tonight.”

“Then that’s what we’ll do.” I slide my finger out and back in, reminding her to breathe. When her body relaxes, I repeat the motion, working to stretch her opening as I do.

When I feel she’s ready, I lube up my cock and swirl more of the slick stuff around her opening for good measure. Her breath catches again, but I see Darian shift, and I know he’s working to help her relax, probably playing with her clit.

Sliding a leg between hers, I open her further and stroke the tip of my cock over her back opening, until she pushes toward me, letting me know she’s ready for it.

It’s a tight, tight fit, but I take my time and when the head finally breaches her rim, she takes a sharp inhale.

“Doing okay?” Darian asks her, and she nods.

“Does it feel good?” I ask.

She’s quiet, and I keep still inside her, letting her adjust. Finally she nods again as her body relaxes further. She’s ready for all of me. The first part is always the hardest.

I’ve been so focused on her comfort that I haven’t been thinking about my own experience, but as I push in the rest of the way, I can’t contain a groan. Her channel is squeezing me so tight. I need to keep still for a minute for my own self control.

“I feel so full,” Lorraine says, her voice filled with wonder.

Through her thin inner walls, I can feel my brother moving in her, slow and steady, and I start to move too, timing my thrusts so that I retreat as he enters.

Both of us stroke our hands over her body. Darian drops kisses on her forehead, her cheeks, and her lips, as I slide a hand down her back, slick with sweat from the heat of our bodies. Intuitively, my twin and I gradually increase our pace, rocking her body between us, her breath coming in quick little bursts.

“Can you come for us, baby?” Darian says, his fingers twisting one of her nipples.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” she says, a word on each breathy exhale.

“Come for us, babe.” I exchange a look with my brother and then I stutter my pace, pressing inside her at the same time he does. Two strokes like that, and a tug on her hair, and Lorraine mewes out a desperate sound before she stiffens and shudders between us and all around us, the waves of her pleasure multiplying ours.

I watch her, blown away by her response to us, and the response she triggers in us.

Darian meets my eye again, and I know he’s thinking the same thing. In perfect sync, we both let go, both of us pumping into her, both of us letting go deep inside her, both of us making her ours.

## Lorraine

I lie there between Darian and Dante for a good, long time. It was intense. It was something I never imagined I'd do, and it turned out to be incredible.

I didn't think I'd be able to come, because at first I was nervous and self-conscious and too much in my head, but they relaxed me, and their voices are like some kind of magic, making me come on command.

I appreciated Dante not pushing me, but if it was going to happen, I knew it needed to be tonight.

This one perfect night.

I soaked in every detail I could, every muscle, every movement, every look, and every bit of pleasure. I'll never forget any of it.

This night is going to fuel my future fantasies forever, and I need to appreciate it, rather than be sad about it.

I'll be alone after tonight, but I won't have any regrets, and I'll have memories of more bliss than I ever expected to experience.

"That was amazing," I say, and then I sit up and find Leo and Troy and repeat it. "Amazing. Thank you."

The looks they all give me in return melt my heart even as they fill me with sad yearning, but I know I need to stick with what's right for me. For all of us. Even if I was selfish and reckless enough to continue things with them for my own

pleasure, I couldn't tie them up with me when they're all so young, their lives just starting out.

And I couldn't bear to have just a piece of them. I couldn't be a casual hookup partner for them while they date other people.

It's best to stop things right here, four fantasies, done and delivered.

"I ate so much at dinner, but I'm starving again," Leo says.

"There are leftovers," I say.

"Perfect. Anyone else want some?" Leo asks.

The other guys voice their agreement. I guess they did get quite a workout giving me all of those orgasms.

I'm not hungry, but after grabbing a thin silky robe, I follow them out to the kitchen. They're all still gloriously naked, but I'm not as comfortable hanging out like that.

They dig into the lasagna cold, refusing my offer to reheat it, and the four of them lounge around my kitchen like delicious eye candy, passing the pan around between them while I feast my eyes on their bodies and take sips of water.

I've been a very lucky woman to have such a decadent interlude in my otherwise boring life.

"This is a hell of a lot of fun," Leo comments after handing the nearly-empty pan off to his brother.

"Eating lasagna naked?" I ask with a smirk.

"Well, yeah, this too, but no, I'm talking about what came between our two helpings of lasagna." He nods his head in the direction of my bedroom. "That was good stuff, and we're good together. I like seeing my brother and friends get you off."

I give a small nod, not sure what to say.

"We should definitely make this a regular thing. The fantasies must continue." He announces it like a decree.

I'm glad to hear that he's enjoyed our time as much as I have, but he probably doesn't realize that the level of fun we've

been having is not sustainable. It's not real life, and we can't live in a fantasy world forever.

"I don't think that's a good idea," I say. The way they've been treating me is not how men treat women in the long term, and I'd rather end things now and keep these precious memories than mess things up by continuing to get together with them.

Leo frowns at me. "Why not?"

"You can't tell us that you haven't been enjoying yourself," Dante says.

"That's not it," I say, wishing they had clothes on, because it would make the conversation slightly easier. "I have definitely been enjoying myself, but our arrangement was for four fantasies. Nothing more."

"I don't understand why you'd want to stop," Leo says.

"Is tonight too much, with the four of us?" Darian asks. "We could date you separately. I was hoping to take you to that movie we talked about that's opening next week."

He actually looks rejected, and I'm both shocked and hurt that my desire to end our arrangement could cause him any pain. These men have women clamoring for them every night they're on stage at Club Red. How could they be affected by me wanting things to stop?

"I thought this was just sex," I say. "Just a bit of fun. Isn't that what it was about?"

Leo closes the distance between us, his hand sliding up my arm. "Sure, it was about that, but not just that. We all really like you, and I thought that was apparent."

"I like you too, all of you, but I just don't think it's a good idea for this to continue." It takes a lot out of me to hold my ground, because a big part of me would like nothing more than to keep riding this good time until the wheels fall off, and ignore all the reasons why doing so is a bad idea. My body wants them, and if I'm being honest, my heart wants them too, but that's a big part of the problem.

It's not that simple to have sex and have it mean nothing but a good time, not when your partners are as charming as these men are.

But I've had my fill of heartbreak, and I don't want any more.



New Reality

## Darian

I cross the kitchen to Lorraine. “I think we should talk this over.”

She starts to say something, but stops herself and looks down at where I’ve taken her hand in mine. I give her palm a gentle squeeze to let her know that everything’s all right, no matter what.

“I don’t want to ruin tonight,” she says finally. “Everything has been perfect, and I want to keep it that way.”

“Tonight isn’t over,” Leo says, turning her toward him. “Tonight is only getting started.”

I expect her to contradict him and tell us that the night *is* over, but when he bends to brush his lips against hers, she doesn’t stop him.

She kisses him back, and it’s tender at first, but then his hands start to stray and the kiss grows more heated. My brother strides over and pulls at her shoulder, turning Lorraine into his arms and picking up where she and Leo left off.

I smooth her hair back and brush my lips against the pulse point on her neck, feeling her heartbeat speed up as we hold her. Her robe slips on one side, and my mouth follows it, laying kisses along her collarbone and out to her shoulder. She may not want to talk, but maybe we can show her through our actions why we should be together.

There’s a lot we can say without saying anything at all.

“Just tonight,” she murmurs as Dante’s mouth descends to her chest, where the robe slips from her breast, exposing a hardening nipple.

As his lips pluck at the rosy bud, a knock at her front door, followed by the doorbell, startles us all into stillness.

It’s late, and it’s clear from Lorraine’s expression that she wasn’t expecting anyone. “I’ll check my security app,” she whispers, brushing past us on her way to her bedroom.

By the time I reach her room, along with the three other men, her lip is snarled in disgust. “What the ...?”

“Who is it?” Leo demands.

Her brow is in a knot when she looks up at us. “It’s my ex.”

We’re all still again, until she says, “I’m not going to answer.”

There’s another knock, another ring, and then the distinct and ominous sound of a key in the lock.

Lorraine tugs her robe tightly around her, securing the knot as she hurries to the front door. The four of us men exchange looks and through unspoken agreement, we stay in the bedroom, out of sight, though we can clearly hear the activity at the front door.

“What are you doing here?” Lorraine demands.

“Who’s here, Rai? Whose truck is that outside?” His voice is deep, and his words slur together. The intimacy of him calling her by a nickname stings.

“That’s none of your business, and this is no longer your house. You don’t get to let yourself in here.”

Silently, the four of us put our pants back on as we remain on alert.

“You didn’t answer the door. I was worried about you,” the man says.

“Like hell you were,” Lorraine says. “Leave. If you need to talk to me, you can call me tomorrow.”

“I’m not leaving, Rai —”

“Stay here,” Leo tells the rest of us, his tone verging on murderous as he storms out of the room. Dante starts to follow him, but I throw out my arm and stop him. Lorraine’s ex doesn’t need to know that she has more than one man in her bedroom. We’ll listen to make sure Leo doesn’t need backup, and if he does, we’re at the ready.

“Who the hell is this?” the man’s voice booms.

“I’ll take care of this, Leo,” Lorraine says, her voice high but firm.

“Is he the man you’re with tonight?” her ex says, sounding disgusted. “I’ve been hearing stories, Rai, lots of ‘em. I heard you’re behaving like a tramp.”

“She told you to leave,” Leo says.

“Leo, I’ve got this.” Then, with even more firmness, she says, “Leave now, Nick. You don’t get to tell me what to do or comment on what I’m doing.”

“You’re making a fool of yourself, Rai.” His voice trails off and a slam follows.

Dante, Troy and I rush out to the entry, where Lorraine has slumped against the back of the closed door.

“I’m sorry,” she says, sounding exhausted.

## Lorraine

“Why would you be sorry?” Darian says, his voice full of anger that I know isn’t directed at me.

My heart is pounding, and I feel like I’m in a fog of sudden fatigue.

“Has he done that before?” Dante demands, but I wave off his question and shake my head.

“I need to be alone,” I say, taking a deep breath that makes my chest ache as I stand up straight.

Leo is pacing in front of me, but stops to respond. “We’re not going to leave you alone after that.”

“The night is over. I’m sorry, but I just want to sleep.”

“What if he comes back?” Troy demands.

“He’s not dangerous. He’s never hurt me. Not physically. I appreciate your concern, but I just want to be alone, and I’ll be fine. I promise.”

Dante starts to object, but Darian interrupts him. “I’m sure Lorraine knows best.” In a lower voice, he adds, “If we refuse to leave after she’s asked us to, we’re no better than that man.”

The men clearly aren’t happy about it, but they collect their things and gather at the door in just a couple of minutes.

“Call us immediately if he returns,” Leo tells me.

“If you need to,” Darian says. “I know you can handle yourself, but you should know that we’ll worry.”

I can't help but soften at his words. "I appreciate your concern, but I really am fine. I'm not worried; I'm just exhausted."

"Get some rest," Troy says, wrapping me in his arms for a hug that makes me want to cry.

Dante hugs me next, then Darian, with a kiss on my forehead. Leo just gives me a long, serious look. "Call us anytime," he says, not looking away until I nod my agreement.

And then they're gone.

I find my glass of wine from earlier and lean against the kitchen counter, taking long sips, wishing it was something stronger, but knowing that getting drunk isn't going to do me any favors.

Getting drunk is more or less how this all started. Drinking and ogling men at Club Red, fantasizing about things I had no business wanting.

Of course, I don't regret any of it. I can't, and I won't, but I also can't continue seeing them.

Nick had no business coming over here, but maybe he's right about me making a fool of myself. I should have at least kept my fantasies behind closed doors instead of going out with the men.

I suppose his mother said something to him. Maybe people in the neighborhood are talking, too. He used to play golf with a few of the men who live nearby, and maybe he still does.

Are they laughing at me, thinking I'm pitiful, or that I'm behaving like I'm desperate? Are they calling me a whore?

I know I shouldn't care, but I can't help it. Especially when I know it wasn't right. I never belonged with those men.

---

MY PHONE HAS SEVERAL TEXT MESSAGES AND A COUPLE OF missed calls in the morning, all of them from the four men.

“Everything is fine. Thank you for your concern,” I text back in a group message, wondering if my reply sounds too cold.

“No return visits?” Leo asks immediately.

“No.”

But a few hours later, there is a call from Nick, which I reluctantly answer.

“Can I come by and apologize?” he asks.

“Apologizing by phone is fine.”

“I’d like to see you, and I’d like to explain.”

“You can come over after six,” I tell him, figuring it will be best to get this over with and keep things cordial between us. One thing I learned during our long separation is that being angry at him only hurts me.

I eat an early dinner, wishing there were still lasagna leftovers even as I smile at the memory of the men eating them, and pour myself a generous glass of wine. There’s a quiet knock on the front door at five minutes after six.

My ex has the good sense to look sheepish. His eyes look tired. “Can I come in?”

Wordlessly, I open the door wider and retreat to the living room without waiting for him. A moment later, he appears, shifting uncomfortably before taking a seat in the chair opposite my spot on the couch. I take a sip of my wine without bothering to offer him any.

“I am very sorry about last night,” he says after clearing his throat. “I was out of line.”

“Yes, you were.”

“I was worried about you, Rai.”

I level him with a skeptical and disapproving look, not bothering to respond to his nonsense.

“And I miss you.”

Okay, I wasn’t expecting that, but I keep my expression neutral.

“Are you with that man who was here?”

“Legally, that’s no longer your business. You don’t hear me asking if you’re still with Courtney, do you?”

It should give me pleasure when he winces, but it doesn’t.

He fidgets for a moment and then gets up, walking toward the back door to stare through the glass. “I made a huge mistake,” he says finally, still facing away from me.

*You certainly fucking did*, I think, but I keep silent.

“I was a fool and got caught up in flattery. Someone else wanted me, and it felt good.”

Now it’s my turn to wince, the implication of his words reminding me that I hadn’t made him feel wanted. This is ground we’ve covered before, minus the part where he said he made a mistake.

He comes back and sits again, perching at the edge of the chair, his hands clasped between his legs. “It took me too long to realize what I was throwing away, and I’m so sorry about that. I’m sorry for hurting you.”

I’m sorry for making him feel unwanted, but I refuse to say it. Of our sins, mine was the lesser. I didn’t cheat on him. I didn’t leave.

“I miss you like crazy, and I came to see if there was any way you might consider taking me back.”

There’s not enough wine in the house to help me process what I’m hearing.



## Lorraine

As if he knows I'm about to object, Nick launches into a more detailed apology and talks about how good things were between us, painting a very rose-colored picture of our past.

I can't move past the shock of hearing what he's saying, but deep in the back of my mind, I feel vindicated. I wanted to hear these words from him a long time ago, and for a while, I held onto hope that he would come to his senses before things between us were truly severed, but he didn't. Until now. Did it take the finality of the divorce for it to finally sink in for him?

Our marriage wasn't perfect, but I had thought it was worth saving.

But is it still?

"I understand that this is a lot, Rai, but what we had shouldn't have been thrown away, and I just hope you'll give me a chance." When I don't respond, he says, "You don't have to say anything now, except that you'll go to dinner with me tomorrow. Just tell me that we can talk more about it, even if your answer ends up being no."

I take another drink of my wine and realize I'm clutching the glass much too hard. "I take it this means things with Courtney didn't work out."

"This was never about Courtney."

It seemed to have a lot to do with Courtney when he was out fucking her behind my back, but I hold my tongue. We've been over it so many times before.

“Will you go, Rai? Please? Just dinner.”

I haven't had much wine at all yet, but my head feels so fuzzy. I just never expected to be in this situation with Nick, not now. I agree that what we had shouldn't have been thrown away. Is it possible he's changed? Did seeing me with another man make him realize he'd made a mistake?

Even though he hurt me so badly, I still feel a connection with Nick. We spent so many years together, and they were our formative years. We grew into adults together, and we made a life together.

I at least owe it to him to hear him out.

“Just dinner,” I say, and my ex-husband gives me a look so full of gratitude that a little corner of my stony heart crumbles.

---

BRITTANY CALLS ME THE NEXT DAY AND ASKS ABOUT THE MEN from the club. I tell her our fantasy arrangement is over. She makes the assumption that it was their idea to stop getting together, and when I don't correct her, she drops the subject with only a disgusted murmur of “Men.”

I don't dare mention that I'm going to have dinner with Nick.

Nick texts and tells me to wear something nice, and because I'm not trying to impress him, I choose pants and a modest blouse. Nevertheless, he's very complimentary when he picks me up.

He also brings flowers, and they trigger a lot of complicated feelings. Leo brought me flowers on our date, and Dante and Darian had roses for me in our suite. Those were such sweet gestures, seemingly only intended to make me happy. Nick's flowers are motivated by his guilt.

After I thank him and put the bouquet in water, he leads me out to his car, where he opens the door for me. He never, ever did this before, and I find myself unable to relax and take his actions at face value.

Over dinner at an upscale restaurant, he continues to be more attentive than he'd been since before we were married. He asks questions about how I've been, but he keeps the conversation light, eventually making me smile and putting me at ease.

It's not until dessert that he returns to the subject of our marriage.

"It's a cliché, and it's painful to admit, but sometimes you don't know what you have until it's gone." He takes my hand and I let him, because as we've been talking, I've gradually let my guard down.

"What is it exactly that you miss?" I ask. "Because you didn't have anything good to say when you asked for a divorce, and I can't say that I've been missing much from the way our marriage had been these past few years."

He winces, but squeezes my palm. "I took it all for granted, Rai. I should have been a better husband, and I know that now."

This apology gets to me, and I think that's because I know I could and should have been a better wife.

Could we both be better together, realizing where we went wrong?

"There's a lot that's happened," I say.

"I know, and I have a lot to make up to you, but I really hope you'll give us a chance."

I don't say much, because I'm filled with so much uncertainty, but I also don't shut him down, and he convinces me to agree to another dinner date.

I don't have a lot of hope for us, but there is a tiny glimmer, and I owe it to myself not to have any regrets about being too closed off to at least consider the possibility of reconciliation.

When Nick takes me back home, he appears ready to follow me into the house, but I stop him on the porch. "Thank you for dinner," I say, my hands straight at my sides.

"I had a good time," he says, sounding hopeful.

“Me too.” In truth, I was too much in my head to really say it was a *good* time, but it was pleasant. Better than I imagined.

He steps closer, and his voice is low as he reaches out to stroke my arm. “I guess I’ll see you next week.” He dips his head, going in for a kiss, but I step back, making him frown.

“Lorraine, we were married for twelve years. I can’t even kiss you goodnight?”

Reflexively, I wrap an arm around myself.

“I’ll bet you let the gardener kiss you.”

My eyes narrow at his accusation, and he’s instantly contrite.

“I’m sorry,” he says, stepping back. “That was out of line. And I understand. We had a good evening, and I got caught up in it.”

“Yeah, I’m not ready for that.”

“I get it. That’s okay. Goodnight, Rai. Sleep well.” His voice is soft, and his eyes are tender as he gives me a lingering look before turning to go.

It’s a lot to process, and I decide that I don’t want to think more about it tonight. I’ll sleep on it and see how I feel in the morning. And I don’t expect to have any kind of solid decision then either. This is definitely going to be a take-it-day-by-day situation.

Back inside the house, I’m pouring a glass of wine for myself when the doorbell rings. My first thought is that Nick forgot something or has something more to say, but then my phone chimes with a text from Leo.

“It’s us. Are you home? We just want to talk.”

## Lorraine

I wish they had called first instead of just showing up, because I don't want to talk to them, especially not right now, but I also don't want to turn them away.

I open the door and am unprepared for the feeling that rises in my chest at the sight of the four of them.

"Hi," Leo says, sounding tentative and unlike himself. "Can we come in?"

All eyes are on me, Leo's warm but uncertain, Dante focused, like a man with a goal, and Darian and Troy's dark eyes full of care and concern.

I nod, but as soon as they start to file in, I regret it. "It's a warm night. Let's sit outside," I say, leading them through to the back patio, the site of our early meetings when they were first working on the yard. Something doesn't feel right about having them in the house, not after what the five of us did the other night, and not directly after my night out with Nick. It's all too confusing.

On our way past the kitchen counter, I tense at the sight of the flowers Nick brought, but none of the men say anything about them.

They take seats around the patio table, still focused on me in a way that makes my skin heat.

"Would you like something to drink?"

"No thanks," Leo says, and the others also refuse.

I sit, for lack of anything better to do, twisting my hands in my lap as I wait for them to start.

“Are you okay?” Darian asks. “Any problems with your ex?”

I shake my head. “I’m fine.”

He nods. “That’s good.”

“We already miss you, Lorraine,” Leo says, suddenly sounding impatient and getting right to the point. “The fantasies were always meant as a way to get to know you better, not as some quick fun.”

“And we have gotten to know you better, and we know we want to keep spending time with you,” Dante says.

“We’re good together,” Troy adds, his eyes so piercing that I have to glance down at my hands.

“I thought it was just sex,” I say, still looking down.

“It was great sex,” Leo says, “and we’d like it to be a lot more. Not just sex. Dates, conversations, companionship. A relationship.”

I look up, my eyes wide. “Between the five of us?”

He frowns and nods, as if what he’s suggesting is the most natural thing in the world, and he can’t imagine why I’m questioning it.

A small part of me is pleased to hear that they were feeling what I was feeling when I was with them. It wasn’t my imagination. But the larger part of me knows that this can’t work.

“The thing is,” I say, forcing myself to look around at them, “we’re at completely different stages in our lives. I’m settled. I’ve been settled for a long time, and you’re young, with so many possibilities —”

Leo interrupts me. “Lorraine, you act as though we’re from different generations. We’re not that much younger than you, and we don’t necessarily want different things from you. We’re here to talk about what we want, and what you want, and maybe those things align better than you think.”

Dante opens his mouth to add something, but I speak up first. “The other thing is, I was out with my ex-husband tonight.”

Dante’s mouth closes, and Leo slumps against the back of his chair, frustration clear in his body language.

“He wants another chance.”

My words hang in the air between us for a long moment before Dante says, “And you’re going to give him one?”

I lift one shoulder and let it fall. “It seems like the logical thing to do. It’s fifteen years of my life wasted —”

“Are you going to waste more years on him?” Leo accuses.

“You don’t even know him. You don’t get to say things like that about my decisions, not that I’ve made any decisions yet.”

“We could tell a lot about what kind of partner he was to you by the way you responded to us,” Darian says, and Leo nods in agreement.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“He didn’t treat you right,” Dante says, and now his words hang, because I can’t object. But I didn’t treat Nick right either.

“You’ll understand when you’re older,” I say, “When you’ve been in a long-term relationship. You don’t just throw things away.” They’re irritated by my comments, but what I’m saying is true. “People can change,” I add.

“People *can* change, but very often, they don’t,” Leo says.

Darian stretches his arm out across the table but doesn’t quite reach me. “We don’t want you to get hurt anymore, Lorraine.”

I push my chair back. “I really enjoyed our time together. More than you’ll know. But I can’t see you anymore.”

“So that’s it, then?” Leo says, his eyes growing colder right in front of me.

“It has to be,” I say.

## Lorraine

“Want some good news?” Brittany asks a few days later, the moment I answer her call.

“Sure. What’s up?”

“Your loser ex got his ass dumped.” Her voice is gleeful with schadenfreude.

My body goes stiff.

“Serves him right,” she says.

“Where did you hear that?”

“Multiple people, but I saw him with my own eyes at Rusty’s. Regulars there told me he’s been coming in almost every night. He sits alone, crying in his beer.”

“Not actually?”

“No, not actually crying, but that’s how I like to picture him. He confided in the bartender that he’d been dumped. Karma is a badass bitch.”

I haven’t asked Nick how his relationship with Courtney ended, but I knew it was possible that it wasn’t his decision. Confirmation of this takes some of the shine off of his return to me.

“I hope he dies alone,” my sister says, her words dripping with venom.

“Brittany!”

“I mean it. That’s what he deserves for hurting my little sister.”



I already knew that I couldn't confide in Brittany about Nick wanting me back, and this conversation makes that abundantly clear.

"Anyway, I just thought you'd like to know," she says. "What are you up to today?"

There's obviously no way in the world I'm telling her that I'm going out to dinner with him tonight. "Not much. How about you?"

We talk for a couple more minutes and then say goodbye. I'm distracted throughout the conversation, and the idea that I'm Nick's second choice keeps pulsing in my head. Was he missing anything about our marriage before Courtney dumped him, or did he come to that realization only after he was alone?

I have a good feeling I know the answer.

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"YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL, RAI. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO seeing you all day."

"Thank you." Nick's compliment only makes me realize how long it'd been, prior to these dates, since he'd said something like that.

"I didn't make any reservations tonight. I thought we could play it by ear. What do you have a taste for?"

"Oh, I don't know." When I'm with Nick, I'm so full of thoughts, memories, and emotions that I barely have an appetite.

"How about Happy's?"

I'm in the middle of putting on my sweater when he says this, but I pause, waiting for him to laugh or somehow indicate that his suggestion is a joke. When he doesn't, I say, "Don't you remember?"

His brow furrows.

“I got food poisoning there. Remember? I haven’t been back since. You knew that.”

He frowns, but then says, “Oh, right. That’s right,” but it doesn’t look like he actually remembers. It was years ago, of course, but it was a bad bout of illness and I’d been pretty vocal about never setting foot in that place afterward.

He suggests another place, and I agree.

In the car, after backing out of the driveway and shifting into drive, Nick rests his hand on my knee, and I stiffen.

“What’s the matter?” he asks.

I glance down at his hand and shift closer to the door. “I’m just not ready for any physical contact, Nick.”

He gives me a look, shakes his head, and withdraws his hand. After a long moment of silence, he says, “Is this how it’s going to be, Lorraine?”

I stare at him, taken aback by the frustration in his tone.

“Are you going to keep punishing me?” he accuses.

“Punishing you?”

“You’ve been so cold to me.”

“We’ve been on two dates, Nick, after over a year of separation and a divorce. What did you expect from me?”

His eyes search my face before he returns his attention to the road, but he doesn’t answer.

Several minutes of silence stretch out, and it’s a shame that the silence is so uncomfortable when I’m with someone I’ve known for so long.

“If this is going to work, you’re going to need to forgive me,” he says finally.

I take a deep breath and exhale slowly. “I understand that, but do you really think that’s something that I can just easily choose to do? I’m also going to need to be able to trust you.”

His jaw tightens and he keeps looking forward. “I know that.”

The restaurant we've chosen isn't far from home, and neither of us speaks again until we pull into the lot. When he turns off the engine, I don't make any moves to get out. "Why do you think we should get back together?" I ask, and my question hangs there for a moment before he answers.

"We've been together for so long, Rai. It's always been us."

*Except when it wasn't, I think.*

"We need each other. We know each other so well," he says.

It should feel good to be needed, but I'm coming to realize that it's just a partner he needs, not me specifically.

"Why did you break up with Courtney?" I ask.

When he hesitates and looks down, shrinking back in his seat, my path forward is clear.

"This isn't going to work, Nick. We both know that we'd been growing apart for years, and I don't see a good reason for us to try to make things work. Not after everything that's happened."

"After everything that's happened? After what I did, you mean? You're saying it's my fault."

I let out a sigh, even though I'm glad he's already confirming that I've made the right decision. "I didn't say anything of the sort, and I'm not interested in arguing about it or rehashing any of it. Do you want to drive me home, or should I arrange for a ride?"

He looks at me for a long time, and I see the moment when he decides to give up without a fight. "I'll take you home."

We're both quiet during the short ride. In one way, it feels like a big event. This is truly the end. But in another way, there's nothing dramatic about it at all. Things have been over for a long time.

"I'll see you around, Nick," I tell him as I get out of the car.

"Take care, Lorraine."

He waits for me to unlock the front door, and then he drives away.

## Leo

I've started to text Lorraine many times over the past few days, and each time, I've stopped myself.

I've been waging an internal battle over respecting her wishes and wanting to convince her that she's making a big mistake.

I'm very willing to fight for her — all of us are — but we also take a woman's "no" for what it means.

I'm texting her today, though, and it's purely business. Tell that to my heart. And my cock.

"Would you still like us to do yard maintenance this week?" I type and send.

It takes her half an hour to answer, but it's during her work hours, so I tell myself not to read into her response time.

"Yes, if it still works for you," she finally replies.

"Sure. Just wanted to make sure your ex wasn't taking over the job."

Three dots appear, and pulse on the screen for a long time. "He won't be around anymore," she sends finally.

I'd been sitting on the couch, and I literally jump up, fist clenched in triumph. "Yes!"

My brother's head jerks up from his phone. "What's going on?"

A grin spreads across my face. "Lorraine. She says her ex is gone."

Troy's brows lift. "Gone? She dumped him?"

"Dunno. I'll ask her." I sit again and prepare to type, but Troy interrupts.

"I don't think you should ask her that. What did her message say?"

I read it to him, and he's quiet as he appears to consider the options.

"I don't think he'd have dumped her, even though he does make terrible decisions," I say.

"I hope she's okay," Troy says.

"Are you okay?" I text.

This time, her response comes back quickly. "I'm fine. I'll see you Saturday morning."

She doesn't want to talk about it. I read the message to Troy, and he agrees with my take on it.

I resist the urge to say everything I want to say to her and instead respond with, "See you then," and start counting the hours until the weekend.

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I RUN VARIOUS SCENARIOS IN MY HEAD AND BUILD UP A LOT OF anticipation, so when we arrive at Lorraine's and she doesn't immediately come outside, I get antsy.

She usually parks in the garage, so I can't even tell if she's home. As we always do when we're here for yard service, we let ourselves into her side gate and go directly to the backyard. I search her windows for signs of life or light inside.

"I'm gonna tell her we're here," I say, heading toward her back door.

Troy clamps a hand on my arm. "She'll know we're here. Give her time."

I shake him off. “If we did things at your pace, we’d never get anywhere. If I hadn’t made a move on Lorraine in the first place, we’d have never gotten with her.”

“I appreciate that, and sometimes your take-charge style is effective, but this situation calls for restraint.”

I’m skeptical, but I take his advice. My brother may sometimes be too passive, but he understands women, usually better than I do. Darian agrees with his approach, too. We filled our friends in about Lorraine’s message, and we’ve all talked about the possibilities. Troy and Darian want her just as much as Dante and I do, but they argued that she’s likely going to be in a fragile emotional state, and we need to take our time.

When I’m halfway through mowing the lawn, I see the blinds move at the back door. There’s still no actual sight of Lorraine after I finish another row, so I stop and pull off my t-shirt. I haven’t even broken a sweat, but it’s time to play dirty. I stretch my arms behind my head, making everything flex, and when I’m done mowing, I do a slow and thorough job of raking the cuttings, emphasizing my muscles and giving a good show to the windows on the back of her house, where I hope she’s watching.

“Real subtle,” Troy says when he passes by with hedge trimmings under his arm.

“If she hasn’t come out by the time we’re done, I’m knocking at the door,” I call after him.

Maybe she hears me, because when we’re collecting our things, Lorraine finally appears. She has a tray of drinks in hand, and after setting them on the table on the patio, she stands next to it, watching us.

I cross over to her immediately, searching her eyes as I go. They’re guarded, and so is her body language, one arm wrapped around her middle, the other hanging at her side. It seems we’ve gone back to square one, or maybe we’re no longer even on the board.

“How are you?” she asks as I’m about to step onto the patio. Dante is close behind me.

“We’re okay,” I say evenly, “but we’ve been wondering how you are.”

Darian and Troy are approaching, and Lorraine waits for them before answering. “I’m okay, too.” She looks down at the table. “Do you want something to drink?”

“Sure.” She’s brought out the usual assortment, based on our preferences, and we each take a glass. She doesn’t sit, so we all stand around, taking swigs from our glasses, looking at her and each other.

Fuck Troy’s slow approach. He’s not saying anything, and this is too awkward.

“So, your ex is out of the picture?” I ask her. My brother clears his throat, but I ignore him.

Lorraine gives one slow nod. “Yes, he’s gone for good.”

“How are you feeling about it?” Darian asks.

She takes a drink and then says, “Mostly fine. A little sad, and it would have been better if he’d never tried to come back, but I’ll be fine. I am fine,” she adds with more firmness, straightening her spine.

“So you realized we’re your better option?” I say it with a laugh. I’m half joking, but Troy lets out a frustrated sigh and gives me a look of warning.

“My relationship with my ex-husband, or lack thereof, didn’t have anything to do with you,” Lorraine says.

“Ouch.” I wince and fold forward as though she’s punched me.

Her eyes finally soften. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to sound harsh, but Nick and I weren’t right together. Things were already over between us, and there was no good reason to try to force ourselves together again.”

When I’m about to open my mouth, she adds, “The things I talked about with you still stand. I’m not a good fit for you.”

“We strongly disagree with that,” Dante says, “and we’d like to have the opportunity to show you that we’re what you need.”

She shakes her head, as if she's confused. "The thing is, I don't know what I need. Maybe I don't need anything right now. Really, I just need some time to be alone. I need to heal. I need to get my head right. Rushing from my ex directly to all of you definitely isn't the answer for me right now."

"That makes sense," Troy says, finally speaking up.

"Fair enough," I say. "We can give you time."

Dante turns his smile on Lorraine. "Can we say that the door isn't closed, then?"

She looks even more puzzled now. "I don't know if or when I'll be ready to give things a try. Surely, you don't want to wait around for me?"

"You can't deny how good we all are together," Dante says.

"There's no shortage of women at Club Red," I add, "and we want you, Lorraine. We want *you*."

Her eyes widen before she drops her head into her hands as though she's pained, or exasperated, or both.

"What do you say?" Dante asks.

"The door isn't closed," she finally says when she looks up again. "Just give me some time before you knock again."



## Lorraine

I should have been more decisive when I talked with the men. But they have those eyes. And those bodies. And they're just so ... persuasive.

They'll lose interest as time passes. I know they will. I just can't imagine them waiting around for me, not with all of those women at the club, as Leo mentioned.

When they come to do the yard work the following week, I stay inside because it's easier that way. All four of them have been haunting my dreams at night, and I don't trust myself to be face to face with them. Because I know seeing them will torment me, I don't even look outside. Well, not more than once or twice.

I have to do the right thing. Deep inside, I know things won't work out with them, and it's best for all of us if it just fades away.

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“WHAT DID YOU DO TO THOSE POOR MEN, RAINY?” BRITTANY asks as soon as we're seated. Since Nick and I first separated, my sister's been inviting me out for Sunday brunch at least once a month. When I was married, it was more of a once a year event.

“What are you talking about?” I pick up my menu, wishing it was bigger than a single sheet of paper so I could use it to hide

my face.

The waiter appears, and Brittany orders mimosas for both of us before returning her focus to me. “I thought they’d been the ones to end things with you, but I found out that wasn’t the case.”

I give her a carefully vague look and pretend to read the descriptions of the restaurant’s offerings.

“Did they wear you out?” she asks. “Were they too much for you to handle in bed?”

“Brittany!” The little restaurant is crowded, and we’re surrounded by people who don’t look like they’d take kindly to hearing sex talk while they eat their waffles and eggs Benedict.

I ignore her for a minute, but curiosity gets the better of me. “They talked to you?”

“Last night,” she says, nodding after swallowing a large gulp of her drink as soon as it’s delivered. “But I’d been hearing things about them for the past week.”

“Hearing things?”

“I heard rumors that Chase Stanton, the club owner, had to talk with them about their energy levels on stage. They’ve always been among the most popular dancers —”

I nod, because I saw their show. Of course they are.

“But lately they seem to just be going through the motions. Not interacting enough with the crowd, stuff like that.”

I’m immediately filled with concern for them. Maybe their growing landscape business is wearing them out? “They’re not getting fired, are they?”

“I don’t think so. Not if they improve. Do you know what you want to eat?” The server has reappeared, order pad in hand.

I’m not as hungry as I was when we arrived, and I still haven’t managed to read the menu, so I just choose the first item on the list.

“When they came to talk to me last night, I found out the reason for the change in their performances,” Brittany says when we’re alone again. She’s giving me *a look*, and suddenly, I feel uneasy as I realize that their day job has nothing to do with the situation.

“What did they say?”

She smiles enigmatically and makes me wait far too long before she answers me. “They wanted to know if I could give them tips on winning you back.”

An uncomfortable warmth rises from my belly to my chest to my cheeks. I’m flattered that they’re thinking of me, but also flustered.

“So, why did you break up with them?” she asks.

I let out a frustrated huff. “I didn’t break up with them. We were never together —”

“That’s not what I heard,” Brittany says, making her raunchy meaning clear as she waggles her eyebrows.

“We weren’t together. There was nothing to break up. I just told them I didn’t think I should keep seeing them. People were talking about us. Nick even heard about them.”

“Nick. Fuck Nick. Pardon my French,” she adds when I glare at her after glancing at the people sitting around us to see if anyone overheard. “What does that asshole have to do with any of this?”

I was hoping to never need to tell her about Nick’s reappearance, but I’m apparently too flustered to watch what I say. I don’t make a habit of keeping secrets from her, so I decide to spill it all. Nothing she says about him bothers me anymore, anyway.

I tell her about the night of my fourth fantasy, and without going into too much detail, I let her know that it was amazing. Before Nick showed up. I tell her about going to dinner with my ex, and how I realized once and for all that it was truly over between us.

“Thank fuck. I can’t believe you gave him another second of your time. What a useless waste of space, even more than a typical man.”

“Keep your voice down, Brittany. My god, you really hate men, don’t you?”

She continues at her normal volume. “I hate some men. Most men. I especially hate men who’ve done you wrong.”

“Don’t all men eventually?” I say, because I assume this is Brittany’s outlook on the entire gender.

“Maybe,” she says. “But even though I truly believe that some days, sometimes I like to think there are some good ones out there. There seem to be, anyway.”

“Wow, I’m surprised,” I admit.

“The Stanton brothers who own the club are decent, and they seem to treat their woman right. There were a couple of young dancers who left to become firemen, they were all right, and then there’s Duke, who guards the club.”

“That’s a bigger list than I expected you to have.”

“Maybe I’m getting mellow in my old age,” she says. “But, yes, I believe there are good ones out there. You just have to suffer through dozens of miserable toads before you find them.”

I laugh out loud as I picture my sister dressed as a princess, kissing toads. “You think Leo, Troy, Dante, and Darian are good ones?” I ask her.

“They definitely seem to care about you. They have women throwing themselves at them, sometimes literally, every night, and they’re moping around because you don’t want to be with them.”

The waiter appears with our food, and I’m pleasantly surprised at the pang of hunger I feel when I see my French toast.

“Did they treat you right?” Brittany asks after we’ve both started into our meals.

“They did,” I say, thinking of the many ways they made me feel good about myself when I was with them.

“I’m not going to push you, but they seem like genuinely good guys, and I can tell you from years and years of experience how hard good guys are to find.”

I nod, but don’t respond. The quality of their characters was never the issue.

“I need to try this,” Brittany says, cutting off a piece of my French toast.

“Take a whole slice. This is a lot.”

As she takes me up on my offer, I take the opportunity to change the subject. “What’s new with you?”

“Oh, I do have news.” She sounds excited, like it’s something good.

“What’s that?”

“I’m getting a promotion of sorts. Different responsibilities and a pay increase. And travel.”

“Travel?” I frown at her, confused about how travel comes into play at Club Red.

“The Stantons are going to be sending some of the dancers to other venues around the state, and even out of state. I’ll be traveling with a troupe, managing them while they’re on the road.”

“That’s great! That sounds exciting.”

“Most of it. I’m happy about the pay, of course, and some travel will be nice. It won’t be constant.”

I take a drink of my fizzy juice. “So what’s the downside?”

My sister sneers. “The men I’ll be traveling with. Your four are all right, but they won’t be traveling. Most of the other dancers are real assholes.”

I laugh again, happy for my sister’s new opportunity. “I knew you’d soon be back in man-hating mode.”

“It’s my default setting, apparently.”

## Lorraine

Much later in the day, just when I'm finally starting to think about food again after that huge plate of French toast, someone rings the doorbell. I check the security app and see a man holding what appears to be a pizza box. I look more closely to make sure it's not Leo. It's not.

"I think you have the wrong house," I say after opening the door.

The man verifies my address and checks the sticker on the box. It's from De Luca's, and my name is on it.

"It's paid for," he says with a careless shrug. "May as well take it."

After placing the box on my kitchen counter and opening the lid, I find a divided pizza, just like the one I ordered when Leo was over, pepperoni on one half, mushrooms and peppers on the other, except that this pizza's in the shape of a heart. There's no other information on the box except for my name and address.

While I'm puzzling over what to say to Leo about this, the door rings again. I fully expect to find Leo himself on the porch, but this time it's a woman holding a large vase of flowers. I tip her, bring them in, and find a card that simply says, "Thinking of you." It's signed by Dante.

I suddenly realize that I never asked my sister what advice she gave the men when they asked about winning me back. It looks like gifts might have been mentioned.

I decide that I'll text them, but I'm not sure what to say about the deliveries. Meanwhile, the pizza smells good despite the pepperoni, so I pull out a slice and take a bite while I consider my options.

The door rings again, and I shake my head in disbelief. There are two deliveries this time, a large sturdy envelope, and a box from a department store in Whitman. The box reveals a beautiful green blouse with a note from Darian about how he saw it and thought of my eyes. The envelope contains a hand-drawn sketch signed by Troy of a woman who looks remarkably similar to me, surrounded by four faceless men whose body language and positioning reflects their adoration for the woman.

I'm incredibly touched, and pained at the same time.

Abandoning the pizza, I pour a glass of wine and pace around my house, thinking. I asked the men for time, and they're sending gifts. Maybe they're impatient, and they've decided I've had enough time. I should have had the strength to end things when I talked with them. I don't want to hurt them, but I don't want to lead them on.

Unable to settle on an approach, I simply text the four of them: "What's going on?"

After the barrage of gifts, I'm surprised when no one responds for nearly forty minutes. Finally, I hear from Troy, who texts: "Did you see the backyard?"

The backyard? It's dark now, so I flip on the back light and peer out with no clue as to what I'm looking for. The patio looks as it should. There are no boxes piled at the door. I don't see anything on the grass. Then my eye reaches the bushes along the back wall. The four of them there, which had definitely been normal roundish-shapes yesterday, are now trimmed into leafy hearts.

It's sweet and very romantic ... and I need to put a stop to it.

"Can we get together? To talk." I press send and take another drink of wine. I have to face this head on, even though it's

going to hurt. The thing is, I don't know if I'm more worried about hurting myself or them.

"We're at the club working tonight, but we'll be done by eleven," Troy responds. "Is that too late?"

It is late, but I don't want to delay this discussion. I don't want them to keep sending gifts, and I don't want them to have hope for a hopeless situation.



## Dante

“She wants to meet us at the beach walk?” I ask Troy. He didn’t speak to her, and I read their entire text conversation, but I’m still looking to him for insight.

“At least she wants to meet us,” Leo says. “The gifts worked quicker than I thought they would.”

“It’s not a good sign that she didn’t invite us to her house,” Darian says. He usually has a positive outlook, but his tone is not encouraging.

“It doesn’t matter.” Leo’s positivity is unflagging.

The four of us have showered and are getting back into our street clothes in record time. We cut our after-show meet and greet time short, and I hope no one noticed.

“Meet you there?” Leo says once we’re out in the lot.

I nod, and Darian and I head for my car.

“Why do you think she doesn’t want us at her place?” I ask as I pull out of Club Red’s lot.

Darian’s looking out of his side window, and his reflection in the glass looks glum. “Could be several reasons. Much less chance of ending up in her bedroom if we’re meeting at the beach.”

I nod. I’m not expecting to fall back into bed with her, though I miss her body so much it’s painful. I just want her to give us a chance. I want her to date us, and to realize how good we are together. How what there is between us is more than just sex.

We're meeting her in the parking lot of a seafood restaurant, which has closed for the night. There are still a few cars on the side of the building, probably staff who are cleaning up for the night, and then I see Lorraine's car at the far corner of the lot near the trail entrance. Leo's already heading toward her, and the two of us park on either side of her car.

"Thanks for coming," she says when she gets out of her vehicle and closes the door behind her. As if we need thanks. As if we wouldn't drive across the country if she asked us to.

There's a cool breeze blowing, and when I see Lorraine pull up the collar on her thin jacket, I ache to put my arms around her.

"You wanted to take a walk?" Darian asks her. "Will you be warm enough?" Of course he noticed too.

"Yeah, let's go for a walk. If you're up for it?"

"Of course," Leo says, gesturing for her to accompany him to the trail. The rest of us fall in around them as we start along the paved pathway that's separated from the beach by low coastal bushes and grasses, and lit by evenly spaced solar lights.

The walkway is empty at this time of night, so we walk five across, Troy and Leo on one side of Lorraine, my brother and I on the other. The sound of the waves coming in is ever present, but it's easy enough to hear Lorraine when she speaks.

"Thank you for the gifts tonight. You shouldn't have done that, though."

"We were hoping they'd make you smile," Leo says.

"Was it too soon?" Darian asks her.

"We miss you," I add, hoping the explanation will make things okay if we did act too soon.

Lorraine's hands are pushed down into her pockets, where her fists stretch the fabric. "You are all wonderful men," she starts, and my stomach sinks. "But I can't take the pain of getting emotionally attached to you, only for it not to work out."

"Why do you assume it wouldn't work?" I ask.

“And please don’t use the excuse of our ages,” Leo adds.

“I don’t use that as an excuse. It’s a legitimate issue.”

“Let’s pretend for a moment that it’s not,” he says. “What else makes you think it won’t work? Because surely that isn’t a big enough issue by itself.”

“If I were to date you, I wouldn’t be comfortable with you dating other people, or hooking up with women who come to the show or anything. And I know that’s a lot to ask of you.”

“We haven’t been with anyone else since we met you,” Darian says.

“I thought we already made that clear,” I say, slowing as her pace slows. “We only want you.”

Leo gives her arm a quick squeeze. “That was an easy one. What else you got?”

She’s quiet for several paces. I exchange a look with Troy, whose brow is furrowed.

“You’ve only seen the beginning of things,” she says. “We had fun together, the sex was great, but things wouldn’t always be that way.”

“We understand relationships change and grow,” I say.

“That doesn’t mean things can’t continue to be good,” Darian says.

She stops in her tracks. “But people change. People get complacent and take each other for granted.”

Troy steps over to her and takes her hand. “Just because that happened in your marriage, doesn’t mean it has to happen with us.”

“You’re thinking way too far ahead,” Leo says.

She pulls her hand away from Troy and turns so she’s facing all of us. “I have to think ahead, because if I continue to date you and continue to have sex with you, I’m going to become attached to you, and the pain that comes with the end of things is more than I’ll be able to handle.” Her voice goes high at the

end, and she swipes at her eyes with her sleeve as she turns to walk away.

The conversation is starting to go in circles, and it's become clear that she's already hurting now, not at some hypothetical end of our proposed relationship.

Darian rushes up beside her, putting his hand on her shoulder. "Let's stop for a minute." He ushers her to a nearby bench, where he sits down beside her. Troy sits on her other side, his expression heavy with concern.

When she starts to cry, Leo and I kneel in front of her, gently rubbing her denim-covered legs as Darian puts his arm around her, and Troy rubs his thumb over the back of her hand.

She produces a tissue from her pocket and swipes at her eyes. When it's saturated, Troy holds the sleeve of his shirt out to her. "Here. Use this."

As I kneel there, feeling completely useless, I vow to start carrying a handkerchief.

## Troy

I expect my brother to be uncomfortable with Lorraine's tears and urge her to stop crying, but he doesn't. None of us do. We let her cry, and it's not long before her tears come to a stop.

I could almost cry myself from the look on her face that remains. She's hurt, ashamed, embarrassed, and in a lot of pain.

Brushing her hair away from her face, I lightly stroke a finger over her cheek. "Lorraine, what's wrong?"

"We would never hurt you like your husband did," Dante says.

"It wasn't just him." Her voice breaks, and it sounds like the tears might fall again.

"There was someone else?" Darian asks.

"Me," she says, swiping at her eyes again. "I was the problem."

She drops her head into her hands and sobs, while Darian and I both rub her back, doing our best to soothe her.

Leo looks at me with wide eyes. This isn't how any of us expected this talk to go.

"It's okay," I whisper in her ear as I continue to caress her back.

"I wasn't a good partner," she says. "In all of my anger at my ex, I pushed that fact aside, but it's the truth. I was just as responsible as he was for things falling apart."

Relationships are complicated things, and maybe there's some truth to what she's saying, but *she* didn't cheat on him. *She* didn't leave him.

"If I couldn't keep one man happy, what hope do I have of pleasing all four of you?" Her tone is shaky and tortured, but her expression is firm. She's come to the root of what's been bothering her, and though it breaks my heart that she's feeling this way, I'm glad to finally know what's been holding her back.

"You're being too hard on yourself," Darian says.

Gently, I turn her face so she's looking at me, and the vulnerability in her eyes makes me want to surround her and never let anything hurt her ever again. "He wasn't the right partner for you, but maybe we are."

"Maybe you and he weren't a good match," Leo says, "but you're perfect for us."

"You can't know that," she protests. "You don't know that things would be any different."

I squeeze her shoulder, bringing her closer to me. "There's never any way to know for sure, but you can't go through life expecting the worst. You can't expect failure."

"You have to be willing to take a chance," Dante says. "To believe in a different outcome."

Darian's hand cuffs her thigh and squeezes. "We'll always be honest with you, and as long as we all communicate, we can keep things going strong."

Lorraine looks around at all of us, and I can tell she's taking in what we're saying and considering things. "I realize that it's wrong of me to make assumptions based on my one experience, but that experience makes up a large portion of my life, and it's all I've known."

"Let us show you something different," Leo says. "Something better."

She looks thoughtful again before saying, "I guess I have to admit that you already have. I had a lot of fun with all of you,

and I've missed you. I tried to pretend I didn't, but I did."

I rub her arm. "We missed you, too."

"So much," Leo adds.

"Brittany said you were moping at the club." The smallest of smiles curves Lorraine's lips.

Dante winces. "I guess we were."

"She likes you, you know," Lorraine says.

"Brittany?" Leo asks.

"Yeah. She hates almost all men, but she thinks you're good guys."

"Sounds like you should listen to your sister," Dante says.

"I know you're good men. That's never been in question."

I brush the tip of my nose along her cheek as I breathe in her warm fragrance. "Then, what do you say? Let's give it a try."

"How about one more fantasy?" Lorraine says, the corners of her mouth curving higher.

My chest deflates, and I see a similar reaction from the other men. We don't just want fantasies. We want real life with her, and much more than just a night or two.

"I have a new fantasy," she says before we can protest. "Want to hear about it?"

Without waiting for an answer, she continues. "My new fantasy involves dating four good men, seeing them regularly, going out to dinner with them, cooking for them, just hanging out and spending time with them."

I let out a breath and give her arm another squeeze. "Yeah?"

"It also involves committing to them," she says, "and seeing where things can go."

"That's a great fantasy," Leo says.

"Best one I've heard yet," Dante adds.

"Yeah?" Lorraine's eyes are glistening with tears again, but these are definitely happy ones.

“We’re looking forward to showing you how great that new fantasy can be,” Darian says.

“Starting right now.” Being closest to her, I pull her even closer and claim the first kiss.



# Epilogue

## Lorraine - One month later

Everything is red. Red chairs, red carpeting, red drinks on the table. Tonight, it feels right, because it's the color of love, the new emotion I've been feeling but have so far been keeping to myself.

"I can hardly stand this," Donna says. She's one thing that isn't red, because apparently, she's green with envy. "Four of them. You're dating four male strippers?" It's the third time she's repeated this. "Why couldn't I be so lucky?"

"Have you forgotten that you're married?" Brittany says, looking at me and rolling her eyes.

Donna's eyes track a shirtless waiter who's passing by our table. "Doesn't mean I can't dream."

"The show's starting," Erica says as the lights go dark and the background music cuts out.

I take a sip of my drink — tonight I ordered the one called Dirty Fantasy, and it's delicious. The last time I was here, I was feeling numb and drank too much, just to try to feel something, or to avoid feeling anything bad. Tonight, I'm filled with joy, pure and simple, and though I don't want to flaunt my happiness in front of Donna, I'm having a hard time keeping a smile off my face.

I'm still not very interested in much of the show here at Club Red, but I am very, very interested in four of the men who perform. Until they come out, I enjoy my drink and watch some of the people in the audience. I'm sure a lot of these

women are frequent customers, and some of them probably lust after my four men, but I don't mind. Leo, Troy, Darian, and Dante never give me any reason to think they're interested in anyone but me.

"Look at these four," Brittany says, nudging my arm and pointing toward the stage. "These are the jerks I'll be traveling with next week."

I watch the men dance. They're wearing basketball jerseys, and all of them are holding balls over their heads, rotating their hips in coordination with the others. Two of them look like they'd get carded at any bar, any night of the week.

"How old are they?" I ask, leaning close to my sister so I can be heard over the screaming audience.

"Not old enough for any bit of common sense or decency. They're the worst."

I give her a sympathetic smile and wonder why she dislikes these four so much, but it's too loud in here to have much of a conversation. If they've gotten on my sister's bad side, I pity them.

They're down to just their shorts now, and after more dancing around, dribbling, and bouncing their balls across the stage to each other, they finally exit.

A familiar melody starts, and a shiver of excitement runs through me. It's the twins' big number, and I'm looking forward to it, even though I'll have to watch them fake-romance another woman. In my heart, I'll know they're thinking of me, so it's okay. This is how I first laid eyes on them, so I can't feel anything except positive about it.

As before, the two identical men come toward the stage from each side of the audience. All around me, women are bouncing on their toes, waving their arms, desperately wanting to be the chosen one. Brittany's watching me, probably wondering if I'll be jealous, but I just give her a smile and take another sip of my drink.

When I look back toward center stage to try to see who they've chosen, my vision is filled with two very familiar

broad bodies in gorgeous black tuxes. They're headed right for me.

I meet Darian's eyes and shake my head. I don't want to go up on stage. But he arches a questioning brow and gives me a beautiful smile; it's a look that can convince me to do nearly anything.

"Are you okay with it?" he asks when they reach me.

"We don't want to take anyone up there but you," Dante says, and I'm surprised I can hear him with Donna shrieking right next to us.

"Go!" Brittany says, shifting into bossy older sister mode.

I nod at the men, and they hold out their arms for me. I expect to be nervous as they lead me through the crowd and up onto the stage, but with my arms entwined with theirs, I feel nothing but calm excitement.

I've already lived this fantasy with them, several times over in fact, and nothing feels more right than being in their arms.

After the bit where we pretend to toast and drink champagne, and after they present me with flowers, they start to twirl me around the stage in a dance. I'm not the smoothest or most graceful dancer, but with them leading me, I'm steady on my feet, despite being vaguely aware that hundreds of jealous women are watching me.

I almost stumble when Dante spins me out though, because Troy is suddenly there, ready to take me in his arms. Then Leo appears, and all four men take turns dancing with me.

The rest of the performance is a blur, as I'm passed from one man to another, pampered and cared for, wrapped in a robe, massaged, and kissed. The audience is going wild, but it's all white noise, because all I can focus on are these four wonderful men who make me feel like I'm the only woman in the world, just as they've done every day that I've been with them.

Gradually, they strip down to red boxers, just as they did when I first saw this performance, and I admire their bodies, but it's

also their hearts, minds, and souls that have me completely hooked now.

“We’ll be retiring this act after tonight,” Dante says as he carries me offstage, surrounded by Darian, Troy, and Leo.

“Not true,” Darian says. “It will be on demand for private performances only, and only for you.”

I slide my hands over Dante’s shoulders, marveling at the muscles there, even though I’ve mapped them countless times. “Speaking of private performances, be sure to save some energy for later tonight at my house.”

“You know we always do,” he says. “We’ll meet you there right after the show.”

## Dante

“C’mon in.” Lorraine greets me with a brief but delicious kiss as she ushers me and the others into her house. “You sure got here quickly. Did you stay for the photo line?”

“We had to,” Leo says. “We got a lot of questions about you, too. People could tell you weren’t just a random woman from the audience when you were on stage.”

“You won’t get in trouble, will you?”

“Nah, we shouldn’t,” Leo tells her, “and if we do, it was worth it.”

“We probably won’t work there much longer anyway,” I say, taking her hand as she starts into the living room and pulling her into my arms.

Lorraine’s brows lift as she smiles in response to my embrace. “No?”

“Turns out your gossipy neighbor has been good for business. Most of our new customers are right around here in a one-mile radius.”

“Bunch of horny old women like me,” she says, wrapping her arms around my chest and pressing her cheek against my shirt.

“You’re not old, but I’m very glad to hear that you’re horny.”

She tips her head back to look up at me, and I press my lips to hers again. I can never get enough. I will never get enough.

“What’s all this?” Leo calls out from across the room.

When I look in his direction, I find him by the dining table, which is filled with bowls and platters. I loosen my hold on Lorraine as she leans away to say, “I thought you might all be hungry. You must burn a lot of calories on stage.”

“Not as many as we’re planning to burn here tonight,” I tell her, grabbing one more kiss before walking with her to the dining room.

It looks like Super Bowl Sunday on her table. There are pretzels, chips, dips, wings, pizza bites, a vegetable tray, and more, along with drinks.

“You all do nice things for me all the time, and I rarely get a chance to treat you,” she says. “This isn’t much, but I thought you might like it.”

I am actually really hungry, though food hadn’t been my priority, especially after seeing Lorraine at the club tonight.

“This is amazing,” Leo says, grabbing a wing.

“You do spoil us,” Darian says before leaning in to give her a kiss, “more than you realize.”

And it’s true. We’ve been staying over at Lorraine’s house more often than not, and she’s cooked for us several times and stocked her refrigerator with our favorite things. She’s very thoughtful and makes us feel at home here, though my favorite thing is when she meets us at the door in lingerie, or wearing nothing at all.

The four of us dig into the food like we’ve never eaten before, and it’s not long until a couple of the platters are nearly empty. Lorraine nibbles on a few things, but mostly she watches us and asks about our night while giving us her impressions of the show.

When we’ve had our fill and are relaxing in the living room while our food digests, she comes up behind Leo and Darian, who are on the couch, and starts to rub their shoulders, one hand on each of them. Finding tight muscles on both of them, she puts her full focus on Darian first, and then Leo, working to loosen their stiff shoulders.

When she's satisfied with her progress, she moves on to Troy, who's in the chair across from me, and eventually, it's my turn.

"I wish I had more than two hands," she says. "Remember when I said I wouldn't be able to satisfy you all? I hate that you had to wait, Dante."

"Don't even joke about that." I reach around and pull her onto my lap, cradling her in my arms and gazing into her eyes, making sure she sees the truth in what I'm telling her. "Don't ever doubt that you satisfy us completely." I press my lips to hers, wanting her to feel it in my kiss, and suddenly, I'm overwhelmed with a feeling that I can't hold back any longer.

Maybe I should have talked to the other guys before saying anything, but I'm confident they feel the same way. I slide my hands through her hair and make her look into my eyes again. "In fact, I'm in love with you, Lorraine. I love you."

As soon as the words leave my mouth, I'm afraid that I've spoken too soon. I can hear my brother in my head, telling me I'm coming on too strong, and that Lorraine needs time.

But she's looking back at me with an expression that immediately soothes my worries. Her beautiful green eyes are full of wonder, and they're reflecting what's in my heart. "I love you too, Dante."

As we share the best kiss ever that's filled with everything we're both feeling, I'm vaguely aware that the others have moved in to surround us. When I part from her, Leo turns her toward him.

"I'm in love with you, too," he tells her, and she cups his face, kissing him hard before repeating his words back to him.

Darian and Troy move in next, expressing their love and devotion, and the look of joy on Lorraine's face makes my chest burst with joy, for her, for myself, and for all of us.

What follows is a lovefest, all four of us showering Lorraine with kisses, caresses, and all of our affection. Gradually, affection shifts to desire, and we lay her down on a soft blanket in the middle of the floor, where we can continue to surround her and show her exactly how we feel about her.



Her clothes are quickly made to disappear, and I claim a spot between her legs, where I share space with my brother. Darian and I lavish her with the kind of attention she deserves, our tongues, lips, and teeth licking, sucking, and nipping her inner thighs, her slick folds, her stiffening clit.

As she writhes on the floor, Leo and Troy bend over her upper half, alternately kissing her mouth, her shoulders, and her chest, and sucking and tugging on her nipples.

“Oh god! Oh! ... Oh!”

She squirms beneath us, causing Darian to lift his head. “Is it too much?” he asks.

Quickly, she shakes her head side to side, almost laughing at his question. “No, never. It is one hundred percent absolutely perfect.”

“It sure is.” I return to her gorgeous pussy, dipping my tongue into her depths, fucking her with my mouth, circling her clit with my thumb until her squirming turns to full-on thrashing around.

“Oh god! I’m coming!”

She didn’t need to warn us, but it’s always great to hear. I wrap my lips around her little clit and suck, and her hips buck up, her juicy pussy pressing into my face before it starts to throb with her release. I make room for my brother and both of us have our mouths on her as she falls to pieces beneath us.

I’ll never get tired of watching her come and tasting her pleasure.

The four of us men shift positions, and I kiss her flushed cheek as Troy spreads her legs and presses his face where mine had just been.

Touching my forehead to hers, I look into Lorraine’s eyes. “You’re so beautiful, babe.”

She smiles back at me in a way that makes my heart suddenly feel too big for my body, and then her eyes squeeze shut, her muscles tense, and I get to watch her come again, as Troy, Leo, and Darian take her over the top.

Her head tips back and she shudders as wave after wave of pleasure flows through her. I take her hand and she squeezes mine, her fingers gripping me tight.

“You all are amazing,” she says as she recovers. She finds my eyes again and reaches for my face. “I want to suck on your cock. I want you in my mouth.”

I was preparing to fuck her pussy, but what the lady wants, the lady gets.

She sits up, reaching for my pants, and has my cock out and wrapped in her palm in mere seconds. When she gets on all fours, I go up on my knees to make it more comfortable for her. She wraps her lips around me, and I sigh, utterly content and incredibly turned on, all at the same time. She strokes my cock with her tongue, and I melt. I’m hers.

As she works on me, Leo moves into place behind her, dipping his head to taste her, then lining up to push his cock into her pussy. She gasps, releasing me for a moment before resuming, sucking on me as Leo picks up his pace. Soon, he’s pistoning in and out of her, making her gasp again.

He catches my eye for a second, and I see everything I’m feeling on his face as well. We’re both very lucky men; all four of us are.

## Troy

After Leo makes her come again, and he and Dante empty themselves inside her, Lorraine reaches for Darian, pushing him down on the floor and climbing on top of him. She straddles him, then rides him like a cowgirl, and I can't look away as her perfect breasts bounce, and her beautiful face conveys all of the pleasure she's feeling.

I've come to know her body so well over the past month, mostly through mind-blowing experiences like this, but also through more personal, intimate moments we've shared. One afternoon when she caught me sketching her, I asked if she would consider posing nude for me. To my surprise, she readily agreed, and we've had two sessions so far, of me capturing the curves and planes and gorgeous details of her body. Her cheeks blush such a pretty pink when I show her my drawings. Both of our art sessions ended with amazing sex, too.

Lorraine finds me watching her and gestures for me to come over. She greets me with a kiss full of fire, and says, "Why don't you join in?"

When I hesitate for just a beat, she says, "I want your cock in my ass."

As my eyes widen, my brother, who's kicked back on the sofa, says, "That's our girl, asking for exactly what you want. Remember our first date, when you couldn't even voice a fantasy?"

She beams at the both of us. “Yeah, and now I have an endless supply running through my mind most days.”

Below her, Darian nods, and so do I.

“We all do,” Leo says.

I’ve been fantasizing about taking her back to the beach someday. In fact, I’d like to make that a regular occurrence. I love these group sessions, because seeing her so happy is satisfying, no matter which of us is providing the pleasure. But I also enjoy time alone with her, when I find it easier to talk with her and get to know her even better.

The other guys have taken her out individually too, and I can only imagine what her neighbors and everyone else on this little island are saying about seeing her with different men all the time, but they’ll know what’s going on soon enough, and Lorraine has repeatedly said that she doesn’t care what anyone else thinks.

Dante hands me the container of lube, breaking me out of the thoughts I’d been thinking as I toy with Lorraine’s little puckered hole. When I have her slick and relaxed, I coat myself and start to press inside her, just the tip at first, slowly and gradually, but she’s soon pushing back against me, wanting more.

She’s amazing.

I push further into her, and she moans as she continues to ride Darian. Once I’m sure she’s comfortable, I increase my pace and intensity, because I know exactly how she likes it.

“Oh god, you feel good! Both of you.” She stretches one hand to Darian’s chest, and reaches her other back to dig her fingers into my hair as I pump in and out of her. I reach around to find her clit, and after stroking over it just a few times, she tenses, her head falls back, and she lets go, her body pulsing as she comes.

Darian goes off moments later, and I can’t hold back any longer because it’s all too much. The three of us surrender together, overcome by the intense pleasure of our shared experience.

“That’s it, that’s it,” Lorraine says, her words a desperate sigh.  
“Fill me up, both of you.”

We do, and I intend to do whatever she asks of me for as long as she’ll have me, because she’s a goddess. She’s so much more than I ever imagined, and the only woman I’ll ever need.

## Leo - One year later

“Let’s retire here,” Dante says before taking another drink of his Mai Tai.

My brother nods as he looks out to the horizon, where the setting sun is putting on a colorful show. “Count me in.”

A laugh erupts out of me, temporarily disrupting the shoulder massage I’m giving Lorraine.

She turns her head to look at me, the flower in her hair releasing fresh scent from her movement. “What’s so funny?”

“I’m remembering when you thought we were all too young for you. Now, Dante and Troy are ready for retirement.”

Darian, who’s reclining in a lounge, lazily raises a finger. “Me too, if this is where we’re retiring.”

Lorraine laughs, a joyful sound that’s carried away on the ocean breeze. “You all looked very young and active when we were snorkeling earlier today.”

“And you looked like a sexy mermaid in that green bikini.” I wrap my arms around her chest and lean forward to kiss her neck.

I haven’t thought much about our age difference in quite a while, and I hope she hasn’t either. The issue came to a head earlier in the year when Lorraine met our parents. She was worried they wouldn’t approve of her because she’s older than us, though privately, before meeting her, my parents expressed that they were more concerned about our unconventional five-

person relationship. When they actually met her, they loved her, as did Dante and Darian's parents, and as time has passed, so have our parents' concerns about polyandry.

"I wouldn't be opposed to retiring here," she says. "It's certainly beautiful."

"It sure is," I agree. Hawaii isn't the first trip we've taken together, but it's the first one far enough to require a flight. Lorraine and I talk frequently about destinations, and we have a lot more planned before our eventual retirement, which is, of course, a long way off. "We haven't tried the Hawaiian pizza yet, though," I say, as if this could be a potential deal breaker for the retirement plans.

"That is why we came here, after all," she says, turning again to smirk at me.

"Absolutely. The astounding natural beauty, the beaches, and these tropical drinks were just added bonuses," I say.

Sighing with contentment, Lorraine leans back into my hands, which have resumed the massage. "If the pineapple on the pizza is as good as the pineapple that accompanied our macadamia nut pancakes this morning, I'm all for it."

"Did you know Hawaiian pizza was invented in Canada?" Troy says.

"We'll go there on our next vacation," I tell him.

"I'm up for it," Lorraine says, "but I also wouldn't mind if we keep returning here. This resort is fabulous."

"I wouldn't mind going snorkeling again," Darian says. "It was fascinating."

"It was! I think the pufferfish was my favorite." She touches my hand. "Did you see one, Leo?"

"Were there fish on the reef? I was completely distracted by the beautiful mermaid in the green bikini."

She laughs again, making me smile. "You have such a one-track mind."

"Yep, just one track, and it leads right to you, my love."

## Darian

“Don’t we have reservations?” Lorraine props herself up on her elbows, but when I suck her clit between my lips, she falls backward onto the bed again.

“We have just enough time for you to have another orgasm before you shower,” Dante tells her, since my mouth is busy. I slide two fingers into her slick pussy and curl them, making her moan.

“I’ve had four already, but who’s counting?” Her joyful laugh is shaky. It sounds like she’s approaching orgasm number five.

Troy’s in the shower now; Dante and Leo are here with us on the bed, licking Lorraine’s nipples.

The only drawback to our suite at this resort is that the shower’s too small for anything besides washing up. We’ve gotten spoiled at home, where we had Lorraine’s bathroom remodeled to include a giant walk-in shower. We spend a lot of time in there making sure she’s squeaky clean. Then we get her dirty, and do it all over again.

“Oh god, just like that,” she says, as I rub my fingers over the magic spot inside her. “Just like — oh!” She comes apart, her pussy throbbing on my hand, her body quivering beneath us.

“That’s it, babe.” Dante strums his finger over her hardened nipple as I trail my tongue through her folds, and along with Leo, we keep her coming for a good long time.

“I’m not going to be able to stand up to take a shower,” she says finally, when she starts to recover. “Gonna need a sponge



bath.”

“We can do that, baby. No problem.” I lay a kiss on the spot where her leg meets her body, and after Dante and Leo have had their turns, I move up to press my lips to hers.

“You spoil me. All of you,” she says, cupping my cheek and leaning up for one last kiss.

“And we intend to keep right on doing that,” I say.

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WE’RE ONLY A FEW MINUTES LATE TO THE RESTAURANT, where the host gives us a curious look. I hang back after he escorts us to the ocean-view table.

“I called earlier, about our anniversary celebration,” I prompt him.

“Of course,” he says in a low tone. “Everything is all set. I’ll remind your server.”

There’ll be a specially made dessert later, but our celebration kicks off with their best champagne, which is brought to the table moments later. After we each have a glass in hand, Leo starts off the toast.

“Happy anniversary, Lorraine, and to all of us. It’s been a really great year.”

The rest of us raise our glasses in agreement.

“There’ve been so many changes,” Dante says. “So many good changes.”

Lorraine smiles, and from her expression, I can tell that she’s thinking back. “It’s hard to believe, actually,” she says. “I was so empty when I first laid eyes on the four of you, and now I’m so very full.”

I expect Leo to make a sex joke, but he doesn’t. He’s too busy gazing adoringly at the woman we all love.

“You brought me back to life, and I’m incredibly grateful for the four of you,” she says.

“We’re grateful for you,” Troy tells her.

So much has changed — we all live together now, and along with the bathroom remodel, we’ve built on to Lorraine’s house, giving us more office and bedroom space. We no longer dance at Club Red, because our landscaping business keeps us far too busy, and because we want our nights free for Lorraine.

The only dancing we do now is with her, both in the privacy of our home, and at the dance lessons she wanted to take with Dante and me at a studio in Whitman. I thought her moves were already perfect, but I’ll take any excuse to hold her in my arms.

“It’s been the best year of my life, without question,” I tell Lorraine, my brother, and our two best friends, “and I know for certain that each year to come is only going to get better.”

“Hear, hear,” the others say. Looking into each other’s eyes, we clink glasses and drink to our future.

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# About the Author

International bestselling author Stephanie Brother writes high heat love stories with a hint of the forbidden. Since 2015, she's been bringing to life handsome, flawed heroes who know how to treat their women. If you enjoy stories involving multiple lovers, including twins, triplets, stepbrothers, and their friends, you're in the right place. When it comes to books and men, Stephanie truly believes it's the more, the merrier.

She spends most of her day typing, drinking coffee, and interacting with readers.

Her books have been translated into German, French, and Spanish, and she has hit the Amazon bestseller list in seven countries.

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