

T is for Threesome



Part of
The Fantasy A-Z Series

Explicit Short Stories Exploring
Sexual Fantasy & Desire

by Chris Maxwell Rose of
PleasureMechanics.com

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My husband has never asked for much. Buying him birthday and holiday presents is always so hard, because he asks for things like a new kitchen faucet to replace the dripping one that I nag him about, and then installs it himself while his cake bakes. Last Christmas he asked for new socks.

It's not that he is cheap - far from it. Even back when we were young parents and had to juggle which bill to pay in what order just to get by, he was always finding ways to take me on special dates. He'd find concerts in the park, and we'd have a picnic just beyond the fence, barely hearing the music but still feeling part of it. "The beer is cheaper out here anyway" I'd say, and we'd toast with our cheap cans wrapped in brown paper bags. We hadn't meant to get pregnant so early, let alone with twins, and I give him credit for just sticking around.

We met in college, a small liberal arts school, and both graduated with pretty useless degrees - he studied Anthropology and I aced Sociology. We dated most of senior year, and were unsure of our future together until I discovered I was pregnant just before graduation. So we took whatever jobs we could find, rented a tiny apartment in the town I grew up in, and started our life together. Between his landscaping gigs and my catering job, we got through pregnancy. They didn't want me working weddings once I started to show, so John picked up the slack and worked all the time. When we found out it was twins, I found him on the fire escape of our little apartment, tears in his eyes. Poor guy, barely twenty one years old and so much responsibility. The only other time I've seen him cry was the day the twins were born.

But then he got promoted to crew chief, and then eventually started his own company specializing in sustainable landscaping. Maybe he was tired of me clipping articles about the dangers of traditional lawn chemicals and threatening to talk to his boss if he didn't. Maybe he realized he was capable of more than he realized, and was ready to have his own crew. Either way, he was thrilled that he finally got to buy that huge truck he had

always wanted.

But other than the truck and his work tools, he has never asked for much. He's given me and the kids everything, even supported me as I started my bakery - but try to buy the guy a nice tie and he scoffs "When I am I going to wear a tie, my funeral? Thanks babe, but take it back, get yourself something nice."

John's 40th birthday is coming up, and if there is one advantage to being a young parent it is that the "empty nest" happens early enough that you and your friends still have energy to party! I have spent the past month planning a huge party for him, with our best friends from college flying in from all around the world. But I still want to give him an awesome present, a nice gift he can open in front of everyone and feel as special as he has made me feel. It is Wednesday evening, the party is Saturday and I have nothing. I know I need to swallow my pride and just ask him what he wants.

I hear his truck pull in and the garage door rattles open. I need to head out to the store tomorrow to buy supplies for the party so I know this is the moment to ask him what he wants for his big birthday gift. I find him in the garage and I casually ask him what he wants for his gift, expecting to hear something like "a new wheelbarrow."

Instead, I am stunned at his answer.

"How about that threesome we've always talked about?" John says, standing in the garage, shirtless and smiling.

"Wh- What?"

"C'mon, we've talked about it since college. I know you are kinda into girls. If not now, when? My 60th? No thanks!" John is totally serious, I suddenly realize. I am still waiting for the punchline.

Sensing my hesitation, he quickly adds “Well you asked me what I want!” and quickly turns back to his workbench, shaking a jug of mysterious brown fluid to mix it.

I am leaning in the door to the garage, watching his shoulder muscles flex and pulse with every shake. I love how dirty his job gets him - unlike most owners he gets right down in the dirt with his crew, and always comes home smelling like soil and sunscreen. Normally, I would find this vision of my husband highly irresistible.

Right now, I want to dump that tank of murky water on my head.

My cheeks are flushed so hot I fear they will melt away. I can’t believe he had said that out loud! In daylight!

We’ve whispered about our fantasies many times, usually in the dark after late night sex, those glorious moments before he drifts off to sleep. He is so sweet, so honest after sex. Those breathy conversations sometimes last long into the night. I felt safe there, under the cover of darkness, to reveal my fantasies and secret desires. But he has never mentioned any of my secrets in broad daylight before.

Now here we are, fully revealed by the bright work lights overhead, and he is asking me for a birthday threesome.

“With who?” I ask, immediately shocked at the words coming out of my own mouth.

He stops shaking the jug but doesn’t turn around for a second. Then slowly he looks over his shoulder, a huge smile on his face.

“Really?”

“Really what? I simply asked who this proposed orgy would take place with.” *Easy girl, simmer down.* I am starting to get defensive.

He walks over to me. I am still standing in the doorway, two steps up, so we are looking at one another eye to eye. It takes all I have not to burst into tears. I focus on his

scar, running across one cheek, emphasizing his high cheek bones. He always makes up funny stories when people ask him about it, but really it came from a bad childhood accident involving a glass door and his bully brother.

“Are you seriously considering this?” He says, looking at me unblinking and earnest. I am surprised by the sincerity in his eyes. This isn’t some college joke - he really wants this.

“I’ve *never* even thought we’d talk about it with clothes on!” I say, nervously fingering my necklace. “But if you are so serious, tell me who you’d want. What’s in it for me?” I add a smile just to take the edge off.

“What do you say I hit the shower and then we go out to dinner, anywhere you want, and discuss this.”

“Can we order in? I don’t really want to discuss the logistics of your birthday threeway in public.”

John runs out to pick up our take-out order after his shower. I decide I need a shower of my own, suddenly feeling dangerously dirty. *What the fuck have I gotten myself into?* What I can’t understand is that I haven’t even said yes yet, but as I walk into our bedroom and drop my clothes on the floor I notice I am already picturing another woman in our bed. *He does want a woman, right???* My thoughts haven’t been this charged in a long time, and I almost don’t know how to think about such crazy things and walk at the same time. Sex with John is fabulous. A few years after the twins were born we found our groove again and haven’t stopped since. Sex once or twice a week (almost always on Fridays) and on Valentine’s Day, plus an occasional blow job and we both seem to be satisfied.

The water heats up quickly. I slip in and stand directly under the hot and heavy water. Showers have always been my one quiet place. No music, no candles. Just me and the

water, as hot as it will get.

As I wash my hair my forearm grazes my nipple and my body convulses. *Hello!* I touch the other breast and find it incredibly sensitive, waves of pleasure rippling through my chest. Sliding my hand down I test the waters and find that I am incredibly wet, open and the slightest touch makes me gasp with desire. *You want this, you know it.*

I ask the deepest part of myself, the voice that told me to keep the twins, the voice that has never led me astray. *Can we really do this? What if it ruins us?*

I've seen other people's marriages melt down after experiments go wrong. My brain is suddenly flooded with questions and fears. John will find the other woman more attractive. It will never be the same with just the two of us. I'll get pushed out of the bed. The other woman will laugh at me. What if he ignores me? What if I like her too much? What if I get hooked? What would my mother think? What will my friends think? Do I even have to tell them? What will I wear?

All of these questions bubble up and yet I find them sliding away, popping into oblivion as soon as they reach the surface. The hot water rushes over me and all that is left is my slick skin and the deep moan of a desire, held for so many years in the vaults of my fantasies, released by John's request, finally, finally escaping into the mere potential of reality. Just the possibility hitting the light of day sends me flying, and I am grinding into my hand and coming hard before I notice John standing in the bathroom, naked in the steam.

John is naked, his frame outlined by the subtle curves of his strong sun drenched muscles. His arms are crossed across his chest, and he is smiling. I have his attention. His full, complete attention.

He takes a half step towards me, and I am grateful for his slowness. I feel trapped, naked, drenched, panting in the glass enclosure of our shower. An exotic creature caged

for all the world to see in her most private of moments. But I am too hot, feel too good to feel ashamed. Here is this beautiful man, seeing me as naked as I will ever be, and yet he smiles.

Without words, I slide the glass door of the shower open and wait. He takes a quiet step into the shower and gasps as the scalding hot water hits his back.

Sliding my body against his, I grab his hips and rotate us so I am under the full flow of water. I reach up and drop the temperature just a bit, and then drop into a deep squat in front of my husband.

Looking up at him through my wet lashes, I meet his gaze. Without looking away, I reach up and wrap all five fingers around his cock, and just hold with a firm grasp. I feel the erection pulse under my touch, blood pumping with eagerness. My other hand glides up his belly, as far up his chest as I can reach.

I summon my voice and ask the one question that matters to me in this moment: “Do you want me?”

He doesn't hesitate: “Yes!”

I wrap my lips around just the head of his cock. Again, I hold still for a moment, letting him fully soak in this sensation. Then, I let go and take more of him in my mouth than seems possible, and I feel him struggle to maintain balance. I slow down, come up for air and look back up at him, stroking him all the while.

“But not just me. . .” As the words come out they feel powerful. I am supposed to feel jealous, vulnerable. But instead I feel triumphant, totally in control.

I don't let him try to come up with a polite answer. I consume him, pulling him into my mouth, and I know he is lost to me. A deep growl comes out of his throat. His body trembles. I wrap both arms around him and drop one knee to the shower floor. I know this won't last long, if he is half as turned on about this idea as I am. So I give it my all, wildly consuming him and digging my hands into his strong butt. Again, I let my eyes

travel up, up through the steam, up past his heaving chest, up to his eyes smiling down at me, his mouth open.

“Yes. I want you. You for life. You and Cassie for one night” He says, and I feel his excitement explode. The thrill races through me, mixed with my sudden terror at his words, and I nearly choke on the complicated emotions I am feeling. He scoops me up into his arms, pulling me close so the water falls right between us, creating lakes and waterfalls everywhere our flesh meets. He kisses me, my neck, my shoulders - but I hold on to him too tight for him to reach my lips, too close for him to see my face.

The water has suddenly gone way too cold, and I pull away from him, sending a dramatic cascade of water to the ground.

“Babe, you ok?” He says, coming out of his stupor as I slip out of the shower.

“Fine, I’ve just been in the hot water too long. Meet you downstairs.”

The cold air of our bedroom stuns me as I shut the bathroom door behind me. My skin bristles and I pull a towel tightly around my shivering body.

Cassie? Here I was fantasizing about some beautiful strange woman in a distant city, preferably another country. His fantasy? *Cassie*, my bombshell bisexual international acclaimed author friend from high school. *Cassie*, with the body of a swimsuit model and a New York Times bestselling brain to match. *Cassie*, whose sexuality oozes from every pore. Not too intimidating or anything. *No way*, I tell myself. If we are going to do this, it has to be with a stranger. A beautiful stranger we will never see again. Certainly not some sex kitten who probably knows tricks for body parts I can’t even pronounce.

I throw on my most comfortable pajamas - I think our sexy night at home may have just gone casual. I hear the shower turn off and I quickly fly out of the bedroom and downstairs. I need to put distance behind me - can’t bear the thought of John coming out naked and wanting to continue on the bed.

I need to eat. And think. And eat.

Our take-out, of course, is getting cold. I sneak a dumpling, and it tastes fantastic. I pop another and then another, dunking them in the spicy peanut sauce.

“Whoah, save some for me!” John says, walking into the kitchen, wearing only boxers. He comes right up to me, wrapping his arms around me and nuzzling the nape of my neck. I feed him a dumpling over my shoulder and then pull away, trying not to worry him but needing space. It was enough to think about with a party for 50 people to plan. Now I have a threesome to plan, too? It just feels like too much. In the heat of the shower the idea was exciting, but still simply a fantasy. In the bright lights of the kitchen, my table covered in menu notes, guest’s plane schedules, bills, receipts, and all the other reminders of how much I have to do, I began seething with resentment. *How could he ask for this? Isn’t a party with all his best friends enough? Doesn’t he get how much work this is? Why can’t I just buy him a fucking wheelbarrow?*

When he comes up behind me again and wraps his arms around my waist, in the way he knows I love, in that way that makes me feel so held and so *his*, I know he is betting on a second round of pleasure. So it is a testament to his goodness that when I suddenly burst into tears, hysterically heaving against his embrace, all he does is continue to hold me, hold me and sway gently until I calm down enough to speak.

Once I calmed down and had my fill of pad thai and dumplings, we were more honest than we had been in a long time. We talked about how strange it is with the kids gone, about what we wanted next, about the travel we wanted to do now that we had time and could afford it. It reminded me of the early days, back when he and I used to stay up till 4 in the morning planning our lives, dreaming wildly and telling one another that we’d make it.

It was only after two bottles of wine and a long foot massage for my aching feet that we even broached the topic that was lingering in the air all night, just beyond words.

The threesome, he told me, is something he had always wanted. He didn't have to explain what was hot about it for him - two women, two sets of breasts, two. . . The math got interesting, as did his specific visions of possible positions. He almost started drawing diagrams out of his excitement, and I had to settle him down by wrestling him on the couch and kissing him long and hard, allowing my hips to ride and tease him. I was hoping we were going to let the topic go for the night when he suddenly flipped us so he was on top, all of his weight on top of me, and demanded to know why it was hot *for me*.

I did not have words, nor diagrams to describe why it was so exciting. Sure, it was thrilling that he was so into it, but there was something else for me. A chance to be someone new. To be with a woman not as a peer or competition - but as a lover, together in the sensuality of femaleness. My images were all of wet soft heat - soft sweet lips, the curves of breasts, the smoothness of her skin. As I told John my vague desires of female flesh, his arousal grew on top of me, pressing into my own sex and calling it to attention.

From that place of naked arousal, both of us aware of how much we both wanted it, I laid down my terms in no uncertain way. *No Cassie. No Friends. No one we know. Next month we travel, we seduce, we enjoy, we come home. No relationships. No second time. A new woman each time, if it happens more than once. No emotions, just sex. I am your wife. They are one night stands. Deal?*

Deal.

Later that night, John and I had our time-tested, well-rehearsed, comfort food sex before drifting off to sleep. He kissed my face and told me he loved me, that he didn't need anything else to make him happy. I believed him. I fell asleep smiling. I dreamt of women. Female flesh everywhere, lost in breasts, hips, thighs, soft hair, golden laughter and delicious kisses.

The next few days were a blur. Old friends arrived and every night at our house became an impromptu party, as if we needed a week of rehearsal for the bash I had

planned on Saturday. But John was happy, and our friends were always generously bringing over cases of beer, bottles of wine, and grocery bags heaving with gourmet ingredients. Our friends know me - no chips at my parties! So they bring cheeses and fruits, nuts and olives, and know that paired with fresh bread from my bakery we will be good for the night. And John was so happy, surrounded by his friends, showing off his success to his old buddies, winking at me from across the room and showering me with kisses every chance he got.

Tonight's the big night and I have almost forgotten about Cassie. I closed my bakery cafe early today and put my staff to work transforming the place into a swank party space. The sunny gingham tablecloths have been swapped out for crisp whites, the counter stocked with champagne and flutes, and of course, candlelight was dancing everywhere. The place looks so good the first few guests to arrive all joked that I should open a nightclub next. Everyone is arriving wearing stunning formal wear - which, for our circle of friends is a major accomplishment! The men look gorgeous in black suits and bright ties, and the ladies are dazzling. John is out with his best friends, scheduled to arrive after the rest of the guests. It was too complicated to make it a surprise party but I still want him to have that moment of walking in and seeing a sea of smiling faces, all the people who love him gathered in one place. That was my big gift to him, you know, before he asked for a threesome.

I am eyeing the clock and making the rounds with champagne, making sure everyone was ready for a toast. I am filling the glasses of our neighbors when I feel hands on me, and they aren't John's.

"Darling, I am going to fly you to Milan to throw my next party. This is fucking amazing." Cassie says, as I spin around to greet her.

She looks stunning, of course, in a perfectly short black dress unlike that of any other woman in the room. Her dress is shimmering, asymmetrical and right off the pages of Vogue, framing her body like a work of art. Dresses like that just aren't sold around here, we only get to see them on reality shows. She is clutching a small jeweled handbag and balancing easily on six inch heels with crimson soles.

“Right, I’m sure it is just like the party at the White House you were at last year” I joke, filling her glass to the brim. Even in her exotic fashion, her face is familiar. We had been in school together since the sixth grade. Worked on yearbook together, had our first kiss at the same time on a school camping trip. She was magnetic and gorgeous even back then. Cassie, the one who made it. I always joked that if there wasn’t so much sex and violence in her novels, this town would name a building after her.

“Seriously, I’m telling you, great party. People are really having fun, you should be proud. And it smells amazing in here, I swear you should bottle the smell of freshly baked bread. I can’t wait for the cake, I hear you are amazing at what you do.” Cassie pauses long enough to empty her champagne flute, and I fill it again. *Stop staring at her mouth!* I blush and find myself suddenly shy, like when you have a dream about someone and then see them unexpectedly the next day. Mercifully, she continues to talk, filling me in on her travels while asking a million questions, none of which I answer. I just stare at her mouth, her hands, her breasts heaving under the shimmering fabric. She smells amazing, spicy even. I find myself leaning in close to her, knowing I should circulate and fill glasses, but not quite wanting to move on quite yet.

When John arrives, Cassie and I are still standing together, talking and swiftly polishing off the bottle of champagne I am holding. He arrives to a rousing round of toasts and enthusiastic well wishes, and then he raises his glass and says “Thank you all for coming, some of you from very distant places.” As he says this, his eyes fall on Cassie, and I feel flickers of both arousal and jealousy. “But thanks especially to my incredible wife, the love of my life, for pulling this all together. Honey, you’ve given me everything I’ve always wanted. And something tells me we are just getting started.” He winks and then crosses the room to kiss me, all eyes upon us. I remember this feeling from our wedding. If I kissed him as deeply as I wanted to in the moment, the collective blush in the room might melt the cake.

The party stretches on for hours, John and I circulating to try and talk to as many friends as we can manage. We are stuck in a too-long conversation with one of our neighbors when I see Cassie slip out of the cafe with a very handsome and very single member of John’s crew. I feel a pang of absolute rage, which shocks me and takes a moment to register. I have been working up the nerve all night to ask her home with us,

hoping we would be just tired enough that we could have a sexy nightcap and maybe I could kiss her, John watching, and seal the night with something memorable. So sure was I of these plans that I feel absolutely blindsided as I watch her leave with another man. Once she is gone, the party feels a bit flat, like champagne that has been sitting out too long. I keep catching myself scanning the room for her, and finding only dear friends swaying with the music. I send every guest home with a generous chunk of cake and make sure they are sober enough to drive, and John hugs them all enthusiastically and thanks them for coming.

When we finally leave, I turn to lock up and John presses me into the door from behind, nuzzling into my neck and covering it with kisses, nape to ear. “Thank You” he whispers, and squeezes me tightly.

I turn back to him, emboldened. “You are welcome. Happy birthday darling. But just remember, you haven’t received your real present yet!” I kiss him, we drive the short distance home and promptly fall asleep, but not before setting the alarm to give myself ample time to make breakfast for our closest 28 friends who were set to arrive for brunch in 7 hours. I look at the clock wearily, hoping people will be late, and crash. As I drift off, I paint the picture of Cassie’s acrobatic performance with her new landscaper lover, and find myself wondering what her kisses would taste like after a night of champagne and hazelnut cake, if I could taste her spicy perfume as I kissed her neck, and if she would ever let me find out.

Brunch, of course, is a semi-disaster. No one else notices, everyone is thrilled and raving about the food and happily curing their post-party headaches with mimosas. In my world it is a marathon of perkiness. This morning I first slept past three snooze cycles, then I dropped a whole dozen eggs, and while I cleaned that up my first batch of bacon burnt to a crisp. I was moving so slowly I barely had the coffee brewing as the guests started to arrive. Months ago, it was my genius idea to invite all the out-of-town guests over for brunch before everyone scattered. My employees are of course all busy cleaning up the cafe and getting ready for our regular Sunday brunch service, our busiest time all week. So I am on my own, whipping up scones, eggs, coffee cake, bacon and of course

vegan and gluten-free options for the three people who require it.

When Cassie breezes in, I take one look at her and give up. She is positively glowing, her skin luminescent. Her black shimmering number and jeweled clutch have been swapped out for a bright sun dress and strappy sandals. She makes a beeline for me and I almost duck under the table - I have just been refilling the buffet and am still in a greasy apron, flour on my face and my hair flying in eight directions. My eyes fall on her luggage. *Oh lord, nice last image for her to remember me by!*

“Darling, I’m so sorry I’m late, can I help? Do you mind if I stash my bags somewhere, my flight isn’t until late tonight, let me help, you must be exhausted.” She leans in, gracefully dodging my apron and kisses my flour-powdered face.

“Wow! You are perky - didn’t Dave keep you up all night?” *Did I really just say that?*

“Dave? What? Oh! No, I asked him for a ride back to the hotel so I could crash early, I was exhausted and the jetlag was kicking in. I got more sleep last night than I have all week, then woke up feeling awesome and worked out at the hotel. Why, what were you thinking?”

Blushing, I totally ignore her question, point the way to the hall closet and rush back into the kitchen, mumbling about how something might be burning.

I suddenly want to keep the party going all day, just to keep Cassie here, so she wouldn’t disappear again. She comes right into the kitchen, puts on an apron and begins cleaning up. When I try to urge her out to be with the other guests, she just laughs and says “I was raised by a single mom, I know dishes don’t do themselves. This way I’ll get you all to myself once the other people leave!”

Sorry folks, party is over. Get your coats and GO!

Of course, as eager as I am to be alone with Cassie for the afternoon, I don't rush guests out the door. But thanks to her help, as the last guest leaves, the kitchen is wonderfully clean and I can relax enough to collapse onto the couch with a fresh mimosa. John and Cassie join me, and all of a sudden it is just the three of us in the living room.

After catching up about getting the twins off to college and Cassie's adventures around the world, conversation turns back to the party and what a success it had been. I am about to change the topic of conversation back to Cassie, asking about her next book project, when John chimes in.

"Hey Cass, you'll never guess what my beautiful wife is giving me for my birthday."

"You mean besides that incredible party?" Cassie replies, unaware of where the conversation is about to go. My face flushes and I realize that even though a big part of me is furious at John for bringing it up, I am also relieved. I realize I have been looking for a way to start us down this road all morning.

"She's agreed to finally give a threesome a try. Any advice from the pro?"

Cassie laughs and throws a pillow at John. "Pro? I think not. Seasoned amateur is more like it. Wow, that is huge, have you guys ever tried anything like that before? I always thought you guys were pretty zippered up when it came to sex."

"Well with the kids we haven't had much chance to let loose, but now it seems like seasons are changing, huh babe?" John looks at me, and I realize I am frozen. I glance up through my lashes at Cassie, who was comfortably nestled in a big arm chair with her feet stretched out on the ottoman, her dress falling around her thighs. She is totally casual about this, I realize, not at all shocked or grossed out. She seemed fascinated, in fact. I am grateful when she broke the silence.

"Is this something you want, or are you doing it for him?"

I set my glass down on the side table and busy myself fidgeting with the fringed trim of the pillow on my lap. When I get nervous my hands are in constant motion.

“Well it is something I have always fantasized about but never really planned on making happen, until John asked so nicely. I mean, you know I was kind of into girls in college, right?” I blush and look up, remembering the wild nights of our youth when it seemed like anything was possible and everything was permissible. Cassie had been at the party junior year when I ended up in a hot and heavy make out session with a freshman girl, a cute and perky blond who was wide eyed and eager. The next day, she sent me flowers and a note to my dorm room, and in my hungover embarrassment I had never replied.

“I guess I always chalked that up to experimentation, I didn’t realize you were really into it. Have you been with a woman since then?”

“No, see previous conversation about the kids. But I’ve always been excited by the idea, and I guess at this point I don’t see any reason not to try it out, especially since John is SO into the idea.”

“Well, in my experience, it is really important that you are as into it as he is. I had a threesome once with this couple and the wife was miserable the whole time, looking for reasons to make her husband the bad guy. Every time he kissed me she was there with a sour face, making judgments about how he touched me, how he looked at me. And she barely wanted to touch me herself, I think she was totally freaked out by the idea and doing it for all the wrong reasons. Let’s just say it was miserable for me, and they didn’t last long after that. I got a call from the husband a few months later, wondering if he and I could pick up where we had left off. I didn’t bother telling him it was one of the more awkward sexual experiences of my life”

John was leaning forward in his seat, absorbing every word. I could tell he had a million questions on the tip of his tongue. “How many threesomes have you been in, Cassie”

“Only a few. Mostly with couples, once with my boyfriend at the time and another guy. Now THAT is something to try, my friend” Cassie says, raising her glass in my direction.

“Oh, I already know what I am asking for on MY next birthday!” I say, watching John flush crimson and shift uncomfortably in his seat.

“But really guys, you are so in love and are both so sexy, you’ll have a great time. John, make sure to pay lots of attention to your dear wife and not get too distracted by the newness of the other woman, and you’ll both enjoy it. Hey, so who is this mystery woman, someone you know? Did you put out an ad online?”

John and I look at each other quietly for way too long. I can hear the clock on the mantle ticking away the awkward silence. I look at Cassie, again feeling a rush of desire for her, and seize the moment. I give him the smallest nod, knowing he would say what I could not bring myself to.

“Well, dear Cassie, I had originally wanted to ask you. But that idea got vetoed. So we are planning on traveling and seducing a mysterious woman in some distant city.” I dig my fingers into the pillow, waiting for her response.

“Me? Well I am flattered. I’ve always wanted my old friends to think of me first in moments like this!” she laughs, and then empties her glass. I follow her lead and drain my glass, grateful for the bubbly rush. “But I’m also a bit hurt, why would you veto me, I’m not your type?” her gaze falls on me, and I watch a single drop of champagne hover on her lower lip. I want to jump forward and kiss it off for her.

Gazing down, I choke out the truth “No, you are exactly my type. I guess I was just intimidated. You are so experienced and everything, and so beautiful. I could never compete.”

Cassie just laughs. “Oh, darling, I am not nearly as experienced as you all make me out to be, and you are more beautiful than you’ll ever know. You don’t know how often I have been jealous of you, of your marriage, your family. You have it all.”

The three of us sit in silence, feeling the potential resting heavily in the air. I am terrified John is going to do something stupid, like start chanting “Kiss! Kiss!” but he just

sits quietly, smiling and watching the tension build.

Cassie is the first to move. “I’m going to grab a fresh bottle of champagne and some fruit. And then we can change the topic if you want.” She gets up and begins walking towards the kitchen. As she reaches the doorway, she turns, smiles directly at me and says “Of course, if you want to rethink your veto, I would be honored to be your first. We could make more than one dream come true.” With that, she slips through the doorway and is gone. I hear her humming in the kitchen and rustling around in the fridge.

I look at John, whose eyes are ablaze with excitement. He raises his eyebrows at me, hopeful, and then immediately sinks back in his seat. “Wow, that was kind of intense. But I totally get why you don’t want to.”

“I want to. I really really want to.” I stammer, sensing a now-or-never moment about to pass me by.

John smiles broadly, then all of a sudden looks terrified. “How do we make it happen? What time is her flight? Is this really going to happen? What do we do?”

I glance at the clock. Two in the afternoon. Cassie was on a red eye, I had told her she could hang at the house until her cab came around 8pm. Six hours was plenty of time for a threesome, right? It would have to be. All of a sudden I feel the ferocious need to make this happen, today. I don’t know when we would get the chance to see Cassie again, and all of a sudden can’t imagine anyone but her being my first.

“Let me handle it, dear. This is your birthday present, after all.” I stand up, and lean into him, kissing him deeply and forcefully. His hands come up and grab my hair, trying to pull me down into the couch. I pull away, look him in the eyes and take a deep breath.

“You still want this?” I ask, studying his face.

“Yes.”

“And I will always be your wife, your top priority?”

“Absolutely.” He says, beaming with excitement.

“I love you. Now shut up, stay right here, and relax. I’ll be right back.”

As I walk towards the kitchen, I feel like I am floating on air. My body is weary, exhausted from the multiple days of hosting, and yet I feel like I could run a marathon. I feel light, spacious and there is a pulse rising from the deepest part of my body, fueling me with desire. I take a deep breath, run my fingers through my curly hair, and walk into the kitchen.

Cassie is arranging grapes, figs and almonds on a platter, and has a cold bottle of champagne set out. She smiles as I come in.

“So, what shall we toast? Old friends? New adventures?” Cassie gazes at me, and I feel a flush of gratitude for her generosity and casual attitude. There are a million ways this could be weird, and she is making it feel so easy.

I walk up next to her, too close for casual conversation. Nervously, I reach down and rearrange the grapes on the platter, searching for the right words. “Cassie, would you really want to do this? With us? Today?” I ask, fingering the cool smooth curves of the grapes.

She reaches out and rests her fingers on mine, and my hand relaxes under her touch.

“Just tell me that you want this, for you. His birthday present or not, I need to know that you want me, that you want this experience as much as I know he does.”

All of a sudden I feel like a young girl, a breathless teenager on the brink of discovery. I nod as vigorously as I can.

“And your marriage is good, right, this isn’t to fix anything?” I shake my head.

“And you feel ready? This isn’t rushing anything? I could always come back in a few

months.”

I feel my arousal rise urgently, and boldly look up into her face, just a few inches from my own. I almost burst into tears, feeling so vulnerable and so ready. I can smell her sweet perfume, I can feel the warmth from her smooth skin.

“I know you only have a few more hours, but if you are as ready as I am, let’s do it. A few months feel like an eternity right now.” I say, staring at her full lips.

Her fingers weave in between my own, and she raises my hand to her lips. She kisses each finger, one by one, and then kisses the back of my palm. The softness of her lips, the absence of stubble is thrilling. My knees buckle and I feel my floodgates open. I have never felt more ready for anything in my life.

“How big is your shower?” Cassie asks, still holding my hand close to her mouth.

“Big enough for three” I reply, smiling. She knew me well. Thankful for her taking the lead, I grab the fruit tray in one hand, she grabs the champagne, and I let her lead us out to the living room.

John is sitting on the couch, and I can tell he is nervous and excited. He smiles at the sight of us holding hands, and I can see all of his questions and anxieties on his face.

“Care to join us for a shower, John?” Cassie asks, oh-so-casually as she walks right past the couch and towards the staircase. “Grab my suitcase on the way up, I put it by the hall closet.”

John springs to his feet and the three of us walk upstairs. Cassie leads the way, and as we climb the stairs I can’t take my eyes off her ass and hips swaying in her sundress.

Cassie places the bottle of champagne on the dresser, takes the tray of fruit from my trembling hands and puts it down. John is right behind us, and soon the three of us are huddled together. Cassie takes one of each of our hands in hers, and John and I hold hands, creating an unbroken circle.

“So, darlings, as the oh-so-experienced slut amongst us I want to say a few things. One, anyone should feel free to stop at any point. We don't have to do anything you don't want to do.” She is looking at me as she says this, and I nod quietly.

“Second, I have condoms with me and I expect to use them with you, John, if we do anything that requires them. I'm on birth control but you can never be too safe. Understood?” John nods and squeezes my hands.

“Third, I want you both to know that I adore you both, always have. I'm not about to fuck up our lifelong friendship, so if at any point anyone feels weird, let's stop and talk about it. No one endures any harsh feelings, deal?” John and I both nod.

“You guys have anything you want to say?” Cassie asks, looking back and forth between us.

“Happy Birthday to Me!” John says, as enthusiastically as a sixteen year old discovering a new car in the driveway. We all laugh, but then he gets very serious. “Honestly, I feel like the luckiest man in the world right now. I love you, honey.” He looks at me deep in the eyes and I feel him right there with me, undistracted. He drops my hand and moves his hand to the small of my back, pulling me closer to his side. “And Cassie, all I can say is thank you. You are an amazing woman, and I am so honored that you are here with us.” I nod in silent agreement. They pause for me to say something, but my excitement has choked me with silence and all I can manage to do is look at them, my eyes flickering back and forth between these two people I love in such different ways, and feel the arousal swelling inside me.

“My pleasure!” she says, dropping our hands. “Now, kiss your wife. Show me how much you love her.”

John turns to me, and for a long moment we gaze at one another. He smiles at me and I can feel his excitement growing. His hand comes up and cradles the back of my neck, his fingers holding a fistful of my curls. John kisses me, a bit tentatively at first and then I feel him let go, and his lips and tongue meet mine with eagerness. He scoops me towards

him, pressing my entire body into his own, and I can feel that he is already highly aroused. Of course, so am I and the familiarity of kissing my husband is gone. With Cassie watching, I feel like I am kissing him for the first time. I let my hands trace the strong muscles of his back, and grab at him with ferocity.

Then I feel her, Cassie's hand over mine, her body close to us. The touch of another is thrilling, and I can smell her everywhere, cinnamon and cloves. I grab her hand and hold it tightly, still kissing John, and I know her other hand is on my husband's back.

Coming up for air, I nuzzle into John's neck and find Cassie standing behind him, a little space between their bodies. I look up and meet her eyes, finding them filled with warmth and encouragement. She releases my hand, presses one finger to her lips like a little girl urging me to keep a secret. John is kissing my neck, clinging to me with a fervor I haven't felt in years. I watch over his shoulder as Cassie pulls her sundress up and over her head, a little strip tease for my eyes alone. My god she is beautiful. Her smooth curves are accentuated by the incredible lingerie she is wearing, a simple but elegant strapless shiny silver bra and matching underwear. Her breasts are cradled like precious exotic fruit, and I suddenly want to feel every inch of her. She smiles and then helps me pull John's shirt over his head, and then immediately presses her body into his, surprising him with the bareness of her skin.

John gasps and his body convulses a little, and I can feel his erection quiver with excitement. He turns to face her, drinking in the beauty of her body for the first time. She looks at me for a long time over his shoulder, and then kisses him, without breaking eye contact with me, as if searching for my approval. I smile, nod, and she closes her eyes, fully taking in my husband's kiss. Her hands explore his back and chest, and I feel an immense pride at his well-worked muscles. My husband is *hot* and am full of amazement that he is *mine*.

Suddenly nervous about my own body, with these two gorgeous creatures half naked before me, I let them kiss and slip into the bathroom. Turning on the shower full blast, I let it heat up and return to the bedroom to turn on the stereo and chose a playlist of sultry lounge tunes, one of the soundtracks John and I often make love to.

For a moment, I stand and watch the two of them kiss, her slender body pressed up against his muscular chest. I search my body for any flicker of jealousy, but it does not come. All I was am aware of is desire, an immense pull towards Cassie and an incredible amount of attraction for my husband. I am dizzy with desire, and emboldened by the excitement I pull off my clothes and my underwear, and slip by them to the bathroom.

“Join me, won’t you?” I call out, allowing their eyes to fall on my back and butt as I test the water. Scorching hot, perfect.

They both come into the bathroom, John closing the door behind him to capture the steam.

John undresses first, pulling his pants and underwear down together. His cock bounces to attention, and I watch as Cassie eyes it approvingly. He joins me in the shower and together we look out at Cassie through the glass doors, as he presses his body into my side.

“You guys are so gorgeous together, do you know that?” Cassie says, watching the two of us move together under the stream of hot water.

I run my hands over my own body, my breasts, my stomach. I hold her gaze as I wrap one hand around John’s cock, feeling the swell of his pleasure. She licks her lips a little, and then reaches back and unbuckles her bra, never dropping my gaze. Her breasts are glorious, full and heavy. She hangs her bra on a hook as she demurely steps out of her underwear. All of a sudden, there we are, three old friends, completely naked together, the bathroom filling quickly with steam.

She slips into the shower, presses up against me and my mind spins with sensation. The smoothness of her skin, the weight of her breasts and the roundness of her hips slide over my body, and the contrast between her soft body and John’s hard muscles is delicious. I turn so my back is towards John, his erection resting between us, and face Cassie. She slowly reaches up, and then runs her hand from my neck down my chest, around my breast and down my side. Then with both hands she cups my breasts, gently flicking up on the nipples with her thumbs.

I can't wait any longer, so I lean in and kiss her, inhaling the spicy steam as it rises off her skin. Our lips meet and I am lost in the softness, the sweetness, the tenderness of her kiss. So different from the strength and roughness of John's kisses. Our lips melt together and I feel her tongue move into mine, gently and delicately. I gasp into her mouth as I feel John's hands reach around me, one hand on my breasts and the other hand traveling down my belly towards my sex.

Cassie's hair is thick and heavy with water and begins clinging to her face. I smooth it hair back and run my fingers through the wet tendrils, and continue to kiss her sweet lips. I never want to stop kissing her, tasting her. Our breasts press together and I can feel her nipples harden against mine, such a new and strange sensation. I let my hands trace down her back, the curve of her spine and then slowly onto her butt, feeling the firm and heavy weight of her ass in my hands. Delicious. For a moment, I forget about John and feel like I could lose myself in her curves, the tantalizing sensations of her body pressed against my own, the delicious taste of her lips.

But then I feel John kiss my shoulders, nibbling into my neck and biting hard on my shoulder blades. His heavy hands became more urgent, squeezing my ass and breasts. I turn to him, kiss him, and then sink down onto my knees. I have perfected the shower blow job and want to show off my skills, while giving them some time to explore one another's naked bodies.

His cock is full and hard and ready for attention. I wrap my hands around it, and squeeze tightly, feeling the soft skin move over the hard shaft underneath. I am about to wrap my mouth around the head of his penis when I think twice - how does this work again? Would Cassie still kiss me after I have his cock in my mouth? Not wanting to take kissing her off the table quite yet, I stick with my hands and begin working his shaft slowly as I gaze up at them. They are kissing, and water is splashing down upon me from above. The heat and the urgency of my desire is suddenly overwhelming, and I need more space to breath.

Standing, I kiss my husband and then Cassie, and then my husband again. "Shall we take this to the bed?" I ask, ready for more.

Cassie turns the water off and John grabs three big fluffy towels from the linen closet, tossing one to each of us before toweling himself off. Running quickly to the bed, I dry off quickly and then throw back the covers and climb into the cool sheets. John joins me, throwing his towel aside. His erection has calmed a bit, but his smile is huge and I can tell he is in seventh heaven. Cassie lingers, takes a few grapes from the fruit tray and pops them into her mouth. She pulls her wet hair up into a loose bun and secures it, her long neck accentuated by a loose tendril that clings in a perfect curl below her ear. I take the chance to soak in her body, watching rivulets of water run down her chest and drip heavily from the tips of her nipples.

She grabs the champagne and pops the cork, casually pouring herself a glass as John and I watch from bed. Her hips sway to the music as she walks slowly towards us. I am mesmerized by the drips of water collecting in her little tuft of hair between her legs, at the bounce of her breasts as she moves. She kneels up on the bed and moves towards us.

Taking a sip of champagne, she leans into me and kisses me, the sweet bubbles trickling into my mouth. We drink together, and as I gulp the cool liquid down I am overcome with the need for her body on mine. I take the glass from her, pass it to John and then pull her into me. The weight of her breasts, her belly, all of her is on top of me, and I can feel John watching us, but he doesn't touch us just yet. They say men are visual creatures and I am sure he has a lot to feast on as Cassie allows her weight to sink into me, our breasts pressing together, the heat of her sex right on top of my own.

And then she is moving into me, pressing her pelvic bone into me and I am on fire. I feel every inch of her moving on top of me, and I arch my back, trying to find something to grind my hips into. I am so used to John's cock, the urgency of penetration when he is on top of me like this. With Cassie, it is just hot flesh on flesh, the roughness of her pubic bone grinding into my clitoris, slowly opening me up and leaving me gasping for more.

I look up and meet her gaze, and she must see the hunger in my eyes. I feel her hand travel down and slip between us, and as I feel her fingers press into me I throw my head back in surrender.

My arms wrap around her shoulders, so small yet strong enough to carry me like this, and I feel her hand moving expertly around my clit. Tenderly, confidently, she circles in, never touching the most sensitive tip, leaving me aching and hovering just on the edge of overwhelm. And then, with her thumb still circling above, I feel one finger explore at the opening of my sex, gathering the wetness and teasing me. Linger just outside, Cassie looks down at me and then kisses me, deeply, roughly, plunging her tongue into my mouth just as her finger slips inside.

I am lost. I am suspended in pleasure, every sensation new and raw, as if I have just been born to a new universe of touch. Her finger slides deeper into me, and she curves up, hitting that incredible spot that makes me lose all control.

I am still kissing her when I feel another mouth on my breasts, John's warm lips surrounding my nipple. The additional sensation is intoxicating and I lose all ability to respond with anything but deep guttural moans. Cassie stops kissing me, drops her mouth to my other breast and her hand moves rhythmically into me.

Grabbing fistfuls of sheets, I hold on for dear life as a tremendous wave of pleasure crashes through me, and I feel myself clench around Cassie's fingers. I gasp for air as she pulls out, resting her hand on my sex, and I am grateful for the stillness. John nuzzles into my chest and rests his face on my heaving breast, and I can feel him smiling as he looks across at Cassie.

Surfacing, I run my hands over both of their backs, feeling the incredible heat of two bodies next to me, one on each side, their heads resting together on my chest as I breathe deeply. They kiss one another, still resting their heads on my breasts, and the sight of it makes me strangely happy.

A giggle rises to my throat and I laugh, and thank them out loud. A surge of energy moves through me and I rise, pulling Cassie into the middle of the bed.

John rises to his knees, and we are both towering over her, this gorgeous woman in our bed. John kisses me, and whispers encouragement into my ear. I see his is fully erect and at attention, but I am not quite ready for him yet. I bend towards Cassie and kiss her

everywhere, licking the last droplets of water running down her chest, inhaling deeply when I find little pockets of her scent. Her perfume has given way to the smell of her sweat and it is even more intoxicating. She tastes delicious and I am surprised at how much I want to taste her, all of her. As I travel down her body, I meet her eyes, and raise my eyebrows, asking silent permission to continue. She smiles and I feel her hands on my shoulders, pressing down in a solid affirmative.

I bury my face into her, drunk on her scent, my own orgasm still pulsing throughout my body. Kissing her thighs, I begin touching her with the same attention she touched me, parting her lips to reveal her fully. I have never seen another woman up close like this, and I am fascinated by how similar and how different we are. Her clitoris is large and swollen, and she is as wet as I am. She arches her back and moves her sex closer to my face, inviting and encouraging me. I take a deep breath and then dive in, allowing my mouth to engulf her as my tongue begins exploring the folds of her flesh. My fingers rest at her opening, until she bucks wildly and I find myself deep inside her. There is so much to focus on all of a sudden, as I feel her wet heat around my fingers, her hips grinding her sex into my mouth. I am dizzy with wonder, feeling the muscles of her sex pulse around my finger, so alive and full of heat. She is moving wildly and so mostly I try to move with her, my tongue flicking around her clitoris as she circles her hips and takes her pleasure.

I am leaning into my elbows, my ass up in the air, focused fully on giving her as much pleasure as she just gave me. Then I feel John moving behind me, and briefly look up, my fingers still buried in Cassie. He positions himself behind me and I laugh out loud, finding myself in one of his fantasy diagrams. He is stroking his own cock, watching eagerly as we squirm in pleasure before him. I smile up at him and blow him a kiss, and then go back to pleasuring Cassie with my mouth. I feel one of his hands on me, and I moan into Cassie's flesh as I feel his fingers slip into me. With my free hand I scoop under her ass and hold on for dear life. I can feel Cassie tightening around my finger, her movements growing more frantic. Not wanting to stop yet, I slow my tongue down and tease her a bit, drawing out both her pleasure and my own.

John's cock is pressed up against me and then I feel him wanting to enter. Pressing my mouth deeper into Cassie's sex, I push my hips back and take all of him into me, and I

feel him buckle with pleasure, his hands gripping my hips. I hear a deep moan escape his lips, and I know his view must be glorious. Taking a cue from Cassie, I begin to move my hips onto him, finding the angle where the head of his cock is hitting my g-spot and my pleasure spikes, distracting me for a moment from Cassie. She grabs my head and clamps me firmly into her, and I feel her leg wrap around my shoulder. The three of us move together, and with each of John's thrusts I fall a little deeper into Cassie, until the three of us are in a crazy serpentine movement of pleasure. She is pulsing around me, shaking even, and then I hear a long deep sound escape her lips and she is trembling, her whole body convulsing against me. I hold still as she rides out her pleasure and I feel John speed up, his hands digging into my ass and finally he explodes, and I feel the deliciously familiar rush of his orgasm inside me, shaking me to the core. He pulls out and collapses over me, and I fall into Cassie, my face resting on her thigh, drunk with pleasure, licking my lips and smiling.

We rest like this for awhile, a pile of bodies, petting one another and stealing kisses on shoulders and thighs, necks and wrists. Eventually I feel John rise and walk to the bathroom, and I wiggle up to the top of the bed. Cassie and I laugh a little as we listen to John pee, the stream impossibly long and loud. She gathers me in her arms and asks me how I am doing, and in response all I can do is kiss her, pouring my gratitude and desire into her wordlessly.

When John comes back in, he grabs the fruit tray and bottle of champagne and we sit together, nibbling on fruit and sipping champagne right from the bottle. I am a bit too eager as I tip the bottle back and the golden liquid dribbles down my chin and onto my chest, and both Cassie and John dive for it, laughing and licking me long after the spilt champagne is gone. I am amazed how easy this is, how free and fun it feels to be naked and touching, the three of us. I glance at the clock, aware of Cassie's departure, and am stunned to realize that it has only been an hour since we were sitting politely in the living room.

John's cock starts to spring to life again, and I think back to his elaborate diagrams. He had been very enthusiastic about one in particular, so I lean across him and whisper in Cassie's ear. She nods and the two of us turn to him, lavishing him with our full attention. Pinning him to the bed, we both drag our breasts all over his body and face, and his hands

go crazy trying to touch both of us at once. Cassie straddles his chest, looking down into his eyes. I start stroking his cock, bringing it to full hardness and making him moan as I squeeze hard and long, as he likes it. Then Cassie rises, stands above him and turns to face me. I watch his eyes light up as she lowers herself down, kneeling directly over his face. He eagerly begins lapping at her, and she leans forward and sinks into it, her eyes rolling back in her head a bit. I straddle him and lower myself onto his cock, and as he enters I hear him moan into Cassie, his whole body going rigid with pleasure. I lean forward and can just barely reach Cassie's lips, my hands cupping her breasts and the two of us moving in time together. John is smothered by us, Cassie moving her hips in circles as he drinks her in, and I mimic her movements as I grind on his cock. I lean back, resting my hands on his thighs and lose myself in the hypnotic movements. With one hand I massage my own clitoris, sending my pleasure soaring through my body and I know John feels me responding around him and he bucks harder beneath us. I imagine us in an ancient temple, or in an exotic jungle, this three-way energy devoted to some sacred ritual. We are a pyramid of pleasure, we are one beast with many arms.

I ride John hard, watching Cassie squirm on his face and the two of us lock eyes as our pleasure builds. She is squeezing her breasts and biting her lip and I know we are both close to climaxing again. I want to look away but can't, and Cassie bravely holds my gaze as we both start trembling. I come first, furiously circling my own clit and feeling my husband deep inside me. I let myself make noise, and the sounds of my pleasure sets off a chain reaction as Cassie and John both climax in turn. Our bodies come to stillness, Cassie releases John from her grip and he is beaming, his face glistening. Again we collapse together in a sweaty pile. I kiss John and taste Cassie all over his face, and in a strange desire to meld our flavors I straddle him, dragging my wetness over his eager tongue, and allow him to bring me to another quick climax as Cassie drags her nails down my back and bites my neck.

We all collapse into the sheets, and for a moment I wonder how this could ever end. I want to stay here forever, sustained only by champagne and the energy of my two lovers. A big smile spreads across my face and I know I am changed. The fantasy that had stayed buried for so many years, that I had pleased myself to in my most private moments, that I had resigned to keeping hidden away, was now my sweaty, sticky, sweet reality. I nuzzle into John's armpit, pulling in his familiar scent and silently tell him how much I love him,

how grateful I am for our family, for the strength to take risks and survive them.

Without warning, tears rush to my eyes and I am sobbing.

“You ok darling?” Cassie asks quietly, with an edge of alarm in her voice.

I nod, still buried in John’s arms. I cry harder and John pulls me tight, kisses the top of my head.

“She does this sometimes, cry after orgasms.” John said, explaining my sudden outburst.

“Don’t we all!” Cassie said compassionately.

My tears turn to laughter and I am just a shaking, weeping, giggling mess.

“Thank you, both of you. That was - extraordinary.” I say, lifting my hot face to the cool air.

All I see is two smiling faces, beaming down at me with pure adoration.

“Happy Birthday, John.” Cassie says, kissing him on the cheek sweetly.

“Indeed.” John says, giving us both a squeeze. We all lay in silence for awhile, and I find myself wondering if this is the end. Cassie must have read my mind or registered my slight panic, and I feel relief spiral through me when she speaks.

“So you had mentioned travel plans. I’ll be in New York next month for my book launch, any chance you guys want to come seduce me in the hotel lobby?”

“Absolutely!” I say, and John nods vigorously.

I smile into John’s chest, and rest in the limitless potential of my imagination. Next month was my birthday, and I now I knew exactly how I was going to celebrate.

About The Author

As one half of the sex educator team The Pleasure Mechanics (www.PleasureMechanics.com) I have been writing about sex for over a decade - mostly focusing on sexual technique how-to guides as part of our commitment to teaching the physical skills of pleasure. I've always loved to write, but only in the past few months have I given myself permission to turn my passion for the pen towards writing erotic fiction. I am dedicated to teaching about sexual pleasure, and believe that great erotica can both entertain and educate, offering the opportunity to explore your own arousal and turn-ons while temporarily slipping into the skin of my characters as they explore the vast world of sexual potential.

I started my erotic fiction writing adventures with the Fantasy A-Z Series because I am fascinated by the universal themes that emerge when the most common sexual fantasies are examined. Underneath our very personal fantasies are the common themes of power and seduction, longing and yearning, adventure and ecstatic journeys. We, as human erotic creatures, are all capable of a vast range of erotic experiences and yet many of our sexual realities are very narrow and predictable. I believe that erotic fantasy is one of the most powerful ways to safely explore the universe of erotic potential and discover your unique constellation of arousal and desires.

I write with the earnest hope that you will get turned on, see yourself reflected somewhere in these pages, and discover something new about yourself as an erotic creature. I'd love to hear from you - you can always contact me through our website, www.PleasureMechanics.com. While you are there check out our bestselling videos, stroke-by-stroke guides to touching every inch of your lover's body. Our website also offers an extensive A-Z index of sexual information, techniques and strategies to maximize your experience of sexual pleasure.

I'll be releasing new volumes of The Fantasy A-Z Series over time. Check out upcoming titles at www.PleasureMechanics.com/FantasyAZ

Cheers!

Chris Maxwell Rose, PleasureMechanics.com

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