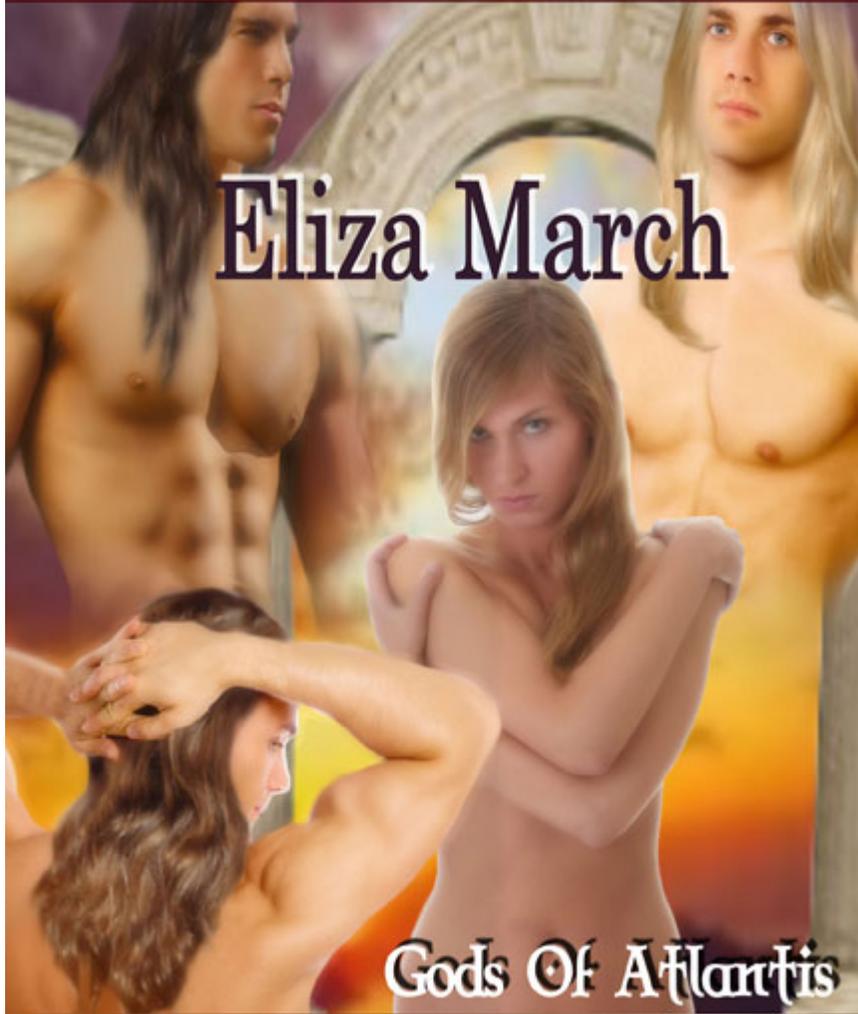


Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour

Eliza March



Gods Of Atlantis

Sultry Santorini Sunsets

SULTRY SANTORINI SUNSETS

Gods of Atlantis

Eliza March

MENAGE AMOUR



Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com

ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:

Your non-refundable purchase of this e-book allows you to only ONE LEGAL copy for your own personal reading on your own personal computer or device. **You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book.** This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden. If you do not want this book anymore, you must delete it from your computer.

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000."

If you find a Siren-BookStrand e-book being sold or shared illegally, please let us know at **legal@sirenbookstrand.com**

A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK
IMPRINT: M nage Amour

SULTRY SANTORINI SUNSETS
Copyright   2010 by Eliza March
E-book ISBN: 1-60601-709-8

First E-book Publication: February 2010

Cover design by Jinger Heaston
All cover art and logo copyright   2010 by Siren Publishing, Inc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

PUBLISHER
Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com

Letter from Eliza March

Regarding Ebook Piracy

Dear Readers,

I'm eternally thankful to readers who purchased my books. Anytime you enjoy my work and demonstrate your satisfaction by recommending one of my books to a friend for purchase, those sales inspire me to write more.

Many writers, including me, depend on the income from our writing. Ebook piracy greatly affects our livelihood especially with the downturn in the economy and the rising cost of living. My books are pirated probably ten times for every copy that is sold legitimately.

We need to take a stand against this sort of theft. It may be easy to pirate an ebook, but it is ethically wrong and it is also a crime, not against some nameless face, but against me and all other hard-working authors. Please help us fight the growing trend toward intellectual theft by not sharing or giving away copyrighted e-books.

With deep gratitude,
Eliza March

DEDICATION

I'd like to dedicate this book to all the Muses in my life, my friends, family, and co-workers.

Thank you, "Romantic Hearts and Sexy Tarts" for your continuing support with plot suggestions, marketing ideas, friendship and inspiration. Fellow authors Lorelei Confer, Julianna Sage, Rosemary Rothacker, Pixie Saratoga, Houston A. W. Knight, Kathy Lane, and Chloe C. Grimes creatively contribute regularly to our blog.

Rick, thanks for clarifying the terminology.

Faith V. Smith keeps my POV in check when I want to stray. So, my gratitude abounds for the help you provide with the craft.

Siren-BookStrand, fellow authors, the cover artists, editors, and the entire staff who do such an excellent job bringing these books to the readers have also earned my deepest appreciation.

Eliza March.

SULTRY SANTORINI

SUNSETS

Gods of Atlantis

ELIZA MARCH
Copyright © 2010

Prologue

Atlantis, 3000 years ago

The ground trembled like a virgin on her wedding night. The quakes shook the building, rendering cracks through the porticos as six virile warriors, clad only in white loincloths, knelt before a golden-orbed woman as she smiled benignly over them.

In a mystical voice, the goddess Sienna asked each man the same question, “Do you pledge your undying loyalty to me?” As each man agreed, she placed her delicate hand on his shoulder, raised him up, and gifted him with a specific enhanced sense—that of sight, sound, touch, smell, taste, or intuition.

As their island world exploded and sank into the Aegean Sea, Sienna swept the warriors away, returning them to her temple on the mount. When all the men stood before her again, she asked another question. “In exchange for my gift, sons of Atlantis, do you dedicate your emotions and devotion, promising to serve only me? Swear this, you, one and all?”

As a group they nodded, and to secure their gift from the Goddess of Sensuality, they took the oath. “In return for your gifts—our lives,

our prowess, and our enhanced senses—we devote ourselves only to your countenance.”

Sienna smiled, lighting the room as brightly as the sun itself. She placed her mouth over each of theirs in turn and breathed power, immortality, sensuality, and eternal youth into them. One by one, the newly made Gods of Atlantis surrounded Sienna, placing their calloused hands on her. The six newly created gods represented the six senses. As one voice they proclaimed, “We, the Gods of Atlantis, are yours to command, sweet Goddess of Sensuality.”

She became the only object of their love once the men exchanged their mortality and any possibility of feeling emotion for an eternity of sexual prowess and sensual fulfillment.

In the ensuing years, with the benefit of their enhanced senses, they indulged in carnal pleasures of the flesh and enjoyed eons of being irresistible to mortals. Their male beauty and masculine potency remained, yet each sensed something was missing from their existence. While they received and brought pleasure to countless mortals, the gods attained nothing but physical pleasure from those encounters. Only the one gifted with intuition comprehended the extent of their loss. He alone could experience the mortals’ emotions, yet couldn’t enjoy them as his own.

This one god could connect with the mortals and be a constant reminder of their loss. He alone conveyed to the others what emotion felt like—how they’d once loved, hated, feared, angered, mourned, raged, soothed, and sympathized. Now the immortal Atlanteans lacked that ability and faced a fruitless existence of immortality with one slight possibility of experiencing these emotions for themselves again.

What would Sienna demand to return their hearts?

After countless empty years, they decided perhaps the price wasn’t too high.

Chapter One

The flaming fuchsia sunset over the caldera enhanced the color of the crimson wine in Miranda Kelsy's crystal goblet. The fragrance she inhaled smelled fruity and full-bodied. Mmm, it tasted even better. As she sipped, she swirled the liquid around her mouth, savoring the flavor and the moment. Her tongue flicked across her lower lip to prevent a small drop of the delicious local vintage from escaping. When she looked up, extended her tongue, and unconsciously licked her lips again, this time the local vintage wasn't the cause. Another kind of local delicacy was.

The man she contemplated across the veranda stared back at her from dark sultry eyes, so deep-set and dreamy, she could drown in their depths and probably die happy. The sun shimmered over his rich, caramel-colored skin, and she imagined tasting him would be something she could relish. Across the terrace, their gazes locked a moment too long to ignore the interest simmering between them.

The light gust of wind loosened a strand of his hair. He lifted a well-muscled arm, ran his fingers through his hair, and pushed aside the unruly wave. When that didn't work, he removed the leather band and shook his hair out of his face. She thought the shoulder-length mane enhanced his mystery and sensuality. The body-hugging black silk shirt he wore pulled across his chest as he tied back his long dark hair and her heart flipped. She couldn't help her sharp intake of breath when his powerful biceps flexed and he made eye contact.

The same breeze fluttered from his table to hers, creating a warm gentle sensation as it blew across her thin, flowered dress and

caressed her pebbled nipples. Mysterious looking and darkly attractive, the man commanded her attention. Something about him inexplicably drew her to him. Conveying his power over her with nothing more than a glance, his interest switched from her eyes to her breasts, as if following the current of air.

Almost as if she couldn't help herself, she took another deep breath and encouraged him to look his fill. After all, he was the reason she was here, wasn't he? Or if not him in particular, she'd come here looking for at least someone like him. Hadn't she felt the compelling urge to come to this island to find a vibrant, sexy man who would suit her needs? This time she ensured she would be desired for herself as a woman, not for who she was or what she represented.

When he stood, she realized he appeared taller and more powerfully built than she first believed. Heavy muscles rippled across his broad chest when he reached to pick up the carafe of red wine on his table, and turned, carrying that and his glass toward her. For a large man, he moved with unusual grace. Miranda exhaled a long breath and kept her eyes focused on his instead of bolting like she'd like.

If she had a choice, she wouldn't lose her nerve. There were a million reasons not to pursue this fantasy, actually, a billion—several of them—counting the money. If she immediately reacted to her first moment of panic, she wouldn't take the time to consider all the reasons she should stay and take a shot at pleasure.

Fortunately, the courage to face her goals seemed to resurface the closer the man came. She wanted to let her hair down with a man who wasn't interested in her ability to influence his way up the international financial ladder. Usually on the way to the top, women wanted to be taken seriously for their minds. This week she wanted to be anonymous.

The man coming on to her actually wanted her for her body, not her mind or position, and that was exactly why she stayed. She almost laughed. How many women could make that statement?

Miranda stared at his wide shoulders and let her gaze envelope his narrow waist and powerful thighs. Here was her chance at sexual fulfillment, all wrapped up in one delicious package, with no strings attached for a change.

Tall, dark, and handsome could have been the poster boy for the cliché if he didn't look so much as if he'd been the one to set the standard. He wouldn't ask permission to join her. She could tell that much about him by the way he looked at her, hungry and sure of his next meal. Asking would have been out of character.

Instead, he placed the carafe of wine and his glass on the table in front of her before he picked up a chair to sit with her. He didn't plan to sit across from her, either. No, he intimately placed his chair next to hers, close enough so she could smell the latent scent of soap still lingering on his skin. It reminded her of the sea, fresh air, and something tangy, lime maybe.

Then with an air of possession, he draped his arm across her chair, and picked up her glass. "May I?"

She nodded. He sniffed the wine before taking a sip, letting the liquid roll around in his mouth. She watched his lips, his jaw, and the muscles in his throat, acknowledging the greedy need building inside her. He stared at her, his eyes never leaving hers, and swallowed.

Self-assured and commanding, his posture screamed "authority," exactly the kind of man she'd dreamed about all these years. Her heart skipped a beat when his lips curled and his white teeth flashed against his tan skin. He smiled a crooked, satisfied grin and poured the wine from his carafe into her glass. "We have similar tastes." His voice sounded rich like the dark red wine. The deep baritone made her insides tingle, and his slight accent sent a shiver up and down her spine.

Miranda smiled back. Pure bravado on her part, she lifted her glass and sipped the wine he offered. She savored the flavor in her mouth for a long moment before swallowing, imitating his gesture.

She swept her tongue over her parted lips, lowering her lids before agreeing, "Perhaps we do."

She trembled when the man's hand, resting casually across the back of her chair, moved and slid up her back. His fingers tangled in a loose curl that escaped her pins and slipped down on her shoulder. He tugged gently, turning her face up to his. With a light touch of his finger, he leaned his head down, blocking everything else from her view. The desire and passion blazing in his eyes stoked the flames sizzling inside her.

When his gaze dropped to her lips, he tilted her chin up and bent in toward her. He stilled, not touching her as she expected. Miranda stopped breathing.

Instead of kissing her, his tongue flicked out and stole a drop of wine from the corner of her mouth. He ran his tongue over his lips as if he savored the flavor. All the while he remained whisper-close to her lips, so close she felt his warm breath caress hers. His lips traced her jaw to the sensitive skin beneath her earlobe. Then the touch of his lips and his breath on her neck sent heated chills up and down her spine.

Pulling her into his arms, he dragged Miranda against his chest and wrapped his arms around her, claiming her. She felt what the control cost him the minute she surrendered and his whole body vibrated with need. He lowered his chin and nibbled at her before he took the kiss deeper, his lips and his body branding hers.

He ran a thumb across her chin and his other hand traced a tempting, defining-line beneath her breast. A single finger brushed softly over her lower lip, distracting her as he skimmed her nipple with the back of his other broad hand. She gasped. The heat rolled through her body, moisture pooled between her thighs, and the man holding her knew it.

Even if she'd wanted, Miranda was helpless to resist. The heat coming off him felt like the sunset, red hot, blazing, and inevitable. Unable, unwilling to oppose his will or hers, she leaned into him,

aching for more, needing to touch him, wanting this man to be the one to free her from her former inhibitions. The taste of him, and his wine, left her thinking of wanton erotic fantasies.

Did he know the images he conjured in her mind?

He pressed his forehead to hers and whispered, “Not here. Not now. What I want from you I can’t take here.”

Had she spoken aloud? No.

His raspy whisper sounded almost like a threat. “What I want, I will have.”

Chapter Two

The wariness radiating from her had him immediately apologizing, softening his approach.

Holding back with her wasn't going to be easy. With her, he *felt*. That was the problem.

She made him *feel*.

More than arousal. How long had it been since he experienced an emotion of his own? So long, he wondered if he'd recognize anything other than lust. Yet, here he was feeling *concerned*, worrying about this mortal woman's emotions.

He touched her cheek with the backs of his knuckles and feathered a soft stroke to her chin, lifting her face to his. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean for my desire to sound so threatening."

Her lips quivered, making him wonder if she was more afraid than aroused. He touched his lips to hers to test them. They parted slightly, and he had his answer without probing her mind.

He smiled down at her, pleased with her reaction. "I saw you here yesterday, and I've ached since, imagining, wanting you..." He stopped to explain. "Today's been a long day of waiting, hoping you'd return."

The mounds of her breasts rose high above the low décolleté. In all his years of seducing, Damian never saw a woman as lovely or as erotically enticing as this one in the flouncy flowered confection—a dress so sheer he could almost see every detail of her voluptuous body through it.

With the expression of longing stamped on her face, she could be a princess, no, a queen sitting here high on the terrace overlooking the remnants of her lost world. She wore her hair swept up in a myriad of soft blonde curls, a conflagration around her head. He wanted to pull out the pins and watch the curls drape over her slender pale shoulders, allowing them to flow around her tightly beaded breasts.

He wanted to search through the curls with his lips, feasting on her pale pink nipples until she screamed for him.

Is she the one? The one who will return our souls and our emotions?

He needed her to beg him to take more, take everything she was as if she were the *one*. And he would take more. He would take all of her, everything, and all the promise she offered.

Feasting his eyes on this mortal woman stirred a glimmer of feeling deep within him. A memory of sorts. An emotion, but one so long suppressed he could no longer identify the sentiment.

When he'd watched her earlier as she relaxed alone on the terrace, it took all his self-control not to approach her immediately. He searched her mind, took the time to understand her needs, and knew why she'd come. She'd been too skittish before now, unprepared for his advances.

Until this moment, the time hadn't been right. Yesterday, although he reacted as her eyes devoured him, hardening his cock instantly, he let her needs simmer. He allowed her to want and wonder a little longer. He'd followed her to the private beach and watched her bathe topless, wishing he'd get a peek beneath the tiny swatch of turquoise concealing her mound. The stringy thong displayed her lovely bottom cheeks to perfection as she waded to the edge of the water and dove into the pounding surf.

When she returned from her dip in the sea, her hair hung long and wet, curling down her back to her bottom. His fingers itched to cup her ass the way the curls did. Watching her oil her legs, then her abdomen almost killed him, but when she started working the oil over

her breasts, he thought he'd swallowed his tongue. Her own ministrations aroused her, evidenced by her pointed nipples. He wanted to be the one touching her.

At the time, as he imagined slipping between her thighs, he gripped his cock in his hand. Torture. Miranda glanced around, mistakenly thinking she was alone. She shoved her hand inside the tiny patch of her bathing suit, and Damian cupped his balls. Running his other hand up and over his cock, he stroked himself, rubbing his tight erection against his abdomen.

She looked around again before she removed the thong, stretched out, and revealed her bare mound to him. His cock jumped in his hand. Sensitive to her special scent, it had already affected him as it wafted in the air. Oh Goddess, he needed to taste her. He desperately wanted to fill his mouth with her flavor.

He squeezed the base of his cock as pre-cum pearled at the tip, threatening the inevitable explosion. If she wasn't the one who could return all his emotions, why did he *feel* this way—so connected to her, drawn to her? The others would question his sanity if he came back with a blonde instead of the foretold redhead and announce he'd claimed her for them.

Thinking she was alone on the beach, she masturbated while he watched and ached. He deserved this punishment for invading her privacy, but he couldn't help himself. He let his mind drift to hers, waiting to see if she'd accept him. Lost in her arousal, her mind opened to his. She rubbed her clit. The motion was rapid and the pressure firm, just the way he sensed she enjoyed. He mentally helped her, adding his own images in her mind as their thoughts merged. Her moans made him harder.

He picked up the pace of his own strokes, feeling the cum filling his balls with pressure until he couldn't hold back his release. They came together, her shouting her pleasure and he holding back his groans to prevent detection.

Since the beach incident yesterday, her skin glowed pink in the late afternoon sun. Her demeanor had softened. Waiting until sunset today would be frustrating enough—another whole day lost. But the decision to wait proved necessary. The air about her seemed more relaxed this afternoon.

The heat in her eyes intensified, smoldering when she looked at him. Perhaps his irresistible pheromones chipped away at her tight internal control, or maybe the wine helped. In any case, she seemed ready at last for the right man's approach. Ready for taking if that man made the right offer. He knew he was that man, yet he wondered.

Why me? Why her? Why now, after all this time?

Intuitively he believed she was meant for something more—not a mere offer of pleasure, but something greater. After merging mentally, he knew she'd been the one in control for too long and now the woman within the ruler wanted to be ruled.

Instead of asking, or inviting, he took the lead and took away her choices. He promised, practically threatened he'd *have* her. Good choice. With that authority, he won her over.

A woman such as she needed to be commanded in the bedroom, ruled sexually. In this, he would tread carefully. She wouldn't let someone else make those decisions for her lightly. Yet in sensual pleasure, she lacked direction. *Ah, yes.* She needed someone else to take control, and as the leader of the Gods of Atlantis, he'd been ordained to do just that.

The table in the secluded corner hid them from prying eyes. He lowered his arm and slipped it beneath the table, discretely shifting under her skirt with his hand, and explored the soft flesh of her inner thigh. He drew gentle circles with his fingers, higher and higher, bent his head down to her ear, nibbled, as his hand moved closer to his goal. Finally, when he reached his destination, he discovered her naked slit, damp and warm, waiting for him.

How many years had he gone without feeling "surprise"? And now he experienced just that with this demure woman. She one-upped

him. The emotion brought him a sort of pleasure he hadn't felt since... Actually, he couldn't remember when he'd last felt pleasure over experiencing an emotion.

Her cleft felt tight and inviting. That pleasure he recalled. He let out a low groan, sounding both frustrated and satisfied. "Oh my God, are you trying to drive me to distraction? When you decided to wear nothing beneath that flimsy material, today, did you think the local men would have super-human control?"

She smiled up at him like a babe discovering the art of walking for the first time.

He lowered his voice to a threat when he asked, "Or are you trying to tempt one of us to take you? Because your naked invitation begs me to fuck you, even if it's here in public."

Miranda gasped as his long fingers played with her damp folds under her full skirt. He knew exactly how she liked to be touched. His thumb rubbed her nub while his other fingers slid between her slit, parting her, entering her slowly. One, two fingers, plunging higher, deeper.

She wiggled against his hand and taunted him. "I sensed you watching me yesterday." She let a low sigh. "I felt the desire, too. Yours, mine, just as you felt my need. I wanted to be ready for you, if, no, *when* you returned for me."

"How did you know I would come for you, tonight?"

"My needs called to yours."

Chapter Three

Being naked beneath the light material felt naughty, erotic. Although men always responded to her sexually, until yesterday, she'd never been sure they were reacting to her as a woman or to her position of power. The man who watched her on the beach yesterday had no idea who she was.

Last week on the mainland, she had herself waxed so there'd be no evidence the blonde curls on her head weren't her natural shade. When she bleached her famous burnished locks, the hairstylist in Athens cried. He swore he'd be damned for eternity for performing such an abomination. At the time, she laughed at his theatrics and offered him a tissue to blot his mascara-laden lashes before the streaks ran down his cheeks. He pursed his lips and blinked away the tears.

Finally she offered him a hundred dollar bill to quiet his haughty disapproval. He took the vow of silence she demanded and the money. With a dramatic shrug, he agreed to perform his duty by justifying his ethical collapse. "Well, I guess your blazing auburn mane will grow back. Though why you'd want to conceal your trademark, I don't know. It's made you famous in all the right international circles." He stuck his nose in the air as he wiggled off to mix the bleach, humming a little tune and pocketing the hundred-dollar bill.

In the meantime, she'd be anonymous. No paparazzi to interfere with her freedom. She needed to experiment with her newly developed senses, without inhibition. She selected this island and stumbled into this man as a place to start. Allowing a virtual stranger

to slip his fingers into her slit and spread her cream over her clit in public thrilled her in ways that shocked her. The titillating behavior was the boldest thing she'd ever dared, and she wasn't going to waste a moment worrying.

Being a single woman, attractive, and president of one of the largest privately owned banks in the world had its downside for too long. She had no privacy, no family, no time for a social life, and therefore, no sexual life. Admittedly, half the thrill of this adventure was the fear of getting caught. The other half was being with this hot Greek Adonis with the talented fingers.

She spread her legs wider to give him better access and reached under the table to touch him. His large, hard cock, strained beneath the thin material of his slacks.

His long fingers abstractly playing with a loose curl dangling around her face stopped dead, and he grasped the back of her neck, stilling her when his gaze lowered to hers.

“Wait, let me pleasure you for now.” His voice, deep and sensuous, rough with desire, hitched when he pleaded, “Relax and enjoy my desire. Watch my face, and see my need while I touch you. Enjoy my ministrations, knowing how much I'm aching to be inside you. Then you can have your turn torturing me later. I promise.”

His smile warmed her insides as it broadened on his face. Miranda stroked the impressive bulge in his silk pants, once more watching his eyes close in ecstasy, and enjoyed his moan before he pulled her hand away. Trusting the eventuality of having his thick cock appeasing the ache between her legs would be worth the wait. She allowed him to move her hand but whimpered anyway. “Mmm?” It sounded like a question begging an answer from his lips.

“If you touch me again like that...” He spread her vaginal lips open with two fingers and ran his middle finger between her folds. She closed her eyes, savoring the pleasure, and he chuckled at her response. “I promise I will lose control and take you here on the terrace, disgracing us both. I will start by pulling the strings you call

straps from your shoulders and bare your tight-nippled breasts for all to see. Then, before I lave them with my tongue and suckle them into my mouth like ripe berries, I will strip this dress from your hips and take my fill.

“As a result, for generations to come, the legend will be told on these islands about how the Gods of Atlantis returned to the island of Santorini, one posing as an infamous vintner who succumbed to the seductive Wine Goddess here on this very terrace and lost all sense of propriety. They made passionate love on the stones as the onlookers watched them burst into flames against the sunset over the caldera.”

His words held promise, twisting need deep inside her core. The idea of being exposed and made love to while others watched never sounded so appealing. From his lips, it sounded not only delicious, but the thoughts brought her breaths to a fevered pitch, her desire quickening within her.

“Imagine how I’ll spread you on the table like a feast and pour wine over your nipples before I lick my way down to your navel and then...”

She squirmed, clenching his fingers. She could almost see him lift her naked legs for better access, feel him kiss the inside of her knees before he dripped the red wine over her mound. She clenched her internal muscles, gripping his fingers, to satisfy the ache.

“I will separate your folds so all your admirers can see your plump, fully aroused clit before I lick the wine from it.” His words painted more than a picture for her. They swirled like magic inside her head, making her feel and see clearly exactly what he described.

She imagined him sliding his fingers inside her, pressing the droplets into her cunt, drip by drip. She moaned her pleasure while she visualized him sluicing her with a bit more wine. She could almost feel him repeat the motion, idolizing her body while the imaginary onlookers watched and gasped with appreciation.

“While they declare their devotion and proclaim you are truly the Wine Goddess, I will beg your permission to drink of your nectar. If

you agree, I will bury my face between your thighs, inhale your fragrance, and lap up all the wine from your font along with your own honeyed juices.”

A sigh escaped as Miranda’s breath caught.

“Mmm, you will taste so delicious I’ll find it impossible to stop, even after you shudder with your climax.”

“Promises, promises.” She shivered out of her reverie as his lips traveled from her ear to her neck and then came around and claimed her lips.

Oh, yes. The man could kiss as well as he spoke.

“Yes, *promises*. Sit very still.” He murmured his warning against her lips and slowly began to move the hand between her legs. Beneath the table, his long fingers probed inside her bare, damp folds, stroking, pumping, stoking the fire.

The steam from the volcano’s vent rose in the distance while the pressure within her body intensified. She wanted the orgasm threatening to explode. She wanted the thick cream building inside her cavity to gush over his hands, flow over her thighs and drive him to distraction. His threat to take her here on the terrace had sounded so shockingly enticing, she realized she would gladly participate if he wanted.

He moved his lips down to her collarbone, his warm breath leaving goose bumps behind while she traced the muscles of his neck with the fingers of one hand and played with the loose lock of dark hair dangling over his forehead with her other.

Momentarily distracted by his talented fingers when they discovered her special spot, she let out a tiny gasp. She could barely think, let alone speak as his lips traced a path to her throat, and she threw her head back to give him better access when suddenly something he said earlier finally registered. She centered herself long enough to contemplate the information.

Gripping his head in her hands, holding him in place and focusing on his face, her voice still husky with longing sounded foreign even to

her. “You? You’re *the* Damian Eliades of the Santorini Winery? You make th–this...wonderful wine?”

The irony didn’t escape her. Here was someone wealthy and powerful in his own right.

Thank you, Goddess Sienna.

He had no need of her abilities or contacts, and, apparently, he found her desirable for herself.

“Ah, yes. I do make this wine.” His hands stilled on her body.

She suddenly stopped breathing—remembering where she’d heard his name before. Hadn’t she read something in one of the tattler magazine’s about him just turning thirty?

“What?” he asked. She knew he’d be unable to miss noticing her sudden rigid regard.

At thirty-eight, she knew she barely looked twenty-five, and her needs were that of a ripe woman coming into her prime. What did she care about his age? Hadn’t she come to this island for just this? For someone like him? His age shouldn’t matter, if her sole purpose for being there involved a mere fling, not a lifetime commitment. At the moment, with his thumb strumming her clit like a mandolin, she didn’t care a whit about the difference in their ages, and she didn’t think it would matter to him much either.

Before she allowed her rationalization to take hold and relax, he repeated his question, “What is wrong?”

The erection straining in his pants didn’t seem capable of counting birthdays. “Nothing,” she whispered and relaxed the tension in her shoulders, allowing the remainder of her apprehension to wane. At least for the present, he wanted her.

She found him attractive and entirely irresistible with his broad shoulders, mesmerizing eyes, and his deep sexy voice.

Oh, and his talented fingers.

“So, you make this wine?”

His look of concern disappeared at her response, probably because she pressed her mound against his hand and smiled up at him,

murmuring a needy moan. The distraction worked. He resumed their tantalizing movements.

The sensuality goddess she prayed to last week at the museum in Athens had certainly come through for her today. When she wished for eternal happiness at the foot of the statue after discovering the prayer beads inside the loose stone, she never expected to find this kind of bliss so quickly. She needed a young virile man to fulfill her dreams. Once again, she mentally thanked Sienna for knowing what she needed before Miranda realized it herself. If only she could recall exactly what it was she requested in her prayers? She remembered thinking about every erotic fantasy she'd ever imagined, including several hunky men at the same time?

That thought and Damian's hand brought her back to the here and now. He continued to fondle her slit. *Oh, yes. This man could fulfill her every erotic desire.*

The mounting tension snapped her body taut as a bowstring. This time the tension was intensely sexual. A gush of creamy, warm liquid escaped to prepare her entrance for his offensive.

Oh, how his mouth and hands pleased her. His thick muscled arms, sprinkled with dark hair, held her in place, controlling her reactions. Built like a warrior and not a businessman, she found the rugged contrast about him appealing. He used his fingers like a maestro, driving her to lofty heights of ecstasy, then paused, staving off her climax. He made her wait when she approached completion. So close to the edge, a gentle touch, a tiny pinch, a quick stroke, a warm breath, and she'd be there, ready to slip, burst, erupt. The frustration was both maddening and compelling.

He kissed her neck, nibbled her ear lobe, and his thumb abraded her clit while his long, thick fingers penetrated her opening, searching until he found her G-spot. With a few nimble strokes, she experienced the onslaught of reactions he coaxed from her. The tingling sensation raced through her body. Stars burst behind her closed eyelids. She came, biting her lip to hold back the scream demanding release. Then

his mouth covered hers, coaxing her breath from her body, swallowing her cries of pleasure.

How had the skin on her body become so tight, so sensitive to the Aegean breeze teasing it? She burned from the inside out, like molten sin churning for more.

The ragged sound in her ear barely sounded like his voice. But he finally answered the question she'd already forgotten.

“Yes, apparently I make this wine.” He glanced to his hand beneath the table, moved his fingers inside her, and spread the added moisture between her legs around her folds as she shuddered with the aftershocks. He nodded with a tilt of his head to the carafe on the table. “And that wine. Do you like it?”

His touch was magic. Miranda collapsed against his chest. “O—oh, yes. Yes, I like the way you make both of them.” His low, self-satisfied chuckle rumbled through her when she added, “Honestly, perhaps ‘like’ is too tame a word. I adore it.”

This man's masterful hands found her G-spot, a place she believed a fallacy until now. He discovered every one of her secret sensitive places—every place on her body which titillated or tantalized.

Magazine articles reputed his expertise with women. Miranda understood why. She could attest to his prowess first hand. He certainly knew his way around a woman's body. He'd proven that to her for sure. Reaching orgasm may have been a challenge for her in the past, but he seemed equal to the task. He had great hands and an even better technique. The man seemed perfect, especially for her purpose.

And the wine was fantastic too.

His baritone voice vibrated inside her. “There can be more of this,” he slipped two fingers inside her filling her channel and stroked, “and the wine, in a more intimate setting on my personal veranda. Now, if you're ready to leave, we can start exploring your secret desires.”

She opened her eyes and looked around, returning to reality, noticing their surroundings for the first time. Two handsome young men walked past their table, inhaled deeply, and sniffed the air. They cocked a brow at her and smiled. A knowing look flashed in their expression.

When they paused to adjust themselves, she ducked her chin and answered Damian. "I'd like that very much."

She needed him to fuck her. The method she had in mind required at least some privacy this first time.

Chapter Four

“Excellent. Now, what should I call you, besides *delectable*?”

“Oh, I’m sorry, just call me Mira.”

“Never, *just* Mira. Lovely Mira. Mira, darling. My beautiful Mira, but never just Mira.”

His unidentifiable accent and old European style made her laugh. “Oh, nice line. Very nice.”

He cocked a crooked grin her way. “I don’t use lines.” Damian stood. Acting indifferent to anyone watching, he adjusted himself, helped her from her seat, and flicked his head at the man tending bar. How had she missed *him*? The bartender’s startling blue eyes stared hungrily at her. His long, sun-lightened blond hair blew in the breeze and looked great casually mussed around his strong Nordic facial features. The man’s nodded concession was almost imperceptible, but Miranda hadn’t missed their exchange.

Damian pulled her possessively against his side when he caught her interest and asked, “You like my friend, Zack?”

His friend was certainly something to consider. “How could anyone not ‘like’ him? Not if there’s breath in your body and a pulse.” Miranda didn’t quite know how to respond. The man was perhaps the most beautifully masculine male she’d ever seen, and somehow she felt a connection similar to the one she had with Damian. “He’s, well, he’s...”

Damian laughed. “All women find him irresistible and so do many men as well. You think he’s very beautiful. I can tell. Do you not find him attractive? Sexually desirable?”

“Yes. Ah, yes, he is...beautiful,” she agreed. Actually, ‘beautiful’ was the only word she could think to describe the wonderful gift he’d been blessed with.

She paused and considered Zack sexually. Running her hand across Damian’s chest, down his side, settling low on his hip, she admired his hard masculine muscles as she imagined the contours of his friend’s body. Her gaze lowered and her breath caught when her attention reached the bulge in Zack’s pants. She stared, fascinated by his size.

She didn’t hide her perusal from either man, and when Damian followed her glance, she knew her breathing became more shallow as he studied her response. “Ah, his arousal stirs you. If you like, I’ll invite him to join us.”

Miranda stared at Damian to see if he meant what he said. He lifted his shoulders, giving her a typical Mediterranean shrug. “I don’t mind sharing you with him, eventually.”

As he spoke, she saw the images he painted in her mind. Her glance darted between the two men before Damian clarified his position. “But since I saw you first, I want to stake my claim with you before we invite Zack to assist me with your fantasies. Okay?”

Stake his claim with her sounded like a strange way to say he didn’t want sloppy seconds. For some reason, the impressions she got from his statement seemed like he meant something more permanent. Miranda started to protest.

“Don’t deny yourself this. I see what you want in your eyes, and I don’t mind if you imagine you need more than me to fulfill a lifetime of fantasies—for now. Once the dreams are out of your system, trust me, I’d be more than enough for you to handle. But I can’t be selfish with your gift. Until then, well, I will provide for your present whims, your future desires, and then some.”

He chuckled when she looked at him, surprising her. She contemplated his offer. *Zack and Damian*. The heat burning in her cheeks told her his words made her blush, and the wetness between

her thighs increased with his suggestions. She pressed her legs together for relief. The thoughts his words inspired made her anxious, not from embarrassment, but because suddenly the proposition of being shared by two such men didn't sound preposterous to her at all.

The expression he wielded said he was cock-sure. He believed every word he uttered. She couldn't resist teasing him with the challenge. "Even if the fantasy requires Zack and another like him to join us?"

"That is a wicked smile on your lips, Mira. You've never been with multiple sex partners. I can tell you find the thought of participating in a ménage or more fascinating. Consider the experience with both me and Zack and..."

More than Damian seemed excessive, more than Zack a bit much, but visualizing several virile men, all naked and doing her bidding. Hmm, two men together and another attending to her, the scene played out in her head and heat soared through her core.

Damian had left off allowing her to weigh the possibilities on her own. She stared at Zack, picturing him naked, erect, poised between her spread thighs, and yes, the vision was astounding. The idea sounded interesting, even alluring. What had come over her?

She wiped perspiration off her upper lip. He made it sound easily possible. She looked up at him and glanced down to where his erection pressed against her hip. The large bulge in his pants looked mouthwatering, and she knew he'd never require help gratifying her in every imaginable way. "I doubt you'd need any help meeting my every need."

"True," he responded with a lighthearted chuckle. "And thank you for the vote of confidence." He feathered his fingers over her lips and bent to take a quick peck. His mouth curled on one side in a small smirk. "Sometimes fantasies can't be fulfilled any other way. Haven't you dreamed of being taken by two men at a time, being desired carnally by multiple partners? Be truthful."

When her breath caught in her chest, he insisted she answer. “You want it. Don’t you?”

With downcast eyes, she admitted, “Only if it pleases you to share.” She slid her hand slowly around to his navel and splayed her hand over his abdomen. A vision formed in her mind, and she glanced up at him. “The idea excites you, too. Doesn’t it?”

He chuckled softly. “What pleases you pleases me.” He looked over his shoulder and winked at Zack.

The golden god caught her attention and flashed a charming grin. She couldn’t stop herself. Her gaze dropped to his groin and back up to his eyes. When he returned the simmering glance by scouring her body with his eyes, filling her mind and her body with white hot need, she gasped. He gave her a final knowing smile and blew her a kiss.

Miranda’s stomach dropped, and her heart skipped a beat. These men weren’t playthings. She turned back to study Damian. He represented sensual power itself, something she longed for and something she feared. Suddenly panic stricken, Miranda stumbled over her whispered words. “Not every dream is meant to be satisfied.”

That was something she knew only too well from past experience.

“Come now, be a brave girl. You want this, I want this, and no one who matters will be the wiser. When the possibility of a fantasy presents itself, shouldn’t you indulge?” His smooth velvet voice soothed her.

Indulge. She nodded slowly, still wondering. This time, she hoped she’d have the courage to dive into the fantasy and let come what may. She’d never been timid about making business decisions, so why should she be timid about her sexuality?

She lifted her chin and released a breath. “Right. Why not?”

“Why not indeed, especially if it’s possible and desirable to all those concerned?” He glanced down at her and wound an arm around her waist. He tipped her chin up and gazed deeply into her eyes, confirming he understood her needs better than she did herself.

People saw what they wanted to see in her, a political animal, a financial wizard, asexual. No one saw her as a woman with physical needs and desires, the woman she was, the one with the private longings and lifelong secret dreams.

Was it possible only Damian saw through her old façade? The old public image suited her before. It didn't apply to her any longer. When it hadn't gotten in her way, she fulfilled her immediate goals. Her new goals? Well, she couldn't quite figure out what they were, but for now they included these two men. Of that she was certain.

"Is it? I mean, possible and desirable to you *both*?"

Damian directed her to the steps with his hand on the small of her back. "Zack and I have similar tastes in women, and he is an unusually sexual being. He needs constant fulfillment. In my world, on my island, everything is possible, and *you* make it desirable."

Me?"

"Yes, *you*. Do you doubt how desirable I find you?"

The combination of his power and intimacy thrilled her. Her insides fluttered in expectation, and her internal response surprised her. "No. The desire is still pressing against my hip."

Damian pressed against her more urgently and his eyes darkened, glittering with promise.

She'd often imagined making love to a powerful man, being controlled and dominated, but in her position, who would she trust?

"Then trust me to see to your needs."

Trust? Is he reading my mind?

He took her elbow in his hand as they ascended the steps, another commanding touch, and she loved it. "Things get in the way. Responsibilities, image, position."

"Responsibility? Image? Position?" Damian stopped, pulled her hips against his and in a low demand, growled, "Feel this." His erection ground against her mound and hot flames of desire swept through her. "Today, Mira, this is your only *responsibility*."

"Okay."

“I see the *image* of what I want when I look at you, and the only *position* you need to concern yourself with is being under my body or over it and having my cock buried balls-deep inside your warm, sweet pussy.”

As if his words could fill her channel like a long hard cock, heat raged inside her, and her womb clenched with need.

Chapter Five

She exhaled. His words knocked the breath out of her and left behind a desperate need to touch the hard shaft pulsing against her stomach. She slipped her hand down between their bodies and rubbed his cock through his pants, answering his challenge and seeking his response.

He took her mouth with a determination she felt to her very core, and then he gentled his kiss. Pausing, he tasted her lips, then skimmed his mouth over her cheeks and eyelids. His firm, commanding side contrasted with this soft, sensitive side, keeping her emotions in flux. Every inch of her flesh tingled in anticipation as his warm breath drifted across her skin, first to her ear and then down her neck. Searing heat trailed everywhere his sensuous mouth explored as his lips danced over her shoulders and savored the tender flesh at her collarbone.

When he nipped the rise of her breast, the impression was an alluring combination of pleasure and pain, one she hadn't known would arouse her. Until now, she'd never thought about those two combinations of sensations together in the same context. She smiled and sighed. The blend felt intriguing.

She enjoyed the scrape of his heavily stubbled cheeks against her breasts and could only imagine the pleasure she'd feel having him rub his rough chin over the hairless skin between her thighs.

Damian stepped back, his heavily hooded lids almost concealing his eyes. He held her attention. "I need you too much to wait any

longer. Come with me now, Mira.” He held out his hand and took hers. “My place is not far from here.”

The man, a virtual stranger, wanted to take her home. She should refuse, and thinking would lead her to do just that. So she didn’t do either—think or refuse. Instead, she extended her hand to him.

“Good. I can’t wait to have you inside me.”

His response sounded like a low growl of frustration as he pulled her up a dozen more steps to the next level and around a corner to a garden surrounded by rows of tall hedges.

Yes, she often dreamed of being wanted like this. Here among strangers, it would be easier, she thought as they climbed another set of stairs. When he stopped almost to the top of the island’s terraces high above the whitewashed town buildings, she looked out over the caldera and let out a long sigh.

Damian turned her to face out to sea as he held her back against his chest with his arms wrapped possessively around her. His hands rested gently beneath the weight of her breasts.

“It is a nightly tradition. Watch the last rays of the sun as they drop into the sea and make a wish. My lost world of Atlantis lies beneath the sea out there. If the sky burns gold when the sun touches the water, your wish will be granted by the gods.”

Atlantis? Yes, she’d heard the speculation. Authorities believed this area had once been the mythical lost continent.

“Okay, my wish is made. Now my future lies in the hands of the gods.” She chuckled as the sun dipped lower in the sky, thinking how glad she was that she’d made that wish to the Goddess of Sensuality back in Athens. Now she had a head start.

Miranda gasped as the sun hit the horizon and rays of multicolored light flashed across the sky. “It’s breathtakingly beautiful.”

“No. You are breathtakingly beautiful.”

She laughed aloud. Her dismissal made Damian frown. “Why do you laugh? Don’t you know how lovely you are?”

“I know I’m attractive, but—”

“But, nothing! Let me show you how I see you through my eyes. You will see what I see as I worship your body. Come, the veranda to my home is right over there.” He pointed to a walled gate covered in ivy, surrounded by all sorts of wild flowers.

Her dreams were about to be realized. As soon as she dropped the mantle of the responsibility, sexual freedom, fantasy, and expression were hers. The sun hit the water and spun gold. The moment was at hand.

God, she needed Damian thrusting inside her, filling her. She imagined pushing him up against the wall, straddling him and riding his thick, hard cock until she exploded with pleasure.

Ever since last week, when her younger brother finally attained his majority, she’d thought of nothing else but this island. Now she could permanently escape the corporate world and turn the bank over to him. Deep in her soul, she’d always sensed a calling to another responsibility.

Damian held the gate open.

“Is anyone else here?” she asked, looking around.

“No.” His grin suggested his forethought pleased him. “I sent the help home for the weekend. We’re alone for now.”

The open-ended statement made her nervous. *For now*. She hesitated, then replied, “Good.” The other man, the tall blond god would be coming. “How long?” she asked, biting her lower lip.

Damian approached her, gently took her face in his hands, and lowered his to hers. Lightly brushing his lips over hers, he murmured, “Relax, Mira. The answer to your question is yours to answer. For as long as you want. You tell me when you’re ready for more.” He took her hand and led her up the path.

“Okay.” For the moment, she would take a sampling of what she’d been missing. He’d planned well. She suddenly felt beautiful, desirable, and capable of fulfilling her deepest fantasies.

His home resembled a garden temple. The grounds contained lavish flowers, lush greenery, and hanging vines, colorful against the stark white of the marble. She stopped on the path, reached up to her shoulders, and unfastened the buttons holding up her dress. They were easy to undo. The flimsy dress dropped into a pile at her feet. As she stepped over the fluffy material on the ground and stood naked in the open air of the garden, she felt perfect with his temple as a backdrop and the fading sun burning off below the horizon.

Damian watched her approach him through lowered lids. She slowly unbuttoned his shirt, one button at a time, from the bottom up. When she reached the top, running her hands over his muscular shoulders, she removed first one shirt sleeve, then the other. Her fingers circled the strange tattoo wrapping his firm, defined biceps, and she slid the rest of his shirt from him. His skin glowed a golden bronze in the light from the setting sun, and she took her time admiring his deeper skin tone against her pale hands.

His breathing slowed, practically stopping altogether when she moved her hands down his chest and lowered them, following the faint dark path delineating his abdomen and sinking behind his waistband. She unbuttoned and then unzipped his trousers. Holding the edges of his pants, she slid them over his slim hips and down his powerful thighs. When they hit the ground, she stepped back and stared her fill.

He wasn't circumcised. His mushroomed crown already extended past his foreskin. His engorged cock became deeply colored with the excess blood pumping through the distended veins clearly visible beneath the velvet-textured skin along the underside. His shaft stood at a right angle to his abdomen with his balls riding high and tight, and then his, thick, meaty cock jerked, bobbing up against his washboard abs.

Delicious. She ran her tongue across her lips in anticipation, reached out a hand, and gently cupped his balls, stroking his cock with her other hand before she dropped to her knees in front of him.

Chapter Six

Miranda looked reverent on her knees, idolizing his cock. She took his pulsing tip between her lips and sucked him in. When she tilted her head back for better access and took his full length, deep-throating him in one smooth, easy movement, he thought, with a mouth like hers, he should be on his knees before her, revering her talented tongue.

She hand-pumped his cock, then took him down her throat again. Damian gasped. Tangling his fingers in her pale curls, he pulled out and held her in place, preventing her mouth from devouring him the way she wanted. He started removing the pins from her hair, letting curl after curl tumble around his groin, and when her warm lips kissed the tip of his penis, he groaned, pushing his cock back into her mouth.

She swirled her tongue over his crown and sucked his shaft deep down her throat. The warm, wet orifice felt like six hells of temptation, her lips sucking and her tongue stroking. When she tilted her head and took his rigid member down her throat, the overwhelming need inside his balls built to near explosive levels. He forced himself to stop thrusting.

Damian stilled her again, inhaling and exhaling, attempting to control his need. He smoothed her hair and massaged her neck. He pulled his throbbing cock from between her lips and tilted her head up to look into her eyes.

“Stand up.”

He helped her off her knees, noticing her eyes had gone misty. Her swollen lips were pink, moist, and so tempting his cock jerked in

objection to being separated from her warm, wet mouth. “As appealing as coming in your sweet mouth seems, this first time I want to be buried inside you.”

Her husky voice filled with need made his balls clutch. “I want you inside me, too. I need you inside me like breath in my lungs.” Her fingers feathered over his chest and caressed his nipples to points.

This verbal foreplay required stamina on his part, but he wanted her desperate when he finally fucked her. He wanted all of her barriers down so he could get inside her heart.

“I need to feel your warm, slick channel surround me and have your orgasm clench my cock at the moment of your climax. I want to feel your after-shocks spasm while I’m still pumping inside you.”

She exhaled and her hands fell to his hips, tensing in her grip. “I want you to fuck me breathless.”

He pulled a condom from his pocket, ripped the foil open with his teeth. “Put it on me,” he hissed.

She tried to comply, but the process turned into slow torture for Damian as she fumbled at the sensitive head of his cock. He grumbled, “Are you purposely trying to drive me mad?”

“Oh, do you think that’s what I’d do when all I really want is this large, thick cock pounding into me, hard and fast, while you slam me against that wall?” She tilted her head to her right, to indicate which wall she meant.

The words no sooner left her lips, when the condom finally, miraculously, half seated itself over his erection. He impaled her against that same wall, gripping her beneath her thighs and pushed his cock past her pussy lips into her tight channel with one smooth forceful stroke.

“Like this?” he murmured against her lips as his hips drove deeper, up and into her again, lifting her higher. The momentum raised her off the ground, his body thrummed with tension as he moved with her against the soft moss on the terrace wall. He was afraid he’d hurt her, but something prevented him from regaining

control. She gasped when he spread her legs farther apart with his knees and drove his cock all the way into her.

“Or this?” he demanded, wanting her to beg for more, hoping she could take him and his true need.

“Yes, exactly. Harder.”

“More?” he asked and slammed into her.

“Yes, more.”

He pulled almost out, slowly, stroked in fast and held. Deep, high inside her, he filled her, hard and hot as a poker. Her channel fistled his cock, tight, sizzling, and slick. Her juices flowed, lubricating her folds and dripping around his rod as he rammed it into her over and over again. Something about being inside her felt different, better, more intense. With each of her gasps of pleasure, he felt himself driving nearer the edge, losing what little control he had left. Merciless in his determination to feel her multiple orgasms grip him, he refused to come before she did, especially when they'd both almost reached the breaking point. He tempted his restraint for too long. Now he needed to feel her channel spasm around his cock more than he needed to take his next breath.

He brushed his chest against hers, increasing the friction between their skin-to-skin contact. Her tempting breasts pressed against his chest, her pin-point taut nipples rubbed the sensitive skin around his own. He slammed repeatedly into her cunt, pressing forward, reaching higher, tunneling deeper.

Gods, had he ever been this hard before? When her channel clenched, he felt the tug in his balls threaten his control. He held on to her with a firm grip, and she wound around him like a python. The connection felt right. He slipped one hand between their bodies and pinched her swollen clit.

Her breath caught in her throat and he insisted, “Come for me, Mira. Come around me with your tight pussy gripping my cock.” He kissed her parted lips, then murmured against her ear, “I want your

sweet, warm honey dripping over my balls when I explode inside you.”

He suckled a nipple and heard her heart pounding. Her breathing sounded like short staccato inhalations when her climax started, and he picked up his momentum and the intensity of his thrusts. He pumped into her hard and fast before she screamed his name and he discharged, spurting his cum into the condom.

Once their breathing returned to near normal, he continued to hold her firmly against the wall. He dropped his forehead to her breasts and kissed each one, still cupping her ass in his hands. With her legs wrapped firmly around his waist, she rubbed circles over his shoulders with both hands and whispered something he couldn't understand. When he lifted his head to accept her kiss, she smiled and nipped at his lips playfully. Miranda slid her fingers through his hair and held his head in her hands. She kissed him, softly, generously, and he felt *grateful, tender*.

Emotions? “Can you stand?” he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. “I feel boneless.” She tentatively released her legs and snaked her body down over his. The tactile sensation of her beaded nipples sliding down his body and her swollen clit rubbing over his sensitive cock caused it to stir against her stomach.

She put one long leg on the ground while he supported her, and then she stood on the other, testing her balance. “I'm a bit shaky.”

“Lean against me.”

When he discarded the condom, he noted he'd been so full, the reservoir came close to bursting.

Dangerous. The rules claimed that if he spilled his seed inside a mortal, she'd die. Somehow Miranda was different. He'd felt his own emotion surface with her. Could his cum kill the woman who brought emotion back to his soul? What was she?

* * * *

Before she knew it, he'd swept her up in his arms. The muscles in his arms and chest flexed. Carrying her past the front entrance, he kept walking around the side of the large stone building to a secluded gate.

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see. I have just the thing to make you feel better after my lack of consideration. I should have taken more care with your delicate skin. I was too rough with you." He kissed her shoulder and traced a finger down her back. "Look, you have moss stains on your back."

"You have incredible stamina, holding me up with one arm and caressing me all over with your other." She laughed at the concern on his face. "You can abuse me like that all day long."

He crooked one brow. "Your legs were wrapped firmly around me. Leverage provided the rest." He grinned.

She ran her thumb across his jaw and kissed his smile. "You are fantastic." She threw her arms open wide, letting his muscular arms bear all her weight. "I feel alive and wonderful." Miranda pursed her lips, held his head in her hands, and leaned in to peck his lips. "A little moss isn't going to hurt me."

His mouth twisted into a wry smile. "Good. I need a strong woman to take what I am." He paused, leaned his head down to hers, and placed his lips softly over hers. He brushed them back and forth before he kissed her, a long, deep tongue-probing kiss, making her breathless all over again. She returned the kiss, tangling her tongue with his in response. Gripping his hair between her fingers, she took the kiss even deeper.

He gentled the kiss, and then pulled back. After tasting her neck, her breasts, and dragging his mouth up to her ear, he whispered, "Come, I'll wash away the moss."

He put her down and turned her to face the sea. "Watch the sun set fire to the caldera while I prepare a surprise for you." He leaned over

her neck and pressed a kiss to her jaw. His hands and fingers tormented her breasts and her mound before he released her. "Give me a moment."

With no more than those words, he left her curious and naked on the terraced cliff, watching the remnants of the blazing sun behind the far side of the steaming volcanic cone.

"Oh." She knew how the volcano felt with all that pressure building inside, anticipating release. The vent let off steam slowly, while her pressure still smoldered, increasing and longing to erupt again.

The sound of soft music floated around her on the warm evening breeze. The ribbons of air caressed her body, swooping like warm fingers over her skin. The zephyr touched all her intimate places, gliding over her nipples, drawing them to peak as she waited for Damian. The garden lights clicked on. Round globes of light gave off a muted glow from within the trees and above the walled terrace.

When he returned, still gloriously naked, she admired him. He skirted the corner and held out his hand to her. "Come with me," he said, acting as if he couldn't wait a minute longer to touch her. Miranda imprinted to memory the image of his relaxed cock nestled thick and extended impressively over the sac where his heavy balls rested against his thighs.

His lips quirked and his brows furrowed with her examination. As he pulled her into his arms and lowered his mouth to hers, he shook his head. "You are such a wanton woman. I've always dreamed of having someone like you."

She raised her brows in disbelief. "Oh, right, like you've never had a woman ogle you before."

"Not one who made me care."

Her heart wrenched in her chest and before she could respond, his tongue teased her lips. Tasting first her upper lip, then probing her lower one, his tongue thrust into her mouth, fucking it like she wanted him to fuck away the ache between her legs.

He scooped her up as if she weighed nothing, making her gasp. She laughed and kissed his chin. “This is becoming a habit with you. I’ll never want to walk anywhere again at this rate.”

“I love having your soft curves in my arms, your ass in my hand, and your breasts pressed against my chest. If I had my way, I’d keep you naked, waiting for my touch, and your tight sweet cunt, wet and waiting for me. All this petal-soft skin would be easy access to my hands, my mouth, and my cock—available whenever I want to touch you or taste you or fuck you. You’d be forever at my disposal.”

“Sounds like a plan.” She choked at his use of the term *forever*, laughed, and kissed him again to seal her approval. “Now, what’s my surprise?”

“Patience, my darling, Mira.”

They rounded a wall of greenery and on the other side was an outdoor garden bath, the likes of which she’d never imagined. A semi-circular glass wall filled with shower jets spewed warm fragrant water over a very naked man. Miranda followed the foam as the soap and the water sluiced down his body in rivulets. His huge penis jutted out from a dark bush of hair at the end of a very distinct happy trail.

The man, as big and dark as Damian, was not the man she expected to find joining them. From the grin on his face and the erection, he looked like he’d been expecting them, though. He smiled. A slow simmering look heated his eyes.

The pulsing jets hit the man like dozens of fingers massaging each inch of his fantastic body. No wonder he looked so happy. Well that and the fact she that she stood admiring him in minute detail while still very naked herself.

“Alex wasn’t supposed to be your surprise,” Damian said, looking at her for approval.

“No? But, he’s a magnificent surprise anyway.”

“Zack said he’d be late, so I’m substituting until he gets here. If I’m good, can I stay?”

Her eyes opened wide. “Are you usually bad?” She could believe almost anything about the mountain of muscle flexing naked in front of her. She glanced at Damian and winked to assure him the replacement was fine with her. It was strange how she felt an instant connection to this bad boy. The attraction she understood, but this other feeling... Well, it was deeper than mere sexual attraction.

“Yes, he’s usually very bad.” Damian chuckled.

“He slanders me. I’m *very*, very good. Or so I’ve been told, many times.” The look he gave when he motioned her to him made her tremble. “Come see for yourself, my darling.” He gestured at her to come forward and join him under the spray.

“I’d love to.” She’d heard tell of these showers, but never lived in a climate where she could have one outside in a garden. “All of this is a wonderful surprise. The location, the fragrance from the flowers filling the air, is all so delightful.” She gathered up her courage, stepped into the spray and let him pull her closer until his erection nestled against her abdomen. “Oh, and you are a very nice surprise, too.”

“Trust me, there’s more.” He turned her toward Damian, forcing him to watch while he soaped her whole body. Having Damian watch as another man’s hands touched her breasts and tweaked her nipples to attention embarrassed her until Damian’s cock rose and a slow smile replaced his tight-lipped expression. The smile encouraged her. His eyes lowered, following Alex’s hands as they skimmed her body. Apparently, he enjoyed watching the other man pleasure her.

Alex dipped her beneath the spray again. Warm water drenched their bodies, and this time, when he soaped her all over, his slick hands slid smoothly over her breasts and tantalized her nipples for a long moment. Then he washed under her arms and down her sides. His giant erection pressed into her ass while he lathered her lower abdomen and between her thighs.

He turned her to face him, ran his hand down her back, over her hips, and pulled her against his raging hard-on. Following all his

ministrations, he brushed soft kisses across her forehead and trailed them down, moaning his need as he came to her lips. “Oh, sweet, Mira mine, kiss me with your soul.”

Mesmerized by his hands and lips, his strange words barely registered. His full mouth was a delectable temptation, waiting to be tasted. She opened to him and his need as he groaned into her, their tongues dancing together.

Another body sandwiched her against Alex. Damian’s hands traveled down her body while his lips whispered his desire in her ear. “You look so good naked in Alex’s arms. I can’t resist touching all your beautiful pink skin.”

Damian’s talented fingers dipped into the cleft between her legs and tested the opening in her rear. She exhaled with pleasure and sank against his chest.

Alex asked, “Can she take one of us in the ass?”

Damian shook his head and inserted another finger in her hole to confirm his decision. “Not yet, she’s too tight to take a cock yet.”

Miranda, liked the pressure his slippery fingers induced. Having her ass penetrated felt surprisingly decadent. “What else can I do to help?” she asked.

Alex looked surprised. “Turn around, lean forward against Damian and tilt your hips back so I can insert an anal plug. After a few minutes, with each of us working you toward arousal, you’ll relax, the muscles will soften and stretch, making it possible for you to accept a large cock inside your rear.”

“Okay, but then I get a turn.” Her voice sounded breathless when she spoke.

Chapter Seven

After Alex inserted the plug, both men paused and waited for her to make a move. When she soaped up her hands, she figured they expected her to place them on one of them and begin the slow torture. Instead, she stood back, away from the spray, and ran the suds over her own breasts and mound, and then turned around to soap her ass. Neither of them seemed prepared for the real thing, when she slithered her ass up to Damian's cock and pressed her cheeks against his arousal, rubbing back and forth gently.

His cock twitched. So did Alex's.

"Turn around and face the wall, Alex. Put your hands up. Step back a bit and bend over." As she intended, her instructions came close to sounding like an order. She turned and repeated the soapy ministrations with her breasts, slowly sliding up and down his body, while he splayed his palms against the wall.

Damian shared Alex's thoughts with Mira. She realized in all their years of being together, no woman ever dared to sexually dominate one of them, and now Alex's erection rose like a snake being charmed at Miranda's command.

She loved it.

She wouldn't allow Alex to touch her while she played human sponge to his body. Surprised and pleased with her creativity, he did as he was directed, while Damian chuckled at the gruff warrior.

"Who knew you'd like having a woman take charge of your pleasure?"

Alex shrugged as if he was helpless to move beneath Miranda's hands.

"I'm curious about what you have in mind," Damian said.

She projected her many carnal visions, unable to separate one from the other.

"Hmm, Mira, what are you going to do?"

"I have my own little surprise planned for Alex. Damian, would you help me, please."

He cupped her ass. "No, no touching me, either of you. No touching until I say it's okay."

She ran her fingernail up Alex's shaft and teased the little opening in the crown of his jutting penis. His cock head was so sensitive to her touch, he'd already begun to leak. She stopped touching him there and switched to soaping Damian's nipples after she stepped behind him. She rubbed her own pebbled nipples against his slippery back.

When she put her knee between his legs and made him spread them wide, his heavy balls still dangled low. She slipped her hand between his ass cheeks and stroked him clean from groin to anus. Sliding her hand up between the crevasse, paying special attention to his puckering hole, she paused at his anal opening, barely ringing the inside.

"Goddess, he's never allowed anyone to go there." Alex watched. His excited cock bobbed in anticipation, confirming her suspicion. Damian had a virgin ass.

Both men groaned, unable to stop the guttural sound from escaping as she touched Damian in ways she realized he'd never been touched.

Dominating them made her hot. She was on fire when she asked him again. "Do you like it when I do this?"

"You know I do." His grunt of frustration sounded clear. "This shouldn't surprise you, but the pressure rising in my balls is going to blow if you keep that up."

She gripped his cock and it jumped, proving his point. His erection grew harder and longer.

When he started to turn, she stopped him by holding his wrists. She kept her body plastered against his. “No! Stay where you are if you want more.” She meant her tone to sound more promising than threatening, but if he turned that cock in her direction she’d impale herself on it instead of prolonging the pleasure.

Almost teasing, she added, “Come on. Assume the position.”

He turned, slapped his palms defiantly against the wall, and reluctantly obeyed.

With her hand still between his ass cheeks, she asked Damian, “You like this?”

But Alex answered first. “I love it. Let me at him.”

Damian growled a vicious curse at him, making the other man laugh.

“What? You don’t want my big dick fucking your virgin hole?” He cupped his balls and offered his cock to Damian when he glanced over his shoulder.

“That hasn’t tempted me yet after all this time. What makes you think I’d be interested now?”

Miranda laughed. “Oh, boys, boys, play nice.”

“I’m trying.” Alex chuckled. “There’s no harm in putting it out there. I keep thinking one day you’ll change your mind and let me top you. You don’t know what you’re missing.”

“Thanks, I’ll pass. I rather prefer being a top myself, and since you like it either way, let me stick with my preference.”

“Now, Alex, come here and lift your right leg and put it on the first step, here.” She pointed to the spot where she wanted it.

The enclosed shower contained an elevated seating area with more shower jets. They were the ones Damian told her he planned to use on her later. For now, she knew he’d let her take the lead in this part of their sexual foreplay. After all, he had all night to take back his power

and get even with Alex for enjoying her ass play with Damian so much.

“Do you mind me being a dominatrix for the moment?”

“There’s something pleasurable about giving this small measure of control over to such a sexy little thing like you.”

He did as she instructed, asking, “Just what exactly do you have in mind?”

Alex acted amused with her orders.

She applied more scented soap to her hands and massaged Damian’s buttocks. “Nice muscles. So round, so firm, so hard and tight. I love the sway of your balls as you pound your cock deep into my cunt. Now Alex, your turn. Let me weigh yours. Mmm, impressive. Does that cock ever stop growing?”

She didn’t miss how her words and her hands made his cock ride higher and his balls suck up tight against his body.

“Grr, you keep talking like this, and I’ll be pounding into that sweet, tight pussy of yours before you can—”

Slap!

She laughed and warned, “Uh–uh–uh, Alex. No intimidating.” The slap made his cock jump.

Damian noticed and snickered. “A little spanking excites you, huh? Let me help.”

“Go ahead. Who knew?” Alex laughed. “Oh, goddess, try that again. I didn’t think I liked this sort of thing.”

Mira slapped his ass, and his cock jerked again in response.

“Mmm, I can’t remember having my ass slapped, ever. If I knew my cock would react like this, I’d have bent over a knee or two a few years ago. Several feisty women, I recall, would have enjoyed taking a hand to my ass.”

“Feel good?” She slapped Alex again, then switched her tactic. “What about this?” She gently touched the area right between his anal opening and his scrotum.

He leaned against her hand. "I've always loved some rear action with my straight sex. I'm usually a top with the guys, but I'll bottom for Damian. The man fucks like nobody else, though."

"I know," she agreed. Damian was phenomenal.

She applied a small amount of pressure and massaged her way up to Alex's anal ring. "Do you want Damian to fuck you?"

Alex held his breath. "Damn, yes!" By the time her finger circled his tight opening and tested his entrance, he tensed beneath her hand. "Mira, that feels great."

"Watching you do him is making me crazy," Damian groaned and leaned his forehead against the tiled wall. He dropped one hand to clutch his balls and with his other eased up his shaft to grip his straining cock. Then he squeezed.

"Do you want to fuck him, Damian?" She didn't reprimand him for holding himself. She explored Alex's reaction to the internal pressure she applied inside his rectum.

"Yes, if you want, I'll fuck him for you."

She pressed on, massaging the internal area until Alex relaxed against her hand. "He's almost ready to take your cock, Damian."

While she talked, she watched the men's reaction to her words. Damian's erection stiffened until his cock stood high and tight against his abdomen.

The ring of muscles at Alex's rear opening relaxed and became more pliable with his arousal and slippery with the soap she applied.

She slid one small finger inside, then two, and massaged his prostate.

Alex groaned. "Oh, God." Then he lifted his head, glanced over his shoulder, and stilled her hand. "Uh, you have to stop. As much as I'm enjoying your touch, I want to be inside you when I come again."

"Good, because I want you inside me, too." She removed her finger and soaped both of their bodies all over again. They rinsed off under the shower spray. "Damian, will you fuck him now, while he fucks me?"

Damian nodded with a wry smile and cleared his voice. “I never mind fucking him when he wants it, but I usually prefer a woman’s smooth body and tight channel to his hairy ass.”

Alex grinned from ear to ear. “If I knew my hairy ass bothered you, I’d have shaved.”

* * * *

“Too bad Zack isn’t here.” Damian remembered her erotic dream of watching two faceless men together and figured Zack could bottom for Alex while Damian fucked her himself. But, for now, he’d give her what she needed.

“Not a problem, Damian. I don’t mind. I’ve grown quite fond of Alex.”

“Yeah, well, both of them love getting their hands on me whenever they get a chance.”

Alex wrapped Miranda in his arms and thoroughly kissed her. “Well if he won’t let me fuck him, but I get to be the filling between you two, I don’t mind having Damian’s cock in my ass.”

Suddenly, instead of being indifferent to how they derived their pleasure, Alex’s new enthusiasm snagged a hold of Damian, especially when Miranda giggled at the big man’s excitement. The sound of her laughter made something in Damian’s heart swell.

Alex put a hand out to her. “Come over here, baby, and suck me. I can hardly wait to bury myself in your warm, wet heat and have him jackhammer me into you. Prepare me to take his big dick in my ass.”

Damian cupped and lifted her breasts, thumbing her nipples as a temptation for Alex.

Alex stared and said, “First, let me suckle those ripe cherry nips. I could just eat you all up. Actually, I will, but I’m saving that for later.”

Damian couldn’t remember Alex being so blunt before. Angry, he grumbled, “Why are you being so crass?”

“Hey, I’m not being crass. She likes to hear us talk dirty. She wants to know what we’re going to do to her. I’m an enthusiastic eater.” He palmed Miranda’s buttocks and slid his hand between her lower lips. “I have a ravenous appetite for a woman’s juices.” He lifted his hand and made a production of licking his fingers.

Damian grinned at Alex. “You’re full of shit.”

Alex chuckled. “I’m full of cum, and I’m going to feed it to her.”

Despite the crude talk, Alex’s approach did the trick with her. He paid close attention to her clit while Damian fondled her nipples. The warm thick fluid flowed like sweet cream from her cunt, Damian could see it running down her thighs, and she hadn’t even taken Alex into her mouth, yet. Once she did, his taste would drive her wild.

“No man or woman can resist Alex’s taste or his pheromones.”

Miranda touched Alex’s cock. “Damian, you seem immune.”

“You go ahead and taste him, then talk to me.”

“He’s that potent?”

“I make a point of keeping a safe distance whenever I can. The man’s cock gravitates toward my asshole like a divining rod whenever we’ve shared sex in the past.”

“Not just his ass. I love his cock, too.” Alex added, “He’s even let me blow him a time or two, but he won’t reciprocate because—”

“You know why. You’re too fond of my ass for my comfort. I’m supposed to be your leader, not your bitch.”

“Leader? What kind of leader?”

Damian glanced at Alex and the big man picked Mira up and stood her in front of him.

“Enough talking. I need your mouth on my cock with your lips driving me crazy. Now, Mira.”

Chapter Eight

“Okay, let me test this theory about how you taste, Alex.” Miranda knelt and took his cock in her mouth. She swirled her tongue over the slit and was rewarded with the flavor of his pre-cum. He tasted like every favorite flavor she could imagine. She lifted her face to him and uttered an amazed admission. “God, you do taste delicious. No wonder you can’t keep men or women away from this magical cock of yours. I want more.” She bent back over and licked his balls, stimulating him with her fingers and pumping him deep down her throat.

“Mira, no more. Take just a little, but any more,” he said, as more cum pearled on his tip and the flavor exploded on her tongue, “and I’ll come in your mouth. I want to be inside you when that happens, please.”

“Okay, Alex.” She licked her lips and reluctantly released his cock. “It’s a good thing, you’re immune,” she said to Damian. “I’d rather not have to fight with you over sucking him off.”

“Not a problem. I don’t get the fascination. Now this...” He touched her pussy lips and wiped up some of her liquid. He sniffed her juices and licked his fingers. “Now this tastes fantastic to me.”

Alex slipped his hand beneath Damian’s, swirled his fingers a second or two, and pulled out some cream. “Do you mind sharing? I’d like another taste.”

He sucked his fingers into his mouth and closed his eyes. “Mmm, this is fantastic.”

Damian motioned her over to the contoured bench and drew her down on the large built-in chaise, as Alex spread her legs wide and said, “God, Mira that is the prettiest pussy I’ve ever seen.” He knelt between her thighs and kissed his way up to her mound and suckled her clit, laving it with his tongue until she squirmed and thrust against his mouth.

Enough foreplay, she needed to be fucked. She wanted the friction of his cock, filling her and thrusting. “Come on Alex, fuck me with that cannon between your legs. I’ve never been more ready.”

His cockhead burst through his foreskin at her words, and he extended at least another inch. The sight of Alex’s fully erect penis filled Miranda with both awe and apprehension. The apprehension made the anticipation even more exciting.

“Open up, baby.” He fingered her cunt with one finger, then two. “Can you take more?”

“Yes, yes. More, now.”

He penetrated her with three of his fingers, spreading her wide to ease his entry. Alex placed a condom over his cock at her entrance and surged into her.

She expelled the breath she’d been holding and screamed as he plunged in and out. She’d never had any man take her so deep before. His long, hard, effortless strokes had the sweat beading on her upper lip and the pinprick sensations of her impending climax teasing her.

* * * *

Alex said, “Damian, she feels so good gripping my cock like this. Come on. I’m not going to last long.”

When Damian stepped up behind him and put his hands on Alex’s hips, Alex slowed his pace. Damian watched Mira take Alex’s cock deep inside her and felt the pleasure Alex brought her. He lubed his fingers and the condom with the cream dripping from Mira’s cunt and tested Alex’s opening. “How does this feel?”

Alex groaned.

Damian sensed the pressure building in his balls, his own cock ached with need as he pressed two fingers inside Alex and ringed his anal opening. “Good?” he asked.

Alex responded through loud breaths that made him sound like a runaway freight train. “Good? Great! Fuck me. Hurry up.”

“You don’t have to ask me twice. My cock is primed and ready to blow back here.” Damian entered Alex slowly and focused on Miranda’s face. Despite wanting the immediate sensation of the tight hot grip on his cock, he allowed his friend to adjust to his size before he buried himself up to his balls and started the steady beat he knew would drive them all over the edge.

Alex’s cock filled Miranda while Damian pumped into Alex’s ass. Damian picked up the rhythm, driving Alex harder and higher within her. He sensed Alex’s strain of holding his eminent orgasm in check.

Damian merged with Alex and experienced the slide of his body along hers and the allure of her scent. With Damian’s cock penetrating Alex’s ass while enduring all their sensations, the tension mounting in his groin built to unbelievable proportions.

He tried to prevent the expression on his face from appearing like a grimace when Miranda stared up at him. Instead he drove harder, fucking Alex into her, giving them both all the pleasure he could and enabled them all to share feelings with one another.

“I feel...” Alex kneaded Miranda’s breasts and explored her mouth with his tongue before Damian heard him groan with satisfaction. Then, suddenly, Alex picked up the pace, riding her hard to his climax. He yelled, “Goddess!” pumping his orgasm into her before he collapsed on Miranda, spent. Damian pulled out of Alex and rolled him off her to keep from crushing her beneath them.

Alex looked up from beside Miranda and stared straight into Damian’s eyes. Sounding shocked, he said, “Damian, I feel. I can feel joy. Why?”

Damian shook his head at Alex. “Not now. Hand me another condom. You didn’t bring her to orgasm. I’ll finish this and then we’ll talk.”

* * * *

Miranda enjoyed the way Damian kissed her mouth, passionately tonguing her, and then moved on to her ear, sending chills through her heated body. She bucked beneath him and groaned out her need.

“Let’s take care of each other,” he said. “Then we’ll get cleaned up and relax.” He placed his hands on her shoulders and tilted her chin up. “Look at me in the mirror, I want to watch your pleasure when you come.”

She smiled and nodded. With the mounting pressure building inside her, the orgasm waited only a few strokes away. “It won’t take much. Watching the expressions of pleasure on your faces has turned me on more than anything I’ve ever experienced.”

“Good, then you’ll understand firsthand how I’m feeling in just a few moments.” He pulled the plug from her ass and fingered her opening now that it had relaxed. She heard the rip of the foil holding the condom. The expectation of having him fuck her ass had her shuddering in excited anticipation.

She let him position her on her knees, and adjust the heads on the wall jets to hit her nipples with a tantalizing pressure. He spread her thighs and did the same to the lower jets. One teased her clit and the other pounded her cunt until she wanted to scream with the pleasure.

“Please,” she begged, while he handled his engorged cock like an offering. All she could think about was having him bury it inside her. The large phallus bobbed against his stomach when he bent over and whispered senseless words in her ear. He cupped her breasts, tweaked her nipples, and nudged her rear entrance with his proud erection.

“Oh, oh!” She wanted to press back against his hard cock, but she couldn’t deprive her clit of the water pressure. Which direction should she take to pleasure?

He pressed his cock inside her tight opening and drove in. She threw her head back against Damian’s chest in pure desperation as her temperature increased and the pounding pressure built inside her. Her need threatened to explode as he pumped into her deeper. When he pinched her nipples not so gently between his thumbs and forefingers, she screamed with her release. The water pressure hitting her clit and vaginal lips sent the orgasm pumping through her vagina, spreading pin prickles of electricity dancing over every inch of her skin. Her womb spasmed repeatedly with a series of multiple eruptions, and Damian lifted her upright with his cock buried hilt deep in her ass. The climax rendered her boneless.

She collapsed on her belly.

Damian redirected the nozzles, turned her over, and drew her against his chest into his waiting arms. He chuckled softly and pressed her down on the bench into the foam liner that served as a cushion and spread her legs. “Your pussy is all swollen and pink.”

He gave her a devilish grin, and she felt the fluid honey oozing from her depths. How did he know she needed his soothing tongue licking her?

He bent his head to take a long leisurely swipe of her clit with his tongue, and she whimpered. She lifted her hips two inches off the cushion and arched toward Damian’s talented mouth.

“Sensitive?” he asked, but she knew he didn’t expect an answer. Instead he touched a finger to her engorged nub and grinned wickedly when she wriggled beneath the pressure. Moaning, she pressed up against his hand, looking for more. She was ready for more.

What the hell had come over her?

He nodded, looking pleased with himself. “Yes, that’s what I want. I want you so sensitive the very air stirring over you brings you to arousal.”

“It’s working.” She sighed. “I think I’m already beyond that point.”

He sniffed a finger, suckled it. “Mmm, you taste delicious, smell like red hot sex.” He pressed his fingers inside her and added, “And you feel like heaven.”

“Thank you, so do you.” She drew back to get a better look at the man between her legs, inspecting him in minute detail. She could barely breathe. Biting her lower lip she thought, *Nice pecs, great abs. Excellent stamina.* She heard herself ask, “Do you work out, or just work?”

“A bit of both,” Damian said and gasped.

Miranda enjoyed hearing his breath hitch when her eyes lowered. Her gaze skimmed down to his thighs and focused on what hung between them. Damian had already discarded the condom. She flicked her tongue over her lips imagining his taste on her lips.

“You guys are hung. You’re incredible.”

She cast a glance in Alex’s direction. “Powerful thighs and, umm, nice big balls, and huge, impressive cocks that never get soft. What? Aren’t you ever flaccid?”

Miranda grinned at Damian before she lowered her eyes to appreciatively check out his cock.

* * * *

“No,” Damian said, “never completely.”

Her interest forced Damian to clench his jaw. “You flatter us, but go ahead.” He handled his growing cock, ran his hand gently over the long length, and pumped it once so she could see his increasing desire. But when his erection bounced in his hand, he warned her. “Yes, admire it now, because this time when I stick this hard cock into your slick tight folds, I’m going to fuck your pussy until you beg me to stop.”

Her eyes widened as she watched him stroke himself, and her slightly parted mouth opened with what he hoped was blatant desire.

“When you fuck me, why would I ever beg you to stop?” Again she stared hungrily at his cock, and she flicked her tongue out as if she was prepared to taste. Her full, pouty lips sucked him like a vacuum the last time she took him in her mouth. If he wanted to last longer this time, he’d have to resort to his special gift of prowess.

He scanned her rosy-tipped nipples, tight and peaked, poking up at him. “You’ll beg me, all right, because I promise I won’t release until you allow me to come.”

The pledge sounded like a threat when his gaze dropped to her bare mound.

“Think of the torture that will cause me, the pressure in my balls riding high in my sac, me straining against my desire, my cock ready to burst, and you forcing me to hold back my orgasm until I have your permission to explode—

“Oh, and I forgot to mention. You can do anything you want to tempt me to lose my restraint, anything at all. Anything you can think of to encourage me to spew my hot cum into your warm wet pussy before you say ‘come.’”

Alex rose up on one elbow and made a derogatory sound. “Are you crazy? You’re good, but no one’s got that kind of control. I just lost *mine* like a green teenager.”

Damian laughed when he saw the ideas bouncing about in her head, and his gut clenched when he gleaned a glimmer of what she imagined.

Was their attraction more than...what? Was there something else growing between them, a bond of sorts, a connection? He didn’t remember what emotion felt like, but he and Alex were both certainly feeling something with her, and it felt foreign to anything in his recent memory.

The grin she gave him *worried* him. Worry, another emotion.

“Hmm, I’m a bit out of practice, but I’ll do my best,” she vowed.

Damian almost swallowed his tongue when she spread her legs and parted her vaginal lips to stroke herself as he and Alex watched. Damian's balls rose against his scrotum and pressure thickened his cock.

She dipped her fingers in deep, swirled them around inside her, pulled out her creamy sauce, and licked her fingers. She got up and walked toward Damian, took his hard rod in her hand, and stroked slowly to the tip. She teased a little cum from the tiny opening at the top between her fingers before she put her fingers to her tongue. Then she placed her lips over his and kissed him. The tart taste of their mixed juices on her tongue filled his mouth, and her heady smell in his nostrils forced out a low growl of desire from somewhere deep inside him.

Maybe he'd made a mistake with this challenge. She already proved to be more of a temptation than he expected when she scraped her nails down his chest and lightly pinched his nipples. Well, when she saw what he had in mind for her later, she'd know who was master at this game. He'd let her win a skirmish or two, before he won the war. After all, this was all about pleasure.

Chapter Nine

The man was amazing. Damian fucked like a machine. As she lay back on the chaise and wrapped her legs over his shoulders, he drove into her pussy. He pounded into her cunt and tweaked her clit until she screamed her release, then he brought her around again with his mouth on her mound, taunting her clit, tonguing her slit. When he flipped her over and raised her hips in the air, baring her tiny rear hole and her tight wet folds to his view, she tried to tempt him. She inserted her fingers first in her cunt and then in her ass. As soon as she moved her hand, he penetrated her. He thrust in and out like a machine until she begged him to fuck her harder. Damian pulled her on top of him, allowing her to straddle his hips, and she felt Alex take his position behind her.

If Damian didn't lose control soon, she would have to give in and demand he come. With Alex penetrating her rear entrance and Damian filling her cunt, she knew she wouldn't hold out long. Her heart beat like a drum in her ears as they filled her and thrust inside her, pounding away at her.

Her breaths turned into short gasps, coming faster and faster like a steam engine climbing a steep incline. Within seconds, her legs shook with tension and exhaustion as her tight channel contracted like a tight fist around Damian's rampaging cock. And still he maintained his sound restraint.

Alex nipped at her neck and whispered in her ear, "I love feeling his cock sliding inside of you while I'm fucking your ass."

When she didn't think Damian could last a second longer, she slipped her hand behind his balls and applied gentle pressure. His breath caught in his throat and she knew he tried to hold back the force straining inside his balls.

Finally she relented and yelled, "Come, Damian. Come for me now, Alex, come."

* * * *

Damian's cock felt like a steel rod between his legs when she finally gave in. His balls felt so tight they'd flattened against his scrotum, practically disappearing into his body. The fluid from his balls leaked up his shaft to his tip. He angled his cock up and pressed forward to rub her G-spot as his crown pounded against her womb.

Sliding inside her channel, with Alex's cock filling her ass, made the chokehold on his cock seem even tighter than it had been before.

His orgasm exploded seconds after she shuddered over him, and Alex yelled with his release. When Damian's cock shot off like a cannon, erupting cum like a liquid cannon ball inside the condom, he roared with his explosive orgasm. Spurt after spurt of hot cum burst from his cock, leaving his balls sore from the tension of holding back.

He checked. Yes, the condom remained in place. Again he wondered why they couldn't spill their seed within her. Until today, he'd never questioned it. Would his cum damage a mortal? Because he wouldn't risk her. Never.

He'd been inside a million or more women and men over the years, and he'd never been tempted to fuck bareback. Until now.

What was his sudden obsession with spilling his seed inside her? He gave up worrying and succumbed to his pleasure, collapsing alongside her.

Alex climaxed simultaneously with both of them and lay beside them chuckling. "He's the most amazing fuck, isn't he?" He grinned at Miranda, who was still panting and trying to catch her breath.

“Yes, he’s held out through me, you and me, and this. ‘Amazing’ is a mild description for his ability. And, Alex, you’re not so bad yourself.”

Damian ignored their discussion and groaned, “Uncle.” He uttered a low deep moan. “Isn’t that the term you Americans use for surrender?”

“Oh, so you think of this as surrender, not defeat?” She smiled with a slow easy turn of her lips.

“No, not defeat. Surrender in passion—never defeat.” He brushed her hair from her forehead and looked solemnly over at her.

“You’re right. When pleasure is like this, how could one ever feel defeated?” She nipped at his chest, teasing, and kissed the spot afterward. “Thank you.”

“No, thank *you*.” He sniffed her hair and pressed a kiss on her head. Goddess, she smelled so good. “I’m sure your muscles are sore from all of our exertions. Now for your surprise.”

“Alex wasn’t my surprise?”

“No, remember I was a stand-in. But you promised I could stay if I was good, and I promise I’ll be better next time.” He wiggled his eyebrows at her.

“Better?” Miranda cupped Alex’s face in her hands. “You were fantastic. That is one impressive cock and no one has ever tasted so good. Mmm, I’m getting hot again just thinking about you.” She kissed him on the mouth, driving her tongue between his lips. “Mmm, you taste so good.”

Damian heard Alex moan and mutter, “Goddess, so do you,” against her mouth, and he wondered if he really meant it. Because if she tasted irresistible to Alex, Sienna could be at work here.

He shrugged off his concern and said, “I promise, there’s more water involved.”

* * * *

Miranda squealed when she saw the pool and the floating bar with the raised hot tub in one alcove. Alex disappeared to clean up and set up the bedroom.

Damian grinned to himself at the setting. Zack was in one of *those* moods. The evening held even more promise than he expected. His friend must have liked what he saw back at the bar.

Miranda's stomach growled.

"Let me feed you. You must be famished."

"Thanks. Marathon sex does that to me." Miranda explored the outside deck. "This place seems as though there's another treasure to discover around every corner. You're fortunate to live on such a beautiful island. You live like a god."

A low chuckle rumbled through the night sounds. The lights lit up the surrounding area, and even Damian had to admit the picture the scene painted looked decadent. "I am. And you? What is your home like?" His honesty escaped her notice.

"Nothing like this. Oh, it's very luxurious, but it's an apartment in a city, nevertheless."

Zack had gone all out, lighting candles and torches, and turning on the speakers to soft mood music. "Ah, a city. Full of people and excitement and action—"

"Smog, pollution, noise." She laughed. "It's all in your point of view."

He followed her glance to the lights in the hot tub as they rotated through soft pastel hues on a continuous basis.

"The black-bottomed pool looks like dark chocolate. I love the way the tiny underwater lights softly dim against the natural stone waterfall."

"Thank you." He plucked a shrimp from a skewer and held it to her lips.

She opened, closed her mouth, chewed, and swallowed. "Mmm, these are so fresh and delicious."

He stuck another shrimp in her mouth, this one with a grilled mushroom, and said, “Shh, eat and enjoy.”

“I didn’t realize *how* hungry I was.”

“I did, Mira. Your stomach growled all through our last bout of lovemaking.”

She looked away. “Lovemaking? Is that what we did? I thought we fucked.”

“It may have started as fucking, but I’d like to believe it became more as we progressed.” He cupped her cheek and turned her back to face him.

“Are you using ‘making love’ as a euphemism?”

“Usually, the term is less crass than the alternative truth.”

“Ah, so you wanted to fuck me?” She grinned at him and picked up another shrimp.

He laughed. “Definitely. So maybe it’s not love.”

* * * *

His face didn’t look sad, more like resolved. “I’m not sure I’d recognize that emotion if it hit me in the face and announced itself. But I’d like to think what we’re doing together is more than merely fucking.”

She turned to look at him. “Are you looking for a happily ever after, Damian?”

“Isn’t everyone at some time?”

“No. I’m looking for a satisfying sexual experience.”

“Then I hope you got at least what you were willing to settle for, because I have an even more satisfying evening planned for you.”

He held a glass of wine up to her lips and waited until she drank. After she swallowed, she admitted, almost more for her own purpose than to clarify her emotions for him, “I felt strangely connected to you two and also to Zack when we first made eye contact. I sensed an

unusual moment of recognition, an attraction, like we have unfinished business between us.”

“Maybe we do. Enough talking. Let’s go in the pool and float while I eat dessert off your body.”

“Mmm, now that’s quite an offer.” The floating bar held fresh cut-up fruit and dips. Miranda clapped her hands in delight. “Oh, it’s enchanting.”

* * * *

Zack had been right to prepare the decadent smorgasbord tonight. Damian thought he and Miranda could both stand a little sustenance for what he had in mind for them later, and she sounded up for more, too.

He took the robe from her shoulders and let it slide down her arms, finally allowing it to slowly pool at her feet. “You look lovely with the colors playing off your flawless skin, the reflection dancing off your pale hair.”

The heated pool contained a couple of floating mattresses. He laid her out on one and moved it closer to the fruit bar. With whipped cream, raspberry sauce, and chocolate, he created a dessert out of her body, topping the kiwi, berries, and bananas with sprinkles. She looked like a decadent sundae by the time Alex and Zack came into the pool and joined them.

“Just in time for dessert,” Zack announced. “Do you mind if I have a taste?”

* * * *

His voice reverberated like a deep bass drum she could feel inside her body.

“Please help yourself. I wasn’t expecting you.” She’d be crazy to deny she wanted this blond god of a man. Something about his voice touched her soul.

His lopsided grin endeared him to her as he fingered a bit of whipped cream off her body and touched it to her lips. “I blew you a kiss at the bar. A promise, and here I am ready to fulfill your every whim.” He leaned over her lips and touched his to hers. He tasted like strawberries and cream, smelled like nutmeg and cinnamon, and sounded naughty as sin. She loved this. His blond hair draped around her face as she felt fingers and lips nibbling away at the fruit on her body.

“Spread your legs,” Damian demanded. “If I’m eating this banana, I’d rather have it dipped in your juices.”

“Save a taste for me.” Zack said, “I haven’t sampled her yet.”

She felt the banana penetrate her pussy and slip in and out a few times. Damian handed part of the fruit to Zack.

Zack sniffed deeply before he made a big show of licking her juices and sucking off the banana. Then he ate the fruit. “Damian, let me down there to munch on her cunt for awhile.”

Damian moved up and nibbled berries from her belly while Alex licked whipped cream off her breasts.

“This feels so decadent,” she said. “I’d like to do this to one of you sometime.”

“You’ll get your chance,” Damian assured her. “I don’t think anyone here will object.”

Suddenly, she felt a mouth cover her mound and warm lips kissed her clit with a soft hum. Her nub swelled instantly at the attention, and then the man between her thighs moaned. The sound resonated through her body like a harp, a drum, a flute, every cell in her body sung with pleasure at the tone.

“Oh, Zack, do that again.”

He kissed her mound, ran his tongue between her folds, then opened her for his view. “Mira, this is the prettiest pussy I’ve ever

seen.” The vibrations ran through her body. “Mmm,” he said, and his tongue tasted her lips again.

His tongue shot inside her cunt, and he hummed against her cleft at the same time. The orgasm shot through her as Damian claimed her mouth, and Alex suckled at her breast. The pull ran all the way to her womb and back again.

The men licked her body clean until she felt drained and weak from her countless orgasms.

“Come into the hot tub and let’s soak our muscles while you have something more to eat.”

Alex helped her down into the bubbling water and left his robe behind on the deck. Wine, chilled in the carafe, floated nearby. Damian poured two glasses and handed one to her right before he popped a chocolate dipped strawberry into her mouth.

“Mmm, dessert before sustenance?” Miranda asked.

“Zack plans to provide you with sustenance of his own. This is a little something to tempt your palate.”

“Trust me, you’ve all tempted my palate beyond belief.” She laughed and returned the favor by sticking a strawberry in Damian’s mouth and then kissing him.

He nipped at her lips, licking the chocolate off the corner of her mouth. “Mmm, you taste as good as you smell. Let’s see what else I’m in the mood to eat.”

Chills ran up her spine at the thought. He picked up a spoon and dipped it into the whipped cream. He placed a dollop on a piece of kiwi. “Open your mouth for me. Oops, did I drop that on your chest? Here, let me get that for you.” He picked up the kiwi with his fingers and placed it on her tongue. “Oh, let me...” His lips dropped to the rise above her breasts where he dropped the whipped cream. He swirled his tongue into the crease, thoroughly cleaning her of any cream.

She moaned. “Are we going to eat food off each other’s bodies all night long? Because I don’t think I can last through all this fruit

before I'm ready for the main course." Her hand slipped between his thighs, played with his semi-erect cock, and drew his interest.

He lifted her glass to her lips and offered her a sip of wine. "Relax. We can intersperse dessert and the main course until we've had our fill. Then we can start all over again if it pleases you."

She looked at the label on the bottle and took the drink he offered. "Wine of the Gods? Delicious. More of your private stock?"

"Yes. This is a combination from my vineyards on the other islands. How do you like it? This is our private stock. We don't release any of this. You're the first to taste it besides us."

"I'm no expert, but I believe it's one of the finest wines I've ever tasted."

"And, Mira, what about you? What are you an expert at? Because I sense there is more to you than an attractive, free woman on holiday."

"You're right, but forgetting all that is why I'm here. I trust you'll understand how part of the fantasy you're providing involves my escape from my other world."

"Yes. And I'll respect your wishes, for now." His voice grew quiet, his tone firm.

She placed a quick kiss on his lips, then deepened it, tangling her tongue with his, exploring the depths of his mouth with all the passion she felt.

"For now, then." While her hands gripped his broad golden shoulders, she wrapped her legs around his hips and pressed her mound against his rising cock.

He ran his hands up her back and let the bubbles do the rest to relax her as her sexual tension mounted.

"Only for now." His deep voice promised like a threat.

Chapter Ten

The bubbles and the jets did their job stimulating her, while Damian's hands both inflamed and relaxed her. As her arousal increased, a second set of hands circled her from behind, cupping her breasts, massaging and pulling at her nipples. A large, warm male body surrounded her, his large erect cock pressed between her ass cleft and his long, muscled legs wrapped over hers and Damian's.

Damian stopped kissing her and opened his eyes long enough to check her reaction to the other man.

Miranda dropped her head back expecting Alex, only to find the broad chest belonged to the blond god, Zack.

"Where did Alex go?" She turned her head to ask and quickly responded to the kiss Zack planted on her open mouth. When he pulled back, she added, "I hadn't forgotten about this part, though."

"Did you enjoy Alex? He tastes wonderful, doesn't he?"

She nodded just as the big man joined them in the hot tub. "Alex? Both of you?" Her gaze touched each of the three men. "All three of you?" Mira looked incredulously at Damian. "This is more than my fantasy, you know."

He shrugged. "Everything and more, I hope. We will do our best."

"And you are okay with this?" She barely whispered the question, wanting him to be okay with this, because she wanted each of these men equally.

He caressed her shoulder, and when he nodded, she let out a short breath.

"Zack, Alex, and I are used to sharing."

“You do this often?” She felt a slight twinge of jealousy about these men and, as ridiculous as it seemed, she couldn’t help her feelings.

“Me? Not often, but Alex likes double-teaming with Zack. They’re very good at it.” He kept soothing her with his hands and his mind. The jealousy remained, but his words diminished the insecurity. The man knew just how to make her relax when he noted, “I didn’t feel right inviting one without the other. We all need you, Mira. I hope you’ll accept us. Is it all right with you?”

She gasped when a hand cupped her mound and another tweaked her nipple. Trying to answer Damian’s question, impossible with the onslaught of sensations tearing at her, she finally admitted, “I’d have to be dead not to enjoy three fantastic men like you at my disposal.”

The smile creeping up on her was hard to contain. She moaned on a sigh as male lips touched the back of her neck, and Zack’s long blond hair brushed past her breasts, tickling her skin and ratcheting up her desire.

Alex stifled the groan she tried to hold back with his mouth, probing inside, tasting her with his tongue. The man’s special flavor burst first on her lips, then on her tongue, until finally an intoxicating combination of vanilla and cinnamon spread through her body. She devoured his mouth in a thorough kiss of her own, dragging a groan from deep in his chest.

Multiple hands stroked her body, exploring the sensitive places between her ass and thighs. Teasing fingers probed and pinched, while lips and tongues sampled her breasts, suckled her nipples, ravaged her lips, and sent goose bumps up her neck and down her spine.

Damian murmured a guttural sound against her neck. “I promise you’ll enjoy yourself.”

“I’m sure I will.”

There was no doubt he spoke the truth when one man’s long finger slipped inside her slit, penetrating her tight passage, smearing

the thick cream pouring from her cunt all over her folds and mound. Another finger massaged the tiny puckered rear hole between her ass cheeks, and the other set of hands held her breasts out as an offering for Damian to feast upon.

She exhaled sharply when she felt the finger at her rear entrance penetrate the opening, first in and out, maybe an inch. Then, while a hand cupped her cunt and fingers teased her clit, the finger in her ass slipped in deeper past the ring of muscles, allowing her to relax around it. Chills shook her.

Damian asked, "Do you want me inside you while Alex prepares your rear entrance for Zack's cock?"

Miranda considered what he'd suggested. Could she take the man's enormous cock inside her ass? Alex's finger felt good, but she'd seen the size of Zack's cock and wondered if it would even be possible.

"Relax," Alex said. "Trust me. It is not only possible, but unbearably pleasurable."

She tensed. Had he read her mind?

"Everyone worries about that when they see our size, but you can accommodate us."

She nodded. Damian smiled and raised her hips so she straddled his erect cock. He positioned her over him, leaned his head back, and closed his eyes as she lowered herself onto his shaft. His bulbous head disappeared within her folds as she watched, fascinated with the tense muscles straining his abdomen and thighs. He tightened his ass, lifting with a surge, and plunged up into her until she was fully seated against his body. Then he dropped his forehead against hers.

"Mira, your cunt feels so warm and tight gripping my cock."

She clenched around him. "Your cock feels even better filling me."

While Damian impaled her, Zack stroked his semi-erect member. "Don't worry, Mira," he assured her. "Once you taste Alex and Damian has your pussy begging for more, you'll be able to take me,

and you'll love having every thick inch of my cock pumping inside your rear hole while Alex primes your cunt."

Miranda ran her hands through Damian's hair. "Will this give you pleasure, Damian? Sharing me with the others?"

"I must. They need you as I do. Don't you sense it? Won't giving us pleasure give you pleasure, Mira?"

Sometimes the things he said confused her. She looked at the other two men and nodded, finally admitting, at least to herself, she would not deprive herself of this opportunity to have these three men appreciate her bounties. Nor she theirs.

Damian grinned. "They'll love watching you come, almost as much as I do. What gives you satisfaction gives me pleasure. The men want to bring you enjoyment and take delight in you."

Miranda looked at Zack, sensing his honesty, and asked the tall blond Adonis, "What about you? Do you want to share a woman this way?"

He laughed. "I enjoy sex with both women and men. I enjoy the act of making love, every way, especially the orgies. The sensations of so many hands and body parts makes the arousals so much greater, and the climax so much more intense."

Zack grinned at Damian. "I enjoy having my balls slap against another man's and love the sensation of a hard cock sliding against mine, separated only by the thin vaginal wall inside a woman's hot wet channel. I can't wait until we have you sandwiched between us so I can suckle your tits while I fuck you and feel your muscles grip my dick until they finally spasm around me in climax. No man or woman alone can satisfy my sexual needs completely."

His voice made her insides weep and his description of the three of them together had Miranda wanting to burst into flames with the visual he created.

"Well, I'm not interested in having your balls banging against mine," Damian said to Zack. He turned to run his thumb over

Miranda's lips, "While they fill you with their cocks, this time I'll fuck your sweet mouth."

"Yes, you'll be sucking his fine specimen and tonguing his ass. We'll have to settle for hearing him yelling out his satisfaction as you suck him dry," Alex griped.

Zack chuckled. "When you're done, save me a little taste of him, will you? I've always loved his powerful seed—"

"Mira, if you enjoyed the control you held over him before," Alex said, "wait until he's in your mouth while we fuck your other orifices. It'll drive him crazy to hold back. When he does release, he'll explode down your throat while he watches us pump you to completion."

The men's description of what they planned not only fascinated Miranda, it made her heart race with need. Despite being unable to catch her breath, curiosity forced her to ask Damian the obvious question.

"Don't you enjoy having a man's cock sliding against yours during sex as much as they do?"

"I would deny it if I could," he played with her nipples as he answered, "but it can be a rush, a real turn-on. Another exquisite sensation to experience. Wait and see. They'll be so hard and stimulated by being inside you, one of them loving the feel of your velvet grip sluicing over his cock, while the other is sliding into your tight ass, they'll be groaning in your ear, begging you to let them come. With your cunt sliding like a tight fist around Alex's cock, he'll strain to hold back his orgasm. With Zack thrusting behind you, feeling what he feels and what you feel, well, it's awesome. Indescribable. When I come in your mouth, it'll be volcanic. You'll see. Then you'll understand why we love the experience like no other."

"Volcanic, like the island." She chuckled. "I guess I could handle a climax appropriate for the location." She felt Damian's cock twitch impatiently inside her.

“Enough conversation. Are you convinced?” Sweat beaded on Damian’s upper lip as he waited for her answer. His control had been admirable, but the strain of holding himself in check crept into his voice when he asked, “So, Mira. The decision is yours. Are you ready?”

She squirmed her hips down hard on his lap, squeezed her internal muscles, and hoped to crack his cool façade. She was almost satisfied when a bead of sweat slid down his forehead, his jaw clenched, and his eyes rolled closed in desperation. She teased him.

“More than ready. All this talk has made me hot as hell.”

He pulled out of her, and, despite the warm water, she felt his absence like a cold breeze. Damian lifted her out of the hot tub, wrapped her in the large cotton towel, and carried her to the bedroom door. Alex opened it so all four of them could enter the dimly lit room. Zack shut the door behind them while Damian stood Miranda up to dry her.

He took pains to dry all her intimate openings while the others watched. He spread her legs so he could reach her labia, separate her lips, and dry her pussy thoroughly with the soft material. Damian rubbed her clit with delicate determination, the texture of the towel rasping softly against her sensitive flesh.

“Damian, stand behind her and do that. We can’t see her pretty pink cunt and her pearly little clit with you in the way,” Alex commented. Damian moved, giving both of the other men better access to see her engorged clit and swollen labial lips.

Drying her pussy was a waste of time. No sooner had Damian removed the towel from between her legs than a gush of creamy liquid poured from her. He finished drying her from behind while she concentrated on the other men.

Zack handled his balls and an impressive erection with two hands. None of the men were circumcised, but his uncircumcised cock wasn’t completely exposed beneath his hood and his cock already touched his navel. It appeared to grow even longer before her

scrutiny. The mushroomed head looked tantalizing, poking through his foreskin as he ran a hand up and down his length, taking long, slow strokes, cupping his balls and rolling his hand over the crown. He repeated the motion over and over until she marveled at what kind of stamina she could expect from these men.

Damian ran both of his hands over her breasts, pausing to peak her nipples, and lifted them to tempt the other two. The speed of the strokes they applied to their cocks picked up and so did their rate of breathing.

Zack released his hold on his cock and came to her side, attending to one breast while Alex followed suit and lavished attention on the other. She leaned back against the familiar wide chest and immediately recognized the pleasure as Damian's hand fondled her clit, strumming her with even rapid movements. The heat climbed inside her. He seemed to understand exactly what she needed and how she liked to be touched. The spiraling force spread through her internal organs, out toward her skin, and threatened to erupt again.

She loved the way he played her clit like an instrument while the others paid close attention to her nipples. The triggering pull ended in her womb when they touched her tits, tugging them, elongating them and alternately rolling them between their fingers and tongues.

"Mmm, that feels so good," she moaned, barely able to breathe with the onslaught overwhelming her senses. One of the men suckling at her breasts also fingered her slit while the other teased her anal opening. The lust coiled like a spring tightening, ready to unravel as the assault accelerated.

Her knees quivered and buckled when the climax hit her, traveling up her spine and ravaging her body. Damian lifted her and brushed his lips against her neck, whispering, "There, there, Mira. Let it go."

He placed her on the largest bed she'd ever seen, and she collapsed flat to her back following his suggestion. She let the orgasm undulate through her, giving in to the pleasure as it repeatedly swept over her like waves lapping at the shore. Nothing had ever felt this

good or this right to her in all her life. While the men took a position at the sides and end of the bed, her heaving breaths finally slowed and subsided into a steady rhythm. She scrutinized each of them in turn.

“What is it, Mira?” Damian asked as he massaged his way up her legs, spreading them for his view. The others waited as Damian took control. “Your entrance is glistening with your sweet honey, waiting for one of our cocks to fill your emptiness. Who do you want to fill you here?” He pressed a finger to her vaginal lips and ringed her wet entrance, sending more electric shocks through her system. Her cunt hadn’t quit clenching from the last orgasm, and she was ready to either mount or be mounted by one of them. Who? Damian’s rock solid erection bobbed at his waist.

“I want to take you in my mouth, Damian.” She turned to examine Zack. “Zack, I know Alex would be disappointed if he missed this chance to slide that beautiful cock of his into my pussy while feeling your cock sliding alongside his.”

She felt inexplicably attracted, no, emotionally attached to all of them. It really didn’t matter to her where she started, because before the night was done, she planned to suck each dick dry and ride them together or alone. Damian dominated all of them with his presence, and she loved how he directed her and the other men. He had already taken his place at the head of the bed on his knees with his legs spread wide.

Zack approached Damian, took his cock in his hand, licked the slit with his tongue, and deep-throated it. Damian groaned and grabbed the man’s head in both hands, pressing him into the movement he liked.

She watched the two men together. Her cum creamed her pussy, sending the scent of her sex into the air. Damian leaned back against the headboard, still on his knees, and stopped Zack from finishing him off. Instead he motioned for Alex to lie on his back, his head between Damian’s spread thighs.

Damian said, “Zack, come here. Let Miranda taste you.” The blond god did as Damian instructed, as Damian waved Miranda over, directing her. “Taste him. See how magnificent his cock is. Thick, engorged with power, and his seed leaks from his anxious crown.”

She licked the beautiful man’s cock and sucked it deep down her throat, wanting to taste more. The pre-cum pearling on his cock head also tasted so different from the other men’s, it surprised her. Whereas Alex tasted like an aged red burgundy, Zack tasted like a light white Chardonnay. She glanced over at Damian and noticed the white liquid seeping from his crown. The contrast of the other two samples made her anxious to compare Damian’s taste with theirs again.

“Let me have a taste of you, too.” Would he taste like a rich Claret this time or a heavy Cabernet? She would be drunk on semen before the morning sun broke the horizon and would love every minute of her debauchery.

She straddled Alex’s hips and climbed up his body until she could take Damian’s balls in her hand and his cock between her lips. She ran her tongue over his cream-filled tip as he held her head between his hands.

He moaned when she licked the last drop from his cock, and she shared his taste kissing Alex.

Miranda looked up and said, “You are all delicious in your own way. Now I want to feel your cocks sliding inside me, all of you.”

Alex thrust on a condom and tossed one to Zack. Once both men were sheathed, Damian positioned himself closer to Miranda, who slowly impaled herself on Alex’ big cock. Her juices dripped down her thighs in anticipation.

Zack wiped her excess juice and lubricated his condom with it, taking his position behind her. When Damian straddled Alex’s face, the big man gripped his hips and swiped his tongue around Damian’s hole. He said, “Don’t move, Damian. You’ll love this.”

Miranda smiled when Damian’s expression of pleasure gave him away. He kissed her, driving his tongue deep in her mouth. She knew

the very moment Alex drove his finger inside Damian's ass, by the way he took the kiss even deeper.

There were so many hands on her body in so many places, she didn't know where the pleasure started. When Damian released her from the passionate kiss, he pressed her head toward his bobbing cock. 'I need your lips and your warm mouth on me, Mira.'

His cock bobbed temptingly in front of her and smelled so good she couldn't wait to lick it. She couldn't resist. She kissed Damian's cock, licked her way around the mushroomed head, and enjoyed his short thrusts inside her mouth.

Alex pushed up from the bed, driving deep into her cunt just as Zack sent first one finger, then two, inside her small rear opening.

"Relax," his voice commanded.

Zack's voice turned her body into warm soft caramel. The tension coiled in her body let loose, unwound, released, and Zack entered her anus one slow inch at a time.

Her twin channels felt full where Zack and Alex slid side by side, slowly building the momentum while Damian matched their thrusts, pumping his cock deep down her throat.

She sensed the promise of her climax, and something more. Damian opened their feelings to one another. She didn't know how or even why she believed it was possible, but she sensed what each man experienced. Now she understood the pleasure the men felt as their cocks moved inside her, their hard muscled surfaces gliding inside her warm wet sheath against each others, their balls slapping together with the movement, and the building pressure pounding within them.

Damian's cock jerked in her mouth and she tasted Mandarin oranges as his cum ejaculated in her mouth. Her cunt gripped with the first sign of her orgasm, and then suddenly, the sensations were all too much. Her sight went black then white-hot as stars burst through the dark. Waves of warm liquid pulsed from her and into her all at once. She experienced a moment where her soul left her body, and then she collapsed.

Chapter Eleven

Much later, while Damian knelt and watched Miranda sample Alex's cock again, he felt a strange pang.

Mine.

The possessive sensation stabbed him in the gut, almost knocking the breath from his lungs.

Emotion—strong emotion.

In three thousand years he hadn't felt anything resembling an emotion and never expected to again. He and his men understood the return of their emotions was as likely to occur as the resurfacing of Atlantis. They'd gone too long living with their heightened senses and *hope* was an emotion they'd learned to live without. They no longer believed the goddess's old promise, nor did they care anymore.

Not until now.

Sienna had been clear when she'd spared the warriors' lives. She'd saved their mortal lives, taken them into her fold, and made them gods—gods of limited abilities, at least until they found their flame-haired human counterpart, the woman who held their souls. Until then, they would never know emotion, only desire and pleasure. They were bound to the Goddess of Sensuality, and even she couldn't release them from their bond. Only the mortal woman's love and trust could return their full array of emotions and with them, their souls.

Now in Mira's presence, hints of emotion seeped through cracks in their old shells. Was she the promised one? The old prophecies told of a gifted woman with flaming-red hair, one who would one day

draw emotions from her own soul to restore theirs, if they could convince her they were deserving.

Damian watched Miranda interact with the others, noticing how she genuinely tried to please them with her touch and her lips, offering them her body to do with as they pleased, honoring them with her trust. Despite her blonde hair, he began to suspect she was the cause of his strange reactions, the niggling emotions, if that's what they were.

Three thousand years was enough time to forget. The closest he came to experiencing emotion was when he used his gift of intuition and sampled someone else's. He shared those rare moments with his men so they wouldn't forget what they were missing or the reason why they continued searching for the one woman who could return those feelings to them.

Suddenly he thought of something and, too curious to hold back, he asked, "Mira, why do you have no body hair?"

The odd question stopped the men's actions immediately. Damian impressed the importance of his question into his men's minds. When they sensed the strange tone in his voice, they recognized how important the answer to his innocuous question might be.

Damian knew how close to coming Alex was when he gathered his control and withdrew his engorged, pulsing penis from Miranda's mouth to await her answer.

His cock had different ideas and Damian didn't miss how it jumped when Alex pulled out and his eyes rolled closed. His desperation imprinted deep in the expression of agony on his face. Pre-cum leaked from the opening on his crown, filling the air with his irresistible scent. No one would be able to hold back much longer if the man's pheromones weren't contained.

She looked puzzled at first, almost frightened, then smiled. "I removed it so I could watch your mouths on me, see your fingers playing inside me, and enjoy the slide as your cocks penetrated my throbbing wet pussy."

Her answer almost distracted Damian. His cock tightened and his balls rose in his sac. Then he saw her thoughts, how she'd prepared herself for them without even knowing they waited for her. She remembered the sensation of the warm wax dripping over her mound and the rip of the linen lifting the red curls away. The hand soothed away the pain with a light, gentle massage of aromatic oils, causing her instant arousal. Her clit swelled between her naked folds and the woman offered to ease her need. Miranda wasn't interested in the woman's touch, but her pussy throbbed, wanting it nevertheless.

Miranda shook her head. Damian understood why she couldn't succumb to her desires. Not there. Too many people knew her.

He imagined the experience through her mind and had his answer immediately. She withheld the truth from him. Why didn't she trust him enough to tell him?

There was more to her answer. If she was the one he suspected, she couldn't lie to him. Although he already knew the answer to his question he asked anyway, "What color was this hair you removed from your beautiful mound?"

Chapter Twelve

Miranda felt the truth being drawn from her like her breath as all three men stared expectantly at her. They were all aroused, when Damian interrupted them. They stopped the minute Damian posed his first question. She suspected there was more importance to her answer than discovering she was a natural redhead.

Distract them.

Their faces filled with expectation.

“What does it matter, now? I don’t plan to ever let it grow back. Your mouths feel so good against my sensitive skin without hair interfering with all the sensations, your tongues, and soft lips, your beards scraping between my thighs, rubbing against my slit. No, I’m not growing it back.”

She noticed Zack stroke his huge hard-on while he squeezed the base to hold back the inevitable explosion. She fingered her pussy, seductively adding a few groans, licking her juicy fingers and rimming her lips to divert the men from the original question.

* * * *

Damian wouldn’t be distracted by her behavior or allow her to lie because she mistrusted him. Her answer meant too much to them, all of them. He and his men had waited too long. He looked directly into her eyes and his voice took on the same quality as Zack’s when he demanded, “Answer me.”

“Red.” The word spilled out, erupting from her when he reached into her mind and ordered the truth.

Forcing her caused him *pain*, not a physical manifestation, but an emotional one.

Her eyes widened when she realized she couldn’t resist. “Red—” Her hands flew to her open mouth with her sharp intake of breath. She glared at him instead of saying more.

He understood her mistrust with the question burning in her narrowed eyes. *What have you done to me?*

Damian didn’t say anything.

When she regained her composure, she spit the next question out of her mouth. “Why does my hair color matter?”

Her suspicions penetrated Damian’s heart, wounding him as he had never been wounded on the ancient battlefields.

“Who are you?” She looked around at each of them and backed away. Her brows furrowed when she squinted her eyes and scrutinized the three men closely.

Damian’s heart ached when her doubts about them filled her mind. The emotional turmoil boiling inside her spilled over from him to his men. Their pain bubbled up inside them like molten lava ready to erupt. First they’d experienced her affection, and with it felt relief, elation, then with her doubt came fear, disappointment, and now pain. Damian passed their feelings along to her so she’d understand what was happening to them.

She visibly winced.

He arched a brow at the others and sent his thoughts into their minds, filling them with confidence.

She’s here, she exists for us. We must gain her trust and win her heart over. I think she’s almost there, but we’ll give her at least three reasons for now to stay and a little more time to adjust to the idea of loving all of us.

After three thousand years, they never expected to discover the woman who could restore their lost souls, giving them back their hearts and, with it, their emotions.

* * * *

Panic settled in. Miranda reacted like a cornered rabbit when she suddenly felt overwhelming emotions pounding at her.

Theirs.

“What’s going on? Why do I feel your…”

The three mens’ lips all turned up into slow sexy grins when they turned their attention from Damian back to her. And as a single voice, they murmured one word.

“Ours.”

Zack’s magical voice soothed her. “Mira, can’t you feel our devotion, excitement, affection? There’s nothing for you to fear from us. You are our salvation, our redemption.”

Redemption?

Alex kissed her, thrusting his tongue into her mouth and leaving behind the taste of chocolate raspberries when he finished. He knew her favorite tastes, but what did this all mean?

The next words she heard belonged to Damian, but when she looked at him, his lips weren’t moving.

I can help you understand, if you take that expression of fear off your face and relax.

The words moved to her mind from his. The minute she saw the lopsided grin he sent her with the thought, it confirmed her suspicion. Her stomach flipped.

“How?” she asked aloud.

“Give us a few minutes to make the situation clear for you. Let’s get cleaned up, dressed, and go out on the terrace. Maybe a glass of wine will help you relax. Reality will ground you while we try to explain our extraordinary tale. The story is long and complicated. I’m

afraid it will seem as preposterous to you as it did to us so long ago. You should arrive at your own conclusions and make your own decision when I've finished explaining."

* * * *

Ten minutes later, the three men and Miranda sat on a patio overlooking the town lights outlining Fira. With the lights reflecting off the startling whitewashed surface of the buildings beneath the full moon, the town looked like drifts of snow covering the lava-rock edge of the caldera.

The wind picked up and white caps on the sea a thousand feet below delineated the waves snapping in the bay. The wind whipped at her hair as she watched the men try to remain calm. Despite their efforts, their excitement reached within her and stirred her heart. Zack poured the wine this time, and Alex brought a tray of snacks to the table. All the while, Damian fidgeted with his glass.

"This must be some story you have to tell." Miranda tried to lighten the moment. A soft nervous giggle escaped.

"Don't be so flippant. We'll see who's laughing when I've finished the tale."

* * * *

Twenty minutes and three glasses of wine later, Miranda stared at the men and contemplated Damian's saga.

"So, you're over three thousand years old?"

They all nodded in unison.

Alex spoke. "We were all close to the same age when the volcano blew and our world sank into the sea. Damian was the oldest, our captain, the leader."

"You were ancient warriors?" That wasn't a stretch for her to believe. They resembled ancient warriors. She imagined men who

fought battles would behave similarly. Certainly their speech patterns were stilted, not just foreign but archaic.

They grunted something she interpreted as “yes.”

“You know, I’ve been a little concerned about being older than you.” Her finger tapped an unbroken rhythm on her wine glass while she considered all they’d told her.

“Well, you can rest assured, you are not even close,” Damian said without a smile.

She knew he thought she wouldn’t buy their story and there was good reason for his concern. This was the most ridiculous story she’d ever heard. More preposterous was that she thought they believed it.

“Do you believe we were once ancient warriors turned into gods right before the volcano on Atlantis erupted?”

She shook her head and shrugged. “What difference does it make whether I believe you or not? I’m not sure what the story or believing it has to do with me.”

“We lost our families, our homes, and our heritage.” He spoke without emotion as if he related an old story about some other men and some other race. “Santorini and some of the small surrounding islands are all that is left of our world. All that’s left of anything. We traded our emotions for immortality to protect these islands and received the gifts of our senses from the Goddess of Sensuality with the promise that one day a mortal woman with flaming red hair would come. If we could garner her affection, she would return our emotions. Only *she* would be capable of returning our humanity—our lost souls.”

Three voices spoke as one, “We believe you are that woman.”

Miranda would have laughed, but the frowns furrowing each of the men’s brows warned her against rejecting their claims offhand. She decided to share the truth.

“Even if I believe any part of your story, and I’m not saying I am...” Raising her hand and shaking her head at them, she said,

“When I tell you who I am, you’ll understand how preposterous a claim that is.”

These poor men—no, *gods*, should she accept their tale—were delusional if they thought she was the answer to a three thousand-year-old prophesy. Or for that matter, God help them if they believed she was anything other than who she was, a scrupulous investment banker, the head of the World Bank, an international figure, and well-known throughout the world. “I’m Miranda Kelsy, of Kelsy, Jakobsen, Smith, and Trane.”

“Yes, you are partly who others believe you to be. But we also know who you really are, not just the image you allow the world to see.”

Damian was capable of somehow reaching into her mind and sifting through her thoughts whenever he pleased. She didn’t understand his ability, but she couldn’t deny it. She thought of something, wondered, and risked her question.

“Is your gift intuition, Damian?”

“Yes. I alone remind the others what feelings and emotions are by channeling them from mortals.”

“And Zack, you have the gift of hearing and sound, right?” The sound of his low laughter sent a warm wave through her body.

“Yes, I can manipulate sound for pleasure, pain, and even death.”

“Really? Death by sound? I hadn’t thought about it, but I believe you.” When she turned to Alex, he answered her unasked question.

“I was granted the gift of taste. I can be delicious or poisonous.” Alex wasn’t going to have his gift outdone by anyone. She could vouch for his delicious taste and would take his word for the toxic claim.

“Hmm, I see. Damian, how is your gift deadly? The others’ gifts have positive and negative values, so must yours.”

“I can disrupt your thought patterns, drive you instantly crazy, increase your blood pressure, literally blow up your mind.”

“Okay, now that we have that settled, I don’t believe a demonstration will be necessary.” She held up her hands defensively. “Where did the others go?”

“Others?” The men looked puzzled.

“No *sight*, no *touch*, no sense of *smell*? The other three. You said Sienna saved six of you.”

Damian grimaced and her stomach clenched into a knot before he answered. “They left in search of the woman we sought...over a thousand years ago.”

“Without an anchor like Damian to help them remember what emotion is, they lost what little humanity remained after two thousand years. The goddess Sienna returned to tell us the others had become unredeemable through their actions.”

“What does that mean?” She suddenly felt their loss as if it were her own.

Zack stood up and paced. “Even if they found the woman meant for them, they couldn’t accept her gift any longer.” He ran a hand back and forth across his brow.

Damian got up and draped an arm around Zack’s broad shoulder. Their jaws clenched and their faces assumed a grim, stoic expression, one she suddenly recognized from pictures of battle-worn soldiers.

Zack said, “They became tainted by their evil deeds. Even if they found their souls, the darkness would fight the emotions and the effect of the new emotions would kill them. Perhaps they’re better off on Mount Olympus with Sienna.”

“They’re with Sienna?”

Alex placed a hand over Miranda’s and drew it to his lips. “She saved them again. This time from their own evil and the fires of Hades. She took their senses and gave them to us for safekeeping.”

Zack said, “At least the confines of Olympus keep them from hurting anyone else.”

“They hurt mortals?” She was shocked. These three had been so caring of her. She wondered how the others were capable of doing harm.

Damian walked back to the table and ran a hand gently up and down her back. He answered her unasked question. “We need to feel emotion. I’m our ground. Without me, they would resort to taking emotion—like vampires take blood. The human is left an empty shell. Then we would move on to the next victim, taking emotion and briefly enjoying life. The others took emotion after they left, while I shared emotion with Zack and Alex. We still wait for emotion to be bestowed upon us.”

“Are you reading my mind?”

“Your questions are not so hard to figure out,” Damian whispered in her ear, sending a jolt of heat through her body, and lust followed close behind. “You hold our hope in your heart.” He cupped her breast, abrading her nipple. “The gods bestowed our souls to the one woman who could restore our emotions, but she wouldn’t give up her mortality to be with us. Our mortal souls have been handed down through the ages from grandmother to the chosen granddaughter, yet none of the circumstances were right until now. Before your grandmother died, she kissed you, bestowing our souls upon yours as her grandmother had done and so on back through the ages.”

She nodded. Yes, she remembered the day when her grandmother kissed her and a whisper of life passed into her. She felt a strange fullness in her heart from that time on. “Why didn’t you take your souls from her or from any of the women before her?”

Alex kissed her palm again and shook his head. “When we discovered her, she was promised in love to your grandfather. Without love, our souls cannot be returned. If we took them, we would be like the others. Down through the ages, every Soul keeper either already loved another when we found her or was unwilling to agree to the gods’ terms. We were too late all these long years...until you.”

“If you knew I held your soul, why didn’t you come for me? Why did you wait so long?”

“You had to come to us. When you felt something missing in your life, you came here looking to fulfill it. You finally came for us.” Alex sounded elated.

This time when she felt affection for him, she didn’t tap it back. She let him feel her emotion. Across the veranda, Zack’s eyes shifted to the other men. He grinned, dropped to one knee beside her chair, and kissed her lips lightly.

Why did she believe this outrageous story? Probably because in the last forty-eight hours, she’d experienced sensations she’d never felt before. One was in the form of a connection to each of these men, the other was how she also sensed their connection to one another. Their feelings were not yet love or devotion—maybe more like a stubborn determination to support each other, to exist, and to make sure they survived as a group—still all the warrior mentality.

Damian nuzzled her neck. “Thank you for this.”

Breathing wasn’t easy with him nipping and kissing her neck while Alex drew slow circles inside the palm of her hand. “For what?”

Her insides fluttered when Zack locked his gaze with hers. He scrubbed both hands over his face, then looked up and said, “We can feel your emotions through Damian, not just your senses. You honor us with your trust.”

“You honor me with your faith in me and your bodies.” Miranda laughed and let out a long sigh. “What will it take to return your souls to you?” She clasped her hand to her heart alongside Damian’s, while Alex wove his fingers through hers. “I’m sure I have plenty of emotion to spare.”

Damian stood behind her with his heart pounding in her ear. “There is an ancient scroll describing the preparation process. Then we will proceed with the ceremony. There is also one stipulation you must agree to before we can continue.”

“What now?”

“We must each impregnate you with our seed before we make you immortal.”

Chapter Thirteen

“Immortal? Pregnant? Me?” She felt her womb clutch with desire. “Is immortal even possible?”

“Oh, it is possible. You will bear three babes nine months from tonight. One from each of us—”

“Wait! At once? Like triplets? One from each of you.” She snickered nervously. “Ah, you know I’m not that young, don’t you?”

Alex snorted where he knelt and Damian smiled, then placed a kiss on her head and smoothed his hand down from her breasts to her mound. “You will be fruitful and beautiful, round, ripe, and filled with our children.”

The picture he painted of the three men naked, stroking her full belly, talking to their babies and pleasuring her while they did, almost made her weep with their needs, and this time with hers. She didn’t realize how much having children would mean to her, not until Damian presented it as a possibility. Oh, and immortality. Could she turn down eternity with these three men whom she’d grown to care so much for in such a short time?

Miranda thought of something else and giggled. “I think you forgot something...Cranky! Don’t forget cranky. Pregnancy with one child is supposed to be difficult enough. If I’m going to agree to have three, there better be food and a nanny in the picture afterward, too. I still want to spend my nights in your arms being pleased beyond belief.”

Damian scooped her off the chair, as was his custom lately, and formally said, “Don’t worry about pleasure. We can do no other than see to your needs for all eternity once we are bound.”

“Wow, what an offer. Oh, Damian, please put me down.”

When he did as she asked, she turned to face all three men. “Now, why wouldn’t I want to agree to this fabulous offer?”

He hesitated, shifting his gaze to Alex, then Zack. They each nodded for him to answer her question. Zack pushed his hair back with his fingers and Alex shifted from one foot to the other.

Damian cleared his throat and squared his shoulders. “You must agree to love us,” he looked down and into her eyes, “truly love us. All three of us.”

Instantly, her heart filled with love. She sent the feeling back at him and looked from one wounded warrior to the next, her heart aching for their lost years. They’d been without love for so long, did they believe no one could love them? Empathy for their pain had her releasing her barriers and sharing her emotions with them.

“Mmm, I see. Well, besides your gifts, I have discovered a little something about each of you that I bet you didn’t know about yourself. Let’s go inside, so I can tell you in minute detail why I could love each one of you.” She smiled at them and waited.

As soon as her words struck home, her heart spilled over with joy, hope, and happiness. This time it was theirs.

Damian scooped her up. “Don’t argue,” he grumbled. His voice cracked with emotion. “Right now, I need you in my arms.” She heard him in her mind.

Please help me maintain my dignity. I don’t want to appear weak before my men. He opened his mind to hers, so she’d understand how much she meant to all of them. I want to drop to my knees and kiss your feet for this gift. Please stay in my arms for the moment.

The overwhelming emotions pouring off the men settled on her heart and swelled inside her soul. Suddenly filled to the brim with devotion and love, Miranda considered she’d already accepted their

story. Despite her initial intentions, these three brought out something within her soul she'd never felt before.

If I could, I'd stay with all of you, in your arms for all our lifetimes.

Damian stared into her eyes with a gaze so intense she thought she might combust on the spot. He motioned the other men forward before he touched his forehead to hers. Slowly releasing a breath, he tilted his head to angle in for a kiss. Neither of them seemed as if they could resist devouring the other, immediately taking the kiss passionate and deep. Alex took his turn next while Miranda remained in Damian's arms. He tasted like her favorite dessert, tiramisu. But the passionate fires he lit with his deep soul kiss were not as tame. Zack tapped Alex, impatient for his turn.

He kissed Damian full on the lips and stole Miranda out of his arms during the shock. Alex slapped an arm around Damian, holding him back with a friendly grin. Zack chuckled all the way to the door. He practically ran there with Miranda in his arms while the other two walked behind filling the night with their laughter. She could still hear Damian spitting, but all their minds bathed her in their emotional sense of relief and hope.

* * * *

This time Zack pushed open the door with his foot and carried Miranda into the bedroom. Damian retrieved his senior position with her, pushing Zack aside and dragging her up against his body. This time when he kissed her, his cock pressed into her, branding her with his heat.

The others prepared for the ceremony. Alex spread the scroll out on the desk before Zack came back from the bathroom with a basin filled with fragrant water and another empty bowl. He placed the items on the dresser next to several colorful glass-stoppered bottles.

Without looking up, she felt their need pounding at her. “What does the scroll say, Alex?”

“Before we try to impregnate you, we must encourage your fertility. To ensure your fertility, the ceremony written here must be performed.

“We will bestow our gifts of heightened senses on you, and, in return, you will restore our emotions. Then when we are sure it is safe for you to accept our seed, we will proceed with the process of conception. Until you are strengthened, our seed will not take, and our sperm could possibly kill you.”

Damian said, “I’ll prepare the oils and the necessary tincture to stimulate the release of your eggs. The herbal tea Zack is brewing for us will prepare our sperm to fortify you. Because the draft is poisonous to humans, you must orally ingest our sperm to attain the potency of the tea. We will be the conduits to safely infuse the necessary strength to reinforce your life force when the time comes.”

Alex moved to the bed and circled it three times, first with candles, then with spices, and finally with flowers. Miranda smelled the scent of roses and marjoram, sandalwood and lemon balm. “Once within this ritual circle, our emotions can be restored so we may fully enjoy the moment of our children’s creation with you.”

Zack looked at the scroll. “Intuition, that’s Damian, he’ll be the Chalice and the medium by which our emotions are returned and how you’ll experience our gifts.”

Damian’s head jerked up and he glared as Zack read the scroll. “I’m to be the Chalice, the one to pass the gifts to Mira?” he asked. His expression belied his incredulous thoughts.

Alex grinned and Zack chuckled. Damian’s brow furrowed and his jaw clenched right before he snarled, “Are you making this up?”

Zack looked back down at the parchment. He reread the passages and shook his head. “No. It’s all right here. *Intuition* is the Chalice.”

“What? Damian?” Miranda asked.

He didn’t answer, Alex did.

“We can only pass our gifts of *sense* to another god of sensuality. Only Intuition can be the chalice, the vessel by which we pass our gifts on to you.”

“Oh, I still don’t understand. Why are you steaming, Damian?”

“They have to deposit their gifts in me. Only my gift of intuition is able to gauge how much of their senses you can take on safely.”

Miranda still didn’t get it.

Damian grew quiet and thoughtful, then casually shrugged. “You’ve been dependent on me for your very existence over these great many years. As warriors, you’ve taken my orders, and as men you’ve followed my lead. You’re men of great quality and I admire you both as equals. My true friends, I will be honored to perform this duty for *us*.”

Alex and Zack both approached Damian and bowed their heads, then knelt before their leader. “You honor us with your humility.” They spoke as one.

Miranda interrupted the touching scene. “I’m still not quite sure what the process is and why the three of you are behaving like this.”

“You know Damian is a virgin. You know he’s never been penetrated, right?”

She had no idea what that had to do with anything. Maybe he’d never bottomed for another man, but he didn’t seem to mind the little ass play she performed on him earlier. She thought he’d gotten into it.

Zack glanced from Miranda to Damian. “She should understand the import of your sacrifice.”

“This is no sacrifice,” Damian grumbled. “You’re making more of this than it is. I’ve taken your cocks in my mouth and you’ve taken mine. We’re familiar with each others’ bodies, and learned to enjoy the sensuality of sex in all ways throughout the years. I’ve been in your minds—”

Alex said, “That’s exactly the point he’s making. We jest with you about this, but we know how you feel, and we understand as our leader you’ve always felt you had to remain a dominant...”

“What are you talking about?” Miranda interrupted, finally practically yelling to get their attention.

* * * *

Damian turned away from the men and answered her, “As the Chalice, I must take a part of their essence—senses and immortal strength—through their sperm inserted deep within my body. Mira, they will fuck me, fill me, and I will fuck you. Then I, as the Chalice, will fill you with our combined powers.”

“Oh.” Miranda’s stern expression morphed, first into understanding, then into *understanding*, and finally into amused interest. She raised an eyebrow, a slow smile crept over her lips, and then her eyes opened wide. “O–oh, I get to watch? And participate? I bet I can help.”

Damian’s wry laugh broke through the men’s silence. Her enthusiasm was contagious. “Yes. I just bet you can help. I can already see the erotic images forming in your mind.” He stole a kiss. “You’ll distract me during the ceremony.”

“I plan to do a whole lot of distracting during the ceremony. Be sure of that.” Damian felt her send reassurances to him along their mental link, and he passed them on to Alex and Zack. The frowns on the men’s faces smoothed out.

Smiles replaced their frowns and both started chuckling, slightly at first and then the laughter increased as they imagined her tactics.

Damian saw how ruggedly sexy she thought he was, sensed how powerful she believed him to be, and finally, how she felt about having the other men fill him with their essence, how it made him seem even more potent and attractive to her.

Miranda cocked her head at him and said, “I think you just might discover this is a pleasure you’ve been denying yourself.” The mental image of what it felt like for her invaded his head. She sent him the

experience of what it felt like to have him anally penetrate her, the rocketing orgasm he gave her.

She said, “Search Alex’s mind and Zack’s. They’ve both bottomed. Recall their pleasure, the pinpoint explosions of heat they experienced over and throughout their bodies when their cocks blew their cum with unprecedented pressure.”

He knew she, like his friends, believed his ability to humble himself made him more, not less, of a leader. He searched their minds and found the exact pleasure she described in all their minds. There was no degradation when something felt that good.

Miranda cocked her head to look up at him. “You’ve been missing all that.”

Damian let out a slow breath and cupped his groin. He shared his new revelation with them.

All three men rose to their full height. Zack looked at her and explained, “According to the scripture, once we share our senses with you through Damian, you’ll attain immortality, and we’ll be fully capable of experiencing emotions again.”

“But I’ve been feeling your emotions.”

Damian shook his head at her and explained, “They are but mere reflections of your own. We borrow yours to express ourselves. We need our own to prove our worth to you.”

Alex said, “We need you to know the extent of our true feelings for you when you conceive our babes. Our children will attain life, we our emotions, and you immortality. Are we ready to proceed with the ceremony?”

Miranda glanced around the room at each one of them. “Who goes first?”

“The tea is ready for us to consume. After we drink the tea, we’ll prepare your body and ours for the ceremony.”

The men wrapped their arms over each others’ shoulders in a close circle and each held his cup up for the man next to him to drink.

Chapter Fourteen

Miranda thought the ceremony was a remarkable show of camaraderie. A warm twist stuck in her heart, growing warmer, eventually encompassing her soul. She was happy to be part of these men's salvation.

Damian stood her beside the bed and began to disrobe her. She reveled in his touch while he fondled each place he exposed. As he lowered the top of her dress from her shoulders, he let it fall to the floor. His heartbeat quickened. She heard it in her head as it matched the beat of her own.

His hands traced the contours of her body, leaving electric sparks on her skin along the path his fingers took. They sizzled at each contact point on the trail the dress took to the floor. When he reached her ankles, he traced his way back up with his lips, pausing for only a moment to sniff and nuzzle her mound before continuing his tortuous trip back to her lips. When he reached them, he pulled her against his heated body and let his mouth and tongue show her his devotion. He probed deeply and then stepped down the offensive, softening his assault, feathering kisses over her eyelids, her nose, and her cheeks. Having his fully-clothed body pressed against her naked one felt decadent, especially while the others watched.

"Now you watch," Damian said and turned her to face Zack while he held her circled in front of him. Zack pulled the other man's shirt over his head. Muscles in both men stretched and bunched. Alex's definition was remarkable. His biceps were huge and powerful. Zack ran his hands over Alex's chest, slowly lowering them to his waist.

He turned his hands so his fingers skimmed inside the other man's pants and Miranda noticed Alex's cock rise up to meet them. Zack pulled the athletic pants down over Alex's hips and freed his friend's cock from the confines of the material.

Zack slid back up his friend's body until he towered over him. "Touch me, Alex."

Alex stroked Zack's cock through the jeans. Zack moaned. "My pants are too tight. Take them off me."

Miranda watched their interaction and felt her cunt clench. She wanted to touch them. Damian stroked her breasts and played with her nipples. She cupped his hands with hers, and he lowered his to massage her lower body while she played with her own breasts. His hands caressed her mound and his fingers separated her folds to spread her cream to her mound.

Zack knelt before Alex, naked with his thick cock erect and his heavy balls pulling higher as Zack took his cock in his mouth.

Damian's cock brushed Miranda's ass. When he shared the men's mind link with her, she felt the sensation Zack experienced like she had Alex's cock in her mouth. As usual, he tasted delicious, this time like some exotic fruit. She ran her tongue over her lips. "Aren't I supposed to be doing that?"

"We're just warming each other up for you." When he answered, she felt Alex struggle with the pleasure of having Zack sucking his cock so deep.

Damian whispered in her ear, "Can't wait to swallow his cum? He does know how to alter his flavor to exactly what you're in the mood for." He chuckled and tweaked her nipple until she felt the pull in her womb. "Would you like to see me take his cock in my mouth? Would me on my knees blowing Alex and Zack bring you pleasure?"

He sent the mind thought to her. The vision exploded in her mind and she felt the rush of scorching heat fill her. The man had a talent for putting her thoughts into just the right phrase to melt her insides.

"I see you would. Wait here and watch."

He released her and sank to his knees before them. He took both men's cocks and rubbed them together, handling their balls the way he liked his manipulated. He tongued their tips and played with their slits, kissing one mushroomed head and then the other. Finally he took Alex's big cock into his mouth, pumping in and out. The big man held Damian's head with one hand and pressed him close to him. Zack stroked Damian's face from the right and groaned when his turn came. Damian tilted his head and took his long cock in one smooth stroke down his throat. Zack clenched his jaw and pressed his hips forward, indicating he needed more, but Damian pushed him away.

Damian stood up. "Alex, Zack, strip me naked." He stood there waiting for his men to remove his clothing. The two naked warriors approached him, caressed him. Zack kissed him, a hot open-mouth tonguing. All three men groaned and Miranda watched Damian close his eyes to better absorb the sensations. She sent him her thoughts as she watched, mesmerized by their sexuality.

Alex unzipped Damian's pants while Zack's hands traveled beneath Damian's shirt, massaging his abs, lifting the material higher, exposing more and more of their leader's incredible chest to her. She sucked in a deep breath when Zack suckled Damian's flat male nipple, pulling and elongating it gently between his white teeth.

Her breath caught in her chest as Alex dropped Damian's pants. The crown of his cock protruded, fully exposed beyond his foreskin and once released from the pants, his long erect penis bobbed high against his tight abdomen. Alex took a firm hold of Damian's cock and licked the pre-cum off the tip, then cupped his large pendulous sac, bent his mouth to his balls and defined each with his tongue. He applied pressure to the area behind Damian's balls, testing the pliability of his rear entrance with his finger.

Damian groaned and opened his eyes. He returned Zack's kiss with his eyes open and focused on Miranda. He mentally sent her his experience, allowing her to sense what having a man's mouth on his

cock, a finger stimulating him in his ass, and another man's tongue in his mouth felt like for him.

She reveled in his sense of the forbidden erotic pleasure and suddenly understood his reticence up to now. Until her, no other woman held the power to provide Damian with the connection to experience true pleasure during sex or with these men. He'd performed but not emotionally participated. Coming had been merely a physical act of release. He'd lost the pleasure too many years before to count. Yet he'd provided the memories of pleasure for them.

They turned their attention to her. "Damian, we must insert the fertility oil inside her vagina, then massage it over the outside of her body," Alex reminded them. "We should do that first. Zack, get the fragrant oiled waters and the syringes so we can thoroughly purify her. We need to insert the oils deep enough to reach her womb opening."

The three aroused men turned their full attention to her body. They spread her on the bed and began cleansing her skin with aromatic oils and flowered waters. Zack relaxed her with his voice, and Alex encouraged her with his tasty kisses while Damian inserted his fingers into her cleft. "See her pretty pink folds. Her vagina looks like a lovely petaled flower. Hand me the syringe."

Filled with sweet smelling oils, the syringe looked like a clear dildo.

Alex slid his tongue over her lips and slipped deep inside her mouth while Zack massaged her breasts and suckled her nipples to the size of tightly beaded berries. Damian inserted the long, thick bulbous-tipped syringe inside her. He worked it like a dildo, pumping the thick length of it into Miranda's pussy several times. Either the oils made her super receptive or his magic touch was at work again. Within seconds, she writhed with need. He slid the instrument in and out of her swollen folds, pushing the oils deeper.

Finally when he finished instilling all the oils inside her, he pulled out the syringe and inserted his fingers. He massaged her vaginal

walls, the lips of her pussy, and her mound. His hand slipped back along her cleft and found her smaller puckering hole and he massaged the oils inside her anus, over her hips, spreading the fragrant aphrodisiac scent throughout the room.

The men's hands and mouths built to a frenzy, stroking, touching her, licking her everywhere.

She felt like a science experiment when they started, but the erotic sensations, scents, and flavors took away any misgivings she may have had. Instead, need and sexual longing replaced all her apprehension. "Touch me, kiss me, penetrate me everywhere."

And they did, not letting up even after she shuddered with her climax. Two more climaxes later, she collapsed under their remarkable hands.

Damian ordered the men to slather him and each other with the remaining oils. When they removed all the bowls, he stood alongside the bed offering her his hand, and his husky voice sounded desperate.

"Stand up and come here, Mira. Prepare me for them."

The men moved aside to give Mira access to his cock. Alex handed her an ebony tribal cock ring. The decorative band slid over Damian's oiled cock, down to his balls, and she had no problem slipping the looped ends easily around them. When the cum built up inside his balls, the pressure of all of it being released at once would create added pleasure for him. She stroked him with long, deft movements until his cock and balls stood erect and tight, all wrapped up like a surprise package. The black, intricately carved device made his cock look menacing and threatening, almost dangerous. Somehow that made him even more desirable than ever.

"I want your pretty mouth on my cock, swallowing my cum when I explode with this orgasm. It should be like nothing I've ever experienced before." His smile looked wry, but his thoughts assured her he excitedly anticipated the new pleasurable sensations he'd been promised.

Damian kissed her and then urged her to her knees in front of him, arching his back to force his impressive cock toward her. Sniffing the scent of the oils on him, she nuzzled his groin and fondled his genitals. His cock jerked in her hand. Alex and Zack knelt down beside her.

Alex stroked Damian's ass and kissed his abdomen while Zack cupped Mira's face. He turned her to him, nuzzled her neck, and nibbled her lips, as Alex continued kissing his way down to Damian's cock. He licked the pre-cum oozing from his tip, then took Miranda's face from Zack, and thrust his tongue deep down her throat. His mouth tasted like Damian's cum, only more potent.

Zack's magical voice in her ear encouraged her. "He's almost ready for you now. Come to the bed, so I can prepare him for me."

Damian lay down on his back with his cock standing straight in the air waiting for her attention. She turned her back to him and straddled his waist. His hands immediately clasped her hips, pulling her pussy to his mouth. Her cunt clenched as he devoured her juices and licked her clit. She remembered to spread his legs, lifting his knees so Zack could prepare his ass.

When Damian sank a finger deep into her aching cleft, she let out a soft whimper. This time was for him. She pulled away from Damian's dangerous mouth and moved forward, leaned her head down between his spread thighs, and licked him, cock, balls, scrotum, and asshole. The deep moan he uttered made Miranda's womb spasm.

Damian growled, "Scoot back here, Mira. I have to taste you." He pulled her back to his mouth and suckled her clit again. She watched Zack lube Damian's ass with the aromatic oils, pressing some into his tight opening with a single finger. Damian pressed his finger into her ass at the same time and she almost came. Watching another man penetrate Damian's masculine body, readying his ass for his first cock, made her hotter than hell.

Zack added more oil to his cock and the rest of his fingers. He pressed a single finger in Damian's puckered hole and rimmed it.

Zack added a second finger and slid it deep into Damian. His cock jumped in her mouth.

“Mira, no matter what, keep sucking his cock until he blows. I’m ready to fuck him.” He rubbed his cock head against Damian’s opening. “Are you ready? Alex will fuck your mouth to reduce your resistance.”

“Why? Will he resist?” Miranda asked. Watching Zack’s cock rubbing Damian’s ass and having his mouth on her cunt made talking practically impossible.

“He won’t intentionally, but Damian has enormous stamina. He can usually last forever, but we’re betting he won’t be able to stand all this for long.” Zack chuckled and pressed his cock against the tiny hole. He pressed in just about a half inch. A promise, nothing more.

“Open your emotions to him. We want to feel everything, too.”

Damian pressed his ass up against the cock teasing his entrance, and Miranda moved forward, sucking his cock lightly between her lips and circling the tip with her tongue. He released a deep sigh when her mouth engulfed his cock and a moan when Zack entered him another half inch.

Alex straddled Damian’s mouth on all fours behind Miranda. “Damian, I need your mouth on my cock now. My balls are aching watching Mira and Zack with your body. Touch me so I can be part of this.” Alex dropped his cock into Damian’s mouth. Damian took him willingly into his mouth and sucked.

Alex bent over and held Miranda’s hips and tilted her so he could lick her pussy while she sucked Damian off. She arched her ass in the air to allow Alex better access.

With her back to the other two men, Damian had to send the mental image of the four of them to Mira so she could appreciate the eroticism of the moment. Damian gripped Alex’s ass and sucked his cock deep down his throat, forcing the man to moan.

As Zack slowly pressed his cock in Damian's tight virgin hole, he pressed his cock deeper into her mouth. Zack eased into Damian a slow inch at a time, driving them all wild.

All Damian could do was grunt and groan with Alex's big cock in his mouth. His pleasure made the sounds coming from Alex grow more intense against Miranda's clit. The wild vibration on her sensitive skin started shudders rumbling through her body. Alex didn't have the gift of sound, but still he managed to arouse her with his voice.

Alex pumped his cock faster into Damian's mouth as he tongue fucked Miranda's cunt. When he reached her clit, moaned into her, and suckled it mercilessly, she wanted to scream.

Everyone knew when Zack was fully embedded in Damian up to his balls because he let out a strained sigh. As Zack stroked out and in again, he matched his rhythm to Miranda's tempo, steady and quick as she sucked on Damian's dick.

Zack's voice encouraged everyone, rumbling through them, setting off erotic bursts of sensations. Being able to mentally share each person's experience only heightened their pleasure.

"I think he's close." Zack reminded Miranda, "Swallow as much of his cum as you can when he ejaculates. He usually produces great amounts of cum. Every bit is necessary to proceed with the next step of the ceremony."

He angled Damian's hips, pulled his muscular legs higher for better access, and thrust into him with one long smooth stroke. Damian groaned again with Alex's cock in his mouth and forced another from him. Zack kept talking. They should have been annoyed, but he was using his gift of sound through his voice during his monologue. The comments only increased their ardor. "All this stimulation will produce more cum to strengthen you."

"That's right, Mira," Zack said picking up his pace. "Damian, your ass is so tight clenching around me. I feel emotions more clearly. It's everything I ever dreamed being inside you would be."

He pumped and pumped while Miranda's emotions overflowed with affection. She wanted to satisfy all of these men. Envisioning Damian with Alex's cock in his mouth as Alex licked and fingered her cunt was all stimulating imagery. The erotic scent of warmed oils and the vision of Zack's cock filling Damian as the cock ring tightened on Damian's pressure-filled penis sent pure liquid heat pouring through her mind and body.

She sensed her own climax approach and retreat as Damian's cock shuddered in her mouth right before the explosion. He released Alex's cock and yelled as Zack's cock pushed into him, urging the climax from him. Spurt after spurt of his delicious cum filled her mouth, and she swallowed, taking on more power with each shot.

Once Damian collapsed, Alex said, "Zack, go clean up. Mira, turn around and kiss me now."

He also sported a cock ring. His was polished bronze etched with symbols. She didn't remember seeing him put it on.

Damian saw her thoughts and said, "I put it on him while you busied yourself tonguing me cock to ass." He smiled. "Bring me your pussy. Straddle my face so I can drink in your sweet honey."

Miranda did as Damian asked and faced Alex. When he bent to take a gentle kiss from her, she smelled herself on his lips and tasted her juices on his tongue. He traced a kiss down her neck and leaned in, nibbling at her beaded nipple, taking it in his mouth. The pull in her womb had her wiggling with need as Damian tongued her and teased her clit rapidly with mounting pressure the way he knew she loved. If she didn't come soon, she would burst into a thousand stars when she finally did. Her breath caught in her chest, needing more.

Zack returned, his cock and balls bound with a bejeweled golden cock ring. Mira smiled and closed her eyes in ecstasy as Damian found her secret spot and pulled the climax from her. The convulsion started and rippled through her womb, up her spine and out her limbs. She shared the feeling with Damian, who in turn shared it with the others. All of them let out a combined sigh.

She flopped over on the bed beside Damian and turned her head to Zack, noting the cock ring.

“Flashy,” she murmured. She lifted up on her elbows and inspected each cock. “I love the way your cocks stand up in those rings, all blood-filled, erect, and pulsing with pressure. The appliance enhances the way they dance before my eyes and makes me hotter than ever for you.” For a moment she thought they should walk about naked wearing them at all times.

Alex readied himself at the foot of the bed. The big man’s impressive cock stood boldly erect, and his ruggedly handsome features made him seem brawny as hell.

“Could you handle each of us constantly desperate to fuck you? That’s what this device does for our cocks. Keeps us ready and capable of lasting longer. Now, me personally, I’d like to fuck your tight pussy all night long and then start all over again in the morning, but I think these guys would give me some grief if I kept you all to myself.”

“Mmm, all night long doesn’t sound too bad to me.”

Zack laughed at them and chimed in, “Good, because Damian’s going to devour your pretty cunt again, master that he is of eating pussy, and you’re going to suck every drop of cum from my dick while Alex gets his lifelong wish to fuck Damian’s ass with his monster cock. This may take all day and all night.”

Damian whispered, “Mira, come here. I need to fondle you for a moment.”

She moved closer to him on the bed in a lover’s sweet embrace. Alex took a position at Damian’s back and awkwardly ran his hand down the man’s oiled hips. Soon he slipped into the rhythm of massaging and stroking, relaxing the tension from himself and Damian. She felt their muscles relax beneath her fingers as she caressed them. Maybe it was her thoughts directing them. She wasn’t sure.

Zack sandwiched her against Damian's chest, and for a few minutes they all remained together, preparing for the next round of erotic exploits.

When Damian's cock poked her between her thighs, she looked into his face and he smiled back at her.

"Well, looks like someone's anxious for some action," she said.

"Touching you, seeing you, smelling you makes me want to taste you. I can't help it. I'll never get enough of you." He ran his hand between her legs and plunged his fingers inside her folds and brought the liquid honey to his lips. "Mmm."

"Oh, Damian, I need to come again so bad. Is it the oils?"

"Yes, partly, and remember we're all sensually merged. I'm aroused. So are they. You feel our needs. We feel yours. My beautiful wine goddess, we will see to your needs soon and for all time. I promise. For now we must proceed with enhancing your strength to withstand the conception. Our sperm would likely kill any normal woman. Take Zack's cock and his power while I will see to your pleasure."

Alex bent his head to Damian's and asked if he was ready. Damian kissed him and laughed.

"Are you kidding? I'm not sure I'll ever be ready for your hairy balls, but I could fall in love with the way you taste."

"I'd be okay with that." Alex grew serious. "You've taken care of us all these years, Damian. I'd be happy serving you in any way."

Miranda was touched and Damian took her emotion and projected his response to Alex. "Thank you. Let me serve you this time to benefit us all." Alex's cock rose and jolted erect at Damian's request. He kissed his way down Damian's back and applied more oils to his cock.

Damian pushed Miranda to her back and lifted her knees over his shoulders. He buried his head in her pussy and lapped at her juices.

"Zack, do you want to take your position?" Alex asked.

“Yes, are you ready, Mira?” Zack spoke and the room hummed with arousal.

She merely nodded. He stroked his already-erect penis to full erection, then straddled her shoulders, leaned over her, and took a quick kiss from her lips and whispered, “Suck me hard and deep, baby.” He used his voice to arouse her. The sensation moved through her body like a living orgasm. She groaned in pleasure, with the voice stroking inside her skin and Damian’s mouth and hands playing her genitals like a fine instrument.

She took Zack’s beautiful cock in her mouth and hummed as she sucked and caressed his length, cupping his balls and occasionally squeezing. She couldn’t see what Alex was doing to Damian, but with their shared thoughts, he sent her the image. Every now and then, Damian would moan, thrashing his face side to side, feasting on her cream as Alex pumped into him.

Zack’s deep voice sounded encouraging as he said, “Oh, Mira, you were worth waiting for. Sending me your thoughts like this makes everything so much better.”

Alex spoke to Damian quietly. “You’re too tight for my cock, and I can tell you want to take me deeper and harder, so relax and let me ease in all the way. There. Is that all right?”

All Damian did was grunt against her mound, but he showed her how he lifted his ass higher in the air so Alex had better access to drive his cock balls-deep in his ass.

“Good, I’m almost there.”

Zack’s magic voice said, “Alex, pump into him harder. He can take it if it’s the only way you’re going to come inside him.”

Damian let her feel the pleasurable sensation of being filled with the man’s huge cock, the electrical current his thrusts sent into him, and the pressure he felt increasing behind his own balls. He wanted to come again, but he held off and let Alex thrust into him, building his cum and his need.

Zack's voice was like seductive velvet wrapping around all of them. He stroked more rapidly in and out of Miranda's mouth. She slid her hands into his ass crack, followed it to his tiny opening, and then massaged until the internal muscle ring softened with his desire. He pumped harder and faster. She penetrated his asshole just as he came and the shudder wracked Zack's body over hers and Alex's. Everyone came except Damian.

Alex rolled off Damian and left the room to clean up.

"This time, you will swallow Alex's cum while I fuck you, depositing my gift of intuition within you. I will hold off until Alex releases in your mouth. As soon as it's safe for us to come inside you we will. Zack will release his gifts inside you while I prepare Alex to come again inside your womb and fill you with his gift. Hopefully our seed will take and implant immortality, fertilize our babes, and gift you with our extraordinary senses.

Chapter Fifteen

Miranda sprawled on the lounge chair in the heat of the midday sun. Her skin looked radiant in the light. Her oiled body shone like spun gold, and the round mound of her belly above the tiny patch of red curls brought a surge of love so intense, Damian cleared his throat to rid the lump forming there

Alex leaned to kiss her and popped a strawberry in her mouth first. They laughed, a sound so real Damian could hardly believe his ears.

Zack sat beside her, his pale hair lighter than Damian remembered, his body more muscular than he'd noticed. His flaccid cock looked tempting hanging across his thighs as he stroked her belly. She twirled a strand of his hair and cradled his head to her breasts while he spoke to the babies inside her, training them to his voice, soothing them and loving them.

They'd all stopped wearing clothes to have better access to each other's bodies after the day they made her immortal and conceived their children. Their sexual needs increased with the return of their hearts. They all agreed sex was so much better when it was emotionally charged.

In three thousand years, that had been easy for the immortals to forget.

Now Damian wanted to bury himself inside Miranda's warm folds and make love to her, but her time was too close. The men would have to entertain each other and arouse her with their hands and mouths for the next month or so. They replaced traditional sex, too difficult for her now, using other methods to please her.

Now more than ever, his heightened gift of intuition made sharing their experiences and emotions possible.

“Damian, come here. I feel your need pounding at me.” Miranda always felt his emotions first. “Zack has been aching for you to make love to him for days.”

Zack looked at Damian and grinned.

Damian’s cock jumped and he watched Zack’s tip protrude through his foreskin. He cupped his balls and lifted them temptingly at Damian.

“Come here, Damian.” He rolled over and bent to kiss Miranda’s stomach, his ass facing Damian, his balls and cock swaying between his thighs.

Damian felt his need then, the arousal, the attraction to him, the love. He walked over to Zack as Alex stroked Miranda’s huge, dark nipples. He imagined suckling milk from them and wondered if it would be like sucking cum from Zack’s cock. No, different, but still pleasurable.

He straddled Zack’s back, rubbing his hard cock between his ass crack, massaging his muscled body, reveling in the man’s pleasure. The tingling sensations they felt when sharing sex sent pinpricks of pleasure through them all. Damian licked his hand and ran it between Zack’s ass. He paused at the puckered opening. “Hand me the lubricant, Alex. Zack, I need this fast and hard. Are you okay with that?”

His special voice confirmed his arousal and the extent he needed Damian’s thick cock buried inside him, pumping furiously. “God, yes. You know how I love being fucked hard. No one outlasts me like you.”

Damian coated his cock with the lubricant and thrust into him while Miranda watched him satisfy his needs. He glanced at Alex’s mouth suckling her large breast as she played with her clit for him. God, he was hot. He pumped and thrust and pounded Zack’s ass.

Zack rose up on his knees so Miranda could see how hard his dick was. Damian reached around and pumped Zack's cock for him, knowing he liked having Damian fondling him while he fucked him. Damian filled Zack's ass and hand pumped his dick, stroking faster and going deeper with each thrust. All the while, Damian watched Miranda's eyes and merged with the others, mentally sharing their act. He kissed Zack's shoulder, as the pressure mounted behind his balls, the threat of orgasm rose and he released, filling Zack with his cum. Then Zack, still hard, rose up off his knees as if by command and offered his cock to Miranda.

She turned to her side and took his full length into her mouth. Damian kissed the red curls between her thighs and strummed her clit until Zack spewed cum into her mouth and she reached her climax with him.

After a few moments they all gasped, amazed at Alex who still nuzzled her breast with a hard-on like none of them had ever witnessed before.

"Oh, goddess above, what's it going to take to get that cock back under control?" Miranda asked with a cute giggle.

"I think I need Zack's voice murmuring sweet nothings to my dick." He stroked his great length. "Damian could finger my ass and maybe you could punish me for liking it so much."

She laughed. "Okay, get me the switch and someone help me to the shower. Let's make Alex happy."

* * * *

It didn't take but a few slaps on Alex's muscular buttocks to make him happy. While Damian stroked two large fingers inside him and Zack blew him the way he liked, all humming sound vibrating around his cock. His magical voice pulled the cum from Alex.

After they showered and went to the terrace to eat, Damian asked Miranda how she felt. “I thought I got the impression of pressure. Are you sure you’re not laboring?”

“I can hardly believe I wouldn’t know it.” She said, but wondered if turning immortal would change pain for her. She had twinges of pressure, but nothing like what she’d expected. In fact, despite carrying triplets, she felt remarkably good.

The gush of water punctuated her thought. “Like I said, I can hardly believe I wouldn’t know, but, then, all of this is surreal.”

A flash of light appeared and in the midst of swirling wind and a myriad of color, a woman more beautiful and sensuous than any Miranda had ever seen stood before her.

Three male voices chorused at once, “Sienna!”

“So, Miranda, you prayed to me and fulfilled the prophecy for these men. I thought the day would never come. Now you are about to restore the lives of the other three.”

“But how?” She felt pressure above the base of her thighs.

The image of three godlike men appeared in the room at the snap of the Goddess’s fingers. “‘Touch’, ‘Sight’, ‘Scent’.”

Each was as beautiful as the next. Miranda looked at Sienna. “Do the men have real names?”

Damian interrupted, “Yes, they have names—”

“They had names,” Sienna interrupted. “Now they are for you to name. Their souls are yours to redeem within your children’s bodies.”

“I don’t understand,” Damian said.

Miranda clasped her belly and smiled at Damian. “I do. She is returning your men’s souls to your, no, to our safekeeping. Am I correct, Sienna?”

She shrugged. “The original conditions of the gods were unfair, the requirements too stringent without hope, and only Damian provided that. Without his presence, they had no chance of fulfilling the requirements imposed on them. These men were once good men

and they deserve a second chance. Do you wish me to return their souls?"

"Yes, please. I planned to come for them as soon as the children were born."

Sienna waved her hand, and the image of the men vanished. "They are yours, Miranda. Take care and raise them true. These six are all brave hearts who once offered everything to protect what was left of their world. Enjoy my gifts and live in love."

Sienna dissolved into droplets of mist before disappearing. That was when Miranda felt the pressure push the first baby from her womb into Damian's capable hands. The wide-eyed, blond babe with the familiar birthmark of the symbol for 'sight' on his right shoulder, took his first breath and let out a loud bawl.

Zack took the baby from Damian, wrapped him in a blanket, and said, "Jacob has returned." He held the baby to Miranda so she could see him and nuzzle the newborn.

A few moments later, the second boy emerged, bellowing. The large, dark haired child was marked with the birthmark for 'scent' on his back. Alex wasted no time swaddling the baby boy and announcing, "Welcome home, Darius." The big man gently carried him to Miranda's other side so she could inspect her second born child.

Within moments, the pressure in Miranda's womb foretold the arrival of the next baby. The third child surprised everyone by arriving without a sound. The red-headed baby turned out to be a dainty little girl.

Miranda couldn't contain her surprise or her excitement. She exclaimed, "Oh, who is this?"

Damian and the other men studied the baby and finally, one by one, smiled. "Marked with the symbol for 'touch' this is Demi, sweet, caring Demi."

Damian held her out to Miranda to see as he explained, "Demetrius, in his previous incarnation, was too sensitive, too caring

to battle, too gentle for war. He had a magical touch with healing. Now it appears his kind soul has found a suitable place to prosper in this world.

“She is beautiful with your red curls and my dark eyes.” As he spoke, the baby took hold of his finger and the expression in Damian’s eyes shone with love.

Miranda knew he’d never be able to resist the little girl’s charms from that moment on. He kissed her soft baby hair and clasped her tightly to his chest. The contrast between the size of the men and the infants they held, along with the wonder written all over their faces, had hot tears burning Miranda’s eyes. So long without love, these three men and the souls of the other three deserved every happiness. To be the one to bring them pleasure this way made her heart leap with joy.

She blinked away the threatening tears, replacing them with laughter and held out her arms. “I know you are all rejoicing in this moment, but would someone please hand me at least one of my babies to nurse? I promise you’ll have plenty of time to hold them. This is forever, remember?”

Each man nodded, took his turn kissing her, and murmured one word against her lips. “Forever.”

THE END

[HTTP://WWW.ELIZAMARCH.COM](http://www.elizamarch.com)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

While interning as a search and recovery specialist in my college library, I discovered I could merge my love of reading with my secret ‘Nancy Drew’ persona, and a book a day habit forced me to turn to writing for satisfaction. One day when I discovered the adventures and characters in my head wanted out, I became the conduit for their stories, switching from non-fiction writing to romantic fiction. The gypsy in my blood kept me moving until my roots sank deep into the hot white sands of South Florida, but traveling still influences many of the stories I need to tell and romance is fuel for my soul.

The fantasy and paranormal aspects of my stories switch up the rules of the game, and you’ll be left wondering what is possible when reality merges with the fanciful. The novels’ have unexpected twists because my characters write their own stories. I merely produce—they direct and act.

My husband has been my true-life fantasy man and one of the best realities in my world forever.

Also by Eliza March

Witch of Air and Fire
The Lion, The Leopard, and The Wolf:
Enchanted Mountain

Available at
BOOKSTRAND.COM



Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com