

## The Dark Chocolate Or The Milk.

Ever tried to shift the weight of a sleeping man from your body? Ever tried to shift two? It's like being pinned to the bed by a felled water-buffalo; well at least I imagine it would be. It's not that I mind – being pinned by two men that is – it's just that it's rather difficult to extricate yourself without waking them, especially if your trying to avoid another bout of rampant love-making. Now don't get me wrong, I would never deliberately avoid making love, especially to the two now sleeping peacefully, but occasionally a girl needs a moment to herself, and now is one of those times.

I pried my torso from beneath Cain; his head was resting on my breast and his thick muscular right arm lay limply across my body. As I moved he growled in his sleep and unconsciously reached out for the pillow I had vacated, pulling it under him and settling once more. Carefully I sat up and slowly lifted the thin left hand and arm of Bowdy from my knee. Stretching slightly he rolled over onto his back and continued to sleep. Moving delicately I edged towards the end of the large bed and pulled on a silk robe before heading to the kitchen for a glass of water; all this extra-curricular exercise makes one desperately thirsty. I finished the glass and poured another before heading back to the bedroom. Sipping slowly at the cool liquid, I stood in the doorway and admired the scene.

In the half glow from the light through the curtains I watched the two sleeping figures. They are both so different yet so incredible in their own ways. It's strange now, but I can't remember a time when I didn't know them, socially as well as intimately – the latter being my preference. I had introduced the two men some years ago. I'd known Bowdy – or Bow as I preferred to call him – for a couple of years before we began our little 'gathering'. He is the younger of the two and had tried to pick me up at a party one night by plying me with drinks and a smooth line of chat. Suffice to say he wasn't successful, but there was something about him that attracted me. He is always immaculately dressed in the latest styles, carrying an air of suave sophistication about him. He is tall, thin and some would say lanky, although I personally favour the term svelte. He is incredibly toned and deceptively strong for such a physique, but one wouldn't know that unless they had witnessed his bedroom acrobatics. He is pale to the point of opaqueness, which I suppose enhances his gaunt appearance, yet there is something quite seductive about him. For me it's the sparkle in those hazel, almost mahogany-red, eyes that seem to melt you at the first glance. He has fine almost feminine features; high cheekbones, a thin straight nose and full pink lips that he pouts like some naughty school-boy. His jaw is chiselled and set. Add to that his thatch of shoulder length auburn hair and it's not hard to imagine him strutting his stuff as a catwalk model, which in fact is what he is.

Then there is Cain, who I've known the longest. How much more could two men be so opposed in appearance and temperament? Cain is dark in looks and manner; thick, long black hair that cascades over his equally thick muscular shoulders. Occasionally he wears it back in a clip with two loose bangs framing his face, but mostly he wears it down, letting it fall where it will. He is much older than Bow and me, although how old he has never told me, yet his manner is always that of a much younger man. His complexion is weather-worn and tanned from years of travel. He shaves, but lets the sides grow out into thick bristly black sideburns that give him a mean kind of look, which is only subdued by the long black 'cow-like' eyelashes that most women would kill for. From between those wonderful lashes, and hidden so often by the dark furrowed brow with which he gazes upon the world, are two perfect blue eyes, not one single colour of blue, but shades; spreading from his black pupils in hues of ice blue to thunder-cloud grey, ringed by a thin line of ink black at the edge. It was these two wolf-like eyes that first caught my attention as I worked at a photo shoot one afternoon. He was body-guarding for some glamour girl; quietly waiting, hands clasped in front of his abdomen, thick legs spread supporting his ample frame. I'd asked him then

and there if he would pose for me sometime, which I hasten to add he did, and in time I got more than just pictures. Cain is every bit the tough-guy; short, thick-set, muscles rippling from head to foot, always dressed in black to match his 'assumed to be' black mood and not the sort one would consider taking home to meet the parents. But behind every cover there is usually a surprising read and Cain is no disappointment. Incredibly well educated, articulate – when driven to converse from his quiet contemplation – and well mannered to the point of chivalrous. It was strange then, that when I introduced the two men that they hit it off straight away; the elegant, verging-on-superficial catwalk boy and the deeply private, hard-looking protection. Thinking back to that night, it was a pretty casual first meeting where models, bodyguards and photographers always seem to end up rubbing shoulders. I was with Bowdy at the time; not what one would call a serious relationship, more of an 'habitual affair'. Seeing Cain again after a long absence had been a pleasant surprise; I'd missed the way he handled me.

Now don't get the wrong idea, I'm no slut. I pick my men with a great deal of consideration. I don't just jump into bed with the first bit of 'meat' that comes along. It's more a gradual process, I like to know my partners thoroughly before I let them anywhere near my inner-sanctum and I knew these two oh-so well. They both stimulated me mentally long before they exhilarated me physically; both in different ways but both giving me what I needed when I needed it - Cain, with his deeply beautiful anthropomorphic thoughts and Bow with his amusing and sardonic views on life. In bed they are just as different. Bow is delicate, smooth, a real-life 'Gigolo-Joe', made in every way to give pleasure. Cain is fearsome - not violent, I would never tolerate that - but powerful, aggressive and hungry. And they both drive me crazy.

All three of us had quit the party early – you've seen one fashion promotion, you've seen 'em all – choosing instead to find a quiet sofa-strewned bar down-town. Drinks flowed without respite and the three of us talked incessantly – well two of us did, Cain felt happy just to sit by me and drink his beer, adding a few words here and there. As always, Bow flirted constantly, flashing his eyes and pouting his lips, occasionally playing footsie under the low table that separated the two sofas on which we sat. I leaned casually against Cain's body, his arm draped behind me across the back of the sofa. It wasn't until the conversation had well-and-truly turned to matters sexual that I felt Cain's fingers entwined themselves in my hair. I smiled inwardly at this gentle show of affection. Bow continued to make some lewd comments about something or other and I guessed the discussion had piqued Cain's interest even though he remained quiet.

By the time the barman called last orders, it was clear Bow was feeling highly charged, but I was in no rush and quite frankly was enjoying the feel of Cain's fingers which had in time moved to the nape of my neck. Finally we rose to leave. I wouldn't say the moment was awkward but Bow was desperate to get me on my back and yet I felt strangely in need of Cain's continued touch. Not wishing to give either one the brush-off I suggested we continue the 'conversation' back at my place, only a block from the bar.

My place is one of those open-plan, uninhibited kind of apartments where only the bathroom allows for privacy. With the two men making themselves at home with more beer and the piles of cushions that temporarily stood-in for a sofa, I headed for the raised area which acted as my bedroom, stripping off my evening formals and sliding into my shorts and vest-top. Even without looking over my shoulder I knew the moment of silence signified they were watching me undress. I revelled in the attention, pretending I hadn't noticed.

Cain and Bow laid out close to each other like two Roman aristocrats – beers in hand - amid the cushions. I could have picked the spot opposite them both, keeping the mood polite but I chose to slide into the cushions between them making the ambience a little more intimate. Although it remained amiable, I was beginning to feel the atmosphere between the two men grow as the

irresistible urge to vie for my attentions increased. Bow became more animated than usual whilst Cain, remaining quiet, resumed the fondling of my hair. I have to admit, thinking upon it now I was secretly enjoying their ministrations and the thought of allowing them to compete thrilled me a little.

I felt Bow's hand slide onto my leg as he talked, stroking gently in little circles on my thigh, then Cain's fingers moved to my bare shoulder and I shivered at the touch. For a few moments I revelled in their strokes, closing my eyes, listening to Bow talk and Cain make the occasional answer. It wasn't until I realised there was silence did I open my eyes. Both men were looking at me, both staring with salacious eyes at my body. The little touches had ceased and they waited.

It never occurred to me until that moment that I could have them both, it seemed only natural that one or the other would eventually back down. But I knew now neither was about to give in; both wanted me and both were determined to have what I was prepared to give them. Now I'm not a prudish woman, far from it, I've tried most things and am not afraid to experiment with my sexuality. But to have these two delicious men both together filled me with some trepidation. I had taken part in threesomes before but both of them had the skill to pleasure me beyond the ability of any other partner I had had and to consider that pleasure would be at twice its potency was almost mind-blowing.

But in that moment I chose to experience it; to feel the hungry 'Darkness' and the nimble 'Brightness' consume my body. I cannot describe the way my heart quickened and my body instantly ached when they both bent to kiss me in turn. Neither of them spoke, it was as if they both knew what their role was to be. It was Cain who slipped from his shirt first, revealing his solid mounds of pectoral muscles and tight abs all coated in a soft sheen of black hair. I let my fingers find their way to him and my hand run through the softness, enjoying the remembrance of our times before. Bowdy had already found a place at my thigh and was kissing and nibbling the little spot I liked so much. I let myself relax into the cushions as Cain slowly lifted my vest and began to lick at my belly.

Within minutes I was naked. It was not rushed or forceful but erotic and seductive, the two working together to ease me from my garments. I couldn't begin to count the number of times the two brought me to climax; taking it in turns to lay between my legs and lick and suck and nibble until I shook with overwhelming pleasure and uncontrolled screams issued from my lips as the other worked his way over my body. Tongues and fingers found every inch of my flesh, pressed and lapped at every erogenous spot till my skin tingled and my mind whirled. I lay, weakened and panting in the cushions when Bow brought me a glass of water and the two gave me time to recover my strength. I hadn't noticed through all the attention they had lavished on me that both had stripped themselves of their clothes and now lounged on either side of me naked and, by the looks of them, wonderfully aroused.

I wanted them both so much, but like choosing a favourite chocolate from a selection box I couldn't decide which I wanted to savour first; the dark or the milk. Sitting between them I moved first to Cain – dark and seductive - and kissed him deeply, his firm lips locking over my mouth as his tongue wound its way around mine. He was so powerful, so firm and the wetness instantly returned between my legs as Bow played his fingers up and down my back. Breaking free I turned to Bowdy – creamy and sweet - his soft full mouth resting gently on mine as he pulled at my bottom lip with his teeth, running his tongue over the sensitive flesh just inside; the gentleness in contrast to Cain's intensity increasing my eagerness. Cain nibbled at my shoulder and I heard that beautiful deep growl of satisfaction that he always made, like some content animal.

As I lay back into the cushions, my two lovers moved in over me once more till they were almost touching. For a moment I thought they were about to take turns again but Bowdy paused. I noticed the glance he made towards Cain, in fact I'd noticed the looks he had been giving him all night and I held my breath for a second. Bowdy, like me, is not inhibited by his sexuality. He has experienced more than most, but this was the first time I had seen his fascination for the masculine. I could see in his eyes and knew all too well that bright, lust-filled flicker of red-brown accompanied by the flush in his cheeks that told me he found Cain's powerful maleness as attractive as I did. I've seen so often since then, that light when he sees Cain again after a long absence. I think Cain recognised it too as his blue eyes followed to where I looked and he found himself staring at Bow; that boyish pout catching him by surprise. I have no idea what thought passed through Cain's mind in that moment but as I lay watching he reached over with his big hand and wrapped it around Bowdy's neck pulling him roughly towards him. I was sure I heard Bow let out a soft gasp as Cain's lips found his in a hard kiss. The ripple of excitement that fluttered through my body is hard to describe but I felt so aroused by these two I couldn't take my eyes off them. After a long moment Cain released Bow from his grip and allowed him to come up for air. I remember smiling at the surprised expression that crossed Bowdy's face and then the lascivious grin that replaced it as he leaned back across to take a second taste of Cain; this time softer and deeper, with lips and tongues snaking between them. To watch these two men be so intimate had to be one of the most erotic sights I have ever witnessed. I let my hand play down my body and slide between my legs, rubbing myself frantically to release the tightness that was growing there as I beheld this delicious spectacle.

When the boys had finished with their enjoyment, they returned their attentions to me, both watching me for a while as I writhed and squirmed in the cushions until I brought myself off. When I opened my eyes Cain was sitting over me; his legs either side of my hips. The look in his eyes told me how hungry he was and I knew from where he sat exactly what he wanted from me. Carefully I obliged by rolling over onto my belly; as I did I felt the hardness of his manhood brush my body. With his two large hands he hoisted my hips into the air until I was on all fours. I waited passively as he shifted his position behind me.

Cain is one of those lovers that instils passiveness in even the strongest partner. He handles you with firmness and determination, he knows what he wants and how he wants it and right at that moment I was only too eager to comply. I felt his fingers run lightly from my neck to the cleft of my ass and then continue down, sliding over my hole and deftly into my wetness. I bucked forward and then pressed back slowly into his hand. He repeated this over and over, until my back felt wet with my juice and I felt the stickiness begin to run down my inner thigh. He eased back and I knew what was coming. He opened up my legs with his knee spreading me wide and then that hard thickness slid into me like a hot knife melting butter. I love the way Cain growls as he makes love; it's like being ridden by some wild animal. But tonight was different, there wasn't just him. Bowdy had, as I was being primed, moved his way round in front of me; kneeling before me watching Cain's ministrations. Finally as Cain took me he knelt up, his groin coming level with my face. The sight of his long, sleek erection proudly standing in front of me surrounded by a light fluff of auburn hair was more than I could bear. Lifting a hand I gently wrapped my fingers around it and began a slow and deliberate massage. Bow moaned and shifted closer until it was almost pressed against my face. As I stroked I let the tip of my tongue flick across the end and he yelped and grabbed at my blonde hair, pulling me forward.

The feel of that ivory rod sliding over my tongue has to be one of the most incredible pleasures in life. Bow has a sweetness about him, an almost honey taste that makes you want to lick your lips. I was full of them both, my whole body filled with total male perfection. I wanted nothing more than to be theirs to play with; to let them have their way with me. As Cain's speed increased I sucked deeper on Bowdy, both men now vocalising their pleasure as they rapidly came to their peaks. As

Cain's thrusts became shallow pumps I let my fingers play over Bowdy's balls. The sensation of my fingers pushed him over the edge and he yelled out as the bolt of hot salty juice shot into the back of my throat causing me to tighten my muscles. The pressure in Cain's swollen member forced him to release with a deep guttural yowl as he filled me with his heat.

I swallowed hard and let Bow's creaminess flow down my throat as the two slowly removed themselves from me. I don't know what it was that made Cain roll me over so harshly, he had always been aggressive, but I think the thought of Bowdy's cock in my mouth was driving him crazy. His big hands wrapped around me and pushed me over onto my back and his head was between my legs in moments. I felt his tongue drive into me instantly and I tried to writhe but he held me firm. I lay there, my legs parted, pinned to the cushions by this huge weight as he licked the stickiness of his own pleasure from my depths. Then in one almost nimble movement he swarmed up my body and drove his mouth into mine. The taste, his taste – noticeably different to Bow's – filled my mouth along with the muskiness of my own juices. Hungrily he kissed me, holding down my arms on either side as I drank our combine essence. When he had taken what he needed he rolled off me breathless; the beast was satiated, at least for the time being.

I felt Bowdy move and come to lay on my opposite side, his need to caress me plain on his face. He gently stroked my body, running his fingers over my breasts and belly. Momentarily Cain joined him on the other side, both letting their fingers delicately trail over me. I couldn't help but lay there and let them touch me. There is nothing more wonderful than to be touched, especially by two such attentive lovers who can be demanding one minute and so gentle the next. What more could I ask for?

But more was to come. It was Bowdy this time that made the first move, letting one of his hands roam almost un-noticed from my body to Cain's; smoothly running up his chest and circling a dark nipple. I actually heard Cain purr as Bow stroked him that first time, a quiet almost imperceptible sound, but non-the-less an expression of his desire. Bowdy's fascination for Cain was growing by the minute and I could tell how desperate he was to get his hands back onto the big man. I slowly pulled my legs up and slid from between the two to sit up on my knees and watch them. Bowdy scooted forward closing the gap between them and allowing himself to press his torso against the older man's. Bowdy's 'Gigolo' charms clearly excited Cain as much as they did most women, and the model's delicate features and clearly masculine body brought out a whole new side in the 'testosterone-laden' bodyguard, the likes of which I had never seen in him before. The two touched and stroked and kissed each other for some time; finding and feeling the pleasure a male hand could bring to each others bodies.

If there's one thing I have enjoyed from the first time we were together it's the excitement of watching these two fuck, and I mean that in the most erotic of ways; they don't just make love to each other, they fuck. Even in my most demanding of moments they are never rough with me. Yet together, when male libido and testosterone-filled lust meet, they are both totally wild and unmerciful with each other in a way only two men can be. As they caressed I watched Bow's hand slide up Cain's back and wrap itself into his long black hair. As Bowdy moved as if to kiss Cain again he paused inches from his face and pulled suddenly at his locks, snapping Cain's head back to open up his neck. Bow bent and plunged his teeth into Cain's neck, Cain howling like a banshee. When Bowdy released him he had a large welt on his neck; Bow's way of branding him with his love. The biting never seems to bother Cain at all, in fact I think he relishes it. That night, Bow began this little thing between the two of them which always brings a smile to my face. He began to whisper in Cain's ear. I've never asked him what he says or how he gets the older man to comply but Cain always does, in his own quiet way. It is the only time I ever see Cain passive, when he is in the delicate hands of Bowdy. I just remember that first time, Cain sitting with his head back blinking as Bowdy whispered those words of command. With his hair still wrapped

around his fingers, Bow moved and allowed Cain to drop onto all fours. Bow shuffled in behind him; the scene reminiscent of a rider holding his horse's mane. Cain waiting patiently as Bow began to suck at his own fingers. The look of pure hunger and bliss that spread over Cain's face as Bow pressed his wetted index finger to Cain's tight hole was beautiful; his blue eyes flashed and the furrow momentarily lifted from his brow. He didn't move or moan he just held his position as Bow circled him and pressed a little more. With an almost wicked grin on his gorgeous face Bow pulled tightly again at Cain's hair as he pushed forward and drove his finger deep into the waiting man. To say Cain was surprised by the sensation would be an understatement. He growled and writhed as the pale little finger pushed deeper, his head snapping from side to side as Bowdy held tightly to his hair. Whichever of the two has control – and it's usually Bow that gets his way first – this little act of foreplay is always so boisterous and teasing. Cain always appears to try to pull away, yet silently begs for more and Bow always smiles and flashes his eyes so lecherously, giving and taking away as he so desires.

I know now to let them be when they are on each other, taking pleasure in watching, but that night as I watched those two perfect bodies I wanted so much to be a part of it. When Bow released Cain's hair and began to tug at his own manhood I couldn't help but lean forward and wrap my mouth about him again. The little drop of pre-cum on the tip coated my tongue and brought the saliva to my lips. When he was good and wet I released him and he turned to press the hard swollen tip between Cain's cheeks. Bowdy guided himself to just the right position, letting himself push gently against Cain's primed ass. When Cain's muscles finally gave in, Bowdy gasped as he slid forward almost to the hilt. Cain groaned losing his grip on the cushions. For a few moments there was a stillness as the two men felt each others presence for the first time, not wanting to break that one moment. It was so delectable to watch. Bowdy finally began to move almost in slow motion, but steadily the wildness of their joining soon returned; thrashing, scratching, groans and growls as Bowdy pumped Cain relentlessly and Cain devoured everything Bow gave him.

It's interesting how one notices the tiniest of things in such an intimate moment, but I couldn't help but be aware of the shining pearls of sweat gathering in the soft black body hair of Cain as they fucked. It almost seemed to sparkle in the soft light of my apartment and I had this urge to drink him in. Lowering myself onto my back in front of Cain I shuffled forwards until my head – although upside down – was directly under Cain's. When he saw me there he bent carefully and placed his lips to mine in an attempt to kiss me, but the driving force behind him overwhelmed his thoughts and he pulled away with a moan. Without thinking I continued to wriggle my way under his body until I was level with that most exquisite of sights, Cain's erect and swollen phallus; it waved gently back and forth above me as he rocked to Bowdy's movements. He has the softest of hair at the base and it too was coated in little beads of sweat. I ran my fingers through it and then took gentle hold of him. His back arched up at the touch and I smiled at the thought of what I was about to do. Sliding my hand along its thick girth I pulled it down towards me and, raising my head, took it lazily into my mouth. Cain bucked again as I closed my lips around it and began to suckle him. It was some minutes before I realised that Cain was trying to lift my hips up towards him and I aided his efforts by planting my feet and arching up my back. I felt the softness of a cushion being shoved unceremoniously under my butt to support my position. It was then that I knew Cain's intentions. The sight of my furry strip laying just inches from his face as he rocked over the top of it had been driving him wild and he wanted it. He'd struggled to get to me as Bowdy pummelled him and by lifting me up on the cushions he was able to gain his prize without losing the support of his arms. I yelped and nipped at his thickness at the first dab of his tongue on my clit. It moved in time to the rocking of his body and the rhythm only sought to intensify my pleasure. Here we were in a kind of sexual game of twister; Bowdy with his fine athletic body buried deep in the ass of the divinely muscular Cain while at the bottom of the pile I lay, coiled like a snake, my mouth and fingers locked around the thick spike of Cain's manhood whilst he sunk himself into my soft open wetness. When we came, we all came together, moaning and writhing

like some sea-serpent, the scent of hot sweating sex heavy in the air. Pulling our selves free of the carnal melee, we all took our time to recover, lying curled around each other in the now damp pillows. Later I found blankets and the three of us snuggled in close and held each other till morning.

I remember that night now like it was yesterday; that first magnificent moment of our joining. It's not hard to realise, standing here in the doorway, why it is we love each others company so much. What sane person would not find the sight of two naked and sleeping men, exhausted from hours of love-making and wrapped in a tangled mess of sheets, the most erotic sight to ever exist?

Tonight was our third anniversary, yes three years of sexual bliss. One would assume that after three years we would be spent; bored with each others bodies and in need of other stimulation. But the truth is we never have been. It's true we don't see each other as often as I know we would all like, but on the three or four occasions a year that we do, it is like the first time all over again.

Even though I have spent nights since then with both men, it does not come close to the incredible feelings of elation we feel when the three of us are together; naked and open. There is a freedom, a feeling of understanding and acceptance of each others bodies. There are no expectations or demands, only the anticipation of experiencing the nature of our being and the true pleasure that is released when we make love. But tonight, oh tonight, the boys surprised me yet again.

We never make plans to meet; it's always spontaneous, but knowing the date, I think all three of us had secretly been hoping that we would 'bump into' each other, and I suspect Cain had pulled himself off another job to attend this particular fashion show, knowing the two of us would be there. It had been many months since we last got together and I can admit that I had missed them, but work is work. Tonight however, Bowdy was working the catwalk, as always with his immaculate looks. I was taking shots for the designer and Cain just happened to be 'attending' to one of the supermodels. It didn't take long for us to seek each other out at the after-show party, sliding easily into conversation interspersed with little knowing looks and the odd clandestine touch.

When the party scene had lost its interest, Cain offered his place for our little 'gathering'. By the time I arrived at his apartment – having dropped off my gear at the studio – Bowdy was already draped across the couch with a martini in hand as Cain dropped into the seat next to him and reached for a beer. I could tell something was going on – you don't spend three years intimately with these two not to know something was going on – they kept looking at one another and glancing at me and smirking. When I finally got sick of the teasing and asked what, the boys were on their feet and taking my hands, leading me from the living room.

Cain's place is quite sparse but the two things he does have are a large shower and a huge bed. Bowdy and Cain let go of me as we entered the bedroom and I watched, leaning against this very door frame, as the two of them helped each other from their clothes. This little ritual, which they both love so much, allows them time to touch and stroke and kiss and re-affirm their desire for each other. Once naked they turned their attentions to me, both scooting around the bed to begin my 'unveiling', but tonight they paused. Tonight they sat down together on the edge of the bed and they watched me for what seemed like a long time. When I could take it no longer I demanded to know what was going on.

"Sirocco." Bowdy almost never addresses me with such formality, usually calling me by my pet name Coco, so that really set me on edge. "Tonight's special...for all of us and so Cain and me had a little idea."

I waited for the explanation and it was Cain who continued in his deep growling tone. "It was you that brought us together Siro, if it hadn't been for you we would never have discovered each other. So tonight...tonight's just for you."

Bowdy added. "Tonight we just want to please you Coco, tonight we are all yours." Bowdy threw Cain a glance and a look of agreement passed between them. I was a little surprised by this announcement but I can stand here now, smile and thank them silently for their glorious pact.

They both stood and began to liberate me from my garments before I really had time to think on their proposition. I love the way they undress me, always taking their time to let their hands run seductively over me. But tonight they were different; tonight they were even more deferential than normal, pausing to kiss my shoulders and arms, breasts, thighs and legs. I was already moist when they led me to the bed. It was clear that in the time it had taken me to get from the studio to the apartment Cain and Bowdy had decided exactly what their roles would be in this night of pleasure and I began to feel overwhelmed by their generosity and caring. Tonight they were both mine to ask of whatever I wanted, but first they had their own way of showing me their gratitude and love.

I have never been so covered in kisses as I was tonight; my body was soaked in their saliva and tingling from the sweet touches of their lips. After several hours of spectacular foreplay; my labia swollen and my clit numb from endless stroking and licking, they had primed me to their satisfaction and were ready to demonstrate their devotion for me.

Cain lay back onto the bed, making himself comfortable in the pillows. I allowed myself to straddle his waist gyrating my hips slowly, rubbing my wetness into the soft black line of fur running down his belly. His straight ebony hair lay out like liquorice across the white of the pillows and, although that all too familiar frown furrowed his brow, the sparkle in those blues eyes and the crooked smile on his face told me my movements and my presence was loved beyond question. I slipped slowly backward making him desperate for the moment, then slowly I mounted his ample spike as he held it lightly for me, greasing it with my honeyed juices. Even primed and ready for him, he was still enough to force a gasp from my lips as he filled me. Wrapping his thick arms and large hands around my body, he pulled me down onto his chest and we buried our selves in a deep and slow kiss, matched only by the slow steady pace of my rocking. The feel of our bodies pressed so close together and the gentleness of his hands as he caressed me filled me with such love and warmth that I never wanted to leave his side. I didn't notice Bowdy's presence behind me until his hands joined Cain's in slow circles across my back. They glided like silk down my spine then cupped the cheeks of my butt and squeezed. I felt him press against me as he shuffled in between Cain's legs, the hardness of his manhood resting lightly between my cheeks. He squeezed again and I felt myself spread open. Cain pulled my shaking body in tight and buried his mouth in mine as I yelled out in breathtaking ecstasy; the well-lubricated tip of Bowdy's cock found its mark and wound itself into me as I tried to squirm in Cain's arms.

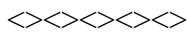
We had made love in so many ways and so many positions but never had the boys given me such pleasure as this. It was not that I had not wanted it or they had denied me, it had just been one of 'those things' we had never gotten round to, but here and now they bestowed their love on me in a way I had never experienced before. Slowly and carefully Bowdy made his presence known, sliding deep into me. It pressed against the thin sensitive barrier that separated his long slick staff from Cain's now throbbing girth and I tightened uncontrollably, driving howls and moans from all three of us.

This was the closest we had ever been; this was our trinity, our joining, all three basking in the glow of our sensual coupling. Nothing would ever come close to the power of this feeling. Bowdy pushed a little more and then leaned in over the top of me, sandwiching me between their two

bodies. Below, the dark, muscular, strength and above the pale, slender beauty. The heat of them filled me with such peace. For a moment we did not move, frightened to lose this perfect moment. I felt Bowdy kiss the nape of my neck and, reaching around me to use Cain as leverage, he pulled back a little and as he did I was forced back onto that dark splendour. Steadily the three of us began to rock, their glorious components pistoning me in turn. I thought my body would explode as the speed increased. Cain took the weight of us both, planting his feet to drive into me whilst Bowdy almost lifted himself from the bed as he countered the movement. As the climax rose quickly through my body I lay my head on Cain's broad chest. Tears welled in my eyes as the ecstatic wave swelled over me and I was drowned by its intoxicating brilliance. I heard the boys yell out, unable to restrain themselves any longer and I felt them squeeze me between them as they both came from my tightening pressure.

We lay, gasping and shaking for sometime, our sweat-covered bodies still locked together. It wasn't that we couldn't move, I just don't think we wanted to. I listened to their breathing for ages, and watched Bowdy's hand run lazily up and down Cain's shoulder in gentle comfort. I can't speak for the boys, but when we did finally free ourselves I felt a sense of loss, a feeling that a piece of me had been taken away. These two, so different yet so much the same, are and always will be a part of me; not just of my mind but of my soul. They are pieces of the puzzle of my life that complete the picture, making it whole and clear, and I love them more deeply than they could ever know.

We spent the next few hours gently touching each other, too exhausted to want more. But who could ask for more? Certainly not me, they gave me more than I had ever expected and I lay warm and secure between them until I fell asleep. Silently now I whisper my thanks to both of them; my two beautiful lovers.



Cain is stirring from his sleep, he must have felt me move.

“Ya aw’right darlin’?”

“Yeah sugar, I’m fine, just needed a drink.”

“Come ‘ere.” He pulls back the sheets and pats the bed.

Taking my glass to the nightstand I place it down and loosen my robe, scrambling in next to him, so warm and firm against my naked body. Bow wakes with a moan and a stretch and quietly moves up the bed to join us, climbing over us both to spoon up behind me. He's already hard again, jeeze he's insatiable. But I know how he feels, it's impossible not to lay here and not want to. Well, I've had my quiet moment, and the sun isn't quiet up yet. Now my only choice is which do I wanted to savour first; the dark chocolate or the milk?