

Hot Chocolate Ménage

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Sometimes life throws you a curve ball and you strike out. And sometimes you hit a home run.

Not that I'm a big sports fan or anything. I'm as far from that as a girl can get. But, as I'm standing on my neighbor's back porch, peeking through his French doors, I'm at a loss for a more appropriate metaphor.

Must be all the testosterone in there that's doing it to me.

So, I suppose you're wondering why I'm standing on my neighbor's back porch. I guess I can try to explain. You see, I'm new to town. And I'm a chef -- and Hell's Kitchen hopeful. So, it's my MO to take dessert to my new neighbors when I move in. And it just so happens that our apartments don't really have front doors per se. Our main entry is in the back of each unit, through a set of French doors. Which, like all French doors I've ever seen, are mostly comprised of glass.

Can I help it if my neighbor -- who possesses the body of a god -- happens to be a little carefree when it comes to the where aspect of sex? He certainly got brownie points for the who.

I'm also not complaining about his touch of exhibitionism. Hell, I doubt any female in a hundred yard radius would complain. I'm also not surprised to see that he

appears to be gay. Because the other individual partaking of the activities is also male. Also cover-model gorgeous. And also built like a tank.

So, what's a girl to do as she stands on a porch, a plate of chocolate yumminess in her hands, ringside seats to the most amazing spectacle since Dancing with the Stars On Tour? She thanks God for his plentiful gifts, helps herself to a brownie, and settles in for a great evening.

I had nothing else going. This sure beat watching CSI reruns.

Unfortunately, my third brownie in -- and four different positions later, and that last one...ohmygod! -- my neighbor spotted me outside. Could be because I hadn't bothered to hide myself very well. I guess I'm the world's dumbest voyeur. Oh well.

Show's over, folks. Time to go home.

I scrambled to my feet, a really lame explanation perched on my lips. Hunky neighbor -- my, my what he hid beneath those power suits! -- strolled to the door in all his naked glory and pulled it open. He didn't look particularly surprised or annoyed to find a voyeur feasting on brownies while he fucked his hunky partner. But I will admit, I was shocked speechless when he motioned inside and said, "Are you going to stay out there all night?"

I was being invited in! Whoo hoo!

"Brownie, anyone? They're German chocolate," I offered, giddily. Should I pretend not to notice they're both naked? Both beyond gorgeous? Both eyeing me like I was German chocolate?

"Thanks." My neighbor plucked one from the plate. "I'm Nick."

"I know." Yes, I'd checked out his name plate on the mailbox outside. I offered the hand not holding the almost empty plate of brownies. He shook it. He had a firm grip. Warm hands too. I didn't want to let go.

Still holding my hand, he motioned to his partner with a tip of his head. "This is Jake."

"I'm Tina." I smiled at Jake, who had wandered over to the other side of me and was now helping himself to the last brownie on the plate.

“Good to know you, Tina. You just moved in. Right?” Nick took a bite of the dessert and his eyelids sank to half mast. “*Ohhhh*. These are great.” He ran his tongue along his lower lip, and I’ll admit, I stared, drool pooling under my own. “How about joining us?” He released my hand and gently plucked the plate from my nearly non-existent grip.

“Join?” I echoed, certain I was misunderstanding. I’d just come to introduce myself. This was a whole lot more intimate than I’d intended to get. But hell, if they were offering...“As in --“

“Ever fucked two men at the same time?” Jake asked, swallowing his last bite of brownie. He licked his fingertips in a most provocative way. One I appreciated a whole lot.

I somehow dragged my tongue off the floor. “No, can’t say I have.” That was the truth but I had a feeling it wouldn’t be for long.

“Want to?”

Hell yes! “Maybe.” I decided I didn’t want to appear too easy. They could work for it a bit. Besides, I was liking this slightly dominating thing Jake and Nick had going.

They were crowding me now, and Jake was fingering the front of my T-shirt, just above the cleft of my breasts. Nick slowly walked a circle around me, and I swear I could feel his gaze as it traveled over my clothed body. It was like a laser beam burning my skin and making me all quivery and tingly.

“You gave us a treat,” Nick whispered from behind me. His hot breath fanned down the right side of my neck. “Now, how about letting us give you one?”

“I suppose that would be neighborly.”

Minutes later, I was as naked as they were, and not at all sorry. They both seemed to be determined to welcome me to the building in grand style. Who was I to refuse them?

After helping me dispose of my clothes, they led me back to the bedroom. I stood between them, Nick on his knees, his hands covering my breasts, his mouth closing in

on the apex of my shaking thighs. Jake stood behind me nipping my neck and shoulders, and teasing my anus with a lubricated finger.

This had to be a dream!

I was being stroked and nipped and tormented by the two most gorgeous men I'd ever seen in my life. Whatever happened, I did not want to wake up.

Then Jake hit his target and my knees buckled. They eased me onto my back--on top of Jake. My back rested on Jake's torso. My legs were spread wide, my wet pussy open and ready for Nick's thick cock. Jake's hands slid around my sides. One pinched a nipple. The other skimmed down my stomach, finally settling over my shaved mound to tease my sensitive clit.

Nick slipped on a rubber and drove into me.

Was I ever glad I'd made those damn brownies!

Between Jake's strokes to my clit and Nick's thrusts in and out of my pussy, I was on the verge of coming in minutes. Jake drew circles over my clit, sending pulsing waves of pleasure through my body. And Nick's cock stroked me intimately, hitting that spot, the one that sent jagged blades of desire into my belly. This was beyond sexy. It was beyond my wildest fantasies. Jake captured my wrists in one of his fists and pulled them over my head. Oh, I loved the feeling of vulnerability the position gave me. I knew I was a sexual submissive. These two seemed to sense it as well. Their touches became more possessive. Nick's fucking more demanding.

Although I wanted to stop myself, I couldn't back the release that coiled in my belly like a spring ready to snap. Orgasm flared through me like an atomic explosion. Pulsing heat whipped through my body. Nick continued his in and out thrusting until the contractions eased to twitches and then he pulled out, removed the condom, rolled on a fresh one and adjusted his position. Jake pulled his legs apart, positioning them on either side of mine, allowing Nick to slowly enter him again.

I felt Jake's body tighten and then relax. Felt the heavy thumping of his heart speed up. Felt the heat of his climax burning my back. And his gasping breaths toss my

hair. I did what any girl in my position would. I reached down, grabbed his cock and ran my hand up and down the shaft. Slowly at first, then faster, following Nick's lead.

Jake came with a groan. His hot cum spurted out, filling the condom. Nick followed. His groan was more a growl. A rumbly, sexy one that I found myself hoping I'd hear again. Real soon.

Slowly, Nick pulled out of Jake's ass. He removed the condom and flopped onto the bed. I rolled off of Jake, resting between them. There was this awkward minute or two. I didn't know what to say. I'd never done anything like this. But I wasn't regretting it. Not at all.

"Welcome to the building," Nick said, laughter in his voice. "Um. You have any more of those brownies?"

Was I reading him wrong, or was that an open invitation to do this again? "Sure. I'm more than happy to be neighborly." I grinned at him. "But one kind deed deserves another."

He returned my smile, and my heart did a little happy dance in my chest. "Of course it does. Any time, neighbor."

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