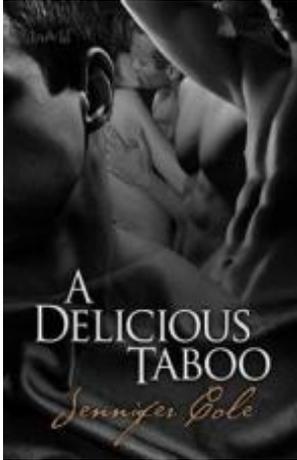


A Delicious Taboo by Jennifer Cole



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Committed to one another and their union, Van Dansk and Calen Maxwell decide to spice things up by bringing a third into their bed. They intend to invite the lovely straight barmaid from the local gay/bi night club to join them in a ménage à trois. Their equally committed gay friends, Philip Weston and Jake Welland have the same intentions.

Melanie Drake has been secretly lusting over the seductive, teasing group of friends for six months. She's not delusional, however; she knows her infatuation with the two homosexual couples is completely one-sided and is content to keep her 'love affair' with the four hunks exactly where it belongs -- in her mind.

One night of alcohol indulgence leads the four men to proposition Melanie into going home with one lucky couple. She can't choose one couple over the other, because in her fantasies Melanie has all four men in her bed, together.

But that's just a fantasy, and fantasies aren't real.

Or are they?

Publisher's Note: This title is a re-edited, revised version of the book previously released by a different publisher, and contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable: Anal play/intercourse, male/male sexual situations, masturbation, ménage (m/f/m, m/m/f/m/m).

Excerpt

Calen's attention was focused on the raven-haired beauty pulling draft behind the bar. After observing her for months, he still wondered, Is she the one? He knew damn well she was, but the question still nettled him.

She was perfect.

Tight, curly hair, dark as night, hung just above her beautiful backside, and bright green eyes

sparkled like emeralds when she laughed. Voluptuous, sexy curves made his cock rock-fucking-hard every time he laid eyes on her. The swell of her breasts jiggled and bounced when she moved, making his mouth water. He craved a taste of her skin, her essence. Then there was her scent. Just thinking about her would call up the unique smell of vanilla infused with a hint of rose.

The Taboo Delights nightclub was filled to capacity, as usual. The noise level continued to rise, making casual conversation impossible.

"Calen?" A deep, husky voice called to him.

It didn't help that Calen couldn't take his eyes off the temptress behind the bar.

"Calen?" The voice spoke a second time, and a persuasive nudge against his shoulder finally gained his half-assed attention.

"Huh? What?" Calen answered. Of course, he hadn't noticed Van had returned to their table from the restroom.

"She is lovely, isn't she?" Van spoke close to his ear, his warm breath caressing Calen's cheek and neck. "What are you thinking?"

Deep in thought, a seductive grin crept across Calen's chiseled features as he ran a hand lovingly up Van's thigh, squeezing just below the bulge at the top. "I want Mel to be our third, Van. She's perfect. Don't you think?"

"Mmmm, yes, I do. Not only is she visually stimulating, she has an intriguing personality and a sense of humor."

Van's arm rested on the back of his chair. The stroke of his lover's fingers along the firm flesh of his bicep beneath his T-shirt's sleeve heightened Calen's arousal. When Van shifted beside him, the warmth of his breath stirred the shaggy blond hair behind his ear.

"And I'd love to watch you fuck her," Van said huskily. "However, just because she works in a club catering to the gay and bi crowd does not mean she'll be receptive to joining us in a three-way."

* * * * *

Melanie Drake felt eyes on her from the other side of the bar, knowing Calen Maxwell watched her again. He always watched her, and she'd lost count of how many times she had caught him. The thought of being found attractive by a gay man turned her on. She wondered if he could actually feel her insane attraction toward him.

Calen was exquisite masculinity and stood close to a foot and a half taller than her five feet. His shoulder-length, sandy blond hair held a natural wave. Bright blue eyes danced with mischief, and his crooked smile only added to his playful appearance.

His well-toned, tight, athletic build took her breath away. Broad shoulders gave way to a slender waist, narrow hips to powerful thighs.

Calen's lover, Van Dansk, was equally spectacular, and a perfect complement to him. Dark and mysterious, Van stood a little taller than Calen, his ebony hair cut short just above perfect ears, with lobes that looked nibble-icious. An olive complexion hinted of Mediterranean descent, and his dark chocolate bedroom eyes screamed seduction. Van had a bulkier stature than Calen, and the thought of being sandwiched between the two of them made Mel's heart race, her pussy wet, and her lower belly spasm anxiously.

As much as Mel wished for a little ménage à trois with the two perfect male specimens, she knew they were devoted to one another. Anyone could see their love when Calen and Van looked at each other. Besides, the thought of a gay man, or men, involved in a sexual relationship with a straight woman was preposterous.

But there was nothing wrong with a little fantasizing, was there?

Casually, Melanie glanced around the crowd of regulars, trying not to draw attention to her wandering eye, and observed the handsome duo watching her closely. Her pulse quickened, nipples puckered to tight little pebbles hard enough to cut glass, and liquid heat flooded to the mouth of her sex.

Big time!

A groan of arousal lodged in her throat at the intense looks Calen and Van aimed at her. Raising a hand, Melanie waved a friendly acknowledgment to them. They reciprocated, causing the muscles in her pussy to tighten with excitement, begging for a cock, a finger, or a tongue to grip.

Mel went back to wiping down the bar and serving other patrons. An hour before the end of her shift, the familiar, subtle scent of cologne assaulted her nostrils. Uh-oh, she was in big trouble now. Glancing up from the register, she spotted them. Two other objects who teased her libido were gracing the club with their presence.

She met Jake Welland's sly grin and wink as he ambled toward Calen and Van's table, and standing in front of her was none other than Philip Weston. Oh, heavens, but he did smell delicious tonight. Flashing his pearly whites, he licked his lower lip suggestively before ordering a couple of beers. After popping the caps, Mel set two bottles in front of him.

"Thanks, sweetheart. Keep the change," he said, paying his tab and leaving her a ten dollar tip.

"You're welcome, Philip. And thank you...you're too generous." She smiled back a mite flirtatiously.

"Mmmm," he groaned as he walked away from the bar.

These two played havoc with Mel's lust and desire, just as Calen and Van did. Just like Calen and Van, Jake and Philip were committed to each other, one hundred and ten percent.

Philip's reddish brown hair was cropped short in a military-style brush not all men had the ability to pull off, with mustache and goatee trimmed close to his ruggedly handsome face. Some found his physique of muscle on top of muscle intimidating, while mesmerizing crystal blue eyes could make a woman forget her own name. His typical attire consisted of faded blue jeans that hugged his ass and more-than-adequate package perfectly, not leaving much to an admirer's imagination. Although he looked rough on the exterior, "big bad biker" tough, Philip's natural demeanor was sensual and very soft-spoken.

Jake was Jake. A stereotypical "surfer dude" beach bum, with long blond hair pulled into a ponytail and flip-flops on his feet. He was lean muscle, tall, and always on the hunt for a good time. With one hazel green eye and one blue, his features were beautiful in a masculine sort of way. A playful wink and smile, which he used like an assault weapon, would leave any woman, and most men, panting for air. He was seduction, all wrapped up in one delicious package.

The four men, seated at the table together and engaged in deep discussion, would lead a casual observer into thinking they were devising a covert military operation or hatching a plan for world domination. Elbows on the table, their expressions serious, unreadable, and with the furtive looks they cast around the room, there was no question the four exuded male dominance at its finest. Even some of the lesbians in the nightclub had been caught drooling over them.

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"Evening, guys," Philip said as he set a beer in front of Jake and dropped into the seat next to him. "And what's the topic of discussion this fine evening?"

"When I spotted the two of them sitting here as we walked in, neither one could take their eyes off a certain scrumptious bar maid," Jake said.

"Miss Melanie," Philip smiled and cast a look over his shoulder at the bar.

Van put his bottle back on the table after taking a pull off it. "Hmmm, we're going to ask her to join us in a ménage."

Jake sucked in a breath and shared a look with Philip. "You can't ask her to be with you," he said. "We're going to ask her to join us."

"Oh, come on, Jake, you don't honestly think Mel would go home with the two of you, do you?" Calen teased with a grin.

"Believe me, Cale, once Mel's had the two of us, she'll never be interested in another hetero man again." Philip chuckled, lifting his beer for a toast.

The four clinked bottles and shared a laugh. After discussing the weather, sports scores, and work, Van steered the conversation back to Mel. "Seriously, guys, are you really thinking of asking Mel to join you? How long have you been discussing this? We didn't know you were even looking to expand your union."

"Are you kidding? Look at her; she's gorgeous. Those curves, that smile, the way her eyes dance when she's excited," Philip said, glancing back at the bar.

"Yup, she's all that and a bag of chips. You've known her as long as we have. She'll make a perfect third...physically and emotionally," Jake said with a shrug. "Besides, we've been thinking about it for a few months," Jake finished.

"Well, I still don't think she'll go home with you two," Van smirked.

"Hmmm, you seem pretty sure of yourself," Philip said with a hint of irritation behind his words.

"Yeah, we are." Calen leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms with confidence.

"Well, then, smart-ass, let's let Mel decide which twosome she wants to be a third with, huh?" Again Philip glanced over his shoulder toward the bar. Making eye contact with the focus of their conversation, he motioned for a round for the table and blew Melanie a kiss.

Mel nodded and finished serving a customer.

"We're going to do this now?" Jake and Calen asked together in surprise.

"Good idea. We should settle this once and for all. Two of us will be taking Melanie home tonight. May the best men win." Van offered his hand to shake on the deal.

"May the best men win," Philip repeated.

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