
THE COMING STORM

Finding Forever - Book Four

JESSIE JONES



Published by Blushing Books
An Imprint of
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.
A Virginia Corporation
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

©2020
All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. The trademark Blushing Books is pending in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Jessie Jones
The Coming Storm

EBook ISBN: 978-1-64563-292-4

vi

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

The sun filtering into the open, private villa had the American beauty opening her sleepy eyes. A smile played on Gillian's lips as she yawned and stretched out her used, naked body in the large, king-sized bed. Rolling over on her stomach, Gillian looked around the room and realized that she was alone. However, the wonderful smells floating through the bedroom and the soft sounds of jazz music told her that at least one of her lovers was near. The ebony-haired woman girlishly giggled before she clutched the pillow to her face a second before the loud shriek of joy erupted from her lips. Gillian was not only the happiest she had ever been in her entire life, but she owed every single second of that to John Kenric and Patrick O'Malley.

Sitting up in the middle of the bed, the thin, white sheet fell to her curvy waist. She winced slightly as she felt the discomfort from last night's punishment in her bottom. However, the discomfort quickly turned to a smile as all the delicious, erotic memories began to bombard her senses. Gillian rubbed her eyes before closing them a moment as she inhaled John and Patrick's masculine, clean scents on her skin. The two men had been on

her, and in her, countless times in the past two weeks. It was hard to keep track of all the salacious, erotic things they had done, in and out of bed. Since leaving England in John's private jet, the trio had been staying in the Caribbean and hopping from island to island in the Brit's private, luxury yacht. The past couple of nights, Gillian had found herself in a secluded, magnificent villa on the island of St. Lucia, having the most remarkable sex of her life.

Scooting to the end of the bed, Gillian stood up before walking over to the large, open doors. She smiled when she saw John standing on the long, wooden pier, fishing. His large, muscular, tattooed body was dressed simply in a pair of white swim trunks, and the sun was glistening off the sweat on his bronzed skin. Her clit immediately twitched as her eyes traveled down his ripped, toned abdomen to the lower, V-shape disappearing into his shorts. John was a magnificent specimen of man, and the best part was he loved her! Every time the Brit looked at her, she saw it deep in his eyes. John not only loved her, but he was trusting her with the most intimate details of his life. Gillian could not believe some of the things John had told her, not only about his childhood but his business and the underworld. The two of them had spent so much time talking, laughing, and getting to know each other that she felt like she had known him her whole life.

Walking over to the side of the bed, Gillian picked up Patrick's discarded shirt that lay on the floor and slid it on. She inhaled the expensive, designer cologne from the material before it fell down her body to her knees. Gillian was not only madly in love with John Kenric, but she felt herself falling in love with Patrick as well. She was finding that they had so much in common and shared similar interests. Just like John, Patrick was so affectionate and loving with her. As far as Gillian knew, the blond Adonis had been with no other women since meeting her, and he looked at her as if she was the only woman on the planet. Gillian found Patrick very confusing. To the outside world, he

portrayed himself as a callous, self-absorbed prick. However, to Gillian, Patrick was someone entirely different. The golden giant was gentle, kind, and would give anyone the shirt off his back. Just like John, Patrick made her feel special, loved, and wanted.

The thought of John and Patrick loving her had a smile playing on her lips once again. Even though their relationship was unconventional and odd, the three of them fit together perfectly. Gillian had already discovered that John and Patrick were eerily linked in ways that were beyond the physical world. The two men knew each other's thoughts and feelings without speaking, and although she couldn't explain it, Gillian was beginning to pick up on that invisible wavelength. When the trio made love, there was a low, internal vibration that they generated. Not only did Gillian see how much John and Patrick needed each other, but both men had made it clear how much they needed her. Could the three of them really make one relationship work? So far, John appeared to be fine with Patrick sharing her attention and affections. John demanded that Gillian love him more, but what would happen when she was finally ready to confess her feelings of love for Patrick? How would John react then?

Shaking herself mentally, Gillian refused to dwell on anything negative. She loved John and Patrick, and she was going to enjoy every moment she could with them. Hugging herself, she made her way to the door of the bedroom. However, just as she reached for the doorknob, a wave of dizziness and nausea swept over her like a strong wind. Throwing her hand up to her mouth, Gillian ran into the bathroom and dropped to her knees over the toilet just as the foul liquid escaped her lips. When she was done vomiting, the beautiful doctor sat back on the cool floor and rubbed the back of her hand over her mouth. She closed her eyes a moment as her head fell back against the wall. When the wave of dizziness and nausea began to subside, she made her way to the sink to clean up. Grabbing a towel, she looked in the mirror as she

dried her face. *You'd better not be pregnant*, Gillian told herself as she pulled her hair back into a loose ponytail. After all, there had to be a rational explanation for the sudden bouts of morning sickness she was experiencing. Maybe her stomach wasn't used to the new foods she had been eating. It could also be that she had not fully acquired her sea legs yet from being on John's yacht.

Taking a deep breath, Gillian smiled at herself in the mirror once more. Pregnant? The thought lingered in her mind as she exited the bathroom and made her way toward the kitchen. Although she chastised herself for such a ridiculous thought, she knew that being pregnant was a real possibility. Not once, had John or Patrick used protection of any kind during their many sexual escapades, and both men seemed to enjoy coming deep inside of her. Gillian had not started her period in the past two weeks but had chalked that up to the stress and anxiety she had been through in the past month. Nothing about her life had been normal lately so, of course, her body was responding differently. Her hand instinctually went to her flat stomach as she crossed the magnificent villa. Gillian refused to stress herself out without any real proof to back it up. She would just have to acquire a pregnancy test in the very near future without John and Patrick finding out. Why freak them out when it was probably negative anyway?

Rounding the corner of the large, open kitchen, Gillian paused when she saw her Irish lover cooking over the stove. Patrick was dressed simply in a pair of navy-blue lounge pants that hung low on his muscular, v-shaped waist. Her clit again twitched with anticipation as her eyes feasted on his big, delicious body. She still had a difficult time believing that both Patrick and John belonged to her. Damn, she was a lucky girl!

"If you keep looking at me like that, lovey..." The golden Irishman smiled as he scrambled the eggs, without glancing her way. His body knew the exact moment Gillian had walked into

the kitchen. "...I might have to forget the meal I'm preparing and fuck you on the counter separating us."

"Well, what if I want both breakfast and a shag, Mr. O'Malley?" Gillian huskily asked, walking up behind him to wrap her arms around his waist and place a kiss on the area between his shoulder blades. As she rubbed her face against his broad, muscular back, she smiled. "You know, Mr. Kenric is outside fishing. We could sneak in a quick bout of role play. I could be the rich heiress who needs her butler's assistance."

Patrick chuckled as he pulled the skillet off the burner and turned around in her arms. He dipped his head and captured her lips in a sloppy, passionate kiss as his hands reached under her bottom to lift her up and wrap her porcelain legs around his waist. Sitting her on the counter, he broke the kiss, only to trail his lips across her jaw and down her neck. When his mouth found her ear lobe, he hungrily whispered, "You know I want nothing more than to slip inside that beautiful cunt of yours, but I don't want to hurt you. I know John and I were pretty rough with your punishment last night."

"Yes, you were," Gillian responded softly, her inner thighs and bottom still achy from the paddle. Her emerald eyes met Patrick's as she said, "If I'm being honest with you, babe, it's still pretty sensitive down there. Why do you and John like to fuck so hard?"

Patrick burst out laughing before he kissed her lips once more and hugged her tightly to his chest. "It's your fault, Gillian." The Irishman smiled, nuzzling her neck. "You make us lose control of ourselves. Is that a complaint that I'm hearing from those beautiful lips of yours?"

"No complaints here, babe. I happen to enjoy every single minute of it." Gillian chuckled softly, kneading the muscles in his shoulders as he placed kisses across her jaw. As her head moved to the side to make more room for his kisses, her eyes locked on the plate of bacon beside her. Hearing her stomach growl loudly,

she reached past Patrick to grab a piece and pop it into her mouth. She was not surprised to hear him laugh at her actions as he pulled back to look at her. When her emerald eyes met his, she offered a half smile as she chewed the salty meat. "Sorry. My stomach has a mind of its own sometimes. You know bacon is one of my faves."

"Of course, I do. Why do you think I made so much?" Patrick asked, placing one more chaste kiss on Gillian's lips before he stepped back to watch her scoot back on the counter and cross her legs, Indian style, before popping a second piece of bacon into her mouth. He was touched to see her wearing his t-shirt. Patrick's dick immediately began to harden when his eyes saw her rose-colored nipples through the soft material. Swallowing the lump in his throat, the Irishman tamped down his own desires. Needing a distraction, he started plating the food.

"So, Pup," Gillian began, referring to Patrick by his new, playful nickname. Her lover was so yummy when he was domestic. "Do we have any real plans today, or are we just hanging at the beach all day?"

"A little of both, actually," Patrick replied over his shoulder as he set the table on the open patio area. He deeply inhaled the warm, salty wind blowing from the ocean to try and calm his racing heart. Damn, the things Gillian did to his body with just a simple look!

"Hmm. Are you intentionally being vague, Pat?"

"Yes." Patrick smiled, meeting her gaze.

"Well then, that means we'll be doing something exciting today!" Gillian laughed as she clapped her hands together in girlish happiness. "Maybe John—"

"Maybe John will what?" the handsome billionaire asked, walking past Patrick to his woman. When he reached the counter, John opened her legs and jerked Gillian's bottom to the edge of the quartz. His large, scarred hand gripped her throat loosely before his mouth claimed hers in a hot, steamy kiss.

Feeling Gillian's body melt into his and her nails slide down his muscular back, John broke the kiss to look into her lust-filled eyes. Dimples played on his handsome face as he smiled. "Now that's a proper good morning, kitten. I was wondering when you were going to finally wake up. I take it you slept well."

"I did." Gillian smiled, wrapping her arms around his shoulders to play with the hair on the nape of his neck. She pulled him closer to place another kiss on his pink lips before she pushed him back to trace the dark hair on his tattooed chest. "I was surprised that you and Pat actually let me sleep in."

"We figured you needed it after being tied to the spanking horse last night," John said, smoothing back a fallen strand of her ebony hair. "By the way, you were magnificent last night. My body is still humming from your cries of pleasure. I assume you enjoyed it as well?"

"It was meh," Gillian replied nonchalantly, appearing bored. When she saw John's black brow lift in question, she kissed his lips before giggling. "I'm joking, Pooh Bear. You were amazing! Of course, I liked it."

"Just liked it?" John asked, surprised by her response, especially after the multiple orgasms he and Patrick had given her. She had appeared to be into the BDSM play, but maybe John had misread her body language. Had he forced something on Gillian that she didn't like? Caressing her porcelain jaw with his large hand, he lifted her chin to search her emerald eyes. "You know, kitten," John began seriously, all kidding aside. "If you are ever uncomfortable or unsure about anything we try sexually, you can stop it at any time. I assume you enjoy it, by the way you respond. I will not tolerate you lying to me, ever."

"Woah there, Mr. Create-a-Problem," Gillian said, shaking her head vigorously as she half-smiled, trying to break the odd tension emanating from John. "I enjoyed the damn horse, Bear! I thought I had proved that last night by begging for more! How the hell you got I'm lying to you about how much I enjoy sex is

beyond me. Trust me, Mr. Kenric. If I wasn't having a good time, you would be the first to know about it. Now shut up and kiss me, dammit!"

John chuckled at his own ridiculousness as he captured her mouth passionately with his. Pulling back, he nuzzled her neck with his bearded face lovingly. "I'm sorry, sweetheart," he said sincerely, loving the way Gillian comforted him with her simple caresses. "I'm still trying to get used to that damn American sarcasm of yours. Just when I think I have it figured out, you prove that I don't."

"I'm just trying to keep you on your toes, man," Gillian teased, pulling John closer to snuggle against his broad chest. When her grumbling stomach loudly made its presence known, she pushed John back slightly. "Now, if you're done accusing me of nonsense, I would appreciate it if you feed me. A girl sexually involved with two, masculine, virile men needs nourishment to keep her energy levels high."

John laughed before picking her up under her legs to carry her to the open deck area where the intimate table was set for the three of them. He watched Patrick pour Gillian some juice before he set her down on her feet in front of the wide, wicker chair. John's hands slid under the t-shirt she wore to palm her plump, porcelain ass. He felt his cock harden, realizing she was naked beneath Patrick's shirt. Damn, he wanted to fuck her! Maybe breakfast could wait just a few more minutes.

"Um, Bear," Gillian said softly, intuitively interpreting the slight change in his massive body. "I'm still recovering from last night, remember?"

"Oh, that's right. How rude of me," John whispered before pulling the lobe sensually with his teeth and licking the sensitive spot behind her ear. When he heard the catch in Gillian's breathing and felt her hands slip into his thick, black hair, John released his woman abruptly as an arrogant, cocky grin played on his full lips. "Damn, woman! I can't even eat breakfast

without you trying to seduce me. How many times do I need to tell you to keep your hands to yourself? A proper, British gentleman doesn't like to be pawed. Honestly, kitten. Have I taught you nothing?"

Patrick laughed loudly at his brother's words but more so at the annoyed expression lighting Gillian's green eyes. When she almost huffily flopped down in the chair, Patrick said, "Come on, sweetheart, no pouting. When you play with the proverbial fire, you know what can happen." When Gillian flipped him off, the Irishman chuckled and said to John loudly, "Such spirit, boyo. I thought we were close to breaking it. I guess I was wrong. Looks like we'll need to teach her again, tonight, exactly who's in control. I don't know about you, Johnny, but I think kitty enjoys pissing us off."

"Oh, it's intentional, Pat. I have no doubts about that." John smiled, pouring himself a cup of coffee as his eyes watched Gillian intently. "My woman definitely enjoys the darker side of sex."

"Okay, are you two done talking about me like I'm not even here?" Gillian asked, attempting to be annoyed with the two men but failing as a smile touched her rosy lips. As she began spooning the food on her plate, Gillian said, "This food looks delicious, Pup! If you keep cooking like this, I'm going to start growing...horizontally. I don't think you or John want that."

Patrick winked at his voluptuous lover as he, himself, began to eat. "Nonsense. John and I like you meaty."

"Meaty, really? Not exactly a word a woman wants to hear when a man is describing her body, Pat."

"You know what he means, kitten," John interjected heatedly, his gaze focused on the beautiful, hard nipples he saw poking through Gillian's shirt. "Your body is perfect."

Inwardly, Gillian's heart melted at his words. Deep down, she knew John and Patrick loved her curvy body, but it was nice to hear from time to time. "So, Bear, before you rudely interrupted

my conversation with Patrick earlier, he was just getting ready to tell me about our plans for today."

"Ah, yes, our plans," John said, loving Gillian's playful side. He had learned so much about his woman in the last two weeks, and he was falling even deeper in love every day. "Well, I thought we would start the day with a motorcycle ride around the island. Maybe some shopping, a nice picnic on the beach. Then, tonight, Pat and I have a surprise for you."

"Does this surprise involve me taking off my clothes?"

"You know me well, kitten." John grinned devilishly, taking a sip of his coffee before leaning back lazily in his chair. "It may also involve some role play."

"Sounds positively sinful! You know I love surprises, baby." Reaching across the table, she took John and Patrick's hands into hers and laced the fingers. A brilliant smile touched her lips when she said, "I am so excited to go riding today! Thank you both for making that happen! What type of hogs do you have? No crotch rockets or mopeds, I hope. I like the feel of a Harley between these legs."

"Moped, kitty?" Patrick asked, rolling his eyes as a smile touched his golden face. "Do Johnny and I look like men who would ride scooters?"

Gillian released their hands with a giggle before tossing some fruit into her mouth. "I wouldn't think so, but then I'm still getting to know you both, remember. Some men like a canopy on two wheels. Macklemore once said you don't need an Uber, you don't need a cab, fuck a bus pass, you got a Moped man."

"Who the fuck is Macklemore?" John asked, confused, as Patrick burst out laughing, catching the popular music reference.

"He's a wise American sage, John." Gillian laughed loudly with Patrick at John's reaction. The man was brilliant when it came to business and finance but knew nothing about pop culture.

"Well, he sounds like a complete, fucking idiot," John replied

with a soft smile of his own. He loved watching Gillian laugh. It made her stunning face even more beautiful.

"He's a rapper, mate," Patrick added, licking his lips as he glanced at his best mate. "From Seattle, I think."

"How the fuck do you know who he is, Pat?" John asked in disbelief as Gillian again began laughing. "You don't listen to that shit any more than I do. American rap, really? Garbage!"

"I met the bloke at a party in LA once. Nice guy, actually." Patrick chuckled, loving the fact that he was annoying John. He thoroughly enjoyed razzing the bastard. "Really, boyo, your age is showing. For a man who controls so much of the world, you really need to keep up on your current affairs."

"My age?" John asked incredulously. "Fucker, you're the same age as I am! Somehow, I don't think that knowing the words to some ridiculous scooter song will be a necessity one day."

"Calm down, Johnny!" Patrick continued in a teasing tone as he winked at Gillian. "Don't get yourself all worked up, boyo. Gillian and I are just messing around. Besides, we wouldn't want you blowing a vein or something. I hear that can happen when you start to age."

"Fuck you, Pat." John grinned, flipping off the Irishman as Patrick again burst out laughing. "Go ahead and yuk it up, boyo. You won't be doing that later when I have kitten bent over a desk and you're simply forced to watch. You're just jealous because she prefers my cock over yours."

"It's called pity, John." Patrick grinned, loving the banter. It was nice to see the billionaire so relaxed. "Gillian makes love to you because she is throwing your homely ass a bone. I mean, really, mate. Maybe you should look into having that mug of yours fixed."

"Puppy, play nice," Gillian playfully chastised Patrick, lightly chewing on her bottom lip so she didn't laugh. "That comment was below the belt. John is very handsome man. Plus, it's important you have respect for your elders, Pat."

"Respect for your elders?" John asked incredibly, jumping to his feet. "Oh, that's it. Run!"

Gillian let out a delightful shriek as she jumped up and turned to do as John commanded. However, before she even got a foot from the table, John was on her and had her thrown over his shoulder. As she wiggled and tried to dislodge herself from his grip, he smacked her soundly on the ass. Before she could scream out, she and John hit the cool water of the endless swimming pool. Both broke the surface of the water gasping and laughing before John grabbed her hand to jerk her against his chest. His hands quickly discarded the t-shirt she wore just before his hungry mouth captured hers. He deepened the kiss and mated his tongue with hers as he roamed her body with his hands.

"Wait, Bear!" Gillian cried out laughingly as John's mouth moved to her neck. "Why am I in trouble? You should be mad at Patrick!" As if on cue, her golden lover jumped into the water beside the couple. Gillian felt him immediately come up behind her so the two men could pin her body in between theirs. The breath caught in her throat when she felt Patrick's large, hard cock rub against her bottom. She gasped loudly when John's hand cupped her pussy and he began to rub her clit between his thumb and forefinger. "No fair," Gillian said on an exaggerated exhale, her body bursting into flames of lust and desire.

A wicked smile touched John's lips as his eyes touched hers. "You're the one in trouble, kitten, not Pat. You instigated the whole thing, lovey, and for that, you must be punished. If you are going to act like an impudent child, you must be treated like one."

"You just like spanking my ass, John Kenric!" Gillian pouted, rolling her eyes in mock disgust. Secretly, she had wanted to make love to John and Patrick, but she worried what they would think of her. Her bottom was a little sore, but her heightened state of arousal made the discomfort melt away. Keeping up her

The Coming Storm

slight façade of irritation, Gillian pretended to bark, "Let's just get this over with, dammit! Do what you will already!"

"Pat, take the wet t-shirt and tie kitten's hands behind her back," John ordered huskily as he released Gillian in the water and moved back. He licked his lips hungrily, and his hand found his own cock when he watched his woman stand, straighten her back proudly, and voluntarily give Patrick her hands. His precious kitten wasn't fooling anyone. John knew she wanted him to fuck her, but he had a different plan. He wasn't going to give up control that easily.

"You're a horrible little actress, lovey," Patrick whispered in her ear as he secured her hands in the wet fabric. His hand then slipped around her body to find her beautiful cunt. As Patrick toyed with her clit, Gillian arched her back in pleasure. "If you wanted my dick inside of you, sweetheart, all you had to do was ask."

John eased himself down on the steps of the infinity pool as he watched Patrick fondle Gillian. His hand slowly began jerking his own erect cock when he heard the catch in her breathing and saw her body begin to tense. "Don't let our woman come yet, boyo," John said in Gaelic so only Patrick would understand. "The devious little tease is going to have to wait for a release until later this evening. Bring her to me."

"With pleasure, Johnny, but give me a minute to play." Patrick grinned wickedly. His mouth devoured the salty skin of her neck and shoulder as he quickened the pace of his fingers in her pussy. Feeling Gillian's cunt tighten around the thick digits and hearing the sharp intake of her breathing, Patrick knew she was close to coming. Just as she was preparing for her orgasm, he pulled out his fingers and painfully slapped one bare breast. He chuckled at kitty's frustrated cries and placed a chaste kiss on her pert nose when she turned to glare at him. Patrick then playfully winked at her before he turned her around and pushed her toward John.

"She's extraordinary when she's angry at us," John said in

Gaelic, awestruck at her unequivocal beauty. When Gillian came to stand in front of him, he reached out and loosely gripped her neck before pulling her close to him. His mouth captured hers in a soft kiss as John massaged the pulse at the base of her throat with his thumb. Breaking the kiss, he eased his tall, muscular frame up so he could sit on the edge of the pool. With his mouth only inches away from hers, John said, "You are going to suck my cock while Pat fucks your pussy, kitten. You will be forbidden to come, understand? That will be your punishment instead of spanking."

"I would rather you spank me, Bear," Gillian replied whisper soft, loving the feel of his warm breath on her face. She kept her eyes on John even as she felt Patrick easing his swollen erection into her tight, wet pussy.

"I know." John smiled, kissing her lips once again. "And that is exactly why I won't. Now, be a good girl and slip my cock between those luscious lips, baby."

Gillian's eyes told John how much she loved him as she obediently lowered her head and took the full length of his cock into her mouth. She felt John's hand knot into her ebony hair as Patrick held the cloth binding her hands and eased his cock in and out of her core slowly. Her poor, used body felt electrified, and her pussy wept with need. Gillian moaned in pleasure around John's shaft each time Patrick pulled out completely only to plunge back in and fully embed himself within her. As Patrick moved himself in and out of her core, John was sliding in and out of her hot, moist mouth. Before she knew it, the two men had set up a rhythm and were driving her body insane. Just as she felt the orgasm begin to build deep within her womb, Patrick slowed his thrusts to an almost painful pace.

Gillian cried out loudly when John removed himself from her mouth with a loud pop and brought her lips to his. He ran his tongue across the sensitive skin and stroked himself against her bare breasts before he said, "I love you, kitten. Do you love me?"

"You know I do, Bear." The beautiful American sighed against his mouth before she began rubbing her face against his thick, corded neck like a well-fed cat. Her ebony head was roughly jerked back before John slammed his lips down on hers. She again groaned into his mouth when his tongue began mating with hers and his fingers tweaked her hard, rose-colored nipples. Just as John did this, Patrick quickened his thrusts and began fucking her at a frantic pace. Feeling her vaginal walls begin to tighten with her own impending orgasm, she broke John's kiss and yelled, "I'm going to come! Fuck me, Patrick!"

Hearing Gillian's plea, had Patrick immediately withdrawing his long, thick cock from her dripping, wet pussy. Her golden lover chuckled and slapped her painfully on the ass when he heard her scream out in frustration and obscenities. Patrick reached under her to loosely grip her neck and bring her back flush against his chest. Placing a kiss on her cheek, he whispered in her ear, "Such a foul mouth for a woman so beautiful." His free hand then slid down the front of her body to her sensitive clit. As Gillian squirmed against him and panted with need, he watched John capture her mouth again in a passionate kiss as he stroked his own cock with long, slow movements.

Breaking the kiss with his woman, John growled, "Stay on the steps in the water and get on your knees." When Gillian did as her lover directed, she watched John move so he towered over her while he began jerking his cock with quick strokes. His eyes met hers and a smile played on his handsome face when he said, "Pat and I are going to come all over those big, beautiful tits, and you are just going to kneel there and let us." John then sucked in his own moan of pleasure when Gillian's emerald eyes touched his and he saw the anger deep in their depths. His kitten was displeased with him, and that made his blood boil with desire. Even more so, because she was biting her tongue and being the good submissive. Just to prove his point to Gillian, John cocked a

brow and asked, "Is there something you want to say to me, kitten? You look annoyed."

"No, please come on me. I love you," Gillian quietly replied in total submission. She really wanted to tell John and Patrick where they could get off, but even more than that, she wanted to please them. Gillian knew exactly what the men, especially John, wanted to hear. Her pussy painfully throbbed with need as she heard John and Patrick almost snarl in unison and begin roughly jerking their cocks. Gillian was completely mesmerized by the sexual picture her two lovers presented as they towered over her. Each man fondled a large breast as he stroked himself closer and closer to an orgasm. She could not get over how deliciously handsome they looked or the immense pleasure the men were getting from dominating her. To please John even more, Gillian straightened her back and stuck out her breasts even farther. The grunt she heard from her British lover told her how much he appreciated the small, sexual gesture.

Patrick was the first giant to lose his control as his hot, sticky load shot out all over her left breast. He closed his turquoise eyes and rubbed the tip of his cock against her nipple as his stomach convulsed and he stroked the last drop out, onto her porcelain skin. Just as Patrick's cock began to soften, John yelled out and shot his own thick, salty semen on Gillian's chest. His dark head fell back, and he fought for some sense of control as he massaged his balls with one hand and jerked the mushroom shaped tip of his dick with the other. As the thick fluid continued to ease from him, John pushed her big breasts together and slid his cock up and down the valley between them. He eased his cock between the globes until the intense waves of pleasure began to subside.

"Oh, fuck, kitten." John chuckled, hugging her body to him as he pulled her out into the middle of the pool. "You might be the death of me, love."

"I take it you enjoyed yourself?" Gillian asked John dryly, feeling Patrick behind her, releasing her hands.

The Coming Storm

"I enjoyed you." John smiled warmly, kissing her swollen lips. As he broke the kiss and hugged her again to his chest, he asked, "What about you, Pat? Should we keep her?"

"Absolutely," Patrick replied, nuzzling her neck. "I couldn't think of a better way to start the day."

"Mm-hmm," Gillian said, moving from in between the two men as she made her way toward the stairs. Over her shoulder, she smiled. "You two owe me, especially after not allowing me to find my own pleasure. That was dirty pool, boys. I expect some type of consolation prize this evening, and it had better be worth the wait."

John chuckled as he watched a voluptuous, naked Gillian proudly make her way up the steps of the pool. "Don't pout, kitten. I will make it up to you today, I promise." When his woman said nothing as she continued toward the villa, he yelled, "I love you."

"Someone's annoyed," Patrick replied, breaking the water and throwing his head back. He felt so good after their little excursion. "Think she'll forgive us?"

"Me? Yes, because she loves me." John smiled, leaning back in the water and kicking his feet. "You? Not so sure. You were the one who tied her hands."

"Fuck you, Johnny." Patrick chuckled, swimming around the pool himself. "Have you already secured the location for tonight?"

"Of course, I have," John replied, glancing toward the pier where Luther was pulling up in the smaller fishing boat. "I see Luke arriving. Our motorcycles must have arrived. Looks like we need to get ready, mate."

"I'm right behind you, boyo," Patrick said, following John out of the pool. Today, was going to be interesting indeed!