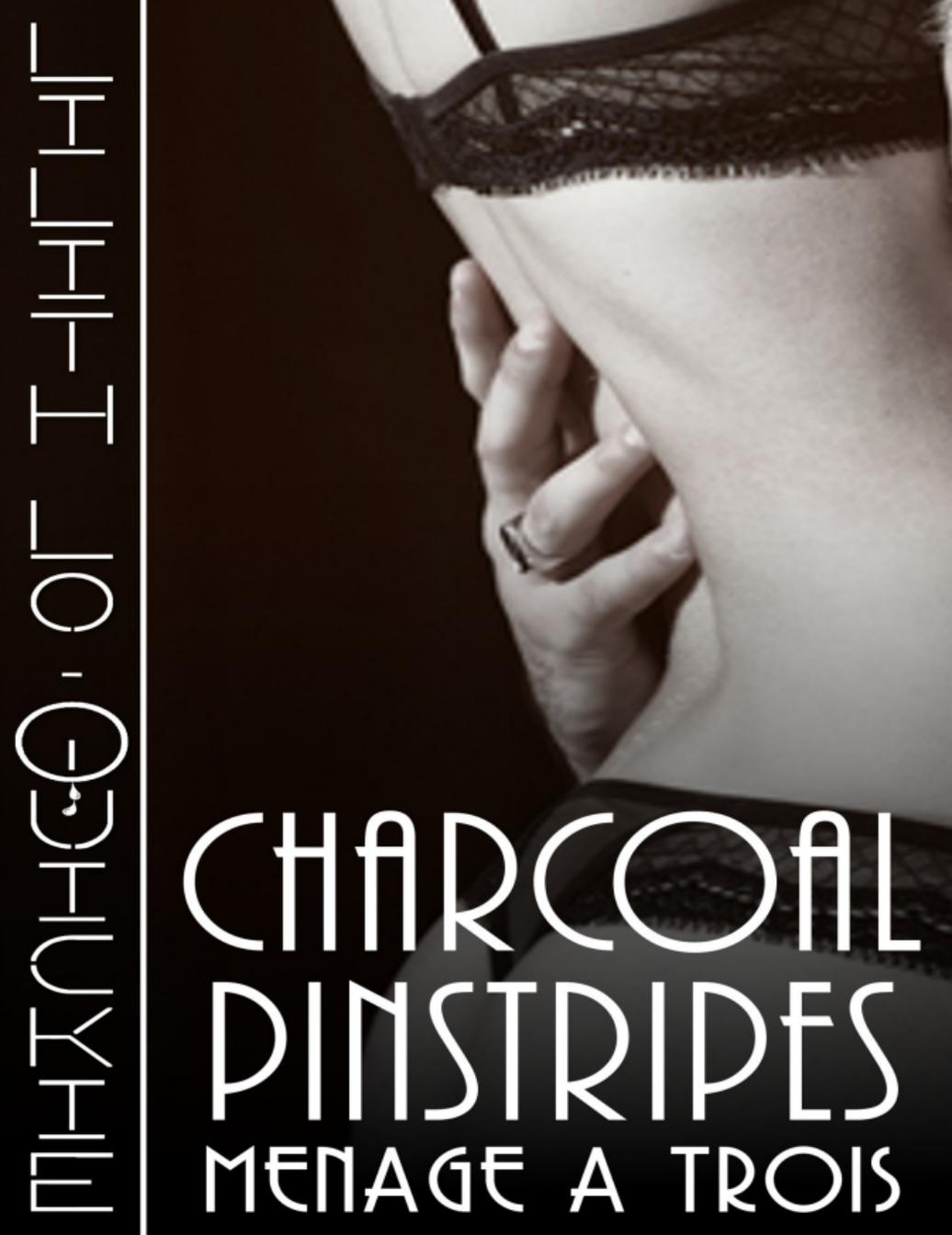


THE HISTORY OF GOSHUJIN



CHARCOAL
PINSTRIPES
MENAGE A TROIS

Charcoal Pinstripes

An Erotica Short Story

Lilith Lo

Charcoal Pinstripes

Published by Lilith Lo

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Charcoal Pinstripes

The words on the screen began to bleed together, my eyes burned. Editing is my life but, damn, if it isn't one serious struggle sometimes.

One saving grace for this particular science fiction end-of-the-world saga was that I rather enjoyed re-reading the sex scenes. I'm not an erotica editor, but the scenes crafted by this author's masterful fingers made my job a slight bit easier. In fact, this particular scene was rather sensual. No tentacles, no demon horns. Just two people all hot and bothered: hands, sweat and lust.

My cell phone buzzed.

Contemplating the literary benefits of

‘hard length’ instead of ‘prick’, I slid my finger across the screen, only giving half of my attention to the text message: ‘Don’t forget about Cloverfield’s. Noon. R’.

Crap.

My growing ardor was doused a bit by reality. Of course I forgot. I had to finish this piece by Ten in the evening. I spent too much time lingering over the sex, not enough time paying attention to the clock.

Cloverfield’s was over thirty minutes away in the next town. An audiobook would keep me company. Book of choice: a ménage love triangle. Six hands, two cocks, one well serviced and satisfied woman. Bliss. This lovely

heroine's choice of men were described so tastefully they were almost like candies sitting on the counter, nicely wrapped, when no one is looking. The type of thing you just want to snatch up and eat greedily: tasting and sucking.

Driving to Cloverfield's to assist Ruben in finding the right suit slipped my mind entirely. Instead, I let my mind wander through the unfolding audio tango, getting worked up with each word. Before I knew it, mid one very naughty sex scene, I arrived.

It wasn't until I pulled up to the front of the store that I realized it was going to be a problem. A woman shouldn't walk into a suit shop when she's horny as hell. She shouldn't wrap

her arms around the one man who takes her breath away and kiss him, either.

With Ru's arm wrapped around my shoulder, my panties slick, we walked in together.

The front of the store was cluttered with bars, racks, and shelves of suits. I don't know what I expected, but being smothered by linen and wool wasn't quite it.

Black, blue, brown, beige, burgundy, bronze. Racks and racks of amazing colors, but it was the grays, the charcoal and gainsboro, that caught my eye.

The salesman, dressed sharp in a dark blue, was very attentive. While Ruben tried on one suit after another, I

became painfully aware that my ardor hadn't faded. It only lay dormant for a small period of time. Suit material slicked together each time he moved and the leather of his belt whipped through the loops with swift pulls of his hands. All of this made it more difficult to focus as the venture went on. Ties and belts. Luxury and Business. Power and Influence. It was all so suggestive to my already sex-steeped brain.

He eventually tried on a blue suit but the appeal dulled immediately.

“No,” I said. “The gray.”

Ruben and the salesman, both dressed in matching dark blue, looked at me. It was then that I realized my voice did a strange, lustful shiver of sorts, with

a hint of a moan. Those three words said a lot.

I pretended nothing of the sort came from me and breezed on with my words—spewing some scientific jibber to explain how the dark of his hair and peach of his skin contrasted well with the darker streaks of suit gray. I don't think it made sense, but Ru slipped the blue off his shoulders.

The back of the store was decorated by cubbies with neatly stacked shirts and rows and rows of shoes. My, the shoes. Slicked leather spats and wingtips in rich, ruddish tones were displayed like holy relics on glass shelving. They glistened, even. I touched one fingertip to a shined toe, pretending

to feel the material in a ‘is it plastic, is it leather’ sort of way. When I looked up, the fact that my one finger was being suggestive was quite clear in the set of Ruben’s eyes.

Suggestive, me and my randy forefinger.

I touched a finger to my bottom lip, as if the shoes needed deep thought and serious hours of tense contemplation.

The salesman’s mouth jutted up with a sly smile. “Those?”

I only nodded, careful not to say anything lest my voice betray me again.

Off Ruben went to do things like be measured by the tailor and I sat on a plush leather bench. Regal with brass studs lining the edges, it belonged in the

waiting room of a pretentious lawyer's office on floor number thirteen in New York City, not in a suit shop in small town USA.

The coolness of the leather made me realize how heated I was. Not only was my skin flushed and warm, but sweat began to run down my spine. Sweat and leather, it made me think of sex—on top of the sex I was already thinking of.

Trailing one finger over and around the brass studs, I imagined a ménage happening right there. It would have been the perfect height, if the men were on their knees.

Then Ruben returned.

Though I couldn't see him, I heard

him behind me. The fabric of his pant legs gripped and slicked with that unmistakable sound of finely woven polyblend rubbing together.

He sat behind me. Before I turned to face him, I let my thoughts free—if only for a laugh. “I wonder how many times the sales guy fucked some hot chick right here.”

Smiling, I turned, and saw blue.

Shit.

Blue. A thick, heavy, textured blue. Not charcoal. No pinstripes.

Quickly, I stood, and stepped away. Far away—to the middle of the store where the tie racks stood; far away from the salesman; far away from the leather bench with rows of studs. I occupied my

eyes with vivid colors and power tie patterns, but my mind was full of panic and humiliation. I couldn't believe I said that to the salesman.

A moment later, he walked to me. "With the gray, a burnt yellow tie would look good, I think. Given his tastes." He slipped one such tie from the rack.

God bless him for maintaining decorum. My embarrassment edged off a little.

We talked about colors and ties, and nothing else. I couldn't bring myself to look at him. Part of me was well aware of how attractive he was, young with a slight rough edge to his features, and I wondered if he actually had taken a woman or two on that very bench. When

he passed me a silver pocket square I had to be careful not to touch him.

We were joined minutes later by another person and I was certain to look up and verify that it was indeed Ruben before saying or doing anything.

I tried to flow right into ‘we were talking about tie colors’ . . . but that didn’t matter. Ru could read the shift in my demeanor. His eyes narrowed, just slightly, and I knew his mental gears were turning, trying to sort it out. You can't be married for over a decade and not become tuned into your partner's mental state in some sense.

On the way home, alone in my van with the radio turned off, I tried to assure myself that what I did was just a

little slip up and it didn't matter.

It didn't matter, did it? I didn't actually do anything wrong. I just made an ass out of myself. That's hardly a crime. So why do I feel guilty?

We both arrived at our home within minutes of each other, him first, of course, and I was tired of feeling bad for something that was, really, just outright silly. With my big girl panties on, I told him what happened—turned on, ménage, the embarrassing slip of tongue—all the while forcing myself to smile and laugh. By the time I finished, Ru's eyes had widened, I sucked in a deep breath, and then he laughed with a loud, belting boom. Yes, I was worried over nothing.

We had normal evening after that.

Steak and potatoes for dinner. The evening news. I sat and edited, pushing to make this evening's deadline. Ru sat and watched Hockey on TV.

After a while, though, I began to sense that something was off. Ruben was a bit more withdrawn than usual and when I finally asked him about it he said he was, "Thinking things over."

My keystrokes became louder as the odd heaviness of the night grew thicker. Thirty minutes, then an hour, then two went by. It seemed silly, but I began to sense that what should have been nothing was something dreadfully awful, it was all my fault, and I was being punished with silence.

When I finally finished editing,

with no great amount of fanfare, I joined Ru on the couch. It was then that I realized I was being punished with another thing: ‘no touching’. There’s no one word for it, though, I have to make something up like ‘contactlessness’ or ‘handsoffism’, whichever works best for you. I think ‘touchlence’ is the most succinct, here.

Call Oxford to report that I have invented a new word.

Touchlence. Verb. The act of not touching someone with the intent of driving them insane.

Okay so that's being over the top, I know. But still chaffed from earlier, in that moment, that's what I felt.

Eventually, after a night of me trying to

cozy up to him and being given only touchence in return, Ru got up from the couch and went to bed, saying little.

It couldn't possibly be because of that stupid little sex comment to the salesman. No, Ru was never that shallow. I'm sure the whole transition from military to civilian was more stressful than I can imagine. He was taking on a new lifestyle, not just a new career. Instead of confronting him, I let things go.

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Morning came and brought with it a load of regret. Next to me, the bed was empty. Ru left the house sometime before I woke, leaving only a text

message: 'Back in a bit'.

I dressed for the day in a little summer number that Ruben loved the most, and put a pot on to brew. You know, the whole morning routine thing, but I still felt out of sync and couldn't focus on my next editing project. Ru didn't return my texts, so eventually I made my way back to bed, coffee in hand, feeling like total and utter crap.

Cold coffee now sitting on the side table, after what felt like hours, the bedroom door slowly opened. I jolted upright. My heart raced violently for no reason. It was only him, it was only Ruben, but my hands were shaking.

Maybe it was because of the suit he was dressed in. Of course! He took a

trip to Cloverfield's to pick up his suit. I was so wrapped up in my own internal humiliation that I forgot he paid for the tailor to prioritize the job.

And here I was thinking he was ignoring me on purpose. How stupid.

He looked divine, too, sleek and together with his charcoal and pinstripes, those satin-shined cap toe oxfords. Seeing him like that was a new thrill. I wanted to touch him, slip the belt from its loops and slide my hand along the smooth of his stomach. I smiled, nervous. When he didn't return the smile I was drawn up short. His eyes were still soft, though, so I knew he at least wasn't angry with me. So then . . . ?

He walked to the end of the bed

with measured steps. It was then that I saw the kerchief tucked inside the lapel pocket and it wasn't the silver one I picked out. He freed the crumple of sheer red lace from his pocket and trailed it through his fingers, his eyes on me. I sat up on my knees in the middle of the bed, a shiver running through me. Bondage play?

“Do you remember last year?” he asked.

I frowned, that was vague. “What about last year?”

“When you first told me that you enjoyed editing erotica?”

My mouth fell open, just a little, and my breath caught on the knot in my throat. “Yes.”

I remembered it all too clearly. I took on one erotica editing project as a favor for a friend. It had a small ménage scene, it wasn't much of one, but it was there. It didn't fit with the story overall and I stressed about telling her to cut the scene from the story. She did, but I kept a copy in a file of my favorite excerpts. Sort of breaking the sacred editing vow, but it was for my personal pleasure only. Ruben was the only one who knew I hoarded snippets like that. I hoped he'd forget, but apparently he didn't.

“Do you remember,” he continued, “the conversation we had about it?”

The scarf slipped through his fingers again.

Realization slapped into me,

zinging through my body. I shuddered. “You said it was one of your favorite scenes, too.”

“Now you remember.” His voice tensed, almost imperceptibly.

Whatever I’d done pushed him to consider the little once discussed and never revisited conversation about us having a ménage. The fantasy was on my mind often during sex. Was that a thrill or a sin? I couldn’t decide.

He did smile, then, which made me relax. Then that smile shifted into a sexy, devilish little grin that preceded all sorts of naughtiness in the bedroom. So when footsteps entered the room, I was surprised, but not shocked.

Yet when I turned and saw a

familiar man dressed in a dark blue suit, I was stunned. Cloverfield's came with full service. Funny, I didn't see that on the pricing sheet.

And I didn't know what to say.

Or even think.

I was reduced to a shaken mix of chaotic thoughts and feelings. The rattled, undone sensation wasn't just on the inside, but on the outside, too. Quivering and unsteady, my breath rattled in my chest.

Ruben stepped to me and pressed one finger to my lips. I stilled instantly. "You don't have to, if you don't want to."

After a moment, lost in a strange sort of trance, I whispered, "I do, I just

don't know how."

Reaching out, I clutched the hem of his suit jacket. When he ran the soft fabric of the scarf across my thigh, I relaxed, knowing he had everything under control. I wouldn't have to worry about anything. Ruben was a demolition expert, meticulous and careful; nothing would be left to chance.

Slowly, so slowly, Ruben leaned forward and brushed his lips across mine. I closed my eyes and gave into the sensation of that warm tingle building deep inside. Skin on skin. Then, he kissed me with a little more vigor, but still soft and lovely.

The other man in the room faded away. Not completely, but enough. The

kiss had my attention, as did the hand on my thigh, the rustle of fabric, and the delicate scarf now being placed over my eyes.

Smooth, calculated, just how things unfolded in that one deleted scene that I loved so much.

The kiss deepened while one hand threaded through my hair. He gathered it together, as if to twine it into a ponytail, but he held it away from my neck and kissed the nape. Disoriented and having lost track of things like bodies, I wasn't sure who it was. It was the fault of the dark, and that sinful, deep kiss, and the fact that I'd been stewing with no relief for over twenty-four hours.

After all of the touchlence, the

contact was glorious. There were no
errs to forgive. I reveled in the fingertips
on my neck and the tingling, tight chill
that radiated across my skin. Oh,
wonderful. The darkness that surrounded
me felt more like a warm pool. We were
simply swimming and swimming.

My lips cooled when Ruben ended
the kiss. For a brief moment I wished
he'd bring his mouth back to mine. Then
I realized he was taking off his suit
jacket. I could hear the sound of the slick
lining as it slipped against the texture of
his shirt. Maybe it wasn't him, I was
uncertain.

Hands pressed lightly to my knees,
slowly spreading my legs apart. I
groaned and reached out to feel, to

touch. Anyone. Someone. A heated hand grasped my wrist and lifted up. Warm wetness met the inside of my arm—a kiss. That one kiss turned into a trail of kisses, which jolted through me with prickling heat.

Fingertips slid across the inside of my thighs, teasing back and forth, up and up, underneath my skirt. When those fingertips brushed over my swollen pussy, I groaned. My skin crackled with fire. I could tell because the touch felt cold and soothing, and wet. Wet from me. My sweat, my cream.

The lips on my arm made their way to my shoulder and fingertips followed, tickling and teasing. With my other hand, I found the hem of a suit jacket, and

pulled. I don't know what I was pulling for, but the tension building inside compelled me to demand more. More kissing, more touching, more closeness. More.

The bed dipped behind me and hands met my shoulders, brushing over my tingling skin. I moaned and gasped and tried to lean into the contact. Fingers found the pull of my zipper and slowly drew it down.

Down . . . until cool air brushed my back and my dress slipped from my shoulders, unaided. Gravity caused it to fall. The smooth satin clung to my breasts and the straps gathered in the crook of my arms.

All the many times I fantasized, and

here it was in reality, yet it felt like a dream.

Warm hands reached from behind me and slid the straps over my wrists and off my hands. When my breasts were freed from the thin layer of fabric, the wet, heated hands exploring the apex of my sex glided over the ruffled folds of fabric and met the exposed span of my belly. Then, those two hands trailed upward and cupped the round of my breasts.

I blindly felt my way to his arms, then up to his shoulders, trying to discern who was in front of me. I couldn't tell. I'm unable to recognize the contours of Ruben's body versus another man's body. Is that terrible? But the attempt is

pleasing as is the mouth on the back of my neck.

I began to shake again, need and anticipation boiling over. Touch me more, please.

More fabric rustled and fell to the floor. A jacket, a shirt, a tie, slacks? Then one zipper, and then another. I trailed my hands down the side of the man in front of me, to the waist of his pants. Skimming along the top edge of his belt, I sought out the buckle.

The sound of finely tooled leather slipping against the brass buckle as I pulled was satisfying. Breath hitched in his chest when I found the clasp and slipped my fingers behind the metal prong to undo it—something I've wanted

to do since yesterday. So satisfying to finally have so many things I've wanted.

Under my fingers, the zipper chattered when I worked the pull down. A moment later, my hands were wrapped around a solid, hard cock. Only then could I discern who was in front of me, and it wasn't Ruben.

From the darkness of the blindfold I pictured the other man's face. An angular jaw, sharp gray eyes, dark hair styled just right. Now here he stands, his slacks shoved down his legs, his cock freed and in my hand. I gripped it tightly and groaned as I drew my hand to the tip and then back down. I hadn't touched anyone other than Ruben in over fifteen years. It was alarming and exciting at the

same time.

A voice in the back of my mind questioned things, but I swatted it away. This was a fantasy I had and never imagined it coming true. Ruben took the necessary steps to make it happen. It was his fantasy, too. That act alone was enough to assure me that this was okay. It wasn't just me being greedy, it was both of us, all three of us, satisfying a need.

I licked my lips, slowly, seductively. The blindfold on, the swimming sensation, all of this made it unreal—surreal.

Hands touched my shoulders and guided me back, back onto the thick cushion of a pillow. The warmth of

hands on my cheeks was welcoming. Gently, Ruben eased my head back until my neck was taut and exposed. Gingerly, he placed a kiss at the hollow near my collarbone. Hands roamed free over my chest and I slid my hand up, under his shirt, over his taut abs.

The bed dipped again, the fingertips left my heated skin, and slick, soft flesh pressed to my lips. I opened instinctively, and the velvet smooth tip of his cock glided between my lips, just a little.

Arms slipped underneath my knees, lifting my legs and spreading them farther apart. The sensation of hands on my shoulders, the ridges of a hard cock against my lips and tongue, while my

legs were braced in another pair of hands, was sensual. A tasteful, alluring, chaotic mess. Sensation overload, the darkness behind the scarf only added to it all.

All I could do was imagine what I look like, what the three of us look like. Nude and suits. Just as the image became clear in my mind, the velvety softness of a stiff prick pressed to my sensitive clit.

My hips bucked and my pussy pulsed with the contact. Fingers, I think that's what spread me open first. The sound of my wetness on needful fingers was amazing to hear, as was the ragged, tense breathing of both Ruben and the well-dressed salesman. Louder than both of them, I moaned around the delicious

prick in my mouth when it ran against my tongue and touched to the back of my throat.

I tensed and bucked again when the cock on my clit glided down, down through the folds of my pussy lips. Poised right over my slit, the first inch of his cock worked its way inside me. At the same time, I took more of Ruben's delicious cock into my mouth.

Pressure built inside me, an astonishing sensation, as I was stretched and filled. I angled my neck just enough to take the cock into my mouth with greater ease. The feeling of being filled by two men, so complete, was satisfying in ways I never thought possible. Lustfully, I found my nipples and teased

them—rolling, tugging, pinching—spiking my need and theirs.

My body jittered and rocked with their synchronized movements. It was like a sex dance and I was certain that it wouldn't take long for me to come. A few more glides, in and out, and I'd be rung through. Glorious.

Fingers met my clit and pressed firm and steady without moving. No circles, no tracing patterns, no teasing. Just pressure. It was almost too much. I thrust my hips forward trying to work my clit against the pressure, desperate to coax on an orgasm.

The hands left my cheeks and a moment later they traveled to my thighs. In my mind's eye I could see us clearly

—four strong hands holding my legs and two insanely sexy men fucking me. Because that's what they were doing, the sensual ease has quickened and caught fire. Now it's a deep, wanting thrust from both of them. Sweet, deep heat.

Sweat dripped onto my skin and ran over my curves, down the swoop of my sides. The sound of flesh smacking against flesh filled the air, mixed with the grunts and groans.

Drowning in pangs of pleasure, swallowing the cock in my mouth and taking one in my greedy pussy, my body was finally taken over. My orgasm spiked.

Like proper gentlemen, they held back, waiting for me to come before

filling my mouth and pussy with their spend. Salty, sweet, thick and hot. Their animalistic grunts top it off, like warm chocolate on a sweet, sinful strawberry.

As we slowed and calmed, hands wandered over me, appreciatively.

When they shifted and pulled away, I didn't move. I stayed still for a moment, draped over the pillow, breathing hard, and thinking of the Now Hiring sign sitting by the cash register at Cloverfield's.

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