

Third Place

is the

Best Place

Dana Littlejohn

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*A Free Read*

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# Third Place is the Best Place

By Dana Littlejohn

"What's up Ronni? How are you?" Martina said as she hugged her friend.

"I'm good. Sorry we couldn't meet last week. Byron was invited to a Valentine's party by a guy at work. We had a *really* good time. I hadn't expected his job friends to be that much fun," she said with a snicker.

"I'm sure it wasn't that much of a stretch for them. Byron says their parties are a little wild, aren't they?" Martina asked, laughing.

Ronni laughed with her. "Yes, girl, they've been kicked out of every hotel that they've ever booked for their holiday parties. So, their parties are very exciting and different every time since they've never been to the same place twice."

Martina laughed again. "So, what do we talk about today?"

"What did you do for Valentine's Day?"

"Well, Kevin was out of town at a meeting so I didn't do anything. He did make up for it later. Just last week he came over. My original plan was to spend it with my number one, but Kevin showed up and I had to put him on the backburner."

Ronni let out an astonished gasp. "No."

"Yes, shocking as that is, he had to take one for the team."

"I thought *no one* came before him on your fantasy-husband list."

"That's true. Zorro is my number one, Captain Picard is number two and Kevin holds a solid number three."

"Three, huh? I bet that piece of information makes him happy," Ronni said, chuckling.

Martina laughed with her friend. "I don't know what he gets all bent out of shape about. He's in excellent company. A solid number three on *that* list is extraordinarily high."

"So, what happened? Why'd he have to take one for the team?"

"Let's order first, and then I'll tell you all about it."

Ronni flagged a waiter.

“Hey Ronni, Martina. How are you guys? I missed you last week.”

“We had to do the girlfriend thing and spend time with our men, Roger. We couldn’t fit in any *us* time until today,” Martina explained.

“Aww, you poor things,” Roger said with a teasing grin. “So what can I get you ladies today?”

“Roger, we need a drink before we start our storytelling and I’m starving, so bring a menu.”

“You want the usual?”

“Yup.”

“Martina?”

“Make it two Margaritas, Roger. This is a juicy one.”

Roger nodded and walked away. He returned with their drinks, and Martina plunged into her story.

“Well, Kevin and I didn’t make any previous plans to spend the evening together. He was going to be in Chicago for the week for work. They usually go around the same time every year, but this time the conference went a little over.”

“Did you at least talk to him?” Ronni asked

“Yeah, we spoke all week, and he’s so sweet that he sent me a little gift in the mail every day.”

“Aww,” Ronni said dreamily.

“Yeah, he wasn’t supposed to be back until the weekend so I planned to have a movie night. I was going to watch all the different versions of Zorro that I had. While I prepared for my Zorro marathon, the phone rang.”

\* \* \* \*

“Hello, hello, hello,” she answered cheerily.

“Hi, baby. Happy Valentine’s Day!”

“Thanks, baby, but Valentine’s Day was last week.”

“I know, but I feel bad that I didn’t get the chance to spend it with you.”

“That’s sweet, honey, but you sent me a wonderful gift.”

“Yeah, but it’s not the same as being there, so I still want to make it up to you. What’cha doing?”

“I’m not doing anything yet. I’m still preparing. What are you up to?”

“We just finished our last meeting a while ago. The guys are getting ready to go out for a beer to celebrate, but I wanted to talk to you first.”

“Aww. Are you coming home tonight?”

“No, the room is paid for until tomorrow so the fellas wanted to see some Chicago nightlife while we’re here.”

“Okay, hon, I’m just going to wash my hair and watch a few movies.”

He sputtered. “You’re not watching that damn Zorro again, are you?”

Sitting on the couch, she twirled her wavy chestnut-brown hair around her finger and smiled. “Kevin, darling, you know you’re my number one. He’s just a close second. Very close,” she said as a few giggles slipped out of her.

“Whatever, man. I know I’m more like number three on that list of yours, behind Zorro and that other Star Trek captain who, by the way, is second to Kirkman,” he corrected.

“Sweetheart, where would you get a ridiculous idea like that?” She turned the phone’s receiver up toward the ceiling so he couldn’t hear her laughing.

He chuckled. “Martina, anybody who knows *you* knows that. It’s not a secret.”

“There’s no need for you to be jealous, Kevin. To be third on a list like that isn’t a bad thing, you know.”

“Martina, please, I’m not jealous of some stupid fictional character.” A huff filled his words. “Go ahead and have your night with the *wonderful Zorro*,” he added with dramatic flair. “I’ll call you when I get home.”

“Okay, sweetie. Ta ta!” She hung up and fell back on the couch, laughing.

A few hours later she prepared her corner.

“Okay, let’s see...bowl of strawberries, two cans of Mountain Dew, plate of chicken wings and a punch bowl of popcorn. Great!” With a satisfied nod, she grabbed a towel and went into the kitchen. As soon as her head was under the water, the doorbell rang.

“Dammit. It figures.”

Wrapping the towel around her head, she marched to the foyer and swung the door open.

“Kevin!” She straightened her makeshift towel turban on her head. “Hi, baby, what are you doing here?”

“Well, you know Chicago’s beer tastes just like Indianapolis beer,” he answered with a shrug. “Besides, we were done with the meetings. I saw no reason to stay another day. I figured I’d have more fun helping you wash your hair.” He smiled, holding up a shopping bag. “So I stopped at the store to pick up a few things too.”

She kissed him and closed the door. “Okay, great.”

He followed her to the kitchen, and she stuck her head back under the water. Kevin put the bag on a chair and shoved a bottle of shampoo next to the running water.

“Smell that.”

“Mmm, smells like strawberries. Nice.”

“I knew you’d like that.”

\* \* \* \*

“Girl, do you know what he did then?” Martina asked.

“No. What happened?”

“He threw my shampoo in the trash and almost drowned me trying to rinse it out of my hair.”

Ronni laughed.

“Ronni, he was banging my forehead on the bottom of the sink, trying to get it out the back of my head and everything.” She chuckled.

Ronni laughed harder.

“Yeah, that shit’s funny now, but I wanted to strangle him then,” Martina said as a few more laughs slipped out of her. “Anyway...”

\* \* \* \*

“Sorry, sorry. Here, kneel on the chair so you won’t go so far in the sink.”

He took the bag off the chair that was at the table and pushed it against the sink.

“Thanks,” Martina grumbled.

“I got some strawberry candles too. I thought you might like those, too.” He squeezed the shampoo onto her hair. “Here, you start, and I’ll find somewhere to put them and I’ll get you another towel.”

Martina nodded and continued washing. Soon soft music drifted through the rushing of the water. Smiling, she hummed and bounced to the music when she heard a piercing whistle and stopped her movements.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I’m just admiring the view, baby. A bouncing booty is a thing of beauty. We’re very visual creatures, you know.”

“I thought you were washing my hair.”

He blew out an exaggerated breath. “Okay, okay...party pooper.”

Kevin massaged, rubbed, and stroked her head. She was getting into it and relaxing more and more. Moving a little closer to her, pressing his pelvis to her hips, Kevin started to rub and massage his own head as he pressed his fingers through her hair.

“Uhh, Kevin?”

“Yeah, baby?”

“What are you doing now?”

“Just massaging the shampoo through your hair, baby,” he answered innocently.

She chuckled. “Uh-huh, that’s not all you’re *massaging* sweetheart.”

Kevin laughed, but didn’t stop. He continued washing her hair and

pressing his pelvis against her until they both wanted more than just clean hair. He finished washing her head and gave her a sturdier towel turban. Feeling the effects of the massaging on her head and the side of her butt, she laid a kiss on him that made her weak in the knees.

“Mmm, what was that for?”

“I just felt like it. Does a girlfriend need a reason to kiss her boyfriend?”

“Absolutely not.” He smiled and nodded at her shirt. “So, did you do that for me, or it just happened while I was washing your hair?”

Martina followed his gaze down to her chest. The wet shirt clung sensually to her braless breast, making her nipples stand up noticeably. “I guess some things happen just for the good of others.”

“I’m so glad,” he said.

She giggled and kissed him again.

He lifted her into his arms. “I’ve got a surprise for you.”

\* \* \* \*

“A surprise?” Ronni asked.

“Yup. He carried me out to the living room, and, when we passed the coffee table, he kicked my Zorro movies to the floor.”

Ronni laughed.

“Uh-huh, but before I could mess up the mood by going off on him, he kissed me into silence, then stood me up at the door to my bedroom.”

“Ooo. This is where the surprise comes in right?”

“Shush, girl, and let me get to it.”

\* \* \* \*

Kevin stood in the doorway behind Martina, putting butterfly kisses along her neck. “When I came for the towel I did a little sprucing up.”

“Wow, I’ll say,” she whispered.

The strawberry smells wafted pass her nose and the flicker from the candlelight romanticized the room. Candles stood on the windowsill, the vanity and the dresser.

“Come have a seat.”

On the dresser, between two candles, sat a bottle, two glasses of wine, and a bowl of strawberries in chocolate sauce.

He walked to the dresser and offered her a glass. “Hope you don’t mind. I took your strawberries for the greater good.”

Martina giggled accepting the glass. “No, I don’t mind at all. So, all this is happening because I wanted to spend the evening watching my Zorro movies?” she asked with a teasing grin.

Kevin pulled the chair away from the vanity and sat next to the bed.

“Why does it have to be all that? Can’t a man just drop by and surprise his woman?” he said in that defensive tone again. He picked up the bowl and swirled a strawberry around in the chocolate, trying to hide his smile.

“Yeah, but—”

He shoved the strawberry into her mouth and chuckled. “Hush up you talk too much.”

\* \* \* \*

“Now, Ronni, you know that it doesn’t take long for the combination of music, alcohol and atmosphere to take hold of me.”

“Girl, please, who do you think you’re talking to? All that rubbing on the side of your booty he was doing was enough for you to drag that man down the hall to your room. All the rest of that stuff was just fringe benefits,” she said with a laugh.

“You gonna let me finish my story or are you gonna sit here and talk crazy?” Martina snapped.

Ronni continued to laugh, but held her hands up in surrender.

Martina tried to muffle her giggles and turned her nose up. “Thank you. Well, he refilled my glass twice while he brushed my hair dry. I love it when he does that. It makes me feel like Lady Godiva or something. Anyway, he laid me back when he was done, dipped another strawberry in the sauce and traced my lips with it.”

“Ooo...!”

\* \* \* \*

“Open your mouth,” Kevin said.

He dropped the strawberry in Martina’s mouth and then sucked the chocolate off her lips.

“Mmm...,” she said.

“Aww, man, I can’t see your nipples through your shirt anymore. It’s starting to dry.”

\* \* \* \*

“You will never believe what he did then, girl,” Martina said picking up her drink.

Ronni took one of her nachos and shrugged. “What did he do?”

“With that off-handed statement, he poured the rest of his wine across my chest...his *cold-ass* glass of wine.”

Ronni beat the table laughing.

“Yeah, *again*, funny now, but not so much then.”

\* \* \* \*

“Kevin!”

“Your shirt was drying,” he explained. “If it does, I won’t be able to see your nipples anymore. Don’t worry, I won’t waste the wine.”

Before she could protest further, he dropped his head and sucked the wine off each breast through the shirt. Letting him drink the wine from her shirt without complaint felt wonderful and made her anxious. Martina melted into the bed, enjoying every moment.

“Mmm, that was good, but you know what? I bet you’d really taste good with this chocolate sauce on you. As good as you look in this tank top I think it’s time they went the way o the doe-doe.”

Without waiting for a reply, Kevin pulled off her top, followed by her shorts as she finished her drink. With his chocolate-covered fingers, he pressed

against her chest to lay her down again and then traced a line between her full breasts. Re-dipping his fingers, he moved them down past her belly ring to the top of her lower lips. Moving back up her body, he slowly began licking it off. Goose bumps rose all over her.

“Mmm....”

“I don’t know, Martina. I think I need more samples to make sure. You tasted pretty damn good, but I need to be accurate if I’m going to be sure whether you taste better *with or without* chocolate sauce. What do think?” he whispered in her ear.

“*Think?* Who can think?”

Kevin chuckled. “Well, do you mind if I continue my survey?”

“Oh, no, by all means, do what you gotta do.”

Kevin gave her a chocolaty kiss then put the bowl beside her. He drew on her skin. She could feel the design of a flower around each areola before he quickly sucked them clean bringing her nipples to an ultra sensitive state. Kevin gave both breasts equal treatment then poured the sauce onto her belly. Martina’s gasp ended in a giggle. He dipped his tongue into the tiny hole making a chocolate line stream down her belly to her most carnal place.

Martina rose on her elbows to watch the heavy chocolate run over her hairless vulva to his waiting mouth. He lapped at her as if it was his favorite dessert. A shattering moan left her throat at the site.

“So, what’s taking you so long to come out of *your* clothes?” she asked returning to the bed.

He reached over to the dresser, grabbed a strawberry and put it in her mouth.

“It won’t take me long at all.”

Martina watched closely as he removed his clothes, loving the way the candlelight flickered in those beautiful brown eyes of his. She let her gaze fall over his body. His strong broad shoulders, muscular chest and powerful legs...they were all hers. That shiny baldhead that felt so good sliding between her legs was hers too. His chocolate-covered goatee and full lips...hers. Martina surveyed his masculine beauty as he discarded more clothing. When his impressive package was revealed, she smiled. His soft chuckle caught her attention and she saw he was watching her watch him!

“Did you enjoy that?” he asked.

“Yes, I always do,” she said with a nod. “Now that you’re dressed for today’s activities, where were we?”

With a seductive smile on his face, Kevin climbed onto the bed like a panther stalking his prey.

“Oh, I haven’t forgotten where I was and, just for the record, you taste so much better dipped in chocolate.”

Martina’s loins throbbed beneath him when he stopped on top of her. He put kisses on her neck then lowered them down to her cocoa-lined pussy. Martina stretched luxuriously as the delicious tremors ran across her body. This time Kevin didn’t stop his erotic assault on her until all the buildup he’d started ended in her glass-shattering, orgasmic scream.

\* \* \* \*

“Girl, I know I must’ve looked like one of those cartoon characters that just got hit by a lightning bolt...jumping around and flapping like I was crazy, but I couldn’t help it,” Martina said, laughing. “But did Kevin stop? Nope, he just slowed down enough for me to catch my breath, so I wouldn’t pass out on him I guess. It was awesome.”

“Wow, sure sounds like it.”

“Anyway, when I came back to Earth, panting like a dog,” she added, pausing to take another drink from her glass. “He started moving up my body again.”

“Dang,” Ronni said dreamily.

\* \* \* \*

“So, how many was that?” Kevin asked in an amused tone.

“I don’t know. How many are you going for?”

He shrugged and smiled. “Don’t know. How many can you handle?”

“I have no clue, but I’m willing to find out.”

He laughed and knelt between her legs. His muscular body looked sculptured as his dark skin glowed in the candlelight. He was her sexy, bronzed Adonis. Holding his impressive rod against her apricot skin, she watched as he played with his weapon. He slid it back and forth over the entrance to her pleasure spot, biting his lip and groaning. Teasing them both,

he dipped his engorged head inside her opening over and over. It sent small bolts of electric pleasure shooting through her body. Abruptly he surged forward, ending the pleasure-torture game, completing the current of blissful torrents he'd built inside her. She gasped as he filled her completely.

"This feels so much better than a cold beer with the guys," he said beside her ear.

"Ahh. Glad to hear it," she breathed.

He took his time at first, fully aware that she was getting closer and closer, but with each incredible thrust, Martina knew his control slipped away as well.

"I don't think this one will take too much longer," she warned breathlessly.

"Okay, then let's go boom together," he whispered.

Kevin slid his hand under her waist, lifting her into him. She released herself and let him have total control. He moved fast and then slow, hard, then soft. Her senses were overwhelmed. What seemed like it would last for eternity was over abruptly. He had pulled out. She lay on the bed out of breath, but incomplete. Her eyes sprang open as she tried to figure out what happened.

Wha—?

He flipped her over and entered her from behind in one smooth motion before she complete her thought. The change of position gave him deeper penetration. It was incredible. He reached forward to rub her clit as he rode her and Martina's mind exploded.

*Too good, too incredible, blinding searing pleasure...*

The words rang in her brain just as her spirit disconnected from them. Her body shook and she screamed her joy as another powerful climax rocked her from the inside out. Seconds later Kevin's satisfying roar echoed off the walls of her bedroom along with hers.

\* \* \* \*

"Ooowee, girl, that's the kind of nights I'm talking about," Ronni said, fanning herself.

Martina chuckled and finished her drink. "Yeah, I know. But look, let me tell you the funny part and I'm done."

“Funny part?”

“Uh-huh. Remember he denied being jealous the whole night, right?”

Ronni nodded, flagging Roger down. “Yeah.”

“Well, as we’re lying there trying to catch our breaths, he turns over to me with those gorgeous, brown bedroom eyes and says as seriously as he can, ‘So, do you still want to spend the night with your precious *Zorro*?’” she said, mimicking him as best she could.

Ronni laughed as she handed Roger the bill and some money. “What did you say to him, Martina?”

Martina straightened her back, laced her fingers together and looked at her friend with the most serious expression she could conjure.

“Well, Veronica, I said what any other good girlfriend stuck in a haze of ecstasy and drowning in the afterglow of great sex would say.” Martina cleared her throat then leaned closer to her friend. “ I said, *Zorro who?*”

“That’s my girl!”

They broke out in fits of laughter as they clicked their empty glasses together.