

It was a cold night. There was snow on all the windowsills. But the inside of the house was toasty warm, and the mint cocoa Doran favored was delicious. They were all sitting around the kitchen table, sipping drinks and playing cards. Innita was finding this game Zeek had proposed terribly amusing, a mix of strip-poker and truth-or-dare. The winner of each hand got to ask one other player a question. If they did not answer, or answered incorrectly, they had to lose one piece of clothing. If they had none to lose, they had to grant one wish to the winner, and they all agreed the game would be over when each of them got one wish from the other two.

At the moment, Innita was already down to just the frilly pink underwear she'd changed into when Zeek had explained what game they would play. They had all changed into pajamas before settling down in the kitchen. They'd each asked her a question she couldn't (or wouldn't) answer, so her blouse and pants were in a pile in the corner. Doran was also shirtless (she'd asked him a question he didn't know the answer to), and Zeek was in his shirt and boxers after answering a question falsely. He hadn't really meant to, but she'd asked him when they started referring to each other by their first initials only, and he'd stated it was sometime in high-school. Doran called him on it, insisting that they'd actually started in middle-school, and in keeping with the spirit of the game Zeek had tossed his pants rather than argue.

The next hand was dealt, and everyone was eying each other over the cards. Innita made a note never to play actual poker with Doran: he had too much practice at being unreadable. After they'd taken their allowed draws, everyone laid out their hands and...

Zeek smiled. He'd been winning a good share of the hands this game. "So," he began, looking at Innita, "Of the two of us, which do you enjoy most?"

"Oh *hell* no!" she answered instantly, slapping down her cards and unhooking her bra without a second thought, "I am *not* going to open a can of worms like that among us. I'll take the loss."

Zeek held up his hands. "Whoa, easy, I didn't mean anything like that. We're not really the jealous sorts, so I figured it'd be okay."

"I know," she admitted as she tossed the undergarment into the pile in the corner, "But, you know, I've really enjoyed being in this house, and it seems like I just really got good and comfortable with both of you. I don't want *anything* that might risk changing that." She massaged her exposed breasts for a moment to loosen and relax them after being confined by the bra. She really needed to purchase some larger ones, but that wasn't something she was going to share with them just now.

"Fair enough," Zeek just nodded, openly enjoying watching her. She'd finally gotten used to it enough not to blush immediately...which probably disappointed him a little, but nothing lasts forever.

"Speaking of fair," she interjected while Doran shuffled the cards for the next hand, "It's occurred to me that this game is a little one-sided."

"How so?" asked Doran.

"You two know each other so well that there's no point asking each other questions. So you're both only asking me, and I have to divide my questions between you," Innita pointed out. Not that she felt cheated, really, it was all part of the fun. But she was obviously

going to be the first one naked and didn't want to start getting cold before getting both of them out of their clothes.

"Alright," Doran shrugged, "Then from this point we'll both answer on your turn."

"And if either of us loses, we'll both lose," Zeek added, "Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," Doran agreed.

"Fair enough," Innita nodded, smiling. The next hand was dealt, and as luck would have it, she won. Innita gave them both a thoughtful look for a moment before her grin became more sly. "I'm pretty sure I can guess Doran's answer to this, but...what do you most want to do with me that you haven't already?"

"You might be surprised," Doran advised, but Zeek piped up with his answer first.

"Skinny-dipping," he winked, making the ocelot roll her eyes. She should have known.

"Kiss," answered Doran, earning a double-take from both of them.

"Wait, haven't we done that...a lot?" she asked, clearly recalling the tickle of his lips on her fur and the taste of him on her own.

"There's sweet little pecks of affection, and there's exciting the erogenous zones...and then there's *kissing*," he explained, "No two of them are quite the same. And no, we have never kissed."

Innita realized then that what remained of her clothing was not going to be nearly adequate to conceal her arousal. "Sometimes I hate the way you make me want you," she sighed, then motioned for him to deal the next hand.

The round went to Zeek again...and the look in his eye said that he was considering being a little mean, probably with the express intention of getting her out of her panties. Innita tried not to grin back this time. She had a little surprise for him, she was pretty sure...

"So tell us...just how much weight *have* you put on since you came here?" he winked. Zeek had not missed the fact that her clothes were getting tighter, in particular her bras.

"Nope! Not going there," she quickly declined, squirming out of her panties and adding them to the pile. She scooted closer to the table, trying not to flash more than her breasts if she could help it. She'd had sex with them in pretty much every room in the house...but somehow she still always felt self-conscious being naked anywhere except the bedroom, especially if she wasn't being distracted by another naked body.

Doran frowned at him. "Now you're just being rude, Z."

"I'm sorry, I couldn't resist," he grinned slyly, "I was counting on you to refuse that one."

The next hand was Innita's again. She was actually starting to feel bad for Doran, who seemed to be getting the short end of the stick in tonight's game. "Okay, I'd say I've been here long enough for some things to start rubbing the wrong way as well as the right one. Tell me one thing about me that you just can't stand."

They both looked at each other. A silent communication seemed to pass between them, as she'd learned they had a way of doing. Then Doran dropped his pants and Zeek tossed his boxers into the pile. The ocelot looked a little surprised they'd refused that one. "I think someone said something earlier about not wanting anything to risk wrecking how comfortable we are with each other," Doran pointed out. On the one hand, she was flattered they felt as strongly on that point as she did...on the other, she wondered what bothered them so bad that they didn't want to talk about it. She'd have to bring that up another time, when it

wouldn't spoil the fun. Zeek seemed especially pleased, making no effort to conceal the stiffening rod between his thighs even with his shirt.

Doran finally won a round, and Innita waited eagerly for his question. "Of all the escapades you've had since coming here," and he looked pointedly at Zeek, who was responsible for most of them, "Which one would you like most to repeat?" It was almost along the same lines as Zeek's earlier question, if someone chose to take it that way, but he hoped she would focus more on the activity she enjoyed than who it was with.

And her eyes got a little dreamy. "Honestly, making love to both of you...that very first night I came here...is still the most erotic memory of my life." And that was even including the night they'd let her watch them, which she didn't count because they were mostly preoccupied with each other. She'd had plenty of sex with each of them individually, but they had never really had a proper group session since then. "I would love to do that again."

They both seemed to make a pleasant mental note of that before Doran dealt the next hand. Zeek was smiling from ear to ear as they laid out their cards. "Looks like it's my lucky night," he beamed at Innita. "I wish you...would sit in my lap for the rest of the game," he declared, patting his thigh.

"I'm sure you would," she grinned right back, "But no." As his jaw went slack she leaned down to pull the long, thin socks down her legs and toss them into the pile. Just because she'd removed her underwear first didn't mean they didn't count.

Zeek laughed when he realized he'd been played. "Hey, I think she's cheating!" he chuckled, seeking support from his brother...and finding none.

"No," Doran declared calmly, "Cheating would be counting each sock separately. It's our own fault we came to the table barefoot." He dealt the cards again, then remarked, "I guess that means it's actually *my* lucky night," as he laid down a hand that could win against any other combination in the deck, without even having to see their cards.

Innita turned in her seat to face him squarely, rested her chin on her hands with a smile, and listened expectantly for his wish.

"I wish," he said slowly, "That you would kiss me."

She moved to his lap, sitting side-saddle on him with a smile. She wrapped both arms loosely around his neck, turned her head a little to the side...and pressed her lips firmly to his. Her eyes closed and a soft moan escaped her throat. The slight motion of their chins suggested that more than just their lips had been introduced. Zeek actually checked his watch a couple of times. A minute and a half later, they broke breathlessly.

"Was that the kiss you were talking about?" she asked, panting like they'd just had a round of full-blown sex and blushing like it was the first time they'd touched. Doran just nodded.

"Sometimes I hate the way you make me want you," Zeek echoed her words from earlier that night. They weren't the jealous sorts, but he definitely envied his brother at the moment.

Returning to her seat, Innita and Doran both had to take a moment to recompose themselves before dealing out the next hand. This time it went to Innita...and the blush crept back into her cheeks as she remembered something she'd been wanting to ask for a while. "So...um...if I bought a...strapon," she began, covering her reddening face with her cards,

"Would you let me use it on you?" She still occasionally fantasized about that night, and the way she'd felt like she was screwing Zeek through Doran. It was exciting, and she'd like to try it again without the middle-man, so to speak. Though she had a feeling it was Doran who would actually be her guinea pig for that little adventure.

"Uhh...", Zeek looked at his brother, as if she'd just tripped over a little secret he wasn't sure he should confirm.

"Did you already get one?" Doran asked in his usual, detached way, already shuffling the cards for the next hand.

"No."

"Good," he nodded, then cleared his throat as if a little embarrassed to admit the next part, "Because I already have one for you. I was waiting for a good time to suggest trying it."

She nearly fell out of her chair. "Why am I shocked?" she laughed, "Why?! Does the being shocked ever stop?! I swear, you have shock-magic," she groaned, folding her arms on the table and hiding her face behind them for a minute. Zeek laughed and patted her back sympathetically. Doran did seem to have a knack for catching her off-guard. Maybe it was because he always seemed like the straight-laced one, which increased the impact when he reminded them he was every bit as perverted as Zeek sometimes.

He dealt out the next hand, and everyone had just gotten a glance at their cards when Innita slapped hers on the table again. "Wait! I saw what you did there," she grinned devilishly, particularly at Zeek, "Neither one of you actually answered me. Off with 'em!" she pointed emphatically toward the pile of clothes.

Blinking in surprise, they both realized she was right. They'd dodged the question...if only because they thought it'd already been answered. Well, for Doran's part, anyway. Zeek had indeed remained completely silent on it. So in the next breath they were all three naked...and down to the wishes.

Zeek won the next round, and started eying Innita with a thoughtful look. She grinned, spread her hands, and shrugged her shoulders. "Still want me to sit in your lap? I don't think the game's going to last much longer."

"No," he shook his head, "I wish you would wear the apron while you work on Monday...and *only* the apron," he emphasized with a cheshire smile. Innita could already see where this was going to lead, and just rolled her eyes.

"Shouldn't be much of a stretch," Doran observed as he quickly dealt the next hand, "You already spend most days bottomless when I'm at home."

Zeek looked at him slack-jawed. "She works bottomless for you?!"

"If you'd give her a day's rest once in a while, she might feel up to treating you a little more," Doran suggested as they looked over their cards and took their allotted draws. When they laid out their hands, he had won again. "In fact, I wish you would go three days without an orgasm," he announced to his brother, "That would give her a nice break, and make you appreciate how much she puts up with already."

Zeek groaned, and laid his head on the table. Innita actually felt a little bad for him. It was Friday night, so Doran had effectively eliminated a lot of what Zeek enjoyed on the weekends, not to mention canceled any naughtiness he'd been looking forward to on Monday, when Innita was fulfilling his wish. It was going to be a long, hard weekend for Zeek...if he

could even manage it. They hadn't actually discussed what to do if someone refused or failed to grant a wish.

"You do realize I'm going to drown you on Tuesday," Zeek said into the table, and Innita had no doubt that he was talking to her. Oh yes, if he managed to go three whole days, she didn't expect she would be getting a lot of work done on Tuesday.

She won the next hand, and both males looked at her expectantly as she spent a moment debating which of them she wanted to call on first. In the end, she decided on Doran. "I wish...to see you wear ladies' underwear this week," she grinned, "We'll go shopping for some tomorrow." She'd make sure it was nothing he couldn't keep hidden easily enough under his work clothes, but knowing Doran it would make him antsy all week at the office. A small bit of revenge on Zeek's behalf...and she would enjoy the mental images while he was at work. Doran gave her a narrow look, but made no argument.

Doran won the next hand, but since he'd already had both of his wishes they skipped to the next highest hand, which was Innita's again.

"I wish," she said to Zeek, though she had to take another minute to finish thinking about it, "...That you would wait for me to make the first move on Tuesday." That would give her a chance to get at least a *little* work done, and plan something nice for him. She had no doubt he was going to need a good bit of relief that day, and she had no intention of tormenting him unnecessarily. For all his unabashed sex-drive, Zeek was a pretty nice guy, and she mostly enjoyed his attention. Zeek just rubbed his face into the table some more.

There was no point in dealing the cards again. They both just waited for Zeek to make up his mind about what he wished of Doran. Finally lifting his face with a smile, the genet looked straight at his brother. "I wish you would agree to play this game again next month."

Innita giggled. That was a bit of a cheat, since it required *her* to grant the wish, too, meaning he got two out of her...but she wasn't going to point that out. Instead she just crossed her arms over her pert nipples and flashed them both a sheepish smile. "Good! Now can we get dressed again? I'm cold."

"No," they both answered in unison.

"Wha-?!" she squeaked as they each took one of her arms and hauled her out of her chair.

"I'm still hot from that kiss," Doran reminded her as her eyes fell down to his raging hard-on. His brother was sporting its twin between his own thighs.

"And I've got to get prepared for an abstinence marathon beginning in the morning," Zeek grinned, giving her the distinct impression she was going to need some excessive amounts of personal lubricant before the night was done.

The ocelot tried to formulate some sort of protest as they all but dragged her up the stairs to the guest room, but the only coherent thing she managed to say before they tossed her onto the bed was, "One at a time!" And she knew better than to think that would last for very long...