



DANCING WITH DANCER

by Cat Collins



Extended Epilogue

DANCING WITH DANCER EXTENDED EPILOGUE

Around one year later.

DANCER

We weren't *regular* people, according to Dez, so we didn't buy a *normal* house. Instead, with some negotiating skills that came from Santa knew where, Dez helped us buy an abandoned fruitcake factory to live in together. Fyo had a brain for spaces, so he'd been instrumental in showing the architect what we wanted. And Jake? He was the sub-sub-contractor who'd watched over every detail as the fruitcake factory became our new home.

Almost.

The décor would be complete as soon as Freddi, my sister Nikki, and I got the paint on the living room wall.

"I'm with Dez. I like the dark purple," Freddi declared, holding up the paint chips he'd picked out as his favorite.

"I like it, yeah, but I don't know about painting all the walls that dark," Nikki offered. "I say go with the light blue that matches Jake's eyes or the soft orange you liked, Nia."

I held the blue up. "The blue is lighter, but is it giving too much sky?"

"Or ocean." Nikki held up the silvery gray. "Fyo's choice is pretty, but it's the same as the couch and chairs. You need a little oomph in this room."

Freddi threw herself on the couch, reaching for another sugar plum. "I don't care about the color anymore. I just want you to take these sugarplums away from me now."

"Nope. Eat as many as you can. Lifetime supply and all." I put my hands on my hips and looked up at the ceiling, hoping something would strike me.

Besides the green sugarplum that Freddi threw at me, which bounced off my head and became Tim's treat.

And like a green-hued lightning bolt, I got an idea.

Four hours later, the three of us sat on the couch together, exhausted and looking up. We'd painted the ceiling the beautiful midnight plum that Dez had chosen.

"Now, it's giving sky, but in the right place. I love it with the silver walls." Nikki put a foot on our brand new coffee table. "When are the boys coming home from Vegas? By the way, I can't believe you let them go without you?"

"Are you kidding? Look how much we got done in this place without them? I couldn't care less about gambling, and I've already hit my lifetime quota of showgirl costumes." I glanced at my watch. "Should be here so—"

The door swung open. My three men burst in with the wind at their backs. "Honey, we're home," Jake sing-songed. He nearly tripped over Tim trying to get to me first. Freddi and Nikki wisely jumped out of the way just before he'd tackled me, pinning me down and pressing kisses all over my face. Almost like Tim.

Fyo set down two suitcases. "For fuck's sake, don't smother her to death. And you don't get to hog her either. We all missed her, you know."

"But I missed her the most," Jake whined.

I smacked the back of his head. "What did I tell you about competing with each other?" He smirked, and in the three days he'd been gone, I'd forgotten how much I adored that little twitch of his lips.

Dez was the last one inside. He slammed the door shut and placed a paper sack on the table. His eyes went straight to the newly painted ceiling. "Ha! She chose my paint color. I win!" The guys dissolved in various states of laughter.

“And what, exactly, did you win, Dez?” The possibilities were endless with these three.

Fyo shook his head. “We could tell you, but I’m not so sure Freddi and Nikki want to hear about it.” He glanced at them, biting his lower lip.

Nikki immediately threw her hands over her ears. “La la la la..”

Freddi jumped up, pulling Nikki with her. “Okay, that’s our cue. Bye guys! Please wait until the car is out of the drive before you strip.”

Dez was halfway there with his coat and shirt off before they made it to the door. I shouted a quick thanks in their direction as they left. I’d owe them more, but that would have to wait.

My guys were back.

Fyo gave me a quick peck on the cheek. “We had a great time, but we’re glad to be home, *Zhena*.”

“Yep,” Dez said, throwing off his shoes. “All we did was talk about you and all the things we’d do when we got home.”

I arched an eyebrow. “Like...?”

Jake jumped up. “No. Stop. You know how this goes. Fyo, do the thing. Dez, get the stuff. I’ll take care of her.” Surprisingly, Dez and Fyo ran off in different directions, and Jake swooped me up into his arms.

“Which thing and what stuff?” I asked, wrapping my arms around Jake’s neck, breathing in his sweet musky scent as he cradled me to his chest.

He refused to answer me until he had me sitting in the soft yellow chair in the corner of my bedroom.

We’d each gotten a room for alone time, as Jack Frost had suggested. Mine had the biggest bed, though. Room enough for us all when we wanted it that way. I’d been waiting for three days to sleep in the new house, but we’d all agreed to be together for the first night.

Dez appeared carrying a tray. “Alright, Sparkles, we’re on a schedule here. First up, sustenance. We googled which foods to have before riotous sex, so

we got you a kale and watermelon salad with cashews and almonds and chocolate-covered strawberries for dessert.”

I blinked. It was all I could do.

Dez set the tray down as Jake tucked a napkin under my chin. “Eat up, Doll. We’ll be right back.” He nodded to Dez, who shuffled out of the room in his underwear. Where his pants went, I had no clue. Then Jake snuck into my bathroom and closed the door.

I had three bites of salad down before I heard whisper-arguing through the bathroom door. So, that’s where Fyo had gone: my bathroom. Not that I minded sharing with any of them, but he had one of his own upstairs.

“What are you two doing in there?”

“You’ll see. Just eat.”

“Okay, but you better not break anything in there.”

When I’d successfully eaten most of the meal I never would’ve ordered myself, I was escorted to my bathroom by Jake. Fyo was there, sitting on the edge of the tub, wearing a grin on his face. He was pretty much soaked from head to toe.

Also, there was a nearly three-foot-high bubble tower where my tub sat.

“Um, that’s a lot of bubbles.”

Fyo snorted. “I told him it was too much.”

“Nah,” Jake laughed. “More is always better.”

“Okay. I’ll give it a try if this is what you want. Are you saying I stink from painting?”

Fyo was quick to jump up. “Not at all. You smell divine. We just want you to relax as much as possible for the upcoming festivities.”

Jake stood behind me, wrapping an arm around my waist, one around Fyo's neck. "Here's the thing: we did a lot of bonding and talking in Vegas, and there's one thing we want to do with you—to you—that we never have done before. You're going to need some prep, but I promise you, it'll be worth it. We're going to christen this house with your moans and screams, and then we'll do it all over again until the sun comes up."

At the sound of his dirty promise, my belly coiled tight. "It's going to be hard for me to relax now that you've told me that!"

"Find a way to do it. We'll be waiting for you in your room." They left and closed the door behind them.

Thirty difficult minutes spent imagining all kinds of things, I got out of the tub and wrapped a fluffy white towel around me. With each step I took toward the door, my pulse kicked up. I'd missed these guys so much in every way possible. I had no doubt they were about to rock my world in the best possible way.

JAKE

She stepped out of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel. Her skin was still wet in places, and damp little hairs had crept out from her bun in the back. If that wasn't enough to destroy my cool, her cheeks were flushed, her scent intoxicating, and I swear my cock front hand-sprung in my jeans.

I didn't even give her a second to breathe. I pinned her against the door with her hands above her head. She gasped as I dove for her mouth, kissing her with all the lust I'd pent up for three days.

Except for the second night, when we thought we could watch porn on the hotel TV without ending up screwing each other silly.

It had been good, but it would've been better with her there.

She wiggled in my hands as I moved my mouth against hers, licking, nipping her bottom lip, and groaning. When I finally let up, she said my name like a sigh. "Jake."

All the longing and lust laced in my name. It was everything.

Fyo was suddenly there, raking his hands over my back before stepping under my arms. He got right in front of me, stealing her mouth and taking her breath away in the process.

Bastard.

I got him back by grinding my hard member into his ass crack. "Fuck, Jake. I thought this was about her first."

I pulled him to the side. "It *is* about her, but there's not much of a line that separates us now. We're one thing. Together." I demonstrated by pulling them both into a three-way kiss that sizzled my insides. It was mostly breaths and tongues and clashing of teeth, but when we finished, none of us were breathing properly anymore.

Dancer tried to wrestle out of my grip. "I want to touch you. All of you. Let me go, Jake. Please."

"I will, but first we should tell you what's happening now."

"We'd better be having amazing sex," she replied with a petulant look on her face that made Fyo literally groan.

I got up close, opening my mouth for a kiss, but pulling away in the last second. The pout was perfect. "We wanted to all have you and—" She nodded, biting her lip before I even got to the explanation.

Fyo grinned. "You don't even know what it is yet, *Zhena*."

"Don't care. I'm game for whatever this is as long as it's with the three of you."

Sure, she did. It was one of the things we all loved about her. She was a hungry woman who loved getting down and dirty as much as we did. We fit in other ways, too, but this one was the best way.

I cleared my throat before it got too thick with emotion. “This is what’s going to happen. We’re going to make you come so hard. Not once, but twice, maybe three times, depending. Then the three of us are going to have our cocks inside you at once.” A little breath escaped her lips. “You heard me. We’re all going to fuck you at the same time, front and back. Do you think you can handle that? Are you really ready for three hard cocks and a lot of cum inside you?”

Dez, who’d been lying on the bed naked, watching, rolled over, putting his chin in his hand. “I’m going to need you to say yes aloud, Sparkles.”

“Yes,” she declared. “Yes, and yes. Please, don’t leave me waiting any longer.”

Fyo pulled the towel from her body, exposing her to us. There was a collective moan of approval at the sight of her taut pink nipples and creamy skin. It took everything in me to say the next thing. “Since Dez won the paint bet, he gets to pick first. What do you want, Frosty?”

Dez acted like he was giving it deep thought, but I knew him well now. I knew what he wanted above all else. Finally, he crooked his finger and motioned her over. “I want Dancer to sit on my face so I can lick that pretty pussy until she comes.”

No complaints from me. Or Fyo.

Watching was almost as good as participating for me.

Almost.

Dancer giggled, then strolled over to the bed. Already having talked about this some, Dez rolled over onto his back. He scooted down so his head was almost off the side. I couldn’t help but notice his dick was rigid and pointing directly at the ceiling.

Fyo helped Dancer get her knees on either side of Dez's head, then Dez went from his hands-off observation to a fiend in two seconds. He grabbed her ass and pulled her down to his face. She yelped, but after another few seconds, she was rocking against him, moaning.

She was so beautiful on top of him, back arched, nipples hardened, and fuck me, the sounds he made as he lapped at her pussy made me weak in the knees. I glanced at Fyo, and his eyes were glued to them as his hands roamed her body.

"Fyo," I said, drawing his attention with a snap of my fingers. "Time to warm her up." Her eyes widened, but just for a second, then Dez did something with his teeth, and she hissed with pleasure.

Dez had brought some lube, so I tossed it to Fyo. "I think you know what to do with this, Russian."

"Da, I do. I'm going to make you feel so good, Dancer." He kissed his way over her shoulders, down her back, right up to her crack. "May I?" he asked.

So fucking polite to her. The last time we fucked, I got no warning at all. But I liked it that way.

She nodded. "Go ahead, Fyo. I trust you."

"Okay, but we need no safe words. No and stop are no and stop. Understood?"

"Yes, I got it. Please...oh fuck, Dez, that tongue."

I took a quick peek, and his tongue was all the way inside her, fucking at a quick pace. "Damn, Dez. Give it to her."

In response, he kicked at me, hooking his leg around the back of mine and pulling me forward.

Understood.

I lowered myself and raked my tongue down his cock and back up again. Both he and Dancer moaned, so I started sucking as hard as I could, loving the taste of him and the cool pinch of his piercing on my tongue.

FYO

We'd been intimate with Dancer in nearly every way there was. This wasn't the first time we'd approached 'the back door' as Jake put it. But with all of us inside her at once, it would be a lot to take.

And I *knew* she was going to take it so well.

I squirted some lube on the tip of my finger, my pulse racing at the idea of this. Then, as I kissed her neck, I whispered into her ear. "Dez is working you so good, but are you ready for more?"

"Gods, yes, Fyo. I want more."

Needing no more encouragement, I traced my lubed finger over her crack, rubbing gently and going deeper with each pass. Her breath hitched, and I guessed she'd done something else because Dez chuckled between her legs.

She arched forward, making her ass stick out in the most perfect curve. I was nearly too mesmerized to do anything, but she was offering herself to me, so how could I not give her what she wanted?

I pressed my finger to her hole, wiggling—just a bit—and her reaction lit me on fire. It wasn't a yes or a moan, it was more of a purr of approval. Jake lifted his head off of Dez's dick long enough to say, "Shit." Before devouring him again.

As I worked my finger into Dancer, I peered over her shoulder. I would never tell Jake this—well, maybe one day—but the way he went down on our

cocks was beautiful. When he decided to go all the way in with us, he gave it his whole being. He always sucked hard and licked us like we were lollipops, and the groans he made as he did so were dirty and divine at the same time. I fucking loved to have been the first man to open his world like that. And sharing him with Dez, knowing there would never be another man to experience his passion like that, was special. It warmed my heart in a way that nothing else could.

Plus, watching him made me fucking ache in the best possible way.

Dancer pushed against my finger, forcing me deeper. I hummed against her neck as I slid my other hand around to squeeze her soft breast. Her nipples were hard, and I knew she was aching for touch, so I squeezed and toyed with my fingers, making her writhe on Dez's face.

Her body trembled, and she leaned forward, pressing her hands against Dez's stomach. He wouldn't relent, holding her ass cheeks firm and sucking her clit to the point she began to pant.

"Look at her," I spat, my own breath coming faster. "She's going to come so hard, aren't you beautiful?"

Dez took that to heart, as usual, like his personal command to crumble her. I couldn't quite see what he was doing to her, but within the next moment, her body completely seized up. I felt her clench my finger as she came apart. "Oh, shit. I'm coming," she shouted.

Jake lifted his head. He and I watched her orgasm rip through her, her head rolling back, her thighs shaking as Dez ate and licked and sucked her through it until she fell forward, collapsing completely against his chest.

I removed my finger and left her there for a moment of recovery. Dez was perfectly content where he was. Jake had other ideas, though. "That's one," he declared. He was off of Dez's dick and behind me before I could move.

He took my mouth, thrusting his tongue inside and devouring me as only he could. I didn't even notice that he'd lubed his own finger until I felt it between my cheeks. "Oh, wow," I stuttered. "Feels...nice."

Dancer rolled off Dez, angling so she could watch us. Dez too. They cuddled together against the headboard while Jake jerked my cock in one hand and fingered me with his other.

Dez laughed. "I remember when they used to hate each other. Now look at them. Our boys are all grown up."

She giggled, and I almost came in Jake's hand. I managed to squeak out some words. "Don't make me come, Jake. Not yet."

He bit my lip, nearly pulling it off. "Okay, if you say so, Russian."

"I do. I want to come inside her. So do you."

He sighed. "True. Maybe we should make that happen now." He turned to Dancer, and I felt cold in all the places he'd left untouched. "You ready for us all, Doll?"

"I don't know, but I want to find out."

Jake literally catapulted over them to get to the other side of the bed, where he'd put some things on the table. I sat beside her, giving her a gentle kiss. She melted against me, and my heart could've burst in that moment, and I would've been fine.

I wasn't sure how the next part was going to go, but I knew without a doubt, I was home.

DEZ

Jake spread the piece of paper out on the bed in front of us. "We did some drawings."

Fyo shook his head. “*You* did some drawings. *We* just offered ideas.”

“Yeah, yeah, okay. I did the drawings. I figured we’d need visual aids. So, Dancer, here’s how it’s going to go...”

She picked up the paper, going through multiple different emotions as she studied the stick-figure drawing Jake had created. He was beaming with pride, which is one of the things that made him so cute: his childlike charm. He was actually proud of it.

I wrapped an arm around her. My cock was still full mast after Jake’s tongue, and I was anxious to get on with it. Just as much as we all were. That was the thing with us: same page. Always. Even when we disagreed, we somehow kept together. “What do you think, Sparkles?”

“I think,” she began before wadding up the paper and throwing it, hitting Jake in the face. “...we do this my way.”

Jakey frowned, but she pulled him over to the bed. “Lie on your back, Jake.” That frown disappeared in a second as she pulled him forward, forcing him to bend his knees and hang them off the edge. When she crawled on top of him, he’d forgotten all about the crumpled-up drawing.

“Okay, Dez, you get behind me. You’re sharing with Jake.

“Yes,” he shouted. “I love feeling that piercing.”

“Fyo, since you did so well before, you can have my ass for your own.”

He licked his lips. He wasn’t the most demonstrative of us, but the utter desire on his face spoke volumes. “Are you sure you’re wet enough for this?”

“Trust me. I am.”

To demonstrate, she sank on Jake’s cock, making him hiss and gasp. “Yup. She is.”

Holding her hand out to me, she smiled. “You next.”

Did not have to tell me twice. I climbed onto the bed behind her. Jake lay still as I lined myself up with her entrance. Just for fun, I chilled my piercing as I entered, and they both jumped a little. “I thought you liked it,” I asked.

Jake put his hands on my thighs. “I do, but a little warning would be good.”
“Where’s the fun in that?”

We worked together, pushing inside Dancer while she perched on top of Jake. It didn’t take long for us to get a good rhythm together, thrusting in time to fill her up as best we could.

She moaned and groaned her way through it, which zinged right through me. My breaths became heavy and in time with Jake’s grunts and her grinds. I was vaguely aware of Fyo somewhere at the foot of the bed. I knew without checking that he was stroking himself. Then came the click of the lube top, and Dancer was reaching behind her for him.

Jake and I stilled as Fyo got his knees on the edge of the bed. He’d have to really use his thigh muscles, but there was no problem there. It was like his dancing had prepared him for this moment.

He scooted forward, pressing his chest against my back as he searched to find her hole. The second he did, we all knew.

That clench of her muscles was so good.

Jake groaned. I chuckled.

Then Fyo was inching inside her. I could feel his cock through her thin walls. It only made me harder and hornier.

“Is this okay?” he asked, reaching around me and caressing her back.

“Yeah..yeah...oh gods, yes. Just go slow for a minute.”

None of us, including her, really wanted it slow.

After Fyo had thrust in deep a few good times, Jake couldn’t wait any longer. He moved, bringing me along with him.

Then came the dirty, scandalous fucking we’d promised her.

“She’s taking our cocks so well,” Jake sputtered through the madness.
“You’re our dirty girl, aren’t you?”

“Yes. I’m yours. And you’re mine. I want all of you so bad,” she mumbled through groans.” This feels so good. Fuck, I’m not even making sense, but I don’t care. Don’t stop.”

We showed her we never would stop, sinking deep into her depths and pulling out in tandem, forcing illicit sounds and grunts from her pretty mouth.

With Jake’s stomach muscles flexing and Fyo pressed against me, I nearly blacked out at the feel of them.

It was absolutely the wrong time, but I thought of Nori, the woman who’d made me. How she said she wanted me to live life for her. I didn’t know if she’d meant this exactly, but in my heart, this was the best living I could do.

Here. With them.

Dancer’s head flew back, landing against my shoulder. “You about to come, pretty girl?”

No words. Just stuttered breaths.

Jake growled loud enough to wake the dead. “Yes, come for us. Let us feel you.”

The command of his voice raced through us all. Dancer fell first, coming hard and trembling as she rocked through her powerful orgasm.

I couldn’t help it. I came next, then Jake. Moments later, Fyo emptied into her ass, and we all collapsed against each other. Honestly, I don’t know how Jake took all the weight, but he didn’t move except for the roaming of his hands, touching all of us, bringing us into the swirl of emotion and pleasure we’d created.

I don’t know how long we laid there. It was only when Dancer spoke that we moved.

“Someone’s going to have to change the bedding before we sleep.”

DANCER

I woke to the sound of Tim's whining and scratching. We'd christened—as Jake put it—every bed in the house at some point during the night and landed on the couch, falling asleep together as the boys gave me all the details from their trip.

It was the best night we'd spent.

And Tim was putting the period on it with his need to pee.

Jake groaned beside me, nuzzling into my neck and wrapping his arm around Fyo. "You take him out, Frosty."

"Why me?"

"One, because you're closest. Two, because you don't mind the cold. And three, because you insisted on that position last night that nearly broke Fyo's neck."

"Da," Fyo mumbled. "You go. I'll get it next time."

After some colorful grumbling, Dez untangled himself from us and managed to get the door open for Tim.

The next thing I knew, I was ripped from my slumber—again—by Dez's voice. "Uh, guys. You're going to want to see this."

Fyo sprang up first, then Jake. I was the last to raise my head, mainly because my whole body was sore in the best way. "What's going on?"

"Our Timmy seems to have a friend."

Jake's laughter woke me all the way up. "That's unexpected."

Tim confidently marched toward the mud room where we kept his food and water as a dachshund with nearly the same coat color as he had, followed behind him, sniffing the ground, tail wagging.

"Who's your friend, Timbo?"

He ignored me, leading the dog to the food, while the four of us tiptoed behind them.

As soon as Tim got to his food, he shoved it at the dachshund with his nose. It dove in right away, crunching on the food like it was starving. “It’s a little thin, isn’t it?” Fyo asked.

Jake snuck up behind the dogs and lay down on the floor, staring at the new dog’s behind. “I see no balls down there. Tim has a girlfriend.”

“I don’t know about that,” I said. “Where did she come from, Dez?”

“She was hiding in one of the bushes by the perimeter of the fence. She must have dug under the boards and was huddling there for warmth. Tim went straight to her, like he’d known she was there. And after he did his business, he yelped for her to follow him.”

It was sweet, but I was concerned about, well, a lot of things. “I wonder if she’s healthy. If someone’s missing her. And what if she has fleas?”

“Not in this cold, Zhenia. She looks starved, so if someone is missing her, they didn’t take good care of her and don’t deserve her.”

We watched in awe as Tim snuck his way to the food bowl. Instead of a fight, she simply moved over and let him eat too. I had to surpass the *awwww* I wanted to say.

I already knew where this was headed.

Fyo wrapped his arms around me from behind. “She’s cute. Her body looks like someone pulled Tim and stretched him out. Like taffy.”

Jake’s grin went as wide as I’d ever seen it. He glanced at Dez, and the rest became history.

We were now a family of six.

Twelve weeks later, we were standing in the same spot as Tim paced nervously while Taffy delivered five healthy puppies. Some of them had Tim's short legs and round belly. Some looked more like Taffy, but with Tim's ears. And one was a carbon copy of his Puppy Daddy, only with a lighter muzzle.

They were adorable.

And since there were five of them, we all got to name one.

We'd planned—I'd planned—to give them away once they were twelve or fourteen weeks old.

Planning in a family like this hardly ever turns out the way you expect.

My phone rang. It was my friend and fellow fleet member, Prancer. "Hey, babe," I said. "Are you still on board for a couple of puppies?"

"Yes! I am. I can't wait."

"They're still so tiny and cute. Do you want a girl or a boy or what?"

Jake picked up "his" puppy. "Sorry, but she can't have Travis. I'm not giving my best buddy up."

"Hang on just a sec, Prancer." I lowered my gaze on him. "We talked about this."

"You talked. I listened. And disagreed."

As Jake and I were discussing things, Dez scooped Taco into his arms. "I don't think Taco would work with someone else. I know Prancer's a great gal, but you know she has a sensitive constitution."

I sighed. "You too, Brute?" I turned to Fyo. He said nothing. Although Tango was already tucked in his arms, sleeping like a baby.

Great.

I looked down at Taffy and Tim. They were sleeping at our feet, the runt of the litter, Tom, pressed against his mother. “Maybe they are too small yet.”

“Or maybe they’re already home, Doll.” Jake picked up the pup I’d named Twinkles, holding her to my face. She licked all over, making me laugh. “Oh, this is not fair.”

Dez snuggled Taco. “You know we have the space. And we have hearts big enough to love them all.”

“Dez is right, *Zhena*. We wouldn’t want them to feel displaced and unloved.”

“Okay, fine.” I put the phone back to my ear. “I’m sorry, Prancer. I don’t think we can give them up.”

She laughed. “That’s okay. I’m about to take a little trip anyway. I don’t know how long I’ll be gone. Maybe I can pick one from the next litter.”

“Sure,” I said before I hung up.

I turned to my boys. “She wants one from the next litter.”

At the exact moment, Taffy sighed in her sleep. As if she knew what we were discussing. “Don’t worry, girl. We’ll have you fixed so you’re done birthing puppies.”

Jake put his arm around my neck. “You know what I’ve been thinking?” He didn’t give me any time to answer. “Maybe we should give these puppies some kids to play with.”

I rolled my eyes. “I don’t think you understand the growth rate of puppies and children.”

Fyo squeezed my thigh. “By the time our child would be able to play with the puppies, they’d be around two or three, right? Old enough for us to teach them how to behave with children.”

Dez sighed. “I love the idea of teaching our kids to build a snowman.”

There they were: plans in the making.

But as I said, nothing ever went to plan with this group. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

THE END



Thank you for reading. I hope you enjoyed this spicy extended epilogue. If you haven't already, check out the other books in the Reindeer Games series.

Fixin' Vixen
Not So Stupid Cupid

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