



## Passionate Danger, Part II

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*The drama and passion continue as Chuck's long lost high school crush re-enters his life.*

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This is a collaborative work between Kim and myself. Part 2 concludes "Passionate Danger." Chuck, instantly alert, heard his cousin hollering loudly in the sitting room to an unknown man. He untangled himself from Sammi's soft arms and grabbed his pants. Telling her that he would be right back, he tugged on his pants, minus underwear. Sammi, who was still lying naked in the bed, was rewarded

with a very sexy view of his taut ass, as he wiggled into his clothes. "Hurry back. We have a lot of time to make up for," she called out to him. Chuck eased the door open and slipped, silently into the hallway. He heard the angry male voice arguing with Gina, who was getting pretty pissed by now. He would let the argument decide on whether or not he would intervene, but for right now, he just listened. "I know she's here. She's always here!" The male yelled. "Fuck off, Ben! She's not here and even if she was, I wouldn't tell your sorry ass," Gina lied. "Well, if the fat cunt isn't here, then where is she?" Ben growled. "Again... why would I tell you?" Gina challenged. "Fine... that's fine, but when you see my bitch of a wife, tell the stupid whore that she needs to get her fat ass home," Ben said, turning to leave. By this time, Chuck was incensed. His nostrils flared in anger; fists clenched at his side. He was about to return to the bedroom, when he felt a small hand on his arm. There stood Sammi, tears in her eyes. Apparently, he was not the only one that heard Ben's hurtful remarks. When he saw Sammi's tears, Chuck acted without thinking and charged into the room, where Ben was confronting Gina. Ben, upon seeing Chuck, suddenly quit yelling and his eyes widened frightfully. He turned white as a sheet. "So, it's YOU!" yelled Chuck, confronting Ben face to face. Ben gulped and sheepishly asked, "What are you doing here?" Gina stood shocked and dismayed at what was unfolding, while Sammi hid just around the corner, listening. "I guess I am here to take care of you," Chuck said, in a commanding tone. "Look man!" Said a frightened Ben, whilst backing toward the door, "I have paid all those gambling debts. I thought Uncle Gino knew that." "That's not it, asshole," exclaimed Chuck. "There is a new deal. Your wife wants you out of her life. You are to agree to all her divorce terms. Besides, I have your cheatin' ass on video," added Chuck, "Uncle Gino, myself and all that comes with all that, have decided you're out. You got that?" "Well, I don't see how?" Started Ben before Chuck cut him short. "You weaselly, little fuck," roared Chuck. "If I have to pay you a visit, things are going to get very bad for you." "Alright, alright!" Answered Ben, "I'm out, no problem." Ben turned and quickly walked out the front door, only to bump into Chuck's cousin, Tony, coming out of the elevator. Ben stepped away from Tony, quickly holding his hands up in a submissive pose. "Look, I'm out of here!" Yelled Ben to Tony. "You got no problem out of me, okay!" Then Ben hurried down the sidewalk, as fast as he could walk, almost in a trot. Tony stepped in the open door, looked at Chuck, the ever so entertained, Gina, and said, "Hey isn't that the guy? Yea, we paid him a visit a few months back about his debts." "Yea," answered Chuck. "Well, his arm seems to have recovered," laughed Tony. Sammi dried her eyes. She actually felt like cheering. As she walked into the room, she felt like she was walking on air. Gina glanced around and felt that a new aura had settled over the room. "Hey! Is anyone up for a few drinks?" She asked. With everyone in agreement, Gina, ever the lover of sweet, fruity, girly drinks, whipped up a concoction and served it. She had to smack Tony on the back of the head, when he started complaining about the lack of "manly" alcohol on site. Sammi laughed. It was the first time in a very long time. Striding up to Chuck, she wrapped her arms around his waist and asked, "Would you mind giving me a ride to my house? There are some things, things my mom gave me that I want." "If I could give you the moon, I would," he answered, softly kissing her lips. "Hey, Tony... come ride shotgun, in case we have some trouble from dick head," Chuck called out. "Right with ya, man. Been itching to get into a fight, anyway," Tony replied. They piled into

Chuck's van. Having been celibate for so long, Sammi found her mind wandering. What would it be like with two men? Tony was just as handsome as Chuck, but didn't own her heart. Chuck did say that he would give her the moon, didn't he? Her mind raced in overtime, as the miles flew by. The final question that bounced in her head was how do you ask the man you're in love with if you can have a threesome with him and his cousin? The van stopped in front of her house, which was dark. Chuck helped Sammi out, but something in the back of his mind told him that things were wrong. He watched her unlock the door and go inside. Upon hearing her strangled scream, he raced over to protect his lady. Just inside the door, Sammi was sitting in the middle of a pile of what looked like junk, but in fact, were the very treasures she had come to retrieve. In revenge, Ben had destroyed every precious memory she had left of her mom. Chuck, who had only been mildly pissed earlier, was about to lose his mind at seeing her sob over her ruined possessions. Chuck's face turned red with anger. "Tonight, we locate Ben!" proclaimed Chuck, facing Tony. "He will pay!" "Absolutely!" Replied Tony. Meanwhile, Sammi had sat on the couch and began to cry. Chuck sat next to her and placed his arm reassuringly around her. His mind was on the retribution he would later extract out of Ben, but he realized for the moment, he needed to comfort Sammi. She buried her face into Chuck's chest, crying, as he wrapped his arms around her. Tony was exploring the house to look for more damage. As he opened the door to the garage, he saw that Ben's prized possession, his antique sports car; a little, silver Triumph Spitfire was still there. Tony bound into the room with his face gleaming, "That idiot Ben left his antique Triumph in the garage!" "That dumbass!" Exclaimed Chuck, whose devious mind was quickly at work, planning Ben's retribution. "Ben loves that car more than anything," said Sammi. "I'm banking on that," snickered Chuck. Tony re-entered the room, laughing loudly and carrying a metal box with a broken lock and sat it on the coffee table, in front of Sammi and Chuck. "I found this behind a loose baseboard in the garage," said Tony. "Ben must have thought it was a good hiding place." "You can't hide anything from us," laughed Chuck. Sammi was drying her tears and watched as Chuck opened the box. To her amazement it was full of cash. Several stacks of \$20, \$50, and \$100 bills were neatly bundled together, tied with strings. "There must be \$20,000 here," Chuck said, as he thumbed through it all. "I know this won't make up for your mom's things, but it won't hurt." "In a little while, we'll take you to the bank. You'll open a safe deposit box and put this cash in it until the divorce is finalized," said Chuck. "After that, you can put it into an account." Sammi felt so reassured by Chuck, as it was so obvious he knew how to handle things. With that reassurance, her mind settled back into previous thoughts about Chuck and Tony. She knew those thoughts could help keep her mind off her mom's broken possessions. "You know," said Chuck loudly to Tony, while looking at the pile of broken things, "Old man Henderson can do miracles on restoration of broken ceramics, antique furniture and stuff. "Yea, he can," answered Tony. "We'll box all this up and carry it over later and see what all he can salvage." Sammi felt a slight degree of optimism, but her mind wandered to even more erotic thoughts, as she found herself so aroused by Chuck and Tony. She knew that they were both real men, men who knew things, men whom other men were afraid of. They both were very handsome, very muscular and very masculine. Her mind began to contrive a way to seduce them both. She realized that she desperately wanted to be ravished by both of them at the

same time. Sammi pulled Chuck back to the couch, where Tony was sitting. She sat down between them and turned to Chuck. Their eyes locked and she climbed onto his lap. His semi-erect cock laid nestled snug against her jean-clad puss. She cupped his face and leaned closer to him; their foreheads touching. "Thank you, Chuck... Thank you for everything," she whispered. Tony sat motionless next to them. He was glad that Chuck had reconnected with Sammi. The man had been carrying a torch for the woman for years. But another part of him was jealous. He wanted a woman to look at him like that. Tony watched, as Sammi plunged her tongue into Chuck's open mouth. Their kiss was hot and passionate, making his aching cock stir beneath his khakis. He started to get up, so that the couple could have some privacy, but stopped, when Sammi's hand wrapped around his wrist. "Stay," she whispered, her lips still brushing Chuck's. Sammi stared directly at Chuck, her eyes projecting her need and asking for permission to fulfill this one fantasy, before she pledged herself to him and only him. Chuck nodded his head slightly. For this woman, he really would do anything. He felt a small pang of jealousy when she pulled Tony's arm. Tony, bemused, felt himself get off the couch and stand in front of the couple. Sammi's back was to him and he was facing Chuck. She arched her back, letting her head fall back. He looked at Chuck, who was staring back at him. Wordlessly, he was given permission to join them. Tony cupped the back of her head. Leaning down, he captured her full bottom lip between his lips and sucked on it lightly. Sammi moaned softly. Tony's lips were soft. It was so erotic to be kissed upside down, especially with Chuck rubbing her breasts through her shirt. As he unbuttoned her shirt, she felt Chuck plant wet, open mouthed kisses on her exposed skin. He pushed her shirt off her shoulders, letting it slither from her body to the floor. Her senses were on fire. Once she was divested of her bra, Chuck sucked one very puckered nipple into his mouth, swirling his tongue all around it. Tony kissed his way down her neck and latched onto her other nipple. The sensation of two hot mouths licking and sucking her nipples was the most erotic thing that Sammi had ever felt. Her skin sizzled, her nipples throbbed. Chuck's hands rubbed up and down her back, while Tony nails lightly raked down her stomach. In one sheer act of brazenness, Sammi reached her hands up over her head, searching for Tony's zipper. With Chuck's strong arms supporting her back, she was able to use both hands to quickly free Tony's long, rigid pole from its confines. She licked up and down his shaft, her tongue tracing every ridge, every vein. When she made it to the tip of his plump mushroom, she swirled her tongue around his sensitive lip, making him moan against her breast. Her wet mouth engulfed his cockhead and her tongue probed inside his slit. The feeling was exquisitely sharp, causing Tony to throw his head back and making Sammi's nipple audibly pop free from Tony's mouth. He groaned loudly, while pumping his hips back and forth. Her head was in the perfect position. Tony had a straight shot right down her throat and although he wanted nothing more than to pound his cock down her throat, Tony was gentle. Chuck, watching his love suck his cousin's thick dick, thought that he would be jealous, but in truth was highly aroused. It amazed him to see how much her neck swelled each time Tony's cock filled her throat. Continuing to support her back with one arm, Chuck rubbed his knuckles against her pussy, still clad in jeans. "Lift her ass, man," Chuck growled. Tony, with unfocused eyes, leaned forward and slid his hands down her back. Cupping her full ass, he lifted her body enough for Chuck to ease her pants down. He lifted

her legs straight up in the air and pulled the garment, including her panties, completely from her body. Sammi, all the while, continued sliding her lips up and down Tony's cock. Chuck's cock, at full mast, twitched. He was so hard that it was almost painful. Yanking his pants open, he freed his bobbing pole. The scene in front of him burned in his mind. His very naked woman sandwiched between two partially-clothed men who would do anything for her. With head nods and hand signals, Chuck told Tony what was going to happen next and using the strength in his arms, he bodily lifted Sammi up and around, once Tony had pulled free of her mouth. Sammi, now facing Tony, felt Chuck's cock probing her ass. Her pussy was so wet that his lap was drenched in her juices. Chuck nibbled her earlobe, and then whispered, "I've wanted to fuck your ass for a long time now." Sammi shivered. She felt him lift her body and brace her feet on the edge of the couch, having her squat on top of his lap. Guiding his cock to her tightly puckered sphincter, he let Sammi set the pace. She felt his enormous plum push against her anus. Dropping her weight and bearing down, Sammi's rosebud started to bloom. Chuck growled as her ass squeezed his cockhead. She lowered her body further, her loosening hole nibbling its way down his shaft, until she was fully seated on his lap. Sammi's ass burned, but there was no pain. She felt his balls flush against her pussy lips and every few seconds, his cock would jump. Chuck, with great effort, scooted to the edge of the couch and lifted Sammi's legs high in the air. He spread her thighs, revealing her bulging pussy to Tony. Tony, now naked, knelt before the couple and guided his cock straight into Sammi's snug slit. It was a tight fit, with Chuck's cock lodged deep in her ass, but he managed. Once he was fully seated in her pussy, he grabbed her ass and slowly started to thrust his cock in and out. Chuck, timing his movements, would pull out of her ass, just as Tony would thrust into her sopping cunt. "OHHHHHH! So... so full. Oh my God!" Sammi cried out. "Fuck, man! I'm not gonna last long. Her ass is tight as hell," Chuck rasped. As Chuck struggled to maintain control and not unleash his semen into Sammi's ass, Tony continued plunging his pulsating pole deep into Sammi's gushing cunt. She was totally enthralled with the moment. It had been such a long time since she had been fucked and upon feeling Chuck's cock deep in her ass, with alternating thrusts of Tony's cock into her cunt, was possibly the best experience she had ever had. "OHHHHHH! OHHH! GOD!" She screamed, as she felt her orgasm build. Then it exploded, "OH FUCK YES!" Sammi was experiencing the most intense orgasm she had felt in ages. "I'm cumming!" Her voice then quivered, "Oh God!" That was all Chuck needed to hear and he felt his throbbing organ spring like an electrical shock. "Uhh. Uuuhhhh! Oh shit!" Grunted Chuck, as he shot Sammi's ass full of his warm cum. Sammi's jaw vibrated, as she moaned and quivered. She realized Chuck had just filled her ass with his semen and now she was looking Tony in the eyes. His face was contorted and sweaty and she could see him straining. "Damn!" Tony grunted loudly. "Mmmmm," he moaned. Tony felt his cock twitch and explode into orgasm. He kept pumping his pulsing erection into Sammi's very juicy cunt, as he felt his orgasm shooting through him. His jaw was clenched, his eyes closed and he grunted loudly. Sammi enjoyed very much the strained look on his face, knowing that she had made him cum. Tony's thrusts began to slow and his face relaxed. He broke into a smile, as did Sammi. Chuck underneath her, loosened his grip in her hips and began to caress her back. Once Tony stopped, the three of them plopped next to each other on the couch.

“That’s the most action this couch has seen in a while,” laughed Sammi. Chuck and Tony chuckled at that. “You got any beer?” Asked Tony. “Sure,” answered Sammi, “In the fridge, I’ll get some.” “Naw, I’ll get ‘em,” said Tony getting up. He walked naked into the kitchen, and they heard the sound of the three twist tops opening. Chuck returned and handed them each a beer and sat back down on the couch, with Sammi between them. They chatted and laughed, as they finished off the beers and then Chuck said, “We’ve got some business to attend to with ole Ben.” “What do you mean?” Asked Sammi. “Maybe you’d like to tag along?” Said Chuck. “Are you guys going to hurt him?” Asked Sammi. “Not physically,” answered Tony, “But yea, it’ll hurt him a lot.” “Let’s get dressed and I’ll get his Triumph started,” said Tony. “Oh no! His Spitfire?” Exclaimed Sammi. “He loves that car more than anything in the world “Yep,” popped Chuck. Sammi was speechless. They all scrambled to get their clothes on before Tony hustled into the garage. Chuck escorted Sammi to his and Tony’s van. As he opened the passenger side door for her, Tony drove the mint condition antique silver Triumph Spitfire out of the garage and stopped next to the van. Chuck was quickly on his cell phone and then hung up. “Ben’s over at Guido’s Bar,” Chuck said. “See ya there!” exclaimed Tony beaming with excitement as he sped off. Sammi stepped up into the van passenger seat and was amazed at what all she saw. Several monitors were mounted all around. All kinds of electronic equipment was installed all around her. She turned her head and saw that the back of the van was neatly organized with all kinds of tools. About then, Chuck cranked the van and they sped off. They soon arrived at Guido’s Bar and Sammi saw Tony leaning back against Ben’s Spitfire parked way out at the edge of the parking lot, far away from any other cars or buildings. Chuck pulled in and parked near the front of the bar. “Stay here,” he said to Sammi and he hopped out. Chuck then opened the back of the van and grabbed a gasoline can and carried it over and sat it next to Ben’s Spitfire. She watched as Chuck and Tony entered the bar. It wasn’t but about three minutes until the door opened and Chuck and Tony walked out with a very frightened looking Ben between them. In fact, his face was as white as a sheet. Tony’s hand was sitting gently on top of Ben’s shoulder. Sammi felt a little sorry for him, but then she remembered her mom’s things which Ben had destroyed and felt like he deserved whatever was about to happen. They marched Ben across the parking lot to where his little Triumph was parked. Ben exclaimed, “That’s my car!” “Well yea, duh,” answered Tony in a sarcastic tone. “No! No!” Yelled Ben as he bent over exasperated and desperate, “Isn’t there anything I can do? I’ve got money!” Chuck grabbed up the gasoline can and unscrewed the top and started pouring the gasoline all over Ben’s shiny antique Triumph Spitfire. Chuck exclaimed, “You should’ve thought about that before you smashed Sammi’s mother’s things.” A desperate Ben was looking around as if to find some help. He saw a police cruiser in a nearby parking lot. Two police man were sitting in the cruiser eating donuts. “Hey! Help. Help!” Yelled Ben, waving his arms. The two police man gave a nice friendly wave back, but continued sitting in their police car stuffing down the donuts. Chuck pulled a Zippo cigarette lighter out of his pants pocket and flicked the flame on and nonchalantly tossed it into the driver’s seat of the little car. Flames quickly grew and spread. Ben dropped to his knees crying, “On no! Oh no!” as he desperately watched his prized possession, his perfectly restored, show-quality, antique Triumph Spitfire go up in flames. About that time, the two policemen walked up still

munching down on donuts. The rather large senior policeman stood next to Tony and Chuck and casually said, "Must've been a wiring problem, ya know, being an antique an all." "I'm sure that was it," said the much younger, short skinny policeman with him. "Should I write it up that way on the report?" "Yep," said the large senior cop. Then he turned to Chuck and Tony and said, "Chuck, Tony, give my regards to Uncle Gino." "Will do, Walter," answered Tony. The large cop said, "I'll wait a few minutes and radio the Fire Department." Then the two cops walked back to their cruiser. Chuck walked over to Ben who was on his knees sitting on the backs of his legs and slumped over, dejected. "Ben, don't ever go around Sammi again. Don't mess with her stuff. Don't give her a hard time through the divorce. In fact, I suggest that you move the fuck out of town," warned Chuck. "There ain't no where you can go that I can't find you," Without waiting for an answer, Chuck turned and walked away from Ben and his burning car. Tony fell into step beside him. Sammi watched her two men, bodies silhouetted in the blaze behind them, return to her. The van door opened and they got inside. "I don't think he's gonna be a problem," Tony remarked. "For his sake, I hope not," Chuck replied. They drove down the silent streets back to the apartment that Chuck shared with Tony. "Where are we going?" Sammi asked. "Baby, we're taking you home... with us," Chuck said, casually. "I didn't know you guys shared an apartment," Sammi said. "Yeah, we share everything," Tony answered. "Everything," Chuck stressed. Sammi shivered.