

**Friends with Benefits: The Vault Series, Book One**

Author: Anne Lange
Genre: Contemporary Erotic Romance- Ménage w/ light BDSM elements
Length: Novel
Word Count: 71k

ISBN: 978-1-940223-83-4
Heat Level: 5
Release Date: 01/17/2014

Publisher:[**Etopia Press**](http://etopia-press.net/)

**Buy Friends with Benefits Here**

[Amazon](http://www.amazon.com/Friends-Benefits-Vault-Anne-Lange-ebook/dp/B00HWF752W/) | [Barnes and Noble](http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/friends-with-benefits-anne-lange/1118069241) | [All Romance Ebooks](http://www.allromanceebooks.com/product-friendswithbenefits-1399419-149.html) | [Kobo](http://store.kobobooks.com/en-US/ebook/friends-with-benefits-16) **|** [Amazon.uk](http://www.amazon.co.uk/Friends-Benefits-The-Vault-Series-ebook/dp/B00HWF752W/ref%3Dsr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1389919051&sr=8-1&keywords=friends+with+benefits+by+anne+lange) **|** [Amazon.ca](http://www.amazon.ca/Friends-Benefits-Vault-Anne-Lange-ebook/dp/B00HWF752W/ref%3Dsr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1389919137&sr=8-1&keywords=friends+with+benefits+by+anne+lange) **|**

**Video for Friends with Benefits**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=xLJytXPLFCQ>

Or with embedded code:

<iframe width="640" height="360" src="//www.youtube.com/embed/xLJytXPLFCQ?feature=player\_embedded" frameborder="0" allowfullscreen></iframe>

**Blurb**



***Can sexual exploration lead to three times the bliss?***

Tyler had no idea his wife Angela’s desires so closely matched his own. But when some unguarded pillow talk reveals her fantasy of two men at once, Tyler jumps at the chance to make her happy. Enlisting the help of his best friend Connor, who’d shared some threesome adventures with him in the past, Tyler secretly hopes exploring Angela’s fantasies will lead to his own personal desire—a permanent threesome with the two people he loves most in the world.

Connor can’t believe it when his best friend asks him to seduce his wife. Then he meets Angela, and all the women in his past fade away. With Tyler’s blessing, Connor sets out to melt Angela’s reserve, and when Tyler joins the party, the three of them set the sheets on fire.

Angela is floored when her husband suggests they explore some of her fantasies—things she’d only read about but never in a million years thought she’d actually do. Sandwiched between Tyler and Connor, she’s never felt so treasured, so protected, so loved. But the reality proves much more complicated than the fantasy. She loves her husband, but she finds herself falling for his best friend too. That’s not normal, is it? What will people think?

**Excerpts**

**(There are multiple excerpts to choose from.)**

**Excerpt 1 (PG) 516 words**

 Angela sat cross-legged on the window settee. The brightness of the moon belied the late hour, pushing the shadows deep into the corners. The faint murmur of Tyler’s and Connor’s voices rose through the floorboards from the first level. She looked over at the rumpled bed sheets and then down at the journal lying open in her lap. She re-read her entry.

 *We did it.* I *actually did it. How much must Tyler love me to have granted me this particular fantasy? Who knew my husband had a kinky side? And, even though he encouraged me to play with Connor over the weekend, which…WOW…tonight was different. Very different. Tonight the man I’m committed to watched another man make love to me. He* helped *another man make love to me. No jealousy. No competition. Only mutual excitement, sharing and exploring.*

*Honestly, it was a little weird at first. But, knowing Tyler trusted Connor made me feel secure. Though I guess I should have known he’d arranged the whole thing. I just didn’t think his surprise would include his best friend.*

*Oh, my. I can still feel their hands and their lips gliding over my body. The way they touched me, as if I were made of spun sugar. They kissed me. First their lips soft and sensual, and then demanding, scorching, as though they couldn’t get enough. I’ve never felt so alive, so beautiful, so treasured.*

*Few words were spoken. Few were needed.*

*“Let’s tie her up.” I’ll never look at Tyler’s silk ties the same way.*

*“Your skin is so soft, like flower petals.”*

*“You smell like vanilla, but you taste like some exotic brand of honey.”*

*They were so in tune to each other. Their hands guided me where and how they wanted me. All I could do was moan and sigh—until the end. Sometimes they took turns, sometimes they played with me together. At times it was almost too much. Having four hands or two tongues pleasuring me…my body hummed like a tuning fork. The energy they created…oh…I could almost feel the blood rushing hot and thick through my veins.*

*The blindfold hid them from me, and I so wanted to watch. But, I admit, I had no difficulty telling them apart. Their bodies are similar in build, but they are different in every other way.*

*The only thing that could have made it better would have been to feel both men inside me at the same time. Being sandwiched between two gorgeous men…that’s something I think many women fantasize about. I imagine my body would struggle to accommodate them, but in the end they would win. I think I’d forget to breathe.*

*My mouth’s watering as I write this. My body tingles. Should I be ashamed of how I feel? How will Tyler react now that it’s over? Was this a one-time event? How do I tell my husband I’m counting the hours until we can do it again?*

Angela paused and raised her head when the bedroom door opened, and her husband walked in, a knowing smile on his handsome face.

**Excerpt 2 (X-Rated) 728 words**

“I’m going to blindfold you, honey. I want your senses focused on feeling and anticipating what’s about to happen.” He looked into her beautiful baby blues, noticing a tiny bit of anxiety sparkling there. “Don’t worry. We’ll take care of you.”

“I know.” Love for his wife filled his heart. He kissed her, hard, and then covered her eyes with a satin sleeping mask.

Resting back on his ankles, he looked across her lush body. Connor’s cheekbones flushed red. His eyes glittered. His tongue snaked out to pass over his lips, and Tyler watched as Connor gulped before raising his gaze to meet his own.

“It’s like a feast has been laid out before me, and I don’t know where to begin.”

“Then let’s start at the top, and work our way down.”

“Oh, yeah, I can go for that.” Connor’s chuckle sounded downright wicked.

They stretched out along either side of her, each staking a claim to a breast. Keeping his touch tender, Tyler grazed his thumb over the hard peak. After a few passes it seemed to swell under his touch. He gave it a little pinch, and then a tug, stretching it out and letting it settle back again. He lowered his head to suck her nipple into his mouth, twirling his tongue around the tip.

When she gasped and arched into their touch, he darted a glance across the bed. His friend’s entire focus seemed to be on sucking as much of her breast into his mouth as he could.

Tyler let the cherry tip pop out of his mouth, lapped it a few times, and then covered it again. When Angela began to writhe beneath him, he released her and inched down her body, licking and kissing over the swell of her breast, along the underside, the sweet scent of her heat filling his nose.

He continued down the middle of her stomach. He stopped to twirl his tongue in her navel, dipping in and out, mimicking what he planned to do at his next stop. He pressed his hand to her sex, cupping the smooth flesh. Warmth greeted him. Tyler spread his fingers letting his middle one sneak in between her moist lips. Oh, fuck. She enjoyed this. He gathered the moisture he found and spread it over her clit. The little nub was nice and hard.

Scooting to his knees, Tyler positioned himself between her spread legs and stretched out, his feet dangling off the edge of the bed. Placing his hands beneath the cheeks of her ass, he lifted her as far as the restraints allowed. Perfect. Mouth level. He swiped his tongue from bottom to top.

“Mmm…Like licking an ice-cream cone.” His wife moaned. Connor growled. “Don’t worry, you’ll get your turn.”

Tyler returned to his treat, licking and nipping at his wife’s delicious pussy until she became electrified in his hands. He sucked each succulent lip into his mouth. He flattened his tongue and rubbed it back and forth over her clit. He rimmed her opening before diving in to scoop up her juice. He pushed her to the edge, eager for her release.

“Baby, you smell like vanilla, but you taste like some sort of exotic honey. So sweet. Connor, you need to taste this.”

“Don’t have to tell me twice.” Connor rose and switched places with Tyler, settling in as if ready to spend the entire evening there.

Canting his body over hers, a palm on either side of her head, Tyler leaned down, placed a kiss on the top of her nose, and then whispered in her ear, “How are you doing, sweetheart? Is it good?”

“Oh, yes…real good.”

“It’s going to get better.” Angela’s response, a ragged moan and a nod of her head, pleased him.

Connor feasted on her, so absorbed in his task as he hummed and groaned in pleasure, he didn’t seem to notice the grip Angela had on his hair.

Her legs trembled. She panted. Tyler recognized the signs.

“Connor, she’s getting ready to come.” Transfixed, he watched Connor eat his wife’s pussy, absently stroking his own cock as Angela’s moans grew louder.

“Oh, my God. Tyler. Tyler, I’m going to come. Tyler, oh, oh…oh, God.”

Connor’s persistent tongue drove her over the edge. Her body bowed as she came. She cried out, and it was music to his ears.

**Excerpt 3 (X-Rated) 868 words**

The conversation dwindled as the food disappeared. Finished, and not sure what to do next, Angela stood and picked up the empty plates, putting them on the tray. Connor moved to help, but she put out her hand, laying it atop his wrist. “You stay here. This will only take me a couple of minutes. You can pour me another glass of wine while I’m gone.”

A few minutes later she stood rinsing the dishes and placing them in the dishwasher, scolding herself for dashing away. She was in the process of cleaning the last plate, when she heard the door slide open behind her, the hum of the air conditioner disrupted by the chirping of crickets and soft footsteps. She began to turn, ready to tell Connor she truly didn’t need help, but she found herself pinned to the counter between two strong, solid arms. His chest was snug against her back. She felt his warm breath at her ear and the hard ridge of his arousal tucked into the crease of her behind.

He nuzzled her neck. Taking care, she settled the plate she’d been holding into the sink and took a deep breath, opening her mouth to speak. This time her voice came out an octave or two lower than normal. “I thought you were going to wait outside.”

“You were taking too long, so I figured I’d come in and see if I could help. Good thing, because it looks like you need some…assistance.”

He edged closer, forcing her to bend toward the countertop. He rubbed his palms up and down the length of her arms. Her eyes drifted closed, and she straightened, leaning her head back against his shoulder before realizing what she was doing.

His nuzzling switched to wet kisses along her shoulder. He licked her neck as his hands moved up to cup her breasts, weighing them in his hands. His thumbs passed over her nipples, which reacted to the spark of his touch, perking right up. He groaned in her ear and pinched the hard tips between his fingers before gently tugging them through the fabric of her clothing.

She wiggled her ass, arching her back so her rear pressed tight to his groin. With his right hand, he started a downward trek from her breast to her waist, and then moved to the top of her sex. He flattened his palm against her tummy, his touch firm, before moving lower still, fingers stretching to reach the spot she desired him most.

Holding her breath, she waited for him to go that little bit further. His fingers pulsed against her. Even beneath her shorts her flesh felt singed. Their harsh panting was the only sound in the small room. Anticipation hung in the air like steam in a sauna.

Her courage rising, Angela inched her hand down his arm until she covered his hand with her own. She nudged his forearm, urging him to continue. Once he knew he had her permission, he resumed his journey while he turned his head, burying his nose behind her ear.

With one hand on her breast and the other rubbing between her legs, she started to feel overwhelmed with sensation. Angela turned in the cage of his arms. His eyes dark with passion, the ridges of his cheekbones flushed, he closed the distance and claimed her mouth in a demanding dance. She flattened her palms on his chest and curled her fingers into his pectorals. Connor moaned.

Before she knew it they stood naked in her kitchen. She couldn’t say how it happened or who initiated it. But, all of a sudden, Angela found herself sitting on the counter with Connor wedged between her legs. His hands grasped her head, holding it immobile while he kissed her, his invasion so thorough that time seemed to stand still. His tongue touched every corner of her mouth; it ran along her teeth, dipping to duel with hers. They sparred until he grabbed hold and sucked her tongue into his mouth, the pressure so exquisite she felt its pull all the way down to her toes.

Needing air, Angela broke away. Connor pulled back and nipped her bottom lip before leaning down to grasp her right nipple between his teeth. He tugged and sucked at her breasts as ravenously as he had kissed her mouth. He moved back and forth, lavishing the same treatment on both breasts, fondling one while he suckled the other, licking and using gentle pressure with his teeth to bite the tips. Pleasure, charged like electricity, zinged between her chest and her womb.

Angela’s breasts swelled in his hands. With every surge of arousal more wetness pooled between her thighs.

Her head thrown back in utter bliss, Angela felt each tender tug low in her belly as if there were a string connecting her nipples to her clit. She opened her eyes and looked straight out the back window into the starlit night.

Good heavens. Anybody could walk up to the patio door and see what they were doing. Her hands tunneled into his hair, holding him to her chest. She couldn’t bear for him to continue; she couldn’t let him stop.

**Excerpt 4 (PG) 330 words**

 “You want me to do what?”

“I want you to seduce my wife.” Tyler O’Neil grinned. Connor stared at him from across the table, mouth hanging open, eyes wide, as all around them men and women filed into the bar.

“I…ah…mmm…Christ, Tyler, I’m not sure what to say.” Connor set his beer on the table, a soft tap of glass against wood, and rubbed a hand over his face. His head swiveled in slow motion, his gaze shifting to the window overlooking the street. He appeared to be staring at two seniors arguing over a parking spot.

“Listen, it’s not what you’re thinking,” Tyler said.

“How do you know what I’m thinking? *I* don’t even know what I’m thinking.”

“OK then, how’s the new job looking?”

Tyler laughed out loud when Connor squeezed his eyes shut and then pinched the bridge of his nose between his thumb and forefinger. While he waited for Connor to regain focus, Tyler picked up his drink and downed a swig of ice-cold beer.

“Job’s fine. And don’t change the subject.”

“You appeared to need a moment.” Moving from construction site to construction site had kept Connor at a distance—so far, in fact, he hadn’t been able to attend his and Angela’s wedding. For Tyler, it hadn’t been the same without his best friend standing at his side.

“Tyler, what’s going on? Is everything OK with you and Angela?”

“We’re…fine.” Tyler shifted in the chair, coughing into his fist to hide the subtle waffle in his speech. “We’ve just, you know, hit our seven-year itch. So, I’m looking for ways to spice things up a bit.”

“You want to recharge your relationship by bringing another man into the bedroom? Are you insane?”

He leaned in and pinned Connor with a dark stare. “Not just any man. It’s not like you and I haven’t shared women before.”

Connor returned the intense gaze, his voice dipping low to match his friend’s. “You weren’t married then.”

**Excerpt 5 (X-Rated) 868 words**

The conversation dwindled as the food disappeared. Finished, and not sure what to do next, Angela stood and picked up the empty plates, putting them on the tray. Connor moved to help, but she put out her hand, laying it atop his wrist. “You stay here. This will only take me a couple of minutes. You can pour me another glass of wine while I’m gone.”

A few minutes later she stood rinsing the dishes and placing them in the dishwasher, scolding herself for dashing away. She was in the process of cleaning the last plate, when she heard the door slide open behind her, the hum of the air conditioner disrupted by the chirping of crickets and soft footsteps. She began to turn, ready to tell Connor she truly didn’t need help, but she found herself pinned to the counter between two strong, solid arms. His chest was snug against her back. She felt his warm breath at her ear and the hard ridge of his arousal tucked into the crease of her behind.

He nuzzled her neck. Taking care, she settled the plate she’d been holding into the sink and took a deep breath, opening her mouth to speak. This time her voice came out an octave or two lower than normal. “I thought you were going to wait outside.”

“You were taking too long, so I figured I’d come in and see if I could help. Good thing, because it looks like you need some…assistance.”

He edged closer, forcing her to bend toward the countertop. He rubbed his palms up and down the length of her arms. Her eyes drifted closed, and she straightened, leaning her head back against his shoulder before realizing what she was doing.

His nuzzling switched to wet kisses along her shoulder. He licked her neck as his hands moved up to cup her breasts, weighing them in his hands. His thumbs passed over her nipples, which reacted to the spark of his touch, perking right up. He groaned in her ear and pinched the hard tips between his fingers before gently tugging them through the fabric of her clothing.

She wiggled her ass, arching her back so her rear pressed tight to his groin. With his right hand, he started a downward trek from her breast to her waist, and then moved to the top of her sex. He flattened his palm against her tummy, his touch firm, before moving lower still, fingers stretching to reach the spot she desired him most.

Holding her breath, she waited for him to go that little bit further. His fingers pulsed against her. Even beneath her shorts her flesh felt singed. Their harsh panting was the only sound in the small room. Anticipation hung in the air like steam in a sauna.

Her courage rising, Angela inched her hand down his arm until she covered his hand with her own. She nudged his forearm, urging him to continue. Once he knew he had her permission, he resumed his journey while he turned his head, burying his nose behind her ear.

With one hand on her breast and the other rubbing between her legs, she started to feel overwhelmed with sensation. Angela turned in the cage of his arms. His eyes dark with passion, the ridges of his cheekbones flushed, he closed the distance and claimed her mouth in a demanding dance. She flattened her palms on his chest and curled her fingers into his pectorals. Connor moaned.

Before she knew it they stood naked in her kitchen. She couldn’t say how it happened or who initiated it. But, all of a sudden, Angela found herself sitting on the counter with Connor wedged between her legs. His hands grasped her head, holding it immobile while he kissed her, his invasion so thorough that time seemed to stand still. His tongue touched every corner of her mouth; it ran along her teeth, dipping to duel with hers. They sparred until he grabbed hold and sucked her tongue into his mouth, the pressure so exquisite she felt its pull all the way down to her toes.

Needing air, Angela broke away. Connor pulled back and nipped her bottom lip before leaning down to grasp her right nipple between his teeth. He tugged and sucked at her breasts as ravenously as he had kissed her mouth. He moved back and forth, lavishing the same treatment on both breasts, fondling one while he suckled the other, licking and using gentle pressure with his teeth to bite the tips. Pleasure, charged like electricity, zinged between her chest and her womb.

Angela’s breasts swelled in his hands. With every surge of arousal more wetness pooled between her thighs.

Her head thrown back in utter bliss, Angela felt each tender tug low in her belly as if there were a string connecting her nipples to her clit. She opened her eyes and looked straight out the back window into the starlit night.

Good heavens. Anybody could walk up to the patio door and see what they were doing. Her hands tunneled into his hair, holding him to her chest. She couldn’t bear for him to continue; she couldn’t let him stop.

**Author Bio**

Anne Lange grew up with a love for reading. Books are her passion, shoes are an addiction. If you take a close look, she’s got either a book, her Kindle or her Kobo tucked into her bag or a pocket whenever she leaves the house. You know, just in case there’s time to sneak in a chapter or ten. Anne reads many genres of fiction, but prefers to write sexy, edgy romance with a touch of humor, and always a happily ever after.

While embarking on this wild journey of becoming a romance author, Anne juggles a full time job and a family. Not always successfully. She grew up in Southern Ontario (Canada), but now makes her home in Eastern Ontario where she lives with her wonderfully supportive husband, three normally awesome kids, and Rocky the bearded dragon.

**To connect with Anne:**

[Web Site](http://authorannelange.com/) | [Facebook](http://www.facebook.com/AuthorAnneLange) | [Twitter](http://twitter.com/Anne_Lange) @Anne\_Lange | | [Goodreads](http://www.goodreads.com/Anne_Lange) | [Pinterest](http://pinterest.com/authorannelange) | [Amazon](https://www.amazon.com/author/anne_lange)